

POWER

Screenplay by
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Based on the crimes of
Colin Gunn and the Bestwood Cartel.

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPORTING CHANCE PUB - NIGHT

SUPER: Aug 30th 2003

TWO DOORMEN are standing outside the double doors to the club. One of them is **GAZ**, the other is:

JAMIE GUNN

He's an 18-year old young man who looks a little on the soft side to be a doorman, but his arrogance speaks volumes.

JAMIE GUNN

So while he's chatting her up, her mate's giving me the eye. Then he leads her away and she tells her friend she'll be back in about 20-minutes. So off they go and we're left alone. And she says 'So, what are we gonna do?' And I say 'How about you come sit on my lap and talk about the first thing that comes up?'

Gaz LAUGHS.

Just then,

MICHAEL O'BRIEN (22) and **GARY SALMON** (32) walk up.

GARY SALMON

Alright, lads.

Gaz and Jamie put out there arms and deny their entry.

JAMIE GUNN

Sorry, boys. This is a private party.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Ah, come on. Let us in.

O'Brien tries to PUSH his way past the doormen but is PULLED back.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Hey, who the fuck do yo think you're putting hands on?

JAMIE GUNN

Some idiot who doesn't understand
the meaning of the word 'Private'.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Shut the fuck up, you mug. Look
just fucking let us in, alright?

O'Brien tries to break past the doormen again and is SHOVED
back by force.

JAMIE GUNN

Are you fucking deaf or something?

O'Brien SNAPS.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

(shouting)

What did I just fucking say?

O'Brien storms up to Jamie and Jamie PUSHES him hard in the
chest. O'Brien SWINGS and a FIGHT breaks out. After a few
hands are thrown, Jamie grabs an ASHTRAY and SMASHES it over
O'Brien's head.

GAZ

We said it's a private party, so
just fuck off.

Salmon pulls O'Brien back.

GARY SALMON

Come on, mate. Let's just get out
of here, okay?

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

(to Jamie)

Oh, you've fuckin' done it now,
mate. I'm gonna fuckin' do you.
Swear down, you're fuckin' gone,
mate. You wait.

Salmon pulls O'Brien back across the car park .

JAMIE

Yeah, alright mate. Jog on.
Nobody gives a fuck.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

I'm gonna come back, and blow your
fucking brains out, you cunt.

Jamie and Gaz mock an "Oooh".

GAZ
(to Jamie)
Hey, that's real original.

JAMIE GUNN
Yeah, I don't think I've heard that
one before.

They laugh.

Salmon and O'Brien climb into a car and SPEED OFF.

INT. O'BRIEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Three **TEENAGE GIRLS** (14-16) are listening to music and smoking weed. The door is KICKED open and Salmon and O'Brien storm in. O'Brien is still bleeding from the head. The girls are startled.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN
That fucking, bitch. He's fucking
dead. I'm gonna fucking do him. I
swear down.

O'Brien storms into the bedroom.

GIRL 1
Oh my God, what happened to
Michael's face?

GARY SALMON
A man from Bestwood did it.

GIRL 1
Oh God. Why?

GARY SALMON
Don't worry he's gonna be okay.
He's just a bleeding a bit, that's
all.

Salmon follows O'Brien into the bedroom and CLOSES THE DOOR.

INT. O'BRIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

O'Brien is down to his underwear. He pulls out some BLACK CLOTHING and starts getting dressed into it. Salmon picks out some of the items and starts changing into them.

INT. O'BRIEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Salmon and O'Brien re-emerge from the bedroom. O'Brien is now holding a SHOTGUN.

The girls SCRAMBLE to their feet and huddle close for support in shock at the sight of the firearm.

GIRL 1

Oh my God, Michael. What are you doing?

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

I'm gonna fucking pop his fuckin' head off. Show him who's fucking boss. That's what.

GARY SALMON

It's okay, girls. Just stay here. We'll sort it.

Salmon and O'Brien leave.

EXT. SPORTING CHANCE PUB - NIGHT

Jamie and Gaz exit the pub with **MARVIN BRADSHAW** and **ROGER**. Marvin is the only sober one. The others are very merry.

ROGER

So he says, "Now I know why they call it a Bobsleigh."

They LAUGH at the private joke.

Jamie holds up his CAR KEYS.

JAMIE GUNN

Right, who's driving?

MARVIN BRADSHAW

I'll take those, thank you.

JAMIE GUNN

Thank you, my good man.

Marvin grabs the keys and the quartet stumble towards their car humming and whistling an unrecognisable tune.

INT. SALMON'S CAR - NIGHT

Salmon and O'Brien and sitting in the dark wearing BALACLAVA'S with the engine turned off.

In the background, we HEAR the merry singing of the quartet. O'Brien OPENS HIS DOOR and EXITS quietly.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Jamie climbs in the back of the car behind Marvin, in the drivers seat.

JAMIE GUNN

Off home and up the wooden hill to
bed, as my nan always says.

MARVIN BRADSHAW

(laughs)
You pisshead.

Marvin STARTS UP THE ENGINE and the lights come ON.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT - SAME TIME

O'Brien, decked out in all black and brandishing a shot gun runs up on Jamie's car.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT - SAME TIME

The windscreen is STEAMED UP. Marvin WIPES it with his hand. In the back, Jamie wipes his passenger window with his forearm and SEES O'BRIEN TAKING AIM WITH HIS SHOTGUN!

JAMIE GUNN

(screaming)
Get down!

MARVIN BRADSHAW

(turning to Jamie)
What?

BANG!

The driver's side window SMASHES as O'Brien fires a shot, hitting Marvin in the back of the head. He SLUMPS into the steering wheel, barely alive but still conscious.

O'Brien FLEES the scene.

Jamie SCREAMS and gets out of the car and runs to his friend's aid.

GAZ

Oh, fucking hell. It was that
O'Brien kid.

ROGER
Fucking hell. Gimme your phone.
Quick.

Gaz hands Roger his phone and Roger dials 999.

JAMIE GUNN
(sobbing)
Oh shit. Jesus. Shit. Ah,
Marvin, man. Stay with me,
brother. Stay with me.

Jamie holds Marvin in his arms. His head blasted open.

Marvin tries to talk to Jamie as Roger calls for help.

ROGER (O.S.)
Yeah, Ambulance.
(beat)
It's the Sporting Chance Pub. It's
my mate. He's been shot. Someone
just ran up on us in the car and
shot him in the head through the
window.
(beat)
Yeah, he's still awake, but there's
blood everywhere, man. You gotta
get here, quick.

Gaz looks on at Jamie with his hand over his mouth.

INT. O'BRIEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

The three teenage girls from earlier are still listening to music and smoking weed. Salmon and O'Brien return in good spirits. O'Brien holds his shotgun like an old musket.

O'BRIEN
I fucking told you, man. I told
you.

GARY SALMON
Yeah, man. You did. You did.

GIRL 1
Oh my God. What's going on? What
have you done?

Salmon calls someone on his mobile.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN
I shot the guy from Bestwood, like
I said I would.

GIRL 1

What?

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Don't worry. He was a bad man.
You watch. This'll be in the
papers tomorrow. Just you wait.

O'Brien goes into the bedroom. Salmon follows him in.

GARY SALMON

Yeah man, listen. I need your help
with something. I gotta get out of
town for a bit. You get me?

The girls look at each other, spooked.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

A POLICE CAR and AMBULANCE are on the scene. PARAMEDICS are
putting Marvin Bradshaw onto a gurney.

Gaz is talking to a **POLICE OFFICER**.

POLICE OFFICER

So had you seen him before?

GAZ

Yeah. Him and his mate tried to
get in the pub a few hours ago but
we didn't let them in and they
started trying to fight us, but got
held back. They said they were
coming back to shoot us, but we
hear that all the time in our line
of work, you know?

Roger is talking to **ANOTHER COP**.

ANOTHER COP

So how exactly did it happen?

ROGER

It was quiet. We came out of the
pub, happy, having a laugh, you
know. And as soon as we go in the
car, Jamie scream 'Get down' and
suddenly there are a gun blast and
glass everywhere and Marvin had
been shot. I don't know who it
was. It was dark.

At the car, Jamie is sticking close by Marvin, who is drifting in and out of consciousness.

JAMIE GUNN

I wanna go with him. Okay?

A **PARAMEDIC** tries to reason with him.

PARAMEDIC

Look mate, I know he's your friend but there's no room in the ambulance. We've gotta work on him and we need all the room we can get or he might not make it. And you don't want that do you?

A **FEMALE OFFICER** comforts Jamie.

FEMALE OFFICER

Come on, we'll take you in the squad car to be with your friend. Okay?

Jamie CRIES as he tries to talk. He goes with the Female officer. The Ambulance doors SLAM closed and the SIRENS START UP.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We HEAR A PHONE RINGING. A LIGHT is switched on and **COLIN GUNN** answer the call.

35-years old and a hulking 6ft 4 bodybuilder, he's a beast of a man. One not to be made fun of or tested in any way. Like a roided up Grant Mitchell, with no funny bone and a short fuse.

COLIN

It's 4 o'clock in the fucking morning. If someone's not dead, someone's gonna be.

(beat)

What?

Colin SWINGS his legs out of bed.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Where is he?

(beat)

I'll be right there, love. Hold on.

He HANGS UP and quickly throws on a track-suit.

COLIN (CONT'D)
For fucks sake!

Colin's girlfriend, **VERONICA GARFOOT**, wakes up.

VERONICA
What's going on?

COLIN
Some cunt tried to kill our Jamie.

VERONICA
What?

EXT. COLIN GUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Colin rapidly exits the front door and climbs into a PORSCHE 4x4.

We CLOSE IN on the personalised number plate:

POWER

The ENGINE REVS and the car SPEEDS OFF down the street.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Colin storms down the corridor of the emergency room. Eventually we HEAR CRIES from a man. It's Jamie Gunn. Roger and Gaz are with him.

COLIN
What the fuck's gone off, then?

Colin puts his massive arms around Jamie in his time of need.

GAZ
We've booted some bloke off the doors and he's said he's gonna come back and shoot Jamie. Well he actually come back and tried it. But Marvin was driving his car so he shot him instead.

COLIN
He was actually aiming for our Jamie?

GAZ

Well, he came back with a gun and it was Jamie's car so, he had to have been thinking he'd be driving it. So, yeah.

COLIN

(to Jamie)

Come here, my mate. He'll be alright. We'll fucking see to this. Mark my words.

A **DOCTOR** enters the hallway to speak to them.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry. They did everything they could but, the injuries were just far too severe and too much blood was lost. We just couldn't close the opening. I'm very sorry.

COLIN

Fucking bastards. Bloody bastard.

Jamie lets out a LONG LOUD cry like a child.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Come here son. Come here.

Colin wraps his huge arms around Jamie and holds him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

DAVID GUNN is counting out large amounts of cash. Nearby, a **YOUNG MAN** is weighing up small bags of various drugs. A couple of men are hanging about as security. One of them **OPENS** a door and **SHAKES THE HAND** of the man who walks in. It's Colin. He walks over to David.

DAVID

How is he?

COLIN

In fucking tears, man. His mates brains were in his hands, his hair and everything.

DAVID

Do you know who did it?

COLIN

Michael O'Brien.

DAVID
Where is he now?

COLIN
Running. I'm putting the word out through people, but I'll make it official tonight. Put a few quit on his head. Get him found before the police get their hands on him first.

DAVID
Was Jamie hurt?

COLIN
Nah. It's just mental anguish. He'll be alright. Eventually. So what's wrong then?

DAVID
Someone said there's a couple of youths dealing without say-so. Thought we should look into it. See what we can find out.

COLIN
Right, I'll mention it tonight. You comin'?

DAVID
Yeah. 11 o'clock?

COLIN
Yeah. 'Ere, give us a couple of lines.

David SIGNALS the young man. The young man THROWS David a small bag of coke. David THROWS it to Colin. He pockets it.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Cheers, bruv. See you tonight then. Drinks are on me.
(smiles, devilishly)

DAVID
(laughs)
Later.

Colin leaves. The man who shook Colin's hand on entry OPENS the door for him to exit.

EXT. GYM - DAY

Colin pulls up in a different car. This license plate reads:

B1G UN

INT. COLIN'S CAR - DAY

Colin turns off the engine and pulls out a NEEDLE from the gloves compartment. Steroids. He readies it then INJECTS himself in the arm. He feels the rush and quickly takes a BUMP OF COKE then exits the vehicle.

INT. GYM - DAY

Colin blasts away at the free-weights and bench press and squat set up before making his way over to the Lat Pulldown machine. It's being used by a **HUGE GUY**. Colin WAVES him away with his hand as if he owns it. The huge guy puts his hands up and walks away without a word. Colin takes a seat, sees the weight then leans in, takes another bump of coke, UPS the weight and blasts away hard at it.

No one says a word. Nobody dares.

INT. SPORTING CHANCE PUB - NIGHT

Roger and Gaz are with a **LARGE GROUP OF FACES**, young and old, are sitting around a small area of the otherwise empty pub. Colin Gunn is sitting in the centre of them all. His brother, David, is close by.

COLIN

Right then. We all know why we're here. Last night, a little stain by the name of Michael O'Brien, tried to execute a member of my family. My nephew Jamie. And he's like a son to me. I hold him very dear to my heart. So I want every ear and eye we've got and can get out on the street, looking and listening out for him, and anyone connected to him who might know where he is. I'm looking for any information that leads to us finding him. I wanna get my hands on this one personally. So you can hurt as much as you like, just don't kill him. That's my job.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

People need to know you don't come after a member of my family and get away with it. You try, I'll go after yours. Understand?

The Faces mumble "Yes", "Of course" and "No problem" (ad-libs).

COLIN (CONT'D)

Now the old bill are after him to, and they've got CCTV and phone and bank details they can follow up on that we can't, so they have the advantage. So I'm offering £3,000 to whoever gets his whereabouts to us before them. I'm setting the example with this one. Trying to kill a member of my family is like trying to kill me as far as I'm concerned. Now, this other guy, what's his name?

GAZ

Salmon. Gary Salmon. He was with him, and drove, O'Brien to and from the scene.

COLIN

Same goes for information on him, too. £2,000 for information leading to where that pricks hiding. He's got a lot of problems with some Bestwood faces already, so he'll probably already be long gone so harder to find. But he's not as important right now. Right, what's next?

DAVID

The dealers.

COLIN

Oh yeah. My brother tells me there's a couple of unlicensed dealers operating on my patch. Find out who they are, give them a beating and take their shit. See where they're getting it from, and if it's better than ours, find out who their supplier is.

More agreements from the Faces.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Now, this Alan Smithee character. He owes us a £120 cannabis debt and he's done a runner. No one can find him, but we've got the address of his best friend. Having a funeral to attend should teach him to pay his bills, or at least draw him out of hiding. John.

JOHN McSALLY leans in towards Colin.

A balding man with a beard and ponytail, he looks like a cliché biker. 46-years old and Colin's favourite hitman.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Three bags of sand. See that our friend's friend sees a long good night's sleep, would you?

Colin hands McSally a FAT ENVELOPE of cash. McSally takes it and pockets it with a smile. No questions.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Right then, meeting adjourned.

Colin BANGS A JUDGE'S GAVEL on the table.

INT. UNKNOWN FLAT - NIGHT

In the darkness, the lock on the front door is jimmied open. The door opens slowly and John McSally enters the room. He walks around the flat until he finds the room he's looking for.

In a bedroom, a MAN is sleeping in his bed, unaware. McSally takes out his GUN and AIMS it at the sleeping man.

MCSALLY

Night, night little man.

BANG!

McSally SHOOTS the sleeping man straight through his face. His brains SPLATTER on the pillow and wall behind him.

INT. POLICE INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

The room is packed with police officers of all different ranks. Addressing the task force, is:

DCS PHIL DAVIS.

He is putting on a SLIDE SHOW.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Now, as you know, the recent spate of shooting's have only gotten worse. The murder of Marvin Bradshaw was the 17th shooting of the month. But at least with this one, we know exactly who we're looking for. This man.

Michael O'Brien's face appears on a large screen.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

Michael O'Brien. Known to many of us for acts of violence, theft and anti-social behaviour, has now upped his criminal status to murderer. Three of the deceased friends were at the scene when it happened and one was able to identify O'Brien as the shooter after denying him entry to a private lock in at the Sporting Chance Pub, where the shooting took place. His accomplice--

The slide show image changes to the face of Gary Salmon.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

Gary Salmon, was also denied entry to the pub and was the getaway driver in the murder. We have learned from a few sources that Salmon has since fled the city to whereabouts unknown. But we do know that he was aided in his escape by an associate by the name of Kevin Whyte.

The slide show image shows the face of **KEVIN WHYTE**.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

He provided money, clothing and a stolen car to help get Salmon out of the city. Possibly up north, somewhere. At this stage we're not quite sure.

In the crowd of officers listening to DCS Phil Davis speak is a young male officer who seems to young to be a cop. He is:

PC CHARLES FLETCHER

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

PC Charles Fletcher is on the phone to someone.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER
Okay, Salmon was helped out of the city by a friend called Kevin Whyte. I have his address along with Salmon's family address as well as his girlfriend's address. What do you want me to do with them?

We HEAR a distinctively familiar voice over the phone.

COLIN (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Drop them off and Limey's, then go pick up yourself a new suit.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER
Alright.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Colin is sitting at the table. Reading the addresses of his next victims. He takes out his phone and calls a number.

COLIN
Call the scare team. Tell them it's chaos night.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: September 7th 2003

A CAR PULLS up and some gets out. They take out a LARGE BRICK and THROW it through the living room window.

Inside the house, a WOMAN watching TV as her BABY wonders the room in a walker. She SCREAMS as the glass EXPLODES. She GRABS her baby.

The man sets alight to a petrol bomb and LAUNCHES it through the broken window. It JUST misses the woman and SMASHES on the floor, turning the room into an inferno. The woman RUNS into the kitchen and out of the back door with her child.

The car SPEEDS AWAY.

INT. ANOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

A **FAMILY** of adults and children are watching TV.

Outside, another car PULLS UP and another person gets out. He THROWS something through the living room window.

The family JUMP at the SMASHING of glass. They see what's on the floor:

A GRENADE.

DAD

Oh shit! Everybody hide.

The Dad KICKS the grenade into the corner of the room as the family SCATTER in fear ... but it doesn't go off. Just an imitation. SIGHS of relief all around.

EXT. KEVIN WHYTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin White is nearing his house. A MOTORCYCLE quickly PULLS ALONG SIDE HIM with a **RIDER** and a **PASSENGER**.

PASSENGER

Hey, Kevin.

Kevin turns.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Colin Gunn sends him regards.

BANG! BANG!

Kevin is shot twice in the chest and the assailants RIDE OFF. Kevin rolls around on the ground in pain. He's still alive.

INT. LIMEY'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

PC Charles Fletcher gets measured up for a tailored suit by **JASON GROCOCK**. He tries on a jacket and likes what he sees.

EXT. LIMEY'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

PC Fletcher leaves with a new suit shrinkwrapped and draped over his arm from his favourite local men's fashion outlet.

INT. RANDOM KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: Sept 9th 2003

Michael O'Brien FILLS A KETTLE with water and puts it on boil. He takes the milk from the fridge and gives it a quick SNIFF. It passes the test. He takes some pre-packed meat slices and butter from the chill box and closes the door.

EXT. RANDOM HOUSE - DAY - SAME TIME

TWO LARGE POLICE VANS PULL UP and ARMED OFFICERS tumble out. They run up to the door and prepare to enter.

INT. RANDOM KITCHEN - DAY - SAME TIME

O'Brien finishes spreading butter on his sandwich and SLAPS on some meat filling.

BANG!

The front door POPS open and Armed Response pour in quick.

LEAD OFFICER
Armed police. Down on the ground.

O'Brien DROPS THE KNIFE and RUNS out the back door. Police give chase.

O'Brien runs down the garden and JUMPS the fence, only to be met by **MORE POLICE** on the other side. He's RUGBY TACKLED to the ground and pinned.

O'BRIEN
Get the fuck off me you pig, cunt.

The Lead Officer arrives.

LEAD OFFICER
Michael O'Brien, I'm arresting you for the murder of Marvin Bradshaw. You do not have to say anything but anything you do say can, and may, be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to--

O'Brien SCREAMS profanity throughout (ad-libs).

INT. COLIN GUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Colin SLAMS the phone down. He's angry as fuck.

COLIN
You fucking bastard. You fucking lucky cunt.

Veronica enters the room to see what all the fuss is about.

VERONICA

What's going on? What's wrong?

COLIN

Old bill picked up O'Brien, the jammy prick.

VERONICA

Well, that's good news, isn't it?

COLIN

No, it fucking isn't. It means I can't get my fucking hands on the slimey little shit.

VERONICA

Well, they've got him bent to rights, so he's gonna go down for life. So job done, right?

COLIN

No, you stupid bitch. It means I can never touch him. There's fuck all chance he'll be bailed.

VERONICA

Well, who do you know who he knows?

Colin thinks it over.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Pc Charles Fletcher is on the phone.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER

Hang on a minute, let me look it up.

He TYPES AWAY a his computer.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Alright, his mum and dad live at 23 Bullwell Road, Carlton. You planning on giving them a scare?

The distinctive familiar voice sounds from the phone.

COLIN (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Yeah. Something like that. Go get yourself a new suit on me.

EXT. 23 BULLWELL ROAD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: Sept 14th 2003

INT. 23 BULLWELL ROAD - NIGHT

JOAN STIRLAND is sat watching TV. **JOHN STIRLAND** enters the room with TWO CUPS OF TEA. He hands one to Joan and sits down next to her. They sit in peace watching a game show.

In their early 50's, the Stirland's are far from gangsters.

EXT. 23 BULLWELL ROAD - NIGHT - SAME TIME

A MOTORCYCLE PULLS UP outside the house with a **DRIVER** and **GUNMAN** riding on the back. The Gunman gets off and walks up to the house and takes AIM at the window with GUN.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. 23 BULLWELL ROAD - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Joan SCREAMS and puts her HANDS OVER HER HEAD. John GRABS HER and PULLS HER down to the ground and rolls on top of her to protect her from harm until the shooting stops.

EXT. 23 BULLWELL ROAD - NIGHT - SAME TIME

The Gunman jumps back on the motorcycle.

INT. 23 BULLWELL ROAD - NIGHT - LATER

John shields Joan and we HEAR the motorcycle ROAR OFF.

JOHN STIRLAND
Are you okay?

JOAN STIRLAND
Yes.

JOHN STIRLAND
Are you sure?

JOAN STIRLAND
I think so.

EXT. 23 BULLWELL ROAD - NIGHT - LATER

The neighbourhood is out is force. The Stirland's home has been taped off by Police on the scene. They're taking a statement on the front yard to a **FAT OFFICER**.

JOHN STIRLAND

We were just watching TV and all of a sudden, gun shots are going off. Firing through the window.

FAT OFFICER

And do you have any idea why you might have been targeted? Do you think it was random?

JOAN STIRLAND

Well, my son was arrested a few days ago for the murder of the young man outside the Sporting Chance pub, just over a week ago. I guess they think they can't get to him so they're coming after us instead.

FAT OFFICER

So there's reason to believe this may be gangland related?

JOHN STIRLAND

Yes, officer.

JOAN STIRLAND

He called me to confess.

FAT OFFICER

Well, the young man that was shot outside the pub, he has some powerful friends and word is there is a contract out of the head of the accused shooter.

JOAN STIRLAND

Oh God.

She buries her head in John's arms.

FAT OFFICER

If that's your son then, I'd recommend leaving Nottingham for a while. Just until it's safe.

John NODS.

INT. LIMEY'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

PC Fletcher is being measured up for yet another new suit.

EXT. LIMEY'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

PC Fletcher EXITS with a fresh tailor made suit in hand.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Joan Stirland is sitting on the bed talking on the phone. We can HEAR the SHOWER RUNNING in the background.

JOAN STIRLAND

Yes. We're at the Cresnet Hotel in Bridlington. It's on the Yorkshire coast.

We HEAR and **UNSEEN OFFICER** on the other end of the phone.

UNSEEN OFFICER (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Okay. That's fine. Just let us know if you do move again so we can keep in touch with you.

JOAN STIRLAND

How do we go about getting protective custody?

UNSEEN OFFICER

In order to get protective custody you'd need to come into the station and give a full statement about your son's confession to you over the phone.

JOAN STIRLAND

I can't betray my son like that.

UNSEEN OFFICER

Well, I'm sorry, that's how it works I'm afraid. You'd also have to cut ties with your two daughters, completely.

JOAN STIRLAND

What? You can't be serious.

UNSEEN OFFICER

I'm afraid it comes without saying. We can't give protection to all of you so in order to receive protective custody, you'd have to stay out of their lives completely or risk putting you all at risk.

JOAN STIRLAND

No. I won't do it. I won't do it.

UNSEEN OFFICER

If you want our protection, Miss, then you'll have to play by our rules. There really is no other way we're willing to do this.

JOAN STIRLAND

Oh, what good are you? I'll just stay here then. Out of the way and where I'm free to see my family.

UNSEEN OFFICER

Mam, it really is in your best interest to--

CLICK!

Joan HANGS UP.

She walks over to the open window and takes a look out at the view. In the background, the shower TURNS OFF. John emerges in the doorway in a towel. He walks over to Joan and stands behind her in the window with his arms around her. He plants a KISS on her cheek and she rubs his hands with hers.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

SUPER: Sept 2003 -

Five WHITE MEN are PLAYING POOL.

JAMES BRODY (20) **ROBERT WATSON** (26) **JOSEPH GRAHAM** (23) **LEE MARSHALL** (24) and **MICHAEL McNEE** (20) All Bestwood Cartel.

Joseph is up to take his shot.

JOSEPH GRAHAM

Yeah, well, that's the last we'll be seeing of that squared headed twat.

LEE MARSHALL

Fuck yeah. He's never getting out, bruv. Bang to rights.

ROBERT WATSON

What's Colin said about it?

JAMES BRODIE

He wants his head on a stick, but there's no way of getting to him.

MICHAEL MCNEE

Yeah, he's trying to see if he can find anyone on the inside with a connection, but, it's not looking likely right now.

JAMES BRODIE

He knows what's coming for him now though. His fucking mum and dad sure know.

Brodie and McNee smile sinisterly at each other.

MICHAEL MCNEE

Yeah, O'Brien knows if Colin can't get to him he'll get someone close to him instead. He fucked up.

JAMES BRODIE

Stupid bell end thought he could just act a fool and walk away clean. What a mug.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR:

DERRIK SENIOR (50) is chatting with **BRENDA** (35) over drink. Derrik is a black Rastafarian with long dreadlocks.

DERRICK SENIOR

That's the thing with these kids today. They've no strong family values because they're from broken homes or homes where the parents had kids as kids and so didn't know how to raise kids because they were still being raised. That's why they walk around acting like they can all act like the thugs they see on TV. Because they've never been told no, or given a slap when they misbehaved.

BRENDA

Rap music and videos don't help.

DERRICK SENIOR

Exactly. People only think about positive reinforcements when raising a child. But they never stop to consider how the negative reinforcements around them might aid in a child's development. They hear 'Kill' him and 'Slap' her and think sit's an acceptable way to behave, because it's been normalised to them through media.

BRENDA

That's why they need age restrictions on music videos. It's just softcore porn.

DERRICK SENIOR

Exactly. And the music itself, too. You have to be 15 to buy South Park because of the swearing. But any child can just go into a HMV and buy a C.D that's all 'Fuck' this, and 'Nigga' that. Why? How?

Brenda looks at her watch.

BRENDA

I think it's time.

DERRICK SENIOR

Okay.

Derrick DOWNS the rest of his drink and they get up to leave.

AT THE POOL TABLE:

The five Bestwood Cartel members are still playing their game. As the do, Derrick Senior walks past them followed by Brenda. The boys look her up and down and Robert Watson playfully KICKS her in the bum then sits on the edge of the pool table. They LAUGH.

She turns around.

BRENDA

Err, excuse me. What do you think you're doing?

Derrick STOPS and TURNS AROUND.

ROBERT WATSON
Calm down love. It's my birthday.
Thought I'd give myself a little
present.

DERRICK SENIOR
Hey, what's wrong?

JOSEPH GRAHAM
What's it got to do with you,
'Rastaman'?
(laughs)

BRENDA
He just kicked me in my behind.

ROBERT WATSON
(mocking her voice)
'In my behind'.
(laughs)

Derrick SQUARES UP to Watson.

DERRICK SENIOR
Hey, it's not acceptable to treat a
lady like that.

ROBERT WATSON
She doesn't look like much of a
lady to me, mate.

DERRICK SENIOR
What did you say?

ROBERT WATSON
You heard me 'Rastaman'. I said
she looks a bit dirty to me. A bit
filthy, if you know what I mean.

The boys LAUGH.

BRENDA
Just leave it, Derrick.

DERRICK SENIOR
No Brenda, it's not right.
(outraged)
How dare you speak about her like
that? Apologise, right now.

LEE MARSHALL
Why, what you gonna do about it,
'Derrick'?

DERRICK SENIOR
I said apologise, right damn now.
Or else.

ROBERT WATSON
Don't fucking threaten me, nigger.

DERRICK SENIOR
'Nigger'? Oh I'm 'Nigger' now am
I?

JOSEPH GRAHAM
Now? I think you were born one
mate, when you fell out your nigger
mum.

The Cartel LAUGH and HIGH FIVE each other.

Watson stands up and RESTS HIS CUE against the table.

ROBERT WATSON
Like I said. What the FUCK are you
gonna do about it?

DERRICK SENIOR
What, you think you're tough,
sexually assaulting women and
shouting racist remarks to people?
I'm not afraid of you.

James Brody comes up around the side of Watson and Senior
with his pool cue.

JAMES BRODIE
Well, you fucking should be.

SMACK!

Body SWINGS his cue into the side and Derrick's head and it's
on. All five Cartel members RUSH him and start BEATING him
with pool cues and fists.

Brenda SCREAMS for them to stop and for people around her to
help, but no one intervenes beyond a random "*Oi, come on.
Leave it out lads*" from an unseen drinker somewhere in the
room.

They DRAG Derrick to the corner of the room and KICK him hard
to the floor. James Brody LEANS in and GRABS one of his
dreadlocks and starts PULLING at it as hard as he can. His
criminal friends LAUGH and CHEER HIM ON as Derrick SCREAMS in
pain until the dreadlock final RIPS AWAY from his scalp.

The thugs CHEER in celebration and stop beating him.

Derrick scrambles away holding his head and Brenda helps him get away. Brody victoriously SWINGS the stolen dreadlock around his head in celebration.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Colin stands at the kitchen table to address his minions.

James Brody is sitting at the table, along with:

DEAN BETTON (24) **CRAIG MORAN** (23) and **PETER WILLIAMS** (17).

Colin uses random objects on the table to visually set up his plan.

COLIN

Right, here's how it's gonna go down. Brody, you're gonna put your scooter in the alley near the building. Make sure there are no customers in when you storm the place. When it's empty, you give the nod to Pete and that's when you make your move. Dean and Craig, you'll be waiting for them in a getaway car half a mile away at the petrol station. Brody, you'll drop the scooter off around the corner with it running so that Dean can jump on and go dispose of it. Craig will drive you two back to the safe house. Got that?

JAMES BRODIE

Yeah. No problem.

DEAN BETTON

That's alright.

COLIN

Does everyone understand their role?

CRAIG MORAN

Yep. Understood, man.

PETER WILLIAMS

Yes.

COLIN

Right. Now I shouldn't have to say this, but I will anyway.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

Under no circumstances is anyone to be killed. Got that?

PETER WILLIAMS

Yeah.

COLIN

Last thing we want is a simple smash and grab being upgraded to a murder case. The Bill do a half arsed job on robberies, but they step their game up for bodies. So under circumstances is anyone to be killed. Right, then. If everyone knows what they're doing, it's time to fuck off. I'm going to bed.

The would-be raiders get up and leave.

EXT. TIME CENTRE JEWELERS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: Sept 30th 2003

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - SAME TIME

James Brody is sitting on a SCOOTER watching the Time Centre jewelers. Peter Williams is closer to the shop, also watching it. A **CUSTOMER** EXITS and walks away from the building. Williams gives Brody a NOD and they MOVE IN.

INT. TIME CENTRE JEWELERS - DAY - SAME TIME

XANTHE BATES (female, 20's) is ON THE PHONE behind the counter.

Brody and Williams appear in the doorway and PULL ON BALACLAVA'S and STORM IN. Brody, shotgun-in-hand, leads.

JAMES BRODIE

This is an armed robbery. Put the fucking phone down. Now.

She does.

XANTHE BATES

(to self)

Oh my God.

INT. TIME CENTRE JEWELERS - REAR OF SHOP - DAY - SAME TIME

In the back, **MARION** and **VICTOR BATES** hear the shouting and RUN to investigate.

INT. TIME CENTRE JEWELERS - DAY - SAME TIME

Peter Williams OPENS his jacket, PULLS OUT A CROW BAR and tries to JIMMY the lock on the glass casing to the goods.

Brody directs Xanthe with his gun.

JAMES BRODIE

Over there. Now. Don't fucking move.

Marion appears in the doorway and sees the gun aimed at her daughter.

MARION BATES

No. No.

She JUMPS in front of Xanthe.

BANG!

Brody SHOOTS Marion. She drops dead. Xanthe SCREAMS.

JAMES BRODIE

Silly cow.

PETER WILLIAMS

What the fuck?

VICTOR BATES

Marion!

Victor GRABS AN OLD FENCING FOIL and CHARGES at Brody.

Brody AIMS THE GUN AT VICTOR!

CLICK! Misfire.

SMACK!

Victor WHACKS Brody around the head with the fencing foil, hurting him. Xanthe jumps on his back, SCREAMING as she does. She GRABS HIS ARMS and PULLS them back so he can't fire again.

SMASH!

Williams BREAKS the glass and starts GRABBING anything he can.

VICTOR BATES (CONT'D)
 (to Williams)
 You little bastard!

Victor CHARGES Williams, fencing foil ready to swing. Williams TURNS and SWINGS his crossbar in return.

SMACK!

Williams' crossbar lands first, right in Victor's face. But it doesn't stop him, and Victor GRABS HIM without thinking.

Brody THROWS Xanthe off of him and FLEES the building. Williams ESCAPES Victor's grip and follows suit.

XANTHE BATES
 Mum!

EXT. TIME CENTRE JEWELERS - DAY - SAME TIME

SHOPPERS have gathered in the street to see where the blast came from.

Williams RUNS AWAY from the building and up to Brody who is getting on the scooter in the alley. Brody starts it and Williams JUMPS ON THE BACK. They PULL AWAY into the street off curious shoppers, now BLOCKING their exit.

Brody HOLDS UP HIS GUN!

JAMES BRODIE
 Get out the fucking way!

BANG!

He FIRES A SHOT into the air and everyone PARTS for safety.

INT. TIME CENTRE JEWELERS - DAY - SAME TIME

Xanthe is holding her mother as Victor phones for help.

VICTOR BATES
 (on the phone)
 Yes. Ambulance.
 (beat)
 It's Time Centre Jewellers, on the high street. My wife's been shot. Badly. We were just robbed by two men.

Xanthe ROCKS back and forth in tears, mother in arms. She knows it's too late.

EXT. PETROL STATION - DAY - SAME TIME

Brody and Williams ride up on the scooter to Craig Moran and Dean Betton who are waiting in the getaway car. Detton gets out and the scooter PULLS up along side him.

DEAN BETTON
How did it go?

PETER WILLIAMS
He shot a woman.

DEAN BETTON
Oh, fucking hell.

JAMES BRODIE
We'll deal with that later.

Brody and Williams jump into the car and Betton takes the helmet from Brody and speeds off on the scooter.

DEAN BETTON
What did you get?

PETER WILLIAMS
Not much.

Williams pulls out his swag and hands it to Brody. He goes through it.

JAMES BRODIE
Two rings. Three pairs of earrings
and a pendent.

CRAIG MORAN
Fucking hell, man. That's barely a
grand's worth. Colin's gonna do
his fucking nut.

JAMES BRODIE
It'll be alright, just drive.

Moran shakes his head drives.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Colin SLAMS Brody against the wall by his shirt.

COLIN
(shouting)
Are you fucking kidding me?! Are
you actually fucking kidding me?!

Craig Moran, Dean Betton and Peter Williams stand nearby.
They say nothing. Just watching. Afraid.

JAMES BRODIE
It's not my fault, man. She just
jumped in front of the girl. She
surprised me. I didn't know what
she was gonna do, did I?

COLIN
I don't wanna hear your fucking
excuses, boy.

BAM!

Colin PUNCHES Brody in the stomach. Brody CURLS UP.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I fucking told you, didn't I?

BAM!

Colin HITS him again. This time, in the head.

No one comes to his aid.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Didn't I?

BAM!

A third punch lands and Colin LETS GO. Brody drops.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I said, under no circumstances is
anybody to be killed. But you had
to act like 'Johnny Fucking Big
Bollocks' and go and off someone.
Didn't ya?

Colin KICKS Brody in the ribs.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I just don't now what I'm gonna do
with you, boy. I really don't.
Now I've got a royal fuck up to
clean up after, thanks to you.

Colin leans on the kitchen table with his fists like a Gorilla ready to strike. He thinks for a beat, then speaks.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Right. You're going on another job. You understand? You're gonna make up for this shit. No questions.

JAMES BRODIE

No problem, mate. Whatever it takes to make it up to you.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. BARN - NIGHT

James Brody, Dean Betton and a **MASKED MAN** SNEAK through the barn. There's a strange animalistic RUSTING sound in the background somewhere. But what?

JAMES BRODIE

Where is it then?

DEAN BETTON

I don't know. Down here somewhere, he said. On the right.

JAMES BRODIE

Bloody hell, it fucking stinks in here.

DEAN BETTON

No, shit.

JAMES BRODIE

No shit? Fucking plenty of shit, more like it?

They creep around a little more until the Masked man walks over to the wall and FLIPS ON A LIGHT.

Brody TURNS AROUND sharply.

JAMES BRODIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you--

BANG!

Brodie is BLASTED in the chest with a shotgun. He's knocked straight to the ground.

The familiar SQUEALS of PIGS fills the air as we find ourselves next to a pigsty.

A SECOND BLAST finishes Brody off.

Betton and the masked man each pull out LARGE MACHETES, stretch Brody's body out like a snow angel and start HACKING OFF LIMBS before throwing them to the pigs who start EATING them straight away.

DEAN BETTON
He did ask for it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

SUPER: Oct 2003

The grounds are PACKED with **MOURNERS** from family members and friends to people associated with the Cartel in the background.

Jamie Gunn stands SOBBING next to the coffin as the **PRIEST** READS FROM THE BIBLE (ad-libs.)

As the Priests reads the standard verse, a GIANT ARM wraps around Jamie's shoulder and pulls him close for comfort.

It belongs to Colin Gunn.

The Priest's Bible verse comes to an end and Marvin's family each SCATTER EARTH on the lid of the coffin. Earth is passed to Jamie and he eventually takes some, doing his best to contain himself. But as soon as he throws the dirt on the box his knees BUCKLE and he becomes a crying child. Colin gets down on one knee beside him, hold him close and KISSES his temple.

COLIN
(whispering)
It's alright, son. It's alright.

JAMIE GUNN
It should have been me.

COLIN
No, it shouldn't.

JAMIE GUNN
It should have been me.

The coffin is lowered into the ground and Jamie's cries turn into a HIGH PITCHED WAILING sound.

INT. PUB - DAY

Marvin's wake. All the funeral goers are there.

In the corner, Colin is sitting with Jamie, alone.

COLIN

So your friends tell me you've been hitting the booze pretty hard, recently.

JAMIE GUNN

(half drunk, half
grieving)

Some friends. Snitches.

COLIN

You know, alcohol is no way to drown your sorrows. You have to face them, head on. Like a man.

JAMIE GUNN

I thought men bottled everything up inside and let it rot.

COLIN

Even Tony Soprano saw a therapist. Maybe that's what you need. I'll pay for it.

JAMIE GUNN

No, thanks. Tony Soprano didn't want anyone to know he was in therapy in case he was seen as being weak. Besides, he's not real. Life isn't always like the Soprano's, Unc.

COLIN

Well, the offer's there if you change your mind.

JAMIE GUNN

All I need is a bird, some drinks and a line. And I'll be right as rain.

COLIN

Anyone sells you drugs and I'll break their fucking legs.

Jamie gets up and walks away.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jamie Gunn is raving his nut off in the middle of the room, swimming in strobe lights amongst his friends. He PAUSES and takes a HEART SHAPED PILL from his pocket. He DOWNS it with a drink of his beer and goes back to partying.

EXT. OLD FACTORY - FRONT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: Mid Dec 2003

EXT. OLD FACTORY - REAR - DAY - SAME TIME

Colin Gunn SLAMS **JACK** against the wall of a disused building.

COLIN

What did I tell you, hey?

JACK

I know Colin, I know.

COLIN

What did I tell you? I said find him, kidnap him and give him a good fucking beating so that he knows to pay up. Not find him, give him a rough word and politely accept the £200 he happened to have on him at the time, in return for letting him go.

JACK

I know.

COLIN

You know? You fucking know, do ya? Then why did you let him go. Hey?

JACK

I know don't.

COLIN

You don't know? Do you know owt?

Colin THROWS Jack onto the floor.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I wanna see you at your house, tonight, at 3 o'clock. I'm gonna bring him along and you're gonna give him the beating you were supposed to. Do you understand?

Jack stays on the floor on all fours.

JACK
Yeah, Colin. No worries.

COLIN
Good. Don't be fucking late.

Colin KICKS Jack's arms from under him before storming off.

INT. COLIN'S PORSCHE - DAY

Colin is talking on the phone.

COLIN
Yeah, he'll be there. 3 o'clock.
On the dot. Make sure you're there
before him and put one in the cunt.

MCSALLY (O.S.)
(over the phone)
No problem, Colin. No problem.

Colin HANGS UP.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - SAME TIME

Colin's Porsche CRUISES down the road and past a sign that reads: YOU ARE NOW LEAVING TRUSTHORPE.

As Colin's Porsche drives slowly out of sight we:

PAN TO:

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD:

ANOTHER CAR driving the opposite way to Colin and past a sign on the other side that reads: WELCOME TO TRUSTHORPE.

INT. ANOTHER CAR - DAY - SAME TIME

John and Joan Stirland are driving into the town listening to a JOLLY TUNE on the radio and sharing a smile at the sights.

EXT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY

John and Joan Stirland's car pulls up outside the beach side property and they CLIMB OUT. They walk up to each other and put their arms around each other.

JOHN STIRLAND
 Look at that. Not bad or what?

JOAN STIRLAND
 (hopeful)
 It's perfect. This house. That
 beach. I think I could die here.
 (smiles)

They KISS and John starts UNPACKING the car as Joan unlocks the front door.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Jack is waiting for Colin.

A Motorcycle PULLS UP ALONG SIDE HIM. The rider doesn't remove his HELMET, but we know John McSally's voice.

MCSALLY
 Colin sends his best.

BANG!

McSally FIRES A SHOT at Jack. But it only hits him in his shoulder. He falls over and BACKS UP on his hands.

BANG! BANG!

McSally shoots some more but misses.

Jack gets to his feet and RUNS for it.

McSally attempts to give chase but loses him. He gets back to his bike and rides off.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Jack is being treated by **MEDICAL STAFF** for his gunshot wound as he gives a statement to a **COP**.

JACK
 John McSally. He's the one who did it. He's a fucking psycho. The worst kind, man. You've gotta get him off the streets. He's shot nearly a dozen people that I know of.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

John McSally is being questioned by an UNSEEN COP whose voice seems very familiar.

UNSEEN COP

So you were nowhere near the scene at the time?

MCSALLY

No. Like I said, I was at my local pub. And there's about ten people who can vouch for me. Few friends, couple of family members, and the staff that work there. And I'm sure the other customers must have seen me. I am a regular in there, after all.

UNSEEN COP

And he did say the gunman was wearing a bicycle helmet so, that obscures the face quite a bit, doesn't it?

MCSALLY

(grinning)
Exactly.

We REVEAL the unseen cop:

PC CHARLES FLETCHER

Okay, then. I think that's all we need at this time. Thank you for your co-operation. You're free to go.

They both STAND and SHAKE HANDS.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

John McSally EXITS the building and out the front gate to be met by Colin Gunn, waiting in his 4X4 Porsche.

MCSALLY

(smiling)
All in a day's work.

McSally climbs in and we CLOSE ON the licence plate:

POWER.

The vehicle DRIVES OFF.

INT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY

Joan Stirland is on the phone. A **PERSON** speaks to her on it.

JOAN STIRLAND

Yes, I'm just calling to say that we've settled in a place called Trusthorpe, on the Lincolnshire coast.

PERSON (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Trusthorpe, in Lincolnshire, you say?

JOAN STIRLAND

Yes, that's right.

PERSON (O.S.)

Okay, looking at our records it looks as if Colin Gunn does have connections with the nearby area, so, it might not be the best place for you to be.

JOAN STIRLAND

It's fine. It's on the seafront. It's quiet and out of the way. I think we'll be fine here.

PERSON (O.S.)

Okay, but his brother, David, does have a caravan in Ingoldmells, not too far away from you. And they are known to holiday in that area quite a lot.

JOAN STIRLAND

It's okay. We just won't go to that area. We're quite happy where we are.

She GETS UP and walks to the GLASS DOORS to take in the view.

PERSON (O.S.)

Okay. Thanks for letting us know.

JOAN STIRLAND

Bye.

She HANGS UP.

EXT. YOUTH CENTRE - DAY

Derrick Senior EXITS the building and SPARKS UP a cigarette. After a drag or two, Dean Betton walks up to him.

DEAN BETTON
Alright, mate.

DERRICK SENIOR
(cautious)
Alright, man.

DEAN BETTON
My name's John, you don't know me but I think you met a few of my friends a few months ago and they might have roughed you up a bit.

Derrick stands ready for whatever might come his way.

DEAN BETTON (CONT'D)
Now listen, mate. I know what they did to you was wrong. Well out of order, but they're good lads. You know what I'm saying?

DERRICK SENIOR
Good lads?

DEAN BETTON
Yeah, man. They were just out celebrating. Look, it was one's birthday and I'll be honest, someone that tried to kill a friend of ours had just been arrested for it. So they were a bit over the moon about it and might have had one too many. You know what I'm saying?

DERRICK SENIOR
So I should just forget about the racist remarks, the beating and the fact that one of them ripped out one of my dreadlocks, should I?

DEAN BETTON
No mate.

DERRICK SENIOR
Because they were 'Too happy'?

DEAN BETTON
That's not what I'm saying, mate.

DERRICK SENIOR
I'm not your mate, and I'm not
easily scared.

DEAN BETTON
I'm not here to scare you, pal.

DERRICK SENIOR
I turned down police protection.

DEAN BETTON
Listen, mate. I mean, bloke.
Whatever you wanna be called. I'm
just here to make you an offer.
Now, as I said, they're usually
good lads and they fucked up. So
all we're asking--

DERRICK SENIOR
Who is 'We'?

DEAN BETTON
All I'm asking, is that you drop
the charges, and in exchange for
your kindness, I give give you
£3,000 for your troubles. How does
that sound?

DERRICK SENIOR
Like bribery. Which is illegal.
So unless you want me to go call
the police and report you and have
you arrested also, I suggest you go
and tell your friends they don't
scare me.

DEAN BETTON
Alright, cock. Can't say I didn't
try. Just trying to do good by my
mates. No harm, no fowl. Hey?

DERRICK SENIOR
Good day to you.

Derrick THROWS down his cigarette and RE-ENTERS the building.
SLAMMING the door behind him.

DEAN BETTON
Fuck.

He takes out his PHONE and it starts RINGING in his hand. He
answers it.

DEAN BETTON (CONT'D)

Yeah?

(beat)

Oh, what?

(beat)

Oh, you're fucking joking.

(beat)

Alright. Let me get back to you.
I've just gotta call Colin, now.

(beat)

Right bruv. Later.

BEEP!

He hangs up on the calls then dials another number and waits for it to be picked up.

DEAN BETTON (CONT'D)

Alright, boss. Okay, bottom line is, this black prick ain't going for it. He ain't interested in money, and apparently he turned down police protection, so he's not intimidated by me. But it gets worse. I just got a call and, Pete's been nicked.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Jan 2004

Peter Williams is being questioned by **TWO POLICE OFFICERS**.
He has **REPRESENTATION**.

POLICE OFFICER ONE

We have arrested you in regards to the armed robbery that took place on September 30th of 2003, which resulted in the murder of store keeper, Marion Bates. Could you please tell us where you were to the best of your memory on that day, Mr. Williams?

INT. POLICE STATION - HIDDEN AREA - DAY

PC Charles Fletcher is on his phone, seemingly trying to hide to stop anyone seeing him. He speaks **QUIETLY**.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER

Well, I don't know what he said exactly but there was some sort of mumbling between the questioning officers when they were done with him after they took him back to his cell. That could mean he gave them nothing at all and they don't think he'll break, or it could mean he gave them a little something, accidentally or on purpose that they think they can work with. Hard to say without asking directly, you know?

COLIN (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Can you pass on a little message for me?

PC CHARLES FLETCHER

I can try, mate. What do you want said?

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY

Peter Williams is sitting down with his head resting on the wall.

After a moment of silence, the HATCH on his door OPENS temporarily and a NOTE is PUSHED THROUGH before the hatch CLOSES again. Williams INSPECTS it.

We HEAR the previous phone conversation as he does.

COLIN (O.S.)

And one more thing. I need an M.O.T.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.)

What's the name?

COLIN (O.S.)

Dean Betton.

We HEAR KEYS RATTLING as Peter reads the note:

'Keep your mouth shut. All will be fine. S.G.S.'

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.)

No mate. It's clean.

Peter RIPS UP the note and starts EATING it.

INT. LIMEY'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

SUPER: Feb 2004

PC Charles Fletcher ENTERS and hands Jason Grocock an official looking FILE in a brown sleeve.

He's then measured up for a suit as usual and leaves with a new free outfit.

INT. COLIN'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

The car is parked. Colin is sitting with John McSally. McSally is in the back seat.

COLIN

Yeah, apparently Celtic Pat's been heard trying to buy a gun from someone. God knows who but, as you know, there are no guns in my area without my so say.

MCSALLY

So what would you like me to do about it, Guv'nor?

COLIN

Offer to sell him one.

Colin takes a THICK ENVELOP from the passenger seat (resting on the brown file) and passes it back to McSally.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

PATRICK 'Celtic Pat' MARSHALL (46) is withdrawing money from a cash point.

John McSally appears beside him, STARTLING him.

MCSALLY

I thought that was you.

CELTIC PAT

Jesus, John. You about gave me a heart attack. What's a matter with you?

MCSALLY

How you doing?

CELTIC PAT

Not bad. Not bad. You?

MCSALLY

Keeping busy. Keeping busy.
Listen, word is you're looking to
buy a shooter. Is that right?

Celtic Pat takes a quick look around.

CELTIC PAT

Maybe. Where did you hear that?

MCSALLY

It doesn't matter. Look, between
you and me, if you want one I can
sort you out. Just got to keep it
between us, you know? Can't have
Colin or anyone finding out. You
know what I'm saying?

CELTIC PAT

Yes, mate.

MCSALLY

What kind of thing are you looking
for?

CELTIC PAT

Something simple. Discreet, you
know. Like a handgun or something.

MCSALLY

Something small you can keep
hidden.

CELTIC PAT

Exactly.

MCSALLY

Alright. Meet me at the carp park
where Donny had his accident,
tonight about 9 and I'll sort you
out.

CELTIC PAT

Nice one, Sally.

MCSALLY

500 alright?

CELTIC PAT

Yes, mate. Nice one. Nice one.

MCSALLY

Right then, I'll see you there.
Don't be late, alright?

CELTIC PAT
No problem, pal. No problem.

They SHAKE HANDS and McSally WALKS AWAY.

Celtic Pat looks around and goes BACK to the cash point to withdraw more money.

EXT. AGREED CAR PARK - NIGHT

SUPER: Feb 8th 2004

Celtic Pat is waiting in the cold. His BREATHES onto his hands and rubs them together for warmth.

A CAR pulls up and McSally get out of the passenger seat.

In the driver's seat: **CRAIG MCKAY.**

McSally and Celtic Pat walk towards each other and McSally takes out a HAND GUN. Pat sees it, looks around and takes out A WAD OF CASH from his pocket.

BANG!

McSally SHOOTS Pat dead then takes his money.

He gets back in the car and it SPEEDS OFF.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Colin, Veronica and their **CHILDREN** are sat eating dinner. Colin's PHONE RINGS.

VERONICA
Oh, come on, Colin. Can't we have a nice dinner without your phone going off?

COLIN
How the fuck can I control when people call me?

VERONICA
Language, in front of the children. How many times?

Colin pulls out his phone and sees the name and LEAVES THE TABLE.

EXT. COLIN GUNN'S BACK GARDEN - DAY - SAME TIME

Colin is on the phone.

COLIN

What?

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Alright. Thought you should know. There's been some evidence connected to you found in a car used as getaway in a murder in a car park. Patrick Marshall. You know him?

COLIN

What kind of evidence?

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.)

Well, there's a bill addressed to you at your house, and three pictures of David. God knows why.

COLIN

A bill? Addressed to me? In my name? At my house?

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.)

Yes, mate. Thought you should know about it.

COLIN

Yeah.. Thanks mate.

BEEP!

He hangs up.

COLIN (CONT'D)

(shouting)

For suck's sake!

He STORMS back in the house.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON:

The battered and bruised face of Craig McKay. He seems to be laying on the floor somewhere.

COLIN (O.C.)
What the fuck were you thinking?

McKay tries to speak but just can't.

COLIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Hey? Answer me!

BAM!

Colin PUNCHES him.

COLIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
You're fucking useless.
(to person's unknown)
Make sure he knows he fucked up.

BAM!

Baseball Bats FLY INTO VIEW as McKay is beaten.

EXT. A608 MOTORWAY - DAY

A CAR PULLS UP and Craig McKay is THROWN from it. He rolls down a small ditch and the car DRIVES OFF.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A608 MOTORWAY - LATER

Craig McKay comes to and crawls up the small ditch and sees and POLICE CAR park up next to him. A familiar face is at the wheel.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER
You alright, mate?

INT. COLIN GUNN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Colin and family are eating again. Colin's phone RINGS.

VERONICA
Oh, for fuck's sake.

COLIN
Language in front of the kids.

Colin answers the phone.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Yeah?

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Yeah, you're good. He's not saying
who did it.

Colin HANGS UP and goes back to eating.

INT. POLICE RIOT VAN - DAY

SUPER: March 2nd 2004

Half a dozen **ARMED POLICE** prepare for a raid.

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

The Police Riot Van PULLS UP outside and the armed officers BURST out and get into their pre-rehearsed positions.

BANG!

They BREAK IN the front door and storm the house.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY - SAME TIME

Craig Moran and Dean Betton were just playing a racing game, but are now RUSHING to THROW CANNABIS out of the window.

RIOT COP (O.S.)
Armed police! Nobody move! Down
on the ground!

LOUD FOOTSTEPS are HEARD RUNNING up the stairs before the door is KICKED OPEN and an **ARMED COP** rushes in the room.

ARMED COP
Police! Don't move! Down on the
ground! Now!

They make a face at each other and comply. **ANOTHER ARMED OFFICER** enters and makes the arrest.

EXT. ANOTHER HOME - DAY

Another Riot Van is parked outside and another set of **ARMED OFFICERS** take the front door by force.

LEAD RIOT COP
Everybody down on the ground.
Nobody move. Police.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

SNAPSHOTS

Five faces have their mugs shots taken.

They are Dean Betton, Craig Moran and **THREE NEW FACES**.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S BACK GARDEN - DAY

Colin is pacing back and forth at the news of the arrests.
Veronica tries to calm him down.

VERONICA

Sure, it's bad. But at least now everyone knows they're looking for Brody in connection with the robbery. The police might not think anything about not being able to find him. After all, he wouldn't show his face over an assault charge if he's wanted for murder. Would he?

Colin stops and thinks for a beat.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SUPER: May 14th 2004

Robert Watson, Joseph Graham and Lee Marshall are standing waiting to be judged for their attack on Derrick Senior.

The **JUDGE** asks the **LEAD JUROR** for their verdict.

JUDGE

Has the jury reached it's decision?

The **LEAD JUROR** stands to speak.

LEAD JUROR

We have, your Honor. We the jury find the defends, Robert Watson, Joseph Graham and Lee Marshall, guilty on all charges put to them.

'Boos' come from **FRIENDS AND FAMILY MEMBERS** in the audience.

Derrick Senior **SHAKES HANDS** with his team.

EXT. COURTROOM - DAY

Colin Gunn is sitting in his 4X4 Porsche with John McSally. they're watching Derrik Senior as he stops to have his PICTURE TAKEN outside the court.

COLIN
Find out where he lives. Put him
to sleep.

Colin hands McSally another fat envelop of cash.

INT. DERRIK SENIOR'S CAR - DAY

Derrik cruises down the street without a care. He STOPS to let an OLD LADY across the Zebra Crossing then continues on his way.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SUPER: May 17th 2004

Derrik Senior drives down the street and eventually PULLS UP outside his house and TURNS OFF THE ENGINE.

Just as he's undoing his seat belt, a MOTORCYCLE PULLS UP ALONG SIDE HIM. McSally strikes again.

MCSALLY
You grassing bastard!

McSally sticks a HAND GUN through the drives side window and OPENS FIRE on Senior at close range. Senior's eyes close and he goes limp. McSally SPEEDS away.

After a few second, Senior SITS UP, looks around then starts BANGING ON THE CAR'S HORN.

DERRICK SENIOR
Help! Help! I've been shot! I've
been shot!

INT. RANDOM CAR - NIGHT

TWO MEN we've not met before are relaxing as the cruise the motorway.

After a moment of driving, the CAR IN FRONT starts FLASHING A POLICE LIGHT. Undercover car. As soon as it does, THE CAR TO THE SIDE does the same thing, followed by the CAR BEHIND THEM.

They're boxed in.

MAN 1

Oh shit.

MAN 2

You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT - SAME TIME

SUPER: June 2004

The Random car PULLS OVER to the side of the road and the plain police cars stick with it.

EXT. RANDOM CAR - NIGHT - LATER

SIX OFFICERS stand close to the two men, now out of the vehicle. OTHER OFFICERS investigate the back of the car.

DCS PHIL DAVIS is leading the sting operation.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Right then, let's see what we have here, then.

He OPENS THE BOOT to find:

A HAND GUN WITH SILENCER and MULTIPLE BAGS OF DIFFERENT DRUGS.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

Well, it's not a picnic set, is it?

He STEPS AWAY and the items are correctly bagged and tagged for evidence.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

Gentlemen. I'm arresting you for possession of and intent to supply, class A drugs and illegal firearms. You do not have to say anything but I don't think you're going to anyway, are you?

He NODS and the other officers CUFF them two men. They don't react to it.

INT. SPORTING CHANCE PUB - NIGHT

Colin is sitting as centre-piece to his Cartel. Aside from his brother David to his left and John McSally to his right, the group looks a lot different, and smaller, following the recent arrests.

COLIN

Last night, we lost a handgun, silencer and a small shipment of drugs. Not too much, but we need to get on top of it.

MCSALLY

Some fucking rat.

COLIN

Exactly. Someone's been talking. And there's only a few people who knew about this delivery. So there's a snitch.

A **YOUNG MAN** speaks up.

YOUNG MAN

Come on. We all know who did it. His girlfriend's a fucking mouth piece, and he's not here. So he knows he must have talked about it to her, and that's why he's skipped out.

ANOTHER LAD speaks up.

ANOTHER LAD

Yeah, I mean, why not turn up to a meeting about a bust on a job you were involved in setting up?

DAVID

They're right. Gotta be.

MCSALLY

Squawking bitch.

COLIN

Right then, do we know where she lives?

YOUNG MAN

I do.

INT. YOUNG MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

JADE (21) is FEEDING her 13-month old child in her arms.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Jade CARRIES her child to answer the front door. She leaves the CHAIN on the latch and OPENS the door to REVEAL:

The Young Man with a **GINGER LAD**.

YOUNG MAN
Alright, love. Open up, I've got
your pizza.

JADE
I didn't order any pizza.

YOUNG MAN
Are you sure? It's paid for.

JADE
Of course, I'm sure.

YOUNG MAN
Well, it's paid for.

JADE
Well, it's not mine so you can take
it back.

YOUNG MAN
Don't you want it anyway?

JADE
I don't like pizza. Bye.

She CLOSES THE DOOR.

EXT. YOUNG MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

The young man and ginger lad walk back to their car.

GINGER LAD
Let's come back in a bit.

YOUNG MAN
Alright.

The car DRIVES OFF.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SHOT - LATER

It's darker now. The car pulls up and the Young man gets out and runs up to the front window and KNOCKS on it.

INT. YOUNG MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Jade is still holding her child. She gets up and walks over to the window and PULLS BACK the curtain to see who it is.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The young man SHOOTS HER through the window. She FALLS BACK.

He RUNS back to the car and gets in. It SPEEDS OFF.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SUPER: July 7th 2004

Michael O'Brien is on trial for the murder of Marvin Bradshaw.

O'Brien's **DEFENCE LAWYER** is speaking.

DEFENCE LAWYER

My client freely admits that he was present when the unfortunate death of Mr. Bradshaw took place. But he denies that he was the one that fired the fatal shot. And let the court be reminded, that whilst my client admittedly has a criminal history, including that of violence, that he does not have any history with firearms. Whereas as Mr. Gary Salmon, who my client says fired the fatal shot that kill Mr. Bradshaw does have. That it was his shotgun that was used in the execution of the victim, and that directly after the murder, Mr. Salmon fled the city with the help of friends, whereas my client stayed and did not run. Sure, he may have hidden, but that's simply because the deceased had ties to an accused crime family, and he wished to keep himself safe until his name could be cleared.

From the audience benches, Colin Gunn watches the back of Michael O'Brien's head as the case unfolds in court.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME ROOM - LATER

The hearing is on hold. O'Brien's lawyer is talking to the Judge with the **PROSECUTION** at the front of the court.

Colin makes his way up to O'Brien and leans in behind him.

COLIN

You're one cocky little shit,
thinking you can try and off a
member off my family and get away
with it.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Shut the fuck up, fat man. I've
got a fucking bullet with your name
on it, safely hidden away, just for
you.

COLIN

(shouting)

You fucking what, you little shit?

O'Brien STANDS and TURNS to Colin.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

What? What you gonna do, you
fucking mug?

COURT SECURITY rush in and restrain both men.

COLIN

You're gonna regret ever saying
that to me, you little wanker.

JUDGE

Mr. Gunn, please control yourself
in my courtroom or you will be
removed.

COLIN

You don't ever talk to me like
that, you little toe-rag. You hear
me?

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

What you gonna do about it, old
man?

COLIN

Oh, you'll fucking see what I do,
alright. Just you wait.

JUDGE

That's it. Remove him at once.

Coin is DRAGGED from the room by force.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Your time's over, fat man. New
blood runs shit now.

O'Brien's lawyer SHAKES HIS HEAD in disbelief.

INT. JAMIE GUNN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Colin is talking to Jamie, who is curled up on the sofa.

COLIN

He's going down. No doubt about
that. No matter what the jury
might have been thinking about his
side of the story, after today,
there's no way he's getting off.

JAMIE GUNN

Will they let you back in the
courtroom?

COLIN

They fucking better do or I'll kick
up more than a stink. You believe
me, son.

Jamie looks sad.

COLIN (CONT'D)

How are you doing? You look like
you've lost weight.

JAMIE GUNN

Yeah. A bit.

COLIN

Looks like more than a bit.

JAMIE GUNN

Couple of stone.

COLIN
 (joking)
 Fucking hell, kidda. I could do
 with your diet. What you on?

JAMIE GUNN
 (smiling)
 Uppers, Downers, E and Powder,
 mostly.

COLIN
 Hey. Now you stay away from that
 shit. It's not good for you in
 your condition. Now I know you're
 young and you wanna experiment, and
 fair play, I did it in my day and
 still do on occasion. But right
 now it's not a good time for you to
 be fucking around with it. Okay?

JAMIE GUNN
 Yeah.

COLIN
 Good lad.
 (beat)
 If you change our mind about going
 to the trial, you let me know.
 Okay?

JAMIE GUNN
 (whispering)
 Yeah.

Jamie is very distant.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SUPER: July 12th 2004

The house waits for the verdict.

Colin Gunn is again in the audience.

The **FOREMAN** hands a NOTE from a **MALE JUROR** to the Judge. He
 reads it then sets it down.

JUDGE
 Has the jury reached a verdict?

MALE JUROR

We have, your Honor. We the jury,
find the defendant, Michael
O'Brien, guilty of murder.

BOO's and CHEERS sound loudly from opposite sides of the
courtroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME ROOM - LATER

JUDGE

Mr. O'Brien, you have been found
guilty of the murder of Marvin
Bradshaw. A young man who had a
lot to live for and did you no harm
in any of his short time on this
Earth. Due to the pre-mediated
nature of the murder, I have no
choice but to sentence you to life,
with a minimum of 24-years to be
served before Parole may be
considered. I would like to take
this time to thank the three brave
teenage girls that served as
witnesses to--

Michael O'Brien INTERRUPTS the Judge and TURNS to Marvin
Bradshaw's family.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Hey you, your son's head looked
like a doughnut. It had a big red
hole in the middle. I'm not
bothered you know, I'm a bad boy.
It means nothing to me. I can do
that standing on my head. I know
where you live as well.

(to Colin)

And you.

The Judge talks over O'Brien for him to be quiet and seated
(ad-libs) but he's ignored.

COLIN

Come on, then! Let's see what
you've got!

The Judge tries to call for ORDER but is unsuccessful.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

You ain't shit, fat man. I've got something special set up ready to come your way. Just you wait and see. Mr. Gunn.

COLIN

You wanna threaten me, boy? You wanna see what happens to people when they threaten me? Well, you're gonna.

Colin and O'Brien are both DRAGGED AWAY from the room through separate doors as they continue to SCREAM threats at each other.

INT. JAMIE GUNN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 3 Weeks Later. Aug 2nd 2004

Jamie Gunn is sitting on his sofa playing a video game. He looks rough. Thin. Pale. Ill. A shell of a man, not long for the world. He COUGHS.

His **MUM** says goodbye.

MUM

Right, I'm off. I'll be back in a bit, okay? Don't you spend all day on that computer. It's not good for you. And when I get back, we're gonna see about getting you a doctors appointment about that cough of yours. You listening?

JAMIE GUNN

Yeah.

MUM

Okay. Gimme a kiss.

She LEANS over and KISSES HIS CHEEK.

MUM (CONT'D)

See ya later, babe.

JAMIE GUNN

See ya.

She leaves.

EXT. JAMIE GUNN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jamie's mum walks away from the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAMIE GUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. JAMIE GUNN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Jamie is laying on the sofa with the TV on. His **BROTHER** enters the house and walks by him and into the kitchen.

BROTHER

Alright, bro. You feeling any better? Hey? What, are you asleep again?

He comes back into the living room and gives Jamie a NUDGE.

BROTHER (CONT'D)

Oi, ya sippy prick. I'm talking to ya. Jamie?

He gives him a HARDER NUDGE.

BROTHER (CONT'D)

Jamie?

He feels his forehead.

BROTHER (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, you're cold. JAMIE!
Wake up mate. Oh, come on. Ah,
fuck.

He pulls out his phone and calls 999.

BROTHER (CONT'D)

Oh, for fuck's sake, bruv. Don't do this to me. No mate.

(on phone)

Yeah, Ambulance. Jesus Christ.

EXT. JAMIE GUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

We HEAR Jamie's Brother from inside the house.

BROTHER (O.S.)

It's my brother. I think he's dead. Help me, please.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Colin and Veronica are watching TV. His PHONE RINGS and he answers it.

COLIN

Yeah?

(beat)

What?

Colin SITS FORWARD in his seat.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What do you mean 'Gone'?

(beat)

No way. No fucking way.

(beat)

No. Not our Jamie. Oh, sweet Jesus. Oh, Christ.

(tears form)

Oh, Christ.

VERONICA

What is it? What's the matter?

He hands her the phone and LEAVES crying.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat)

Oh no. When?

(beat)

Oh God. What happened?

(beat)

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

Oh love, I'm so sorry. 'Ere let me see to Colin and call you back.

(beat)

Yeah, okay. Bye love.

CLICK!

She hangs up and Goes for the kitchen.

We HEAR OF CAMERA the BANGING of objects as things are thrown and the table is HIT with fists by Colin as he begins to grieve for his nephew.

EXT. COLIN GUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We HEAR Colin sobbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPORTING CHANCE PUB - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. SPORTING CHANCE PUB - NIGHT

The usual faces of the Bestwood Cartel are all there for Colin in his time of need. David isn't present this time.

COLIN

As you all know, yesterday, my nephew Jamie died. He may have just been my nephew, but he was like a son to me. And so for his death, someone has to pay.

The Cartel NOD in agreement.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Jamie had for the past year or so been slowly slipping into ill health. Partying late, drinking too much, doing drugs nobody should have been selling him in the first place.

A few pairs of guilty eyes look away a moment.

COLIN (CONT'D)

But this was all caused by the death of his friend. The murder of his friend. Committed by a dirty little scumbag who was actually trying to kill him in the first place. I've never experienced survivor's guilty, but I can't image it's too nice. And, sadly, it was too much for Jamie and it killed him. At this early stage they're thinking it looks like pneumonia. But it doesn't matter what killed him. What matters is what caused what killed him. And more importantly, who caused-what caused-what killed him.

(beat)

Michael O'Brien.

The Cartel NOD again.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I've been asking around a bit, but
sadly, we can't get to anyone on
the inside to get him directly. So
we've gotta get him indirectly.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Colin is on his phone to someone. We don't hear the conversation. Just the previous speech of Colin Gunn.

COLIN (V.O.)
His parents are in hiding. But
I've got someone who used to work
for BT--

FLASH TO: **STEPHEN POUNDALL** on the other end of the call.

COLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
with friends who still work there
that owe him a favour.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Stephen Poundall is on the phone to a friend. Again, we don't hear the conversation, just Colin's voice over.

COLIN (V.O.)
So he's gonna get their number and
new address, and we're gonna take a
little road trip.

FLASH TO: **ANTHONY KELLY** on the other end of the phone.

COLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And send Mr. O'Brien and little
message. That you don't play with
Gunn's and you don't try and kill
one of ours.

SPLIT SCREEN TO: Anthony Kelly calls **ANDREW PICKERING**.

COLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And if you do, all of Bestwood will
be coming after you. We're gonna
make an example of him.

INT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY

John and Joan Stirland are in the Kitchen eating lunch. John is ON THE PHONE with Nottinghamshire police.

COP (O.S.)
 (over the phone)
 Jamie Gunn has passed away, so you
 should probably watch your back's.

He HANGS UP and looks at Joan with worry in his eye. She looks at him, waiting for an explanation. He puts his hand on hers and SPEAKS.

Again, we don't hear him. Only Colin.

COLIN (V.O.)
 So we're gonna need some Pay-As-You-
 Go phones. A car. A reason to be
 visiting wherever they're living.

INT. CAR PARK - DAY

John McSally is making an exchange with a SHADY CHARACTER

COLIN (V.O.)
 And most importantly, some clean
 guns.

The Shady Character hands McSally TWO BARRETTA'S.

INT. COLIN GUNN'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: Aug 5th 2004

Colin is getting dressed into his Chavy-ist get up. His PHONE RINGS and he answers it. A **VOICE** speaks.

VOICE
 They're living in Trusthorpe. On
 the seafront.

COLIN
 Well, then. Time for the Gunn
 family to go on a family holiday to
 do our grieving.

He HANGS UP and looks at himself in the mirror before EXITING.

INT. DAVID GUNN'S HOUSE - DAY

SANDIE GUNN answers the front door, to reveal Colin.

SANDIE
Hey up, Colin. Come in, mate.

He does and she closes the door.

IN THE KITCHEN

David is sitting reading the paper at the table. He sees Colin enter.

DAVID
Alright, bruv. How you doing?

COLIN
Handling it. Slowly.

SANDIE
Do you want a cuppa?

COLIN
No thanks, love. I can't stay long. I just came 'round to ask, can I borrow your caravan in Ingoldmells for a few days? You know, just to get away from all this. Go away with some friends and grieve in private.

SANDIE
Oh, of course, you can. Don't be silly. 'Ere, I'll go and get you the keys.

COLIN
Thanks, Sand.

She EXITS and go UPSTAIRS.

COLIN (CONT'D)
(quieter)
We just got word. The Stirland's are up in Trusthorpe.

DAVID
You going to finish the job?

COLIN
Someone's gotta do it.

DAVID

This soon?

COLIN

Yes, bruv. I want it done before Jamie's in the ground. So it's done and out the way, and so that little scum O'Brien can't enjoy knowing he's being buried 'cos he's got other things to think about.

DAVID

Not a bad plan. You need me to come over and help you in any way?

Sandie returns with the keys.

SANDIE

Here you go, love.

COLIN

Cheers, Sand.

SANDIE

David, why don't you go along with them and share a bit of family time. Get away from it all.

DAVID

Yeah, we was just saying that. Wasn't we, bruv?

COLIN

Yeah. It'd be nice. Even if only for a few hours. A little get together, out of the way a bit and in the sunshine.

DAVID

Could be just what the doctor ordered.

SANDIE

It's settled, then.

Colin and David give each other a look.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Colin drives past camera in his car. Then A SECOND VEHICLE driven by Michael McNee, before a third driven by David Gunn. All cars are packed with **OTHER PEOPLE**.

INT. WH SMITHS - DAY

Colin pays for a P.A.Y.G sim-card at the counter. He's clocked on CCTV. (His minions buy the same at other locations.)

EXT. SEA FRONT CHIP SHOP - DAY

Super: Aug 6th 2004

Colin and David Gunn are sitting with Michael McNee, **JOHN RUSSELL**, **SHANE BIRD** (38) **KEVIN HOLM** (37) **ANDREW MCKINNON** (20) and **LANELLEL DOUGLAS** (19).

NEW PHONES are handed out to the hit-team and they LOAD their new PAYG sim-cards.

DAVID

Remember when we used to ran down this beach when we were nippers?

COLIN

Yes, bruv.

DAVID

That's a lot of years ago now. Different people now. Different lives. So much has happened since then. Yet you sit here, were you sat 20-30 years ago, and it's almost as if no time has pasted at all at the same time.

COLIN

Yes, bruv. Life's a funny thing. But everything comes to an end.

Colin TESTS his phone then FLIPS it closed like a gun and POCKETS it.

EXT. SEASIDE STREET - DAY

SUPER: 12:28pm

Colin is ON HIS PHONE as he and his goons walk down the road. Taking in the sights and buying snacks. They are clocked on CCTV.

INT. SEA FRONT - PUB - NIGHT

We see Colin and co. are drinking as they chat. We watch from afar and hear nothing until they RAISE THEIR GLASSES and CHEER something. The calm before the storm.

INT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

John and Joan Stirland are again cuddled up in front of the TV. Another night in, another sitcom/game show/soap opera.

EXT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

SUPER: Aug 7th 2003

An **UNKNOWN FIGURE** watches the Stirland's through a window.

He's alone and seemingly unarmed. But it's hard to tell in the dark.

ACROSS THE STREET a **NEIGHBOUR** spots the unknown figure and takes a long hard look at him through the darkness. Half nosy and half neighbourly. Soon enough the figure WALKS AWAY from the bungalow at a pace that suggests he doesn't suspect that he was spotted.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY

SUPER: Aug 8th 2003

Joan Stirland is MOWING THE LAWN.

The neighbour across the street exits their house and walks over to John.

NEIGHBOUR

Hiya, John.

JOHN STIRLAND

Hello. What can I do for you?

NEIGHBOUR

Well actually, it's more what I can do for you. See, I was making a cup of tea last night and, when I looked through the window, I saw a man looking at your house. And I think it was in your window.

(MORE)

NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)

And I just thought you'd want to know about it, is all. I mean, they didn't do anything, but you know, they could have been looking in to see what you've got to see if it's worth robbing the place or anything.

JOHN STIRLAND

Yeah, thanks. Did you get a good look at what they looked like?

NEIGHBOUR

Afraid not. It was just too dark. But he was tall and there was just one of them that I saw. But for all I know, it could have been a drunk. I just thought I'd better come over here and make sure you're aware of it, that's all.

JOHN STIRLAND

No, thank you. Really. It's very neighbourly of you.

INT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY

SUPER: 2pm

Joan Stirland is talking on the phone as John Stirland sits on the radiator, waiting patiently.

JOAN STIRLAND

(on the phone)

Yes. Well, it could be nothing. Things like this happen all the time, but with the timing of it with Jamie Gunn's death, I just thought I'd better ring it in.

OFFICER (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Yes, you were right to do so. I'll give Lincolnshire police a call and let them know of your situation and have them see what they can do for you. Okay?

JOAN STIRLAND

That'd be great. Thank you. Bye then.

She HANGS UP.

JOAN STIRLAND (CONT'D)
They're gonna send Lincolnshire
police over and have a look around.

JOHN STIRLAND
Good. It's probably nothing but
better to be on the safe side.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

Michael McNee and John Russell SUIT UP in BLUE BOILER SUITS and WELLINGTON BOOTS then half put on BALACLAVA's like hats. They take out the two new Barretta's and CONCEAL them on their persons.

INT. CAR - DAY

Michael McNee and John Russell are driving in silence.

INT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY

SUPER: 2:18pm

John sits reading the newspaper in the living room. The TOILET FLUSHES in the background.

EXT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY

A BLUE VW PASSAT pulls up out side and Russel and McNee get out, look around then calmly head towards the bungalow. We FOLLOW them.

From the car, down the path, around the back and to the BACK DOOR. They ENTER the kitchen, carefully listen for movement then follow the noise.

They head for the living room and we see John sitting, reading his newspaper. They watch him for a beat until one of the gunmen TAPS the other to 'Get on with it'.

The gunman walks deeper into the room. John spots him just as he RAISES HIS GUN at him.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Six shots are fired into John as he sits. He dies in his chair.

Joan SCREAMS from the other room and the second gunman goes for the noise.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - SAME TIME

The second gunman CUTS OFF Joan as she attempts to flee through the door. She heads back towards THE BEDROOM. The second gunman FOLLOWS her.

JOAN STIRLAND

Please, no. Please. It was my son. My son did it. Not me. Please, leave me alone. I have grandchildren. I'm a grandmother. I'm an old lady. Please.

Now in the bedroom, she sees there's nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. She PUTS UP HER HANDS in surrender mode. She looks at the gunman.

JOAN STIRLAND (CONT'D)

Please, I'm beggin--

BANG! BANG!

Joan is shot TWICE in the chest and DROPS down between the wardrobe and bed. The gunman WALKS AROUND to make sure she's down.

BANG! BANG!

He fires two more bullets into her body. Just to be sure.

JOHN RUSSELL (O.C.)

Let's go.

They EXIT quicker than they entered.

EXT. SECLUDED LANE - DAY

The Blue VW Passat pulls up onto the grass verge and McNee and Russel get out. They open the BOOT and remove TWO CANS OF PETROL. They pour it over the car and SET IT ALIGHT then run.

EXT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - AFTERNOON

SUPER: 6pm

A POLICE CAR pulls up and TWO POLICEMEN get out. We FOLLOW them as they walk down the path and KNOCK on the front door.

No response. They knock again.

POLICEMAN 1
Hello. Mr. Stirland? It's
Lincolnshire police. We had a call
to drop in on you.

Silence.

POLICEMAN 2
I'll go around back.

POLICEMAN 1
Alright.

We FOLLOW Policeman 2 as he walks down the side, through the
back door and into the kitchen.

POLICEMAN 2
Mr. Stirland? This is the police.
Are you in?

He walks into the living room.

POLICEMAN 2 (CONT'D)
John--

He sees John SHOT TO DEATH in his chair.

POLICEMAN 2 (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.
(shouting)
We've got a body.

He RUNS back out they way he came in.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Colin and his goons are CELEBRATING. David isn't present
anymore.

COLIN
Here's to a job well done, lads.

He RAISES his glass. They join him in raising theirs.

COLIN (CONT'D)
To Patience. Timing. Execution.
And Justice.

The goons agree (ad-libs.)

JOHN RUSSELL
Now we just wait 'til they're
found.
(MORE)

JOHN RUSSELL (CONT'D)
For news to get back to O'Brien,
then send him a lovely little
'Sorry for your loss' card just to
piss him off.

Colin LAUGHS HARD and they CLINK their glasses before DOWNING
their drinks.

EXT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The house has now been sectioned off by police and is being
combed over for evidence.

INT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW - NIGHT - SAME TIME

SUPER: 9pm

CSI are everywhere.

They take photographs and finger prints, bag evidence and
take measurements for forensics. The usual stuff.

A **CSI MEMBER** is wondering through the house taking
photographs. They wonder into the BEDROOM, take a few snaps
and discover JOAN STIRLAND'S BODY, fallen between the
wardrobe and bed.

CSI MEMBER
Jesus Christ.
(calling back)
Officers, we've got another body
back here.

MUMBLES of 'what?' Sound off camera and an **EXTRA OFFICER**
enters the room to investigate the reported find.

EXTRA OFFICER
Jesus Christ. Why was she not
found with the other guy, three
hours ago?

The CSI member SHRUGS their shoulders.

EXTRA OFFICER (CONT'D)
God damn it.

The extra officer pulls out a PHONE, DIALS and WALKS AWAY as
they await it being picked up.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

SUPER: Aug 13th 2004

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE is carrying a COFFIN. It is RAINING but the streets are PACKED with close to A THOUSAND people, out for the procession. Some out of respect, others out of fear.

The roads are closed off for the funeral.

Jamie's friends and family are driven down the packed streets.

As well as a **STRONG POLICE PRESENCE**, there are half a dozen **NEWS REPORTERS** with TV CAMERAS also present.

They eventually reach a CEMETERY and we FOLLOW them onto the grounds and up to the buried plot. There are no conversations. Just NODS and HUGS between grieverers.

Jamie's coffin is LIFTED from the back of the funeral car and CARRIED to his final resting place, a few places down from Marvin Bradshaw.

The same Priest who proceeded over Marvin's funeral prepares to proceed over Jamie's.

PRIEST

Let us begin.

MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC stand watching from a far at the walls of the cemetery.

The Police keep everyone at a respectable distance as the funeral takes place.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I think we've got a rat.

INT. DCS DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: Oct 2004

DCS Phil Davis is talking with **TWO COLLEAGUES**.

The Man's voice belong's to **COLLEAGUE 1**. He hands DCS Davis a FILE to look at, which he does.

COLLEAGUE 1

According to his search history he's looked up Colin Gunn, and numerous associates of his, dozens of times each since he's been here. He grew up near the Gunn family, and looked up the Stirland's Nottingham address right before it was shot at. And not only that, he was searching for their new address right after Jamie Gunn died and up until five days before they were murdered.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

You think he's passing on this information onto Gunn, somehow?

COLLEAGUE 2

We think he has been talking to him directly, Sir. We could be way off base. It could all be a mad coincidence, but--

DCS PHIL DAVIS

It's not something we can risk. Right then, put all the information about Colin Gunn on a separate server and away from any spying eyes. And put PC Fletcher under watch--

INT. POLICE STATION - PC FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

PC Fletcher is ON THE PHONE.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (V.O.)

Immediately.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER

(on the phone)

That whole investigation is being run by Lincolnshire now. There's nothing over here so I don't... for me to find out anything like that, I'd have to ring up Lincoln, and then they'd think "*Well, who the hell are you?*" You know?

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

A **SPECIAL TEAM** is listening into his call. They jot down notes as he speaks.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

SUPER: Dec 2004

A **MALE SHOP KEEPER** is maintaining his store.

The peace is broken when the DOOR BURSTS OPEN and John McSally enters, HOLDING A SHOT GUN.

MCSALLY

So you don't want to pay your protection money. Is that right?

MALE SHOP KEEPER

(hands out in front)

What? I've been paying. And my shop has been vandalised. And nothing has been done about it.

John gets right up in front of him and STOPS.

MALE SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)

So I'm not going to pay another penny if you're not gonna--

BANG!

McSally SHOOTS the shop keeper in THE FOOT. He SCREAMS and DROPS to the floor, holding his mutilated appendage.

MCSALLY

Oh yeah? What about now?

The shop keeper SCREAMS in pain.

INT. POLICE STATION - PC FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

PC Fletcher is on the PHONE again.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER

(into the phone)

The big man has nothing to worry about. The guy knows who did it, but he's saying nothing.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Jan 25th 2005

PC Fletcher's 'Special Team' are listening in on his phone call.

JASON GROCOCK (O.S.)
 (over the phone)
 He's worried about being a wanted man. He needs an M.O.T.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.)
 (over the phone)
 I'll do a quick search.

We HEAR THE TYPING OF KEYS then a quick beat of silence.

PC CHARLES FLETCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (over the phone)
 He's fine. There's a couple of minor things but, nothing too incriminating. Shouldn't be anything to worry about, tell him.

INT. POLICE STATION - PC FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

PC Fletcher pulls up some information on members of the Bestwood Cartel on his computer and CLICKS PRINT. The printer shoots out a FEW PAGES and he FOLDS THEM UP and POCKETS him inside his jacket and leaves the room.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

TWO LAWMEN are driving to an unknown location.

LAWMAN 1
 Yeah. It's gonna be a long open, that's for sure.

LAWMAN 2
 Plenty of overtime, then.

LAWMAN 1
 Yeah. Extra beer money.

LAWMAN 2
 There's a pub up here. Fancy one?

LAWMAN 1
 Yeah, why not?

EXT. FAMILY PUB - DAY

SUPER: Jan 26th 2005

The unmarked police car pulls into the car park and PULLS UP.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON:

A LARGE CARDBOARD BOX. MARKED: 'EYES ONLY' on the backseat.

WE HEAR the SWITCHING OFF of the engine and the UNBUCKLING of seat belts.

LAWMAN 1

Shall we take the evidence with us?

LAWMAN 2

Nah, leave it. We not be long.

EXT. FAMILY PUB - DAY - SAME TIME

The two lawmen enter the establishment and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SHOT - LATER

SUPER: 2 hours later

The two lawmen exit the pub and walk over to the car. One of them notices something amiss.

LAWMAN 1

Did you leave the back door unlocked?

LAWMAN 2

No, why?

We see that one of the BACK DOORS is slightly OPEN.

LAWMAN 1

Jesus Christ. The files.

They OPEN the door and look on the back seat.

Empty.

LAWMAN 2

It's an unmarked car. How did they know?

LAWMAN 1

Someone must have told them about the transport.

He pulls out his phone and dials a number.

LAWMAN 2

You fucking bastard.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Another surveillance team is listening in on Colin Gunn talking to the **THIEF** on the phone.

THIEF (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Yeah, I mean it's got, names, addresses, phone numbers. Informant statements, physical evidence. Evidence linking you to six murders. A list of shooting's and suspected shooters. It's even got the names and addresses of police working the bloody case. What do you want me to do with it?

COLIN (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Bring the informant statements and police names and addresses to me. Burn the rest. Make sure nothing survives.

INT. POLICE INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Feb 10th 2005

Everyone is busy at the desk, doing their job.

A **TRAINEE DETECTIVE** is sitting at his desk. He takes a LETTER, OPENS it and READS it. After a beat he carries it across the room to:

DCS Phil Davis.

TRAINEE DETECTIVE

Sir, I just opened this.

DCS davis takes a look at the note.

TRAINEE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

It says there are plans to kill two senior police officers. Including you.

INT. RANDOM PUB - NIGHT

SUPER: Feb 11th 2005

The **LAND LADY** is SORTING CHANGE in her cash register.

John McSally ENTERS brandishing a HANG GUN. He's already drunk and STAGGERS up to the bar in the borderline empty establishment.

He TAKES A SEAT at the bar and the LAND LADY turns to him and sees the gun.

LAND LADY

Jesus, John. What you doing in here with that?

MCSALLY

I want a drink. I've got a job to do.

LAND LADY

What kind of job needs you to bring a gun in here?

MCSALLY

You don't wanna know. Trust me.

LAND LADY

Come on, mate. I think you've had enough already. Why don't you leave that thing here and go home and sleep it off, 'ey?

The land ladies **SON** emerges from the back carrying some CLEAN GLASSES.

MCSALLY

No, I came for a drink.

LAND LADY

I tell you what, I'll give you a large whiskey, on the house, if you let me put that in my safe for you to pick up in the morning, then go home and sleep it off. How does that sound.

McSally is too wasted to argue.

MCSALLY

Free? Yeah, alright.

He hands the gun to the land lady's son.

CLOSE ON:

The HANDLE of the gun as he takes the weapon. His finger prints now on the firearm. He puts it in the safe, under the counter.

The land lady pours him a LARGE WHISKEY and hands it to him.

LAND LADY

Here you go. Drink up, then off home to bed. Alright?

MCSALLY

Eh!

Take accepts the drink and DOWNS it in one.

He BURPS then wipes his mouth and EXITS.

SON

Why the fuck does he have a gun?

She looks at him.

SON (CONT'D)

We should call the police.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

FLASHING POLICE VANS fill the side of the road as a **GROUP OF MEN** are being arrested and ARMED OFFICERS seize another shipment of Class A drugs.

INT. DAVID GUNN'S CAR - DAY

SUPER: Feb 2005

David is ON THE PHONE with someone.

DAVID
They've got another load. Hope
it's not the whole lot. It's just
a proxy bust, really.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY - SAME TIME

Another tea of snoopers is listening on David's conversation.

DAVID (O.S.)
(over the phone)
They are trying to take out the
little Sargent's, but they can't
get to us, the Colonels or
Captains.

INT. JOHN MCSALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: Feb 12th 2005

John McSally is ASLEEP on his settee when **ARMED OFFICERS**
BURST IN.

LEAD ARMED OFFICER
Armed police. Don't move. Stay
where you are and your hands where
we can see them.

McSally is barely woken as officers SWARM the room looking
for something specific.

He SITS UP and RAISES HIS HANDS.

MCSALLY
What you fuck do you pigs want?

They check his JACKET POCKET and take out FIVE BULLETS.

LEAD ARMED OFFICER
What are these then, 'ay?

MCSALLY
You planted them there, ya bastard.

LEAD ARMED OFFICER
Right, you're under arrest.

They LIFT him off the sofa and into custody.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DCS Phil Davis is interviewing the Thief. We never see his face.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Right, so we've got you in the area on CCTV. We've got you following the car from your phone records and we have you in possession of police property. I'd say you were in a real tight situation indeed. So, what are we gonna do about it, then?

THIEF (O.C.)

I wanna make a deal. I'll tell you everything I know, in exchange for immunity, relocation and a new identity.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Okay. If what you provide us with leads to the conviction of Colin Gunn, you have a deal.

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

DCS Davis is putting his case to a **JUDGE**.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Following the murders of the Stirland's and the rumour of Colin Gunn's involvement, we found footage of him on CCTV in Mablethorpe. A mile and a half away, in the days running up to August 4th 2004. Then using time-code on the video, we were able to sift through the local phone mast information and identify the exact number he was using, who he was calling and other numbers he had called. These include the numbers of one Michael McNee, and one John Russell. These are the men we believe to be responsible for the murders of John and Joan Stirland. Using phone mast records we traced their origins back to Nottingham. Hundred's of call were made in this few days. Over sixteen hundred, actually.

(MORE)

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

Other CCTV gathered from the resorts from both public and private security cameras were collected and slowly pieced together to paint a deadly picture. This was no ordinary holiday of a man grieving with friends and family. This was a personal act of revenge, set up and carried out with the close eye and guiding hand of one Colin Gunn. It is this evidence I draw your attention to and hope that you will see what we see when looking over the evidence.

JUDGE

Is he really this big of a villain?

DCS PHIL DAVIS

We think he's responsible for most, if not all, the crime in Bestwood. Over the last 5-years we've had 81 operations to try and get him. But he has people in the police, the council and all other sorts of places in his pocket. He's been paying off the right people. But he let this one get personal. And now's he's made a mistake.

The Judge looks at the evidence in front of him a beat.

JUDGE

You have your warrants.

A SOFT MONTAGE:

Teams of **ARMED RESPONSE OFFICERS** KICK IN the doors to SEVEN addresses to make arrests before we end up at the home of...

EXT. COLIN GUNN'S HOUSE - DAWN

SUPER: March 17th 2005

A **TEAM OF OFFICERS** led by DCS Phil Davis. As they make their way to the front door, it OPENS to reveal Colin.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Colin Gunn?

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

We'd like a word.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DCS Davis and **ANOTHER OFFICER** are interviewing Colin Gunn, who is without representation.

The CLOCK on the wall shows the time: 5:30am.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

You've been arrested today on suspicion of the murders of Joan and Joan Stirland. Can you tell us where you were on Sunday the eighth of August 2004, when the Stirland's were killed?

Colin is calm and relaxed.

COLIN

I was on holiday with some friends on the coast, taking some personal time after the murder of my nephew, Jamie.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME ROOM - LATER

The CLOCK shows the time: 12:15pm.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

We're here today because we believe that all roads lead back to you. You, your family and your associates. We believe that you're behind these murders. That you planned it, beginning to end, put the people in place you needed to execute it, and oversaw these assassinations personally, all under the ruse of a family holiday. Is there anything that you want to say about the events of that weekend and the days leading up to the murders?

Colin waits a beat before speaking. When he does, he's cool, calm and collected. Like he's already gotten away with it.

COLIN

Yeah. I had nothing what-so-ever to do with it.
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

You've got the wrong man and you should be out there looking for the real perpetrator instead of wasting time in here with me. I was just up there visiting different parts of the coast with my family and friends, in order to grieve in private.

(beat)

I actually visit the coast most weekends, 'cos we've got a van down there. As I'm sure you know.

(beat)

Unfortunately, on this weekend, it just so happens that I visited a place near to where this event took place. But that doesn't mean I had anything to do with it. As you know. It's just a coincidence. Many families have vans down there. But I'm the only one you're bringing in, simply because there is a distance connection between those killed and myself. Fact is, my nephew had just died, and I wanted to be alone for the weekend.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Alone. With friends and associates. During which time you made hundreds of phone calls to them, even though they were supposedly there to grieve. With them right by your side for comfort, but they were spread out all over the place.

Colin looks less happy than before.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME ROOM - LATER

The CLOCK reads: 4:30pm.

COLIN

I'm really shocked that you've got me in. The family van just happens to be near the scene you've found on your hands and so you're assuming that I'm something to do with it.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Well, no, we're not assuming anything. We have evidence to base our accusations on. Phone calls that put you and your phone at the scene of the crime at the right time.

COLIN

All this because of some phone calls? Because you've put my phone, if it even is my phone, in the area.

ANOTHER OFFICER

Well, it's not just your phone, is it? It's your friends' phones as well. Mick's phone.

COLIN

(interrupting)

Well, that's rubbish.

ANOTHER OFFICER

And all the material at the same time.

COLIN

Yeah, well, if you had someone else sat here, you'd probably get some of his friends phones in the area too.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

So many friends?

Colin SHRUGS his shoulders.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

We've told you what we think, and we've told you what the evidence is-

COLIN

Well, it's not evidence, is it?

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Err, yeah, it is evidence. Actually.

Colin EXHALES in a HUFF.

DCS PHIL DAVIS (CONT'D)

So, Colin Gunn. I am hereby charging with the murders of John and Joan Stirland on August eighth, 2004.

Colin SITS BACK and SHAKES HIS HEAD in disbelief as he is charged.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SUPER: March 21st 2005

Peter Williams, Craig Moran and Dean Betton are awaiting their verdict. The **FOREMAN** speaks.

FOREMAN

We the jury find the defendants,
Peter Williams, Dean Betton and
Craig Moran, guilty of conspiracy
to commit armed robbery.

INT. DCS DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

DCS Davis is WRITING at his desk when a **FEMALE** enters the room hold a SHEET OF PAPER.

FEMALE

Sir, we've got it. Fingerprints on
fax paper sent to Limey's Male
Clothing Store from Radford Road
Police Station match those of Jason
Grocock, Colin Gunn and PC Charlie
Fletcher.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Got the bastard.

INT. POLICE STATION - PC FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: June 21st 2005

A **WOMAN COP** is HANDCUFFING PC Charles Fletcher.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Charles Fletcher, I'm arresting you
on suspicion of conspiracy to
pervert the course of justice and
conspiracy to commit misconduct in
a public office. You do not have
to say anything but anything you do
say may be used against you at a
later date in a court of law.

Charles Fletcher is passive and seemingly not surprised by his arrest and says nothing and makes no eye contact with anyone during his arrest.

INT. CHARLES FLETCHER'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

The room is being SEARCHED.

A **FEMALE DETECTIVE** is looking at a BATCH OF FILES as DCS Phil David enters the room.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Any luck?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

He shouldn't have any of this stuff. We've got him. Bang to rights.

DCS Phil Davis SMILES.

DCS PHIL DAVIS

Nice work, people. Really good job.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER:

In June 2006, Colin Gunn, John Russell and Michael McNee were found guilty of conspiracy to commit murder. Colin Gunn was sentenced to a minimum of 35-years years, John Russell a minimum of 30-years and Michael McNee a minimum of 25-years.

Two days after Colin Gunn's conviction, mass riots erupted on the Bestwood estate, with cars flipped over and set alight.

David Gunn, Shane Bird, Kevin Holm, Andrew McKinnon, and Lanelle Douglas stood trial for the Stirlands' murders but were found not guilty.

In 2005, Craig Moran and Dean Betton were found guilty and of conspiracy to rob Time Centre where Marian Bates was murdered. They were sentenced to 13-years each.

In October 2006, Charles Fletcher was found guilty of one count of conspiracy to commit misconduct in a public office and two counts of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. He was sentenced to 7-years. He is currently free.

In May 2007, John McSally was convicted of the murder of Patrick Marshall and the attempted murder of Derrik Senior. When sentencing was passed, he replied "No problem." He boasted of carrying out 5 murders and at least 11 punishment shooting's for the Bestwood Cartel. In prison, he also bragged about killing Joan Stirland and how she begged for her life. Police tracked his phone to Nottingham on the day of the murders.

Craig McKay was cleared of involvement in the murder of Patrick 'Celtic Pat' Marshall after his fingerprints were found in the getaway car used in the murder. His girlfriend was cleared of providing a false alibi.

The son of the landlady who took John McSally's gun from him in the bar for safe keeping, was also arrested for the murder of Patrick 'Celtic Pat' Marshall, after his fingerprints were found on the weapon for obvious reasons. He committed suicide before he could be cleared.

For other crimes, Jason Grocock and Darren Peters were each jailed for 4-years. Kevin Warsop and David Barret were each sentenced to 3-years.

Michael O'Brien was sentenced to serve a minimum of 24-years in prison for the murder of Marvin Bradshaw. This was later reduced to 18-years. He can be considered for parole in September 2021.

Gary Salmon was later arrested for the murder of Marvin Bradshaw and jailed for a minimum of 30-years in 2007.

While David Gunn was found not guilty of the murders of the Stirland's, he was found guilty of drug trafficking offences and sentenced to 8 1/2 years in October 2006. He was released in April 2009. He is currently free but banned from certain areas of Nottingham.

Craig Moran was released in 2017. In 2018, he was kidnapped, knee-capped, stabbed, shot in both legs, slashed ear-to-ear and given a 'Chelsea smile' then dumped on the side of the road in Costa de Sol.

Before 2000, there was one Category A murder every 12 to 18 months. Between 2001 to 2005, there were 21 Category A murders, leaving police trying to solve over 30 at the same time.

Since the imprisonment of Colin Gunn, gun crime in Nottingham has dropped by 90%.