



LEFT BANK Pictures

THIS CITY IS OURS

EPISODE ONE

By

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Green Amendments - 18/09/24

Trigger warning: The content of this script may be emotionally challenging. Sensitive themes include reference to fertility, violence/murder/death, prison, and drugs.

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A **EXT. TOP GOLF COURSE - TERRACE BAR - DAY 0** A *

Four women on the terrace - three of them have been playing golf, ELAINE, RACHEL and CHERYL. MELISSA has baby ALFIE. They will watch their men and the (in)action on the eighteen hole. *

ELAINE is pouring drinks - and hands them out. *

ELAINE *

(quietly; evenly) *

I'm never too disappointed when we have to cut it short on a golf day... I don't mind it, but I don't love it. *

RACHEL *

(relaxed) *

We're not good enough to love it Elaine. *

ELAINE *

No, we're not *obsessed* enough. *

CHERYL *

(beat; casual) *

I just like smacking a few balls and pretending that they're Davy's head. *

MELISSA *

...Is this them now - coming to the green? *

(they look) *

...Should we get them a drink in? *

ELAINE *

Oh they'll be a while yet love. *

(beat) *

Quite a while. *

B **EXT. TOP GOLF COURSE - 18TH GREEN - DAY 0** B *

SIX men are walking onto to green; three balls are varying distances away from the pin. RONNIE, MICHAEL, BANKSEY, DUFFY, JAMIE and CRAWFORD. *

JAMIE *

I think we're furthest away Dad. *

It's your go. *

RONNIE *

(relaxed) *

I know it's my go. *

CRAWFORD *

Then hurry up and miss. *

A glance to CRAWFORD.

RONNIE

You cannot rush genius.

(pause; weighing up the shot)

You might as well pack your bag
Jamie. This fella's going straight
into the hole.

DUFFY

Whoa fighting talk.

CRAWFORD

Fancy a little wager Ronnie?

RONNIE

I wouldn't take your money son.
This is guaranteed... like
Sheffield fucking steel.

More cheers. RONNIE does smile.

MICHAEL

(Yorkshire)

No clogs allowed on't greens now
Master Phelan.

They laugh. RONNIE makes the stance.

RONNIE

(casual; quieter)

Watch and learn Scouse bastards...
the lot of you...

BANKSEY

It's "*the lot of you's*" - speak
English.

RONNIE addresses the ball for a longish putt. RONNIE hits the
ball - and it rolls and rolls and rolls in - plop. Cheers and
clapping all around. RONNIE raises his club into the air, big
beaming smile.

OTHERS

Whoa / Yes / By heck that were
grand / Shot / Nice one.

JAMIE sees RONNIE guiding MICHAEL away. A private word.

RONNIE

(easy; evenly)

I've been mulling over ways of
improving our margins...

MICHAEL

(easy)

...Margins are good Ronnie?

RONNIE

I'm not saying they're not. I'm
just asking the question... can
they be better?

MICHAEL

(pause)

Not without risk. We don't want to
start cutting it-

RONNIE

Oh no.

MICHAEL

-We're suppliers not dealers.

RONNIE

Something else then...

GO TO: JAMIE is watching.

GO TO: RONNIE and MICHAEL.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

How about we have a conversation -
with the amigos? ...Would they be
up for that?

MICHAEL

Why though? Why change what works?

RONNIE

...Greed Michael... And time...

(closer)

I would like money enough to step
aside; relax... sooner rather than
later. Can you help me do that?
...It'd be good for the both of
us... My clogs would fit you
nicely.

A look between them.

MICHAEL

...If that's what you want, yeah...

RONNIE

(pause)

Let me think on it some more... You
do the same.

C

EXT. TOP GOLF COURSE - DAY 0

C

Hear the beginning of RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES by WAGNER... and
then we see them - TWO GOLF BUGGIES charging along the
fairway - it's DUFFY and CRAWFORD racing... racing towards
and past the WOMEN - ELAINE, RACHEL and CHERYL.

DUFFY

(calls in passing)

Fizz is being served ladies!

RACHEL

...Honest to God, you cannot take
them anywhere.

D **OMITTED > CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 1.B**

D *

E **EXT. TOP GOLF COURSE - TERRACE BAR - DAY 0**

E *

The whole gang are gathered - including MELISSA and ALFIE.
ELAINE is tapping her glass and calling order. JAMIE is
holding ALFIE.

ELAINE

Jamie - bring me my grandson, I
need to give him a big kiss.

JAMIE brings ALFIE over.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry about this but I'm
going to play the indulgent
Grandma; and propose a toast - to
another little prince in the Phelan
family.

RACHEL

The Phelan dynasty.

ELAINE

To Alfie!

ALL

To Alfie.

It's a lovely toast and nothing more! MICHAEL watches JAMIE -
as JAMIE proudly lifts his son into the air.

1 **INT. PRIVATE CLINIC WAITING ROOM - DAY 1**

1

A MAN reads a waiting room MAGAZINE - GOLF MONTHLY or
something as ridiculous! The MAGAZINE is lowered and we see
MICHAEL KAVANAGH. He sits in the small waiting room. The room
is predominantly MEN - but some with their partners.

MICHAEL sits... Waits... A MAN emerges from around a corner
and exits the waiting room; maybe MICHAEL might be next. His
WORK PHONE beeps - a MESSAGE:

MESSAGE - RONNIE: "Fix a meeting with the amigos - let's do
this - asap."

MICHAEL doesn't agree with the message. He responds: "But if it's not broke...?" Send.

2

INT. RONNIE AND ELAINE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 1

RONNIE's phone pings - MICHAEL's message... RONNIE is watching from his lounge window as a VALET MAN valets his two expensive cars that are parked in the driveway.

RONNIE has charm. He is a LEADER. A successful villain and a survivor; used to being in control and in charge - although he is not a bully as such. People like RONNIE. Clever people are also wary of him.

Ronnie looks at the message. Hold a few seconds - it's not the response he wants. He decides to message one last time.

RONNIE responds: "Michael - I want to do this today / tonight?" Send.

ELAINE, his wife, has brought him a cup of tea and sets it down without a word. She is exiting now.

RONNIE

Thanks love.

He's watching the valet man.

2A

INT. RONNIE AND ELAINE'S HOUSE - DAY 1

2A

ELAINE enters the kitchen. See JAMIE - and MELISSA with ALFIE.

JAMIE looks up from his phone.

MELISSA

(to ALFIE)

Here she is, here's Grandma!

JAMIE

Is he ready?

ELAINE

He's thinking.

ELAINE walks to the bookcase and opens the safe. She takes out a brick of cash and RONNIE'S passport. She closes the safe.

RONNIE sends his text.

3

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC WAITING ROOM - DAY 1

3

MICHAEL's phone pings with the new message. He is ignored... He still doesn't like this idea. He decides not to respond.

A FEMALE NURSE appears. Professional, relaxed, brisk but friendly enough.

FEMALE NURSE

Michael Kavanagh?

MICHAEL

(relaxed)

Kavanagh, yeah.

(MICHAEL stands)

FEMALE NURSE

Sorry about the wait Michael; this way.

MICHAEL

No problem.

The NURSE moves off. MICHAEL follows closely - as do we.

3A

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC CORRIDOR - DAY 1

3A

FEMALE NURSE

Can you confirm your date of birth.

MICHAEL

30. 10. 88.

FEMALE NURSE

You know why you're here; what you need to do?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

FEMALE NURSE

Daft question I know, but you'd be surprised... You've been given your paperwork and sample jar?

MICHAEL

Yes. Thank you.

She has led him to a small, clean room. She steps to one side allowing him to enter first.

4

INT. CLINIC SAMPLE ROOM - DAY 1

4

FEMALE NURSE and MICHAEL. The window blinds are closed. There is a TV on the wall, a DVD player next to it.

FEMALE NURSE

You provide your sample and you leave it here, in this tray - along with the signed forms. Okay?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

MICHAEL is looking about the room.

FEMALE NURSE

Remote control, DVDs and WIFI code
are here if needed. You must not
use any lubricant as it might
affect the sample - okay?
(a smile)

MICHAEL

Okay; fine.

FEMALE NURSE

Marvellous.

A polite smile and she leaves, closing the door. Hold a
moment. MICHAEL sees the door has a lock - he locks the door.

MICHAEL takes a sample jar from his A4 envelope. He unscrews
the lid.

He takes out his SECOND PHONE and calls a contact: DIANA. As
the phone rings, he begins to undo his belt.

DIANA

(via phone; evenly)
Hello there.

MICHAEL

(relaxed)
Guess where I am?

INTERCUT WITH:

5

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY 1

5

An apron-wearing DIANA is alongside the glass, red wine,
white, rosé, temperature-controlled "fridges". She is
replenishing stocks. She is a sommelier.

DIANA

I'm hoping you're at the clinic.

MICHAEL

Not only am I at the clinic babe, I
am inside wank-central.

DIANA

And you thought of me?

MICHAEL

You know me, forever the romantic.
(beat)
Every surface in here is wipe-
clean.

DIANA

(smiles)
That is too much information.

MICHAEL

And there's porn - at the push of a button.

DIANA

Nice.

MICHAEL

That said: I was hoping you might provide some assistance.

(beat)

Seeing how we're in this together?

DIANA

Assistance?

MICHAEL

Can you think of anything? Some words of encouragement?

DIANA

.....Give me a minute.

DIANA moves to the PRIVATE DINING ROOM within the restaurant. She passes OTHER STAFF preparing for service.

6

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY 1

6

DIANA locks the door.

DIANA

Still there?

MICHAEL

I'm going nowhere.

DIANA

In that case - and seeing how we are in this together... What if I join you, so to speak?

(beat)

I'm just undoing a few buttons... and pushing my hand inside some very, sheer, underwear.

MICHAEL

...Oh my God babe; you are very good.

DIANA

And you are very rude.

(pause; softly; evenly)

I've started baby..... How come we've never done this before?

We sense more than see either masturbating. Now fading...

7 **MICROSCOPIC IMAGE - PETRI-DISH** 7

Fade to - an example of lazy sperm!

8 **EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - DAY 1** 8

MICHAEL walks along the street. He has an A4-sized envelope in his hand. We might see disappointment on his face. He enters a high-end restaurant.

9 **INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY 1** 9

MICHAEL enters. The restaurant is closed, apart from STAFF prepping for the next service. DIANA is sampling a white wine - professionally. MICHAEL sees her but moves to an isolated window table. He watches her.

DIANA

(softly; seriously)

Seriously: Ukrainian Albarino?

OTHER SOMMELIER

(quietly)

It's good isn't it.

DIANA

(a touch surprised)

It's really good... It's available still?

OTHER SOMMELIER

Yeah... Shrapnel aside, the soil and climate of the area match northern Spain - apparently.

DIANA

Love it... It's a good story.

DIANA has seen a solemn MICHAEL enter and move to the window table.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(a decision; relaxed)

We should take it - and we should push it.

OTHER SOMMELIER

(easy)

Thanks. Nice one.

10 **INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY 1** 10

MICHAEL and DIANA sit opposite each other, hands on the table. He has his back to the room - hiding in plain sight. A moment of silence.

MICHAEL

(softly; evenly)

So do you want the bad news or the bad news?... It's me... Not only do I have a low sperm count; the fellas I am firing can't swim.
(his manhood takes a hit)

Sorry.

A moment. Then she takes his hand across the table; squeezes it.

DIANA

(pause; evenly; quietly)

Do you want to hear the good news?
I don't care.

MICHAEL

Babe, you should care.

DIANA

There are other ways of us getting pregnant.

MICHAEL

(quietly; guilt)

...No. No, you can't do that, you don't need to do that... It's me that's the problem.

DIANA

Michael it's not a problem... We want a family together so we solve it - together.

(MICHAEL is humbled)

...We'll put our trust in the science. Okay?

MICHAEL

(pause; evenly)

You'd do that?

DIANA

I want to do that.

MICHAEL

(pause; evenly; straight)

I love you... I mean it... and I like saying it.

DIANA

So say it again.

His WORK PHONE vibrates. He glances at the phone and then glances to the door; outside, he sees a waiting car.

MICHAEL

I love you - and I'm going to Spain
- in about three hours.

DIANA

(relaxed)
Without me?

MICHAEL

Home tomorrow.

DIANA

(beat)
What's happening in Spain?

MICHAEL

(beat; easy)
Ronnie's looking for a bigger
payday... He's been making noises
about stepping aside.

DIANA

And you step up?

A look says "yes".

MICHAEL

I need to go.

He pushes the A4 envelope towards her; standing. Then about
the contents of the envelope and DIANA's reaction to the
news.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Blown away by you do you know that?

They briefly kiss; a glance at each other.

DIANA

(softly)
We can do this.

He loves her.

10A **EXT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT - DAY 1**

10A

MICHAEL emerges. DIANA is not far behind, she watches him at
the doorway. A car is waiting.

RONNIE is in the passenger seat of the car; window open.
JAMIE is driving, DAVY CRAWFORD in the back. MICHAEL is a
touch surprised at the numbers.

MICHAEL

(calls)
We're going en masse are we?

RONNIE
(relaxed)
Solidarity.

MICHAEL is getting into the car. Relaxed

MICHAEL
Davy.

CRAWFORD
Michael.

MICHAEL
Jamie, what are you doing here?

JAMIE
(easy)
It's take your lad to work day.

CRAWFORD smiles at the joke.

RONNIE
Banksey's gone on ahead; he's
meeting us there.

DIANA watches. MICHAEL looks. RONNIE glances to DIANA as they
drive away. Gone.

10B **INT./EXT. RONNIE'S CAR/EXT. LIVERPOOL CITY CENTRE - DAY 1**

MICHAEL, RONNIE, JAMIE, CRAWFORD and the car - cruise!

Hear the snare drum as a raw, stripped back, brass-led
version of PETER GUNN begins (very similar to the QATAR
PHILHARMONIC live version).

PETER GUNN continues as the men and the car move through the
city and along the river.

See the city. See the working river. The shipyards. See the
MEN inside the car - silent - each with their own thoughts...
and as we will discover, schemes.

The wheels of the CAR turn. Expensive wheels!

FADE TO:

11	<u>OMITTED</u>	11
12	<u>OMITTED</u>	12
13	<u>OMITTED</u>	13

14 **OMITTED** 14

15 **EXT. MARBELLA BAR-RESTAURANT - SPAIN - DAY 1** 15

The car pulls to a halt and the doors open. The four MEN emerge - sunglasses are slid over eyes.

Waiting for them is BANKSEY.

BANKSEY

(relaxed)

...They're inside Ronnie; just the three of them.

The men disgorge from the car and the FIVE walk away towards a bar. JAMIE casually presses a button on his key-fob and the car obeys: the doors lock.

The car locks; the music stops; the amber indicator lights wink - job done. For JAMIE - this is the life - cool.

16 **INT. BAR-RESTAURANT - SPAIN - DAY 1** 16

RICARDO ignites a bowl of liquid! Cheers all around.

Our FIVE MEN are in the corner of the restaurant, they are meeting their friends and business partners, the AMIGOS (RICARDO, STEFANIA and FREDERICO).

In the middle of the table is a clay punch-bowl, inside the bowl is a flaming liquid. It is QUEIMADA (a Galician brew).

RICARDO flashily scoops up the liquid in a ladle and raises it above the bowl - pouring a blue-flamed stream of the alcohol back into the bowl. In the dim surrounding it looks very impressive. The GROUP reacts to the theatricals; the atmosphere is relaxed.

BANKSEY

(big smile)

Whoa! What is it we're drinking here?

MICHAEL

Where's it from again Ricky?

RICARDO

I first tried it in Galicia. It's normal there for the person preparing the Queimada to whisper some words.

BANKSEY

Like traditional words?

RICARDO

(smiles; easy)

It is an incantation; to cast out
demons and bad spirits.

JAMIE

(easy aside)

Sounds like bollocks.

CRAWFORD

No, it's true Jay, I've seen it.

RICARDO

(easy)

It is true.

JAMIE gets a glance from the serious STEFANIA.

MICHAEL

And are you sure you drink it!

RONNIE

(relaxed)

Fire-extinguishers and travel
insurance at the ready boys.

RICARDO has/is ladling out the drink into cups - and all the
time, STEFANIA has been watching: watching JAMIE, watching
RONNIE and watching MICHAEL.

RICARDO

It contains the Orujo grape brandy;
lemon juice, coffee beans and some
other shit.

MICHAEL

Gunpowder.

BANKSEY

(smiling)

Am I allowed to spit it out?

RICARDO

(drinks are ready)

A toast: to friendship and to
business.

ALL

Friendship and business-

JAMIE

-Business.

They take a mouthful and react to the firewater: WOW! They
laugh.

FADE TO:

17

EXT. BAR-RESTAURANT - SPAIN - GOLDEN HOUR 1

17

Same night, later. Hold on RONNIE as he stands outside and smokes - in thought. CRAWFORD sits at a nearby table, watching the world go by, taking in the night, the warmth, the sky.

For RONNIE, it is a moment of reflection but also of anticipation. He blows his smoke skyward.

RONNIE

(when ready; evenly)

Am I doing the right thing Davy?

CRAWFORD

...Honestly?

RONNIE

(easy)

Of course fucking honestly.

CRAWFORD

...It's the right idea?... A little bit more risk for a truck load more profit, so to speak... You need a little bit more luck.

RONNIE

(pause; quietly)

Your man at the docks? What can he do for us?

CRAWFORD

(a little apologetically)

Ronnie, he's eyes only... He can tell us what's happening. He can't change it.

RONNIE

(quietly; beat)

So he's the best mate of useless then?

CRAWFORD

He can tell us if we're safe...

Keep us out of a Cat A shithole...

CRAWFORD has nothing more to offer. Out on RONNIE.

18

INT. BAR-RESTAURANT - SPAIN - DUSK 1

18

MICHAEL, BANKSEY, JAMIE and the AMIGOS are gathered around the table; drinks have been drunk.

MICHAEL

What Ronnie is asking for is more of the same but on different terms.

JAMIE

(aside)

Same gear, better price - is what we want.

MICHAEL says nothing but is pissed off with JAMIE.

STEFANIA

We need to hear only one voice.

JAMIE

(easy smile; looks)

We're saying the same thing.

MICHAEL puts a hand gently on JAMIE to shut him up.

MICHAEL

One voice makes sense.

JAMIE

So what can you do?

Hold a moment's silence. The AMIGOS aren't keen on JAMIE.

RICARDO

(to MICHAEL)

What is it you are proposing? A change of price means that something else must change.

MICHAEL

Transportation maybe. A direct shipment to Liverpool in say, two, three weeks' time?

JAMIE

Bear in mind there are other suppliers? It's a big world.

MICHAEL

(quietly; evenly)

Jamie, go and take a piss, there's a good lad.

(fuck off)

JAMIE looks - almost to say "Who the fuck are you talking to?" *Almost.*

BANKSEY

....Jamie?

(go - please)

A moment, then JAMIE nods a touch. He picks up his drink.

JAMIE

You know what, I am suddenly desperate for a piss.

He goes, peacefully. Hold.

RICARDO

...Yes he is Ronnie's son but why
is he at this table?

MICHAEL

He's learning.

RICARDO

Why is he learning?

MICHAEL

We all have to learn Ricky.

STEFANIA

(quiet fact; easy)

You are the voice Michael. Without
you there is no friendship and no
business.

MICHAEL

Appreciated.

19

EXT. BAR-RESTAURANT - SPAIN - DUSK 1

19

JAMIE joins RONNIE and CRAWFORD. He sits next to CRAWFORD.

RONNIE

...Problem?

JAMIE

(calm)

Not with me. They want one voice...

RONNIE

(beat)

You were there to listen.

JAMIE

I'm no good at listening; runs in
the family.

RONNIE

(beat; calm)

Stop being a fucking asshole.

JAMIE

(relaxed)

Good point; well made.

JAMIE raises his drink to CRAWFORD - CRAWFORD clinks drinks
with JAMIE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(pause)

If you're looking for bigger margins Dad, there are other suppliers; it doesn't have to be these fellas.

RONNIE

We know these fellas.

JAMIE

So you get to know (other fellas).

RONNIE

(interrupts; quietly firm)

We trust these fellas.

RONNIE glances. Shut up.

20

INT. BAR-RESTAURANT - SPAIN - DUSK 1

20

The AMIGOS, MICHAEL and BANKSEY.

STEFANIA

(business)

I would advise against taking on further risk. The price is fair; you know it's fair.

MICHAEL

I do - the price is good, yeah.

RICARDO

The risk is in the transportation.

MICHAEL looks; he knows this, but...

MICHAEL

...Ronnie wants an improvement. If a lower price means us buying slightly more product, fine; if it means us adjusting the means of transport, fine.

(pause)

At the moment we buy as soon as it clears the UK border.

RICARDO

Yes.

MICHAEL

What if we buy it earlier - at sea - and we take on the risk of the UK border ourselves?

RICARDO looks to STEFANIA.

STEFANIA

In three weeks' time?

MICHAEL

Three weeks is good... Could you work up a price based on that?

RICARDO

(beat; evenly)

Fifty percent payable immediately.

MICHAEL

As expected. And fifty percent just as soon as we sell it on.

RICARDO

(pause; no spin)

If you are sure that it is what you want?

MICHAEL

That's what we want; what Ronnie wants.

Out on MICHAEL.

20A **INT. MICHAEL AND DIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN/DAY 2**

DIANA injects a solution into a large muscle - her thigh. She winces a tiny bit. We might see evidence of further injections; bruises.

21 **EXT. SEAFORTH DOCKS - LIVERPOOL - DAWN/DAY 2**

21

See the river and the vast container ships; the cranes and the traffic of a busy port - CONTAINERS arrive - all under the veil of floodlight.

INTERCUT WITH:

22 **INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - LIVERPOOL - DAY 2**

22

CRAWFORD sits in the near-empty, beautiful space. A CHOIR practices a distance away.

CRAWFORD has possibly been praying for protection.

INTERCUT WITH:

22A **EXT./INT. SEAFORTH DOCKS - LIVERPOOL - DAY 2**

22A

A CONTAINER is lifted by a massive crane, loaded onto a lorry and secured into place.

The lorry undergoes checks.

GO TO - A MAN inside a security CONTROL ROOM watches the lorry on a computer screen. Then waves it through.

GO TO - The dock's traffic light goes GREEN.

GO TO - A MAN at the back of the CONTROL ROOM sends a text.

GO TO - CRAWFORD receives the text.

23

EXT. LIVERPOOL CITY STREETS - DAY 2

23

Establish. See the Roman Catholic cathedral, its stained glass windows twinkling.

CRAWFORD exits the cathedral and takes a breath; stops. He sits on the steps. He is dreading the next step. He has to make possibly the most important call of his life. See the weight of the call in his face.

Hold. CRAWFORD is frightened, but there's no turning back; he pulls out his MOBILE phone - and makes the call - to RONNIE.

INTERCUT WITH:

24

EXT. UK DOCKS - DAY 2

24

The CONTAINER LORRY emerges from the bright, floodlit docks; ships and cranes in the background, red lights twinkling - and drives down the dock road.

The LORRY rolls on and away into the city night.

INTERCUT WITH:

25

EXT. LIVERPOOL CITY STREETS - DAY 2

25

CRAWFORD is making his call. We hear a RINGTONE and the phone is eventually answered.

RONNIE (V.O.)

(via phone)

Yeah.

CRAWFORD

(evenly)

Ronnie, I'm on the move but late, very late; car was called into the garage...

RONNIE reacts, almost invisibly - bad news.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

It's not looking good. Not at all.

25A.1 **INT. PRIVATE CLINIC WAITING ROOM - DAY 2**

25A.1

MICHAEL sits in the same small waiting room. The FEMALE NURSE appears.

FEMALE NURSE

Michael?

(MICHAEL looks; stands)

...Same room as previously.

The NURSE moves off, MICHAEL follows closely.

FEMALE NURSE (CONT'D)

Can you confirm you have not ejaculated in the last three days?

MICHAEL

The taxi driver asked me the exact same question.

(beat)

No.

25A.2 **INT. CLINIC SAMPLE ROOM - DAY 2**

25A.2

MICHAEL stands alone in the room - sample jar in front of him. An odd moment.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

You can do this... This is - the most important wank of your life.

25A.3 **INT. CLINIC RECOVERY ROOM - DAY 2**

25A.3

DIANA is sitting up with the standard, post-procedure tea and biscuits. MICHAEL sits beside her.

MICHAEL

....No pain still?

DIANA

No. I feel good.

MICHAEL

Good.

MICHAEL'S PHONE buzzes / vibrates - this as a doctor (MISTER LASSITER) arrives; upbeat.

MISTER LASSITER

Hi again. How are you feeling, any discomfort?

DIANA

No I'm fine.

MISTER LASSITER

Good to hear - and you've done really well. Eight. Eight, very healthy-looking eggs.

DIANA

Oh fantastic.

MICHAEL

That is fantastic.

DIANA

Thank you.

MISTER LASSITER

(beat)

So - onwards. Fingers crossed; as always.

MISTER LASSITER nods and goes.

DIANA

Thank you.

DIANA reacts, a little overcome - a tear might roll. MICHAEL squeezes her hand... His phone vibrates again.

MICHAEL

(beat)

We better get you home.

26

INT. TURKISH RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING 2

26

The restaurant is being made up for the evening service. Seated, RONNIE, MICHAEL and CRAWFORD talk quietly and seriously.

CRAWFORD

Our man on site is saying the container was screened off and taken apart. He says there's a buzz... Happy faces dockside.

RONNIE

(evenly; quietly)

Happy faces.

CRAWFORD

Back slappin'.

It's bad news; the worst possible news. Silence. RONNIE is devastated and angry. He keeps a cap on it.

MICHAEL

(pause; quietly)

Then we leave it alone... We've got to.

RONNIE

(softly)

Jesus Christ.

MICHAEL

What else can we do?... It's gonna be rammed with spyware. They'll be waiting for us to collect.

RONNIE

What if they're not waiting for us to collect? What if they found fuck all?

MICHAEL

If they opened it, they found it.

CRAWFORD

(mouth dry; beat)

They definitely opened it.

RONNIE

FUCK!

CRAWFORD almost jumps. The restaurant STAFF glances. This is killing RONNIE. Hold.

MICHAEL

(quietly; when ready)
Ronnie, it's gone.

RONNIE

(quiet edge; at CRAWFORD)
So says his man.

CRAWFORD

Ronnie I'm just telling you the truth of what's happened... Better that we know... Isn't that right?

And no-one can argue.

27

OMITTED

27

28

EXT. TURKISH RESTAURANT - DUSK 2

28

CRAWFORD drives away in his car. Now it's just MICHAEL and RONNIE, walking slowly towards their cars. It feels bleak. They talk quietly.

RONNIE

...So now I'm thinking is it bad luck or is it a rat?

(pause)

First time we buy at source and we're tagged?

MICHAEL

(agrees quietly)
Heavy coincidence yeah.

RONNIE

(pause; quietly)

Then it's a rat... killing our supply.

(beat)

So who knew?

MICHAEL

...You, me. Davy Crawford. Banksey. Jamie. Bobby. All solid; 100 percent.

RONNIE

And the amigos?

MICHAEL

No chance.

RONNIE

...They don't want to teach me a lesson?

MICHAEL

They are pure business Ronnie...
And they'll still want paying.

RONNIE

(pause)

Then it's one of us.

MICHAEL

(beat)

Or someone said something; someone overheard?

RONNIE

(quietly still; fact)

If it gets out we've got a hole in our supply, we'll have every twat trying to fill it-
(continues)

MICHAEL

Yeah.

RONNIE

Mancs, Geordies - backed by every fucking flavour of mafia. Our markets stay our markets - no bastard outsiders!

MICHAEL

(quietly agrees)

It's Liverpool and it's ours.

RONNIE

(pause)

So that's where you start looking maybe: you find one wrap and find out where it came from, you find out who's the first to supply our lines?... Can you do that?

MICHAEL

(beat; a matter of fact)

You want me to wade through all the shit on the street?

RONNIE

...Who else can I ask?

Hold. There's nothing more to be said.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(long pause; quietly)

Find him for me Michael - I won't forget it... Find them.

MICHAEL isn't too enamoured with the task ahead. RONNIE moves away to his car. MICHAEL watches him go... on MICHAEL.

29 **OMITTED > CONTENTS MOVED TO 1.25A.1**

29

30 **EXT. LIVERPOOL SUBURBIA - NIGHT 2**

30

A CYCLIST, with no lights, no helmet, dressed in black, cycles along the road. A SMALL BAG is worn across his body. He treats himself to a wheelie and continues.

Further down the road, we find BANKSEY, waiting. He sees the CYCLIST approaching in the distance. He pops the boot of a car and casually take a pick-axe handle from a tool bag. He closes the boot and walks out to meet the CYCLIST - he readies himself for a spot of violence.

The CYCLIST nears, BANKSEY steps calmly to the edge of the road as though he is about to cross, steps out, sees the cyclist, steps back (*for safety*); the CYCLIST passes and BANKSEY whacks him across the chest with the HANDLE.

The cyclist flies backwards and off his bike.

BANKSEY drags him between two cars and is on him and into his bag. He finds a bag of small wraps of cocaine, a PHONE and a KNIFE. Continues...

INTERCUT WITH:

31 **INT. CAR - NIGHT 2**

31

Same time. MICHAEL watches BANKSEY at play.

BANKSEY drags the CYCLIST to his feet and drags him to MICHAEL's car. He piles him into the back seat. To his credit, the CYCLIST is pissed off!

CYCLIST

You fuckin' muppets, you don't know
who you're messin' with! Clowns on
a fuckin' stick.

MICHAEL

(*overlaps; calm*)

So tell us then soft lad, who are
we messin' with? Whose lemo are you
selling?

CYCLIST

Fuck off. I'm not a grass!

BANKSEY hammers him in the face.

CYCLIST (CONT'D)

Ow!

BANKSEY

I'm happy to punch you all night.

(hits him again)

You've got one of those faces.

MICHAEL

Listen to me - you can keep your wraps; you can keep your phone and you can pretend this never happened; no one knows... but you will tell me who you're selling for.

(beat; calm)

Do you know who you're messin' with?

The CYCLIST knows a proper threat when he hears it. Out on the now frightened kid.

32 **OMITTED > CONTENTS MOVED TO 1.34A**

32

33 **EXT. CUCKOO HOUSE - NIGHT 2**

33

A car is parked up outside (but a distance away from) an ordinary, slightly unloved, small semi-detached house. Inside the car are MICHAEL and BANKSEY.

INTERCUT WITH:

34 **INT. BANKSEY'S CAR/EXT. CUCKOO HOUSE - NIGHT 2**

34

MICHAEL and BANKSEY are inside the car and are watching the house from a good distance. An upstairs light is on - blinds/curtains drawn.

(MICHAEL is wearing clothes that we will later see blood-splattered).

BANKSEY

(matter of fact; quietly)

...Can't get my head 'round it...

He's one of us.

MICHAEL

Greed... It's always greed.

Hold. MICHAEL is quite relaxed. He looks across to the house. The upstairs light in the house goes off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(beat; a matter of fact)

Ronnie's saying he wants him whacked.

BANKSEY

(looks)
...For real?
(MICHAEL's look says yes)
.....When?

MICHAEL

As soon as... Tomorrow morning.
When he goes for his daily jog.

BANKSEY

Jesus... A bit premature.

MICHAEL

(beat; calm)
I told him the same. We need to
rack him first... Find out how much
he's got and where he got it from?
(pause)
He's not thinking straight.

BANKSEY

Ronnie?

MICHAEL

Ronnie.
(beat)
His head's not right... Cos there's
a big fuck-off hole in his pension
pot.

BANKSEY

(beat; easy)
Here we go.

The door opens, see a light inside, it closes. They watch as
CRAWFORD emerges from the house and moves to his car.

BANKSEY (CONT'D)

(about CRAWFORD)
...Don't get it.

MICHAEL

(deadpan)
You never know - we might discover
it's just a book club.

CRAWFORD drives away.

34A

INT. RONNIE AND ELAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

34A

Dining table. ELAINE serves RONNIE, JAMIE and MELISSA. She
places down a pan of chilli. Rice and sauces are already on
the table - as is RONNIE's WORK PHONE. RONNIE isn't focused -
his mind is elsewhere.

ELAINE

Here we are. Help yourselves. It's veggie chilli Melissa.

MELISSA

Ah thank you.

ELAINE

And there's guac and yoghurt.

JAMIE

(teases)

No tortilla chips?

MELISSA

I make a nice chilli myself, don't I Jay.

JAMIE

She does yeah.

RONNIE'S PHONE VIBRATES - a message - "CONFIRMED". RONNIE knows CRAWFORD is the rat.

ELAINE

No phones on the dinner table
Ronnie, we're not Americans.

RONNIE

(beat; easy)

We are not.

He pockets his phone.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(at JAMIE; easy)

How come you've asked Davy Crawford to be a godparent?

JAMIE

...I like him.

RONNIE

You like him?

JAMIE

...Shouldn't I?

RONNIE

Yeah.... He's a good man...

JAMIE looks to RONNIE, a touch unsettled.

34B

EXT. CUCKOO HOUSE - NIGHT 2

34B

MICHAEL and BANKSEY get out of their car and move towards the CUCKOO HOUSE. MICHAEL leads.

They knock. Wait. A YOUNG GIRL (MOLLY), opens the door, expecting it to be CRAWFORD. She sees strangers and realises her mistake, she immediately tries to shut the door but it's too late - MICHAEL bursts inside.

MOLLY

BILLY!

BANKSEY shoves her forcefully to one side as he and MICHAEL enter. The door is slammed shut.

35

EXT. LIVERPOOL WATERFRONT - DAWN 3

35

The sun rises over the iconic waterfront.

36

INT. LUXURY FLAT - LIVERPOOL - DAWN 3

36

A phone-tone rings out as MICHAEL makes a call; he is barefooted, he wears jeans, a t-shirt and EAR BUDS, to enable conversation. This while he makes breakfast of yoghurt, fresh fruits and coffee.

He is inside a handsome, modern, but small riverside apartment with a view of the river (Mann Island). He has some wealth we feel, but opulent it isn't.

His call is answered by DIANA, who is still in bed. Their talk is intimate but NEVER coochi-coo! MICHAEL still has the hint of a shadow over him.

DIANA

(via phone; sleepy)

Hello there.

MICHAEL

(evenly; maybe subdued)

Hello babe. Did I wake you up?

DIANA

No, no, just dozing; I never sleep properly without you here. Where are you?

MICHAEL

At the flat; late night.

INTERCUT WITH:

37

INT. MICHAEL AND DIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN 3

DIANA is alone in a king-size bed; king-size bedroom.

DIANA

...You ok?

MICHAEL

I will be. Missing you loads
though.

DIANA

Same.

INTERCOM SOUNDS. MICHAEL will check the video screen and
facilitate entry for a YOUNG MAN.

MICHAEL

What time's the christening again?

DIANA

12; I'm sure it's 12, let me check.

She's out of bed and looking for a card, an INVITE.

DIANA (CONT'D)

...Don't know what to wear. Can't
wear black and all my nice clothes
are black - or grey. It's 12. Noon.
(she has found the INVITE)
Are you coming home to change?

MICHAEL

No, I've got a suit here I can
wear... I'm making myself a very
healthy brekkie by the way.

DIANA

Consisting of what?

MICHAEL

(casual)
All things nutritious; you'd be
proud of me.

Buzzer / knock. DIANA laughs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

One second babe; door.

MICHAEL picks up a tied black BIN BAG and goes to the door;
he opens the door - it's the YOUNG MAN from the intercom
screen.

MICHAEL is given a package; in return, he hands over the bin
bag.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to the YOUNG MAN, about
the package)
Is it wrapped?

MESSENGER
Yeah. Car's on its way.

MICHAEL
Nice one.
He closes the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...I'm back.

DIANA
Who was it?

MICHAEL
Post.

DIANA hears the brush off. MICHAEL begins to open the package. Inside is a HANDGUN - it is covered with a single film of CLING FILM. DIANA allows a silence, but doesn't like it.

DIANA
(when ready; calm)
Is what wrapped?

MICHAEL
(easy)
A nice piece of fish.

MICHAEL picks up the gun - he does not like the feel of it in his hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Have you got time to meet me - for
a coffee?

DIANA
(pause)
Text me where and I'll be there...
Wanker.

He smiles a touch (an in-joke). She ends the call.

On MICHAEL. Hold a moment; the GUN does not feel comfortable. He'd rather not be doing this. WHY IS HE DOING THIS?

The positivity of speaking to DIANA dissipates and he is enveloped within something darker... He is afraid - of something.

He squeezes the gun. He really doesn't want to be doing this!
He becomes a touch upset. He closes his eyes. He remembers
the previous night.

38 **FLASHBACK - INT. CUCKOO HOUSE - NIGHT 2**

38

MICHAEL stands, breathing, splattered with droplets of blood, knife in hand. He stares out of the screen. Hold. The house is run of the mill.

Sounds fade in... The young girl, MOLLY, distressed; sobbing; terrified. MICHAEL looks to her. He doesn't move.

MICHAEL

SHUT, THE FUCK, UP!

The poor girl does her very best to shut the fuck up. We see the house is a SMALL CHOP HOUSE. 2 or 3 KILOS maybe being cut and then made into wraps.

BACK TO:

39 **INT. LUXURY FLAT - LIVERPOOL - DAY 3**

39

MICHAEL has the name RONNIE on his phone - he calls... His call is answered - eventually.

RONNIE

(via phone)

Mornin'. All set?

MICHAEL

I am, but I'm not feeling it. I don't actually get any of it. I mean, who put him up to it? It's Davy... He's a follower not a leader.

INTERCUT WITH:

40 **INT. RONNIE AND ELAINE'S HOUSE - DAY 3**

40

A silence. On RONNIE... thinking. ELAINE is there - breakfast. RONNIE decides to move.

RONNIE

(quietly)

I'm feeling I need to make a point.

MICHAEL

Too soon.

(beat)

He was cutting three kilos; a good amount, but where did it come from?

A silence. See RONNIE - he knows MICHAEL has a point; nevertheless:

RONNIE

(when ready)

Keep going as planned; let me think on it.

The call is ended. On MICHAEL. WTF.

41 **INT. LUXURY FLAT BUILDING - LIVERPOOL - DAY 3**

41

MICHAEL exits the flat dressed in casual, smart clothes. He walks along the internal walkway. He calls for the lift.

42 **INT. TOP CITY VENUE - DAY 3**

42

A CROONER is sound-checking his equipment.

CROONER

Two. Two. One, two. Two, one, two.

43 **EXT. OUTDOOR CAR PARK - DAY 3**

43

MICHAEL moves across the car park to a new-ish but non-flash, robust car. He gets in and drives away.

As he does this, we hear the intro music to "MAC THE KNIFE" sung by our crooner.

CROONER (O.S.)

(sings)

Oh the shark babe, has such teeth,
dear - And it shows them, pearly
white.
Just a jack-knife has old MacHeath,
dear - and he keeps it, out of
sight.

(continues)

44 **INT. TOP CITY VENUE - DAY 3**

44

The CROONER sound-checks and sings. The room is being prepared for a celebration - the christening. Tables are being decorated. BALLOON arches are arriving etc.

CROONER

You know when that shark bites with
his teeth, babe.
Scarlet billows start to spread.
Fancy gloves oh, wears old
MacHeath, babe - So there's never,
never, a trace of red.

(MORE)

CROONER (CONT'D)

*(stops; calls to his SOUND
MAN)*

How's that sound?

SOUND-MAN

(throwaway)

I wasn't listening George.

45

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY 3

45

He drives. The phone rings. The car screen says "Spike". He answers, hands free. Their talk is natural but obtuse; coded.

MICHAEL

(evenly)

You're up bright and early. How's our day so far?

BANKSEY

(via phone)

All good mate; no surprises.

(beat)

We are indeed looking at a creature of habit.

GO TO:

46

INT. KITCHEN - DAY 3

46

BANKSEY, phone to his ear, puts food into his cat's bowl.

BANKSEY

Hamster on a fucking wheel.

47

INT. GYM - DAY 3

47

GLIMPSE, FOR SECONDS ONLY: CRAWFORD on a CROSS-TRAINER. He is reasonably fit and does this regularly; routinely!

BACK TO:

48

INT. KITCHEN/INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY 3

48

BANKSEY

Any problems and I'll call you.

MICHAEL

Nice one. You at home?

BANKSEY

Yeah, home alone. Freddie's out and about; gym bunny.

49 **INT. GYM - DAY 3**

49

GLIMPSE: A YOUNG MAN (FREDDIE) wears a hat, lifts weights and watches CRAWFORD's reflection in the mirror, from a distance.

BACK TO:

50 **INT. KITCHEN/INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY 3**

50

BANKSEY

*(then evenly; approaching
serious)*

Mate - that was some party last night. Just like the bad old days.

MICHAEL

(without enthusiasm)

Wasn't it just... I thought I'd left all that behind me.

BANKSEY

Needs must.

MICHAEL

Suppose.

BANKSEY

You got all cleaned up?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

BANKSEY

(beat)

We got the kid cleaned up on the private, he'll live.

Hold a silence.

BANKSEY (CONT'D)

(eventually)

I'll catch you later Michael. Deep breath. Take it easy.

The call is ended. MICHAEL drives on... Hold... He thinks of last night and the events invade his thoughts.

51 **FLASHBACK - INT. CUCKOO HOUSE - NIGHT 2**

51

MICHAEL and BANKSEY have just come in through the door. MICHAEL moves through the house. We follow him into the kitchen. And he is attacked!

Background - we see the kitchen is a chop house - low key. Several kilos of cocaine are being weighed and broken down into smaller bags and wraps.

A KID (BILLY) is shit scared and reaches for a kitchen knife. MICHAEL reacts quickly. He grabs a PAN and whacks the kid - and then beats him some more! The KID screams; MICHAEL muffles the scream. It takes seconds only.

MICHAEL

(screams)

DON'T YOU FUCKIN' DARE PULL A KNIFE
ON ME! WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE!

MICHAEL grabs the kitchen knife. He is pacing, fuming. BANKSEY is there. He tosses the knife - he hates this.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(disbelief; surprise)

He pulled a knife! He pulled a
fucking knife! The size of him?

MICHAEL kicks the kid again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Twat!... Fucking Billy Big Balls.

In the background is MOLLY; she sobs; terrified. MICHAEL paces.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

...What's he got going on in here a
fuckin' nursery?

BANKSEY

It's the new world mate; mad
fuckin' babies.

(then at the kid)

You gonna behave yourself?

BACK TO:

52

EXT. SMALL TOWN CAR PARK/STREET - DAY 3

52

MICHAEL locks his car and moves off towards a row of shops. He carries a small LAPTOP bag. He casually checks his watch as he enters a coffee shop.

53

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 3

53

MICHAEL sits. LAPTOP bag on table. He has TWO short coffees. He puts the coffees and his WORK PHONE on the table. He pours brown sugar into a short coffee.

MICHAEL watches the people around him; he likes to be amongst normality.

DIANA enters. She sees him straight away and moves across. He smiles; he's really glad to see her. They kiss briefly. Their mood a little subdued.

MICHAEL

You smell nice.

DIANA

I decided you were worth it.

MICHAEL

Been thinking about you.

DIANA

Have you now?

MICHAEL

All the time.

DIANA

But you'd still rather sleep at the flat?What's going on? ...Am I allowed to know?

MICHAEL decides to go with a version of the truth.

MICHAEL

(when ready; quietly)

We've got a rat in the house and it's gotten heavy. I'm sorting it.

DIANA

...On your laptop?

MICHAEL

It needs to be done right... And it needs to be done right because the rat is a mate. After this I'm owed.

DIANA

After what?

MICHAEL

(ignoring the question)

But I'll tell you what, in no more than three years' time I've decided - we can do whatever we want.

DIANA

Three years.

MICHAEL

Count them.

She smiles a touch - she does love him. Hold.

DIANA

(pause; shifts subject)

I'm booked in to see my mum today.

MICHAEL

How is she?

DIANA

The same, I expect.

MICHAEL

(pause)

Is she still seeing someone;
talking to someone?

DIANA

Yeah... Can't help but wish she'd
talk to me... I was there.

Hold a moment, they are talking about something very dark.
MICHAEL reaches across the table and takes her hand. The
history DIANA carries is huge. Hold.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(quietly; evenly; direct)

Have you ever killed anyone?

MICHAEL

(evenly; non-glib)

...What kinda question's that?

DIANA

Have you?

MICHAEL

(pause; still quietly)

For the record, no - I haven't... I
could; I would;... if I had to, if
they deserved it.

Hold. She's not stupid, she knows what MICHAEL is and what he
does - and she likes the associated power; protection.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Is that a deal-breaker?

DIANA

How many other couples have a
conversation like this do you
think?

MICHAEL

If it's on your mind babe you've
got to say it.

His work phone beeps: a text. They both look at the phone.

TEXT MESSAGE: "Workout over. On time. Creature of habit."

Hold. It's time. Neither want to leave.

DIANA

(softly; when ready)

Don't forget what's important... I
don't mean the christening.

MICHAEL

I won't.

Hold a few moments, then MICHAEL stands, kisses her, and
leaves. Out on DIANA.

54 **INT. GYM - CHANGING ROOMS - DAY 3**

54

CRAWFORD ties the laces on a pair of running shoes and pulls
on a sports fleece. He checks his FIT-BIT style watch and
exits the changing room. Hear "GYM MUSIC" which can merge
into the score...

55 **INT. GYM - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 3**

55

CRAWFORD exits the gym - he's going for a run - and he's
watched by FREDDIE - who sends a text: "RUNNING MAN".

56 **EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 3**

56

MICHAEL has exited the coffee shop and moves back towards his
car. LAPTOP bag in hand.

But instead of going to his own car, he goes to another. He
locates the key from on top of the front tyre, unlocks the
car and gets in. Away he drives.

57 **OMITTED**

57

58 **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 3**

58

DIANA sits alone... And then exits. We watch her go.

59 **EXT. QUIET ROADS - DAY 3**

59

CRAWFORD is running along a quiet road. It is a road that
does not welcome pedestrians, with little or no pavement and
lined with hedgerows, bushes and trees. CRAWFORD runs in the
road, he is getting a good sweat on. Traffic is sparse.

60 INT. MICHAEL'S SECOND CAR - DAY 3 60

MICHAEL drives. He begins to leave the built-up area behind and moves on to quieter roads.

61 EXT. QUIET ROADS - DAY 3 61

CRAWFORD runs. The city and the river in the far distance.

61A INT. MICHAEL'S SECOND CAR - DAY 3 61A

MICHAEL stops. He pulls on gloves. He takes the cling-film-wrapped gun from the laptop bag.

MICHAEL removes the film. He's ready to kill.

He turns. Out of the back window he sees a lone runner approaching - CRAWFORD. MICHAEL waits... and waits...

He checks the mirror - CRAWFORD is getting closer.

Gun in hand, he lowers both passenger and driver side windows. He checks again the distance between him and CRAWFORD. Soon,

His work phone rings!

MICHAEL.

Yeah?

RONNIE (V.O.)

Is it done?

MICHAEL

Ten seconds from now. Are you gonna have a listen?

(no response)

.....Ronnie?

RONNIE (V.O.)

Abort... Stand down. Got that?

MICHAEL

(evenly)

Got it...

MICHAEL reacts silently - WTF. The call ends.

CRAWFORD jogs past - oblivious!

MICHAEL watches CRAWFORD get smaller. MICHAEL is not happy. It is taking its toll on him. He breathes... He struggles with the unspent adrenaline.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(when ready)
Abort?... Who are yer - Mission
Control?

61B **EXT. RONNIE AND ELAINE'S HOUSE - DAY 3**

61B

JAMIE and MELISSA arrive with their child.

62 **INT. RONNIE AND ELAINE'S HOUSE - DAY 3**

62

RONNIE wears suit trousers and a dress shirt. A formal occasion beckons.

He stands at the window looking out - as JAMIE, MELISSA, and the BABY are getting out of a taxi. ELAINE pops her head in.

ELAINE
They're here.

RONNIE
Give me ten minutes.

ELAINE
(beat)
Jamie was asking for the same - ten
minutes of your time.

RONNIE
(overlaps)
Elaine I've got stuff going on.

ELAINE
Ten minutes isn't going to hurt.

RONNIE
Yes it is, I've got stuff going on!

A knock on the front door. Hold a moment and ELAINE goes. Out on RONNIE - who does indeed have stuff going on in his head.

63 **EXT. DIANA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE/INT. DIANA'S CAR - DAY 3**

DIANA is parked up outside the house she grew up in as a child - and it's fine; normal. She sits still for a moment. She looks at the house - it is a little frayed and needing attention, but it's a fine enough semi-detached.

DIANA is about to do her duty and visit her mother - but there is a reluctance... Tears come. Then she recovers. She moves. She exits the car.

64 **EXT. DIANA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY 3**

64

DIANA has a key; she opens the door and enters without a word.

65 **INT. DIANA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY 3**

65

DIANA closes the front door. She turns and glances about the house. The house feels immediately empty, though it is furnished - with dated furniture.

She slips off her jacket/coat and hangs it on the end of the bannister - we also see this ritual from a time past.

66 **INT. DIANA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - THE PAST - FB DAY A**

12 years ago. A TEENAGE DIANA slips off her school blazer and hangs it on the bannister.

67 **INT. DIANA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE / INT. PRISON ZOOM ROOM - DAY 3**

DIANA fills the kettle, switches it on, then sets about opening a few windows; watering a few plants. She confirms to us that the house is empty - not quite abandoned, but un-lived in.

DIANA makes her cup of tea. She takes a packet of TWO BISCUITS out from her bag. A small milk carton is the only thing in the fridge.

She is at a table where she props up her phone. She waits...

And then she logs on to a PRISON SERVICE VIDEO LINK - HMP BOLLIN. A handsome, personable woman appears on screen; a little frayed by events and prison. This is DIANA'S MOTHER, LESLEY.

LESLEY

(pleased)

Hello love.

DIANA

Hi yer Mum.

LESLEY

Have you got your cup of tea?

DIANA

I have. Have you got yours?

LESLEY

(easy)

I have - and a biscuit. Two biscuits.

DIANA

Rich tea or digestive?

LESLEY

Digestive; I like digestive.

DIANA

I know you do.

LESLEY

You can dunk a digestive. Cheers.

DIANA

Cheers.

And LESLEY ON THE SCREEN dunks her biscuit. DIANA smiles.

LESLEY (ADR)

So when do I get to meet this Michael - or is he afraid of me?

DIANA (ADR)

You said you'd wait until you were out.

(continues)

GO TO - PRISON ZOOM ROOM.

DIANA (V.O.)

(playfully scolds)

"If it lasts that long" is what you said.

Find LESLEY sitting alone and feeling alone - opposite the now blank screen. Hold.

Then the door opens and we see a PRISON OFFICER. LESLEY doesn't move.

PRISON OFFICER

Lets get you back to your cell Lesley.

A moment. Then LESLEY stands and exits.

70 OMITTED 70

71 OMITTED 71

72 OMITTED 72

73 OMITTED 73

74 EXT. CHURCH - DAY 3 74

Several people are gathered outside, smoking. Amongst them two queen-bees: ELAINE and RACHEL DUFFY.

JAMIE (father of the baby); emerges from the church and moves towards CRAWFORD - who by rights should be dead!

JAMIE

(quietly)

Got a smoke?

ELAINE

You're supposed to have given up.

JAMIE

(easy)

I have given up - Jesus on the cross makes me nervous.

CRAWFORD has given him a cigarette; he lights it.

CRAWFORD

(quietly; evenly)

We're definitely good? You spoke to Ronnie?

JAMIE

(easy)

Yeah we're sound. It's all good - but he wants nothing said, not a word.

CRAWFORD

Understood.

JAMIE

Some people still aren't in the know.

CRAWFORD

Cool. Got it.
(*a touch of relief*)
Happy days.

JAMIE smiles - we sense he's lying.

A TAXI pulls up and DIANA steps out. She is elegant in a dark trouser-suit with a brilliant white blouse; no frills.

She moves towards the church.

DIANA

(*smiles; calls*)
Hi yer.

ALL

Hi.

DIANA

(*closer*)
Jamie, congratulations; again,
can't wait to see him.

Brief embrace.

JAMIE

(*relaxed*)
No Michael?

DIANA

On his way.
(*another embrace air kiss*)
Elaine; Rachel; you both look
lovely.

ELAINE

Aww thank you.

RACHEL

(*easy*)
And look at you, skinny bitch.

DIANA

Half right. Are there many babies
getting done?

ELAINE

No it's just us; special favour.

JAMIE

From God.
(*offers a cigarette*)
Diana?

DIANA

I don't thank you.

ELAINE

And neither should you.

JAMIE

(smiles)

Mam, we import cocaine and you're on my case for smoking biff?

ELAINE

(quietly stern)

Cut out the idle talk.

DIANA reacts a touch.

DIANA

...I'll see all of you inside.

RACHEL

First two rows are family hun.

DIANA

Got it.

DIANA moves to enter the church. CRAWFORD opens the door for her. She goes inside.

CRAWFORD

I'll see you in there Jay - thanks for this.

CRAWFORD goes inside.

ELAINE

(about CRAWFORD)

What was that about?

JAMIE

He's honoured isn't he; feels like he's family.

RACHEL

...What are your thoughts on Diana?

JAMIE

Nice arse.

ELAINE faux hits JAMIE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I'm saying what I see.

RACHEL

I bet you Michael Kavanagh cannot believe his luck.

ELAINE

I do like the way they hold hands -
have you noticed?

RACHEL

Not really.

BOBBY DUFFY emerges from the church.

DUFFY

The priest's asking are we gonna do
this or not?

JAMIE

Bobby's right: showtime. Let's wet
the baby's head so we can wet the
baby's head.

They begin to re-enter.

ELAINE

What's the priest's name again,
I've forgotten.

RACHEL

Just call him Father; they like
that.

They are filing inside and they're gone.

PRIEST (V.O.)

You have asked for your child to be
baptised.
(continues)

75

INT. CHURCH - DAY 3

75

The CLAN have gathered. The church is quite full with
families. RONNIE, ELAINE, JAMIE, BABY and MELISSA.

The PRIEST knows exactly the type of people he is talking to -
bastards.

PRIEST

In doing so, you are accepting the
responsibility of training him in
the practice of faith.

(beat)

Do you - the parents - clearly
understand what you are
undertaking?

MELISSA

We do.

JAMIE

We do.

ELAINE smiles. Proud grandmother. The GODPARENTS are four couples; including CRAWFORD and his WIFE, CHERYL.

PRIEST

(beat; not convinced)

Godparents.

(beat)

Are you ready to help the parents
of this child in their Christian
duty?

EIGHT PEOPLE

We are / we are / we are.

CHERYL

(aside)

We are indeed.

Sense she's not completely comfortable with the "honour".

PRIEST

(hint of sarcasm)

So many godparents. Lucky little
boy.

(continues)

76

EXT. CHURCH - DAY 3

76

PRIEST (V.O.)

Almighty and ever-living God, you
sent your only Son to our world to
cast out the power of Satan, spirit
of evil, to rescue man from the
Kingdom of darkness.

Over which - a TAXI pulls up. MICHAEL gets out.

The taxi drives away. MICHAEL moves to the church... then
decides he needs to stop a moment; gather his thoughts...
What the hell is going on?

77

INT. CHURCH - DAY 3

77

We are further into the baptismal service. Not many are
paying too much attention to the priest. We are with DIANA,
she is watching the people on the front two rows: RONNIE,
ELAINE, RACHEL, DUFFY, CRAWFORD and CHERYL. JAMIE, BABY and
MELISSA.

The row of godparents have the necessary candles. We focus
mainly on CRAWFORD and CHERYL.

PRIEST

(fairly briskly)

If your faith makes you ready to
accept this responsibility, renew
now, the vow of your baptism.

*(pause; looks at PARENTS
and GODPARENTS)*

Do you reject Satan?

PARENTS / GODPARENTS

I do.

PRIEST

And all his works?

PARENTS / GODPARENTS

I do.

(the odd smirk)

PRIEST

And all his empty promises?

PARENTS / GODPARENTS

I do.

MICHAEL enters at the back. He sees DIANA at the back of the congregation and makes his way quietly to her - this as the PRIEST continues.

The PRIEST becomes background. Stay with MICHAEL and DIANA.

PRIEST

(becoming background)

Do you believe in Jesus Christ, His
only son, our Lord who was born of
the Virgin Mary, was crucified,
died, and was buried, rose from the
dead, and is now seated at the
right hand of the Father.

PARENTS / GODPARENTS

(attention drifting!)

I do.

The PRIEST continues - as MICHAEL sits next to DIANA.

DIANA

(softly; warm)

Hey you made it.

MICHAEL

I did.

(beat)

What are you doing right at the
back?

DIANA

(easy)

So you could see me.

She takes his hand and he likes it.

MICHAEL

(easy)

...You look perfect.

DIANA

I thought so.

MICHAEL looks ahead and sees CRAWFORD. The man who should be dead. Then he looks to RONNIE - who is looking at him. RONNIE nods ever so slightly - a thank you; a well done; a talk later; a glad you're here... It could mean any of these or all of these. RONNIE looks away - and looks troubled.

The PRIEST is continuing with the service.

MICHAEL looks again to CRAWFORD - CRAWFORD is looking at him - CRAWFORD winks and looks away - mates!

DIANA (CONT'D)

Aww God, look at the baby's little face...

DIANA watches the baby. MICHAEL watches her; smitten, but also concerned - things around him are unsettled at best, unknowable and out of control at worst. What he has, he fears he might lose.

MICHAEL

(in DIANA'S ear; quietly)

Are you sure?

(she looks)

...About me... a family; with me?

She looks at him and sees that he needs her.

DIANA

.....Yes.

Water is poured onto the BABY's head - as we fade in a crooner's song: "YOU'RE JUST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE".

CROONER (V.O.)

You're just too good to be true.

Can't take my eyes off you.

You'd be heaven to touch.

I want to hold you so much.

78

INT. TOP CITY VENUE - DUSK 3

78

The CROONER sings as the clan celebrates. The room is beautifully and tastefully decorated; it is one of the best "venue for hires" in the city.

Adults and children are well looked after. Kids are being face-painted; there's a photo-booth; the CROONER sings as JAMIE - holding his baby - sways with him in the middle of the dance floor.

CROONER

(sings)

Pardon the way that I stare
There's nothing else to compare
The sight of you makes me weak
There are no words left to speak
(etc; continues)

We find MICHAEL and DIANA standing between bar and dance floor. MICHAEL has just handed DIANA a glass of white wine. He has a bottle of lager. They touch hands.

DIANA

Thank you.
(about JAMIE and child)
That's cute.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

DIANA

(pause)
So is he here? ...The rat?

MICHAEL

(quietly; evenly)
He's the one with the whiskers.
(moves things on)
How's your mum?

DIANA

...Can you believe she's missing my dad? What's that all about?

MICHAEL

Christ knows.

He looks across the room and sees CRAWFORD and RONNIE, talking, laughing. DIANA watches MICHAEL - she knows she is being "shut out" to a degree. He looks back to her.

DIANA

(beat)
Three years..... Is that a promise?

She holds his gaze. She holds his heart.

MICHAEL

(evenly)
...Cross my heart.

CROONER

(sings; background)
I love you, baby
And if it's quite alright
I need you baby
To warm the lonely night
I love you baby, trust in me when I
say.
Oh pretty baby, don't bring it down
I say-
(etc)

DIANA speaks into MICHAEL's ear softly.

DIANA

(then almost a warning)
But don't ever cut me out, don't
ever not tell me.
(beat)
What we have materially is very
nice and I love it. What we have as
you and me, is more...

They look at each other. We see the bond. He loves her.
Everything else is background and muffled noise/silence.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I'm not like these other women; I'm
not your bird, or your Miss World.
I'm yours...

MICHAEL

...Understood.
*(he means it; pause; he
hands her his bottle)*
Now hold that for a minute... I
need to piss.

DIANA

(deadpan)
You're funny.

Back to reality. He smiles and walks off. She watches him go -
a popular man amongst men.

A woman in an ivory dress approaches DIANA, unseen. She is
smiling, friendly and a little frayed; there is both an edge
and a vulnerability to her.

CHERYL

Knock, knock.

DIANA turns - she's someone she's never spoken to but seen.

DIANA

Erm. Who's there?

CHERYL

I'm Cheryl, Davy Crawford's wife.

DIANA

And Godmother.

CHERYL

(ignores DIANA's comment)

I've been meaning to say hello a few times; but can I just say - I don't think I've ever seen Michael looking so happy.

DIANA

Oh; thank you... I think.

CHERYL

You must be doing something right.

DIANA

(beat)

I just demand his undivided attention and he complies; your dress is lovely by the way.

CHERYL

Thank you... Give it an hour and it'll be covered in red wine.

(beat)

I drink too much.

Her forthrightness causes DIANA to quickly reassess.

DIANA

...Is that your opinion or someone else's?

CHERYL

(no self pity)

I know what I am Diana.

(pause)

How long have you been together?
You and Michael?

DIANA

18 months almost.

CHERYL

Do you still believe him?

DIANA

...About what?

CHERYL

There's nothing good about our men.

See her brittleness.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

...Get out while you can hun; he'll survive.

DIANA

Thank you.

CHERYL

You don't mean that.

DIANA

...You're right. That's not to say I don't appreciate the honesty.

CHERYL

I'm not flaky... I'm tired... and I'm you; sooner than you think.

Hold... DIANA waits for more.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

(when ready)

My advice to you is-

DIANA

(interrupts)

My advice to you Cheryl, is to be careful with that wine - your dress really is beautiful.

A moment, then a deliberate fake smile from Cheryl.

CHERYL

...Call me.

Then CHERYL goes (perhaps immediately joining an impromptu sing-a-long).

On DIANA as she looks at the WOMEN in the room, judging them - and the background noise fades to almost nothing.

Her lips barely move as she appraises her "peers".

DIANA

(softly to herself, about various women)

Lips too red; too pumped... Lashes too long, too fake; boobs - too much.... Skirt too short, it's a christening. Hair too lacquered.

(seeing RACHEL)

Tongue, too sharp... but with a mind to match.

(then upon seeing her reflection)

.....Two faced.

79

INT. TOP CITY VENUE - DUSK 3

79

RONNIE exits the venue - passing JAMIE (sitting on the fake throne; there for photographs). JAMIE watches RONNIE go.

80

EXT. TOP CITY VENUE - NIGHT 3

80

RONNIE emerges from the venue and moves to MICHAEL and BANKSEY who are at a distance.

He passes a tired-looking CHILDREN'S CLOWN grabbing some fresh air and a cigarette.

RONNIE

Sorry about the late call Michael;
I decided you were right: we need
to know what the fuck is going on.

(beat)

What are you thinking?

MICHAEL glances at BANKSEY and continues.

MICHAEL

(evenly)

...First off we're thinking there's
no way Davy Crawford is brave
enough to turn rat all on his own.

(beat)

Second - we lose a truckload of
gear, but as yet there's no truck-
sized hole in the supply lines.

BANKSEY

Early days.

MICHAEL

Yeah but there is stuff out there;
even if it's just a trickle.

RONNIE

Coming from where?

MICHAEL

(beat; shrug; quietly)

Other families; outsiders - and I'm
thinking out loud here, but it
could even be the gear we thought
we'd lost. Who spoke to the contact
at the port? Who gave us no option
but to let it go? Davy Crawford...

RONNIE

(beat)

Nah, he hasn't got the balls.

BANKSEY

He got himself a chop-house Ronnie -
and a good weight of lemo?

MICHAEL

That trickle... It came from
somewhere?

(pause; calm)

I'm even thinking this could be the
beginning of a war.

RONNIE

With Davy!?

(no chance)

MICHAEL

With whoever gifted him a new pair
of titanium bollocks.

Hold. RONNIE thinks.

RONNIE

(when ready)

.....Okay, so we rack him.

BANKSEY

(casual)

One hundred percent.

RONNIE

But not here. Not in the UK; I
don't want the noise. I don't want
us looking troubled.

MICHAEL

Then where? It's got to be soon.

RONNIE

Spain... We go tomorrow. I'll
announce it: mine and Elaine's
anniversary; he's invited; you all
are... We rack him and this time we
pull the trigger.

BANKSEY

But no Cheryl.

RONNIE

Davy won't mind that.

MICHAEL

And do we meet with the amigos? We
can't avoid them.

RONNIE

.....Okay... Set it up.

MICHAEL nods a touch; business over.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

..... So I'll see you fellas on
the dance-floor.

He walks away. Hear the BONGOS from the intro to HOUSE OF BAMBOO (sung by Andy Williams).

81 **INT. TOP CITY VENUE - NIGHT 3**

81

Cue - HOUSE OF BAMBOO - The CROONER is smiling, ready. The MEN, the men of drugs and violence, and their WOMEN, take their positions for a LINE DANCE.

RONNIE, MICHAEL, BANKSEY, DUFFY, CRAWFORD, ELAINE, RACHEL, CHERYL and plenty of others are there... And they dance really well - and they love it! Smiling at one another. They are best friends with a shared history, a family - in the House of Bamboo!

**See YOUTUBE - "House of Bamboo - Line Dance" sung by Andy Williams.*

FADE TO:

82 **IMAGES. AIRPORTS AND SPAIN - DAY 4**

82

The HOUSE OF BAMBOO continues to play as we see images of Spain - MARBELLA.

**FADE TO WHITE
HEAT:**

83 **EXT. RONNIE'S VILLA - SPAIN - DAY 4**

83

Wow. Large villa, pool, loungers, marble, greenery. Nice.

Find MICHAEL and DIANA in the pool (maybe), but resting their arms poolside, the remains of long iced drinks in front of them. They are close, in their own love bubble.

DIANA

This is nice... I could get used to this.

MICHAEL

Could you now?

DIANA

I could; quite easily. Cocktails by the pool.

(pause; easy; close)

So how come Ronnie has this huge villa, with five bathrooms and marble steps-

MICHAEL

Yeah.

DIANA

-and all you've got is a caravan in Talacre?

MICHAEL

En-suite caravan, all mod-cons! And don't dis Talacre; you're talking about my childhood.

Smiles as she drains her cocktail drink - deliberately allowing the straw to make a slurping sound in the bottom of the glass.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

...Enjoy that?

DIANA

Gorgeous... My last day drinking; hopefully.

MICHAEL

(beat)

Another?

DIANA

In a minute. Don't leave me just yet.

(long pause)

Ronnie's clearly pulling in the dough.

MICHAEL

The dough?

DIANA

The bread. The Wonga. I know all the words.

MICHAEL teases her by taking a sip of his own drink - and making the same slurping noise. She laughs. She makes him feel like a kid again! He edges closer, if possible.

They look at each other - both knowing their lives could change significantly.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(when ready; easy)

And do you know what else? I'm getting a little bit turned on.

MICHAEL

Just a little bit? ...I seem to have developed a lump in my trunks.

DIANA

Front or back?

They laugh. RACHEL notices them laughing - and their closeness.

GO TO: RACHEL on her lounge; with a book. DUFFY at her side, face down, dozing.

She watches as MICHAEL and DIANA laugh; as MICHAEL gets out of the pool smiling and moves to fix them a drink from the well-stocked, pool-side bar. RACHEL decides that she wants some of what they have.

RACHEL

Bobby.....?

*(no response; she digs
him)*

Robert!

DUFFY

(grunts)

What?

RACHEL

Talk to me... Make me laugh.

DUFFY

In a minute.

Hold several moments, then he farts.

RACHEL

Oh you're hilarious.

DUFFY

(face down still)

You started it.

Silence. RACHEL watches - JAMIE is sitting talking to CRAWFORD.

DIANA is out of the pool and rinsing down in the shower. RACHEL looks to a younger DIANA.

RACHEL

How did I get to being this age?

DUFFY

....It happens to everyone love;
enjoy it. Because in five years'
time you'll be five years older.

He sits up - takes a drink.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Facetime the kids; they'll like
that.

RACHEL

(drifting)

...I'll do it later.

*(then more privately to
her husband)*

Did you speak to Ronnie?

DUFFY

(throwaway)

I speak to Ronnie all the time.

RACHEL

Did you speak to him about me? My ideas?

DUFFY

Not yet.

RACHEL

Why not?

DUFFY

Because we're in the middle of a shit-storm, aren't we.

She is pissed off but has no answer to that.

RACHEL

(pause)

Speak to him - please... Or I will.

(pause)

How many businesses do I run?

DUFFY

Loads.

RACHEL

Shit loads... It's not easy and there are better ways of doing things.....

DUFFY is already laying back down.

RACHEL, a little frustrated, is looking at the people around her... She looks across to ELAINE and RONNIE, MICHAEL and DIANA, BANKSEY, CRAWFORD.... JAMIE, playing with his wife, MELISSA and BABY in the distant shade.

She watches as RONNIE rises, moves to MICHAEL, has a word and then they both disappear towards the villa - RONNIE taps CRAWFORD on the way past - he looks up and will obediently follow - but first he needs to find his sliders.

Hold...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(pause; calls with ease!)

Elaine! Are we eating in or out tonight?

ELAINE

Out. I've booked that nice seafood place at the marina.

RACHEL

Oh lovely... Perfecto.

(pause; still to ELAINE)

You know, I could stay here forever, I really could... Is that the plan?

ELAINE

(non-committal)

One day.

ELAINE gives nothing more. CRAWFORD is now heading towards the villa. JAMIE watches - he senses something is about to happen - there IS concern, but he is prepared to wait.

RACHEL's eyes then move on to DIANA, as she applies lotion to her arms and shoulders.

RACHEL

(quietly to DUFFY)

Bobby: you dare leave me for a girl and I'll have your balls. Hear me?

DUFFY

Love you too.

RACHEL decides to lie back down on her lounge. CRAWFORD follows RONNIE - through to the GARAGE.

84

INT. RONNIE'S VILLA - GARAGE - SPAIN - DAY 4

84

MICHAEL is at the GARAGE FRIDGE getting bottles of beer. CRAWFORD enters - relaxed.

MICHAEL

A cold one Davy?

CRAWFORD

(easy)

You know I'd love a cold one.

CRAWFORD moves towards his friends.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I love the heat don't you?

RONNIE hammers CRAWFORD in the throat. He goes down hard. RONNIE follows him down and hits him hard in the solar-plexus.

RONNIE watches as CRAWFORD struggles for breath, his fear rising...

CRAWFORD looks up at his boss and his friend.

RONNIE calmly applies a RAG over CRAWFORD's face. We assume CHLOROFORM.

MICHAEL closes the garage door.

BLACK.

85

OMITTED

85

END EPISODE 1