

1/1

**EXT. CHINESE QUARTER- DAY 1 - 16:50**

1/1

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 steam irons, 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....

*BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 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

(Who have asked for her?)

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

1/3

**EXT. SLUM STREET - DAY 1 - 16:55**

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 the door of an outside lavatory, exposing an old man inside, to general hilarity. There are various cats and dogs about the place. Tucked behind a blackened brick wall an illegal gin still drips it's lethal liquor into a stone jar.

The women are all dressed in billowing dresses (in Victorian style) with brightly colored calico head-scarves wrapped around their heads.

In spite of the poverty, there is a feeling of huge energy and vigor, rather than despair. In the background we hear the thumping roar of heavy engineering factories.

After a few moments, a man riding a beautiful black horse trots into the courtyard. The horse's hooves click on the cobbles.

Instantly, all talking and laughter stops. Whispered word goes around the children and mothers like wildfire. All games are frozen. Washing is left in baskets. Mothers turn to the crowds of children to summon their own.

We study the man who has produced such instant terror as he rides into the courtyard. He is immaculately dressed in a dark suit (odd for a man riding a horse) and his boots are polished. He is mid-thirties, handsome and well groomed.

On his head he wears a Stetson Hatteras cap angled steeply over his forehead, with generous folds of cloth hanging over his ears. The peak puts his dark eyes in shadow.

This man is THOMAS Shelby.

He ducks under a line of sheets and finally pulls up his horse and dismounts.

The courtyard is now miraculously empty, with all the mothers and children now hiding in doorways or alleys.

They are all watching Thomas as he takes a gold watch on a chain from his vest pocket and checks the time. His horse snorts steam into the cold air.

At that moment, at the end of the street we see Mai and Zhang arrive. They turn into the courtyard and slow down when they see Thomas and the horse. Zhang takes Mai's hand and leads her on to the rendezvous.

Thomas takes out a fat Sweet Afton cigarette and lights it with a match. Zhang and Mai approach as if Thomas were a gunfighter in a Western street. All eyes are on them as they meet.

Zhang speaks English with a heavy chinese accent.

ZHANG

Sir? This is her.

THOMAS

The girl who tells fortunes?

Zhang bows confirmation. Thomas hardly glances at Mai before gesturing at Zhang to begin what is evidently a pre-arranged exchange. With shaking hands, Zhang pulls a small velvet bag from his inside pocket and holds it up for Thomas to see. There is a golden dragon woven into the velvet.

Thomas reaches into the inside pocket of his jacket. As he reaches in, we see a long barreled Webley revolver hanging in a tan-leather army issue holster. Zhang and Mai see it too and shrink back. Thomas takes two pound notes out of his pocket which he holds up for Zhang to take (making sure everyone watching can see the transaction).

Zhang takes the money then hands the velvet bag to Mai. He quickly gives her instructions in Chinese and she seems to be a little baffled. He urges her to do as she is told.

Mai hesitantly opens the velvet bag and pours a palm full of red powder into her hand. Thomas half smiles and urges her to obey Zhang's whispers. Mai puts her hand near to the horse's nose and blows.

A cloud of red dust hits the horse. The horse snorts and shies and we see Thomas's face through the cloud of red dust. Children in the alleys stare with wonder and whisper to each other. We eavesdrop on one child explaining to her little sister...

CHILD 1

They're doing a magic spell to make it win a race.

Mai blows some more red dust onto the horse's nose and Thomas rubs it into the soft flesh around the nostrils.

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.  
Kempton 3 o'clock Monday. You  
ladies 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. Garrison 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. The Grand Union Canal runs through the yard and there are stables for dray horses beside the water. A bonfire burns in a corner of the yard.

The flames reflect on the high walls that seclude the yard and there is a large corrugated iron gate. The gate is being hammered from outside and a settled Gypsy (a Diddicoi) named CHARLIE STRONG emerges from a small office to open the gate. He is mid-forties, hard as iron, dressed in a fine tweed suit and cap but with a large golden earring in his left ear to denote his race.

He opens the gate to find Thomas standing with his black horse. No words are exchanged as Thomas enters and begins to unsaddle the horse.

Charlie turns towards the bonfire and calls out.

CHARLIE

Curly? Get here.

From the billowing smoke another Diccicoi man (CURLY) appears. His head is totally bald and he wears a dark suit (and a gold earring). He approaches at a trot and we will learn that he is, (to use the language of the time), 'simple minded'. However, we will also learn that he has a way with horses like no one else.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Curly, come and tell this horse  
he needs to get on a boat and  
stand still.

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.

CHARLIE

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.

CHARLIE

I'm finding sleep hard to come by.

THOMAS

Take less water with your rum.

CHARLIE

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

THOMAS

There'll be no word from *your* 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.

CHARLIE

I told him the whole thing was a dream so that's what he believes.

Charlie drops his cigarette into the flames...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(Softly)

Bloody nightmare more like.

THOMAS (FIRMLY)

I'm dealing with it.

A pause. Charlie looks uncertain. Thomas turns and walks. Charlie watches him go and we suspect dangerous times are upon them.

1/6 **EXT. WATERY LANE - DAY 1 - 18:10**

1/6

Two lines of two storey terraces form a long street where children play. Thomas approaches a particular door. We will learn that this is the Shelby home and headquarters.

Thomas opens the unlocked door and enters. We notice a horse shoe nailed to the front door for luck as the door is slammed in our faces...

1/7 **INT. SHELBY HOME, PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 - 18:11**

1/7

Thomas breezes through a hallway and a parlour decorated with brass and fancy floral crockery. The Shelby home is compact, a typical terrace, but we might notice a surfeit of brass and flowery ornamentation around the place. The Shelbys are cash rich but without conventional good taste. The home is decorated like a gypsy caravan, or a boatman's barge with lots of roses, elephants and castles.

We might glance a photograph of three brothers in military uniform, smiling (this is Arthur, Tommy, and John - all in Warwickshire Yeomanry uniform, with a freshly dug trench behind them).

Thomas tosses his coat aside and passes through a small kitchen, where a young boy (FINN, 10, Thomas's youngest brother) is smoking a cigarette into the flames of a coal fire. A rabbit roasts on a spit. Finn hides the cigarette and calls out as Thomas passes...

FINN

Arthur's mad as hell.

THOMAS

What does a ten year old know about hell?

FINN

I'm eleven Sunday.

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

**INT. BETTING SHOP - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 - 18:12**

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

**INT. BETTING SHOP, ARTHUR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 - 1/9 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 leans 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)  
Chinese 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 think, 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  
Tommy!

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

John turns. Thomas walks on.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
You *hear* me?! There's trouble  
coming.

Thomas disappears through the velvet curtain. Arthur seethes as he stares out. John studies him reacting to Thomas's defiance (which comes as no shock to John). Arthur goes back into the office and slams the door.

Through the glass partition we see his silhouette as he takes a swig of rum.

1/11

**EXT. CANAL - DAY 1 - 18:25**

1/11

On the oil-slicked surface of the canal a beer bottle floats, neck up. We watch it float past the open doors of a forging and pressing factory, which has its main entrance and delivery bay facing the canal. Through the open door we briefly glimpse the hell inside the factory. A white hot furnace is smelting metal and a five hundred pound steam hammer slams from the roof onto burning steel, setting off a huge explosion of sparks.

Bare chested men are silhouettes against the burning white heat and some of them swig beer from iron buckets.

The beer bottle floats on past the doorway and the pounding of the hammer is now just a sound. We follow the bottle for a few more moments and see Finn standing on the bank, staring at the bottle as it passes. He has something in his hands. Then a bullet splashes in the water beside the bottle. Then another.

We come around to see Finn holding a Webley revolver and aiming it with both hands at the passing bottle. He cocks the trigger with both thumbs with some difficulty and fires again. This time, the bottle smashes. Then we hear an anxious voice.

VOICE

Finn?

Finn turns and sees a woman in her mid-twenties, pretty and prettily dressed in sleek Twenties (Faux Flapper) style, standing on the tow path, her expensive white shoes oozing in the mud. She wears a white hat at a jaunty angle and she has a jazz-age figure. Finn smiles at her.

FINN

Hello Ada.

The woman is ADA Shelby, Thomas's younger sister. She will almost always be dressed to kill. Her fancy clothes will often contrast the mud and grime of her surroundings.

When Finn turns, he turns with the gun, so that it is unintentionally aimed at Ada. Ada stares down the barrel of the gun but she is brave and smiles.

ADA

Finn, my pigeon, do you want to put the gun down?

FINN

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 - 18:30/12

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 '*The BSA Factory (Small Heath)*' 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. '*SPECIAL BRANCH*'. Beneath it is written in black '*Top Secret. BSA robbery. Prime suspects*'.

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 inspector gives him a sideways bow of the head in deference. The inspector leaves. Campbell opens his file again and turns a page to find a page devoted to 'FREDDIE THORNE'. We see a mug shot photograph of a handsome man in his early thirties who is also wearing military uniform. Beneath his name in bold type we read... '**BSA Union Convenor. Communist agitator. Bolshevik**'.

Campbell turns the page back to look once again at the face of Thomas Shelby and Freddie Thorne. He holds both pages in view at once.

It's as if Campbell is trying to decide which of the two handsome uniformed men he will fall upon first. Then he closes the book, settles back and closes his eyes.

1/12A **EXT. GARRISON PUB, GARRISON LANE - DAY 1 - 18:45** 1/12A

We see Thomas approaching the pub and entering.

1/13 **INT. GARRISON PUB - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1 - 18:45** 1/13

The pub is an ornate Cathedral built to combat the gloom of poverty.

Every brass is polished to a blinding shine. All the mirrors are gilded. Where outside there is dereliction, inside the pub there is an excess of colour and decoration.

There is a table by the window occupied by a group of men whose faces we don't see. Others stand at the bar, smoking and drinking bitter or mild. Scud-boat is collecting bets from punters at tables. Then Thomas enters.

Everyone in the pub freezes a little but they all try hard to carry on as normal. We join Thomas as he comes to the bar and removes his cap. A barman is about to hurry to serve Thomas but he is outrun by the LANDLORD of the Garrison whose name is HARRY FENTON. Harry is scarred above the eye. He is instantly deferential and produces a bottle of stout which he opens quickly and puts in front of Thomas.

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 Campbell's file.

Freddie comes to stand beside Thomas and appears to lack the fear of almost everyone else.

FREDDIE (TO HARRY)

I'll take a Mild.

Thomas hardly looks at Freddie but we feel a tension between the men as they stand side-by-side. (Perhaps their handsome silhouettes compete for our focus as they both stare straight ahead). When Harry gives Freddie his pint, Freddie pays with the money Thomas put down on the bar. It is a deliberate gesture. Harry looks horrified. Thomas draws on his cigarette and shrugs acceptance. Freddie half smiles.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Cheers Thomas. Good health to you.

Freddie sips his beer but doesn't leave. Thomas knows there is an agenda. Finally, Freddie speaks softly.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Is it not enough everybody's scared  
to death of you these days Tommy?  
You have to make fools of them as  
well.

Thomas takes a weary breath (as if he expects this from Freddie).

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

People who believe in witches  
spending money they don't have on a  
horse that can't win.

Most in the pub have turned their backs, fearing Thomas. Freddie persists in a soft voice.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

You have fun playing with their  
ignorance...

Thomas glances back at Freddie's friends near to the door.

THOMAS

When the revolution comes you can  
make me Minister of Information.

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

*There are three razor blades sewn into the peak, hardly visible but proud enough of the peak to be lethal.*

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

FREDDIE  
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.

FREDDIE  
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.

FREDDIE  
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  
false hope to the poor.

Thomas turns to him and confronts.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
The only difference between me and  
you Freddie is that sometimes *my*  
horses stand a chance of winning.

Thomas glances back with disgust at Freddie's 'comrades'.  
Freddie stares at Thomas. We might sense that these two men  
knew each other well once but now Freddie is appalled by what  
his friend has become.

FREDDIE  
(Quickly)  
You know, there are days when I  
hear about the cuttings and  
beatings that I wish I'd let you  
take that bullet in France.

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...

FREDDIE

(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/FREDDIE

Ah shit.

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

HARRY

Ah, not again.

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 him from 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.

FREDDIE

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? Oh 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 Shelby.

Danny turns and quickly hurries out. Freddie rejoins Thomas at the bar and in silence they share amusement at Danny's bizarre behavior. Meanwhile Harry has hurried up to Thomas....

HARRY

Mr Shelby, you have to do something about him.

Freddie interrupts.

FREDDIE

Damn right Harry. You pay the Peaky Blinders a lot of money for protection.

Thomas grits his teeth. Freddie needles him some more.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

You're the law around here now Tommy, aren't you?

Freddie grabs his beer.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you put a bullet in Danny Whizz Bang's head. Like they do with mad horses.

Thomas turns sharply and glares at Freddie. Freddie considers his old friend then raises his hands in mock surrender.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll have to put a bullet in my head someday too.

Thomas and Freddie stare at each other. Thomas doesn't smile. He grabs his cap and angles it on his head before heading for the door. He picks up a knocked over chair as he goes and calls out so all the customers can hear...

THOMAS

Bring the bill to the Peaky Blinders. We'll take care of it.

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

1/14

**EXT. SLUM STREET - DAY 1 - 19:55**

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. \*

JOHN \*

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. \*

JOHN  
It must have dropped out of my pocket... \*

POLLY  
When you were drunk. \*

JOHN  
Aunt Pol. I'm sorry. \*

Polly peers at him and softens a little. \*

POLLY (CONT'D)  
John, I know bringing up kids without a woman is hard. I'll keep this among the women if you swear not to leave guns laying around. \*

John takes a moment and nods agreement. \*

1/15 **INT. SHELBY HOME - DAY 1 - 20:03** 1/15 \*

Finn is eavesdropping at a closed door. We hear the rumble of Arthur's voice from the other side. Finn is smoking a cigarette and listening intently. We pass through the door to join the family council...

1/16 **INT. BETTING SHOP - DAY 1 - 20:03** 1/16

The family are gathered and Arthur is addressing them. In the room we find John, Ada, Aunt Polly, Scud-boat (a cousin), a weasel-like runner called FRED FARR (an uncle), two twins in their twenties with hard, dark faces (NIPPER AND HENRY) and a Gypsy cousin in his fifties called JOHNNY LOVELOCK. Johnny wears a bowler hat and is accompanied by his three sons, aged eleven to twenty, all dark with golden earrings. Thomas stands near to the crackling fire.

Everyone is drinking beer. The air is thick with smoke. Arthur is speaking and also taking swigs from a silver flask. We might see that he is already drunk but as an habitual drunk he holds it well.

ARTHUR

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

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

*'If you're over five feet and can fight, come to Birmingham'.*

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

Nothing 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.

*The flyer is signed by 'Chief Inspector Chester Campbell'.*

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 suit. He has a bowler hat on his head. His shoes are polished to a shine. He carries a cane.

Campbell marches towards us and past, steam swirling around him.

1/18 **OMITTED**

1/18

1/19 **OMITTED**

1/19

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...

JIMMY 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...

DRIVER

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 Garrison Lane, dressed in white with her hat angled on her head. We follow her. She hurries past Jimmy Jesus as he preaches some more...

JIMMY JESUS

Your wickedness and your  
fornications will be revealed...

Ada hurries past him and disappears into the shadows.

1/20 **OMITTED**

1/20

1/21

**EXT. CANAL TOW PATH, BRIDGE - NIGHT 1 - 20:40**

1/21

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 Mix picture.

Freddie smiles wearily as he smokes Ada's cigarette.

FREDDIE

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.

FREDDIE

Let's just walk a bit.

Ada is reluctant, staying put. In the distance there is blinding light from a foundry and there are flashes of light on the horizon from other factories.

ADA

If we go down as far as Greet we  
could go to a pub.

FREDDIE

Your brothers have friends in  
Greet. They have friends  
everywhere. We'd have to walk to  
London...

Ada pulls her arm free.

ADA

I'm with you because you're the  
only man around here not scared of  
them.

Freddie leans against the bridge.

FREDDIE  
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 *me* more than you fear  
*them*, right?

He turns her around and pulls her close.

ADA (CONT'D)  
I don't want to be always sneaking  
about.

FREDDIE  
Soon, we'll tell them.

ADA  
When?

Freddie doesn't answer. A pause.

FREDDIE  
How did the family meeting go?

ADA  
Usual.

She smokes...

ADA (CONT'D)  
There's a new copper coming.

Freddie takes the cigarette...

FREDDIE  
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.

FREDDIE  
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)

POLLY (CONT'D)

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)

Speak. God and Aunt Polly are listening.

Finally Thomas comes clean in a soft voice...

THOMAS

It was meant to be routine. I had a buyer in London for some motorcycles. I asked my men to steal me four bikes with petrol engines. I'm guessing my men were drunk. There's a still inside the factory makes tram line gin... They picked up the wrong fucking crate...

POLLY

So what was in the crate?

Thomas takes a moment...

THOMAS

The boys delivered it to Charlie's yard as agreed.

1/23	<b><u>OMITTED</u></b>	1/23
1/24	<b><u>OMITTED</u></b>	1/24
1/25	<b><u>FLASHBACK - EXT. CHARLIE'S YARD - NIGHT X - 22:00</u></b>	1/25

By gas light and fire light, through drizzle, we see Charlie, Curly and Thomas using crow bars to prize the crate open. We move close. Thomas pulls down a box and forces it open. We see dull metal, a barrel, a roll of machine gun shells...

THOMAS (OOV)

They must've taken it from the proofing bay instead of the export bay.

We come close to Thomas's face as he reacts to the sight of the contents of the box. Curly steps into the light...

CURLY  
Holy sweet baby of Mary.

1/26	<u>OMITTED</u>	1/26
1/27	<u>OMITTED</u>	1/27
1/28	<u>INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY 2 - 09:31</u>	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 calmly 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 looks away.

THOMAS  
Maybe. Maybe not.

Polly laughs away the doubt...

POLLY

Thomas Shelby, 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      **EXT. GARRISON LANE - DAY 2 - 09:40**      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 leans 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)  
(Singing)  
*...But the sea is wide, and I can't  
cross over...*

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)  
*...with gold and silver, I will  
support you...*

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)  
*'...Ah but I'm sick now, and my  
days are over. So come all you  
young men, and carry me down.'*

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.

1/31 **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 2 - 10:00**

1/31

A large meeting room has been cleared and twenty uniformed police officers sit in rows of hard backed chairs. Smoke rises from them. Amongst them is one Sergeant MOSS, who we will meet again.

There is a murmur of conversation until Chief Inspector Campbell walks purposefully onto the small stage at the front of the meeting room. The room falls silent.

He studies his officers for a few moments, his face devoid of expression. He allows the silence to continue until it hurts. The officers begin to shift uneasily in their seats. Finally he speaks...

CAMPBELL  
Babies. Discarded with the fish  
bones and egg shells.

A puzzled pause.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
Girls. Eleven years old. Pierced  
and punctured by old men for  
threepence a time. Rutted upon  
like animals.

Silence.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Degradation. Fathers with their daughters, 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)

Your masters. The men who you 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 worse 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 worse than them.

A pause before Campbell yells...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

God *damn* you for soiling your uniforms!!

There is a terrified silence.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Then there are the Communists. And 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 will do it.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

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 Moss and everyone's astonishment a line of twenty hard looking men in heavy boots and working clothes march into the room. They stare straight ahead, most with their sleeves rolled up ready for work.

Their heavy boots drum on the wooden floor and Campbell stares down on them with a watchful eye.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

These are the new men who will be bolstering your ranks. Good men. From God fearing families.

The men begin to form a line on the stage behind Campbell and stare straight ahead.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

They will be sworn in and in uniform before the sun sets. By sunrise tomorrow, they will be on the streets.

A pause.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

God help those who stand in our way.

1/32      **OMITTED**      1/32

1/33      **INT. PENNY CRUSH CINEMA, FOYER - DAY 3 - 10:45**      1/33

Saturday 8th February - The queue has already formed and is growing for a Charlie Chaplin film, snaking out through the entrance door.

Then we see Arthur Shelby with a woman on each arm, both dressed for fun. Arthur is leading them, chest puffed out, straight through toward the cinema auditorium...

ARTHUR

You see ladies? When you're with a Blinder you don't have to queue.

As Arthur disappears into the cinema, he doesn't notice a double line of four Specials marching at quick-march time towards the entrance door of the cinema.

1/34      **INT. PENNY CRUSH CINEMA, AUDITORIUM - DAY 3 - 10:46**      1/34

Inside the otherwise empty auditorium, we find Arthur with the two women taking their seats.

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 *fuck* 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)

Oi!! 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. He comes close and stares deep into his groggy eyes.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
What do you know about the robbery?

Arthur is confused and blinks away blood.

ARTHUR  
What robbery?

Campbell studies him for a moment then grabs his hand in a lock and begins to twist his thumb back. Arthur growls in pain.

CAMPBELL  
I will ask you again. What do you  
know about the robbery?

Arthur is strong and instinctively twists his hand free with a yell but in the process his thumb breaks at the hand joint. He growls in agony and is breathing hard.

Campbell grabs the tip of the thumb and holds it steady. Arthur holds his breath then splutters...

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 scum family 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? Whatever it is, it's on the  
house.

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

GRACE

A whole bottle?

Thomas looks 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 learning 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 us to be 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

Tommy!

Thomas has already gone.

1/37A **EXT. GARRISON LANE - DAY 3 - 12:40**

1/37A

We find Jimmy Jesus walking along the pavement near to the Garrison, 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...

JIMMY JESUS

I see lots of new coppers in shiny coats.

THOMAS (SOFTLY)

Who do you see talking to them?

JIMMY 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.

JIMMY JESUS (CONT'D)

What's happening Tommy?

Thomas hands Jimmy the pack of cigarettes.

THOMAS

Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

Jimmy suddenly stands erect and salutes Thomas...

JIMMY 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 **OMITTED** 1/38

1/39 **OMITTED** 1/39

1/39A **EXT. WATERY LANE - NIGHT 3 - 00:30** 1/39A

We're outside the Shelby Home on Watery Lane.

1/40 **INT. SHELBY HOME, THOMAS' ROOM - NIGHT 3 - 00:30** 1/40

The bedroom has a bay window overlooking the street outside. Gas 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).

*From the bag he pours a palm full of brown opium.*

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

Got 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.

WAITER

Hey, what you do? We're closed.

Danny stares at him with wild eyes. He growls and turns over another metal table. The waiter is a small guy but he's not scared. He pulls a small stiletto from the back of his belt.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Go home crazy man.

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

DANNY WHIZZBANG

Fix bayonets!!!

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.

1/42-45 **OMITTED**

1/42-45

1/46 **EXT. TRAIN STATION, PLATFORM - DAY 4 - 11:43**

1/46

A steam train is waiting at platform five. Passengers are alighting and boarding. We hear an announcement...

ANNOUNCEMENT

The train at platform five is the Manchester Piccadilly bound 11.45 originating from London Euston. It's departure will be delayed by fifteen minutes.

Through the crowd we see Campbell, dressed smartly, a top hat on his head, hurrying toward the first class carriages.

Then we see Campbell approaching the Pullman car at the front of the First Class section. Two plain clothes detectives guard the door of the carriage and they check Campbell's papers before allowing him to board.

1/47 **INT. PULLMAN CARRIAGE, TRAIN STATION - DAY 4 - 11:44**

1/47

The carriage has been turned into an office, with no lack of luxury.

Campbell is stopped by a DETECTIVE and briefly searched. He is then shown through to the main carriage.

There is a well stocked drinks cabinet and a large desk. There is thick cigar smoke and we see a pudgy man in pin stripes working at the desk.

This is WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Campbell is introduced by one of the detectives...

DETECTIVE

Secretary of State, this is Chief Inspector Campbell.

Campbell removes his hat and WINSTON CHURCHILL stands to shake hands. Like many bullies, Campbell is awed by power.

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

Churchill smiles and sits....

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

CAMPBELL  
Thank you. It's beaver.

CHURCHILL  
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)...

CHURCHILL  
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...

CHURCHILL  
So who do you think stole the guns?  
Fenians 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.

CHURCHILL  
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.

Campbell nods acceptance.

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 '*The Boy I Love*', 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 *all* the men stop singing.

*But Grace continues to sing.*

Thomas stands near to the door, peering up at Grace. The pianist stops playing. Even then *Grace continues to sing*. There is silence apart from the song and Grace's voice falters only a little. She is nervous but somehow her momentum 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  
*The boy I love is up in the  
gallery....*

We come close on Thomas's face...

GRACE (CONT'D)  
*As pretty as a robin. As gentle as  
 a dove.*

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 **OMITTED** 1/47B

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

FREDDIE  
 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...

FREDDIE  
 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...

FREDDIE

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.

FREDDIE

(Calm, 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.

FREDDIE

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.

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.

CHARLIE

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 railwaymen first thing.

Charlie nods and warms his hands on the flames. He responds to Tommy'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.

CHARLIE

You *what*?

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.

CHARLIE

(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...

CHARLIE

(Incredulous)

Their *hand*?

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...

CHARLIE

You're blood Tommy. 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...

CHARLIE

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

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.

1/50     **EXT. MUSEUM - DAY 5 - 10:55**     1/50

Monday 10th February - Campbell enters the museum.

1/51     **INT. MUSEUM, STATUE ROOM - DAY 5 - 10:59**     1/51

Campbell is wandering among the statues. The museum is sparsely attended. He checks his watch. After a moment, Grace walks by.

Campbell looks straight ahead as he talks...

CAMPBELL

Are you in position?

GRACE

I am in, Sir.

A shock. Grace works for Campbell (we might recall him telling Churchill that he had agents in the field).

CAMPBELL

Your first impressions.

Grace takes a moment...

GRACE

I am quite shocked at how these people live.

Campbell looks grave...

CAMPBELL

As you know Grace, I was opposed to the use of female operatives in the beginning. But Belfast proved their worth.

Grace seems keen to divert the flattery...

GRACE

Have you found anything out that might help me?

CAMPBELL

I interrogated the head of the Peaky Blinders. He didn't know anything. A brute. His gang may even prove useful to us.

GRACE

It strikes me that it isn't Arthur who heads the Shelby family. It is the younger one...

A pause.

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.

Campbell squeezes the end of his moustache...

CAMPBELL  
You sound fascinated.

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...

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 canal toward them. Leo reacts to someone crossing the canal bridge.

We see Thomas, escorting Danny Whizz Bang.

Thomas and Danny come down to the tow path a hundred yards from where Leo and his friend are standing. Thomas is wearing his cap and a long black coat.

We come close to Thomas and Danny. Thomas speaks with grim seriousness. Danny removes his hat and twirls it in his hand.

THOMAS

Danny, as you know, the man you killed was Italian. And those two men down there are his brothers.

Danny, filled with terrible remorse, glances in their direction. They glare murder at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now if I let the Italians do this they'll cut off your manhood and let you drain. That's how those bastards do things.

Danny takes a breath, stares ahead. The factories bang and hiss.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

So, to stop a war breaking out between us and the Italians, and to save you from their barbarity, I said I would dispatch you myself.

Danny nods, already expecting this.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

They are here to witness.

Thomas offers Danny a cigarette and he takes it with shaking hands. Thomas lights his cigarette. Danny takes a big draw.

DANNY

I died over there anyway Tommy. I left my fucking brains in the mud.

THOMAS

Yeah. You have any last requests, comrade?

Danny takes a heavy breath.

DANNY

You'll look out for my Rosie and my boys.

Thomas nods as he smokes.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
See they get apprenticeships. At the BSA factory or the Austen. They'll make foremen. I know they will. Just ordinary. Just ordinary men. And they won't get told to do that shit, that *shit*, that shit we got told to do.

Thomas nods gently. Danny peers at Thomas with tears in his eyes.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I suppose I ought to pray now.

Thomas looks away. The black coal barge is getting closer.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Those fucking guns blew God right out of my head.

Danny bows his head and fights tears. He hears the squelching tread of the horse approaching.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Is that boat for me?

Thomas nods...

THOMAS  
We have to get your body out of the city. This new copper, you know...

Danny nods.

DANNY  
Don't bury me anywhere where there's mud. Ok? Promise me. Bury me on a hill. And tell Rosie where.

Thomas nods then pulls his Webley revolver from his pocket. Danny's eyes squeeze closed and his fists clench. Thomas holds out his hand to shake. Danny shakes it.

THOMAS  
You were a good man and a good soldier.

DANNY  
Yes Sergeant Major.

Danny folds his hands over his belt and lowers his head. The boat is almost alongside. Danny closes his eyes. Thomas holds up the gun for the Italian brothers to see. He then puts it to Danny's temple...

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.

1/53 **OMITTED** 1/53

1/54 **INT. BETTING SHOP - NIGHT 5 - 20:20** 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!

Tommy 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, *when we are ready*, the horse will lose.

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

**EXT. CANAL TOW PATH, TUNNEL - NIGHT 5 - 20:30**

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.

CHARLIE

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?

CHARLIE

(smiling)

If it was heaven, what would I be doing here? Tommy 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.

CHARLIE

It was meant to.

They prepare to set off.

DANNY

So where are you taking me?

CHARLIE

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 Garrison...

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

**THE END**