Amelia

By

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INT. MANSION - LITTLE GIRL’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A HOODED MAN reaches into the bed and places a handkerchief over the sleeping five year old GIRL’S face - chloroform.

He puts her, with barely any effort, over his shoulder and heads onto the LANDING

where he steals stealthily down the STAIRS, aware of every creak.

He glides to the FRONT DOOR, unlocks it and walks outside onto the EXT. DRIVE - OUTSIDE THE MANSION - NIGHT

where he places the Girl onto the backseat of a nice looking sports car. He gets into the INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

and pulls away, removing the hood. He’s young but difficult to ID him in the dark.

He drives for a while, passing Motorway signs leading to London.

The Girl wakes up coughing and disorientated.

He pulls over, onto the hard shoulder, and prepares another handkerchief. He gets out EXT. HARD SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

and walks around to the rear door, opens it.

At first she smiles at him - recognises him? Then her expression changes to horror as she realises his intent. She struggles weakly as he applies the chloroform.

He pulls a knife from his jacket, considers stabbing her there and then - glances over at the bushes at the side of the road.

A MOTORIST, broken down, pulls up behind him, hazards flashing. He climbs out.
MOTORIST
Hey mate... could you give me a hand?

The Man leaves the knife on the back seat, slams the door and hurries back into the car, spinning away.

MOTORIST
Fucking prick!

INT. CAR, DRIVING - NIGHT

The Man casts occasional glances to the back seat, checking on her.

A ROAD SIGN points to "LONDON CITY CENTRE". The Man indicates.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The sound of a CHILD crying.

Three STREET THUGS in designer threads, hoodies and scarves blocking their faces, search through the bushes till they find

the Girl - wrapped in a blanket, embroidered upon it is the name, "AMELIA".

The Man runs away through the park, the glint of metal as he secretes a blade.

One of the Thugs scoops up the Girl and the three jog away.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

They run through the streets of EAST END LONDON, carrying the Girl with them - stealing occasional glances backwards, until they hit a

EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

They slow down, nobody is around - everything quiet. The Girl cries. The Thugs soothe her like doting parents, they mean the child no harm, they’re saving her.

They keep walking till they arrive at a huge WAREHOUSE, lights are on inside.
A HOODIE is standing guard at the main door. They touch knuckles on the way into the

INT. FOYER - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

They ignore the main doors, take a side door into the

NURSERY

Cribs here and there, mostly empty. A calendar on the wall declares the date is the "15th MAY 2002".

A separate creche-type area, and other larger beds with sleeping kids up to the age of seven, is sectioned off.

Sitting in a chair, feeding a baby in his arms, is VOGL SOLOMON (40’s), a large set man with long greasy hair, dressed in a woolen crombie and a black fedora.

THUG(1)
We found another one, Vogl.

Vogl sighs.

VOGL
What the fuck is the world coming to, eh?

The Youths hand the girl to Vogl. Vogl squeezes the girl’s cheeks and smiles.

VOGL
Another lost soul to join us, eh.

NINA (20’s), pretty prostitute, takes a look at the new edition.

NINA
You always have been a sloppy old sod, Vogl. She’s a looker, mind.

VOGL
How can somebody bring themselves to throw something so precious away... it’s beyond me, it really is.

NINA
Some people have problems we can’t even imagine, Vogl.

Vogl smiles - chewing over the pearls of wisdom.
VOGL
Course they do, my dear, course they do. Trying to find reason in madness is a form of madness in itself, I suppose.

Vogl loads a lump of skunk into a long opium pipe and hits it.

NINA
So what you going to call her?

Vogl looks at the blanket the baby is wrapped in, and the name embroidered upon it.

VOGL
Looks like that choice has been made for us already, my dear.

INT. CAR PARK - DAY

SUPER: TWELVE YEARS LATER

SHIRKER (18), dressed in a hoody and trainers, pulls a scarf up over his face. He waves both arms in the air, a General waving his troops onward.

They fan out, twelve of them, looking for valuable goods left out on show in the cars.

AMELIA (17), similarly dressed in a hoodie and trainers, Shirker’s girlfriend, stands by Shirker as he uses a masher [a plastic hammer with a metal point] to put a side window through on a brand new Beamer, snatching an expensive laptop.

NUTTA (19), joint hanging from his lips, good looking, grabs a new iPhone and briefcase from a top of the range Mercedes.

MASHER (20), thick set, uses a masher to grab several bags of designer clothes.

Another window goes through, this one by yet another finely dressed hoodie, TOMMY (18), snatches a Louis Vitton Handbag.

Car alarms sound all over the car park as various snatches are made.

Shirker, with his troops following, jogs to the car park
STAIRCASE

and head down the stairs at speed.

At the bottom of the stairs a well-to-do couple get in the way.

Shirker barges past them and lifts the guy’s wallet in the confusion, Tommy snatches the woman’s handbag and they’re out onto the

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE THE CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

where Shirker and his troops make their getaway on BMX bikes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, SOMEWHERE IN S. IRELAND - DAY

A prison wagon travels along winding, country roads. Nothing around for miles aside from hills.

INT. PRISON WAGON, TRAVELLING - DAY

WILLIAM SOLOMON (40’s), bad motherfucker, sits stolidly in a narrow, box-like cell as the wagon shakes this way and that.

A GUARD sits just outside the cell, smoking a cigarette.

    WILLIAM
    Give me a smoke.

The Guard looks at him through the thin slip of plastic and grins maliciously, points at a no smoking sign just behind his head.

The Guard winks and draws deeply on his cigarette, exhales theatrically, blows a smoke ring.

EXT. CAR CRASH SITE - SOMEWHERE IN S. IRELAND - DAY

Two cars in a rear-end smash.

LENNY (30’s), cool and ruthless, stands smoking with Lurch (30’s), tall, skinny and completely psychotic.

    LENNY
    So, these two geezers pull up, jump out of their car and give it all, rah, rah, rah, what you saying bruv?
LURCH
Fucking mugs.

LENNY
Yeah, mate... listen, listen. You aint heard it yet mate.

LURCH
Yes I have.

LENNY
Nah, not this one, just listen.

LURCH
Of course I’ve fackin heard it. How did you take them down this time?

LENNY
Ah, well that’s just it, I didn’t.

Lenny finally gets Lurch’s full attention, mouth open in shock. Lenny stands there, stubbornly saying nothing.

LURCH
Spit it out then, you cunt.

LENNY
Nah. Fuck ya. Anyway, it’s time for business.

Lenny leans into his car and pulls out a sawn-off shotgun.

INT. PRISON WAGON - TRAVELLING - DAY

The DRIVER spots something up ahead and nudges the PASSENGER.

DRIVER
What’s that?

PASSENGER
Looks like a car accident.

DRIVERS
We’re going to have to pull over.

PASSENGER
That’s not a good idea.

DRIVER
It’s either that or we turn back around.
The Passenger thinks for a while.

    PASSENGER
    OK.

Passenger pats his pockets.

    PASSENGER
    Damn. Phone is in my jacket in the back.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

Lurch grins at the sight of the shotgun and reaches into the other car, pulls out a shotgun and balaclava.

Lenny now has a balaclava on and turns to face

THE PRISON WAGON

as it pulls to a stop in front of them. Lenny and Lurch point their guns.

    LENNY
    Get the fuck out, now!

INT. PRISON WAGON - DAY

The Driver raises his hands.

    PASSENGER
    What are you doing?

    DRIVER
    What we’re fucking trained to do.

    PASSENGER
    Are you crazy they’ve got guns! Get us out of here.

    DRIVER
    Twenty grand a year aint worth my life mate. I’m not James fucking Bond.
BACK OF THE WAGON

The Guard looks nervous, grinds out the cigarette on the floor.

GUARD
Why have we stopped?

William smiles at him through the plastic strip.

WILLIAM
Why don’t you go and have a look.

The Guard lights up another cigarette, glancing nervously to the rear doors.

EXT. CAR CRASH SITE - DAY

Lenny and Lurch move closer to the Prison Wagon, keeping their guns trained on the two men inside.

INT. FOYER - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Shirker and his mates catch Vogl before he enters the nursery.

SHIRKER
Oi-oi, Vogl. Good day, good day.

VOGL
Now then Shirker. Nice haul lad?

Shirker and the boys lay it all out on the ground, laptops, wallets, handbags, iPhones, briefcases and shopping bags containing expensive designer clothes.

Vogl looks through it all, grinning.

SHIRKER
Always is mate, always is.

Vogl’s grin fades as he looks at Amelia.

VOGL
And what did you get today, my dear?

Amelia looks nervous.
SHIRKER
She did good.

VOGL
Now Shirker, let the girl speak for herself.

AMELIA
Like Shirker said... I did good.

Vogl eyes her doubtfully for a time, then turns to Shirker.

VOGL
Follow me, Shirker.

Shirker sighs and follows Vogl through the MAIN DOORS, onto the MAIN FLOOR

where rows and rows of beds line either side of a huge space.

Wardrobes and various TV sets complete with XBOX’s are dotted about here and there with YOUTHS sitting around either using mobile phones or playing the xbox. Many of them, even as young as nine, are smoking weed and drinking alcohol.

At the rear are a set of DOUBLE DOORS. Vogl shoves them open and they walk into a huge GROW AREA

Rows and rows of cannabis plants, YOUTHS tending to them. Vogl leads him into a separate room known as the VEG AREA

containing Mother Plants and other plants in the vegetation stage of growth.

Vogl points to a withered Mother Plant, lacking any life whatsoever.

VOGL
She’s been like it since this morning. I’ve done all the checks.

Shirker moves expertly around the plant, examining it.
SHIRKER
She’s fucked.

VOGL
Can you save her?

SHIRKER
We can take some cuttings and root those.

VOGL
Get to it then my boy.

Shirker expertly takes cuttings, places them in rockwool cubes and then into a propagator.

Vogl looks troubled.

VOGL
I’m worried about Amelia.

Shirker faces Vogl, smiling.

SHIRKER
She’s a good earner, Vogl.

VOGL
Her heart’s not in it Shirker. She’s not like you and me.

SHIRKER
She is... she will be.

VOGL
You’ve been carrying her for years. Everybody knows.

SHIRKER
I don’t mind. I honestly don’t.

VOGL
She has to carry her own weight. The others have been talking.

SHIRKER
She’s improving, Vogl, I swear.

Vogl eyes him doubtfully for a short time.

VOGL
Just get her working. Else I’m going to have to hand her over to Mandie.
SHIRKER
No, I won’t let her work there.

VOGL
You know the rules, Shirker. It just aint fair otherwise.

EXT. CAR CRASH SITE - DAY
Lenny and Lurch keep their weapons trained on the two in the front of the Prison Wagon.

LENNY
Get the fuck out of the van!

LURCH
Out of the fucking van! Out! Out!

The Driver and the Passenger climb awkwardly, as they have their hands raised, out of the wagon.

Lenny grabs the Driver and throws him onto the ground while Lurch deals with the Passenger, hitting him in the head with the butt of his shotgun.

LURCH
Open the fucking door!

The Passenger, dazed, touches his head, looks at the blood on his fingertips.

Lurch is in his face, screaming.

LURCH
Open the fucking door you cunt.

DRIVER
He can’t. He can’t open the door.

Lenny strides over to the Driver.

LENNY
What the fuck are you talking about?

DRIVER
Because I have the key.

LENNY
Open that fucking door!

The Driver walks to the prison wagon door, opens it.
The Guard is inside with his hands raised, a half-smoked cigarette dangling precariously from his lips.

LENNY
Let him out!

The Guard shakily lets William out of the small cell.

William jumps out of the wagon and stretches, loudly.

WILLIAM
Fuck yeah.

William puts out his hand and Lenny puts a gun into it. William points it at the Guard inside the WAGON.

WILLIAM
Come out. I’d like to speak to you.

The Guard shakes his head, shitting himself.

PASSENGER
Look, you’ve got what you want now just let us go.

WILLIAM
Lurch.

Lurch smacks the passenger in the head with the butt of his shotgun. The Passenger falls onto the ground, hand raised submissively.

LURCH
Shut up you cunt.

Seeing his mate get a smack in the head the Guard has a change of heart and climbs out of the wagon, arms raised, fag still dangling.

WILLIAM
Good lad. Good lad. Now about that smoke.

The Guard points to his shirt pocket and the cigarette box sticking out. William nods and the Guard reaches down, retrieves the packet, offers the whole thing to William.

WILLIAM
So now that I have a gun, you want to give me the whole pack?

The Guard licks his lips, then shakily opens the packet, removes a cigarette.
William takes it, lights it, draws on it deeply - visibly relaxes.

Then shoots the Guard in the legs.

The Guard falls to the floor screaming and William picks up the cigarette packet.

WILLIAM
I’ll have them, mate.

William motions for the Driver and the Passenger to get into the back of the wagon. He takes their keys and locks them into a cell.

Lenny and Lurch carry the screaming Guard into a cell.

They lock the Wagon doors and head into the cars that were blocking the road.

EXT. EAST END - RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

A crow lands and watches as Nina argues with a PUNTER. She is punched, sprawls onto the floor on her hands and knees. She pulls a knife, the glint of steel.

The Punter hasn’t had enough, he wants his fix, and he wants it for free. He reaches down, turns her over, rips her top, ogles her breasts.

PUNTER
Come here you fucking dirty little bitch.

He positions himself between her legs, bends down to kiss her on the mouth.

She brings the blade up once, quickly, stabbing him in the throat.

The look of horror on his face almost comical, then the blood begins to spurt from the wound. His eyes ask, what have you done? What the fuck have you just done?

He struggles to stand, then collapses again, desperately trying to stem the flow of blood.

PUNTER
Help...

Nina gets to her feet and pulls her top together, covering her breasts.
Nina walks away.

PUNTER
Please, help.

You fucking bitch... dirty...
fucking... whore.

The crow flies on through the

CITY CENTRE

Shirker and his mates are turning over DRUNKS. Confusing them and taking their wallets.

Amelia hangs back, not wanting to get involved.

Shirker’s mates circle the Drunk, disorientating him while Shirker rifles his pockets, snaffling his wallet.

Then everyone is gone aside from Shirker, Amelia and the Drunk.

Shirker takes a hold of the Drunk’s shoulders and points him in a specific direction.

SHIRKER
You were going thata way mate.

The Drunk refocuses, briefly, and staggers off in the direction Shirker points in.

DRUNK
Cheers, mate.

SHIRKER
Any time. Any time.

AMELIA(OS)
Shirker!

Shirker turns in time to catch a punch in the face. Four large MEN, dressed for a night out, lay into him.

Amelia tries to pull them away but she is shoved roughly to the ground.

TOMMY
Oi, Oi!
Tommy smashes a bottle over the head of one of the Men, he goes down like a rock in water. His mates back away, hands out.

MAN
We don’t want any trouble.

Masher strides towards one of the Men and headbutts him, following with a left and right hook, the Man goes down.

Shirker gets to his feet laughing. He spots a police car.

SHIRKER
Filth!

Shirker grabs Amelia’s hand and they run.

Tommy and Masher kick at the men a few more times before running themselves.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

Shirker and Amelia sit together behind a skip filled with cardboard, smoking a joint, looking up at the moon and stars.

AMELIA
I love it here. So peaceful and calming. All my troubles floating away.

SHIRKER
Away from all the shit.

Amelia looks him in the eye.

AMELIA
Maybe one day we could do it permanently. Get a job, buy a house. Just like normal people.

Shirker laughs.

AMELIA
What?

SHIRKER
Vogl is good to us. He’s looked after us all our lives.
AMELIA
We don’t owe him anything. Kids leave home all the time.

SHIRKER
He loves us. All of us.

AMELIA
I know what he wants to sell me to Mandie.

Shirker looks away.

SHIRKER
I won’t let that happen.

AMELIA
So, if it came to it, would you help me?

Shirker looks her in the eye.

SHIRKER
It’ll never happen.

AMELIA
Would you?

Shirker nods his head and kisses her passionately on the lips.

SHIRKER
You know I would. But it’ll still never happen.

EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Nina staggers, clothes torn, covered in blood.

She looks around cautiously, nobody following her, and heads into the

INT. FOYER - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

the door creaks closed behind her.

Vogl takes Nina’s hand and leads her into the
NURSEY

sits her down.

VOGL
What happened? I take it that is somebody else’s blood.

NINA
A punter.

Vogl nods and heads into a corner of the room to make her a cup of tea.

NINA
We agreed on a price and then once it was quiet it got all antsy. You know the type.

VOGL
You should work from Madam Mandie’s for a while.

NINA
I fucking hate those bitches.

VOGL
They provide a safety net.

Vogl hands her the cup of tea. She sips from it gratefully.

NINA
There was a time a girl could work for herself.

VOGL
Either way, it is probably best that you stay off the streets for a while eh, my dear?

Nina nods, acknowledging the wisdom.

A TV in the corner blares into life as the news comes on.

INSERT TV:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN IRELAND - DAY

A NEWS REPORTER is standing by the prison wagon.
REPORTER
William Solomon escaped from this prison wagon after shooting and wounding a prison guard earlier today. He could be anywhere in the UK but is believed to have fled to Eastern Europe where he is believed to have considerable contacts in the underworld. He is considered extremely dangerous. If you see him...

BACK TO SCENE.

Vogl turns off the TV, white as a sheet.

NINA
Vogl?

Vogl takes a seat.

NINA
Vogl?

VOGL
He’s escaped.

NINA
Who has? Who’s escaped?

EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK, EAST END - NIGHT

William, Lenny and Lurch get off the small boat and climb ashore.

William jumps up and down, as though testing the land is stable. Then bends down, kisses the ground.

WILLIAM
Hello Blighty, how you been old girl?

LENNY
So what now?

WILLIAM
What do people always do when they haven’t been home in ages? Visit family.
INT. THE JACK DAWKINS, PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

PATRONS stop playing pool, good time girls stop having a
good time, gangsters and wannabe gangsters stop to stare as
Vogle and Nina enter.

GAMFIELD (40’s), aggressive with psychotic tendencies,
polishes glasses behind the bar.

GAMFIELD
What do we owe this pleasure, Vogl?

Vogl takes a seat at the bar, Nina stands behind him.

GAMFIELD
You’re looking tasty as ever, Nina.
How much you charging these days?

NINA
More than you can afford, Gamfield.
Special rates for you mucka.

Gamfield smiles - touche.

Everyone in the pub goes back to what they were doing.

GAMFIELD
Drink?

VOGL
Orange juice.

GAMFIELD
Since when?

VOGL
Since my kidneys started acting up.

GAMFIELD
Fair enough.
(to Nina)
Darling?

NINA
Gin.

GAMFIELD
Just gin?

NINA
I’ll have a slice of lemon in it
too.
Gamfield smiles and pours a line of coke into the crook of his fist, snorts it up. He pours some more and shoves it under Vogl’s nose. Vogl snorts it up.

GAMFIELD
Been to visit that brother of yours?

Gamfield pours the coke into the crook of his fist and pushes it under Nina’s nose, watches her snort it up.

VOGL
He’s escaped.

GAMFIELD
What?

VOGL
Saw it on the news... I doubt he’ll come here.

Vogl looks doubtful.

GAMFIELD
Even if he don’t we’re going to have the filth crawling all over the place.

VOGL
You know what that lot are like. Their resources are low. They just want to catch speeders and anyone else that falls into their lap.

GAMFIELD
Too lazy to find their own arseholes.

VOGL
Even so, Gamfield. Fair warning, eh.

GAMFIELD
Things have changed now. Man like him wouldn’t survive five minutes on the manors today.

VOGL
Maybe so, maybe so. That’s not the reason why we’re here though today.
INT. SITTING ROOM, MANSION - NIGHT

Pictures of Amelia, aged five and below, adorn almost every spare space.

DAVID OLIVER (60’s) is making final checks in his suitcase.

His nephew, MANNY PRIEST (40’s), lithe and wily, looks on with disdain.

PRIEST
Why now?

Oliver suppresses a coughing fit, quite gracefully.

OLIVER
She’s my daughter.

PRIEST
It’s been twelve years.

OLIVER
I’ll never give up.

PRIEST
So where is it this time? Two weeks in Northern Ireland?

OLIVER
London.

PRIEST
It’s not good for you to travel in your condition.

OLIVER
I’ll decide what is good for me and what isn’t, thank you.

Oliver shuts the case, the flash of a gun hidden beneath some neatly folded clothing, and locks it.

PRIEST
You’re not leaving now?

Oliver ignores him and heads out of the room.
OLIVER
Late train. I don’t see any need to dilly-dally.

Priest watches him go, eyes narrowing.

INT. JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT
A sudden loud cheer and everyone focuses on the main doors as

MADAM MANDIE (30’s), sexy 1930’s look, walks in with her similarly dressed friend, CELINA (30’s), amidst wolf whistles and cat calls, they head to the bar.

GAMFIELD
Usual, girls?

Mandie nods and turns to Vogl.

MANDIE
Bringing your own whores in here now?

Celina circles Nina. Nina scowls at her.

GAMFIELD
Now, now ladies.

VOGL
I don’t run girls, you know that. Nina works for herself.

NINA
That’s right. I work for myself... and I talk for myself an all. I’ve been running bitches like you off for years.

Nina stands up.

NINA
You don’t fucking frighten me.

CELINA
I aint trying to frighten ya.

Vogl stands up and calms them down.

VOGL
Now, now Nina. Didn’t you want to ask these girls a favour?
NINA
Fuck ‘em.

VOGL
(to Mandie)
She’d like to work out of your place for a while.

Mandie laughs as Gamfield places two glasses of wine onto the bar, one each for Mandie and Celina.

MANDIE
There’s always a bed or two spare at our place. She knows the rent and what comes with it. She’ll have to change her attitude though.

NINA
I am here you know.

CELINA
Yeah, we can fucking see you, bitch.

NINA
That’s it.

Nina readies to fight and takes a left hook from Celina before grabbing her hair, yanking her head back.

Gamfield and Vogl separate them.

GAMFIELD
Now you two, fucking behave. Or you’re both out.

NINA
I don’t think this is going to work out Vogl.

Vogl and Gamfield let the girls go. Vogl turns to Mandie.

VOGL
Look Mandie, can she rent a room or what?

MANDIE
Sure.

CELINA
Over my dead body.
MANDIE
So long as she’s paying we have
rooms to rent.

CELINA
She’ll give us a bad name.

NINA
I’ll pay.

Mandie shrugs.

MANDIE
Give her a key, Gamfield.

Gamfield grins and hands Nina a room key.

GAMFIELD
Might even have a go myself.

NINA
For you it’s double.

VOGL
There, now didn’t that go well.

CELINA
I can’t believe this fucking shit!

Celina storms off, shrugging off grasping hands from punters.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Shirker is in his private space kissing Amelia.

Tommy and the rest of the gang return and they separate.

SHIRKER
You made it then.

TOMMY
Course we did. Been grafting since
we left you.

Tommy pulls out a gold watch. Shirker’s eyes light up.

TOMMY
You’re getting lazy.
SHIRKER
Vogl will be impressed.

TOMMY
Vogl? Fuck Vogl, this is going into my personal stash.

Tommy clocks Shirker’s questioning look.

TOMMY
Don’t tell me you haven’t been taking care of yourself, Shirker?

SHIRKER
Vogl looks after us.

TOMMY
He looks after himself you cunt, and we help him do it.

WILLIAM(OS)
Vogl!

Tommy stashes the watch into his pocket and looks questioningly at Shirker who shrugs his shoulders. They walk into the

FOYER
where Lenny pulls a gun on them.

SHIRKER
This is Vogl’s place.

WILLIAM
I’m his brother, William.

Lenny lowers the gun but doesn’t put it away. Lurch stands there grinning at them.

AMELIA
Vogl isn’t here.

Shirker stands defensively next to Amelia as William approaches her, leering.

WILLIAM
You should be sipping champagne every night, darling. Not hanging with these mugs.
SHIRKER
She’s happy here.

William grins and walks away from her, surveys his surroundings.

Amelia takes Shirker’s hand to reassure him.

Vogl walks in and stops dead in his tracks at the sight of William, jaw dropping.

William grins broadly and puts out his arms.

VOGL
Well that was quick. It was only on the news about your escape a few hours ago.

WILLIAM
Is that any way to welcome your brother?

William hugs him, but it isn’t reciprocated. William separates and looks into Vogl’s eyes.

WILLIAM
Me, Lenny and Lurch here need a place to lay low for a while.

VOGL
You don’t know the meaning of the word lay low.

WILLIAM
That’s two words.

Vogl eyes Lenny and Lurch, warily.

VOGL
How long?

WILLIAM
As long as it takes.

Vogl pales.

VOGL
It cannot be done, we don’t have the room.

Vogl walks into the Nursery, mumbling and shaking his head.

William raises his hands to indicate that he wants to talk to Vogl alone and heads into the
NURSERY

Vogl has picked up a baby and is soothing it, pushing a bottle to its mouth.

William shakes his head, incredulously.

WILLIAM
Look at all this shit.

VOGL
London is a cruel, dark place.

WILLIAM
We also had a thing called social fucking services last time I was about.

VOGL
They aint safe there... you know that above anyone.

William stiffens at the memory, swallows it down.

WILLIAM
Yeah, well. Things have changed today. More opportunities around.

VOGL
The only opportunities these days are criminal. Everything else is a fucking mugs game.

WILLIAM
That is where you and I definitely agree.

VOGL
I teach my kids the value of things.

WILLIAM
It’s a den of fucking thieves.

VOGL
Thieves with honour. No violence, no hard drugs, no stealing off the poor.

WILLIAM
You’re having a fucking laugh aint ya?
VOGL
Why would I be joking?

WILLIAM
We used to run the East End. You and me... now you’re sitting here with a fucking army this size and you’re going on like an idiot.

VOGL
I do what I have to do.

Vogl places the baby back into a crib and walks around checking the others.

WILLIAM
How come the filth aint been sniffing down here yet? You paying them off?

VOGL
It’s cheap. We’re not the real problem in this city. We’re careful about what we steal and who we steal from. Keeps them off our backs.

WILLIAM
Stealing is stealing.

VOGL
No it isn’t.

WILLIAM
Well I’m here now to look after you.

VOGL
I’m doing fine on my own.

WILLIAM
You’re a laughing stock.

VOGL
Let them laugh, I have no need of ego.

WILLIAM
Well I do.

Vogl lights up a lump of weed in his long pipe.
WILLIAM
Now you get yourself home for a while. Get your head down, you look tired.

VOGL
This isn’t like the old days where you tell me what to do, Bill.

WILLIAM
Course it is. Back then you had more balls. Now... well, look at you. How the fuck you survive without getting eaten up is beyond me. It’s all gone soft.

VOGL
Things have changed. More low key.

WILLIAM
You think I haven’t had a TV? Biggest fucking torture any inmate has to endure is daytime TV.

VOGL
It’s not that, Bill. Everything is drawn up, everyone has their place and they stay in it.

WILLIAM
Well they’re going to have to fucking redraw it.

VOGL
No Bill, please. Go somewhere else.

WILLIAM
I can’t do that. I’m not having those cunts mugging my brother off.

VOGL
I don’t care, Bill.

WILLIAM
Well I do. I’m not having it, not fucking having it.
INT. THE JACK DAWKINS - DAY

The pub is empty aside from a couple of STREET THUGS smoking weed and a DRUNK here and there getting their morning fix.

Oliver approaches the bar, much to the apparent amusement of Gamfield.

GAMFIELD
You’re in the wrong place, mate.

OLIVER
Am I?

Oliver tries to suppress, then finally gives in to a coughing fit. He catches the spittle on a handkerchief, speckles of blood. He pulls himself together.

Gamfield places a whiskey on the bar.

GAMFIELD
Get that down ya. On the house.

Oliver nods and knocks it back.

GAMFIELD
I’ve seen that before. Never good.

CLOSE UP of the blood-speckled handkerchief.

OLIVER
I’m looking for a girl.

GAMFIELD
Plenty of tarts around here, mate.

OLIVER
Yes thank you. The girl I’m looking for though is my daughter.

GAMFIELD
Ran off with some cunt has she?

OLIVER
Something like that, yes.

GAMFIELD
Say no more me old son. I hope, for your sake, she hasn’t run off with one of the thugs from around here.
OLIVER
Rough bunch are they?

GAMFIELD
Full of the rough and tumble, mate.

OLIVER
Is there anybody else you know of that may be able to help me?

GAMFIELD
Sorry mate.

Oliver turns and catches Nina’s eye.

EXT. AFFLUENT AREA - DAY

Vogl drives a mediocre car past all of the nice houses, finally pulling up onto the drive of one house in particular.

He gets out of the car, pulls out his keys and lets himself into

INT. VOGL’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

shutting the door behind him.

He removes his hat and coat and looks at his tired face in the hallway mirror. Sighs tiredly then shuffles into the

SITTING ROOM

and switches on the TV, sits on the plush settee.

VOGL
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

Vogl loads up a pipe and takes a hit.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - DAY

William, Lenny and Lurch stand, blocking the Main Doors.

Shirker, Amelia, Tommy, Masher and the others are listening to William.
WILLIAM
There are going to be some changes around here.

SHIRKER
Does Vogl know about this?

WILLIAM
Lenny.

Lenny grabs Shirker and throws him onto the floor.

TOMMY
Hey.

Tommy, Nutta, Masher, Amelia and the rest, ready for the off.

Lenny and Lurch step forward, ready to meet it.

Shirker looks up from the floor and is taken aback by Tommy’s defense of him.

WILLIAM
I suggest that everybody calms down.

William points a gun at them.

WILLIAM
I just want to be your friend.

AMELIA
Right.

William grins at her.

WILLIAM
Shut your pretty little mouth before I slam my cock into it.

Shirker gets up and stands next to Amelia, puts his arm around her.

SHIRKER
She’s with me.

WILLIAM
I don’t give a fuck who she’s with. Bitch opens her mouth again I’ll put it to good use.

Shirker turns his back on William and holds Amelia.
WILLIAM
We’re taking over the East End.

Many of the Thugs seem to like the idea. Even Tommy’s eyes light up.

WILLIAM
Crack, smack, shooters, girls... the fucking lot.

Shirker’s mates nod to each other.

WILLIAM
You know... out there... those cunts are laughing at you. Vogl’s likkle batty bwoys they call you. Vogl’s Faggots. They think you’re all a part of his ahrem and he’s taking his pick, bumming whichever one he pleases each night.

Tommy clenches his fists, clearly becoming enamoured with William.

WILLIAM
It’s there if you want it. Fuck them, fuck them. Fucking them. We’re going to take it, take it fucking all.

TOMMY
What do we have to do?

Shirker looks horrified.

WILLIAM
Tell ‘em what I expect Lenny.

LENNY
Loyalty.

WILLIAM
We work as a team. Anybody not pulling their weight...

William looks at Amelia.

WILLIAM
will have to find something they can do. Anybody deserting our team is out for life.
Lenny and Lurch throw a large pile of weapons into the middle of the floor. Baseball bats, knuckle dusters, crow bars, metal pipes, machetes etc.

SHIRKER
What’s all that for?

EXT. WEST END COUNCIL ESTATE - NIGHT

William, Lenny and Lurch lead Vogl’s kids, some thirty strong including Shirker, Amelia, Tommy etc, armed with whatever they could grab from the pile.

They descend upon one particular council estate and one particular pub, THE DICKENSIAN.

William waves an arm either side to indicate that all exits should be covered.

Lurch takes a crew, creeping around the back, OVER THE FENCE, into the BEER GARDEN where they hide out in the darkness.

Lenny and William take a crew each, covering both front exits.

Shirker and Amelia stand back, part of William’s Crew. Amelia is shivering.

SHIRKER
I feel it as well. I think it’s adrenalin.

William looks crazy. Eyes wide like a kid at Christmas grunting over and over again as he psyches himself up.

AMELIA
I’m scared.

SHIRKER
Just stay with me.

Tommy and the others are excited, caught up in the buzz. Some are bouncing up and down unable to contain the adrenalin coursing through their veins.
INT. THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

Everyone is in party mode. The tunes are banging, alcohol flowing, cocaine snorting, weed smoking.

PASCAL (20’s), charismatic, stands at the bar with his main boys, PISTOLS, VERSACE, PHATMAN and CRACKER, all in their twenties and dressed in the finest designer street wear.

A petrol bomb is launched through the window, setting fire to two GEEZERS unlucky enough to be in the way.

PASCAL
We’re under attack.

Many of the CUSTOMERS run, screaming out of the doors into

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

the waiting arms of William and Lenny’s crews.

William and Lenny steam in simultaneously, their crews following behind, landing hard on the customers, picking their targets, any bloke dressed in designer gear.

Old people and women make it out. many of them turning back to see the men being battered.

INT. THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

Pascal is still at the bar with his boys while the LANDLORD puts out the fire around them.

LANDLORD
For fuck’s sake, Pascal. Get this shit away from here.

Pascal kicks him hard, knocking him onto his arse.

PASCAL
Don’t forget who pays your fucking wages. Who fucking put you here. You and that dirty slag of a missus of yours.

SHOT of Landlord’s MISSUS - looking guilty.

PISTOLS
What about the back way?
PASCAL
Go and have a look.

Pistols and a few Customers head out of the back into the

EXT. BEER GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Pistols and the boys walk out a ways, cautiously, ears
pricked for the slightest sound.

Lurch waits until Pistols and the boys all leave the pub
before jumping out from his hiding spot.

LURCH
Let’s fucking have it!

Lurch slashes Pistol’s throat and knifes him three times in
the stomach, then moves onto a Customer, stabbing him
repeatedly, moves onto the next. His crew finally jump out
after him.

INT. THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

Pascal rubs at his head.

PASCAL
What the fuck?

PHATMAN
Who is it?

PASCAL
I have no fucking idea.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

William and Lenny, alongside their crews, finish beating
down the Customers while Shirker holds back with Amelia.

WILLIAM
Pascal! It’s me, William.

Customers lie all over the ground, either unconscious or
recovering, a couple of them stabbed, one of them looks
dead.
INT. THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

Pascal hears William shouting and holds his hands out for quiet.

    WILLIAM(OS)
    It’s me William.

    PASCAL
    William Solomon.

    VERSACE
    Who the fuck is that?

    PASCAL
    A nightmare.

Pascal moves behind the bar for cover. Phatman, Versace and Cracker follow him. All draw handguns.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

William pulls out his gun and walks towards the door of the pub.

    WILLIAM
    I don’t want to kill you Pascal. I just want to talk.

    PASCAL(OS)
    Well... you know, you could have just phoned.

    WILLIAM
    That wouldn’t have had the same impact.

William stands in the doorway, a sitting duck should Pascal decide to shoot. William takes another few steps till he is inside the

INT. THE DICKENSIAN - NIGHT

and facing Pascal and his boys who all point their guns at him.

    WILLIAM
    You know how many times I’ve been shot, Pascal.
PASCAL
Five times. Everyone knows.

WILLIAM
You also know what happened to the people that shot me.

William pauses while Pascal and his boys gun arms waver.

WILLIAM
I want forty percent of everything you take on the coke and pills.

PASCAL
That’s too much.

Lenny enters the bar with his small crew. William’s crew follow in too. Lurch comes in from the rear.

William grins maliciously.

WILLIAM
You either give me the piece... or, I take the fucking lot.

Pascal swallows.

WILLIAM
I want you back on the firm, Pascal.

PASCAL
I’m not a little kid any more, Bill.

WILLIAM
I can see that. You’re all growed up now. Big man.

PASCAL
You’ve been gone for fifteen years, Bill. When you knew me I was stealing fucking razor blades.

WILLIAM
Your first robbery was down to me.

Pascal puts his head down.

WILLIAM
I put you on the fucking map. Gave you the fucking head you have today.
LENNY
Let’s just fucking do him.

WILLIAM
There aint no need for that, is there Pascal?

Pascal shakes his head and holds the gun in the air.

PASCAL
All right boys, stand down.

WILLIAM
It’s going to be a good partnership Pascal.

PASCAL
Yeah, I’m sure it will be.

INT. PRIVATE BAR - DAY

Oliver meets with Chief Inspector WHITE (60’s), opposite a chess board.

WHITE
What makes you think she is here?

OLIVER
I’m not sure she is anywhere. I have dreams where I find her and she’s nothing but a corpse.

Oliver stops to compose himself.

OLIVER
I’m glad to at least find a friendly face this time.

WHITE
There is still only so much I can do. The force here is full of corruption.

OLIVER
Name one that isn’t.

White pauses.

WHITE
Quite.

Oliver makes a strategical error on the board, purses his lips.
White, a faint smile, takes advantage.

WHITE
All I can really offer is the assurance that should you locate her and the police are needed, I will mobilise a force sufficient for requirements.

OLIVER
Thank you.

WHITE
Bear in mind also, that there are some nasty bastards in these parts.

White presses his advantage.

OLIVER
Just having your assurance that you will help is brilliant. I can’t thank you enough.

WHITE
You would do the same for me, I’m sure.

White moves conclusively.

WHITE
Mate, I believe.

INT. GROW ROOMS, WAREHOUSE DAY - DAY

William is overseeing a new aeroponic system being employed for the cannabis plants.

Tommy and the rest are helping sort it all out.

INT. FOYER, WAREHOUSE - DAY

Vogl enters.

Shirker and Amelia are standing with their heads down.

VOGL
What’s happened?

SHIRKER
It’s the plants.
VOGL

The plants! What’s wrong with the plants?

Vogl hurries through onto the

MAIN FLOOR

and doesn’t even notice that the YOUTHS are sitting around in top designer garm’s and some of them are smoking crack. He runs into the

GROW ROOMS

and finds, to his abject horror, all of his beloved plants being moved into an aeroponic set-up.

Vogl can barely breathe, let alone speak. He struggles for a while. William waits patiently, smirking.

Shirker and Amelia walk in.

VOGL

This is too much, Bill... too much.

WILLIAM

Complete waste of space what you had growing on me old son.

William walks along the rows of plants.

WILLIAM

Aeroponics means maximum yields.

VOGL

What do you know about growing weed?

William shows a book entitled "How to Grow Cannabis for Dummies" by Jorges Cervantez

VOGL

Most of the weed in the East End comes from me. All the good stuff anyway. If this messes up... well, they aint going to be happy, Bill. Let me tell ya.

WILLIAM

The other gangs is all getting in order.
VOGL
What does that mean?

WILLIAM
Pascal’s under our wing now.

VOGL
Under our wing? Under our wing? What do you think this is, Bill? A fucking cheap arsed gangster film?

WILLIAM
I know what I’m doing.

VOGL
You’ve got a death wish, Bill. It aint right you bringing it here.

WILLIAM
It’s all those cunts that are going to die. They either work with us or they go down.

VOGL
That mean us too? We just pawns in your little game, Bill?

William back-hands Vogl. Vogl falls backwards, cowering, a hand to his face. William holds off from hitting him again.

WILLIAM
Don’t get all moralistic with me. The lads here all know about your big house and finery up in the West.

Vogl looks, guiltily, at Shirker and Amelia. Shirker shakes his head, clearly not impressed.

WILLIAM
How you’ve used them all these years.

VOGL
And now you want to use them for yourself, your own evil purposes.

William raises his hand. Vogl cowers.

WILLIAM
You will make sure things run smoothly down here.

Vogl nods his head.
VOGL
I wouldn’t let anybody near my plants. Only I know what they need.

WILLIAM
This is my shit now. Nobody fucks with my shit... not even you.

VOGL
Bill, things have changed. It’s run on respect these days.

WILLIAM
And respect is built through fear.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - DAY
Shirker and Amelia are sitting on Shirker’s bed while chaos reigns all around them. Hardcore music plays loudly, people smoking crack, chasing smack.

AMELIA
Let’s run. Right now.

SHIRKER
Where?

AMELIA
A different City. Birmingham, or Manchester... Cardiff. Anywhere.

SHIRKER
This is all we know.

AMELIA
Then we learn something different.

SHIRKER
I couldn’t leave Vogl. Especially now. He needs us more than ever.

AMELIA
He doesn’t care about us, not really. Only enough to make money for his finery.

SHIRKER
Without him where would we be?

Amelia shrugs.
AMELIA
Maybe a loving family somewhere
would have taken pity on us.

SHIRKER
Then we’d never have met.

AMELIA
Oh, I bet we would. Fate is funny
like that. We’d be at some posh
university or other. Dressed in the
finery of our peers... perhaps
watching a polo game. Our eyes
would meet across the crowded field
and

She kisses him.

WILLIAM(OS)
Right, everybody up. We got work to
do.

They break apart to see William, Lenny and Lurch enter the
room. A bag of pistols tossed onto the floor.

LENNY
Everybody grab one of these.

AMELIA
We’re not going.

Shirker tries to quiet her but it’s too late. William looks
at her strangely.

WILLIAM
I don’t think you live in the real
world, girl. Lenny, show her
boyfriend what the real world is
like.

Lenny grabs Shirker and throws him off the bed, onto the
floor.

Amelia screams and runs to defend him. Lenny automatically
lashes out, catching her in the mouth with the back of his
hand, knocking her onto her arse.

Shirker struggles to get up but is held tight by Lenny.

WILLIAM
How you fucking mugs haven’t been
eaten up by the sharks up to now, I
will never know.
THUGS pick up the shooters. The ones without a gun settle for other weapons like baseball bats and the like.

WILLIAM
Well things are changing. London is ours now and we want every cunt to know it.

Lenny moves away as William bends so he and Shirker are eye to eye.

WILLIAM
Those that aint with us will be terminated... and that don’t mean fucking sacked.
(pause)
You with us?

Shirker glances over at Amelia, still nursing her bust lip, and nods his head.

WILLIAM
Any more shit from you and I’ll gut you then after I’ve fucked her myself I’ll shove smack into her veins and put her on the game.

INT. HANGMAN’S OFFICE - DAY

The walls are adorned with army pictures, certificates, medals for bravery. Other pictures of Hangman’s mercenary work in Africa and Asia.

HANGMAN (40’s), tall, well-built, sits behind his neatly organised desk.

Opposite him sits Priest, drinking tea.

PRIEST
Just keep an eye on him. It’s a dangerous place.

HANGMAN
Yes it is... for most. As soon as we locate him we will inform you and keep you abreast of his movements.

PRIEST
Thank you. I look forward to hearing from you.

Priest gets up and leaves without finishing his tea.
INT. MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE - NINA’S ROOM - NIGHT

Nina is riding a customer, it’s David Oliver.

He reaches up to grope her breasts and, unable to contain himself any longer, ejaculates.

Nina grinds for a little longer, making sure he is completely happy before climbing off and lighting a cigarette.

OLIVER
Thank you.

NINA
No need to thank me, darling. You paid for the privilege.

Oliver climbs out of bed, naked, and heads into the bathroom. His wallet falls onto the floor from the bed, opened out on a photograph of a young girl aged five or six.

Nina picks it up; examines it.

Oliver walks out of the bathroom and coughs.

Nina, startled, drops the wallet.

NINA
I weren’t stealing.

OLIVER
She’s very pretty. I don’t blame you for being inquisitive.

Nina relaxes.

NINA
Is she your granddaughter?

OLIVER
No, the picture is quite old. She’d be seventeen, almost eighteen now. She’s my daughter.

NINA
She would be? I’m sorry, must sound like a right sort asking you all these personal questions.

OLIVER
No, no it’s fine.

Nina dresses, slowly.
Oliver takes a deep breath, ready to repeat what he has a million times before.

OLIVER
She went missing twelve years ago. Snatched from her bedroom at our house.

NINA
Oh my God, that’s terrible.

OLIVER
My wife died nine years ago, mostly of a broken heart. I promised her, on her death bed, that I would never give up searching for her.

The Bedroom door flies open. Celina stands in the doorway -- panicked.

CELINA
It’s kicking off downstairs.

Celina disappears just as quickly as she arrives.

NINA
Fuck sake. Knock why don’t ya?

OLIVER
Is something wrong?

NINA
Nah, nothing we can’t handle. Just wait here till it goes quiet then walk out. This aint the place for your sort.

Nina hurries out of the room and downstairs into

THE JACK DAWKINS

She stops, surveys the scene.

Gamfield is pointing a sawn-off at William, while William, Lenny and Lurch point pistols at Gamfield.

Nina approaches William, cautiously.

NINA
William? Nice to see you again, Bill.
WILLIAM
Can’t chat right now darling... bit of a drama. Good to see you though, I see you’ve been keeping well.

NINA
I see you’re still a bastard.

GAMFIELD
Nina, will you tell this cunt to put down his gun.

WILLIAM
You pulled on me first.

GAMFIELD
I heard about Pascal.

WILLIAM
News travels fast.

GAMFIELD
Around here it does.

WILLIAM
I don’t need your shit, Gamfield. I just want to be partners like the old days.

GAMFIELD
You’re a cunt, William. Always have been.

William chuckles and lowers his gun.

WILLIAM
Pascal is with me now. I’m taking back what’s mine, Gamfield.

GAMFIELD
The whole of Europe is after you. You’re fucked.

William shrugs.

WILLIAM
Fair enough... but I reckon we can still do a bit of business along the way.

GAMFIELD
What sort of business?

William tosses an ounce of uncut cocaine onto the counter.
Gamfield licks his lips and lowers the gun.

GAMFIELD
Nina... let’s make our friends a little more comfortable.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Shirker, Amelia and the crew are standing alongside Pascal and his boys, watching a VIETNAMESE COMPOUND from a short distance away.

A GUARD stands behind the MAIN GATE, an Uzi tucked into his jacket, perving at any women that walk past.

Pascal looks annoyed.

PASCAL
Just tell her to do it.

SHIRKER
No.

AMELIA
I can speak for myself.

VERSACE
Just fucking do it!

AMELIA
I won’t be told what to do either.

SHIRKER
Why can’t we figure out a different way to do this. I’ll distract him.

VERSACE
Yeah Shirker, you go and offer to suck his dick. I’m sure that will get him out.

Amelia heads out, determinedly, from the hiding spot. Shirker tries to grab her but is too late.

Amelia heads over to the
COMPOUND’S MAIN GATE

and smiles at the Guard. He smiles and winks. She fiddles with her hair, eying him teasingly.

Unable to take any more, the Guard opens the MAIN GATE and steps outside.

GUARD
Hello.

AMELIA
Hello.

The Guard looks around – making sure the coast is clear – before turning back to Amelia.

GUARD
So you want to go somewhere and...

AMELIA
That alleyway over there?

The Guard closes the Main Gate to, glancing nervously at the MAIN BUILDING in the compound as he does so, then walks with Amelia towards the Alleyway.

GUARD
I’m sure I’ve seen you around before.

AMELIA
I’ve seen you too.

GUARD
You’re very sexy.

AMELIA
I’ve always fancied you too.

The Guard fondles Amelia as they walk and is so engrossed he doesn’t see Pascal, Shirker and a few others step from the Alleyway.

He looks up too late. Hands drag him into the

ALLEYWAY

where he is taken to the ground and stamped all over.

Pascal takes the Guard’s gun and everyone ballies up (or the equivalent).
PASCAL
Follow me.

SHIRKER
Why the fuck should we follow you?

PASCAL
You steal from cars, I do armed robberies. Any more questions?

Shirker shakes his head.
Pascal leads them stealthily into the

MAIN YARD OF THE COMPOUND

and over to the main building where they move unchallenged through the door.

INT. MAIN BUILDING, COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

A huge area covered in tables and naked WOMEN packaging processed Heroin.

GUARD(2), armed with an Uzi, walks up and down the rows of tables making sure the women are not stealing anything.

Pascal sprays gun fire into the air.
The Women panic and in their haste to escape they knock over and trample Guard(2). He struggles to get up but Tommy is on him, kicking him in the head, knocking him out.

Tommy picks up the Uzi and looks at it in awe. Pascal winks.

PASCAL
Welcome to the club.

Shirker and Amelia look with dismay as Tommy heads the pack with Pascal.

TOMMY
Let’s be fucking having ya!

Tommy and Pascal lead the charge on the office. Kicking the door off and walking in.
INT. OFFICE, COMPOUND - NIGHT

HARRY and DELBOY QUANG, both in their forties, are sitting down at a cheap desk, suited and booted, cool as fuck.

There is a large portrait of Margaret Thatcher on the wall.

    HARRY
    You know what you stupid english have done?

    DELBOY
    English think they can rob whoever they like.

    HARRY
    Well it is their fucking country.

    DELBOY
    Good point, Harry.

    TOMMY
    Shut the fuck up cunts!

Delboy and Harry share a disapproving glance. Tut, tut, tut.

    HARRY
    Whether you kill us or not you know this is a suicide mission.

Pascal points his gun at Harry’s head.

    PASCAL

    DELBOY
    Fucking poets, Harry.

    HARRY
    Rappers.

The Brothers laugh at the joke.

    TOMMY
    The fucking safe!

The Brothers continue laughing.

Tommy fires, shooting Delboy in the leg.

Delboy screams, falls off the chair and clutches his knee in unbearable pain.
Everybody focuses on the picture of Margaret Thatcher.

Tommy lifts the picture off the wall and reveals the combination safe. Pascal moves him out of the way, stands next to it with one hand poised near the dial the other pointing the gun at Harry’s head.

**PASCAL**
Combination?

**HARRY**
You know things have changed since William was last around here.

**TOMMY**
William who? Combination?

Harry chuckles.

**HARRY**
Charles Dicken’s birthday, Seven-two-eighteen-twelve.

Pascal dials in the combination.

**HARRY**
I know who you work for.

Tommy points the gun in his face.

**TOMMY**
Shut it.

Pascal cracks open the safe and all eyes stare at the large haul.

**HARRY**
Jackpot.

Tommy turns back to Harry, gun still trained at his head.

**HARRY**
Do it.

Shirker stands at the door of the office.

**SHIRKER**
Tommy.

Tommy breathes again and withdraws the gun.
The crew make their escape with the haul.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT
Shirker walks in with Amelia.
Nina is tending to the young ones.

SHIRKER
Everything is going wrong, Nina.

Nina comforts Amelia and notices a strange birthmark in the shape of a dog’s head on her shoulder. She rubs it, gently.

SHIRKER
We’ve got to tell Vogl.

NINA
Vogl can’t do anything. William’s crazy. Always has been.

VOGL (OS)
The whole world isn’t ready for a man like that.

NINA
Vogl! I didn’t mean...

VOGL
I know, my dear. I know. You’re right. I can’t do anything. The man is a machine. Only one way to stop him and none of us want to go there, eh?

AMELIA
Can’t we just move somewhere else... start again?

VOGL
There is nowhere to go, my dear. This is our home. No. No. Sooner or later, William will be caught.

SHIRKER
Maybe we should help things along.

VOGL
Hold your tongue Shirker. We never grass. No matter how bad it gets, we don’t grass.
WILLIAM(OS)
Course we don’t grass. Who’s talking about grassing?

Vogl turns to see William walking in with Lenny and Lurch.

VOGL
Just talking in general terms, Bill. Just general terms.

WILLIAM
Where’s the haul from the Quang’s?

SHIRKER
Through there.

Shirker nods towards the doors leading to the Main Floor. William nods, satisfactorily.

WILLIAM
Did ya do them?

SHIRKER
What?

WILLIAM
Did you fucking pop them?

SHIRKER
No, they’re still alive.

WILLIAM
I specifically said to fucking do them.

William walks onto the MAIN FLOOR
where Tommy, Pascal and others are partying, hard.

A DJ in one corner playing the decks. People snorting coke, smoking crack, chasing heroin, having sex.

William heads over to the DJ and knocks him out with one punch, then pulls the plug on the music.

Everybody stops.

WILLIAM
Why the fuck are those cunts still alive?
PASCAL
You never said to kill them.

William storms towards him, fists clenched.

Pascal’s not really a fighter, he sits and waits, pretending all is cool, it ain’t.

William grabs Pascal and throws him onto the floor. His boys twitch but are put off when Lenny and Lurch pull shooters on them.

WILLIAM
You know what’s going to happen now
don’t ya you cunt?

William kicks him hard in the ribs.

Pascal wheezes, gasps for breath as the wind is taken out of him, tries to crawl away.

Another kick then a stamp and another stamp, stamp, stamp. STAMP, STAMP, STAMP.

WILLIAM
Get up you cunt. Get fucking up!

William looks around, a madman, a berserker looking for the next challenge.

Pascal has had enough, barely conscious.

WILLIAM
Who else... who fucking else?

He’s so enraged spittle flies from his mouth.

WILLIAM
Who else was fucking there?

Tommy looks nervous.

WILLIAM
You!

William throws a punch and misses. Tommy backs away, falling onto his arse.

AMELIA
Just leave him alone.

William turns and looks as though he is about to grab her and throttle the life out of her.
Then he calms. Smiles.

WILLIAM
Why don’t you get on your knees for Daddy.

William puts his hand onto Amelia’s head, pushes it down. She starts to go down.

NINA(OS)
Get off her William.

William laughs and lets her go as Nina walks in.

Nina strokes his crotch and winks.

NINA
You know I’m the best person to sort that for you.

WILLIAM
These fucking kids need to be taught a real lesson. This is a tough world. We come in screaming and we go out screaming.

Pascal pulls himself together and tries to stand.

WILLIAM
Stay fucking down, Pascal. My moods are fickle.

Pascal groans and lies down.

VOGL
The world has changed since you’ve been away, Bill.

WILLIAM
So you keep saying, but it looks the same to me.

VOGL
It’s all about business now. Being a brutal cunt just isn’t good business.

WILLIAM
Being a brutal cunt is what will have them quivering in fear.
VOGL
Looking to put a bullet in you and all that follow you the moment your back is turned.

WILLIAM
I’ve been shot before. If you come for me you better come hard, because I will take you down with me.

VOGL
And all of us an all.

WILLIAM
You’ve got to grab life by the balls and squeeze. Take what you want.

Nina drapes herself over William.

NINA
So, why don’t we get this sorted out then.

William smiles and kisses her.

WILLIAM
Not tonight darling. We’ve got work to do.

INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

MERC, crack dealer, alongside some of his top BOYS, are meeting a smaller gang buying some crack.

Merc is watching as the THUGS from the other gang examine the crack.

MERC
Mined those rocks myself this morning.

Merc looks around impatiently and sees movement from behind a pillar a hundred or so yards away.

MERC
What the fuck was that? You cunts trying to pull something funny?

The Thugs look at him strangely.
GUNSHOT! One of the Thugs from the smaller gang drops to the floor dead.

William, Lenny, Lurch, Shirker, Amelia, Tommy and lots of others, ballied-up and armed with shooters, steam the meeting, hiding behind cars and concrete posts, letting off shots.

Merc and his small CREW take cover behind cars, pull out their guns and return fire.

Merc eyes an EXIT a couple of hundred yards away.

The Thugs from the other gang make a run for it and are cut down by William, Lenny and Lurch before getting very far.

Merc readies his custom-made pistol.

MERC
You know who I am? You know this doesn’t end with me?

WILLIAM
Course we know who you are Merc. Skinny Merc.

MERC
Who that?

WILLIAM
Always be good old Skinny to me.

MERC
Is that you Wild Bill?

WILLIAM
The same.

MERC
What the fuck are you doing?

WILLIAM
Taking back what’s mine, Merc.

Merc’s CREW opens fire.

There is some back and forth shooting until most of Merc’s boys are dead. A few of William’s boys go down too.

WILLIAM
You can come out now, Merc. I promise I won’t shoot.
MERC
Your promises aint worth shit, Bill.

WILLIAM
I just want a piece that’s all.

MERC
A piece?

WILLIAM
Join me, under my umbrella.

MERC
Are you fucking insane?

WILLIAM
Work with me or I’ll take it all and install some muppet to do your job for you.

MERC
Fuck you, Bill.

Merc makes a break for the exit while his remaining crew members keep him covered, letting off shots.

William and the rest fire shots after him but all of them miss.

Merc escapes through the exit and fires a shot, hitting another of William’s Thugs.

WILLIAM
Fuck.

William and the others continue to fire while Shirker and Amelia hide behind a car.

SHIRKER
I can’t do this any more.

Amelia removes her balaclava, tears falling down her cheeks. She lets her gun fall to the floor and runs away.

SHIRKER
Amelia!

Shirker chases after her.
INT. MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE – NINA’S ROOM – DAY

Oliver is putting on his clothes. Nina is sitting up in bed, smoking a cigarette.

One hundred pounds is on the bedside table next to her.

NINA
What would you do if you found your daughter?

OLIVER
I’d be overjoyed... I’d give her everything she needs. Her inheritance is considerable.

NINA
What sort of birthmark does she have on her shoulder?

Oliver looks at her with hope in his eyes.

OLIVER
You’ve seen her?

Nina shrugs, poker faced.

NINA
I’d like to keep my eyes open for you.

OLIVER
The birthmark almost looks like a dog’s head.

Nina finds it difficult to hide the shock from her face.

OLIVER
You’ve seen her, haven’t you.

Nina draws deeply on the cigarette, shakes her head.

NINA
No, no... it’s like I said.

OLIVER
Please, please. If you do know anything there is a substantial reward.

NINA
How substantial?
OLIVER
A hundred thousand pounds.

NINA
A hundred large, fuck me.

OLIVER
Quite. She’s worth that and more. Much more.

Oliver pulls out his mobile phone.

OLIVER
I’ll give you my number. If you do remember anything that can help me, I’ll reward you. I’ll double the reward.

NINA
I wouldn’t do it for the money, you understand.

OLIVER
I know... but it should serve as an incentive for anybody else that may know of her whereabouts. Should you have to pay them.

They exchange numbers.

INT. JACK DAWKINS - DAY

The main door swings open and Merc walks in, flash, suited and booted, with a few GOONS from his gang.

GAMFIELD
And... Action.

Merc takes a seat at the bar.

MERC
So where is everyone?

GAMFIELD
On their way.

MERC
You know he’s got this coming don’t ya.
GAMFIELD
Course we do. Why do you think you’re here? The cunt’s a fucking nightmare.

MERC
The only way this cunt is going to get sorted is if we all get together.

Gamfield eyes Merc’s goons, they all have hands inside their jackets, clutching fire arms, ready to open fire in a heart beat.

The Main Door swings open and in walk the Quang brothers, alongside several Asians also armed with guns.

Delboy is on crutches with a heavily bandaged leg.

GAMFIELD
United Nations got fuck all on us.

The Quang brothers take a seat at the bar.

GAMFIELD
Glad to see you could make it fellas.

HARRY
He shot Delboy.

GAMFIELD
Sorry to hear that, Harry. Delboy.

Delboy nods, then winces in pain as he half sits on a chair at one of the tables.

Music is turned up as Mandie, Celina and several other WORKING GIRLS make their way into the bar, flirting around the GANGSTERS.

Both Merc’s and the Quang brother’s crews take immediate interest.

Gamfield lays a fat line of coke out on the bar then pops open a bottle of champagne.

GAMFIELD
No harm in celebrating our new partnership.
MERC
I’ll celebrate when he’s dead.

GAMFIELD
Cheeky cunts thinking they can have
a piece from all of us.

Gamfield pours another line of coke out on the table. Merc
licks his lips as Mandie drapes herself all over him, grins
then moves in to snort up a line.

MERC
Fuck it.

Gamfield smiles as Merc snorts up the line.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - DAY

Amelia and Shirker are sitting on his bed sharing a joint,
still in shock from the night’s events. Amelia is physically
shaking.

AMELIA
It can’t possibly get any worse.

SHIRKER
Vogl has looked after us since we
were found, cold and dying on the
streets. We can’t just leave him.

AMELIA
We have to start thinking of our
selves, Shirker. I can’t take any
more of this and neither can you.
Please.

Shirker pauses for thought.

SHIRKER
I can’t.

AMELIA
For me. Let’s get far away from
here. Start again. I’ll get a
job...

SHIRKER
OK, but let me tell Vogl first, I
owe him that at least.
INT. NURSERY, WAREHOUSE - DAY

Vogl is taking care of a baby when Nina walks in.

    NINA
    Vogl, it’s about Amelia.

    VOGGL
    Fine girl, my dear. Perfect for young Shirker.

    NINA
    Her father is looking for her.

Vogl finally gives her his full attention.

    VOGGL
    Her father?

    NINA
    He mentioned her birth mark.

Vogl ponders for a moment.

    NINA
    He’s offered a reward.

    VOGGL
    What kind of reward?

    NINA
    A hundred thousand.

    VOGGL
    Pounds?

Nina nods her head.

    VOGGL
    That’s... er... certainly, worth considering. Please, Shirker.

    NINA
    Very well-to-do Gentleman he is.

    VOGGL
    Maybe we should give him a call?

    NINA
    Fifty grand each?
It’s a deal... but ah, we keep this between us. Shirker can be a bit... a bit sensitive.

It’s in Amelia’s best interest.

Of course, my dear. Of course it is. No harm in us making a little from it at the same time either.

Vogl and Nina share a cackle.

Shirker and Amelia are walking along, arm in arm. It’s quite warm out and Amelia has her shoulders showing.

Oliver walks past and catches a glimpse of her birth mark. He stops dead in his tracks and watches them walk away for a while.

Amelia turns around.

Amelia Oliver?

No, sorry. Wrong person.

No, you’re her. My Amelia.

Piss off you fucking nonce.

Shirker shoves Oliver, causing him to fall against a shop window and have a coughing fit.

Shirker takes Amelia’s hand and they run away.

Oliver regains his composure, but it is too late, they have gone.

A Bentley pulls up at the kerb and the rear door opens. Priest pops his head out.
PRIEST  
Uncle Oliver, please get in the car. You’re in no fit state.

OLIVER  
It was her.

PRIEST  
Who?

OLIVER  
My Amelia. It was my Amelia.

Priest frowns, briefly.

PRIEST  
Come on. That’s silly. Where have you been staying?

Priest gets out of the car and puts an arm around Oliver.

Oliver coughs into a handkerchief, spotting it with more blood.

Priest leads Oliver into the rear of the

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

and signals for the CHAUFFEUR to pull away.

PRIEST  
You should be at home resting. I knew this trip would be a mistake. One trip too many.

OLIVER  
You’ve been hoping it would be my last trip for years.

PRIEST  
That’s not fair.

OLIVER  
Well, all of your hopes have been for nought. I’ve found her, and by rights the inheritance will be hers.

Oliver has another coughing fit.
OLIVER
How did you find me?

PRIEST
Some detective friends of mine.

Oliver glimpses hope.

OLIVER
Could you use them to find Amelia?

Priest cheers up at the prospect.

PRIEST
If it’s really her then I’m sure they could. They’re expensive though.

OLIVER
I don’t care about cost.

Oliver has another coughing fit.

PRIEST
Of course. I’ll arrange it.

INT. JACK DAWKINS - DAY

It’s party time. Tunes are playing, women are grinding, GANGSTERS are smoking, snorting and drinking.

While upstairs in

BEDROOM ONE, MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE

Merc is riding Madam Mandie, doggy style.

In another

BEDROOM TWO, MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE

are the Quang brothers tied up and being lashed, dominatrix-style, by Celina and another PROSTITUTE.
INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Priest closes the door, leaving Oliver in the Hotel room and makes a call as he walks towards the exit.

PRIEST
I have something else for you. Is it OK if I come by the office? (pause) OK. Great. I’ll be there right away.

Priest hangs up the phone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oliver is lying in bed fast asleep. His phone beeps, a text message from Nina, but it doesn’t stir him.

INT. HANGMAN’S OFFICE - DAY

Priest sits, slightly uncomfortable, opposite Hangman. Seated around the office are several of Hangman’s MEN.

PRIEST
I want her dead.

Hangman sits back in his seat, poker-faced.

HANGMAN
We’ll be in touch.

Priest nods and walks out of the office, leaving Hangman to ponder things.

HANGMAN
The game plan has changed.

JACK DAWKINS

Gamfield is standing behind the bar, keeping up with serving the drinks.

The Main Door opens. William, Lenny and Lurch come in, doing a little dance.

The partying Mobsters look at them strangely as their drugged drinks kick in.
Over the next few seconds the bar is filled with William’s STREET THUGS, lining the walls and dark corners, hoods up, scarves over their faces.

The Main Doors are locked and bolted.

Gamfield pulls a shotgun from behind the counter. William throws him a wink as the PROSTITUTES run to a corner, out of the way.

Lurch lands on one of Merc’s boys and stabs him repeatedly.

LURCH
Fucking cunt.

Gamfield moves from around the bar gun trained on the Mobsters while the STREET THUGS rush in with knives, stabbing the mobsters from both firms to death.

William, Lenny and Lurch head upstairs into

MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE

where Lenny kicks off the door to

BEDROOM ONE

and they storm inside.

Merc is lying on his back on the bed with Mandie riding him. She stops once she realises they have company.

Merc lies there with his hands up as Mandie climbs off.

MERC
You fucking cunts!

WILLIAM
Tell him, Lenny.

Lenny fires three times, twice in the chest, once in the head, killing him instantly.

LENNY
Nuff said.

Mandie is sprayed with blood.

MANDIE
You could have waited till I’d left the fucking room.
WILLIAM
Where are the other two?

MANDIE
Next door with Celina.

WILLIAM
Both of them?

MANDIE
They’ve always been a dirty pair of cunts.

William, Lenny and Lurch move out onto the landing of MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE and stand outside BEDROOM two.

Lenny takes a deep breath and puts the door through.

The Quang brothers are still tied up and now have pool balls strapped to their mouths, pulp fiction-style.

Celina and the other BIRD grab their clothes.

CELINA
Time’s up, lads.

Celina rifles through the Quang brother’s pockets and retrieves their wallets.

CELINA
You won’t be needing these anymore.

The Quang brothers mumble something that sounds like, "fuck you, you fucking, fuck, fuck, bitch, cock sucking slags!" - but it’s really hard to tell.

Celina and the other Bird leave the room.

William picks up a paddle.

WILLIAM
Fuck me, you enjoy getting hit with this?

The Quangs shake their heads, clearly not having fun any more.
WILLIAM
Course you do.

William hands the paddle to Lenny.

WILLIAM
Show them how it’s meant to be done.

Lenny bashes Harry across the head with the paddle several times. Then looks maliciously at Delboy’s leg. Delboy shakes his head, no, please, no, fuck no. BAM!

William and Lurch leave the room.

MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE
The sounds of the Quang brothers being hit over and over again with the paddle follow them down the stairs

THE JACK DAWKINS PUBLIC HOUSE
where Gamfield is helping the Street Thugs pile up the bodies.

GAMFIELD
How the fuck are we going to clean up this mess?

WILLIAM
Some vans are on the way.

GAMFIELD
You not going to give us a hand?

William and Lurch walk out.

GAMFIELD
Cunts.

INT. WAREHOUSE – MAIN FLOOR – DAY
Amelia and Shirker are getting their things together, ready to run. Amelia takes his hand and squeezes it tight.

AMELIA
Just me and you, now.

Shirker picks up his bag. Amelia does too, they smile at each other. This is it, the start of their new beginning.
WILLIAM(OS)
What are you pair of cunts doing?

Shirker and Amelia are horrified.

SHIRKER
Just going out.

William takes in their bags. Lenny and Lurch appear behind him.

AMELIA
We’re leaving.

William’s face darkens with anger.

AMELIA
We just want to leave. We’ll never talk about you to anyone.

WILLIAM
Never talk about me!

William grabs Amelia by the hair.

Shirker tries to intervene but Lenny drop kicks him in the head.

Amelia screams as Shirker falls to the floor.

INT. OLIVER’S HOTEL ROOM – DAY

Oliver wakes up and stretches. Gets out of bed, ignores the phone and walks into the shower.

He coughs blood into the drainage hole as the power shower kicks into full speed.

INT. JACK DAWKINS – NIGHT

William pushes Amelia through the main doors. Lenny and Lurch enter behind them.

Gamfield is cleaning glasses behind the bar.

GAMFIELD
If you’ve come to help me clean up, you’re too fucking late.
WILLIAM

New girl.

Vogl and Nina are sitting at a table having a drink. Amelia runs over to them.

AMELIA

Please. Help me.

Vogl stands and approaches William, swaying slightly from the drink. Nina takes a hold of Amelia’s hand.

NINA

Stay close to me girl.

Amelia nods, trustingly.

VOGL

Where’s Shirker?

WILLIAM

Sleeping.

NINA

I’ll take care of her.

William grabs a hold of Nina’s cheeks.

WILLIAM

Why’s that?

William squeezes her cheeks too hard for her to speak. Lets go and grabs a hold of Amelia.

Nina and Vogl exchange a glance.

WILLIAM

Mandie! Mandie you fucking slag!

Mandie and Celina appear at the top of the stairs as William turns back to Nina.

WILLIAM

You’re going to look after me.

NINA

I’m... not... working... today.

William slaps her hard across the face.

WILLIAM

You’re doing whatever I tell you, you’re doing. Have you got that?
Nina shakes her head nervously as Vogl walks over to placate William.

VOGL
William.

William turns and punches Vogl in the face. Vogl falls against the bar.

Gamfield pulls out the shotgun and aims it at Vogl’s head.

VOGL
You two in league now.

GAMFIELD
The way the cookie crumbles, old son.

William points at Amelia.

WILLIAM
Get the bitch upstairs.

Lenny drags Amelia upstairs and into the arms of Mandie and Celina who take her through to one of the rooms.

William drags Nina by the hair, taking her upstairs.

GAMFIELD
Now get the fuck out of here.

Vogl gets up and on the way out he notices Nina’s phone on the table, pockets it.

INT. OLIVER’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver exits from the shower, rubbing his head with a towel and walks over to his phone. He picks it up and sees that he has a message.

He opens up the message, reads it and quickly dials a number.

OLIVER
Hello, Nina?
(pause)
Who is this?
(pause)
Yes, the price is one hundred thousand.
(pause)
What guarantees can you provide?
Yes, that is correct, she has. On her left shoulder.

When can you have her?

The money? I will have the money for you in twenty-four hours.

Yes, that’s fine. I know it, near the Thames.

Oliver hangs up the phone and coughs into his handkerchief, leaving more blood. He dials another number and puts the phone to his ear.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GROW ROOM - NIGHT

Vogl is on his knees

Shirker is standing next to him, sporting a black eye.

SHIRKER
What are we going to do Vogl? We can’t just let him take over everything.

VOGL
We don’t have much choice.

SHIRKER
I’m going to kill him.

VOGL
You wouldn’t get close.

Shirker follows Vogl through the MAIN FLOOR

the kids are smoking crack and heroin, partying. Then into the FOYER

and through to the
SHIRKER
I’ve got to get her back.

VOGL
We have to think about this.

Shirker makes to walk out but is stopped by Vogl.

VOGL
Wait lad, wait.

PASCAL(OS)
Maybe I can help?

Pascal, severely battered and bruised, holds out a clear vial of liquid. A small vial, perhaps holding 30ml.

VOGL
What do you mean?

PASCAL
Everyone knows Wild Bill can’t handle his hallucinogens.

Vogl and Shirker stare at the vial.

PASCAL
This is a mixture of pure X, LSD, GHB, DMT and ketamine. Enough to kill on its own or fuck them up so much they either kill themselves or someone gives them a little nudge.

Pascal throws a painful wink.

SHIRKER
How would we get him to take it?

Vogl takes the bottle from Pascal and examines it.

VOGL
We’d have to spike him, my boy.

Shirker reaches for the vial

SHIRKER
I’ll do it.

and takes it.
INT. MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE - NINA’S ROOM - NIGHT

William slaps Nina hard across the face and she falls face down on the bed.

William unbuckles his trousers, positions himself, ready to use the back entrance.

INT. CHIEF INSPECTOR WHITE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

White sits opposite Oliver while they play a game of chess.

The room is nicely decorated and pictures of White in police uniform adorn the sidepieces and walls.

White moves his Queen, then regrets it instantly.

WHITE
So, back to our business. I could certainly help catch these people, however I cannot guarantee the safety of your daughter.

Oliver takes the Queen.

OLIVER
I understand.

WHITE
So long as you are aware of the dangers.

White moves, and regrets it again. Oliver coughs blood, this time a thick globule into his handkerchief.

OLIVER
I just want my daughter back, safe.

White resigns by flicking over his king.

INT. HANGMAN’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hangman and his MEN finish dressing in black combat gear.

Armed with assault rifles and grenades strapped to their bodies.

HANGMAN
This isn’t going to be a picnic. We catch them by surprise and we hit them hard. If you go down and cannot move, then kill yourself.
Hangman looks around at his Men, they nod their understanding to him in turn.

    HANGMAN
    Good. Move out.

INT. BENTLEY - DRIVING - NIGHT

Priest is sitting in the back when they happen to pass by the Jack Dawkins. Priest stares at the name for a while.

    PRIEST
    Pull over here.

    CHAUFFEUR
    I’m not sure that’s a good idea, sir.

    PRIEST
    Just do it.

The Chauffeur pulls the car to a stop.

    PRIEST
    I’m going in for a drink. Coming?

    CHAUFFEUR
    I have to drive, sir. I’ll be fine sitting here playing with my new phone.

    PRIEST
    Suit yourself.

Priest climbs out of the car and stands on the STREET looking at the bar. He almost changes his mind, almost.

He takes the final few steps and enters the

INT. JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT

The place is booming. Dance tunes are playing, birds are grinding.

A sign declaring "BILL’S EAST END" hangs pride of place over the bar.
Gamfield is dancing behind the bar while serving all sorts, from alcohol to crack.

Priest grins broadly

PRIEST
Now this is my kind of place.

and heads to the bar.

GAMFIELD
Yes mate, what can I do you for?

PRIEST
I’d like to try... a little of everything, please.

Gamfield laughs.

GAMFIELD
Man after my own heart. Here you go son.

Gamfield tosses a bag of cocaine onto the bar.

INT. MADAM MANDIE’S WHOREHOUSE – NINA’S ROOM – NIGHT

Nina is sprawled on the bed covered in bruises. William is getting dressed.

WILLIAM
I’m going to go and have a little party down stairs.

Nina moans as William leaves the room and locks the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE – FOYER – NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS rush in and spread out into all parts of the building.

White and Oliver follow in behind them.

WHITE
We’ll find her if she’s here.

POLICE (OS)
Sir! Sir!

White and Oliver exchange a glance before hurrying through onto the
where more officers are running towards the sound of the Officer calling for help.

White and Oliver follow them into the

and see Vogl standing at the other end, weakly pointing an old gun at them.

**WHITE**
Your time is up, Solomon.

**OLIVER**
Where’s Amelia?

**VOGL**
She’s gone.

White has to hold Oliver back.

**OLIVER**
Gone where?

Vogl turns the gun on himself, pointing it at his temple.

**VOGL**
I’ll do myself in, I swear.

**OLIVER**
Tell us where Amelia is. Do the decent thing.

Vogl laughs.

**VOGL**
Decent?

**OLIVER**
What about all the children you’ve helped raise?

**VOGL**
I raised ’em to be scoundrels so that I could earn off them. That’s what you really think. Don’t lie.

**OLIVER**
She’s my daughter.
VOGL
I never took her, we found her.

OLIVER
I know, and you’ve taken pretty
good care of her up till now... and
nobody can doubt that you have
taken care of all of them to a
degree.

Armed police arrive and point their weapons at Vogl.

VOGL
Will that go in my favour?

WHITE
It won’t hurt. Two choices,
Solomon. Give up or die.

VOGL
He’s taken her.

OLIVER
Who’s taken her?

VOGL
My brother, Bill.

WHITE
William Solomon. Where is he?

VOGL
He’s at the Jack Dawkins.

INT. JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT

Shirker walks in and sees Lenny and Lurch standing at the
bar -- he walks over to them.

William eyes him warily from a seat at one of the tables.

LENNY
The fuck you want?

SHIRKER
I don’t want any trouble. I’ve come
to let you know that I’m on your
side.

LENNY
Know which side your bread is
buttered, old son.
SHIRKER
Bro’s before hoes.

They all crack up laughing.

LENNY
I fucking knew you’d come around.
Something in your eyes.

SHIRKER
I’ll get these drinks for ya if you want.

Lenny looks at him questioningly for a while, then nods his head.

LENNY
Get us a JD and coke, a vodka and coke, and a white wine spritzer for Bill.

SHIRKER
I’ll bring them over to ya.

Lenny and Lurch make their way over to William’s table.

Shirker carefully removes the vial out of his pocket and pours the contents into the three drinks, then carries the drinks over to William’s table.

WILLIAM
Good boy. Why don’t you get a drink and join us yourself.

SHIRKER
Thanks William.

WILLIAM
Bill, you can call me Bill. Later on we can both have a go on her if you like?

SHIRKER
Who?

WILLIAM
Amelia.

SHIRKER
Yeah, er yeah. I’ll get that drink.

William watches him suspiciously, then takes a huge gulp of his white wine spritzer.
WILLIAM
Fucking mug.

Priest is sitting at another table with two GIRLS next to him. He’s snorting coke and drinking champagne.

EXT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL AREA, OUTSIDE VOGL’S WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Vogl is led away by POLICE in handcuffs along with lots of Street Thugs.
Younger children are led away by social services
Other OFFICERS are walking out with lots of evidence bags full of stolen goods, drugs and cannabis plants.

Oliver is standing next to White, watching Vogl get put into a police car.

OLIVER
So, we going to the Jack Dawkins?

WHITE
Not just yet, we need a plan of action first. William Solomon isn’t the walk over his brother is.

OLIVER
His brother?

WHITE
Not by marriage. they were good friends growing up and were adopted by the same couple.

OLIVER
So what happened?

WHITE
Their foster parents were murdered.

OLIVER
They killed them?

White shrugs.

WHITE
They were suspected, but we couldn’t find any evidence against them.
Vogl is driven off in the car, looking forlorn, like butter wouldn’t melt.

WHITE
It was also suspected that the adoptive couple were paedophiles... but again, unsubstantiated.

OLIVER
The thought of Amelia being with these men is intolerable.

WHITE
I’d strongly advise against you going there. You’ll be no good to your daughter dead. You could also mess up our operation. Solomon is wanted all over Europe.

OLIVER
I’m sorry.

White looks at Oliver questioningly. Oliver turns and walks away.

INT. JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT
Lenny’s head spins.

LENNY
I don’t feel right.

Shirker spots that the drugs are starting to take effect.

SHIRKER
Just going for a piss.

Shirker goes to the toilets.

Lurch gets up and dances. William looks at him and smiles.

Lenny staggers over to Gamfield at the bar.

LENNY
Have you fucking spiked me?

GAMFIELD
No! Why the fuck would I waste good drugs on cunts that don’t appreciate them? No mate, not fucking me.
Lenny struggles to stand and grips a hold of the bar to stop himself from falling over.

**LENNY**
Oh shit.

The Main Door swings open and in walks Oliver. He looks around and sees

LENNY drunkenly leaning against the bar, fighting off invisible invaders.

Lurch DANCING like a lunatic on steroids and

William in his seat giggling and dribbling like he’s six months old.

IN ANOTHER corner he sees Priest with a mouthful of tits. He heads over to him.

**OLIVER**
How did you know?

Priest removes his head from the tits and has to focus on his Uncle properly.

**PRIEST**
Know what? What the hell are you doing in here?

---

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE THE JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT

The Chauffeur is asleep in his car as five masked figures walk past and fan out around the pub.

INT. THE JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT

Priest is staring, questioningly, at his Uncle.

William is grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Lurch is dancing and Lenny is still clinging for grim death to the bar, clearly not enjoying the trip.

Gamfield eyes Lenny strangely.

**GAMFIELD**
You should calm down, son.

Lenny gurgles.
Shirker, seeing that nobody is paying him any mind, wanders up the stairs to Madam Mandie’s, Oliver sees him go.

Then, the lights go down. Everything goes BLACK.

People cry out, stumble into each other.

GAMFIELD(OS)
Nobody fucking move, we’ve had a power cut. Don’t worry, I’ll sort it.

Gamfield lights a candle, illuminating his face and a section of the bar.

The lights come back on. Gamfield breathes a sigh of relief.

GAMFIELD
Thank fuck for that.

Five MEN including Hangman are stood, armed with automatic rifles, dressed in black army fatigues and gas masks. The five of them cover everybody in the bar.

William giggles. Lurch is still dancing despite there being no music.

INT. MADAM MANDIE’S – BEDROOM TWO – NIGHT

Shirker walks into the bedroom and finds Amelia chained to the bed.

AMELIA
You shouldn’t have come Shirker, they’ll kill you.

SHIRKER
Without you I’d just be another evil cunt like the rest of ’em.

Shirker lifts up the hefty chain and sighs.

AMELIA
You won’t get it off. They told me nothing can break it.

OLIVER(OS)
I have something.

Oliver is standing in the room with his gun out.
SHIRKER
You’re the bloke from the street.

OLIVER
Amelia, you were stolen from me at just five years old.

SHIRKER
OK mate, just shoot the chains off. We’ll talk about the rest later.

Oliver winks.

OLIVER
It’s all about timing.

INT. JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT
Gamfield quickly ducks behind the bar.

GAMFIELD
(mumbling)
You fucking bastards, you fucking cunts.

Gamfield grabs a sawn off.

Hangman looks around, settles on Priest, pauses, then continues to train the gun around the bar.

HANGMAN
I am the Hangman. I’m sure many of you will have heard of me. All we want... is the girl. Her name is, Amelia.

Gamfield pops out from behind the bar and fires, blowing one of Hangman’s men away. Gamfield fires again, hitting another one in the legs, before diving back behind the bar to reload.

INT. MADAM MANDIE’S - BEDROOM TWO - NIGHT

Oliver fires while the gunfire is going on downstairs and the chain flies open.
INT. JACK DAWKINS - DAY

Hangman and his remaining men go into SAS mode. Smoke bombs are released and they put on infra red goggles.

Lurch lands on one of the men with a knife, slicing him up, then shot twice in the chest by Hangman.

During the flash of gunfire, Lenny fires and hits another of Hangman’s men. Hangman fires and shoots Lenny dead.

Gamfield appears over the bar with his shotgun and is shot by Hangman, who is now alone.

Hangman looks around, not seeing that William has moved behind him and is now pointing a gun at the back of his head.

INT. MADAM MANDIE’S - BEDROOM TWO - NIGHT

The chain is now loose and Amelia dresses more decently.

    OLIVER
    You were born Amelia Oliver and you were taken from us twelve long years ago.

    AMELIA
    But how do you know?

Oliver points at Amelia’s birth mark.

    OLIVER
    I know. You must remember, Amelia.

    AMELIA
    I’m really sorry.

    SHIRKER
    Look, we have to get out of here.

Oliver looks at the window.

    SHIRKER
    Are you mad?

    AMELIA
    You’re too old to make it.

Oliver has a coughing fit, coughs blood into his handkerchief.
OLIVER
Just go.

AMELIA
Shirker?

SHIRKER
I’ll check downstairs. We may be
able to get out that way.

INT. JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT
William is seeing double as he aims the gun at Hangman’s
heads.

People are still hiding behind tables and whatever else they
can find.

Priest aims a gun at William.

PRIEST
Get the gun away from him.

WILLIAM
Who the fuck are you?

OLIVER(OS)
Manny!

Priest turns.

PRIEST
Uncle Oliver?

William aims the gun at Priest and fires, shooting him in
the chest, leaving him wheezing on the floor, death throes.

Hangman uses the distraction to elbow William in the face.
William drops the gun and they go down in a grapple.

Shirker leads Amelia down the stairs and towards the exit.

Oliver follows them more slowly, looking at his fallen
nephew as he passes.

PRIEST
You found her then... found the
little bitch.

Oliver frowns.
PRIEST
I should have killed her twelve years ago when I had the chance.

OLIVER
You deserve this.

SHIRKER(OS)
Come on then mate, for fuck’s sake.

Priest dies with a scowl on his face.

Oliver follows Shirker and Amelia out of the pub.

William and Hangman roll around on the floor till William is on top.

William reaches down and bites off Hangman’s nose, spitting it back in his face with a mouthful of blood, then gets up and runs out onto the

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE THE JACK DAWKINS - NIGHT

and sees Shirker, Amelia and Oliver turning a CORNER not far away.

WILLIAM
Come here you fucking cunts!

William chases after them, running into a COUNCIL ESTATE

that is populated with tower blocks.

Shirker runs to one of the TOWER BLOCKS and presses all of the buttons. Eventually the door buzzes and they run inside.

William sprints, catches the door before it closes, running inside the

INT. TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT

The echoes of footsteps running up the stairs. William heads onto the
STAIRWELL

and runs up fast. Having to pause as the effects of the drugs kick in even harder, dazing him. Gets his head together and continues up.

Further up the stairs, Shirker, Amelia and Oliver continue to run up.

Oliver, tired, stops to heave into his handkerchief. Echoes of footsteps as William gains on them.

AMELIA
What are we going to do when he catches us?

Oliver shows them his gun.

OLIVER
Face him.

They get to the top and open the door, running out onto the

EXT. ROOFTOP

where they spot a maintenance shed.

OLIVER
Behind there. If the worst should happen... I’ll throw you the gun so you at least have a fighting chance.

AMELIA
I’ve only just met you. I’m not going to let you die.

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER
You don’t know how much that warms my heart. I’ve missed you so much, Amelia... so, so much. Just know that no matter what happens to me you’ll be fine. All you have to do is live.

WILLIAM(OS)
Now somebody...

They turn to see

William standing a short distance from them.
WILLIAM
better tell me what the fuck is
going on before I kill every
fucking one of you.

Oliver steps out from behind the shed, faces him, unarmed.

OLIVER
You got what’s coming to you. Scum
like you always do.

WILLIAM
Who the fuck are you?

William fires but the bullet veers off as he himself is shot
in the back.

William clutches at his chest and drops to his knees...

Hangman is standing behind him, lowers his smoking gun.

HANGMAN
If I’m not going to get paid then I
might as well be the hero.

Oliver breathes a sigh of relief.

OLIVER
You will be paid.

Oliver takes a business card from his wallet and hands it to
Hangman.

OLIVER
You’ve done the right thing.

Hangman nods, takes the card, and runs away as the sound of
police sirens reverberates around the estate.

INT. SHIRKER’S FLAT – DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

The flat is plushly decorated with all the latest gadgets.

Shirker is in an expensive suit and Amelia is pregnant,
tastefully dressed and putting on make-up.

SHIRKER
Come on. I’ve got an important
meeting later.
Amelia flashes a smile and kisses Shirker warmly on the cheek.

AMELIA
I love it when you speak like that, Shirker.

Shirker laughs.

SHIRKER
You promised.

Amelia giggles cheekily.

AMELIA
Shirker is who you’ll always be to me.

Amelia heads out of the door, Shirker follows quickly after.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE SHIRKER’S FLAT – DAY

Shirker and Amelia walk out of the plush apartment building and head to the Bentley where Hangman, dressed in a chauffeur’s uniform stops reading his newspaper and opens the doors for them. His nose has been reconstructed.

HANGMAN
Where to?

AMELIA
The cemetery. I want to visit, dad.

Hangman tosses his newspaper into a bin and gets into the car.

INSERT NEWSPAPER

Image of Vogle with the headline, "SENTENCED TO 12 YEARS, KIDNAPPING AND LIVING OFF IMMORAL EARNINGS."

FADE OUT.