1/1

1/1 <u>EXT. CHI NESE QUARTER- DAY 1 - 16:50</u>

Thursday 6th February 1919 - A young CHINESE GIRL (MAI) is running, carrying a baby. An older Chinese man (ZHANG, her FATHER) is yelling at her in Chinese to hurry up, turning and waiting then trotting along beside her.

ZHANG

(Hurry up. Or they will kill us all.)

They run and cross a street between ragged horses and creaking carts.

1/2 INT. CHINESE QUARTER, LAUNDRY - DAY 1 - 16:51

1/2

Grey sheets hang in lines inside the chaotically cramped laundry. Steam hisses from irons and there is a giant thumping sound of a steam hammer coming from a forging and pressing factory nearby.

The heavy wet sheets are being scrubbed on steel washboards by Chinese children aged seven to eleven. There are old grandmothers using the steamirons, some with babies asleep in slings on their backs. An old man lies asleep on an ironing board. Through the steam we hear a dozen urgent conversations in the same language.

We might think we are in Shanghai until we see a caption....

1919.

Mai bursts into the laundry and hands her baby to a young cousin barely big enough to take the baby's weight. She hisses quickly in Cantonese...

MAI

(Do your tits still have milk?)

The cousin nods as she takes the baby.

MAI (CONT'D)

(Feed her).

Mai turns to leave but a grandmother calls out...

GRANDMOTHER

(Hey! Where are you going?).

Zhang steps in from outside and speaks with fear.

ZHANG

(They have asked for her).

GRANDMOTHER

have asked for her?)

A pause. Zhang glances at his terrified daughter through a billow of steam

1/3 <u>EXT. SLUM STREET - DAY 1 - 16:55</u>

1/3

We are in a typical Small Heath tenement court. The yard is a hundred foot long and dissected by a cobbled street. Two four-storey tenements glare at each other across the cobbles. Lines of washing are strung across the courtyard and the sheets flap in the breeze.

Dozens of children of all ages, all barefoot and dressed in rags, are playing on the cobbles. Women are hanging washing or bringing it in, calling out to each other, their voices echoing against the tenement walls. The air fizzes with yelling and laughter.

We spend a moment with these people. A little boy pulls open

With the velvet bag now empty, Thomas drops his cigarette and, in one easy movement, he mounts the horse. He looks down at Zhang and Mai and touches his cap. He then looks all around at the women and children watching and calls out...

THOMAS

The horse's name is Monaghan Boy. Kempt on 3 o'clock Monday. You I adi es have a bet yourselves but don't tell anybody else.

We might know Thomas is fully aware word of this will spread like wild fire. He wheels the horse around and trots away down the courtyard. Zhang and Mai watch him go. As Thomas ducks under the flapping sheets, women and children slowly emerge into their doorways and stare with open mouths, mystified by what they just saw. Finally, a grandmother speaks loudly to them all.

MOTHER

Those Peaky Blinder devils are using witchcraft now.

1/4 EXT. GARRISON LANE - DAY 1 - 17:00

1/4

We re-join Thomas as he rides his beautiful black horse down the industrial street, silencing the chaos around him briefly as he goes.

The street is busy with horse traffic and the odd car and delivery van. Carrison Lane cuts between soaring industrial buildings. The street is alive with children and, outside every pub, men are gathered, smoking and drinking. On a corner, a beggar is playing an accordion but he stops and bows as Thomas passes. Other men look to their shoes as Thomas rides by, some of them darting into doorways to avoid his gaze.

Outside the CHAIN TAVERN a black Afro-Caribbean street preacher with long straggly hair (JIMMY JESUS) is preaching fire and brimstone to no one, a large leather-bound bible in his hand...

JIMMY JESUS

... And Abraham made his home in a cave, but it was good because God resided there with him You see children, God does not care if you live in a slum or in a mansion...

As the shadow of Thomas and his horse passes over Jimmy, he glances up and nods a greeting.

Thomas slows to allow a line of men to cross the road. They are all blind, walking in single file, each with a hand on the shoulder of the man in front, the leader being led by a dog. (These are men blinded in the war, now begging for pennies).

The men sing 'Molly Malone' as they walk and the last in line holds a begging bowl. Thomas leans down in the saddle to drop a coin into their bowl.

As the line of blind men clears, two policemen walking in the opposite direction see Thomas. They both look nervous and touch their caps.

POLICEMAN Good morning Mr Shelby.

Thomas ignores them and urges his horse on.

1/5 EXT. CHARLIE STRONG'S YARD - DAY 1 - 17:30

1/5

The yard is a fantastic collection. It is ostensibly a scrap metal yard but there is junk and treasure of every kind. Thely a scr

Curly takes the horse and begins to whisper to it as he leads it toward the canal, where a coal boat is waiting. Charlie takes a cigarette from Thomas and smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I heard there's been some mumbo jumbo in the Garrison with a Chinese girl. What's afoot Tommy?

Thomas almost smiles too as he lights his cigarette.

THOMAS

It's a game called 'turning rust into gold'.

Charlie moves a little closer.

CHARLI E

So you still have the stomach for games?

Thomas shrugs, stares into the flames.

THOMAS

Business as usual. Like we agreed.

Thomas looks up at Charlie without expression and repeats to confirm..

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Like we agreed.

Charlie takes a moment. We sense a secret between them

CHARLI E

I'm finding sleep hard to come by.

THOMAS

Take less water with your rum

CHARLI E

Tommy, what if word gets round that it was you?

THOMAS

There'll be no word from lips, Uncle Charlie.

Over at the canal side, Curly is placing a couple of planks for the horse to walk on.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And he's the only other one who knows.

Charlie half smiles.

Thomas keeps walking and passes into a pantry which has been opened out to form a small back room. Instead of a back wall, there is a black curtain. Thomas passes through the curtain...

1/8 <u>INT. BETTING SHOP - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 - 18:12</u> 1/8

... To our surprise the pantry gives out onto a secret world.

We find two hole terraced houses have been knocked through to form a single open plan space with the windows boarded. It is a fully functioning (illegal) betting shop and it is buzzing with activity.

The large room is dominated by a huge blackboard on which bets and odds are being chalked by two RUNNERS in shirt sleeves. They stand on stepladders to reach the top of the board. The room swirls with cigarette and cigar smoke and there are half a dozen men queuing silently at a desk to lay bets. A heavy looking man (a gang enforcer known as SCUD-BOAT) is taking the bets in the form of coins wrapped in scraps of paper.

Scud-boat unwraps the pieces of paper and drops coins into a hat as he unrolls the next bet. Thomas pauses and peers up at the blackboard. We see twenty bets, all for Monaghan Boy. The sight doesn't please or displease him

One of the men at the blackboard is young and pretty and immaculately groomed. This is JOHN Shelby (Thomas's 24 year old brother). When he sees Thomas, he looks up from his ledger and hisses with delight...

JOHN

Tommy, will you just look at the board. Will you just look.

At that moment, at the far end of the room, a door opens from a small office, partitioned by glass and curtains. A man in his late thirties puts his head around the door. We will learn that this is ARTHUR. He calls out angrily.

ARTHUR Tommy! Get in here!

Arthur slams the door. John smiles as Thomas sets off towards the partitioned office (we sense Thomas is in trouble he can handle). Through reflections in the glass of the partitioned office, we see Arthur's angry, anxious face, waiting.

1/9 <u>INT. BETTING SHOP, ARTHUR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 - 1</u>/9 18: 13

The office has a photograph of the King dominating the wall. Beneath it sits the King of the Shelby gang, Arthur Shelby.

Arthur is three years older than Thomas, his hair slicked and oiled, his jet black moustache dropping around his thick lips. He wears gold chains and smokes a thick cigar, the smoke almost hiding him. On the desk where he sits, there is a half full bottle of rum and a mountain of coins, pennies, shillings, farthings. He is counting them slowly into a top hat as Thomas enters.

Thomas closes the door. Arthur deliberately takes a while to finish his count before looking up.

ARTHUR

You was seen doing the powder trick down at Garrison court.

Thomas I eans back against the door.

THOMAS

Times are hard. People need a reason to lay a bet.

(As the conversation continues, we should sense that Arthur feels his authority is threatened by Thomas. Arthur is angry and blustery. Thomas is cool, hardly moving from the door).

ARTHUR

There was a Chinese.

THOMAS

The washer women say she's a witch. It helps them believe.

ARTHUR

We don't mess with Chinese.

THOMAS

Look at the board...

ARTHUR

(Snapping back)

Chinèse have cutters of their own.

THOMAS

We agreed. I'm taking charge of drumming up new money.

ARTHUR

When did we agree that?

Thomas simply glances at the bottle of rum on Arthur's desk. Arthur retreats a little.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What if Monaghan Boy wins?

Thomas stares hard at Arthur to suggest it's all under control. Arthur gets to his feet, his big fists on the desk.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You fixing races now Tommy?

Thomas angles his head. His eyes are hidden in shade.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You have permission from Billy Kimber to be fixing races?

Thomas doesn't reply, his face hardening. Arthur comes around the desk and comes close...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What's got into you Tommy? You think we can take on the Chinese and Billy Kimber. Billy has an army...

Thomas interrupts firmly...

THOMAS

I <u>think</u>, Arthur. That's what I do. I think.

They stare at each other and once again Thomas glances at the rum bottle.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

So that you don't have to.

Thomas turns and heads for the door.

ARTHUR

Tomy!

Thomas Leaves and Arthur hurries after him...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Tommy, there's some news from Belfast...

1/10 INT. BETTING SHOP - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 - 18:15

1/10

Thomas is already walking away through the smoke. Arthur comes to the door and calls out...

ARTHUR

Tormy! I'm calling a family council tonight at eight o'clock. This time you there Tormy!

John turns. Thomas walks on.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You me?! There's trouble coming.

FI NN

It's John's. I found it on the sideboard.

ADA

Put it down on the ground very, very softly because the trigger is cocked.

Finn begins to slowly put the gun down. Then, a sudden bang from the foundry makes him jump and the gun slips from his hand and the gun goes off. Ada does a little dance of shock but the bullet flies wide. Ada then leaps forward and grabs the gun. She unloads it like a professional and puts the gun into her handbag.

ADA (CONT'D)

John is a dead man. Aunt Polly
will rip his balls off.

Ada grabs Finn's hand and marches off down the tow-path.

1/12 INT. 1ST CLASS TRAIN CARRIAGE (TRAVELLING) - DAY 1 - 18:3012

The carriage is spacious and the blinds are half drawn. Only one man sits inside the six seat carriage. He is a barrel-chested man with a bushy moustache and a wing collar. He wears a heavy, dark suit.

This is CHIEF INSPECTOR CAMPBELL.

He has round-rimmed spectacles on the tip of his nose as he pulls a cardboard folder from a leather case. The desk in the compartment is already covered in paperwork, all laid out neatly in sections.

There is a large blue print map of 'with intricate detail of workshops and offices. The map has been pushed to the top of the table.

Campbell is taking a bound folder from a leather case. The cover of the new folder is labelled in red. 'Beneath it is written in black 'Top Secret. BSA robbery.

He opens the folder. On the first page we see a small mug shot photograph of Arthur Shelby. His name is beneath the photograph and among the text we might glimpse the words 'Gangster. Racketeer. Illegal bookmaker' in bold type.

Beneath it reads 'GANG-NAME.... PEAKY BLINDERS'.

He turns the page and we see a photograph of Thomas Shelby. It is a head and shoulders shot but we see he is wearing military uniform Campbell scans the page, his pen hovering over the text.

We come close to the text so that only two or three words at a time are legible. We read the words 'King's medal for gallantry' in bold. Below it we read the words 'racketeering, protection, armed robbery'.

Beneath it in bold type, 'GANG NAME...PEAKY BLINDERS'.

At that moment the carriage door slides open and the ticket inspector enters.

Campbell closes his file calmly then shows his identity badge. We glimpse the shield of the Special Branch. When he speaks we will hear a Protestant Belfast accent.

CAMPBELL Government business.

The inspect or gives him a sideways bow of the head in deference. The inspect or leaves. Campbel I open

HARRY On the house, Mr Shelby.

Thomas barely looks up from his cigarette pack as he puts some coins on the bar anyway. As Thomas lights his cigarette, we notice through his smoke that the men at the window table are looking over. One of the men is on his feet, draining his pint with purpose. As he approaches the bar, we recognize him as FREDDIE THORNE from the photo in

Freddie has picked up Thomas's hat and is examining the peak. For the first time, we see its secret.

Freddie makes a point of peering at the razor blades before tossing the cap down onto the bar.

FREDDI E

The crown of a Prince.

Freddie turns to Thomas.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Soon to be King I'd bet.

Thomas almost rises to the bait.

THOMAS

You don't bet.

FREDDI E

No, but these past few days I've been speculating.

Thomas orders another bottle with a gesture and Harry quickly opens it. In the silence Thomas senses significant business.

THOMAS

About what?

Freddie gestures back at his comrades who are all averting their eyes.

FREDDI E

One of my Union comrades has a sister who works in the telegraph office at the BSA factory.

Thomas swigs his beer.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

She says in the past week there's been messages coming from London to the brass. From Winston Churchill himself.

Thomas doesn't react but we sense he knows more than he is showing...

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Something about a robbery.

Thomas doesn't react.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

'A robbery of 'national significance' it said. Underlined. Twice.

Freddie waits for the words to land but Thomas is poker faced.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

They're keeping it out of the papers but our girl is snooping.

Still Thomas doesn't react.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

And she found something that'll make you laugh.

A pause.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

She found a list of names left on the telegraph machine. And on the list was your name and my name together.

Thomas appears to be unmoved but Freddie knows him well and knows he's on to something.

FREDDIE (CONT'D))

Now what kind of list would have the name of a Communist and the name of a bookmaker side-by-side?

At last Thomas engages. He half smiles.

THOMAS

Perhaps it's a list of men who give f48 ist and the

Thomas is privately amused and retorts instantly...

THOMAS

There are nights I wish you had.

A pause. Perhaps Freddie understands how those nights feel. Finally...

FREDDI E

(To business)

So you don't know anything about a robbery that would trouble Mr Churchill?

Thomas swigs his beer.

THOMAS

Freddie, I prefer to drink alone.

Freddie studies him but before he can speak a figure walks past the frosted glass behind them First Thomas, then Freddie, turn and they both recognize the man at the same time.

THOMAS/ FREDDI E

Ah shit.

Harry has seen the figure approaching the door too and he reacts with alarm

HARRY

Ah, not agai n.

He dashes behind the bar...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Take cover! It's Danny Whizz Bang!

Everyone reacts. Suddenly the pub door flies open and DANNY WHIZZ-BANG enters. Danny is a barrel of a man, short but wide and round and full of muscle. His face is crimson with rage and he immediately grabs a chair and hurls it across the pub. As everyone scatters, he becomes a one-man whirlwind and begins to smash glasses and knock over chairs.

Thomas and Freddie swap a half amused glance before silently resolving to act. They put down their drinks in unison. They approach Danny from either side, and in restraining the madman, we see that they are used to working together in violent situations.

Freddie takes Danny's attention as Thomas grabs himfrom behind. Freddie dives forward and grabs Danny's legs, upending him Danny kicks and flails but Thomas falls on him face down. Now Thomas is lying on top of Danny, their faces close. Thomas hisses in Danny's ear.

THOMAS

Danny, you're home. You're home. We're all home in England.

Both Freddie and Thomas see the comedy of all this. Danny growls out a furious mantra...

DANNY

Had to go bang, had to go bang, had to go bang.

THOMAS

You're not an artillery shell, Danny, you're a man.

Danny roars and struggles some more.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You're not a whizz bang. You're a human being. Now get yourself together for Christ's sake.

After a moment Danny takes a huge breath and then takes this on board. He begins to breath more easily. He looks up at Thomas's face just an inch from his own.

DANNY

Ah hell. Did I do it again?

Thomas kneels up and dusts himself off. He looks up at Freddie and the two men share a weary half smile.

THOMAS

Yeah you did it again Danny. Got to stop doing this, man.

Thomas gets to his feet. Freddie holds out a hand and helps Danny up and puts his cap firmly back on his head.

FREDDI E

Danny, next time you feel you're about to go bang, go down Aston. The Garrison is a dangerous place to break the rules.

To illustrate his point, Freddie gestures at Thomas who turns away to get his drink. Danny is now fully himself. He looks around at the damage and then recognizes where he is.

DANNY

Ah shit. Am I in the Garrison Tavern? Ch God. Mr Shelby, I'm sorry...

Thomas swigs his beer.

THOMAS

Go home to your wife, Danny. Try to get all that smoke and mud out of your head.

Danny bows his head.

DANNY Yes Mr Shelby. I'm sorry Mr Shel by.

Danny tpa7nsand mquickly hurris Mut | IFreddie rejoinsaTomeas

Freddie watches him go and turns back to his beer. he is alone he stares down into it with deep regret in his eyes.

1/14 EXT. <u>SLUM STREET - DAY 1 - 19:55</u>

1/14

John Shelby is walking down the alley.

Then suddenly, shockingly, a gun is pointed at his head. We see the lady holding the gun - this is AUNT POLLY, the matriach of the Shelby family, someone who all of the brothers respect. She has a fierce expression and speaks with venom to John.

JOHN

What the bloody hell did you do that for?

John scurries backwards but Polly whacks him around the ear with her hand.

Aunt Polly....

POLLY

Don't you Aunt Polly me. Look at this gun.

Polly holds the Webley revolver up for John to look at.

POLLY

You recognize it?

John slowly does recognize it.

POLLY

This afternoon Finn was playing with it by the cut. It was loaded. He nearly shot Ada's tits off.

John is horrified and slowly gets to his feet. He reaches out for the gun but Polly pulls it away.	,
POLLY He found it on the sideboard in the betting shop.	t t
JCHN It must have dropped out of my pocket	,
POLLY When you were drunk.	7
JOHN Aunt Pol L'moorry	,

Pol I y

ARTHUR

I called this meeting because I got some news. From I reland.

Thomas watches Arthur like a hawk, waiting for him to stumble...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Nipper and Henry got back from Belfast last night. They were buying a stallion to cover their mares.

Arthur gestures at Nipper and Henry and they confirm with a nod.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

They were in a pub in the Shankhill Road yesterday and there was a copper handing out these.

Arthur produces a printed flyer, the size of an A5 sheet. It is an offer of employment (we should use a copy of the actual flyer which was produced at the time). Arthur hands the sheet forward for first John, then Ada and the others to look at. John reads the top line of the flyer aloud...

JOHN

There are puzzled looks as the flyer is passed on. Arthur summarizes...

ARTHUR

They're recruiting Protestant Irishmen to come over here as Specials.

ADA

To do what?

The flyer has arrived at Thomas who speaks up before Arthur can speak.

THOMAS

To clean up the city.

Arthur is surprised by Thomas's knowledge. Thomas looks over to Arthur then steps away from the fire and begins to address the meeting.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

He's a Chief Inspector. The last four years he's been clearing the IRA out of Belfast...

ARTHUR

How do you know so bloody much?

THOMAS

Because I asked the coppers on our payroll.

ARTHUR

Why didn't you tell me?

THOMAS

I'm telling you.

The meeting looks flustered but Polly has fixed Thomas with a stare. She has suspicions about Thomas which will grow.

POLLY

So why are they sending him to Birmingham?

There is silence. Arthur is about to speak but instead takes a swig. He evidently has no idea. Thomas steps to the head of the meeting (we should be free to feel that Thomas's usurping of Arthur is unsubtle and done without grace).

THOMAS

There have been a lot of strikes at the Austen works and the BSA factory lately. Papers are talking about sedition. Revolution. I reckon it's Communists he's after.

Thomas and Polly stare at each other. We might see even now that these two are the real power in the family. Polly senses deceit in Thomas with a sixth sense...

POLLY

So this copper will leave us alone, right?

THOMAS

There are Irishmen in Green Lanes who left Belfast to get away from him They say Catholic men who crossed him used to disappear in the night.

John is on his feet.

JOHN

Yeah but we ain't IRA. We bloody fought for the King.

John Looks around...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we're Peaky Blinders. We're not scared of coppers.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

If they come for us, we'll cut them a smile each.

There are some sniggers from the young men. The older heads are solemn. Thomas still has the flyer in his hand. He calmly screws it up into a ball.

THOMAS

We're just all going to have to be more careful. That's all.

He steps to the fire and throws the flyer into the flames. He turns back to Arthur and pointedly hands the authority back to him (now that the business is done)...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

So Arthur, is that it?

Arthur is a little fuzzy and nods. Polly now has deep suspicions that Thomas knows more than he is saying. She gets to her feet...

POLLY

This family does everything open. You have nothing more to say to this meeting, Tommy?

Silence. Thomas feels her suspicion and meets her stare.

THOMAS

Not hing that's women's business.

Polly stares back with cool certainty...

POLLY

This whole bloody enterprise was 'women's business' while you boys were away at war. What's changed?

Thomas is equally cool as he gestures around...

THOMAS

We came back.

Thomas heads for the door and Arthur finally follows. Polly reacts with a growl. Then we move close on the burning flyer in the fireplace. In the flames we see a signature on the bottom of the page, along with the name in print.

1/17 EXT. SNOW HILL TRAIN STATION - NIGHT 1 - 20:20

1/17

A huge steam train has pulled up at the buffers and clouds of steam swirl across the platform. Through the white clouds we see a figure emerging like an angel (or a devil). As the cloud clears we see it is Chief Inspector Campbell.

He has thrown a shiny black cape over his dark 9ce E/5 Tf 1 0 0 1 96

1/19A EXT. GARRISON LANE - NIGHT 1 - 20:30

1/19A

The street is lively in the dark. Children still play out and the men are mostly drunk. Buskers play and beggars beg. As we join the scene, we are close on Jimmy Jesus, who is standing on a box, preaching in his Birmingham/Jamaican accent...

JI MMY JESUS

And the Lord will smite the unholy when the great judgement comes. And judgement is coming my friends. Judgement is coming to this wicked City...

Campbell's carriage shoots through shot and we join Campbell inside. We see him staring out at the street. His face is impassive, the half lit street scene is reflected on the cab window. He sees drunks staggering from pub-to-pub and notices four young prostitutes standing on a street corner.

Gangs of children smoke pipes and play barefoot. A horse is being beaten into submission as it shies against the weight of its dray. We pass the Chain pub and then approach the twinkling lights of the Garrison, where young men with caps pulled down over their eyes drink on the pavement, some swigging from iron buckets.

As the Garrison approaches, a rock hits Campbell's window and the reflection is shattered. Campbell doesn't even flinch. Another rock hits the carriage, then another. The driver shouts down...

DRI VER

That's it, I don't go any further.

Campbell blinks impassively.

CAMPBELL

Take me to the Police Station.

The driver hurriedly turns his horse around and the cab hurries away...

As the cab clears shot, we find Ada Shelby, walking fast down Carrison Lane, dressed in white with her hat angled on her head. We follow her. She hurries past Jimmy Jesus as he preaches some more...

JI MMY JESUS Your wickedness and your

fornications will be revealed...

Ada hurries past him and disappears into the shadows.

1/ 20 OMI TTED 1/ 20

In the gas lit half-darkness we find Ada reaching some steps and trotting down them The steps lead into more darkness and we might begin to wonder where the hell she is going.

Moonlight shimmers on the canal, and the noise of Garrison Lane is distant. Ada arrives at a canal bridge and lights a cigarette. She looks all around. A moment later a figure emerges from the shadows.

In Ada's match light we see the man is Freddie Thorne. Ada smiles and goes to him Freddie puts his arms around her and kisses her on the forehead. She offers him her cigarette and he takes a drag.

ADA

I got tickets for the Penny Crush. They're showing a $Tom\ M\ x$ picture.

Freddie smiles wearily as he smokes Ada's cigarette.

FREDDI E

I'm not in the mood for the pictures tonight Ada.

She takes the cigarette. She thinks she knows what Freddie is in the mood for.

ADA

I'm not doing it here again. I got covered in mud last time.

Freddie smiles again, takes her arm

FREDDI E

Let's just walk a bit.luca ar 168 468.48 Tm - 8 468.441m0c9

Freddie Leans against the bridge.

FREDDI E

Oh I'm scared of them alright.

She turns her back and speaks as if it's a line from a romantic novel.

ADA

But you love more than you fear right?

He turns her around and pulls her close.

ADA (CONT'D)

I don't want to be always sneaking about.

FREDDI E

Soon, we'll tell them

ADA

When?

Freddie doesn't answer. A pause.

FREDDI E

How did the family meeting go?

ADA

Usual.

She smokes...

ADA (CONT'D)

There's a new copper coming.

Freddie takes the cigarette...

FREDDI E

Yeah I heard.

ADA

And Tommy says he's after the likes of you.

She turns to stare at Freddie pointedly.

ADA (CONT'D)

So maybe you should burn your books and stop making speeches.

He smiles. He pulls her close and addresses her lovingly.

FREDDI E

Oh my Ada. Only Princess of the royal family of the Kingdom of Small Heath.

(MORE)

FREDDIE (cont'd)

I am just a poor communist frog with a big mouth. Give me a kiss, Princess Ada.

They kiss each other with deep passion.

1/22 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY 2 - 09:30

1/22

Friday 7th February - The church is ornate with bleeding Christ's around the altar. Polly is sitting alone at a pew with her head bowed. The double doors open and Thomas enters. He doesn't pause or genuflect, he just walks to Polly's aisle. She doesn't turn until he sits beside her.

THOMAS

I have ten minutes. What do you want?

Polly reacts to the cursory tone.

POLLY

(Firmly)

An explanation.

Thomas reacts to Polly in a way he reacts to no one else. Her admonishments have an effect.

THOMAS

An explanation of what?

POLLY

Of what's so secret.

A pause...

POLLY (CONT'D)

I've always been able to tell...

THOMAS

(Interrupts)

Tell what?

POLLY

When you're hiding something.

A pause.

POLLY (CONT'D)

People round here talk. Some of them work at the BSA.

Thomas reacts to a bull's eye. He takes a weary breath.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I've been talking to wives of factory hands.

(MORE)

Detectives have been asking questions in the proofing shops.

Thomas looks up at the iconography. He doesn't care for it.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Nothing happens at the factory without you knowing about it.

Thomas turns to Polly and we see he has respect for her. Still he waits...

POLLY (CONT'D)

CURLY

Holy sweet baby of Mary.

1/26	OMI TTED	1/ 26
1/27	<u>OMI TTED</u>	1/ 27
1/ 28	INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY 2 - 09:31	1/ 28

Thomas stares ahead.

THOMAS

Inside the crate we found twenty five Lewis machine guns with ten thousand rounds of ammunition. Fifty semi automatic rifles, two hundred pistols with shells...

Polly crosses herself.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

All bound for Libya. Sitting right there in Charlie Strong's yard.

Polly is in shock.

POLLY

Jesus Tommy. Tell me you threw them in the cut.

Thomas doesn't exactly show uncertainty but there is a flicker which he smothers.

Polly stares at him with horror, but Thomas keeps staring straight ahead.

THOMAS

(Matter of fact)

We put them in the stables out of the rain. The guns hadn't been greased yet...

A pause. Polly suddenly punches and hammers Thomas's arm and shoulders and Thomas calmy takes the blows for a while then grabs her arm. She slowly gets control.

POLLY

That's why they sent the copper from Belfast.

Thomas I ooks away.

THOMAS

Maybe. Maybe not.

Polly laughs away the doubt...

POLLY

Thomas Shel by, you are bookmaker, a robber, a fighting man, but you are not a fool...

She lowers her voice out of respect for the Christ statue...

POLLY (CONT'D)

You sell those guns to anyone who has use for them, you will hang.

A pause.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Dump them somewhere the police can find them When they know they haven't fallen into the wrong hands perhaps this will blow over.

Thomas nods gently. Polly takes his hand.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Tell Charlie to dump them tonight.

Thomas gets to his feet.

THOMAS

He won't move contraband around under a full Moon.

Polly is about to speak...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Three days until it wanes.

POLLY

And then you'll do the right thing.

Thomas nods once and she grabs his arm and stares into his eyes.

POLLY

You have your mother's common sense and your father's devilment. I see them fighting.

A pause.

POLLY

Let your mother win.

He turns and walks. His footsteps echo. Polly sits down again in the pew and crosses herself with a mumbled prayer.

1/29 <u>EXT. GARRI SON LANE - DAY 2 - 09:40</u>

1/29

We see the Garrison Tavern in early morning. Then, from behind, we see a young woman crossing the street and approaching the pub.

1/30 INT. GARRISON PUB - DAY 2 - 09:41

1/30

The pub still bears the scars of Danny Whizz Bang's visit the day before. Harry is moving chairs and tables back when he sees the silhouette of a woman walking past the window then standing in the frosted glass of the door.

She knocks and Harry approaches. He opens the door and finds a beautiful woman, dressed for practical work but beautiful nonetheless. This is GRACE BURGESS. When Grace speaks she will have a light Southern Irish accent...

GRACE

I'm here about the job as barmaid.

Harry turns and goes back to work.

HARRY

Are you mad?

GRACE

Am I what?

She steps inside.

HARRY

You know about this place?

Grace hesitates.

GRACE

I saw an advertisement.

He half smiles at her nervousness. Then speaks flatly.

HARRY

Job's been filled.

GRACE

But it was in yesterday's paper.

Harry grabs a broom and busies himself sweeping up cigarette ends...

HARRY

Believe me love, I'm doing you a favour.

GRACE

I'm not asking for favours, I'm asking for employment.

HARRY

You're too nice.

GRACE

How can you know?

HARRY

And too pretty. They'd have you up against a wall...

GRACE

I have experience.

Harry I eans on his broom and peers at her. She reaches into her bag for a sheet of paper...

GRACE (CONT'D)

I have references...

Harry takes the sheet of paper.

HARRY

Which part of Ireland are you from?

GRACE

Galway. I worked in Dublin.

Harry glances at the crucifix around her neck.

HARRY

My mother was from Galway.

Grace smiles. He looks at her smile then nods and goes back to his work...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Too pretty.

He continues to sweep. Grace makes a decision.

GRACE

Watch...

Grace grabs a spittoon from the base of the bar....

GRACE (CONT'D)

And listen...

Grace begins to sing the pretty Irish ballad 'I wish I was in Carrickfergus' as she scoops up the other two spittoons. She clutches all three in one hand and swirls them around as she sings. Her voice is sweet and strong. She pours the slimy, disgusting contents of one spittoon into the other then that one into a third (with a slurp). Her song swoops on...

GRACE (CONT'D)

(Si ngi ng)

Her face shows no reaction of horror as she brandishes the fully charged spittoon then heads for the back of the bar. Grace swiftly unlatches the bar divide and empties the spittoon into the sink. She pours water from a jug into the spittoon and returns to systematically half fill and swill the other two spittoons. She then pours the dirty water into one spittoon and takes it back to the sink and pours it away. All the time singing...

GRACE (CONT'D)

She places the three spittoons back in place with a clatter, handles facing outward. She finishes her song with a flourish to an amazed Harry...

GRACE (CONT'D)

Grace bows elegantly then straightens. Harry stares at her. She smiles and glances at the freshly fixed glass pane.

GRACE (CONT'D)
In Ireland my singing made them cry and stopped them fighting.

Harry takes a breath. He studies her again then looks around at his battered pub.

HARRY
I hope you know a lot of songs.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 2 - 10:00

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Degradation. Father's with their daught ers, brothers and sisters sharing beds. Beggars and thieves left to run in the streets and astride the whole stinking pile of wounds and rotten flesh...

A pause.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

masters. The men who touch your cap to.

He stares down on them like God.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

The Peaky Blinders. The vicious merciless gangs who blind those who see and cut out the tongues of those who talk.

He stares down at the lines of officers...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

You are than them Those of you who have been taking their bribes these years since the war. Those of you who have looked the other way, you are than them

A pause before Campbell yells...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

you for soiling your uni f or ms!!

There is a terrified silence.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Then there are the Communists. the IRA Fenians. Blacker hearts still. They feed on the puss of all this corruption like maggots in a corpse. And like maggots, if they are left to swell they will eventually swarm like flies and spread their rotten philosophy across the country and across the world.

His voice echoes to silence.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Those then are our enemies. A three headed beast. It is my job to decapitate each one and by God I decapita will do it. (MORE)

I don't trust any one of you until you earn my trust and it takes some earning.

He nods at the door and a uniformed officer opens it. To Mbss and everyone's astonishment a line of twenty hard looking men in heavy boots and working clothes march into 168 etub72

ARTHUR

Right, I want a blow job off both of you before they let the ordinary people in.

The women laugh but right then the double doors of the cinema burst open and the Specials, including Sergeant MOSS pour in. They grab Arthur roughly by the arms...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Eh? What the `are you doing?!...

Arthur fights but the Specials quickly and efficiently pin his arms up his back. The women scatter and the Specials lead Arthur away...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

O!! I'm Arthur Shelby!! I am Arthur fucking Shelby!!

The policemen are brutal and fast. They slam Arthur into the frame of the door before dragging him into the light...

1/35 INT. POLICE STATION, EMPTY ROOM - DAY 3 - 11:30 1/35

Arthur is hurled against the wall of a bare room. In the van he has been given a brutal beating. His face is bloody and bruised. He is in shock and in agony. Two officers grab him and sit him down in a hard backed chair.

Arthur almost passes out and rolls onto the floor but one of the policeman shoves him back in place. Arthur groans with pain and rage.

Then Chief Inspector Campbell strolls into the room He has his cane in his hand and he stops to lean on it as he stares at Arthur's bloody face.

CAMPBELL

Arthur Shelby.

Arthur's words hang limply...

ARTHUR

What de huck...

Campbell whacks Arthur across the face with his cane.

CAMPBELL

Lead pack dog of the Peaky Blinders.

Campbell gestures at one of the officers who produces the cap which Arthur was wearing. Campbell studies the peak, the razor blades sewn in place.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Your uniform yes?

Arthur is breathing hard, bleeding from many wounds. Campbell roughly shoves the cap onto Arthur's head and peers at him

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Terrifying, I'm sure.

He turns to a uniformed officer - Sergeant MOSS.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Did he have a gun?

MOSS

(Local accent)

No gun Sir. Knife in his sock. Cosh in his belt.

Campbell nods and patrols.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Mr Shelby, I want you to see this as me introducing myself to you. Do you understand?

Campbell patrols some more.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

In all the world the only thing that interests me is the truth.

He stops and studies Arthur. top025 6 m closend studasts 39bturnsat

ARTHUR

I swear to God I don't know what you're talking about. What robbery?

Campbell studies Arthur and we sense a keen intuition. He delicately lets go of his thumb.

CAMPBELL

After thirty five years of dealing with animals like you, I can tell just by sniffing the air whether or not you are lying.

Arthur is cursing his broken thumb...

ARTHUR

I'm not fucking lying!

CAMPBELL

(Softly)

I know.

Arthur slowly looks up and gets his breath through pain.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I see nothing of interest behind the blood in your eyes. And no blood in your veins that could carry even a trace of cunning or guile. So...

Campbell straightens. He patrols again.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Understand this. It is well within my power to have you and the rest of your scumfamily face down in the canal before the year is out.

He turns sharply. A long pause.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Alternatively, we can help each other.

Even through agony, Arthur is taken by surprise. Campbell smiles.

1/36 INT. GARRISON PUB - DAY 3 - 12:30

1/36

It is Saturday lunchtime. The place is heaving with men, some of them wearing blue scarfs. Beer is flying over the bar and the talk is loud. A piano plays. Smoke swirls.

Grace is learning the ropes but she is already pulling pints with aplomb. Harry brushes by...

GRACE

Is it always this busy on a daytime?

Harry pulls a pint beside her...

HARRY

No. These boys are all on their way to St. Andrews.

GRACE

To pray?

Harry chuckles.

HARRY

That'll be the day. St. Andrews is a football ground. The Blues are playing.

Harry gestures at a group of four men, drinking beer and smoking near the door...

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's the forward line and the goalie believe it or not.

Harry takes his pint to his customer. Grace hears a tap on one of the small windows to the private snug bar and hurries to it.

She opens the small, frosted window. She comes face-to-face with Thomas. Grace and Thomas peer at each other. There is a crackle of electricity. After a moment...

THOMAS

I need a bottle of Rum

Grace double takes. Harry has glimpsed who she is serving and looks anxious. He calls out...

HARRY

Grace? What ever it is, it's on the house.

Grace is a little thrown. Thomas is putting coins on the bar...

GRACE

A whole bottle?

Thomas I ooks up at her, his eyes shaded. She stammers...

GRACE (CONT'D)

White rum or dark?

THOMAS

I don't care.

Grace nods anxiously and turns around to the spirit cupboard. Thomas watches her and sees anxiety. She finds a bottle of dark Rum and puts it onto the bar.

GRACE

Harry said on the house.

Thomas pushes the coins forward then peers at Grace.

THOMAS

Are you a whore?

Grace is astonished. Thomas stares at her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Because if you're not, you're in the wrong place.

Thomas takes the bottle of rum and leaves. Grace watches him go. Harry hurries to her and Grace catches her breath...

GRACE

He's one of the ones you told me about.

Harry quickly closes the frosted window and locks it.

HARRY

Grace, you're a friendly girl but be careful. If I say 'on the house' say nothing to whoever you're serving. If they decide they want you there's nothing anybody could do about it.

Harry swigs a beer.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Lucky for you, since he got back from France, Tommy doesn't want anybody at all.

1/37 INT. SHELBY HOME, PARLOUR - DAY 3 - 12:35

1/37

Arthur is sitting on a hard-backed chair, groaning in pain. John and Polly are there and Ada is boiling water on the open fire.

ADA

John, wipe the blood out of his eye.

JOHN

Since when did you give orders?

Ada squeezes a cloth....

ADA

I'm a trained nurse.

ARTHUR

Don't make me laugh, it hurts my face.

ADA

I bloody am

JOHN

You went to one first aid class in the church hall and got thrown out for giggling.

ADA

Not before I earning how to stop somebody from choking.

ARTHUR

I'm not choking.

ADA

You will be when I wrap this cloth round your neck.

Thomas enters with the bottle of rum The mood darkens...

He grabs a cloth and soaks it in the rum. We sense battlefield training is kicking in as he applies the spirit to the worst of Arthur's wounds. Arthur already has his thumb strapped with tape. Thomas is close to Arthur. Arthur drinks some more, the sting of the alcohol hurting his mouth.

ARTHUR

He said Mr Churchill sent him to Birmingham

Ada brings a bowl of boiling water to the table.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

National interest, he said. He said there'd been a robbery.

Polly turns sharply to glare at Thomas. Thomas steps back, not reacting.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

He said he wants us to help him

John is offended...

JOHN

We don't help coppers.

ARTHUR

He knew all about our war records. He said we're patriots like him

Ada has soaked a cloth in hot water and holds it onto another wound...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

He said he wants ùs to bé his eyes and ears.

Arthur brushes Ada aside and peers at Thomas.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I told him we'd have a family meeting and a vote.

The two men stare at each other. Thomas says nothing. Arthur takes another swig...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Why not? We have no truck with communists. Or Fenians.

Polly and Thomas are silent but Arthur is studying Thomas.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you? Polly, what is wrong with him lately?

Polly peers at Thomas for a moment.

POLLY

If I knew, I'd buy the cure from Compton's Chemists.

Thomas grabs his coat...

THOMAS

Arthur, you're broken up pretty bad.

He pulls his coat on, leaves. Arthur growls but his wounds stop him from leaving his chair. Polly calls out...

POLLY

Tormy!

Thomas has already gone.

1/37A <u>EXT. GARRI SON LANE - DAY 3 - 12:40</u>

1/37A

We find Jimmy Jesus walking along the pavement near to the Carrison, stopping every few paces to pick up cigarette ends. He drops each one into a small sack he has slung over his shoulder.

As he walks, he hears a voice from an alley.

THOMAS

Hey Jimmy.

Jimmy ducks into the alley to join Thomas, who gives him a cigarette and a light.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Jimmy, what do you see?

Jimmy blows smoke...

JI MMY JESUS

I see lots of new coppers in shiny coats.

THOMAS (SOFTLY)

Who do you see talking to them?

JI MMY JESUS

The silver back coppers don't talk to anybody. They're looking for something.

Thomas Looks around...

THOMAS

Do they say what?

JIMMY JESUS

The ranks don't know. They've just been told to search cellars and out houses.

Thomas hands Jimmy a ten shilling note. Jimmy studies him

JI MMY JESUS (CONT'D)

What's happening Tormy?

Thomas hands Jimmy the pack of cigarettes.

THOMAS

Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

Jimmy suddenly stands erect and salutes Thomas...

JI MMY JESUS (CONT'D) Yes Sir Sergeant Major.

The salute suggests Jimmy is a veteran too. Thomas doesn't salute back but instead walks away.

1/ 38 <u>OMI TTED</u> 1/ 38

1/ 39 <u>OMI TTED</u> 1/ 39

1/39A <u>EXT. WATERY LANE - NI GHT 3 - 00:30</u> 1/39A

We're outside the Shelby Home on Watery Lane.

1/40 <u>INT. SHELBY HOME, THOMAS' ROOM - NI GHT 3 - 00:30</u> 1/40

The bedroom has a bay window overlooking the street outside. Cas light flickers from outside through net curtains. The factories work all through the night and we hear the boom of the giant steam hammers and see the flashes from the steel foundries.

Thomas is in restless sleep in a plain bed, with a water jug and a bottle of whisky on the bedside table. The thud of industry makes for a restless mood in the room and Thomas mumbles under his breath.

Then he wakes with a start, breathing hard. He looks around the room with incomprehension for a long time before coming to himself. His hands are shaking and his eyes are wild.

He gets to his feet and hurries to a drawer. He pulls out a small, white clay pipe and a red velvet bag (similar to the one the chinese girl used).

He feverishly pours the opium into the pipe then lights a match. He puts flame to the opium and draws. Then he blows a cloud of smoke.

He slowly eases into the opium and takes some big breaths of smoke. He goes to the window and pulls open the curtain to look out over Montague Street. The terraces are all sleeping in moonlight. Thomas looks deeply sad as he stares out over his kingdom through his trailing smoke.

Then footsteps. Thomas sees two policemen, both wearing shiny capes, walking down the cobbled street carrying long coshes. The sight of them seems to take Thomas by surprise and he stares down as they pass under his window.

One of the officers stops and peers up at the window, apparently knowing who lives at that address. The two policemen share a joke and one of them drags his finger across his throat in a warning gesture to Thomas.

Thomas reacts. The challenge seems to spark a reaction. His face hardens and he speaks softly to the departing police...

THOMAS See you in No-Man's land boys.

1/41 EXT. LITTLE ITALY - DAY 4 - 10:00

1/41

Sunday 9th February - The neighborhood of Nechells Green has several streets occupied by Italian immigrants. It has recently stopped raining, and the street is full of kids and looks like all the streets, but the shop signs are in Italian and the language being yelled out by children is Italian too.

Sharply dressed Italian men and their families walk down a stretch of houses and shops. Cigarettes are lit and greetings are made. Newspapers blow around (with headlines about strikes and wage cuts). It is a pleasant, colorful scene...

Then, a man walking fast, wipes shot.

We join him and realize it is Danny Whizz Bang. He is wearing just a suit jacket over a collarless shirt. We come close to his face beneath his hat and hear him mumbling...

DANNY

Cot to go bang, got to go bang...

He is not looking where he is going and clatters into a metal table and chairs outside a small ITALIAN CAFE.

Chairs lean against two other tables, still stacked following the recent rain. The cafe is closed and has its blinds down.

Danny curses the tables and chairs and untangles his feet. He stares like a mad man all around. He then picks up a metal chair and hurls it to the ground.

Almost immediately, a waiter appears from inside the cafe.

WAI TER

Hey, what you do? We're closed.

WAITER (CONT'D) Go home crazy man.

Danny stares at the knife. He breaths hard. Then he suddenly yells...

DANNY WHI ZZBANG

Fix bayonet s!!!

He hurls himself at the waiter, grabs the knife, twists it around and plunges it into the waiter's chest. The waiter grips Danny's jacket with a death grip before falling into the bloody rain. Danny stares, realizes, then walks.

OMI TTED

CAMPBELL

Mr Churchill, may I say what a great honour it is to meet you.

Churchill smiles and sits....

CHURCHI LL

Bit of a whistle stop tour. Love the hat by the way.

CAMPBELL

Thank you. It's beaver.

CHURCHI LL

So how are you settling in?

CAMPBELL

I have set up a command network. I have agents in place across the city who will act as my eyes and ears. I have begun to interrogate suspects vigorously.

Churchill checks some papers (Campbell's CV)...

CHURCHI LL

You were in Belfast. I understand you broke a few Fenian hearts there.

CAMPBELL

A rat's nest Sir.

Churchill peers out of the window...

CHURCHI LL

So who do you think stole the guns? Feni ans or Communists?

Campbell begins to speak like a preacher, a mantra...

CAMPBELL

If it is IRA Fenians I will find them and find the guns. If it is Communists I will find them and find the guns. If it is common criminals I will find them and find the guns. To me there are no distinctions between any of the above.

Churchill studies Campbell and is almost amused by him

CHURCHI LL

We chose you because you are effective.

Churchill offers a cigar but Campbell declines...

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
But remember this, Mr Campbell.
This is England, not Belfast.
Bodies thrown into rivers, wash up

in the papers here. We must keep the existence of these stolen guns out of the papers otherwise we will simply be advertising them for sale.

Campbel I nods accept ance.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

If there are bodies to be buried, dig holes and dig them deep.

The platform whistle blows and Churchill closes his file...

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

I want everything accounted for down to the last bullet.

1/47A INT. GARRISON PUB - NIGHT 4 - 20:30

1/47A

It's dark outside and the place is packed with drunk and happy men.

Grace is standing on a make-shift stage near to the pub piano and she is singing ', a sweet romantic ballad with a lilting rhythm. The men in the pub are singing along or swapping raucous laughter with the handful of young prostitutes who hang out in pairs among the men.

Grace's voice is strong and Harry peers at her with admiration. The song continues for a while and then the pub door opens. First John and then Thomas enter. All heads turn away. Men peer into their beer and the men stop singing.

Thomas stands near to the door, peering up at Grace. The pianist stops playing. Even then There is silence apart from the song and Grace's voice falters only a little. She is nervous but somehow her moment um keeps her going.

John waits for Thomas to decide his reaction. Thomas's eyes are shaded. He stares without expression and now it's as if the song is directed at him Grace concludes her song...

GRACE

We come close on Thomas's face...

GRACE (CONT'D)

Then silence. Finally, Harry dares to speak up.

HARRY

We haven't had singing in here since the war.

Thomas glares up at Harry. After a moment.

THOMAS

Why do you think that is?

Thomas leads his brother to their own private snug bar and the door slams behind them

1/ 47B OMI TTED 1/ 47B

1/48 <u>EXT. FREDDIE THORNE'S GARRET - NIGHT 4 - 20:45</u> 1/48

Freddie lives in one room in a tenement. From outside, through a metal grill window and through skipping children we hear the sound of sex.

1/49 INT. FREDDIE THORNE'S GARRET - NIGHT 4 - 20:47 1/49

The room is functional and the walls lined with books, mostly revolutionary literature. There is a single bed in which Freddie and Ada are just recovering from sex. Freddie lights a cigarette and shares it with Ada. We can hear children playing outside. After a moment...

FREDDI E

So did Arthur say what kind of deal this new copper offered him?

Ada turns angrily to Freddie.

ADA

The second your balls are empty it's back onto politics.

She gets out of bed and begins to dress, the cigarette smouldering in her mouth. Freddie half smiles...

FREDDI E

What did Tommy say?

Ada grabs a black mourning dress from the back of a chair. She begins to dress with anger which Freddie knows will pass...

ADA

He didn't say anything. You know what he's like.

A pause. Freddie thinks fondly...

FREDDI E

Yeah, I know what he's like. He likes to take his fights onto the mud. Doesn't like to stand and wait.

Ada turns to Freddie.

ADA

You know what he'd do if he found out about us.

FREDDI E

(Cal m defiant)

He could try.

Ada turns back sharply (her black dress in her hand).

ADA

Sometimes it's like you're with me to show you can.

Ada is about to pull on her black mourning dress but Freddie takes her arms. He addresses her in a broken mirror.

FREDDI E

One day me and Tommy will be on the same side again.

Ada stares at his reflection.

ADA

Yeah. When you become a bookie.

Freddie laughs and embraces her from behind. He reaches for a large black hat with a black veil, the kind worn by women in mourning and common on the streets after the war. We realize this is Ada's disguise. He offers it to Ada...

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

There sister. Thanks for coming.

Ada half smiles.

ADA

I must be the only girl ever who had to wear a black widow dress to get to wear a white one.

She looks hopefully at Freddie. Freddie just smiles.

1/49A EXT. CHARLIE STRONG'S YARD - NIGHT 4 - 21:30

1/49A

We find Curly and Charlie hauling heavy crates onto a coal barge. They are in a hurry. We watch the work for a while and see the gun cases as they are being loaded.

Charlie drops a sack into the hold of the boat then turns to see Thomas entering the yard. Charlie joins Thomas at the fire.

CHARLI E

They are aboard. There's no Moon. We can take them out to the turning point beyond Gas Street and leave them on the bank. They'll be found by rail waymen first thing.

Charlie nods and warms his hands on the flames. He responds to Tormy's silence and gets uneasy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Is that agreement?

A pause. Factories pound in the night...

THOMAS

(Softly)

I changed my mind.

A pause.

CHARLI E

You

THOMAS

(Flat)

I have an alternative strategy.

Thomas takes a set of three large iron keys from his pocket and offers them to Charlie. (We might realize, in the fire light, Charlie feared something like this).

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Tell Curly to take her out to the old tobacco wharf. There's a lock up mooring we used to keep cigarettes. He knows it.

Charlie stares at Thomas with horror, not taking the keys.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

When the boat leaves your yard it's no longer your concern.

CHARLI E

(Firmly)

Have you lost your fucking mind?

Thomas lays the keys aside to light a cigarette....

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Have you not seen the streets? They've sent an army to find these things... THOMAS

(Calm)

That 's right. They' ve shown their hand...

CHARLI E

(Incredulous)

Thei r

Thomas speaks almost as if he has rehearsed his rationalization...

THOMAS

If they want them back this bad, they'll have to pay. That's the way of the world. Fortune drops something valuable in your lap, you don't just dump it on the bank of the cut.

Charlie stares at Thomas with disbelief...

CHARLI E

You're blood Tormy. I've always looked out for you like a dad. You're going to bring holy hell down on your head. This copper takes no prisoners...

A half smile appears on Thomas's face.

THOMAS

I'm told he didn't serve.

A pause.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Reserved occupation.

Charlie peers at Thomas as if he is slowly realizing something...

CHARLI E

It's another war you're looking for Tormy?

Thomas finishes his cigarette and puts the bunch of keys in Charlie's top pocket.

THOMAS

The tobacco wharf. By order of the Peaky Blinders.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Thomas.

Grace nods as Campbell glances at her briefly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

They say he won two medals for gallantry in the War.

Campbel I squeezes the end of his moustache...

CAMPBELL

You sound fasci nat ed.

GRACE

(Ignoring)

However, my opinion has not changed. The bookmaker gangs have other business and the communists are too weak to have planned this. I believe the guns were taken by the IRA.

Campbell nods gently.

CAMPBELL

You must not let your history cloud your judgement.

GRACE

(Knowing) What history?

Silence as someone passes. Grace continues wearily...

GRACE (CONT'D)

That the IRA murdered my father will not affect my judgement.

Campbell hears but doesn't quite believe. He hands her a slip of paper with a list of serial numbers and speaks softly.

CAMPBELL

If you see a gun, check the serial numbers against this list.

Campbell turns to go, checking his watch. Then he stops and smiles at Grace.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Your father was the finest officer I ever worked with. I know he would be very, very proud of you.

He drifts away. Grace seems to be deeply affected by mention of her father but holds it all in check...

1/52 EXT. GRAND UNION CANAL - DAY 5 - 18:00

1/52

We find Leo, the Italian cafe owner, and another Italian guy, standing on the tow path. They are dressed in black suits and overcoats.

Behind them, we see a black coal barge slowly motoring up the

THOMAS

(Softly) In the bleak midwinter.

Danny nods. The boat is alongside. Thomas pulls the trigger (and as he does, he kicks the backs of Danny's knees.) There is a splash of blood and brains on Thomas's face.

Danny falls face first onto the deck of the boat as it passes.

Thomas wipes the blood from his face and looks down at the Italian brothers. They turn and walk away and Thomas walks away in the opposite direction.

As he walks we see no emotion on his face.

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1/54 <u>INT. BETTING SHOP - NIGHT 5 - 20: 20</u>

1/54

Thomas enters through the customer entrance. He sits down, lights a cigarette and opens a newspaper onto the racing page. He studies the racing results. Outside we hear children playing.

Then Arthur bursts in. His face is scarlet with rage, his wounds still healing. He has a newspaper of his own in his big meaty hand and he slaps it...

ARTHUR

(Furious) It bloody won!

Tormy doesn't look up from his paper.

ARTHUR (CONT'D) Monaghan Boy bloody won!

Thomas finally turns to Arthur. He has a deep, deadly look on his face.

THOMAS

Yeah. It won.

A pause.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And word will spread. So next time we do the powder trick it won't just be the Garrison that'll bet on the horse, it'll be the whole of Small Heath. And you know what? The horse will win again.

Thomas confronts Arthur, toe-to-toe...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And the third time we do it we'll have the whole of Birmingham betting on it. A thousand quid bet on the magic horse. And that time, the horse will

I ose.

They stare into each other's eyes. Then, without diverting his gaze, Thomas reaches out and grabs the rum bottle from Arthur's desk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Have a drink and think about it Arthur.

Thomas turns and leaves through the drape curtain. Arthur considers the bottle.

1/55 <u>EXT. CANAL TOW PATH, TUNNEL - NI GHT 5 - 20:30</u>

1/55

The coal barge is moored. If we didn't know the grim truth, this would be a rural idyll.

After a moment, we see Charlie getting back onboard the boat, carrying a shovel. We assume he has disposed of Danny's body. Then, suddenly, Danny Whizz Bang emerges from the hold. He is a little dazed and has just washed his face of blood.

CHARLI E

You ok Danny?

Charlie stows the shovel (he just went for a latrine break).

DANNY

I'm still in shock. You're sure this isn't heaven?

CHARLI E

(smiling)

If it was heaven, what would I be doing here? Tormy wanted you to think it was real to try to knock some sense into you.

Danny rubs his woozy head.

Danny

A shell full of sheep brains hurts pretty bad.

CHARLI E

It was meant to.

They prepare to set off.

DANNY

So where are you taking me?

CHARLI E

London. Tommy has a little job for you. Give you chance to say thanks. You're a Peaky Blinder now Danny.

The boat glides from its mooring. Danny now looks to be filled with foreboding.

1/56 INT. SHELBY HOUSE - NIGHT 5 - 20:40

1/56

Aunt Polly is polishing a big brass pot and we see her face in the uncertain reflection in the brass. She hears someone entering the house. Aunt Polly prepares herself. Thomas enters and produces a wad of notes and two bags of coins which he places on the table.

Polly takes the bag of coins and weighs it in her hand.

POLLY

A bad week.

Thomas removes his hat, sits down, rubs his eyes wearily. Polly begins to count the money and speaks casually, hiding her anxiety...

POLLY (CONT'D)

There was no Moon last night. I looked.

Thomas lights a cigarette...

POLLY (CONT'D)

Did you do the right thing?

THOMAS

(Firmly)

Yes. I did the right thing.

Polly stops counting and stares at him She can read him like a book.

Thomas turns and leaves. In Polly's face we read that she knows Thomas didn't dispose of the guns. She reacts and peers at the pile of coins. She knows there are dangerous times to come.

1/56A EXT. GARRISON LANE - NIGHT 5 - 20:45

1/ 56A

We hear the song 'In the Bleak Midwinter' as we follow Thomas walking through his kingdom. We are close on his face, looking for reaction. He is resolved. He walks past the Carrison...

As he walks, Grace peers out from inside the pub and watches him go.

THE END