

MY WAY

by,

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FIRST DRAFT (2nd Revision)

DECEMBER 2005

FADE IN:

1980

SID VICIOUS' 'MY WAY' FADES IN..

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

A SILVER BENTLEY enters an empty London car park and pulls into a parking bay. The lights on the car go out.

INT. BENTLEY. CAR PARK - NIGHT

A heavy-set driver sits at the wheel, suited and sporting a SCAR across his left cheek. His sole passenger, MR CALLOWAY late forties, sits to his left. Calloway pulls the collar of his black trench coat up high around his neck and adjusts his black Dorfman. He then leans forward retrieving a BERRETTA M92 from the glove compartment. He holds the gun down by his side.

DRIVER

Here they come Mr Calloway.

Calloway looks at his 24 carrot gold watch...

CALLOWAY

(to himself)

Predictable as ever John.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

A GREEN FORD CORTINA enters the car park slowly approaching the stationary Bentley.

INT. CORTINA (MOVING). CAR PARK - NIGHT

Three men occupy the car although only two are visible. The two visible, casually dressed are both up front. The passenger JOHN STOKES, 38-years-old, 5ft-10, stocky build, takes a deep breath. The driver TOM DOWNEY, 45-years-old, slightly overweight, looks on, his composure in place. The THIRD MAN, late twenties, is tucked away in the boot of the car, out of sight and carrying a MAC 11 .380 CALIBRE SUB-MACHINE GUN.

STOKES

Right, no fuckin' hiccups. This prick's show ends t'night.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The Cortina parks up alongside the Bentley. Stokes emerges from the car. Tom remains behind the wheel.

Stokes casually walks over to Calloway's car as the passenger window lowers.

CALLOWAY

Where's my money Stokes?

STOKES

Half of that cash is mine, I thought we'd established that?

Calloway turns to face Stokes...

CALLOWAY

We established nothin'. I think someone's forgetting their fuckin' place in all this. Give me what's mine and I'll be on my way. Don't give me what's mine and we have an issue here.

Calloway places his Beretta on his lap and gently taps it. Stokes pretends to be startled by the weapon.

STOKES

Can't blame a man for trying?

Stokes turns to Tom...

STOKES

Pop the boot Tom.

INT. CORTINA. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Tom leans forward and lifts a latch to release the boot.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The boot pops up as Stokes approaches it. He reaches in and pulls out a black sports bag. Purposefully leaving the boot open he returns to Calloway.

Stokes passes the bag through the window to Calloway. As he does his gunman, sporting a black balaclava emerges from the boot. Crouching down he slowly crawls up behind the Bentley.

An adrenalin rush begins to surge through Stokes' body but he manages to disguise his excitement within his tone.

STOKES

I think you'll find everything I
owe is inside.

Calloway pulls the zip on the bag and opens it. The bag is stuffed with crumpled newspaper and ripped pages from porn magazines. Anger spreads over Calloway's face as he turns back to Stokes.

CALLOWAY

What ya fuckin' playing at John?

Stokes smiles menacingly...

STOKES

Your right Calloway, I do have
an issue. This sideshow of yours
has run it's course.

Stokes' composure is perfectly calm for what is about to happen.

STOKES

(cont'd)

Good fuckin' night.

He then moves aside.

INT. BENTLEY. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The driver notices the gunman appear in his rear view mirror.

DRIVER

Fuck!! Gun!!

Calloway immediately ducks. The driver isn't as quick.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The gunman opens fire. The rear window of the Bentley explodes with the impact of the bullets, glass cascades to the ground. Sound of gunfire and bullet shells hitting the concrete floor echo throughout the car park.

INT. BENTLEY. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Calloway immediately takes a shot in his right shoulder forcing him to drop the Beretta. His driver receives numerous

shots to the back of his head. Blood shoots out from his face splattering the inside of the windscreen. His skull is almost sliced in half by the onslaught of bullets as he falls forward against the steering wheel.

The gunfire stops..

By now, an injured Calloway has opened his door and has crawled out, the pain from the gunshot wound immense. Stokes puts his foot under the fleeing man's chin and flicks his head up. Calloway rolls over and looks up at Stokes, shitting himself as he pleads for his life..

CALLOWAY

Alright Stokes, alright! You've made your point. I have no problems with ya. Take the fuckin' money!

Stokes lifts up his foot then smashes it down on the gangster's nose. Blood floods Calloway's face as his nose is crushed.

The gunman moves up alongside Stokes. Stokes relieves him of his M11 taking aim at the now screaming Calloway. He then coldly pulls the trigger firing one round into the gangster's forehead.

SID VICIOUS' 'MY WAY' FADES OUT..

Cut to:

1981

INT. COURTROOM ONE. CROWN COURT - DAY

The courtroom is full. An expectant gallery waits in anticipation for the jury's verdict on John Stokes.

DANNY STOKES, ten-years-old, sits at the back of the gallery. Under his jacket a black tie is visible, his fingers are crossed in hope. Tom Downey sits to his right, his arm around the boy's shoulders.

Suddenly a set of doors at the side of the room open as Stokes enters escorted by two prison guards. They make their way to the dock. A set of doors then open on the other side of the courtroom as the jury emerges. They slowly file back into their seats.

JUDGE O'CONNELL, white hair mid-sixties, is the last person to emerge.

CLERK

All rise!

The judge takes his seat as everyone follows. He then looks over to the jury's foreman.

JUDGE O'CONNELL

Have you reached a decision?

The FOREMAN stands from his seat amongst the jury..

FOREMAN

Yes your honour.

A clerk walks over to the foreman who retrieves an envelope from inside his blazer. He hands the envelope to the clerk. The clerk then turns to bring the verdict to Judge O'Connell.

The Judge takes the envelope from his colleague and begins to open it. Once opened, he glances at the verdict before taking a deep breath and proceeding..

JUDGE O'CONNELL

Mr Stokes...

Stokes is pulled to his feet by the two screws as he turns to look in the direction of the man calling his name.

JUDGE O'CONNELL

(cont'd)

...on the charge of conspiracy to
commit murder the jury finds you...

There's a slight pause..

JUDGE O'CONNELL

(cont'd)

...guilty.

Tears begin to well up in Danny's eyes there's no emotion from Stokes.

JUDGE O'CONNELL

(cont'd)

On the charge of murder the jury
finds you...

There's another pause..

JUDGE O'CONNELL
(cont'd)

...guilty.

Muffled chatter mixed with a few jeers and cheers filter out throughout Courtroom One. Tears fall freely from the eyes of the small boy as Tom pulls him towards his chest for comfort.

The Judge uses his gavel to bring silence...

JUDGE O'CONNELL
(cont'd)

Order!

O'Connell continues as the talking dies down...

JUDGE O'CONNELL
(cont'd)

...you are a perfect example of why people like myself strive to clean up the streets. You have done nothing to change the course of your destiny. Your crimes are that of horror and disgust. I therefore have no choice other than to sentence you to 15 years for conspiracy and life for murder. Sentences are to run concurrently.

Judge O'Connell lifts his gavel and slams it down on the block, startling Danny as he looks down, from his position in the gallery, at the convict in the dock. Members of the courtroom break out in gossip and discussion.

There's little emotion on Stokes' face. He looks up at the young boy and winks before being escorted away to the court cells below.

Tom turns to Danny...

TOM
Dry your eyes boy, we have to go.

Understandably, and without hesitation, they both stand. The boy wipes at his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket. They turn and leave the commotion of the courtroom behind.

EXT. CROWN COURT - DAY

Tom and Danny emerge from the courts. Tom immediately spots a black cab approaching and steps out into the road to flag it

down. The taxi pulls over. The CABBIE pulls down his window letting the bitter December air flow into his cab.

CABBIE

Where to Guv?

TOM

Deptford.

CABBIE

Jump in.

They both climb into the cab. The driver indicates then pulls out onto the busy street.

INT. BLACK CAB (MOVING) - DAY

Tom leans forward and pulls the Perspex screen across for privacy. He then turns to the boy..

TOM

I'm sorry Danny.

Danny looks up at his Dad's best friend and manages a little smile.

DANNY

It's what we expected right?

Danny shows surprising maturity for a boy so young. Tom loves him like he is his own.

TOM

Your dad has done a brave thing today and a lot of people will be indebted to him because of it.

(beat)

I'll look after you now, I promised your Dad I would. Your father is like a brother to me and I love him like a brother. Everything will be fine you'll see.

Tom puts a comforting arm around Danny as he pulls him towards his burly frame.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (HEAVY RAIN)

The taxi pulls over outside MAC'S PIE AND MASH shop. Both Tom and Danny emerge from the black cab. Tom turns to pay the driver who then pulls away.

TOM

I think we deserve a good meal
Dan.

Danny looks up at Tom and smiles at Tom's immediate efforts to make him happy.

INT. MAC'S PIE AND MASH SHOP - DAY

Danny is seated at a table by the window. The rain smashes against the pane of glass as he stares at the market outside. Tom returns with two plates of pie and mash covered with Mac's famous liquor sauce.

Tom notions at the weather...

TOM

It's turned into a stinker ain't
it?

Danny turns from the window and looks at the hot meal in front of him.

TOM

You know your dad will be in good
hands? The owner of this place is in
the same nick, they're good friends.

DANNY

Mac?

TOM

That's right. Your dad and Mac were
inseparable. Mac'll take good care
of him.

There's a slight pause as they both sprinkle salt and pepper over their meals.

DANNY

(excitedly)

What about 'the third man'! Is he in
the nick with dad too?

Tom smiles...

TOM

That was just a story your dad
used to tell you to get you off to
sleep.

Danny isn't impressed with Tom's patronising.

DANNY

Don't laugh Tom. Dad said he was real and that he would always look after us.

TOM

I don't know Danny but one thing I will say is that you have a very prosperous future ahead of you Dan, try not to live by your Dad's stories. You have a wise head on those young shoulders and it spells success. Your Dad wants you to run his businesses one day and I think you have the right tools for the job.

Danny looks at Tom and, even though his father's business dealings are and were never discussed in his presence, his intelligence indicated on more than one occasion where his future would lie.

DANNY

I'll make Dad proud Tom I guarantee that.

Tom smiles at the boy as they both tuck into their food.

Cut to:

1987

EXT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Danny Stokes, now 16-years-old, stands alone outside a paper shop on the COMMERCIAL ROAD. He leans against the wall as he looks up and down the street. PAUL, also 16, smaller but with confidence as big as the Blackwell Tunnel, approaches from the right...

PAUL

It's on. Steve will be here in about 5 minutes.

Danny steps forward from the wall. He has developed into a handsome young man. He works out frequently and has the physique of a middleweight.

DANNY

Don't be shitting me Paul. I
can't afford to mess this up.

Paul is confident in his reply..

PAUL

Steve's a good lad Dan, he hasn't
let me down yet.

Danny turns away from Paul and looks down the street to his
left.

DANNY

This could be good for us. Tom has
promised some decent jobs to come our
way if we manage to pull this off.

PAUL

Have some faith.

The two boys dash across the road and tuck themselves into a
small alley opposite the shop.

Danny peaks out around the corner of the end building, it seems
clear. He turns around to Paul.

DANNY

You told them to hang back, right?

PAUL

Yeah, they'll wait for us to go in.
If we're not out in 5 then they'll
come.

Danny seems pleased with the organisation.

DANNY

Good.

Danny turns to look back out onto the Commercial Road. As he
does, a group of 5 to 6 lads approach the newsagents. PETER
NEWELL, 16-years-old and 6ft, walks in front of them. Newell
runs the teenage gangs along the Commercial Road. It's this fact
Danny wants to address.

DANNY

Looks like we're in business.

Newell and his boys walk into the paper shop.

INT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Newell walks up to the PAKISTANI SHOPKEEPER behind the counter. The owner's shoulders drop when he sees him. The rest of Newell's boys drop off behind as they start filling their pockets with whatever they fancy.

NEWELL

Come on Paki, I don't have all day.

The shopkeeper walks over to his till glancing out the shop window as if to look for someone. Newell doesn't notice this. He opens his till and starts collecting the cash from it. Just as he does Danny and Paul walk in. Danny speaks to the shopkeeper.

DANNY

Everything OK?

SHOPKEEPER

Not really.

The shopkeeper notions towards Newell who by now has turned to look at the persons interrupting proceedings...

NEWELL

You got a problem? If not I suggest you piss off.

Without hesitation Danny reaches around the inside of his jacket and retrieves a cosh conveniently tucked into the back of his waistband.

Before Newell knows what's happening, Danny has swung the cosh hard at his head. The impact sends Newell crashing back against a sweet rack and onto the floor. Paul steps in between a couple of Newell's boys who edge towards their leader.

DANNY

No, because my only problem is about to leave.

Newell's gang seems taken back by what's happening, they're not used to this kind of thing happening to their crew.

Newell begins to stand, blood seeps through his fingers as he clutches at the cut, which has opened on his head.

NEWELL

What the fuck you playing at. I'll have you fucking shot.

Danny lets out a slight chuckle at Newell's attempt to threaten him.

DANNY

You've got 3 seconds to leave this shop before I make you cry in front of your girls.

Newell turns to his mates and notices another group of lads congregating outside the shop window. He doesn't recognise them so settles on the fact they're Danny's boys. Danny turns to see them then turns back to Newell..

DANNY

(cont'd)

I told ya we didn't need back up Paul.

PAUL

(smugly)

Indeed you did Dan.

Paul is now getting stares from one of Newell's boys...

PAUL

Fucking problem?

Paul grabs the boy by the face.

PAUL

(cont'd)

Got somethin' to say?

The boy begins to shake his head frantically.

Newell looks over at the shopkeeper, who seems a little nervous, then turns to walk out the shop, his gang follows.

Newell speaks out over his shoulder...

NEWELL

We'll play again 'Danny Boy'.

Danny ignores his comments.

EXT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Newell emerges from the shop and turns to look at the gang, which has formed outside.

STEVE, a 17-year-old boxer, stands in front of his boys, arms to his side fists clenched. Newell looks him up and down turns and heads off up the street his gang in tow.

INT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

The shopkeeper hands Danny a few notes Danny takes them without counting it and hands them to Paul who puts them in his pocket.

SHOPKEEPER

Thank you.

Danny smiles...

DANNY

No, thank you.

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom is on the phone as Danny opens the front door to their semi-detached house and enters. Tom grabs Danny's attention by clicking at him, then turns to speak back into the phone..

TOM

Hold on...

Tom covers the phones mouthpiece and looks back up at Danny...

TOM

(cont'd)

Talk to me Dan.

DANNY

Yeah, we're good.

A smile stretches across Tom's face. He speaks back into the phone as Danny heads into the lounge.

TOM

Yeah things are going well here.
I'll speak to you later in the
week. Yeah ok mate, bye.

Tom puts the phone down and heads into the lounge.

INT. LOUNGE. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny sits in his favourite armchair. His legs are stretched out in comfort.

TOM

(mockingly)

So you dealt with the infamous
Newell then?

Danny turns to his good friend and guardian...

DANNY

There wasn't much to it Tom. We
didn't even have to use Steve's
boys. He didn't want to know from
the outset.

Tom is a little surprised but hides this from Danny...

TOM

Good boy.

Danny is pleased that he has pleased Tom. This is Danny's
first real feeling of control and power.

DANNY

It felt good Tom. I actually feel
like I've finally made some ground
in this business. It's been a long
time coming.

TOM

I told you your time would come Dan
and there's more where that came
from. In time you'll be in full
control of the firm and that's what
both me and your Dad want. The
Commercial Road is a good scalp to
get under your belt at this stage.

Tom sits on the sofa to the side of Danny's armchair and leans
towards him.

TOM

(cont'd)

You have a very positive future
ahead of ya son I can't help but
keep stressing this. My job is to
ease you into this role the best
way I know how. I helped your Dad
to build this firm so it's down
to me to make sure our businesses
stay profitable.

Danny acknowledges this with a slight grin.

DANNY
I understand Tom.

Tom stands..

TOM
Good. I'm off to bed.

Tom heads out the room.

DANNY
Night Tom.

Cut to:

1988

EXT. BRAKERS YARD - MORNING

Danny stands at the doorway to a portacabin looking out onto a graveyard of scrap metal and disused cars.

INT. PORTACABIN - MORNING

Danny turns from the doorway and walks up to Tom who sits behind a desk totalling figures on an adding machine and logging the results into a large ledger book. Danny takes a seat in front of him.

DANNY
Tom why do we insist on keeping
holes like this? I mean can't we
set our sights a little higher?

Danny notions to their surroundings..

Tom continues to write in the books as he replies..

TOM
Danny I promised your dad I'd
keep all the businesses running
for him.

Danny frowns..

DANNY
Tom he's inside for the better part
of 40 years. His businesses, your
businesses, soon to be our businesses
are over for him. You have just as
(cont'd)

DANNY
(cont'd)

much say in what happens to them as he does. Surely it's up to you to branch out and invest in places a little more upper class.

Again Danny looks around turning his nose up at the grease-ridden office.

Tom continues to write...

TOM
Don't be so eager Dan, your time will come.

DANNY
Well that brings me nicely onto another matter. While we're waiting for "my time to come" our other businesses are being targeted by other firms. Why aren't we doing something to prevent it?

Tom now looks up from his books...

TOM
What makes you think our businesses are being targeted?

DANNY
Oh come on Tom. It was only last month those two Irish twats tried to muscle in on our fruit machine business! They haven't stopped throwing their weight about since Dad got banged up.

Tom looks a little concerned. He thought he had hidden any outside pressure well from the boy.

TOM
I told ya, your time will come. Carry on with the business I've given ya and I'll look after your Dad's interests.

DANNY
I'm not having that Tom. My time is now. I'm not afraid of these
(cont'd)

DANNY
(cont'd)

amateurs. I have good ideas in my head of how to take this firm forward. I think it's about time you started taking me more seriously.

EXT. BRAKERS YARD - MORNING

A FORD SIERRA XR4I pulls into the yard.

INT. PORTACABIN - MORNING

Danny stands to look out the window...

DANNY
Their ears must've been burning.
The Cowley's have just pulled up.

Tom frantically gathers the ledger and adding machine sprawled out over the desk and stuffs them into the top draw of a filing cabinet behind him. He shuts the drawer then jumps back into his seat. He leans back and puts his feet on the table as if completely relaxed. Danny knows differently.

EXT. BRAKERS YARD - MORNING

The two IRISH BROTHERS Danny referred to earlier, RAY and TONY COWLEY emerge from the Sierra. Both are in their mid-forties and built like brick shithouses.

INT. PORTACABIN - MORNING

Ray steps into Tom's office closely followed by Tony.

RAY
Hello son.

Ray ruffles Danny's hair as if he were a 5-year-old boy. Danny responds by pulling his head from under his hand, a filthy look sketched across his face.

RAY
(cont'd)
Tom.

Tom nods...

TOM
Ray, Tony, what can I do ya for?

Ray occupies the seat Danny was in earlier.

RAY

How much longer you gonna keep
pushing us out Tom?

Tom looks at Ray, a nervous expression apparent in his face.

RAY

(cont'd)

5 years we've been trying to
conduct business with you and for
5 years you've been palming us off
with your crappy leftovers. Stokes
is out of the picture Tom. The
Calloway hit gave him some clout I
agree but what good's that when you
ain't around to use it? Isn't it
about time we started talking
business?

Danny doesn't like what he's hearing one little bit and
intervenes.

DANNY

My dad might be "out of the picture"
as you put it Cowley but his contacts
are still firmly in place. You'd be a
fool to underestimate that.

Ray turns to the boy as does Tony...

RAY

Fuck off little boy. When I wanna
speak to ya I'll let ya fucking
know, understand.

Danny's expression remains calm not intimidated at all by the
two Irishmen.

DANNY

Totally, and you must understand
that if we want to do business
with Irish amateurs then you'll be
the first to know.

Tony, who's now standing next to Danny, drops a crow bar from
the sleeve of his jacket and smacks it around Danny's face.
Danny drops to the floor like a sack of shit completely
unconscious, his face soaked in blood.

Tom stands from behind the desk.

TOM
For fucks sake Ray!! Is that
completely necessary?

Tom motions to Tony who seems pleased with himself.

RAY
Sit down Tom.

Tom looks over at Danny desperate to get to his side..

TOM
Ok, let's meet next week. I'll
get some plans drawn up and
we'll do some business.

Ray stands triumphantly..

RAY
Glad to see you've come to your
senses. It's only a shame the boy
had to suffer before you got there.

Ray glances at Danny's motionless body.

RAY
(cont'd)
I'll call you within the week Tom.
We'll let ourselves out.

Ray turns and leaves as Tony follows his brother out the door.

Tom rushes over to Danny. He cradles Danny's head in his hands. The sound of the Sierra can be heard leaving the yard.

TOM
Danny, Danny! You ok? Talk to me
boy, talk to me.

Danny begins to stir and groan.

INT. DINING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom holds court in his dining room. Around the table are numerous FRIENDS and COLLEAGUES of himself and Stokes. There's mumbling and general chat as tea, coffee and biscuits are passed around.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny stands in the living room sporting a plaster over his nose and two black eyes. Eight to ten lads occupy the suite and any other chairs that Danny has brought in from the kitchen. They chat amongst themselves. Paul is here as is Steve who, since the Commercial Road job, has formed a strong relationship with Danny.

STEVE

What's happening then Dan?

DANNY

We'll wait till Tom's finished then I'll let you know.

INT. DINING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom breaks the general chit-chat...

TOM

Right chaps let's get to work.

The room drops to silence...

TOM

(cont'd)

I've spoken to the Cowleys and I've told them that me and George...

Tom notions towards an EX-HEAVEYWEIGHT BOXER in his late thirties sitting next to him...

TOM

(cont'd)

...will meet them at 'The Queens Head' tomorrow night at 8. There we'll discuss business plans as promised, during which we'll be pouring plenty of the good stuff down their necks. Once we have them a bit more relaxed I'll suggest we go for beers at the snooker hall. Once there we'll make them wish their mummy stayed in paddy land.

DARREN, black 32-years-old and head of the fruit machine racket, speaks out...

DARREN

What if they don't buy it? If you Promise them business and they manage to see through your plan then don't we risk eventually losing everything we fucking have. George's protection racket, Dave's casino even my fruit machines. They'll get their teeth into our pie and we'll find it harder to get rid of 'em I guarantee it.

TOM

They'll go. I'll tell them that's where we keep our books. At the end of the day that's all the greedy bastards are interested in, the figures. They know we turn over good business so they'll be eager to see the proof, Ray especially.

DARREN

They'll be mob handed Tom. They won't just turn up, the two of them.

Tom inches his head toward the living room..

TOM

That's where that lot come in.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sliding door to the dining room opens and Tom steps into the living room.

TOM

Danny, it's on for tomorrow. Brief the boys with what we discussed this morning.

DANNY

Sure.

INT. DINING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone has left leaving just Tom and Danny. Danny is clearing the dining table. He speaks over his shoulder to Tom who's in the kitchen..

DANNY

Is this gonna work Tom? I mean what if they decide not to come back to the snooker hall? We'll be up shit street then.

INT. KITCHEN. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom's sitting at the kitchen table looking through another ledger book as he replies...

TOM

Stop fretting Dan. It'll work.

Danny emerges from the dining room.

DANNY

Guns Tom, that's the way forward.

Tom looks up at Danny for the first time...

TOM

We have shooters Dan I just think this can be settled with fists and a few crowbars. The Cowleys don't fuck about with firearms so why should we?

There's a slight guilt to Tom's expression...

DANNY

You're too thoughtful Tom. I don't mean a couple of sawn-off shotguns hidden under someone's mattress. I mean handguns carried at all times. That'll make others back off.

Tom chuckles...

TOM

This ain't America Dan. You can't just stroll around the manor with gun bulges in your coats.

Danny feels mocked.

DANNY

Don't take the piss Tom I ain't stupid.

Tom's face changes with respect...

TOM

I know you're not stupid Dan.
You wouldn't be amongst all this
if you were.

Danny shows a little anger in his tone...

DANNY

Then respect what I say!

Danny realizes he might have overstepped the mark and quickly calms down.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Half the old bill around 'ere
don't bother us anyway. They know
we don't fuck with them, they
respect that so they don't fuck
with us. I think we'd earn a lot
more respect with guns that's all.

Tom looks back at the books as he replies...

TOM

I've told you before Dan. You'll
get the time to think soon enough.
You're old man will tell me when
your ready and no-one else and that
my friend includes you.

DANNY

Soon enough might be too late.

Danny turns and leaves the kitchen. Tom looks up from his books at where Danny was previously standing. He puts the end of his pen in his mouth and sits back, he knows the firm is on a winner with the boy, or at least he thinks he knows.

INT. VISITORS ROOM. PRISON - DAY

Danny sits alone at a table waiting.

A few seconds pass...

An iron bar door opens at the end of the room. A screw emerges followed by a line of convicts each eager to see who has come to visit them.

John Stokes, unshaven and now in his mid-forties, looks at his

boy, smiles and heads over to his table. He takes a seat...

STOKES

Alright boy?

DANNY

Dad.

STOKES

(humorously)

How's everyone at the club house?

DANNY

Good.

Stokes' expression changes to a concerned one...

STOKES

What's with the one-word answers?
What's on your mind?

Danny sighs before continuing...

DANNY

I feel wasted in all this dad.
I've so many ideas racing around
my head but Tom won't give me the
flexibility to use them.

STOKES

You're seventeen son. Your time
will...

Danny cuts him off not realizing he is raising his voice...

DANNY

Don't tell me my time will come!

Danny notices his tone and quickly quietens down...

DANNY

(cont'd)

That's all I keep hearing.

Stokes shows some anger of his own under a muffled tone...

STOKES

Don't jeopardise everything by
shouting your mouth off. I know
(cont'd)

STOKES
(cont'd)

you're eager. Let's see how the
Cowley situation pans out then
we'll make a decision.

Danny is eager for more answers but knows when to curb it.

DANNY
Sorry Dad. I won't let you down.

Stokes looks at his boy, a smile of satisfaction spreads
across his face.

INT. THE QUEENS HEAD PUB - NIGHT

The Cowley brothers sit around a table with Tom. GEORGE, the
ex-boxer, arrives at the table with a round of drinks.

GEORGE
Here ya go lads.

Both the Cowleys and Tom take their drinks from the tray on
the table.

TOM
Get that down ya.

Ray takes a swig of his beer then looks over at Tom. Tom
speaks with confidence hiding any clues of the plan they have
laid out tonight...

TOM
(cont'd)
Right, first I thought we'd...

Ray cuts Tom off almost instantly...

RAY
First of all Tom I do the thinking
here. All I want from you is for
you to lay all your cards on the
table. I told you at the yard we're
fed up with your fuckin' cast-offs.
You tell us where you stand
financially and we'll tell you where
we wanna invest.

TOM
I haven't got the books on me Ray.
I keep them at the snooker club.

RAY

Tom, you knew the agenda for tonight
why are the books not with ya?

Tom takes a deep breath...

TOM

For Christ's sake Ray this is a
pub I'm hardly gonna risk leaving
our books lying around for any old
sod to pick up.

There's an uncomfortable silence...

RAY

Well we'll just have to mosey on
over to your snooker hall and take
a "butchers" as you boys would say.

Ray's taken the first bait hook line and sinker even though a
little prematurely.

Ray leans over to Tony...

RAY

Tell the boys to make their way
over to the snooker hall on
Bindley Road. We'll ride along
with Tom and George.

TONY

Yeah sure.

Tony stands and leaves the table.

George looks over at Danny's mate Steve who is sitting at a
table alone at the other end of the pub. George gives him a
discreet nod. Steve stands and leaves the pub.

EXT. THE QUEENS HEAD PUB - NIGHT

Steve approaches a blue Transit parked 20 yards down from the
pub. He opens the back door and climbs in.

INT. TRANSIT - NIGHT

Steve settles down in between a couple of fruit machines and
10 to 12 boys, drafted in from both Danny's and Steve's gang.
Steve shouts to Darren in the driver's seat, Danny sits to
Darren's left.

STEVE

It's on, Cowley's mob should be
Coming past any second, it looks
as though Ray and Tony will be
riding up with Tom.

DANNY

Didn't take as long as we
thought.

The boys reach out to a large open green kit bag in the middle
of the van and proceed to pull out numerous tools. Crowbars,
baseball bats, spanners, anything Darren could get his hands
on at short notice.

EXT. TRANSIT - NIGHT

The van starts up and pulls away.

EXT. THE QUEENS HEAD PUB - NIGHT

Two Rover SDI's pull out from the curb and turn the corner of
the pub.

INT. LEADING CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

A burly driver heads Cowley's entourage up the street and away
from the pub. In his car are two knuckle scrapping looking
chaps, obviously not just along for the ride.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Both cars pass, in the second car three more of the Cowley's
men are visible. They take a right turn down a narrow lane of
terraced houses.

INT. VAN (STATIONARY). LANE - NIGHT

Steve looks out the back window...

STEVE

They've taken the short cut.

Paul, sitting nearer the front, gets up and heads for the back
doors smiling with delight...

DANNY

Right fella's this is it.

INT. LEADING CAR (MOVING). LANE - NIGHT

The DRIVER notices the blue van pull out from a parked position blocking both cars from proceeding any further. The driver slams on his brakes.

DRIVER
What the fucks this joker playing
at?

The van remains silent. There's no sound or movement coming from the vehicle.

The driver opens his door and steps out. Leaning back into the car he speaks to his two companions.

DRIVER
Keep your eyes open.

THE WHO'S 'MY GENERATION' FADES IN..

EXT. LANE - NIGHT

The second car stops but no-one gets out.

INT. SECOND CAR. LANE - NIGHT

THREE men sit in anticipation the front passenger goes to climb out. His DRIVER holds him back by grabbing his arm..

DRIVER
Let's see if this can be dealt
with quietly first.

EXT. LANE - NIGHT

The driver approaches Danny's door, the window is rolled down..

DRIVER
Oi, move the van out the way. I
ain't got all fuckin' night.

INT. VAN. LANE - NIGHT

The driver reaches the window. Danny turns to look at him. In the darkness of the van Danny holds onto a hollow aluminium baseball bat. He grips the middle of the bat with his left hand and with his right hand he grabs the end furthest from the aggressor.

Quick and without hesitation Danny lifts the bat and thrusts

it through the window hitting the driver square on the bridge of the nose.

EXT. LANE - NIGHT

The driver drops to the floor clutching his face.

All at once the occupants from the two cars jump out as the back doors to the van fly open. Danny's boys leap out, weapons in hand. Darren stays behind the wheel.

Danny opens his door smashing it into the face of the driver who is now kneeling down with his head lowered. He falls back against the curb.

Danny's crew steam in led by Steve and Paul. Bats and tools are flying as heads are busted open. Steve manages to knock one of the men from the first car back against the bonnet of a parked car. The man doesn't have time to stand back up Steve meets him with a barrage of blows from a crowbar splitting the man's face open.

Danny is by now frantically clubbing the driver senseless as he lay in the curb, his face crushed in.

Darren suddenly shouts from the van...

DARREN
Move!! We're fucking outta here!

The boys turn and race back to the van leaving six men lying in the street one of them dead.

THE WHO'S 'MY GENERATION' FADE'S OUT...

INT. VAN. LANE - NIGHT

Darren thrusts the van into first gear.

EXT. LANE - NIGHT

With minimal effort Darren manages to turn in the narrow street and speed off in the opposite direction.

INT. VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Danny turns to Darren as he begins to calm his rapid breathing...

DANNY

Daz I need to get to the snooker hall before Tom does.

Darren turns to Danny confused..

DARREN

We don't need to be at the snooker hall. Tom has that place covered.

DANNY

Darren, do me a favour and take me there. It's personal. The boys can stay in the van.

Darren sighs..

DARREN

Fucks sake. One thing I had to take care of, now I'm gonna fuck that up.

Danny smiles as the chance to finally make his mark on the firm arises.

DANNY

Nice one Daz.

Darren looks into his wing mirror..

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The van does a u-turn and heads off in the opposite direction.

EXT. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

Tom's car pulls up outside the club's back entrance. George climbs out the drivers side as the Cowleys and Tom emerge.

Ray takes a glance around at his new venture, a bitter wind blows across the empty car park.

RAY

I hear business is slow at the moment Tom?

TOM

That's why you're here, right Ray?

Ray grins..

RAY
(under his breath)
Fucking right that's why I'm here.

INT. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

All the table lights are out except for two tables in the middle of the hall. The rest of the room is shrouded in darkness. Four figures emerge from the darkness and stand around two lit tables. Cues and a couple of balls lie randomly on other tables.

RAY
I've got a good feeling about this.

Tom looks at Ray, a little smirk visible from the corner of his mouth.

TOM
Me too Ray, me too.

There's a slight pause...

TOM
(cont'd)
I'll just get the books.

Tom turns and heads towards a small office in the corner of the large hall.

INT. OFFICE. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

Tom unlocks the door and steps inside. He leans over to a table lamp and switches it on.

INT. SNOOKER HALL. NIGHT

From the office windows, small beams of light are cast out over the snooker room as the table lamp is switched on.

INT. OFFICE. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

Tom bends down to his safe situated under the office desk. He turns the dial to the relevant code, pulls the safe's handle down and opens the door.

Inside the safe, amongst various books and pieces of paper, lies a small REVOLVER. Tom takes the gun in his hand and closes the door.

INT. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

Tom approaches the lit tables in the centre of the room. Ray notices that there are no books in one of Tom's hands the other is tucked behind Tom's back.

Ray takes a cautious step back and for the first time realizes his men aren't even here...

RAY

What's the fucking deal here Tom?
And where are my boys?

There's no emotion on Tom's face as he retorts, lifting the revolver and pointing it at Ray's head...

TOM

There is no deal.

Ray is startled by Tom's actions, his brother Tony looks very much on edge and turns to cover any potential advance from George.

TOM

(cont'd)

There's a reason why we have
consistently refused business
dealings with you Ray and one of
those reasons is your fucking greed.

RAY

Hang on a minute Tom...

Tom keeps his composure, an old hand performing an old chore.

TOM

No Ray, you've been throwing your
weight around far too much. You
tried to penetrate the fruit
machine business then had the nerve
to blame Donnelly. The fact that
Donnelly is my fucking cousin and
knows fucking better seemed
irrelevant to you.

EXT. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

Danny looks through the window to see Tom pointing the gun at Ray. He notices some loose balls spread over some of the tables. He then takes off his trainer and removes a sock, he then puts his trainer back on.

INT. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

Ray is shitting himself..

RAY

I didn't mean...

Ray is instantly cut off with the sound of the hall door closing behind Danny as he walks in.

Danny removes his sock from his pocket and in the semi-darkness begins to randomly fill it with a couple of balls lying around on unlit tables.

Tom looks over towards Danny squinting to find focus then quickly turns back to Ray as he calls out to the mysterious visitor.

TOM

Danny?

DANNY

(sarcastically)

Nice gun Tom.

Tom recalls their conversation at home the previous night and smirks.

Danny approaches Tony Cowley, bruises still visible from Tony's attack on him a few days before.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Got anything to say fuck face?

Tony doesn't know what to say or do. Any false moves would no doubt see a bullet enter Ray's head.

TONY

I, err, well...

Danny mocks Tony...

DANNY

I, err, well what? Cunt!

Danny lunges towards Tony as he swings the loaded sock at Tony's head. The sound of the snooker balls connecting with Tony's skull echoes throughout the room as Tony drops to the floor. Danny continues to lash out at Tony's head with the now blood drenched loaded sock.

TOM

Alright Dan you've made your point.

Danny steps back from Tony's seemingly lifeless body, Danny's hair hangs down over his sweaty forehead.

Ray turns his head from his beaten brother to Tom..

RAY

Hold on Tom let's not get carried away here. My brother's half dead I've got the message. Our differences end tonight.

TOM

Correct.

Tom pulls the trigger.

Cut to:

2000

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

A party is in full swing the house is heaving as dance music blares from the sound system. Danny, Paul and Steve, all now in their late-twenties, sit on a black leather suite in a back room. A few girls sit in between them.

Paul turns to Steve and shouts over the music..

PAUL

Oi, Steve is 'The Kraut' coming or what?

Paul shows Steve his watch to indicate that time is getting on.

STEVE

(shouts)

Yeah, he said around 10.

PAUL

(to himself)

Fuck sake.

Danny notices Paul's impatience.

DANNY
(shouts)
Everything ok Paul?

Paul tries to calm making his impatience more obvious.

PAUL
(shouts)
Er, yeah Dan, fine.

Danny turns to JENNIFER LANE a dark-haired girl in her mid-twenties dressed in a white blouse and black v-neck jumper and short skirt revealing a finely tuned pair of legs. He gently kisses her forehead...

DANNY
Excuse me Jen.

Danny stands up and walks around the back of the suite. He taps Paul on the shoulder and leans towards his ear.

DANNY
A word.

Danny turns and leaves the room. Paul reluctantly stands and follows leaving Steve to entertain the women.

EXT. MANSION. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

A few people are scattered around the patio area. Danny stands by a rose bush just beyond the patio.

Paul approaches him nodding at a couple of familiar faces on the way, hoping to show a calmer appearance.

PAUL
What's up Dan?

DANNY
What you got on your mind? You've had a feather up your arse since we set foot in here tonight.

Paul replies obviously holding something back...

PAUL
I suppose I'm a little on edge what with this deal and everything.

DANNY

We've bought shooters from 'The Kraut' before. There's something else, what is it?

Paul is clearly nervous...

PAUL

I was gonna tell ya Dan but I was gonna wait till the time was right.

Anger slowly begins to build within as Danny realizes a deal has been struck up behind his back, but like his father disguises it well...

DANNY

No time like the present.

PAUL

He's also bringing with him a consignment of coke.

Danny fumes...

DANNY

What the fuck have I said about drugs!? It's a business I don't want to get involved in! It's fucking filthy and I don't like the cunt's who get involved in it.

Paul tries to reason...

PAUL

Dan, we have to do this otherwise we'll suffer in the long run. I don't particularly favour it but it's where the bloody money is. Carl Brennan is pulling in shit loads of cash with this stuff and is using his dough to buy into big businesses. He'll become a threat to us. The next we'll know he'll be revising his fucking hit-list.

DANNY

Ah fuck off with that hit-list bullshit. That's just a myth. Brennan's a pratt not a fucking hit-man.

Paul feels a little stupid, like a kid who has just discovered there's no such thing as Father Christmas.

DANNY
(cont'd)

Keep schtum about this. I'll deal with 'The Kraut' when he turns up and make the necessary arrangements for the meet.

Danny points at Paul...

DANNY
(cont'd)

You calm the fuck down. There's potential business clients inside that house I don't want you making us look like a bunch of amateurs. Let the other mugs out there throw their money away at that crap. We'll then step in and deprive them of their profits. That's how we do business.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

A RANGE ROVER approaches an old derelict wharf, the moonlight reflects off the clam river lighting up an adjacent pier. Danny, Paul and Steve emerge from the vehicle and make their way over to a wire perimeter to the pier.

They ignore the 'TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED' signs as Steve begins to snip away at the wire with cutters. Danny and Paul look around to make sure they are alone.

They enter the pier through the new hole in the fence and approach an old shabby run down hut.

INT. HUT. PIER - NIGHT

Danny and Steve pull up chairs around an old table whilst Paul paces up and down peering out of the huts solitary window every now and then.

Paul is eager to please Danny after letting him down with the drugs thing. They await Phil's arrival and despatch of assorted hand and machine guns.

DANNY
(mockingly)
Looking tense there Paul.

Steve chuckles at his friend's misfortune. Paul looks at Steve a little pissed at his contribution.

PAUL

It's cool Dan.

DANNY

You never mentioned to 'The Kraut' our chat about the drug consignment did ya?

PAUL

As far as he's concerned the plan hasn't deviated. The consignment should still be with him.

DANNY

Good.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

The sound of a SMALL BOAT engine can be heard as the moon's reflection captures a small fishing boat approaching the pier.

PHIL 'THE KRAUT' SCHULTZ, born and bred in East London but of German decent, takes a rope from the boat's starboard bow and ties it around one of the pier's pillars.

Phil hears a noise and looks up to see Paul lean over the edge of the pier holding out his arm in a Nazi salute.

PAUL

(mockingly whispers)

Heil Hitler.

Phil looks up at Paul.

PHIL

(whispers)

Fucking uncanny. You write your own material do ya?

Paul sniggers at his own joke.

PHIL

(cont'd)

Don't just stand there you doughnut drop the chain.

Paul grabs a hook and chain connected to a wheel like mechanism, and begins to lower it down to Phil's boat.

INT. HUT. PIER - NIGHT

Paul and Phil enter the hut carrying 2 LARGE SPORTS BAGS over their shoulders.

Phil drops his bags down and lets out a little groan due to the weight of the bag's contents. He looks up to unexpectedly find Danny and Steve sitting at the table.

Phil seems a little on edge by their presence.

PHIL

Oh, er alright Dan.

DANNY

Philip.

PHIL

Sorry Dan I wasn't expecting anyone else.

DANNY

Apology excepted.

Phil lets out a nervous chuckle as Paul tries to break the tension.

PAUL

Right let's talk business.

Paul pulls the zippers on both bags to expose an assortment of guns from BERRETTAS to SHOTGUNS and REVOLVERS to M11'S.

Danny and Steve approach the bags. Danny bends over and grabs hold of a 12-gage pump action shotgun. He cocks it and mockingly points it at Phil who shits himself even though he knows the guns are empty. He tries to disguise his unease.

PHIL

Like that one Dan?

Danny grins at Phil's poor efforts to calm himself.

DANNY

We'll take the lot. Usual fee?

PHIL

Of course Dan.

There's an eerie silence as Phil waits for Danny to make the next move, hoping that he won't have to ask Danny for the cash. Nothing happens. Phil takes a deep breath and amidst the tension decides to make the next move, instead of directing his question at Danny he decides to ask Paul.

PHIL

You got the cash then?

Paul looks at Danny for the next move as Phil follows his gaze.

DANNY

Where's the charlie Kraut?

Phil turns back to Paul. Paul looks away knowing that he has put his contact in the shit.

Phil pretends not to have heard Dan in the hope he can think of a quick response.

PHIL

Sorry Dan?

DANNY

Don't play silly cunts with me.
Where's the fucking dope?

Phil's wish to think of something clever and constructive falls flat on its face.

PHIL

Er, in the boat Dan.

There's a moment's silence.

PHIL

(cont'd)

Shall I get it?

DANNY

No need I ain't buying that crap
off ya.

PHIL

Oh, ok. I'll be off then.

Phil takes his chance and turns for the door.

DANNY

Somebody else will for me.

Phil stops in his tracks.

DANNY
(cont'd)

What's the value?

Phil's shoulders drop as he turns back to Danny.

PHIL
About 400 grand.

DANNY
Who would be your next port of call
had Paul changed his mind?

PHIL
Erm, probably Brennan.

Danny smiles at the potential chance to get one over on Brennan.

DANNY
Here's the deal Phil. I'm a poet and
didn't know it.

Danny grins at Steve who smiles back in acknowledgement of Danny's piss taking.

DANNY
(cont'd)

I want you to sell the dope for 500
grand to Brennan.

PHIL
You're having a laugh ain't ya Dan?
There's 400 grands worth there 450
max!

DANNY
It's not up for negotiation Kraut.
You sell that consignment to Brennan,
you can take the cash for the guns
outta the 500k and give me the change.

Phil huffs and puffs like a schoolboy who's not getting his way.

PHIL
Tell me this is a joke Dan.

Steve walks over to Phil and without a seconds thought nuts him square on the nose. Phil drops to the floor in pain. Steve grabs him by the coat and pulls him to his feet. Danny walks over to Phil removing a pair of pliers from his coat pocket.

DANNY

Do I look like I'm joking?

Danny opens the pliers up and latches them onto one of Phil's nuts.

DANNY

(cont'd)

You get that cash to me within 2 weeks am I making myself clear?

Danny begins to squeeze the pliers together. Phil screams out in pain.

PHIL

Fucking hell!! Yes, yes I understand!

Danny releases the pliers as Steve lets Phil drop to the ground in agony. Phil looks up at Danny his face the epitome of pain.

PHIL

I'll sort it I'll sort it.

Danny retorts sarcastically.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Good boy, good boy.

Danny walks past Phil and gives his hair a heavy-handed rub leaving the German cockney on the floor clutching his balls.

INT. CELL. PRISON - DAY

A 58-year-old Stokes lies on his bed reading the RACING POST. He sits up to circle a tip.

His CELLMATE, mid-twenties medium build, steps into the cell.

CELLMATE

John, you'll never guess who's just been handed a 30 year stretch.

Stokes replies his head still engrossed in his paper.

STOKES
The suspense is killing me.

CELLMATE
Calloway's nephew.

Stokes lifts his head to look at his informer.

STOKES
What's his name?

CELLMATE
Newell.

A slight concern appears on Stokes' face. He turns to sit on the edge of his bed.

STOKES
Is he coming here?

CELLMATE
Certainly looks that way. He shot some bloke for calling his uncle a dead cocksucker.

STOKES
(jokingly)
Fair play.

Stokes gets up and walks over to his cellmate. He puts his hand on his shoulder.

STOKES
Alright Gaz, tell Mac to come see me.

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny steps through the front door. Tom's on the phone, Tom holds his hand up at Danny instructing him to wait.

Tom finishes his conversation.

TOM
No problem, ok bye.

Tom hangs up the phone and turns to Danny.

TOM
We've got a situation.

DANNY

What?

TOM

Remember Newell?

Danny places the name...

DANNY

Commercial Road?

TOM

That's him. Well he's just been nicked.

DANNY

Pratt, what for?

TOM

Shooting someone for calling his dead uncle a 'shirt lifter' or something to that effect.

Danny is getting bored of the conversation and heads into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom follows Danny in. Danny begins to remove his coat.

DANNY

And?

TOM

His uncle was Calloway.

Danny turns back around to Tom, a little confusion showing in his expression.

DANNY

Why didn't you tell me this before I turfed him out?

TOM

I wanted you to be focused on that job. I didn't want the distraction of the history between your dad and Calloway to get in the way.

DANNY

Next you're gonna tell me he's going
to dad's nick?

Tom looks at Danny with a concerned expression which answers
Danny's question.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Fuck.

There's a pause as Danny thinks...

DANNY

(cont'd)

He'll be ok though right? I mean
Mac or someone else will deal with
the situation before there's a
chance of it getting out of hand?

TOM

I don't envision a problem Dan, I
just thought you should know.

DANNY

Arrange for me to see him Tom asap.

INT. VISITORS ROOM. PRISION - DAY

Stokes takes a seat opposite his son...

DANNY

Dad.

STOKES

Alright son, I heard the deal with
'The Kraut' went down ok?

Danny's surprised but accepting...

DANNY

Jesus, does Tom tell you everything?

STOKES

It's his job to boy.

DANNY

Yeah, there were no hiccups.

STOKES

Good. How's Jen? Serious yet?

DANNY

Might be? We're off to Cyprus in a couple of days. Will be good to get away for a bit.

Stokes grins.

STOKES

A bit of what?

Danny smiles as his Dad continues...

STOKES

Make sure everythings covered here before you go.

DANNY

Tom's got everything under control.

There's a pause...

DANNY

(cont'd)

Look dad I know about Newell.

STOKES

Bloody hell does Tom tell you everything?

Danny smiles...

DANNY

It's his job to.

Stokes smiles at the predictability of that answer.

STOKES

There's nothing to worry about.
He came in last night...

INT. NEWELL'S CELL. PRISON - NIGHT

Stokes and MAC, a 40-year-old Londoner, enter Newell's cell. Mac grabs him by the cuff of his shirt and pulls him out from the bottom bunk. Stokes looks up at Newell's in mate on the top bunk who quickly turns over to face the wall.

Mac pulls Newell to his feet and slams him against the brick wall.

STOKES

(V.O.)

Me and Mac paid him a visit, have
a quiet word, you know...

Mac headbutts Newell who drops to the floor. Stokes then steps
up and kicks him full pelt in the head.

STOKES

(V.O. cont'd)

He was very understanding and we
reached an agreement.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM. PRISON - DAY

Danny replies...

DANNY

What agreement?

INT. NEWELL'S CELL. PRISON - NIGHT

Stokes pulls the bleeding Newell to his feet and holds him up
against the wall.

STOKES

(V.O.)

I told him that if he stayed out
of my way and didn't make a
nuisance of himself then he could
profit from his stay here.

Stokes punches Newell in the face with his right hand. With
his left hand he holds Newell up preventing him from falling
to the floor.

Mac hands Stokes a small 2-inch Stanley blade. Stokes slowly
slices it down Newell's left cheek.

STOKES

(V.O. cont'd)

He said he very much appreciated
our generosity and looked forward
to a happy relationship between us.

Stokes releases Newell as he drops to the floor clutching his
face.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM. PRISON - DAY

Danny smiles at his dad.

DANNY

You always did like to tell a good yarn dad.

Stokes chuckles.

STOKES

Everything is cool here Dan you just concentrate on the business and that girl of yours. I wanna be a granddad some day so don't leave it too long son.

Danny appreciates one of his father's rare occasions at showing some warmth.

STOKES

(cont'd)

Tom tells me things are running smoothly, business wise.

DANNY

It is.

STOKES

(whispers)

You know, sooner or later you're gonna have to get involved in the drugs game. You can't keep turning people over. You'll end up six feet under if you do. Then what will I have to show for my stay here?

Danny sighs...

DANNY

I don't stick to many rules Dad but the one rule I always said I would stick to was not dealing that shit. The boys are on my back to deal in it but its just not for me and I believe the business is better off without it.

STOKES

Ok we'll leave it for now but never rule it out completely it could benefit the businesses on a huge scale.

Danny looks at his dad, the admiration ever present in his face.

DANNY

I can't make any promises.

EXT. BEACH. CYPRUS - DAY

The sea looks beautiful, the clear waters sparkle in the hot sun. The white sandy beaches would be desolate if it weren't for the odd family and couples strolling along the surf.

Danny and his girlfriend Jennifer walk hand in hand. The small waves gently whisk up to their ankles as their feet gently sink in the wet sand. Their love and affection for each other is obvious in the chemistry between each other.

JENNIFER

I love it here. It's so quiet.

DANNY

It's a nice time of year to come out here. It's out of season so you don't get the bother of loads of kids running around and the prat's in the bars making nuisances of themselves.

Jennifer turns to Danny a slight frown appears on her forehead. She mockingly pushes him.

JENNIFER

You don't want kids then?

DANNY

Off course I do. Just not right now that's all. I've got a lot on my plate back home and I want to
(cont'd)

DANNY

(cont'd)

get us settled and everything before we start talking about having kids.

Jennifer chuckles to herself...

JENNIFER

Easy tiger I wasn't hinting for triplets just yet.

Danny feels a little embarrassed so quickly changes subject...

DANNY

I've got a nice meal booked tonight.
Hopefully you'll enjoy it.

JENNIFER

I'm sure I will.

There's a brief pause before Jennifer continues...

JENNIFER

What's the deal with the family
business? I mean I've got a fairly
good idea already but I just
wondered where you stood with it?

DANNY

It's my dad's business and I vowed
to take care of it in his absence.

JENNIFER

Do you think you'll always do it?

DANNY

Do what?

JENNIFER

Whatever it is you get involved in?
Do you think there might come a time
when you feel you might pull away
from it all and have a normal life?

Danny stops and turns to face his girlfriend.

DANNY

This is 'normal life' for me. You
knew my background when we met, I've
held nothing back from you.

JENNIFER

I know, I know. I just wondered
that's all.

Danny puts an arm around her as they begin to walk again.

DANNY

Let's cross that bridge when we
come to it.

He gently kisses her as they continue their walk along the
beach.

INT. RESTAURANT. CYPRUS - NIGHT

Danny sits opposite Jennifer as they share a candle lit dinner. They are smart but casual, the heat of the Cypriot weather prohibiting anything more formal. Danny acknowledges a passer by he then turns back to Jennifer..

JENNIFER

Do you know everyone?

Danny smiles ignoring her question.

DANNY

How's your meal?

JENNIFER

It's lovely thanks.

DANNY

Do you realise what today is?

Jennifer looks up at Danny, a slight embarrassed smile creeps onto her face.

JENNIFER

Of course, it's our second anniversary.

Danny starts to feel nervous and discreetly rubs his sweaty hands on his trousers under the tablecloth.

Danny reaches into his trouser pocket. He pulls out a small jewellery box and places it on the middle of the table. He turns the box to face Jen and lifts the lid.

Jennifer gasps as the sight of a single diamond ring twinkles at her.

Danny looks on expectedly.

JENNIFER

It's beautiful.

DANNY

Will you marry me?

Jennifer takes the box and removes the ring. She looks up at Danny..

JENNIFER
(excitedly)

Yes.

She passes the ring to Danny who then places it on her finger. He then stands and moves around to her. They hug and kiss. A few onlookers smile at the young couple.

INT. LOUNGE. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danny opens the door allowing Jen to walk in as he follows.

DANNY
Wanna drink?

JENNIFER
Vodka and Tonic please.

Danny leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danny grabs a bottle of vodka from the breakfast bar and two glasses from a cabinet in the corner of the room. He begins to pour.

INT. LOUNGE. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danny steps into the lounge, drinks in hand, to find Jennifer naked stretched out on his sofa. She smiles at him as he looks at her slender toned appearance. He puts the drinks down on a glass coffee table. He sits beside his fiancé.

Jennifer puts her hand around his neck and brings his face towards hers.

JENNIFER
I love you.

INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danny holds Jen in his arms.

DANNY
Are you happy?

JENNIFER
Of course.

DANNY

You know I come with baggage Jen,
are you cool with this?

Jen looks up at Danny.

JENNIFER

We've discussed this before. I
know you're involved in things I
don't approve of but it won't
stop me loving you because of it.

DANNY

I know your father doesn't approve.

JENNIFER

Dad thinks nobody'll be good enough
for me.

DANNY

I want them to like me. I love you
Jen and I'll do everything I can to
make sure you're happy.

The phone by Danny's bed begins to ring. Danny reluctantly
lifts the receiver.

DANNY

(abruptly)

Hello?

Danny listens to the person on the other end.

DANNY

Can't this wait Paul?

There's a pause..

DANNY

I don't care I'll deal with it
when I get back. Brennan can wait.
Just fuckin' relax, I'll sort a
meet when I get back.

Danny hangs up the phone abruptly.

JENNIFER

For a minute I thought you were
gonna have to race home.

DANNY

This break means more to me than
some business deal I can tie up
when I return.

Jennifer leans into Danny as they cuddle tighter. Danny kisses
her forehead, Jennifer smiles contently.

INT. OFFICE. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

Danny sits at the desk looking at his books. Paul knocks on
the door and enters.

PAUL

Alright Dan, nice break?

Danny doesn't look up.

DANNY

Yeah, oh and thanks for the phone
call.

Paul acknowledges his error.

PAUL

Yeah erm sorry about that.
I thought...

Danny cuts him off...

DANNY

I'll do the thinking Paul.

Paul hovers Danny can feel his presence lingering..

DANNY

(cont'd)

What is it Paul?

PAUL

Er well, its Carl Brennan.

Danny continues to look in his books...

DANNY

(mockingly)

Ah yes, Carl 'Hit-list' Brennan.
What's this meeting about he want's
so desperately?

PAUL

He wants to throw some business your way.

Danny looks away from his books and up at Paul for the first time.

DANNY

I gathered that. If it's drugs he can go fuck himself.

Paul doesn't answer.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Where does he wanna meet?

PAUL

There's a fight night off Drury Road, Saturday. He said if you're interested, to come along.

Danny reluctantly agrees...

DANNY

Tell the boys not to make any plans for Saturday.

Paul turns to leave...

DANNY

(cont'd)

Paul, make sure George is available.

INT. LOUNGE. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Danny and Jennifer cuddle up on the sofa in front of the TV.

JENNIFER

I've got a wedding brochure if you fancy having a look.

DANNY

Sure.

Jennifer gets up and heads for the bedroom. The phone rings. Danny leans over and answers it.

DANNY

Hello?

There's a pause...

DANNY

Alright Tom.

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom begins the phone conversation...

TOM

Danny, George tells me you're meeting up with Brennan Saturday?

INT. LOUNGE. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

DANNY

That's right. Why, what's up?

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom looks a little concerned...

TOM

Dan, I got word today that Brennan's muscled in on some of Calloway's old businesses up north.

INT. LOUNGE. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Danny seems a little on edge...

DANNY

Since when?

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TOM

Since Brennan set up Newell, getting him nicked in the process. He knew how volatile Newell was and knew the right buttons to press. Newell was running his uncle's firm up Manchester when Brennan had him set up.

INT. LOUNGE. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Jen returns from the bedroom and sits excitedly next to Danny. She tries to get his attention at a certain picture she likes the look of.

DANNY

Hold on Tom.

Danny, completely ignoring her, stands and walks off into the bedroom shutting the door behind him.

INT. BEDROOM. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Danny sits on the corner of the bed.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Sorry, Tom. This is good news for us right? We might get a sniff of some of that business? Or am I missing something here?

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TOM

Your missing something Danny.

INT. BEDROOM. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

DANNY

Enlighten me Tom.

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom takes a deep breath...

TOM

This fuck's making big waves. Brennan has no intention of doing business with you Dan. He's gonna get you on his side. Then when the times right, he'll put you out of the frame. You'll either end up inside with your old man or 6 feet under with Calloway. He thinks you're an immature boy who hasn't earned the right to do business with him yet.

INT. BEDROOM. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Danny looks pissed off.

DANNY

Ok Tom you've made your point. I'll
(cont'd)

DANNY
(cont'd)

meet with him still see what he has
to say. This bullshit might still
benefit us.

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom sighs...

TOM
Watch him Danny.

INT. BEDROOM. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

DANNY
Don't worry I can take care of
myself.

There's a pause...

DANNY
(cont'd)
Tom is it true Brennan has a
hit-list?

Tom's voice can be heard on the other end of the phone..

TOM
Your dad always thought so.

Danny takes a moment's thought...

DANNY
Don't worry Tom. I'll show this
fuck-wit who's the immature boy.

Danny hangs up the phone as Jen walks in with the brochure in
her hand.

JENNIFER
Did you still want to look at
this Dan?

Dan stands up. He's visibly stressed and is in no mood to talk
weddings.

DANNY
(shouts)
Not now Jen, alright!

Jen watches unimpressed as he exits the room.

INT. SNOOKER ROOM - NIGHT

Danny holds court with 10 of his closest COLLEAGUES. Both Paul and Steve are there along with George and Darren.

DANNY

Right, we're out to enjoy ourselves tonight. Watch a bit of boxing do some business and have a drink. But I still want you all to keep your eyes peeled. Brennan will be firmed up so be on your toes.

Danny looks to George.

DANNY

(cont'd)

George, you Paul and Steve will ride with me. Everyone else make your way there, go in and make it look like your enjoying yourselves.

INT. DANNY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

George drives as Danny sits up front in his Porsche 911. Steve and Paul are in the back.

STEVE

It'll go off tonight Dan, I guarantee it.

DANNY

Not if we play our cards right. He's planning to take us all the way on this one. Then he'll try and shit on us the minute he's ripped us off. It's our job to prevent that from happening.

STEVE

Wanker's got a fucking nerve. Why don't we just off the cunt tonight. Save us a shit load of trouble.

Danny smiles at his mate's eagerness.

DANNY

I'd love to agree with you there
(cont'd)

DANNY
(cont'd)

mate but that won't be happening for two reasons. 1, this is his shindig so he'll be heavily backed up. 2, I'm gonna turn the tables on this fucker and rip him off then will decide how to put him out of his misery.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DRURY ROAD - NIGHT

The venue is heaving. People mingle around a makeshift bar. An empty BOXING RING with a concrete ground canvas stands in the middle of the room.

Danny enters the room with George, Paul and Steve. He immediately clocks his boys mingling around.

Within a minute of entering the room CARL BRENNAN, a short man in his mid-forties smoking a large cigar and sporting a limp, steps up to greet Danny.

BRENNAN
Alright Danny boy? Glad you could make it.

He holds out his hand.

DANNY
Carl.

They shake hands.

BRENNAN
Come with me Dan. The fights don't start for another hour yet. Bring your boys we'll grab some drinks and talk business, what do ya say?

Danny seems remarkably calm. A trait no doubt handed down from his Dad.

DANNY
Sure, lead the way.

INT. ROOM. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Carl sits at the head of a table, which has been set out in a makeshift office. Danny and his companions take a seat. Two BURLY men stand at the door.

There's a knock on the office door. One of the men standing by opens the door to allow a man in carrying a tray full of drinks. He hands the drinks out then hurriedly leaves.

BRENNAN

How's your Dad Danny?

DANNY

Let's talk business Carl. I take it that's why I'm here right?

Carl smiles at Danny's refusal to discuss his Dad.

BRENNAN

I'll get straight to the point shall I? I'm looking into purchasing a night club over Streatham way.

Danny chuckles a little shocked at Brennan's bravado.

DANNY

Is Barry Dunn aware of this?

Brennan grins menacingly.

BRENNAN

No he's not.

DANNY

It won't be easy taking business in Dunn's manor. His boys'll be on ya like a pack of wolves.

Brennan leans forward on the table.

BRENNAN

Well, that's where you come in Danny boy.

DANNY

You want me to help you slap Dunn's boys so you can reap the rewards of a nightclub? You're pulling my fucking leg ain't ya?

BRENNAN

Danny, please don't insult me. Of course there's something in it for you, that goes without saying.

DANNY

And that is?

BRENNAN

30% of takings.

DANNY

40 and I have a couple of my lads inside, one of, which'll do the books.

Brennan sits back in his chair.

BRENNAN

(mockingly)

I love it when you're demanding Danny boy.

DANNY

It's not that I don't trust you Brennan but I have to look out for myself, you understand.

Brennan laughs.

BRENNAN

Yeah I heard that about you from our mutual German friend.

Danny shrugs his shoulders.

DANNY

That's just business Carl.

BRENNAN

Of course. I do understand Danny only too well. Do we have a deal then?

DANNY

We have a deal.

Brennan leans forward to shake Danny's hand. Danny holds back...

DANNY

One other thing Carl.

Brennan looks a little pissed at Danny's forcefulness.

BRENNAN

(sarcastically)

I'm all ears.

DANNY

Drugs, I don't want you dealing from the club. If I get word your fucking about with that shit then I'm out and you'll have to fend off Dunn yourself.

BRENNAN

You have my word. I'll call you later in the week to make arrangements. In the meantime let's enjoy some boxing shall we?

They shake hands.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Smoke fills the room. Two fighters are toe to toe in the ring. One fighter's face is completely covered in blood. Brennan stands at ringside smoking a large cigar, Danny to his right.

BRENNAN

You know Danny boy, you should really invest in the boxing game.

DANNY

I have my fingers in enough pies at the minute.

Brennan replies a little muffled as he turns away from Danny..

BRENNAN

Yes you do Danny, yes you do.

Danny looks at Brennan who is now concentrating on the fight. Each gangster knows what the other has in mind it's just a matter of who gets there first.

Cut to:

2001

INT. DINING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny sits at the head of the table, Tom to his right. Paul, Steve, George and Darren occupy other seats around the table.

DANNY

Let's make this thing run smoothly,
but keep your mince's peeled. Dunn
still hasn't shown his face and I
don't trust that fuck.

TOM

Dan, did you put any of our boys in
there?

DANNY

Yeah, that's taken care of. Billy
and Dave are gonna be permanent
fixtures there. I want Brennan to
think we've taken his bait, hook
line and sinker.

Everyone stands and heads out the door, Danny remains in his
seat for a second. Tom pokes his head back in the door.

TOM

You ok son?

Danny looks up at his father figure...

DANNY

Can't be better.

Danny's response covers elements of doubt filtering through
his mind.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The dance-floor is heaving the remainder of the club is packed
solid. Danny stands at a window from an office overlooking the
dance-floor. He can see Brennan at a cubicle getting
acquainted with Jennifer and a friend. Paul approaches Brennan
whispers in his ear and they both leave the room.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Danny follows Brennan and Paul as they walk out of view. Steve
enters the office.

STEVE

A good night so far, mate?

Danny's mind is clearly occupied. His paranoid gaze remains
focused on the club below as he speaks.

DANNY

Any sign of Dunn?

STEVE

No mate, not a hair on the
fucker's hide.

DANNY

Do me a favour Steve, can you
send Billy up.

STEVE

Sure Dan.

Steve leaves the office.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brennan returns to the entertainment mingling with other
guests. A little drunkenly, he turns and bumps into Tom.

BRENNAN

Ah, Tom Downey. How are you? Long
time no see.

Tom's not interested in small talk with Brennan.

BRENNAN

(cont'd)

How's Stokes?

TOM

I'm out of the business Carl. That
means I have no connections with
you, which also means we have
nothing to say to each other.

BRENNAN

Crap Tom, you're Danny's advisor
everyone knows that.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Danny watches Tom and Brennan in conversation.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Tom and Brennan continue their conversation...

TOM

If you have anything to say go
through Danny not me.

Tom walks away as Brennan shouts out after him.

BRENNAN

No-one's out the picture Tom!

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

BILLY MILLER, 33-years-old short and stocky, knocks then enters the office. Danny is still looking out the window onto the dance-floor below.

BILLY

Dan, you wanted to see me?

Danny finally turns to look at Billy.

DANNY

Billy. I want you to keep your
eyes peeled here. As well as doing
the books I also want you to stick
your nose in where it's not wanted.
Anything you find out come to me.
Don't call Paul or Steve come to
me understood?

Paranoia has finally taken hold of Danny. Billy's eager to please his boss.

BILLY

No probs Danny.

Billy turns to leave.

DANNY

Hold up Billy.

Billy turns back at Danny.

BILLY

What's up Dan?

Danny notions towards a chair.

DANNY

Take a seat.

Billy takes a seat. Danny pulls a chair up and sits opposite him.

DANNY

Billy I need you to look for something for me.

Billy looks listens on intrigued.

DANNY

(cont'd)

While you're here I want you to see if you can lay your hands on something.

Billy knows what's coming he's also heard the rumours.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Brennan has a piece of paper with a list of names on it. I need to know the people on that list, understood?

Billy looks a little worried for the first time.

BILLY

If I don't find anything?

DANNY

(to himself)

Then the myth remains a myth.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Carl Brennan stands up on the stage next to the DJ. The DJ passes his mic to Brennan. The music stops and the crowd turn towards the stage.

BRENNAN

Thanks to everyone for making the effort to turn out tonight. Both myself and my associates are looking forward to a long and healthy partnership, which will hopefully help this club become the place it once was.

Brennan raises his glass...

BRENNAN

So thanks again.

The crowd claps.

Brennan raises his glass and takes a swig of the champagne. As he does he looks up at Danny in the office, Danny looks down at Brennan. Brennan nods slightly at his business partner who doesn't respond.

INT. DANNY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Danny drives as he and Jennifer make their way home from the club.

DANNY

What was you talking to Brennan about?

JENNIFER

(sarcastically)

Oh, hey Jen did you enjoy yourself tonight? What did you think of the club? Oh great I really enjoyed it.

Anger begins to build up within Danny.

DANNY

Jesus, Jen! Can't you just answer one simple question?

JENNIFER

What's got you?

DANNY

For fuck's sake! What did he have to say?

Jennifer backs down.

JENNIFER

Nothing much, he was just trying on the charm. He makes my skin crawl. What's up with you?

DANNY

Nothing.

JENNIFER

Could have fooled me.

Silence befalls the interior of the car for a few seconds.

JENNIFER

I don't like him Danny. What made you go into business with a man like Brennan?

DANNY

It's purely business there's no emotion involved.

Danny picks up Jen's hand and gently kisses the back of it.

DANNY

Sorry babe. I just get a little tense around him.

A few seconds pass...

JENNIFER

Have you ever thought of leaving all this? Maybe move abroad away from the pressures and hassle of your Dad's businesses? We can try Cyprus we both love it there.

Danny lets go of Jennifer's hand...

DANNY

I can't think about shit like that right now. I've got too much on my mind.

JENNIFER

Then why don't we leave all this crap behind.

DANNY

I've told you why I've gotta do what I have to do.

JENNIFER

Yeah Daddy's boy has to play Daddy's game.

DANNY

Don't take the piss Jen. You don't even know my Dad. I've asked you to come and visit him but you always make excuses why you can't make it.

Jennifer makes an effort to patch things up.

JENNIFER

I'll go with you next time, I promise. On one condition, you think about leaving all this.

Danny calms a little.

DANNY

Ok, I'll arrange it. Then I'll consider leaving all this shit behind us.

Jennifer smiles at Danny.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM. PRISON - DAY

Stokes is already at the table as Danny and Jen enter the room. He stands to greet them.

DANNY

Dad this is Jennifer, Jennifer my Dad.

Stokes holds out his hand for Jennifer.

STOKES

I've heard a lot about you Jen.

JENNIFER

All good I hope.

Danny intervenes...

DANNY

Of course.

They all take their seats.

STOKES

So how are the happy couple?

DANNY

Good thanks. How's things here?

STOKES

Same old, same old. So Jen tell me a bit about yourself.

Jen smiles at Stokes' charm.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Billy sits at the desk doing the books for the previous night's business.

The sound of the door opening breaks his concentration as Brennan steps in.

BRENNAN
(sarcastically)
Make sure those figures are right
Billy son. I don't want Mr Taxman
breathing down our necks.

Billy forcefully laughs at Brennan's dry wit.

BILLY
Almost done Mr Brennan.

Brennan walks over to a picture on the wall and removes it. Behind is the door to a safe. Brennan turns the dial to the required code and pulls open the door.

BRENNAN
I've gotta shoot off. Can you put
the books in the safe when you're
done and shut it up.

BILLY
Of course Mr Brennan.

BRENNAN
Good lad.

Brennan turns and leaves the office closing the door behind him.

Billy looks out the office window and watches as Brennan crosses the empty dance-floor and leaves the club through an exit on the far side.

Billy immediately gets up from his seat and walks over to the safe. He reaches in and begins to fumble around with the contents.

A few tax documents and a P45 are the only items inside the safe. Billy puts the papers back inside then returns to the books.

INT. VISITORS ROOM. PRISON - DAY

Stokes, Danny and Jen share a joke. Danny takes a deep breath feeling that this is probably the best time to let his Dad know their intentions.

DANNY

Dad, Jen and I have come to a decision.

Stokes looks a little concerned.

STOKES

What's that Dan?

Danny takes a deep breath.

DANNY

We're gonna start thinking of moving abroad.

Stokes' face drops. The remnants of the laughter from seconds ago all but disappeared.

STOKES

Dan can I have a word in private?

Danny looks at Jen then back at his Dad. Jen acknowledges this and stands to leave. Stokes stands to say goodbye.

STOKES

Nice to meet you finally, enjoy your big day.

Jen, now feeling a little out of place, replies...

JENNIFER

I will, bye John.

Jen turns to Danny...

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

I'll wait for you in the car Danny.

Danny looks at his fiancé and nods in agreement.

Jennifer turns and leaves the room. Danny turns back to his Dad.

STOKES

What ya playing at boy?

DANNY

Dad I...

Stokes cuts him off quickly as he leans forward...

STOKES

Are you telling me that I'm here in this fucking hole for the best part of my life so you can make enough money to go swanning off to fucking Spain or wherever?

DANNY

Nothings final.

Stokes leans in cutting his son off again. His passion for the life he used to lead evident...

STOKES

Fucking right nothings final! Don't leave me in here with the thought that what I did in the past has all been in vain. Danny I did all that shit for us, for the firm, not so we could all retire happily building fucking sandcastles.

Stokes' voice has risen with his rage he then quickly acknowledges this and lowers his tone.

STOKES

(cont'd)

I don't want everything we have built up to be hacked to bits by wanker's like Brennan or Dunn scavenging after our interests. Cause that's what they'll do when you fuck off abroad.

Danny looks into his father's eyes. The passion and hope in them begin to sway Danny's thinking. Stokes' persuasion has always been a trait of his, something Danny has always found difficult to deal with.

DANNY

OK, OK. I did say 'we were thinking about it'. Let me speak to Jen. I'll straighten this whole thing out with her, don't worry Dad everything will be cool.

Stokes takes his son's hand.

STOKES

You're making the right choice son. I'll be out of this shit hole one day and I want what I left to you to be there for us when I get out. You are the only person I trust to make that possible.

DANNY

What about Tom?

STOKES

Tom's out of the game because he don't have what it takes anymore. He'll be the first person to vouch for that. Don't let me down boy I need you to be out there for me.

Danny stands to leave.

DANNY

I'll be in touch.

STOKES

OK.

Stokes watches as his son exits the room.

EXT. PRISON. CAR PARK - DAY

Danny approaches his car all the while knowing what the first thing to come from Jen's mouth will be. He begins to get angry and frustrated at the predictability of a conversation he doesn't fancy having right now. He opens the door and climbs in.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - DAY

Danny starts the engine; he can feel Jen looking at him expectedly. He knows the subject is not far off now, the anger boils some more.

As predicted Jen begins with her first question...

JENNIFER

What was all that about?

Danny tries to avoid a conversation he knows will lead to a full-blown argument.

DANNY

Forget it Jen let's discuss it later.

JENNIFER

What's the point we have a 30 minute drive ahead of us let's discuss it now.

Danny knows the argument is now inevitable so stops trying to avoid it.

DANNY

For fuck sake Jen can't you do one thing for me.

Jen is not impressed with Danny's attitude.

JENNIFER

Don't talk to me like I'm one of your stupid goons.

DANNY

Watch your fucking mouth.

Anger starts to build within Jennifer an anger she didn't even know she had.

JENNIFER

Don't start keeping secrets Dan. I thought we'd agreed...

Dan cuts her off turning towards her...

DANNY

How am I keeping secrets! I fucking said we'll discuss it later didn't I? It's hardly national fucking intelligence!

JENNIFER

It's all fuck and bollocks with you.
Can't you think of anything more
constructive to say?

Danny reverses out of the parking bay.

DANNY

How about shut it or walk it?

Danny puts his foot down and begins speeding towards the prison exit.

JENNIFER

Don't be a pratt all your life
Dan.

Danny slams on the breaks as Jen flies forward. Her seatbelt is the only thing stopping her face from smashing through the windscreen.

DANNY

Alright you wanna hear it. We
ain't going abroad. I've got
things I need to take care of
here and that's what I intend on
doing.

Jennifer looks at Danny in disbelief.

JENNIFER

What about what you said the
other night? We'd think about it?

DANNY

We'll just have to put it on the
back burner for now.

JENNIFER

You're unbelievable Dan. When are you
gonna start making your own decisions?
Lead your own life?

Danny looks at Jennifer...

DANNY

I am.

EXT. PRISON. CAR PARK - DAY

Dan pulls away and heads out the Prison complex.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. CAR PARK - DAY

A WHITE TRANSIT VAN screeches to a halt outside the nightclub's back entrance. Half a dozen MASKED men emerge from the back doors of the van carrying M11's and SAWN-OFF SHOTGUNS.

They enter the back door.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Billy, currently the only person in the club, looks at the security monitor on the desk.

BILLY

Jesus fucking Christ!!

He immediately dives under the desk to take cover.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The gunmen enter the dance-floor area of the club and begin to randomly open fire.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Billy puts his hands to his ears as he crouches under the desk.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The bar and optics behind it are first hit. The noise of glass exploding is intense as the bar turns into a war zone within seconds. Glass smashes out over the bar surface as the mirrors behind the optics are next hit.

The stage, with turntables set up for that evening's entertainment is hit next. The stand collapses under the barrage of gunfire.

A shooter with a sawn off shotgun then turns towards the office. He fires around..

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The sound of the glass exploding above his head makes Billy try to tuck further into his hiding place under the desk as glass showers down onto the floor where he was sitting on his chair just moments ago.

The gunfire suddenly stops.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The gunmen lower their weapons turn and hurry out the door.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. CAR PARK - DAY

They all climb back into the van. The van wheels spin on the gravel, pull away then speeds off out the car park.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Billy slowly emerges from under the desk. He slowly peers up over the window ledge. When he is sure he is alone again, he reaches for the phone.

INT. LOUNGE. DANNY'S FLAT - DAY

The phone rings, Danny emerges from the kitchen and picks up the receiver.

DANNY

Yep?

DANNY

What's up Tom?

There's a pause as Danny's face drops. He slowly moves over to the sofa to take a seat.

DANNY

How much damage?

Another Pause...

DANNY

Dunn the fucker! I knew he would hit back but didn't think he'd have the bollocks for that. Round the boys up, we'll meet at the snooker hall at 8pm.

Danny puts the phone down.

INT. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT

The main lights are on in the hall. Danny, Tom, Steve, Paul, Billy, Darren and George are congregated around one of the central tables.

TOM

Don't be hasty Dan. Dunn'll expect a hit tonight.

DANNY

No! He'd expect you to advise me againstit. He gets hit tonight.

Tom looks a little pissed at Danny.

TOM

You saying I'm predictable Dan?

Danny's pissed as well and doesn't care who he pisses off at the moment.

DANNY

Draw your own conclusions Tom.

There's a little tension in the air between Tom and Danny. Danny then begins firing out the plan.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Right, no doubt they'll be in 'The Crown'. George does Dunn's cousin still own that place?

GEORGE

Yeah.

DANNY

Right we'll take their pub down see how they fucking like it. Leave Dunn to me I want the fucker to be able to speak.

Tom shakes his head in disagreement.

TOM

Danny this could be bad for us.

Danny losess his rag.

DANNY

What is your problem Tom?! How would you handle it? You seem to have all the fucking answers!

TOM

Dan I'm not the boss anymore it's not...

Danny interrupts...

DANNY

That's right! You're not the boss anymore Tom, so why are we having this fucking discussion?

Tom continues to try and reason with Danny...

TOM

Why don't you get Brennan to deal with it?

DANNY

Cause I want the job done and I want it done properly. I don't want that mug striking up a deal. I've told him I'll take care of it and he didn't have a problem with it so why have you?

TOM

Ok Dan you do what you think is right. I don't wanna fall out with you on this.

At that point Danny sees the man in Tom who he has loved like a father for the last 20 years. He walks around the table and puts his hand on Tom's shoulder.

DANNY

Everything will be fine Tom. This is the only language these prat's understand. They won't bother us again.

Danny turns back to his crew...

DANNY

Right, this is the plan...

EXT. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

A DARK BLUE JAG carrying Danny and Steve pulls up outside THE CROWN PUB. A RANGE ROVER pulls up behind it.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Paul, George and Billy sit in anticipation.

INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

Danny turns to Steve in the back of the car. Darren is the driver.

DANNY

Is he in there?

STEVE

Yep it's his cousin's birthday,
he's in there alright.

INT. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

The pub is full. Locals are celebrating the governor's birthday. BARRY DUNN, a 30-year-old Scotsman, stands at the bar talking to a FRIEND.

DUNN

How's Gary?

FRIEND

Good he's only been out a couple
of day's but he needs a job to keep
his parole officer off his back.

DUNN

Tell him to come see me I'll set
him up.

FRIEND

Will do mate cheers.

A BARMAID approaches Dunn.

BARMAID

Barry there's a call for you.

DUNN

Who is it?

BARMAID

They didn't say.

Dunn makes his way around the bar and through to the back of the pub.

INT. BACKROOM. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

Dunn lifts up the receiver, the barmaid had left lying next to the phone.

DUNN

Hello?

VOICE

Nice party.

DUNN

Who is this? What the fuck do
you want?

The phone goes dead.

INT. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

Dunn emerges from the backroom and approaches an associate.

DUNN

We've got company.

INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

Danny pulls a black balaclava over his head and turns to Steve.

DANNY

Let's move.

INT. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

Three of Dunn's boys are gathered around him. Each hardened gangster is tooled up. Dunn starts to dictate proceedings...

DUNN

You pair take a look around outside.
I wanna know who's pulling my
fucking chain.

The two goons head off out the pub.

EXT. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

As Dunn's boys emerge from the pub they are each met with a couple of swings from baseball bats knocking them to the floor. Two masked men then proceed to smash the living daylight out of them as they lie helpless on the ground.

INT. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

All the attention is focused on that entrance as commotion begins to fill the pub.

Dunn turns to his right-hand man his face red with anger.

DUNN

Out the other entrance move.

They turn and head for the other entrance trying to make their way through the herd of people trying to see what all the commotion is about.

They get to the door and exit.

EXT. THE CROWN PUB - NIGHT

Dunn and his goon emerge from the other exit only to be met with the same barrage of blows as their colleagues had.

Steve takes out Dunn's right-hand man in one swift blow to the head.

As Dunn tries to stand he is met with a crushing blow to the back of his head by Danny's faithful aluminium baseball bat.

Both Danny and Steve pick Dunn up and throw him in the back of the Range Rover.

Both sets of masked men climb into their respective cars and pull away as the locals spill out onto the road in disbelief.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dunn comes around only to find he has been blind-folded gagged and tied to a chair.

Suddenly the blind fold is removed to show Danny, Steve and Paul standing around their prisoner.

Dunn's hard character shows through even though the present circumstances prove to be against his favour.

DUNN

What the fuck you playing at
Stokes?

He then winces as the pain from the blow to the head becomes more of a reality.

DANNY

That's weird I was gonna ask you
the exact same thing.

DUNN

I had nothing to do with the hit
on your club. If it were me I would
have torched the fucking place.

Danny looks at Steve. Steve shrugs his shoulders at Danny.

DANNY

That's what they all say right
Dunn?

DUNN

I don't give a flying fuck what
they all say. Just let me outta
this shit. I have no beef with you.

DANNY

Bullshit we took a club from under
your nose. A club slap bang in the
middle of your own fucking manor
and you're trying to tell me you
don't give a shit?

Danny walks towards Dunn and bends down in front of him.

DUNN

I have no interests in nightclubs.
Nightclubs are for poofs.

Dunn's head is almost knocked from his shoulders as Steve
throws a right hand against Dunn's jaw.

Dunn lets out a groan.

DANNY

(mockingly)

Plenty more where that came from
Bazza.

Dunn retorts undaunted by his situation...

DUNN

Fuck you.

Again Dunn's face is met with a right hand. The sound of
Dunn's jaw breaking brings a smile to Steve's face.

Dunn lets out another groan...

DUNN

(cont'd, mumbles in pain)
I'd try looking a bit closer to home
if I was you.

Danny looks at Steve again.

STEVE

Stop all this cryptic crap. What the
fuck do you know?

Dunn looks at Steve and begins to laugh. The pain and distorted features in his face prevent it lasting long but he manages to come across as taking the piss none-the-less.

Paul pulls a gun from his pocket and points it at Dunn's head.

PAUL

Fuck this prick.

Paul pulls the trigger sending Dunn over onto the floor. Danny looks at Dunn lying in a pool of his own blood. He then looks up at Paul.

DANNY

What the fuck was that?

PAUL

He's just dragging you along for
a ride Dan. All he ever does is
gun down people's property's and
take the fucking piss. He only
grows balls behind his shooters.
He won't be missed.

Danny approaches Paul.

DANNY

None-the-less Paul I was waiting
for an answer from him. How the
fuck am I gonna get one now?

PAUL

Relax Dan. You wanted to off the
fucker who shot down the club.
We've done that now let's get on
with our business.

DANNY

Alright dopey, just as soon as you've dealt with this piece of dead shit's body here.

Paul looks at his boss in disbelief as Danny inches his head towards Dunn's lifeless sole.

PAUL

Ah, come on Dan, I'll get one of the boys to come out and get rid of him.

DANNY

No you won't you'll get rid of him.

Danny and Steve leave Paul standing over Dunn's dead body.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The church courtyard is packed as guests arrive for the big wedding. Limos and Jags line the surrounding streets.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Danny and Jennifer stand at the Altar. The church is full the only voice audible is that of the REVEREND'S.

REVEREND

Danny John Stokes, do you take Jennifer Mary Lane to be your lawfully wedded wife?

Danny smiles...

DANNY

I do.

The reverend looks at Jennifer...

REVEREND

Jennifer Mary Lane, do you take Danny John Stokes to be your lawfully wedded husband?

Jen smiles at Danny...

JENNIFER

I do.

REVEREND

I now pronounce you man and wife.

The reverend looks over at Danny.

REVEREND

You may kiss the bride.

Danny removes Jennifer's veil and kisses her. Friends and family clap as the ceremony ends with the church bells ringing in the background.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

The sun bellows down on the lawn of a large countryside mansion. Danny and Jennifer's wedding reception is in full flow. The guest list comprises of a 'who's who' of London gangsters along with Jennifer's friends and family.

Danny and Jen both mingle shaking hands and kissing friends. Jen looks beautiful in a traditional wedding dress.

Danny breaks away as he spots Paul standing alone.

DANNY

You alright son?

Paul turns to Danny a little startled maybe...

PAUL

Yeah mate, yeah.

There's an uncomfortable silence before Paul picks the conversation back up...

PAUL

(cont'd)

It couldn't have gone any better for ya.

DANNY

Couldn't have wished for a better day and Jen looks beautiful don't she?

Paul doesn't respond to Danny's posing question.

DANNY

Paul?

Paul snaps back to reality to acknowledge Danny.

PAUL

Er, yeah she does Dan.

Steve arrives and joins the conversation..

STEVE

Brennan's just turned up Dan.

Danny looks in the direction of the house.

DANNY

Right. Watch that fuck he'll do anything to ruin the day.

PAUL

What's the situation here Dan? Everyone's on tender hooks 'cause they know both us and Brennan are just biding our times to make our moves especially now that Dunn's out the picture.

DANNY

It'll come. We want to get as much as we can from this deal before we pull the plug on him.

Steve looks confused..

STEVE

While we bide our time, Brennan's making the necessary moves to pull the fucking plug on us. I mean it's been a year now since the club opened and all the while we've been carrying his sorry arse.

DANNY

Patience Steve. Brennan's got his fingers in a lot of pies and I want a bit of that before we put him outta the picture. Billy and Dave are keeping an eye out at the club, the minute we get a decent lead then we're in and Brennan's out for good.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy enters the office with the clubs books under one arm.

INT. MARQUEE. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

The wedding guests sit at tables, the dinner just finished. A jazz band plays an instrumental version of Sinatra's 'My Way' as Danny and Jen share a kiss in the centre of the dance-floor. Guests look on as the happy couple continue with the first dance.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy closes the books up. He walks over to the picture and removes it. He tries to open the safe but it's locked. Brennan hasn't left it open.

He turns to scan the room for somewhere to leave the books.

INT. MARQUEE. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

The dance-floor is scattered with couples as the band plays 'IT HAD TO BE YOU'. Both Steve and Paul prop up the bar as Tom sits alone at a table watching happily.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy starts to open various filing cabinet draws looking for a place to stash the books. In the bottom drawer of a cabinet he sees a copy of the HOLY BIBLE. Billy snickers to himself with the thought that Brennan would possess such a thing. He lifts it out of the drawer.

INT. MARQUEE. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Danny and Jen are still dancing, holding each other close. They kiss again.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

The copy of the bible is very old and tatty. Inside the front cover is the name BRIAN CALLOWAY. Billy looks startled by the name in the book. He begins to flick through the pages. He stumbles across a piece of paper folded and placed in the section EXODUS 21. PASSAGES 23-25 are highlighted with a yellow marker, Billy reads them aloud:

23: But if there is any further injury, then you shall appoint as a penalty life for life, 24: eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, 25: burn for burn, wound for wound, bruise for bruise.

Billy then removes the piece of paper and begins to open it up.

INT. RECREATION ROOM. PRISON - EARLY EVENING

Stokes sits in front of the TV with Mac watching a football match. A fellow INMATE approaches.

INMATE

John, Terry wants a word, says
you're gonna wanna hear what he
has to say.

STOKES

Where is he?

INMATE

In the gym.

Stokes stands, Mac stands as well. Stokes puts his hand on his friend's shoulder.

STOKES

Easy, Terry's a good lad.

Mac reluctantly sits down.

INT. MARQUEE. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Danny and Jen are talking to Paul and his lady friend when one of Danny's boys, MICK, interrupts them.

MICK

Sorry Dan.

DANNY

What's up?

MICK

Billy's on the phone, says it's
urgent.

Danny looks over at Brennan who stands at the bar with his bodyguard and a woman friend. Brennan notices Mick's urgency. Both Danny and Brennan lock eyes. Brennan looks on wearily.

DANNY

(to present company)

Excuse me.

Danny then calmly follows Mick out the Marquee leaving Jen with Paul and his girlfriend.

INT. RECEPTION HALL. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Danny arrives at the phone and picks it up. He speaks with an urgency about him.

DANNY

What's up Billy?

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy replies nervously...

BILLY

Dan I'm over at the club.

Danny's impatient voice can be heard on the other end of the phone.

DANNY

(O.S.)

Spit it out Billy.

This just adds to Billy's nervousness...

BILLY

I was snooping around Brennan's things and I've found something.

INT. RECEPTION HALL. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Danny's impatience grows by the second...

DANNY

For fucks sake Billy talk to me!

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy gathers his composure...

BILLY

It's Brennan's hit-list. I think I've found it. It was inside a bible in his filing cabinet. He must have only put it in there recently cause I was in the drawer only the other day.

Danny's voice can be heard on the other end of the phone...

DANNY

(O.S.)

Jesus son, either you have or
you haven't.

BILLY

I have.

INT. RECEPTION HALL. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Even though there was a chance this list might exist deep down
Danny always thought it didn't. Danny's a little shocked as he
comes to terms with it...

DANNY

Am I on it?

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy swallows hard.

BILLY

Yes.

INT. RECEPTION HALL. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Anger sweeps over Danny's face. Even though he knew Brennan
had it in for him the confirmation and realization of it
pushes Danny into a rage.

DANNY

Wanker!

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy swallows hard again...

BILLY

That's not all Dan.

Danny's voice can again be heard from the other end of the
phone...

DANNY

(O.S.)

What?

BILLY

You're second on the list.

INT. RECEPTION HALL. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Danny's face drops.

DANNY
Who's top of the list?

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - EARLY EVENING

Billy's looking at the list in front of him.

BILLY
It's your Dad Danny. Your Dad's
at the top of the list.

INT. RECEPTION HALL. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

In light of what Danny has just heard he manages to gather his composure.

DANNY
Billy put everything back where
you found it. Everything stays
the same as when you found it,
understand?

Danny hangs up the phone and runs towards the entrance to the back garden.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - EARLY EVENING

Danny races across the grounds towards the large tent.

INT. MARQUEE. MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Danny enters the tent and approaches Tom he quickly scans for Brennan.

DANNY
Where's Brennan?

TOM
Gone.

DANNY
Outside now.

Both Paul and Steve see Danny's distress and run out after him and Tom.

INT. GYM. PRISON - EARLY EVENING

The gym is shrouded in darkness. A small light emerges from the corner of the hall as Stokes enters.

He looks for the light switch and flicks it on. There's no one there.

Stokes calls out...

STOKES

Terry!

There's no answer.

EXT. MANSION. MARQUEE - EARLY EVENING

Tom, Paul and Steve gather around Danny. Danny's gasping for breath.

DANNY

Billy's found Brennan's hit-list.

Tom is not at all surprised. Unlike Steve, Paul looks slightly on edge.

TOM

Are you on it?

DANNY

Yeah, but that's not the main issue here.

Everyone looks confused..

DANNY

(cont'd)

It's Dad. He's top of the prick's list.

Tom looks distraught...

TOM

I'll make the call.

Tom dashes off towards the house.

INT. GYM. PRISON - EARLY EVENING

Stokes walks over to the boxing ring and leans against the ropes, reflecting on a previous hobby. He hears what sounds

like a cough coming from an adjacent communal toilet. He begins to walk towards the toilet.

INT. TOILET. PRISON - EARLY EVENING

Stokes enters the toilet...

STOKES

Terry? Stop fucking about I ain't got all night.

There's no answer. Stokes decides to take a leak and walks over to the urinal.

A solitary figure watches him from one of the cubicles as Stokes begins to piss.

Stokes finishes, does up his jeans and walks over to a sink. Newell, clutching a SHANK in one hand, emerges from the cubicle and slowly walks up behind Stokes.

Newell suddenly kicks out at the back of Stokes' knees. Stokes drops to the floor. As Stokes begins to startlingly get up Newell grabs a clump of his hair and bringing his head back suddenly smashes it against the porcelain basin, a dull thud echo's around the tiled room.

Stokes groans in pain as he looks up to see Newell standing over him. Newell has an evil look sketched across his face, the scar Stokes gave him on his arrival adding to the appearance. Newell brandishes the shank.

Stokes still manages to speak with confidence even though the right side of his face has caved in, blood shoots out from his mouth as he begins...

STOKES

Thought you'd learnt your lesson?

Newell sniggers...

NEWELL

Just biding my time. Obviously you haven't learnt yours. Play with the big boy's and you will lose. Oh and don't worry about your boy. He's time'll come.

Newell kicks Stokes full pelt in the head. Stokes groans in pain again as Newell climbs onto him.

NEWELL
(cont'd)

This is for my uncle.

U2's 'BAD' FADES IN:

Newell lifts the shank up and plunges it into Stokes' face. He then repeatedly stabs Stokes in the chest shouting out victoriously as he kills him.

INT. MANSION. LOUNGE - EARLY EVENING

Danny drops to his knees his face resting in his hands. Tom stands to his side.

Danny lifts his head back and screams out in pain, anger and frustration.

U2's 'BAD' FADES OUT:

INT. DINING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

All the main boys from Danny's firm sit around Tom's dining table. Paul remains quite throughout.

DANNY

Nothing happens until my say so.

STEVE

Brennan knows you know he ordered the hit. It's obvious he legged it the minute you back was turned.

TOM

We'll wait till after the funeral. Brennan has to think he's got away with it. It was Brennan who had the club shot up as well.

Angered reaction fills the room.

TOM

(cont'd)

Apparently Brennan and Calloway were close associates up north some time ago. Brennan's had it in for John since Calloway's murder. He's just been waiting for the right moment.

Danny looks up at Tom from a mourning position. Frustration is mixing with his feelings...

DANNY

Shame you hadn't looked into this before Tom? Dad might still be alive?

TOM

The death of someone is always surrounded by 'if's' and 'maybe's'. It'll be near on impossible to cover every possible angle, especially in this business.

Dan ignores Tom's attempt to justify his mistake.

Steve changes direction back to the hit...

STEVE

After the funeral can be too late. He might get to you before then.

TOM

He won't try and hit Danny so close to his Dad being killed. He'll bide his time.

Danny looks to the rest of the room, tears form in his eyes...

DANNY

Everything goes back to normal for the time being, business as usual.

Everyone gets up to leave the room Danny pulls Steve back.

DANNY

Steve we have to move tonight.

STEVE

What do you want me to do Dan?

DANNY

There's not many people around me I feel I can trust except you and Tom so this goes no further...

INT. LOUNGE. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom and Danny sit alone in the lounge. There's silence. Neither man knows what to say.

Danny looks into space tears still fresh in his eyes.

TOM

You must be strong Dan.

DANNY

How the hell can I be expected to run a firm when I'm being pulled from pillar to post. I've got Jen in one ear telling me to move abroad and I have my Dad's voice in the other telling me to push things forward, to keep things turning over. Now I'm further from both solutions.

Tom looks at the boy he regards as his son.

TOM

I have a feeling that Brennan has someone inside the firm.

Danny looks back out into space...

DANNY

He does.

Tom looks surprised at Danny's knowledge.

TOM

Who?

DANNY

It's Paul. Someone I've trusted most of my life. Fucking greed Tom, that's all it is, fucking greed. Whatever happened to loyalty amongst friends? It also explains why he was so anxious to off Dunn.

TOM

You think Brennan was behind the hit on the club?

DANNY

I know he was. Once we'd have found out from Dunn we'd have finished off Brennan doing Paul out of what ever kinda deal he's struck up with him.

TOM

What makes you think Paul's the mole?

Danny let's out slight chuckle...

DANNY

A paranoid gangland bosses intuition
I suppose.

TOM

What you gonna do about it?

DANNY

Paul will get his moment in the
spotlight don't worry about that.
Just after Brennan has his tonight.

TOM

Jesus Dan is that a good idea?

DANNY

I do listen to you Tom. I respect you
very much you know that, but sometimes
I just have to do things my way.

Danny glances at his CARTIER WATCH. The time is 10.45pm.

INT. BEDROOM. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brennan is asleep in his bed with some old slapper that he
picked up on his way home from the wedding. The covers are off
the bed revealing his fat naked body. The hooker lies naked
face down, asleep.

There's a noise, which sounds like it's coming from
downstairs. Brennan's eyes are open like a shot. He reaches
under his mattress and retrieves a Berretta. He grabs his
dressing gown from the back of a chair pulls it on and then
makes his way to the bedroom door.

He slowly turns the handle. The door creaks open.

INT. LANDING. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A gap in Brennan's bedroom door appears as he slowly sticks
his head out to look up and down the corridor. There's no one
there so the paranoid gangster steps out onto the landing.

He edges towards the stairs and slowly begins his decent
downstairs.

INT. HALL. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brennan slowly reaches the bottom and heads towards the lounge. The double doors are already open as he steps in. There's no one to be seen. The "big-time" gangster looks a fat, drunken wreck as he turns to head towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

By now Brennan is feeling cocky thinking that it was his imagination. He has a quick glance around but there's no one there. He turns and walks out the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brennan slips off his robe and climbs back into bed stuffing his gun under his pillow. In his drunken state he hasn't realized the covers had been pulled back up over the bed.

He turns towards the prostitute, her back is to his. He snuggles up to her and puts his arm around her waist. He then feels what he thinks is warm liquid on her bare skin.

He begins shitting himself as he brings his hand up to his nose. He smells the liquid on his finger. As he recognises the smell of blood he quickly turns to climb out. A silencer is pointing directly at his face. Brennan notices a blurry image of the gun's custodian as he focuses on the end of the silencer.

The quiet sound of the bullet being fired indicates the success of Steve's mission and the death of Carl Brennan.

INT. LOUNGE. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny glances at his watch again. It's now 11.00pm.

DANNY

Now for Paul.

Tom looks on aware that Brennan is now out of the picture.

EXT. CEMETERY. GRAVESIDE - DAY

Stokes' family and friends congregate around his graveside. Gangsters from around the country have turned up to pay their respects.

Danny stands at the front of the congregation head down, Tom stands to his right, his arm around Danny's shoulders for support, Jennifer stands to his left her arms linked with

Danny's arm. Tears stream from Danny's eyes but he manages to keep his composure.

MINISTER

Join with me as we commit John
Stokes to the ground. Ashes to
ashes dust to dust in the hope
of eternal life.

Pallbearers gently lower the casket into the ground as Danny finally begins to lose it. Jennifer is now sobbing mainly due to Danny's grief but also because in the short time she met Stokes she had gained a slight affection for him.

The thud of the coffin hitting the floor makes Danny jump as he looks up. He looks across to Paul at the other end. Paul notices Danny and quickly looks away.

INT. LOUNGE. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

The wake is nearing its end. Danny stands by the lounge door offering his thanks as the guests begin to leave. A THIN RED-HAIRED MAN in his mid forties turns to Danny on his way out.

MAN

Danny?

Danny turns to the man who is holding out his hand.

DANNY

(respectfully)

Sorry do I know you?

MAN

I was with your father the night
Calloway was gunned down.

Respect floods Danny immediately. They shake hands.

DANNY

'The Third Man'.

(beat)

Not a lot of people know about you.

MAN

That's the way I like it. I was
very fond of your Dad he was a good
friend. If you ever need anything
and I mean anything then call me.

The man hands Danny a small card. On one side is a number scribbled down, underneath it just says RED.

RED

I'd rather you memorised the number then destroyed the card. I'm sure you understand.

Danny asks no questions understanding and respecting the wishes of his father's old friend.

DANNY

Have you spoken to Tom?

Danny notions in Tom's direction, Tom is already looking over at the two of them. Red looks over at Tom as he answers Danny.

RED

To be honest me and Tom never really got along so I think I'll decline if that's...

Danny interrupts not wanting to create an awkward situation at his dad's wake.

DANNY

Oh, OK not a problem.

Red offers out his hand, they shake. Red then turns and heads for the door leaving Danny to reflect on the unanswered questions racing through his head.

INT. LOUNGE. DANNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Danny sits alone on the sofa flicking through the various channels. He pays no attention to the images displayed. It's almost like he is doing it sub-consciously.

The sound of the front door opening and closing can be heard as Jennifer walks into the lounge carrying shopping bags.

JENNIFER

I've got us something nice in for tea.

She looks over at Danny who has completely ignored her.

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

Dan you ok?

Still Danny remains focused at the TV screen. Jen puts the bags down walks over to the sofa and sits down next to Danny. She puts her arms around him and pulls him into her chest. She strokes his hair.

JENNIFER

(cont'd)

It's ok Danny. I love you so much.

Danny starts to cry openly. He struggles to talk amongst the tears.

DANNY

I don't know what to do Jen?
Everything's falling apart.

JENNIFER

Let's move away Dan like we said
before. There's no reason for you
to stay here amongst all this
anymore.

Danny looks up at Jennifer he gathers his composure and sits back...

DANNY

How can you think of that now? I've
enough on my plate without you
trying to prize me away from my
family.

Jennifer starts to get annoyed...

JENNIFER

This isn't your family. All this Crap,
Steve, Paul, Tom they're not your family.
I'm your family!

DANNY

Tom's been like a father to me.

JENNIFER

Well I don't want our baby's Dad to
end up the same way his Dad ended up.

Danny's turns to Jennifer unsure if he heard right...

DANNY

You pregnant?

Jennifer smiles...

JENNIFER

Went to see the doctor first thing
this morning.

She takes Danny's hand and rests it on her flat stomach. Danny smiles, the tears falling from his eyes are now tears of joy.

DANNY

I'll make things work Jen I promise.
I'll take care of us, all of us.

He gently rubs her stomach.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Danny sits alone at the desk. His concentration is broken when Tom and Steve enter the office. Tom takes a seat. Steve stands to his left.

TOM

You wanted to see me Dan?

Danny turns to face Tom.

DANNY

We have to deal with Paul tonight.

Tom replies concerned..

TOM

Danny I must advise you against
this. If Paul disappears off the
face of the earth only a few days
after Brennan and your Dad we'll
have the cozer's on our back
before you can say "I'm innocent".

Danny ignores Tom's plea. He looks up at Steve..

DANNY

Steve, you know what to do?

Steve replies confidently..

STEVE

Consider it done.

Tom looks at the two as the order to off Paul is given. He replies stopping Steve from leaving the office.

TOM

Who the hell do you think you are Dan, Michael Corleone? This ain't America you can't just hand out orders like that. The man's been your friend..

Tom looks at both Danny and Steve..

TOM

(cont'd)

...both your friends for years, he made a mistake he won't make again.

DANNY

Damn right he won't.

Tom shakes his head profusely..

TOM

This is all wrong Danny.

His attitude doesn't appeal to Danny who looks up at Steve.

DANNY

Steve can you give me a minute alone with Tom?

STEVE

Not a problem Dan.

Steve leaves the room closing the door behind him.

DANNY

What are you saying Tom, I'm no good to run this firm?

TOM

No Dan I'm not saying that. What I'm saying is we don't have the necessary clout to keep wiping people out. We're not in a good enough political position yet where we can get out of this if it turns messy.

There's a seconds pause as Danny takes in what Tom is saying.

TOM
(cont'd)

We still have a lot of work in front of us before we can benefit from such predicaments.

DANNY
Why did you lie to me about 'The Third Man'?

Tom looks unprepared for this question.

TOM
I er... I never thought it worth building up your hopes on someone who flits between friends and could be a very unreliable asset.
(beat)

You have to focus on the people who are around you twenty-four seven.

DANNY
Why don't you two get on?

TOM
I just don't agree with his gung-ho tactics. Calloway's assassination was Red's idea. And your dad went down because it wasn't thought out well enough and you dad trusted him more than he should've done.

Danny thinks for a second before continuing...

DANNY
Well whatever Tom I'd appreciate it if you don't question my orders in front of others again.

Danny turns to the door...

DANNY
Steve!

Steve walks back in. Danny looks up at Steve...

DANNY
Carry on Steve.

Steve leaves the office.

TOM

Dan what the fuck do you pay me for?! I'm advising you not to do this for...

Danny cuts him off...

DANNY

You've made your point Tom, you've made your point quite clear. You know, sometimes I wonder where your allegiance lies?

Tom interrupts...

TOM

Don't ever doubt my...

Danny cuts Tom off again...

DANNY

I know how you felt about my Dad and for that I love you. You brought me up like your own son and for that I love you, but you don't know every fucking thing. I have to do what I have to do.

TOM

You're risking the future of everything we've built here. All the business you, me and your father put together will all be in vain. I want that to go on record.

Tom stands and leaves the room slamming the door behind him.

INT. SNOOKER HALL - EARLY EVENING

Steve hurriedly walks across the hall towards the office.

INT. OFFICE. SNOOKER HALL - EARLY EVENING

COLIN, a middle-aged man sits in the office watching the security monitor.

STEVE

Where's Paul?

COLIN

I haven't seen Paul for days.

Steve shows anger in his tone...

STEVE

What do you mean you ain't seen him for days?

COLIN

It's not just me Steve he hasn't been seen at the club or around the manor.

STEVE

What about the Casino? He practically lives there.

COLIN

Nope, not there either.

Steve points to Colin as he barks out his order...

STEVE

Find him!

INT. SNOOKER HALL - EARLY EVENING

Steve heads towards the exit as he dials out on his mobile.

INT. LOUNGE. DANNY'S FLAT - EARLY EVENING

Danny and Jennifer are arguing again. The atmosphere is tense.

JENNIFER

There's no need for us to hang around any more, I thought we had already agreed on this?!!

DANNY

I still have issues to take care of. I can't just pick up and leave!

JENNIFER

Jesus Christ Dan can't you see, if you stay around this could be the end of our future. Our family's at risk every day of the week. Your unborn baby is at risk!!

Danny's frustration ups a few notches. He points at Jennifer in anger...

DANNY

Nothing is gonna happen to us!!

There's a slight pause, Danny lowers his hand, they both begin to calm a little...

DANNY

(cont'd)

My works nearly done. As soon as it is we're on a plane. You have my word on that. There's just something I must do first then I'm out.

JENNIFER

I mean it Dan, if you go out of that door you won't see me again.

The phone begins to ring. Danny picks up the phone...

DANNY

Yeah?

Steve's voice can be heard on the other end...

STEVE

Paul's gone AWOL.

Danny turns to look towards Jen, on the outside he tries to portray a regular conversation but inside his blood begins to boil.

DANNY

Ok Steve. I'll meet you at the club in half an hour.

Danny hangs up the phone and looks up at Jennifer.

JENNIFER

It's more business isn't it? I mean it Dan, you go out of that door I won't be here when you get back!

Danny doesn't want another row so heads for the door.

DANNY

I'll be an hour max.

Jennifer shouts after him...

JENNIFER

Don't walk out Dan, I mean it!
Don't you fucking walk out on us!!

Danny shuts the front door behind him.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Danny sits at the desk as Steve enters the office. Steve expects a barrage of questions from his boss.

STEVE

Dan.

DANNY

Where the fuck is he?

STEVE

No-one's seen him for days. He
ain't been here, the snooker hall,
he hasn't even been at the casino.

Danny stands up.

DANNY

You find that fucker Steve. No
excuses.

The phone rings, Danny picks it up, Steve hangs back for any info.

DANNY

What?

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom speaks into the phone, a concerned look evident in his stare...

TOM

Danny.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The phone conversation continues as Tom's voice can be heard on the other end of the phone...

TOM
(cont'd)

It's Paul.

Tom has Danny's full attention.

DANNY
Talk to me Tom.

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TOM
He's gone to the cop's Dan.

Danny's voice can now be heard...

DANNY
What?

TOM
He's handed himself in. He's gonna testify against the firm in return for his own freedom. This was unexpected. He has to be hit.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

In that split second on hearing Tom's news Danny goes into a full rage. He stands and begins to smack the phone receiver down on the phone. He then picks the phone up and throws it through the office window. He then turns and begins kicking at stuff, whatever he can find, filing cabinets, bins, chairs.

DANNY
That fucking cunt!!

STEVE
What's happened?

DANNY
He's gonna turn evidence against us. That little shit's gonna testify against all our business dealings so he can fuck off to abroad somewhere and live the life of fucking Reilly.

Danny slowly begins to calm down.

DANNY

(cont'd)

We've gotta get to him Steve.

STEVE

That's gonna be near on impossible Dan. He's gonna be under armed guard until the trial.

DANNY

If there's anything I've learnt in this business it's anything is possible if you know the right strings to pull.

Danny turns away from Steve and in one last spurt of anger picks up a chair and throws it through another window.

INT. DANCEFLOOR. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The chair smashes through the window. Glass is sent everywhere as the chair crashes to the dance floor. Glass follows bouncing onto the floor surrounding the chair.

Danny moves up to the window to survey his damage.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Danny turns away from the window and heads towards the door. He passes Steve...

DANNY

Get someone to fix that shit up.

Steve doesn't bother to answer, there's no point Danny has already left the room.

INT. DINING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - MORNING

The Firm is once again assembled around Tom's dining table. Danny begins to speak...

DANNY

Here's the deal, the cozers'll be at my door any time now if Paul's intentions are that which we think they are. I'll go quietly to let them think I have nothin' to hide.

Danny looks around the table for any questions. There are none so he proceeds...

DANNY
(cont'd)

Until this hearing is dealt with
Tom will be heading the firm again.
I'll be kept up to date from inside.

Danny looks over at Tom who nods in approval.

DANNY
(cont'd)

Any questions?

There's no response.

DANNY
Thanks for your time Gentlemen.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Danny sits with Tom awaiting the inevitable. Tom looks at
Danny, it's clear something is bothering him, Danny clocks it.

DANNY
Something on your mind Tom?

TOM
A few of the boys think the hit on
Paul will be your swan song. Tell
me they're wrong Dan.

Danny looks over to his old friend.

DANNY
Jen's left me. I got home last
night and she had packed all her
things and left. I went to her
parents but she wasn't there.

TOM
This life chose you Dan you didn't
choose it. It's not easy to walk
away from it especially if you have
made enemies, which I think it's
safe to say you have with some
success.

Danny's diverts the subject away from him...

DANNY
Tom I need you to do something for
me while I'm away.

TOM

Danny, you won't go away. Once Paul is out of the picture they'll have nothing on ya., we've covered every possible angle. No witnesses, nothing.

DANNY

I thought you said that was impossible?

Tom seems taken back by Danny's comment...

TOM

Sorry?

DANNY

I thought you said it was impossible to cover every angle especially in this business?

TOM

You'll be fine Dan, what do you want me to do?

Danny remembers his original question before this little tangent.

DANNY

Find Jen for me. Look after her. Make sure she comes to no harm. I need you to do that for me.

TOM

Of course Dan.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Three squad cars pull up outside the house. Two sergeants emerge with two armed coppers. The two sergeants walk up the path towards the house. The two armed guards hang back for cover.

INT. HALL. TOM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Danny puts on his coat and turns to Tom.

DANNY

See you soon then.

Tom hugs Danny as the police knock on the door.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Danny opens the door and sarcastically holds out his wrists.

DANNY
Am I under arrest fellas?

Danny looks up and notices the armed police.

SERGEANT ONE
Do we need to use the cuffs Stokes?

Danny smiles softly...

DANNY
No.

The Sergeant escorts Danny to a waiting car.

Cut to:

1 WEEK LATER

EXT. CAR PARK - EARLY MORNING/HEAVY RAIN

A silver Jaguar sits stationery in a desolate car park.

INT. JAGUAR. CAR PARK - EARLY MORNING

Steve sparks up a fag and takes a long drag. The sound of an approaching car can be heard. Steve looks to his left.

EXT. CAR PARK - EARLY MORNING/HEAVY RAIN

A BMW approaches Steve's JAG and pulls up alongside. Steve presses the button for the electric window. A window on the passenger side of the BMW rolls down.

INT. JAGUAR. CAR PARK - EARLY MORNING

Steve looks across to the passenger in the BMW.

STEVE
Pete.

PETE, the passenger looks across to Steve.

PETE
Steve.

STEVE
What you got for me?

Pete leans out the window and hands Steve a piece of paper.
Steve opens the paper up.

PETE
That there's kosher mate. Your man's
staying in room 18.

STEVE
Nice one Pete. Dan owes ya one.

PETE
It's always better having Dan
in my debt books than me in his.

Both men smile at Pete's wit.

PETE
Take it easy Steve.

Pete turns to his driver.

PETE
Let's go.

He turns back at Steve and nods. Steve returns the gesture.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING/HEAVY RAIN

Danny emerges from the station cuffed and guarded by two armed policemen. An officer opens the door to a meat wagon. The two armed guards usher Danny inside.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING/HEAVY RAIN

Steve jogs across the busy road outside the Regal Hotel and into the hotel's foyer.

INT. FOYER. HOTEL - MORNING

Steve inconspicuously walks across the marbled floor towards the staircase. When he's sure no one is looking he disappears through the doors leading to the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE. HOTEL - MORNING

Steve makes his way up the empty staircase. He removes a Berretta and a silencer from inside his coat. He screws the silencer onto the gun and puts the gun back inside his jacket.

EXT. CROWN COURT - MORNING/HEAVY RAIN

The meat wagon comes to a stand still, media and the public gather outside. The back door of the meat wagon opens as flash lights engulf Danny's sight. He squints as his eyes adjust to the bright lights, a contrast to the dimness from inside the van.

INT. HALLWAY. HOTEL - MORNING

Steve approaches room 18. He pulls a pair of black leather gloves from his pocket and puts them on. He stops at the door looks up and down the hallway then knocks on the door there's no answer.

Steve looks at the plaque on the door it's definitely room 18. He knocks again there's still no response.

Steve frowns as he reaches into his coat pocket. He pulls a lock pick from his pocket. He looks up and down the hall again, still no one to be seen. He proceeds to pick the lock.

INT. ROOM 18. HOTEL - MORNING

The sound of the latch opening can be heard as the front door slowly opens up. Steve walks in a little confused he closes the door behind him. He pulls his mobile from his trouser pocket brings up Tom's number then dials out.

There's a pause...

Suddenly the sound of a phone ringing can be heard. Steve looks up in the direction of the tone. A shocked expression appears over his face.

STEVE

What the fuck are you doing here?

INT. CELL. CROWN COURT - DAY

Danny sits in his cell in a daydream. He's jolted from his thoughts as the hatch on the cell door suddenly slides open a SCREW'S face appears.

SCREW

Your lawyer's here to see you Stokes.

Danny looks up as the policeman unlocks the cell door.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM. CROWN COURT - DAY

Danny enters the room to see Tom and his LAWYER sitting at a table. Danny shakes hands with the both of them and takes a seat. He looks towards his lawyer as the screw closes the door behind them.

DANNY

What's up?

LAWYER

There's been an incident.

DANNY

Any chance you can elaborate on that?

Danny looks at Tom there's no emotion on Tom's face.

TOM

Paul's location was a set up. He was never there.

Shock and anger appears on Danny's face.

DANNY

What! You gotta be fucking kidding me? You telling me Paul's here today to testify?

TOM

Almost definitely.

DANNY

You're taking the piss, tell me you are. I thought Steve's contact was kosher? I wanna speak to him.

TOM

Anyone can be bought at the right price Dan.

DANNY

Does that include you Tom?

Anger engulfs Tom's face.

TOM

I'll pretend I never heard that Dan.

DAN

How the fuck you gonna get me
out of here?

Danny's lawyer steps into the fray...

LAWYER

Well that's the problem Danny.
We can't.

Danny jumps out of his seat and grabs his lawyer by the neck.

DANNY

Don't give me that pony! I pay
you good dough to keep me out
of places like this!

Tom tries to help release Danny's grip the lawyer begins to
choke.

TOM

Alright Dan this ain't helping
anyone.

Tom manages to get Danny to release his grip, the lawyer backs
away coughing and spluttering.

TOM

(cont'd)

We're just gonna have to deal with
the outcome today. We've got a bit
of legal muscle, I'll arrange an
appeal, we'll have you out as soon
as we can.

Danny looks at Tom and for the first time in his life notices
something in Tom's eyes. A look of betrayal maybe he was
unsure.

DANNY

What about Jen? I have fucking
plans to sort things out with her
Tom don't just write them off as
if it's nothing.

TOM

She's out of the country Dan. I'm
working on trying to bring her back.

DANNY

Out of the fucking country? Tom
what's going on?

The screw pokes his head around the door.

SCREW

Times up.

Danny heads towards the door then turns around to Tom.

DANNY

Don't let me down Tom.

Danny pauses for a second...

DANNY

(cont'd)

Don't let my Dad down either.

Danny leaves the room.

INT. COURTROOM ONE. CROWN COURT - DAY

The case is in mid-flow Paul is on the witness stand as his
lawyer cross-examines him.

LAWYER

So Mr Turner on conclusion you can
confirm that Daniel Stokes was the
man behind these allegations and
that it was he who ordered the
murder of Carl Stephen Brennan.

Paul looks over at Danny he begins to perspire at the thought
of what he is about to say.

PAUL

I can. Danny Stokes ordered the hit
on Carl Brennan and is behind the
formerly mentioned allegations.

Danny drops his head.

2 DAYS LATER

INT. COURTROOM ONE. CROWN COURT - DAY

The Courtroom is full. The sound of general chatter can be
heard throughout the large room.

A door opens from the right as Danny enters accompanied by two prison guards. They walk him to his seat in the dock.

Danny looks around the court. Firstly he looks for Jennifer but there's no sign of her. He then notices Paul in the gallery looking slightly pale. Paul catches Danny's stare and immediately turns away.

Danny continues to survey the crowded courtroom. A solitary figure sits at the back of the courtroom they clock each other at the same time. Again Danny sees this look in Tom's eyes the look of betrayal. Tom looks away.

A door on the far side opens as the jury emerges. They walk towards their seats.

A door then opens at the front of the courtroom, a fairly young looking JUDGE enters the room. He takes his seat and looks over to the jury's foreman.

JUDGE

Have you reached a decision?

The FOREMAN stands...

FOREMAN

Yes your honour.

The foreman hands a clerk an envelope, which the clerk takes to the judge. The judge opens up the paper and begins to speak...

JUDGE

Mr Stokes...

The screws pull Danny to his feet.

JUDGE

(cont'd)

For fraud the jury finds the accused guilty on all counts. For conspiracy to murder the jury finds the accused guilty on all counts.

Mumbling can be heard throughout the courtroom.

JUDGE

(cont'd)

For grievous bodily harm the jury finds the accused guilty on all counts.

More muffled chatter can be heard.

JUDGE
(cont'd)

For murder the jury finds the accused..

There's a pause...

JUDGE
(cont'd)

...guilty.

Huge commotion erupts from the gallery as members of the public and press begin viewing their agreements or disapproval to the verdict, although it is fair to say the majority are in agreement.

The Judge smacks his gavel down..

JUDGE
(cont'd)

Order!!

Silence sweeps Courtroom one as everyone turns to face the Judge once again.

JUDGE
(cont'd)

We have been a naughty boy haven't we Mr Stokes? Society is the sole beneficiary here today and for that I conclude, that you are to serve no less than 50 years under Her Majesty's guard.

The Judge slams down his gavel for the final time.

Danny turns to Tom who stands to leave. Tom looks back at Danny a tear falls from his eye. He speaks quietly.

TOM

Bye Dan.

It's now that Danny is faced with the realism that he will never see freedom again. He will never spend time with his family or ever see his child grow up. Betrayal evident from the man he once considered his best friend and father figure.

EXT. CROWN COURT - DAY/HEAVY RAIN

Two prison guards escort Danny from the back entrance of the court and into a waiting meat wagon. The van pulls away into the array of media frenzy, which is boiling up outside the front of the court.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Danny's prison looks grey and cold against the chilly autumn skyline.

A few inmates gather around the yard as a game of football is being played.

INT. DANNY'S CELL - DAY

A SCREW enters Danny's cell. Danny looks up at him from the bottom bunk. The screw leans forward and hands him a letter. There's no postage stamp.

SCREW

Mail.

Danny starts to open the envelope. He then looks up at the screw waiting for him to leave.

Danny opens the letter and begins to read the typed font..

TOM

(V.O.)

*Danny, Sorry for how things have
turned out...*

INT. BEDROOM. ROOM 18. HOTEL - MORNING

A maid opens the door to see Steve's body sitting up against the headboard of the master bed. His hands are tied to either head post, his neck tied back against the middle of the headboard by barbwire. The purple skin of his strangled soul forces the maid to cry out in terror.

TOM

(V.O. cont'd)

*I felt I had to take the necessary
precautions for the benefit and
future of our interests.
Unfortunately you and your associate
didn't feature in those plans...*

INT. DANNY'S CELL - DAY

Danny continues to read..

TOM

(V.O. cont'd)

I'll make sure your wife and the baby are well looked after. P.S. You are probably aware that a certain someone from your Commercial Road days is alive and well in your neck of the woods. As your birthday is in a few days I've left a small gift for you with 'A Friend'.

Danny crushes the paper in his hand and throws it at the wall. He begins to cry in rage. Everything he once had has now been taken away. The life he was born into had eventually become his downfall.

INT. HALLWAY. PRISON - DAY

Danny approaches the phone and pulls his calling card from his pocket. He puts his card into the slot then slowly dials out as he recalls a number someone had once given him.

DANNY

Red?

(beat)

Its Danny.

(beat)

I'm gonna take you up on your offer.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

Red sits at a small table with his phone against his ear. A lamp on the table casts the only light into the room.

He writes on a pad in front of him; PAUL, TOM.

INT. RECREATION ROOM. PRISON - DAY

Danny enters the room, he notices Mac playing on the pool table. Mac notices Danny and immediately approaches him.

MAC

Have you come for your gift Dan?

Danny looks up at Mac. There's no surprise in his expression, after all Mac is the only one Danny really knows apart from the odd nut-ball he might have asked in the past to collect a little cash or have someone dealt with.

MAC
(cont'd)

Come with me.

Mac heads out of the room Danny in tow.

INT. TOILETS. PRISON - NIGHT

Newell stands alone at the urinal taking a piss. Suddenly the barrel of a BERRETTA presses up against his temple.

DANNY
We never did get to play again.

Newell is shitting himself at his lack of prospects, but he remains relatively calm and continues to face the urinal.

NEWELL
Oh, that's fucking history Dan you know that. What the fuck you walking around with that thing for?

DANNY
Well I figured that I won't be up for parole until I'm er...

Danny pretends to think...

DANNY
(cont'd)
...75. So I figured I've got nothing to lose putting a bullet through your fucked up head.

Newell does up his flies and turns to face Danny.

NEWELL
Fucked up head? You're the one holding a gun at me in the middle of a packed prison.
(pause)
Come on don't be stupid Danny Boy it's not worth it.

DANNY

Is that what you said to my old
man before stabbing him full of
fucking holes.

Danny's face becomes twisted with hate. Newell now knows that
this is the end of the road for him.

DANNY

(cont'd)

Good fucking night.

Danny pulls the trigger sending a bullet into Newell's skull.
Newell drops to the tiled floor. Blood oozes from his head
making a neat puddle around his lifeless body.

FRANK SINATRA'S 'MY WAY' FADES IN...

Danny lowers his arm. He tosses the gun to the floor whilst
staring at Newell's now distorted features.

FADE OUT.