PEAKY BLI NDERS II

Epi sode One

SHOOTI NG SCRI PT

Written by Steven Knight

20/02/14

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1 OPEN ON BLACK - FLASHBACK 1

Then...

A 1919 penny spinning in darkness in slow motion, glinting in light. It spins slowly enough for us to glimpse the King's head spinning through shot three times...

2 INT. BETTING SHOP, ARTHUR'S OFFICE (1919) - NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1 2

We see the spinning coin in the air above Tommy's head, taken from the final sequence of series one, episode six.

The coin continues to spin. A whistle is blown on a train platform Suddenly...

3 INT. TRAIN STATION (1919) - NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1

We cut into the existing scene from series one. Again we witness Campbell taking Grace by surprise as she is about to board a train. Campbell pulls a gun. The train hisses steam..

- 4 INT. BETTING SHOP, ARTHUR'S OFFICE (1919) NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1 4 Silence. The coin spins for just two seconds...
- 5 INT. TRAIN STATION (1919) NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1

Campbell points the gun at Grace. Grace reacts, and, with just a flicker of her eyes, we infer she is not going to go quietly.

Campbell doesn't know if she is armed and almost challenges her to go for her gun. Grace doesn't move. She knows that if Campbell wants to do this straight away she has no chance. But he hesitates.

- 6 INT. BETTING SHOP, ARTHUR'S OFFICE (1919) NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1 6 Silence, the coin spins for two seconds more.
- 7 INT. TRAIN STATION (1919) NIGHT, FLASHBACK 1

Then, loudly, we hear another platform whistle and hear the hissing of the train as it prepares to depart.

Campbell's resolve appears to weaken. For a moment there is a struggle inside his head. Grace sees it. She speaks softly, almost as a compliment...

GRACE Vengeance is <u>not</u> your lord. 1

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

CAMPBELL

Grace...

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Campbell cocks the trigger and Grace prepares...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D) You have left me with absolutely no...

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

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

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

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

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

8A EXT. STREETS - MORNING 1

TI TLE SEQUENCE.

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

9 EXT. GARRISON PUB, GARRISON LANE - MORNING 1

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

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

We see a caption...

4

(CONT'D)

8A

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

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

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

We wait a few moments.

'.

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

10 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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10 CONT' D:

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

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

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

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

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

Arthur proclaims loudly...

ARTHUR

Amen.

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

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

The communists give Tommy hard stares which he absorbs.

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

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) I promised I would read his favorite poem over his grave. He told me the poem is about revolution...

One of the communists calls out irreverently...

COMUNI ST

Amen.

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

TOMMY

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

TOMMY (CONT'D)

11 EXT. CHURCH, YARD - DAY 1

"

"

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) Ada. I want to talk.

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

> TOMMY (CONT'D) How is the boy taking it?

ADA (DISMISSIVE) He's fine. When he asks I resort to saying 'heaven'.

A pause.

TOMMY

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) Is she coming home?

Ada takes Karl from Aunt Polly.

ADA

I'm going home.

Aunt Polly is about to speak but Tommy speaks first and with aut hor i t y.

> TOMMY It's alright Polly. We make Ada embar rassed.

ADA (QUICKLY) That's not what I said...

Ada is perhaps surprised by Tommy's offence but Tommy cont i nues...

TOMMY

There's another reason we want you home.

Ada is defiant but waits...

TOMMY (CONT'D) We're planning an expansion.

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

ADA

Ch Tormy...

TOMMY

I'm taking premises in London...

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

ADA (CONT'D) And I'm not a Thorne either. I'm free.

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

ADA (CONT'D)

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

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

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

Aunt Polly sighs and steps close to Tommy...

AUNT POLLY I told you to let me do it.

Tormy steps on his cigarette, the grave stone beside him

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

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

AUNT POLLY

A pause.

11

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) That'll be the bloody day.

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

12 EXT. CHURCH YARD - MORNING 1

6

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

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The cars begin to pull away...

13 EXT. GARRISON PUB, GARRISON LANE - DAY 1

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

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

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

14

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

> MOSS It happened at exactly seven am

Tormy peers up at the damage.

MOSS (CONT'D) Nobody saw anything. Our patrols were not in the area.

Tormy finds the wheel of a pramin the doorway and studies it...

MOSS (CONT'D) Mr Shelby, do you have any idea who might have done it?

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

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

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

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

Aunt Polly totally ignores him (he is on the payroll now). She walks to Tommy with her hand cupped. 12

CAMPBELL

Governor, I am a very busy man.

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

GOVERNOR

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

Campbell finds his pipe in a deep pocket.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

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

Campbell looks mock dumbfounded as he finds tobacco.

CAMPBELL

No Governor. I hear no bells.

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

GOVERNOR

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

Campbell chuckles as he finds his box of matches.

CAMPBELL

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

GOVERNOR

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

CAMPBELL

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

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

Campbell lights his match on the wall...

CAMPBELL

Still I hear no bells.

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

GOVERNOR

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

Campbell gets lost behind a plume of smoke.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D) You don't even bother trying to cover your tracks do you. Part of that remit is to oversee the smooth completion of executions sanctioned by the Crown. In the next four and a half minutes it is your job to escort the man in that cell...

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

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

The two men stare at each other, close up.

Campbell hisses...

you live.

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

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

Let's go.

There is an ugly inside the cell. The condemned man begins to y

Good day to you Governor.

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

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

Campbell turns...

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

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

18

Frantic industry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As the boys march through the chaos of the shop we glimpse words sprayed on one of the boxes. It reads '

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

JIMMY JESUS Polly? Do we know who did it yet? 19 INT. DOORWAY TO THE ANNEXE OF PEAKY BLINDERS HEADQUARTERS, 19 SPARES ROOM - DAY 1

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

Lots of wooden crates are stacked in the empty space. There are large signs hanging from a wall. ' and the boxes are stacked beneath the

signs in rows

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

AUNT POLLY

Tommy says to say it was gas until we know.

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) We're making no bloody money out of this.

Jimmy calls out from inside the room

JIMMY Tommy says automobiles are the future.

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

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

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

20

INT. PEAKY BLINDERS HEADQUARTERS/BETTING SHOP - DAY 1

20

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

JOHN

Pol. Did he say who did it?

AUNT POLLY He's gone to the Black Lion.

Aunt Polly walks toward a heavy door.

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JOHN

On his own?

AUNT POLLY He does everything on his own.

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

21 INT. SHELBY HOME, PARLOUR - DAY 1

... the parlour of the house. Peace.

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

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

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

JOHN Should I go to the Black Lion?

AUNT POLLY

No.

JOHN Where's bloody Arthur?

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

Aunt Polly begins to feed in a combination.

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

AUNT POLLY So get 'emin hand.

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

JOHN This morning, Ada said we all look like we work in a factory under the ground. She said we look like ghosts. 21

Aunt Polly straightens.

AUNT POLLY (CERTAIN) She'll be back.

JOHN

When?

AUNT POLLY When she needs us.

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

AUNT POLLY

That's six.

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

JOHN

Six what?

AUNT POLLY Six questions since I walked through the door.

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

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

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

JOHN

Why?

AUNT POLLY (INSTANTLY)

Seven.

Aunt Polly gives him a hard stare.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) When London happens you'll have to The street door opens and Tommy enters. The place instantly falls silent. Tommy approaches the bar briskly...

TOMMY

lrish whisky.

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

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

HEAD BARMAN

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

Tommy sips his whisky.

TOMMY

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

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

HEAD BARMAN

And how's business otherwise, Mr Shelby?

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

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

A boy of ten hurries into the pub. He is barefoot and ragged and speaSe 282.48 TmpTommy Irish whiskye?are staring

23 EXT. SPARKHILL ALLEY, BACK STREET - DAY 1

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

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

24 INT. BARE ROOM - DAY 1

24

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

I RENE You are one decision away from death Mr Shelby.

Donal grins.

DONAL

So stop fucking smiling.

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

DONAL (CONT'D)

Better.

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

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

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

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

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

DONAL (SOFTLY) There are other ways of carrying out this mission. Please allow me to put a bullet in his scumtinker head.

I RENE (SOFTLY) No. He researches his enemies. That's why he's been chosen.

Tormy laughs and looks away.

TOMMY I am chosen? Ck. Can the chosen one smoke?

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

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> The office is heavy with dark oak furniture. The desk is huge and the Victorian chairs are impressive. The door is frosted glass and in reverse we read '

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

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

> A copy of yesterday's Times newspaper is placed neatly on the desk. In a bookcase we see a complete set of every edition of volume of encyclopedias

which will be remarked on much later.

On the walls there are photographs and we spend some time on t hem

Mostly they are of winning enclosures, with smiling owners and jockeys. We find a photo with a caption...

'. There is a photograph of the winning owner and we glimpse Tommy smiling by his side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MDSS (CONT'D) He's very grand these days. Head of some secret department.

Moss pauses for effect.

MOSS (CONT'D)

lrish desk.

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

MOSS (CONT'D) So I doubt he'll be bothering the likes of us.

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

CONT' D:

KING (CONT'D)

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

Finn ignores King and calls out again...

FINN

Arthur!!

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

29 INT. SHELBY HOME, PARLOUR - NIGHT 1

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

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

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

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

JOHN Where the bloody hell is Tommy?

AUNT POLLY

He's on his way.

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

ARTHUR

While we're waiting...

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

ARTHUR (CONT'D) ...This is all the stock that's left from the explosion. So...

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

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

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

JOHN

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

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

AUNT POLLY

You think?

John takes strength from Esme's look...

JOHN

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

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

ARTHUR

Amen.

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

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

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

JOHN (CONT'D) A fucking <u>day</u>.

He has their attention now.

JOHN (CONT'D) Sometimes more.

Aunt Polly glares...

JOHN (CONT'D) So why are we changing things?

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

JOHN (CONT'D) Polly, look what's happened already...

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

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

Arthur is swigging whisky.

ARTHUR Who says it was the cockneys?

ESME (FLAT, DEFIANT)

Who else?

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

AUNT POLLY So <u>you</u> know who did it, do you?

Esme is defiant but sits down.

ESME I'm told only family are allowed to speak.

Suddenly...

29

TOMMY Everybody's allowed to speak.

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

> TOMMY (CONT'D) On your feet Esme. Let's hear what you have to say.

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

JOHN I speak for our household.

TOMMY (FIRMLY)

Shelby Limited is a modérn enterprise and believes in equal rights for women. On your feet Esme.

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

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

Aunt Polly rolls her eyes. Esme will speak in an ornate, Edwardian manner which she has picked up from books and magazines and it sounds odd when spoken in her Romany burr.. ESME (CONT'D) I have a child. Blessed with the

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

Aunt Polly stifles a laugh...

ESME (CONT'D) But London is just smoke and trouble Thomas.

Aunt Polly breaths with incredulity...

, AUNT POLLY

Esme looks around at the (largely sympathetic) room

ESME

That's all I have to say.

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

ARTHUR

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

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

TOMMY

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

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) The bang is something I'm dealing with on my own.

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

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

Tormy comes to Arthur and squeezes his shoulder...

(CONT'D)

TOMMY (CONT'D) The other tenth is in good hands.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D)

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

Aunt Polly looks away...

TOMMY (CONT'D) And any of you who want no part of the future of this company are free to walk out the door. Right now.

He smiles at John and Esme...

TOMMY (CONT'D) Go and raise your chickens.

Tormy looks to the rest of the room ...

TOMMY (CONT'D) But those of you with ambition? The expansion process begins tomorrow.

30 INT. SHELBY HOME, PARLOUR/SAFES - NIGHT 1

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

AUNT POLLY

Tomor r ow?

Tommy walks on...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) I'm company treasurer. You should

speak to me first.

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) It's Newmarket tomorrow.

TOMMY

Yeah.

AUNT POLLY Third busiest day of the year...

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

TOMMY

We've got eighteen staff.

30

AUNT POLLY Who you trust with two hundred quid takings?

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) I changed the combination.

Tormy takes a moment and looks skyward.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) What's going on Tommy? Who did you meet at the Black Lion?

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

TOMMY Give me the combination Polly.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) What happened to the pub is Irish business.

Still Aunt Polly doesn't budge.

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

Aunt Polly softens a little but holds out.

AUNT POLLY

Why tomorrow?

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

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

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

TOMMY

We take the opportunity to show our hand.

Aunt Polly waits.

TOMMY (CONT'D) The Italian gangs and the Jewish gangs have been at war for six months in London.

AUNT POLLY

Not our war.

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

AUNT POLLY

We don't.

TOMMY

AUNT POLLY

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

A pause.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) But when it comes to it, you don't listen to a word we say.

Tommy looks away.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) Maybe you don't trust us.

A pause. Aunt Polly smiles...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) She was just <u>one</u> woman Tommy. It's time you forgot about her.

Tommy is dead pan....

TOMMY

For got about who?

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

AUNT POLLY You and the boys go and get yourselves killed.

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

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

LI ZZI E

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

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

LIZZIE (CONT'D) I'm learning to do it with my eyes shut. It's a test you have to do.

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

LIZZIE (CONT'D) WII you come back before you go?

TOMMY

No.

31

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

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

TOMMY

Yeah.

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

32 I NT. BLACKSMI THS SHOP - NI GHT 1

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

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

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

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

We are close to his impassive face with flames flickering.

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

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

Tommy approaches the beer barrel and waits. The target guy is wiping his mouth after downing a pint. He glances at Tommy

33 CONT' D:

TOMMY

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

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

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

TOMMY

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

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

JOHN

She wouldn't let go of my fucking leg.

ARTHUR You're sure it was your leg.

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

The medicine has now all gone.

TOMMY

Nothing wrong with opinions.

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

34 EXT. WATERY LANE - EARLY MORNING 2

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

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

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

Tommy and John drag him down.

TOMMY (LAUGHING) Sit down you mad bastard.

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The boys all hoot with laughter.

35 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, ROADSIDE - DAY 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR (CONT'D) <u>And</u> I want to keep chickens.

TOMMY (SOFTLY) Fucking chickens...

John approaches the passenger door.

JOHN My turn in the front.

ARTHUR

Bloody <u>kid</u>.

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

TOMMY

Arthur, John, come here.

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

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

ARTHUR Holy shit, Tommy.

Arthur crosses himself...

TOMMY We need to bury him JOHN Who the fuck TOMMY

You left your guns in the car, right?

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

DOORMAN

Where you boys from?

TOMMY

From out of town.

DOORMAN Say agai n?

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

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

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

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

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

38

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

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

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

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

> ARTHUR What the bloody hell is that row?

Tormy is heading for an empty table.

TOMMY It's what they call music these days.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) Irish whisky. Bottle.

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

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

> JOHN Fuck, half the Titanic are in here.

ARTHUR That's Darby Sabini's cousins. CONT' D:

JOHN

Jesus Tommy, everybody in here is

TOMMY

Just the lieutenants. Not the officers....

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

Mario and the bouncer arrive at the table...

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

JOHN We just bought a fucking bottle...

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

Tommy drinks his drink in one...

MARIO (CONT'D) They say you have no business coming south of the line without prior agreement...

TOMMY And what line would that be?

A pause. Mario looks around in fear...

MARIO They say this is provocation.

TOMMY

Tell them we're on holiday.

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

Mario

They say you are breaking the rules.

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

Mario (cont'd)

They say you are the Peaky Blinders...

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

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

ARTHUR

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

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

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Some fucking holiday this is.

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

> TOMMY So. Are you alright without your fucking medicine Arthur?

Arthur grins and nods firmly.

TOMMY (CONT'D) John? You alright? Or should I be asking that question to your wife?

Arthur hoots and grabs John. John Laughs...

TOMMY (CONT'D) No more talk of keeping chickens, alright?

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) I've got fifty quid here.

Tommy walks...

TOMMY (CONT'D) Let's go and paint the town.

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

40 EXT. TERRACED HOUSE - NI GHT 2

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

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

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

The room has been set up for a

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

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

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

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

Medi um

Let's begin. Hands on the table.

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

> MEDIUM (CONT'D) Tonight we have two new pilgrims joining us. So let us welcome them..

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

MEDIUM (CONT'D) Starting with you. Who is it that you are seeking to reach?

The woman looks around the table...

WOMAN

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

A frail woman in black crosses herself...

WOMAN (CONT'D)

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

Medium

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

She turns to Aunt Polly...

MEDIUM (CONT'D) And you? Who do you seek?

Aunt Polly gathers her courage.

AUNT POLLY A daught er. daught er.

MEDIUM And when did your daughter pass to the other side?

Aunt Polly offers a nervous apologetic look...

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

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) She says she wants to speak to me to say goodbye because I am her mother.

Aunt Polly fights her emotion and wins...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) I don't even know what name they gave her after they stole her from me. So I can't find out if the dreamis true.

A pause...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) If she <u>has</u> passed away and she wants to talk to me...I thought this would be the place.

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

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

Aunt Polly glances around the room

AUNT POLLY The part of me that dreams is gypsy.

The medium nods and speaks in Romany...

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

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

AUNT POLLY My maiden name is Shelby.

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) So perhaps you could do me first.

41A INT. LONDON, RITZ, RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2

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

41

41A

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

TOMMY

Table for three.

MAITRE D' Do you have a reservation Sir?

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

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

JOHN (SHOCKED, LOUD)

Are we?

ARTHUR

Holy fuck...

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

TOMMY

Also...

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

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We're very hungry.

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

> MAI TRE D' I'm afraid without a reservation....

Tommy interrupts softly...

TOMMY

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

Before the maitre d' can speak...

TOMMY (CONT'D) Tomorrow, at Newmarket, a horse is going to come in at twenty to one. We know because the race is fixed. (MORE) Now you get us the table, bring us some food and wine and after we've had our brandies I'll write down the name of the horse on the back ESME

Have you heard from the boys?

AUNT POLLY They're on their way back.

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

ESME

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

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

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

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

ESME

Polly?

Aunt Polly sighs but works on...

ESME (CONT'D) I don't wish to pry into your business.

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

ESME (CONT'D) But you should know something.

A pause.

ESME (CONT'D) That woman is a trickster.

A pause.

AUNT POLLY

What woman?

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

AUNT POLLY

What woman?

ESME

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AUNT POLLY (FIRM)

What woman?

Aunt Polly waits. Finally...

ESME

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

Esme sees a furious reaction and withdraws...

ESME (CONT'D) I'm sorry, I....

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

AUNT POLLY What do you know?

Aunt Polly is strung out, sleepless...

ESME

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

A silence between them

ESME (CONT'D) She set up after the war because of all the widows.

Aunt Polly lets Esme go.

ESME (CONT'D) Polly, I just thought you should know...

AUNT POLLY (INTERRUPTING) So in this fucking wash house did they say <u>why</u> I went there?

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) You ever tell a soul in this family I swear I will cut you open.

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

ESME

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

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

44 EXT. CANAL SIDE - MORNING 3

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

AUNT POLLY Everybody's pushing the fucking glass.

Suddenly...

43

45 INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - DAY 3

Against a bare wall we see a naked woman.

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

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

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

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

CAMPBELL

Dear God...

Churchill reacts...

CHURCHI LL

Good lord. I assumed it was Betty with tea.

CAMPBELL (DEEPLY FLUSTERED) Sir, I'm sorry...

CHURCHILL Have you never heard of lunch hour?

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

44

CAMPBELL

Forgive me. Your secretary was not at her desk.

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

CHURCHI LL

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

Campbell doesn't turn.

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

CHURCHILL (DESPAIRING) No, no, no. Later, I'minthe house. Just...

He gestures at his amused life model...

CHURCHILL (CONT'D) Keep your back turned if you must.

Churchill goes back to his sketch...

CHURCHILL (CONT'D) I would guess you haven't been exposed to London's Bohemian society, Major?

CAMPBELL I...play cards on occasion.

Churchill is more amused...

CHURCHI LL

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

Campbell is two yards away with his back half turned.

CAMPBELL

I visit the pictures on occasion Sir.

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

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CHURCHI LL

So what business is so urgent, it trumps lunch?

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

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

Churchill is distracted in his drawing...

CHURCHI LL

What man?

CAMPBELL The man we have chosen for...

Churchill waits...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D) Sir, I am loathe to discuss this confidential business in front of the lady.

Churchill smudges a line...

CHURCHILL Then just continue to speak in code.

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

CAMPBELL

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

CHURCHILL (DISTRACTED, MUMBLING) I am horrible at faces...

CAMPBELL So we can begin to prepare himfor the bigger task in hand...

CHURCHILL (MUMBLING) Expressions elude me. I think too much.

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

45 CONT' D:

CAMPBELL

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

Churchill traces a line.

CHURCHI LL

You're talking about your bookmaker.

CAMPBELL (SOFTLY)

Yes Sir.

Churchill is distracted but is no fool.

CHURCHI LL

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

CAMPBELL

Not love Sir.

CHURCHI LL

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

CAMPBELL

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

Campbell decides to add...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D) But vengeance is <u>not</u> my lord, Sir.

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

CHURCHI LL

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

Campbell looks to his feet.

CAMPBELL Absolutely not Sir.

A pause.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D) When he has served his purpose... Campbell half turns to the naked lady...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D) ...he will be consigned to history in the same way as his predecessor.

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

CHURCHI LL

You mean at the end of a rope.

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

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

46 EXT. WATERY LANE - EVENING 3

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

47 EXT. TOMMY'S LEGAL OFFICE - EVENING 3

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

TOMMY Newmarket was profitable.

AUNT POLLY (ANGRY) Arthur told me how you left your message...

Tommy walks on...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) And when I asked him where his medicine was, he said <u>you</u> poured it away.

Tormy continues to climb...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) That's how it works in London isn't it. Every boss has to have a mad dog at his side.

Tormy controls his reaction...

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

46

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AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) Darby Sabini's got Georgie Sewell. Alfie Solomons has got some Portuguese boxer.

A pause.

47

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) But Tommy Shelby. He uses his own brother.

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) You pour away his medicine and take him into their back yard and set him loose.

Suddenly, and unexpectedly, Tormy turns.

TOMMY Opium and bromide is all I poured away.

Aunt Polly confronts Tommy. Tommy yells...

TOMMY (CONT'D) Stop fucking fighting me!

Aunt Polly yells back...

AUNT POLLY

No!

A pause as Tormy gathers himself.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) Somebody has to.

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

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) This came an hour ago.

Tommy reads the telegram. The message is spelt out in bold capitals. It says '

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) There was no name on it.

Tormy Looks up.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) But the address is Camden Town.

A pause as they peer at each other.

AUNT POLLY (CONT'D)

I was going to burn it. I should have.

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

> AUNT POLLY (CONT'D) Well done Tommy. One foot already in the grave.

48

INT. GARRISON PUB, OFFICE - NIGHT 3

48

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

> LIZZIE You're early.

TOMMY Shut your eyes.

LI ZZI E

What?

TOMMY Shut your eyes, sit down.

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

LIZZIE What are you doing, Tom? PBII - Ep 1 - Steven Knight - SHOOTING SCRIPT - 20/02/14 p.59 CONT'D:

TOMMY

What comes after winter?

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) Where's the question mark at the end? It's a question.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) Shut your eyes. Take this down.

He strolls to the window and peers out...

TOMMY (CONT'D) 'Wanted. Secretary for an expanding business...

LI ZZI E

Slow down...

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

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) ...Eight pounds and four shillings a month.

He turns to her from the window.

TOMMY (CONT'D) Must be able to start immediately.

Lizzie reacts. A pause...

LI ZZI E

Are you serious?

He strolls away from the window.

TOMMY

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

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) I need somebody who will look the other way sometimes.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) And I bet you can brush up pretty well.

Lizzie has tears in her eyes and nods...

LIZZIE I can look like a saint if I want.

Tormy nods.

TOMMY You can stop the other work.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D) All of it this time.

Lizzie reacts.

TOMMY (CONT'D) No exceptions.

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

LI ZZI E

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

COVRADE

Ada? Are you coming for a drink?

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

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

50A EXT. STREET - NEAR THE GARRISON - NIGHT 3

50A

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

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

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

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

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

I TALI AN

Tormy Shel by.

Tommy is punched in the guts...

51 INT. STAIRWELL, LANDING - NIGHT 3

51

Ada is ahead of everyone and is now alone. She reaches a

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ADA

He slaps her face.

No.

51

HEAVY 1 Your brother broke the rules.

ADA (STRUGGLING) I haven't got a brother.

The heavy holds her tight.

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

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

The door slams closed.

51A EXT. STREET - NEAR THE GARRISON - NIGHT 3

51A

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

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

Sabini speaks with a soft London accent...

SABINI I missed you. I was away at the races.

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

TOMMY

Mr Sabini...

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

SABINI (INCREDULCUS) Don't say my name. Jesus...

He turns to Georgie Sewell.

SABINI (CONT'D) Georgie? Get my name out of his mouth. PBI I - Ep 1 - Steven Knight - SHOOTI NG SCRIPT - 20/02/14 p.63 51A CONT' D: 51A

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

SABINI (CONT'D) While you're there, do a bit of gold mining. Pay for the petrol.

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

> SABINI (CONT'D) You see how much I know about you? I know what's in your fucking mouth.

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

> SABINI (CONT'D) Look at me. Look at me.

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

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

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

SABINI (CONT'D) My face is the last thing you will see on earth. <u>Your</u> mistake. Remember that when you get to hell. I was happy with peace. You broke the rules...

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

SABINI (CONT'D)

Finish him

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

This appears to be the end of Tommy Shelby.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tormy is carried away to the police van. Campbell is left alone to watch him being loaded into the back. As the van roars away Campbell walks toward 7oPntad Tm ascliSbSihhe van