

From: Eric Levee
Date: Monday, May 1, 2017 at 12:17 PM
To: Alexandra Creswick
Subject: LEGEND // Brian Helgeland

VIA EMAIL

May 1, 2017

Alexandra Creswick
Paradox Entertainment

RE: LEGEND by Brian Helgeland

Dear Alexandra –

Per our conversation, please find LEGEND written and to be directed by Brian Helgeland attached. Tom Hardy is attached to star as both Kray brothers. Emily Browning is attached as “Frances.” Tim Bevan and Eric Fellner of Working Title Films are producing.

Logline: Inspired by a true story, identical twin gangsters Ronald and Reginald Kray terrorize London during the 1960s.

The budget is under \$10M with a plan to shoot in the UK. They are casting NIPPER at the highest level, but want to find a home for the project first who can help guide them.

If you are interested, we can set up a time for all of us to get on the phone and discuss further steps. CAA and ICM Partners are co-representing this film.

We look forward to hearing your thoughts.

Best,

My best,

Erec

Enclosure

CC: Mike Adler
Kyle Goldberg
Josh Loftus

LEGEND
by

Brian Helgeland

27th February 2014

Working Title Films
26 Aybrook Street
London
W1U 4AN
020 7307 3000

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FADE IN:

1 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - ROLLING THE WEST END - NIGHT 1

In the backseat, the Krays: REGGIE tough and fit, RON off kilter in style. Reggie stares out the window at the passing heart of CLUBLAND. Neon, glamour, pretty people. It swings.

FRANCES (V.O.)
London in the 60s. A lot of stories
get told by a lot of geezers. Almost
all of them are lies.

Ron, heavier, thicker, looks over at his brother.

FRANCES (V.O.)
The legends are another deal. The
legends, you see, are true.

Ron reaches, picks a piece of lint off his brother's lapel. Reggie reacts, then looks up out the window, something catching his eye above. Or does he hear something?

FRANCES (V.O.)
The Krays were cockney villains in
London's timeless tradition.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. ST MARY-LE-BOW CHURCH - CHEAPSIDE - TWILIGHT (1941) 2

The Wren STEEPLE to be precise. BIG BELLS banging away.

FRANCES (V.O.)
And what is a cockney? A native of
East London, by tradition born in
earshot of the Bow Bells. The East
End was London's forgotten country,

The CAMERA SWEEPS HIGH ABOVE as we move past the steeple over the seething warrens and rookeries of the EAST END. The bells fade, replaced by the snappy sound of Herman's Hermits.

FRANCES (V.O.)
An abyss of brick and squalor.
Europe's most notorious slum, a
centuries old embarrassment until
German bombs finally did what the
British Empire could not...

The HUM of an ENGINE grows. As we get lower...

3 A GERMAN JUNKERS 88 3

Passes beneath. Then another and another. LUFTWAFFE CROSSES on the wings signify very bad intentions.

FRANCES (V.O.)
They flattened the place.

Searchlights pierce the sky. Flak is fired. And the BOMBS fall. Concussive waves wash over the neighborhoods. Air raid sirens HOWL. Explosions flash, fire erupts. The Blitz!

FRANCES (V.O.)
Deutschland über alles.

HERMAN
*Something tells me I'm into
something good...*

4 EXT. VALLANCE ROAD - BETHNAL GREEN - NIGHT

4

BOOM! Flashes strobe the sky. The ground trembles. Chaos as RESIDENTS rush for the entrance to the BOMB SHELTER.

FRANCES (V.O.)
Emerging from the crucible of the Blitz, the Kray twins were by all accounts the hardest boys Bethnal Green had ever seen.

We're on a 7-YEAR-OLD REGGIE running forward. He winces at a blast, but it can't wipe the smile off his face. As he nears the LAMPPOST, he stops and wheels, looks back exhilarated.

FRANCES (V.O.)
Reginald Kray. Already game, already willing to go the limit. And Ronald Kray. Sheer mad guts.

Reggie is joined by his slower twin brother RON. Mouths agape as a two-up-two-down a hundred yards away is vaporized by a Nazi bomb. Flames and phosphorous reflect off their faces.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BEDROOM - VALLANCE ROAD - NIGHT (1946)

5

Where CHARLES KRAY, 41, beats his wife Violet, slapping her, chasing her around the room. As she SCREAMS...

FRANCES (V.O.)
Their father was Charles Kray, a Hoxton rag and bone man. Once, while asserting his East Ender's right to beat his wife on a Friday night, Charles found himself faced with his two youngest sons.

Charles sneers as the now 13-YEAR-OLD Reggie and Ronnie step in, block him from their mother.

6 EXT. STAIRWELL - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - NIGHT

6

A bloody Charles Kray is flung down the steps by his boys. He sprawls at the bottom out cold. As Ron spits on him...

CUT TO:

7 RONNIE - REPTON GYM (1947) 7

One eye swollen shut, nose bloodied, Ronnie steams in against a larger opponent. Landing one for every two he takes.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 Apart from dying, there were two
 ways out of the poverty of the East
 End. The first was boxing.

Knocked down, Ron gets right up, wades back in fiercely.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 To stop Ron, you'd have to kill him.

8 REGGIE - REPTON GYM (1947) 8

As his larger opponent advances, Reggie ducks each punch, but always lands a hooking counter. He's wearing the guy out.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 Reggie was different. Born with
 knowledge in his fists. Once in a
 lifetime do you find a boy like
 that. He could've been champion.

An old CROOK-NOSED TRAINER leans on the ropes, watches.

CROOK-NOSE
 Answer, Reg! Coming and going.
 You're a class counter puncher, lad.

Reggie ducks a right, torques a punch to his opponent's body, follows it with a left-right to the head. The man goes down.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 The other escape from the perpetual
 pauperism was to become a gangster.

9 INT. EAST END PUB - DAY (1947) 9

SMITHSON at the bar, his face crisscrossed with slash scars.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 The Krays admired men like Tommy
 Smithson, a scrapper who was free
 with his money, off-hand with his
 women, and unimpressed by anything
 the straight world held dear.

Smithson turns just in time to see a MALTESE HITMAN raise a shotgun that nearly touches his belly... BOOOM! --

10 EXT. EAST END PUB - DAY (1947) 10

Reggie and Ron here, stopping short as the Hitman exits and a SEDAN screeches up to get him -- the door thrown open.

Smithson emerges behind, drenched in blood. He kicks the door shut on the Hitman's arm breaking it. Howling like a maniac, he begins to throttle the Hitman against the side of the car.

Reggie and Ron look on from only a few feet away as Smithson smashes the Hitman's head through the car's side window.

A pistol is pointed from inside and more rounds are fired into Smithson. As he collapses, the bloody Hitman is pulled into the sedan which screeches away.

Reggie and Ron dash for Smithson's side. The old scrapper's eyes are on the receding car. With his dying breath...

SMITHSON

You fucking cunts...

FRANCES

Boxing never stood a chance.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. THE REGAL BILLIARD HALL - ERIC STREET - NIGHT (1957) 11

Shabby, not very much to look at. The lights are on and we hear the clack of the billiard balls.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Woood to join this gang and that,
they decided to join their own.
Unpainted and unloved, the Regal was
a billiard hall. Reggie and Ron
fancied it as their headquarters.

Reggie and Ron (early 20s) carry a smoking BOX between them. Reggie toes open the door and they toss it inside. As they scoot back -- FIREWORKS start going off inside. Bottle rockets whizz past the windows. PATRONS are soon dashing out.

FRANCES (V.O.)

After several weeks of mayhem the
owner was relieved when they took it
off his hands for a weekly fiver.

12 INT. THE REGAL BILLIARD HALL - ERIC STREET - DAY (1957) 12

A pair of CROSSED SWORDS mounted on the wall above. Reggie brushes down the felt on a billiard table. Ron, behind the bar, brush in hand, frowns disapprovingly at an open can of paint before considering the suit he wears.

Ron and Reggie both know what they're dealing with as a MALTESE GANG enter like they own the place. Five of them, proper and serious muscle. The LEADER picks at his teeth, spits a bit of grit on one of the tables.

FRANCES (V.O.)

A Maltese Gang came round demanding
protection money. They didn't know
from whom they were demanding.

13 EXT. THE REGAL BILLIARD HALL - ERIC STREET - DAY (1957) 13

The door bursts open and the Maltese haul ass out. Headed for their CAR. A beat and they're followed by Reggie and Ron SWINGING the SWORDS. As the doors slam shut, the brothers are there slashing at the hood and doors. Sparks flying.

Rubber burns, Ron slicing off the antennae as they zoom away. A beat as they watch the car go. And then Reggie starts to LAUGH. Ron looks back, starts to LAUGH as well.

A girl comes around the corner on a bicycles, FRANCES (13).

Frances is greeted by the sight of the young men LAUGHING for all they're worth. Holding swords and holding each other up. Frances is taken by the sight. It's sheer happiness.

FRANCES (V.O.)

There I am. Frances Shea. The first time I clapped eyes on my husband to be Reggie Kray. He looked every inch a fair prince to me.

Still pedaling, she watches Reggie twirl the sword and shove it in his belt. Spotting Frances, he smiles and winks. As she passes by, she is smitten...

FRANCES (V.O.)

Believe me when I say it took a lot of love to hate him the way I do. We wouldn't meet properly until several years later. That day seems as good as any a place to start the story of a Legend.

CUT TO:

14 INT. FRONT ROOM - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - DAY 14

Core members of The Firm, all drinking tea and eating a biscuit. ALBERT DONOGHUE, IAN BARRIE, RONNIE HART, JACK DICKSON, RONNIE BENDER and CONNIE WHITEHEAD. Tightly knit, all men of particular prowess and skill, all CHUCKLING as:

DONOGHUE

...Step off now I tell him. I say I understand you're a local face making a name for yourself, but I don't take liberties nor do I expect them to be taken.

A frozen moment as they all smile and wait as Violet Kray, 60, enters with a tray of SCONES and JAM.

VIOLET

Shout if you need anything else.

'Thank you, Mrs. Kray.' Donoghue waits till she's gone --

DONOGHUE

So I chinned this geezer; he goes
spark out. Except he bangs up his
head on the way down.

RONNIE HART

Blood everywhere. You could see his
skull through the gash.

Everyone LAUGHING now as Reggie enters. Lean and poised, in a
sharp blue suit and tightly knotted tie. The assembled greet
Reg as he moves to pour himself a tea, a familiarity here.

REGGIE

What have we got on a fine Monday
morning? Who do we visit, who do we
take, and who's going to drive?

Chuckles around the room. Barrie starts things. A ghastly
scar on his face is belied by a soft Edinburgh accent.

BARRIE

Last week we took in 2,000 quid,
paid bills for 300, wages for 400.
Thirteen hundred left over.

Barrie hands Reggie a thick wad of notes. Reg sticks it in
his pocket. Barrie looks to Donoghue: it's his turn.

DONOGHUE

Mike Jobber's been out a week and
ain't been by to see us yet.

REGGIE

We delivered groceries to his wife
while he was away. Go round, see why
he's so busy. Tell him Reg is
getting a bit shirty. What else?

WHITEHEAD

Coin boxes in Haringay Station were
hit last night. Word is a crew from
Hackney, but no one cleared it here.

REGGIE

Find out who had the tickle. Get a
piece. Explain the rules. Any one
got anything else?

RONNIE HART

Kid came around looking for work.
Billy Brandt. I know him. Just got
out of the Brixton nick. Good kid.

REGGIE

How'd he get out?

RONNIE HART

Bail I think, yeah.

REGGIE
How'd he get bail?

RONNIE HART
Don't know. He's a good lad, Reg.

REGGIE
You get bail for bodies, Hart, for shopping people to the police. For informing. The answer's no.

That said, Reggie picks up TWO CUPS OF TEA and starts out --

REGGIE (CONT'D)
May as well chase the sun instead of waiting for it. Get to work, lads.

15 HALLWAY - 178 VALLANCE ROAD

15

Reggie walks down the hallway carrying a full tea cup in each hand. His mother following beyond after him.

VIOLET
Will you see Ronnie today?

REGGIE
If I have time, Mum.

VIOLET
You don't leave your brother behind.

Reggie pauses at the front door. *His brother...*

REGGIE
I never have.

16 EXT. 178 VALLANCE ROAD - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY

16

Full of mischief now, Reggie walks the two tea cups down and across the street to where a sedan sits with two Scotland Yard DETECTIVES inside.

REGGIE
Fancy a cup of tea, boys?

They just look away. Reggie checks out the car.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Dagenham's own Anglia. Nought to sixty in 26 seconds. It suits you.
(re: tea)
Milk and sugar? Yes? No?

VOICE INSIDE
Shove off, Kray.

Reggie leans low so he can see in the backseat. Scotland Yard Inspector NIPPER READ is in the back.

REGGIE

No tea for you, Nipper. Don't want to keep you. Not with murderers to catch and rapists to lock away.

Nipper just stares. Reggie heads off, dumping the tea in the street as he goes. He hands the cups to Donoghue who waits over by a sleek looking, powerful FORD GALAXY 500.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Where's my driver? Where's Frank?

DONOGHUE

Late again. His heart ain't in it, Reg. We don't need him.

REGGIE

No, let's get him. Ormsby Street.

Donoghue opens the passenger door. Reg shakes his head.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I could use the walk.

As Reggie starts down Vallance Road, Donoghue sighs, smiles.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. BETHNAL GREEN ROAD - DAY

17

Seen from inside the Anglia. Nipper watching over the headrests as the Galaxy follows Reggie who strolls along. People who pass know who he is. He's GREETED warmly.

NIPPER

Eastenders. Won't speak to a cop, but they'll kiss a gangster.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. HOUSE - ORMSBY STREET - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY

18

Reggie knocks on the door. And 18-year-old FRANCES SHEA answers, the future Mrs. Kray. Reggie looks at her a beat.

REGGIE

Is Frank about?

She considers and after a moment calls back over her shoulder into the house. Toward the hallway stairs behind her.

FRANCES

Frank!

Reggie really checks her out now.

REGGIE

Who are you?

FRANCES
Frances. Frank's sister.

REGGIE
Hang on, I know you. But you were
just a girl. You've grown up.

Frances is rolling something around in her mouth.

FRANCES
It happens.

REGGIE
What have you got there?

Meaning her mouth. She laughs, takes a CANDY out of her mouth
with her thumb and forefinger, shows it to Reggie.

FRANCES
A sweet.

REGGIE
Lemon sherbet?
(Frances nods)
Gives us a few sucks on it?

He opens his mouth. She smiles, drops it in. Reggie rolls it
around in his mouth, nods at the taste.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Nice. But a bit early, isn't it?

FRANCES
Mum still makes me take a tonic in
the morning. Sweet's the only thing
that'll chase off the taste.

Reggie crunches. Frances reacts.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
You're not supposed to chew it.

REGGIE
How else am I going to get at the
sherbetty bit.

FRANCES
By being patient.

REGGIE
Patience doesn't get you what you
want.

The sound of a window raising. Reggie looks up to see FRANK
SHEA looking down from the second floor. In a T-shirt and bed-
headed. Horrified when he sees who is waiting.

FRANK SHEA
Half a minute, Reg. Right down.

Frank ducks back in. Reggie frowns, checks his watch.

FRANCES
Is my brother in trouble?

REGGIE
(nods; then...)
Would you go out with me? I'll take
it easy on him if you do.

FRANCES
Yes, but not for that reason.

REGGIE
Saturday night?

She nods again. Suddenly, her mother MRS. SHEA is there.

MRS. SHEA
Who are you talking to?

She sees Reggie, obviously doesn't think much of him.

MRS. SHEA (CONT'D)
You're half dressed. Talking to a
man in the door. What's wrong with
you, Frances? Get back in the
kitchen. See to your father.

Frances shrugs at Reggie who takes the sweet from his mouth,
offers it back. She takes it, pops it in her mouth as she
goes. Reggie smiles. Mrs. Shea closes the door in his face.

CUT TO:

19 INT. FORD GALAXY 500 - DAY (ROLLING)

19

Frank drives. Donoghue beside him. Reggie coiled in the back.
Silent. Frank obviously nervous, concentrating on the road.

REGGIE
Oversleep again, Frank, and it's
back to the cheese shop or the chip
shop or whatever shop you came from.

FRANK SHEA
Print. Print shop.

REGGIE
Do you understand what I'm saying?
You'll be headed to the shit shop.
(after a beat)
What does your sister do?

FRANK SHEA
She goes to one of those Pitman
Colleges. Typing, shorthand.

Donoghue shaking his head, looks back for the Anglia.

REGGIE
 Girl's got a bit of class. How come
 I haven't seen her, Frank? Where's
 she been hiding?

FRANK SHEA
 She's been away.
 (a beat)
 She's a bit fragile, Reg.

REGGIE
 Yeah?

Frank just nods and that's the end of it. As they drive...

DONOGHUE
 Turn up here, Frank.

As Frank turns down a NARROW LANE...

DONOGHUE (CONT'D)
 Stop here.

20 NARROW LANE 20

As Donoghue and Reggie exit the Galaxy, start walking. The Anglia pull in fifty feet behind.

Donoghue and Reggie stop by a narrow WALKING ALLEY.

DONOGHUE (CONT'D)
 Charlie should be to your left.

Reggie heads down the alley. Donoghue back to the Galaxy.

21 NIPPER READ 21

Frowning as he sees Donoghue come back alone. Suddenly he's fighting to make his way out of the far-too-small Anglia. MOVE WITH NIPPER as he hurries down the pavement, ducks down the walking alley.

22 Emerges out onto ANOTHER STREET to see -- 22

The electric blue Lincoln roll past. CHARLIE KRAY at the wheel. Reggie sits beside him, points a *finger gun*, winks as they pass. Nipper doesn't look like he thinks it's funny.

CUT TO:

23 RON KRAY 23

Looks nearly at camera. As Ron speaks we cannot see to whom.

RON
 And I'm staring at the back of this geezer's head. Drilling him with my eyes. The whole time thinking, *give Ron Kray your sausage. Give Ron your fucking sausage.*
 (MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Until I don't think it; I broadcast it, *Ron Kray sausage*, through his skull into his brain. Till he looks back at me and says, "Ron, do you fancy my sausage? I got no appetite this morning."

(lets it sink in)

Interesting, ain't it?

WIDEN: Ron sits with Reggie and Charlie in the...

INT. DAY ROOM AT LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY

Ron has glasses, wears a suit. All the patients here in their own clothes. Reggie looks at Charlie before answering.

REGGIE

I see you've got your blue suit on.

Ron nods, looks about nervously.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Ron had been serving three years at her Majesty's pleasure for Grievous Bodily Harm. With six months in prison to go he was certified insane and remanded to a mental hospital.

Reg wears an overcoat he slips off and sets on the arm of Ron's chair. Reggie wears an identical suit and tie to Ron. Ron begins to casually pull on the overcoat.

FRANCES (V.O.)

This meant no definite release date. But there was a loophole. If a patient escaped a mental institution and remain free six weeks, he had to be recertified upon readmittance. If judged sane, he'd return to prison to resume serving his sentence.

REGGIE

Some tea would be lovely.

Ron nods, takes off his glasses, stands, moves off in Reggie's overcoat. Reggie puts the glasses on, slides into Ron's chair. Reggie flips the page, watches with Charlie as:

FRANCES (V.O.)

Because of it's proximity to the exit, the patients were not allowed in the tea room. The visitors were.

Ron walks toward the ORDERLY posted by the ward doors. The orderly flips through a magazine, looks up at Ron who shrugs.

RON

Getting tea for my brother Ron.

And just like that he's through the ward doors and into...

- 24 THE TEA ROOM 24
- Ron gets a tray, goes through the motion of setting cups. A beat later, he eases his way out through another door into...
- 25 A HALLWAY 25
- A BUZZ in Ron's ears gets louder as he stops by the log book. A NURSE sits across as Ron enters the sign-out time where Reggie signed in. She says something innocuous, but the buzz drowns her out. Ron pushes out the door to freedom.
- 26 INT. CHRYSLER IMPERIAL - LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY 26
- Parked out front. Ian Barrie sits straight as he sees Ron slowly walk this way. Barrie nudges Jack Dickson beside him.
- BARRIE
Oi. Here he is.
- Ron can't maintain; he runs the last few steps, gets in back.
- RON
Fucking go, fucking go.
- As Barrie throws the Imperial into gear...
- 27 INT. DAY ROOM - LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY 27
- ANOTHER ORDERLY patrols the room. He stops where Reggie and Charlie continue to flip through the album.
- ORDERLY
Your brother's taking a long time with the tea, Ron.
- REGGIE
Ron? I'm not Ron; I'm Reggie.
- ORDERLY
Then where's Ron?
- REGGIE
How should I know? It's your job to look after him, not mine.
- Reggie takes off the glasses. The Orderly realizing...
- ORDERLY
You've pulled a flanker.
- REGGIE
No, mate, I'm just waiting for a cup of tea that never came.
- 28 EXT. LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY 28
- Reggie and Charlie walking toward the electric blue Lincoln.

FRANCES (V.O.)

In the end, Reggie was identified by a scar on his hand. The police couldn't think what to charge him with so they had to let him go.

VOICE

Mr. Kray!

They both turn as DOCTOR HUMPHRIES heads briskly over.

HUMPHRIES

I hope you know what you're doing.

REGGIE

I know exactly what I'm doing.
Driving back to London.

HUMPHRIES

Your brother has no real idea who or what he is. Nor does he trust his own senses. I've never seen a man so desperately in need of reassurance.

REGGIE

Well, we all like a compliment now and then, don't we?

HUMPHRIES

This is not a joke. Ron exists in a fantasy world. He's a man in a house of mirrors.

REGGIE

Do you understand what he's on about, Charlie?

Charlie shakes his head, neither Kray giving the Doc an inch.

HUMPHRIES

What I'm on about is your brother is arbitrary, violent and psychopathic. Probably paranoid schizophrenic. What I'm trying to tell you is he's off his spinning top!

Humphries steps up, takes Reggie's hand and slaps a BOTTLE OF PILLS down, angrily explains:

HUMPHRIES (CONT'D)

It's called Stematol. You need to give it to your brother twice a day.

REGGIE

I don't know where my brother is.

HUMPHRIES

Twice a day. Or there's going to be
fucking trouble.

CUT TO:

29 BATHROOM MIRROR

29

CLOSE ON Frances' as she applies a FALSE EYELASH. Bright and young and beautiful. As she flutters her eyes, frowns...

CUT TO:

30 INT. HALLWAY - SHEA HOUSE - NIGHT

30

Frances coming down the stairs wearing a stylish pants suit. Her brother Frank looks her over as she turns a pirouette.

FRANK SHEA

You've got glamour, Frances. You're
an East End starlet.

Mrs. Shea arrives, wearing an apron and drying her hands.

MRS. SHEA

East End harlot is more like it.

As Frances reacts to the stinging words...

FRANK SHEA

They're trousers, Mum. She doesn't
look like a harlot.

MRS. SHEA

What she wears doesn't matter. When
people see her with Reggie Kray
they'll think she's a tart.

31 REGGIE - OUTSIDE THE SHEA HOUSE

31

A bit of danger in a sharp blue suit. Taking the last step,
about to knock on the Shea's front door. He hesitates as...

FRANCES' VOICE

Why would you say that?!

MRS. SHEA'S VOICE

He's a gangster, Frances! The Krays
are gangsters!

FRANCES' VOICE

Mrs. O'Bryan says that the Krays
keep the neighborhood safe!

MRS. SHEA'S VOICE

She's from Belfast! Her idea of safe
is if they don't beat you after they
rob you! He's a gangster! And if
you're with him you're a tart!

FRANCES' VOICE
I think he's sweet! I'm going to
kiss him, do you hear me?!

Reggie absorbs that, knocks at a lull. Low murmuring on the
other side and... Frances is there. She gives nothing away.

FRANCES
Hello.

REGGIE
You look lovely, Frances.

FRANCES
So do you.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MAITRE'D DESK - FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

32

Reggie leads the way; the MAITRE'D already frowns at Frances.

REGGIE
Reservation for two under Kray.

MAITRE'D
I apologize, Sir, but the young lady
cannot be seated in our dining room.

REGGIE
Come again?

MAITRE'D
We have standards, required attire.
Suits for men, dresses for women.

REGGIE
She looks fantastic to me.

MAITRE'D
She's wearing trousers. No.

REGGIE
(a beat; grim)
Get your manager please.

As the Maitre'D heads off, Reggie looks back at her, smiles.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
No worries, dear, I'll sort it.

And here comes the MANAGER. A stick up his ass as well. We
lose sight of Frances as the Manager stops at Reggie.

MANAGER
I apologize, sir. We do not make the
rules, but we are bound to them. If
you would like to make a reservation
for another night --

Reggie is about to lose his cool. Softly, but with menace:

REGGIE
I've got a rule as well. Do not
embarrass a man in front of a woman.
Now, the way I see it --

FRANCES (O.S.)
How's this?

They turn to see Frances has taken off her trousers which are draped over her arm. Stunning in her longish top. She just invented the minidress. As they look, she bats her eyes.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Does the coat check take trousers?

33 INT. DINING ROOM - FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT 33

The manager leads them to their table. Frances draws looks from many of the men and some of the women. Reggie digs her.

34 INT. TABLE - FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT 34

They look over their menus. Frances lets out a breath, looks up, smiles at Reggie who is realizing the same thing she has.

FRANCES
It's all in French.

Reggie obviously as uncomfortable as she is. They both burst out LAUGHING. It precipitates a WAITER stepping over.

WAITER
Have you decided, Sir?

Reggie folds the menu shut, hands it over.

REGGIE
Surprise us.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. THE DOUBLE R CLUB - NIGHT 35

FOLLOW Reggie and Frances as they head toward the club. Lively looking in the drab East End. Music bounces inside.

REGGIE
I think you'll like it here. It's
raucous, but in good order.

The 300-pound Glaswegian doorman PAT CONNOLLY doffs his hat.

BIG PAT
Reggie. Miss.

REGGIE
 Big Pat. Keeping the riff raff out?
 (Pat nods sagely)
 How'd we slip past then?

Frances laughs. We FOLLOW THEM around Pat and inside...

36 INT. DOUBLE R CLUB - NIGHT

36

The place is hopping. QUEENIE WATTS sings on a small stage. An eclectic, far from snobbish crowd. This is more like it. As Reggie leads Frances in, anyone who sees him says 'Hello'. And get out of his way. Frances stops, sees someone as well.

FRANCES
 Reggie, that's Joan Collins there.

REGGIE
 Yeah, Barbara Windsor was here last night. Do you want to meet her?

FRANCES
 No. I'll just look. Do you know her?

REGGIE
 Of course. This is my club.

FRANCES
 You mean it's your local?

REGGIE
 I mean I own it. Let's get a drink.

As he leads her over to the bar...

FRANCES
 I've walked by here ten times; I didn't know it was yours.

REGGIE
 You can get away with an awful lot in life if you don't shout about it. Gin and tonic okay?

She nods. Reggie holds two fingers up to the BARMAN who's already looking his way. Frances leans in to whisper...

FRANCES
 Some of those men look frightening.

REGGIE
 They're just old boxers. I let 'em in for free if they behave. Proper East End mugs. That's my formula. Celebrities mixing with what look to be villains. Even a real villain or two. People love it.
 (points)
 See him there.
 (MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 He's called 'Hold-On Davie' on
 account of he once fell out the back
 of a getaway van.

Frances laughs. And then Ronnie Hart steps over.

RONNIE HART
 Scuse me, Reg. Have you a moment?

REGGIE
 No I haven't.

The barman passes Reggie the drinks. Wincing, Hart presses.

RONNIE HART
 It's important.

REGGIE
 Excuse me a moment, Frances.

Reggie follows as Ronnie Hart leads the way. MOVE WITH him
 and an annoyed Reggie around the corner, down a hall into...

37 THE MEN'S TOILET

37

Where a nervous, shambling JACK 'the Hat' MCVITIE stands
 alongside Donoghue. He grimaces a smile when he sees Reggie.

MCVITIE
 How are you, Reg?

REGGIE
 No complaints, Jack. But who listens
 anyhow? Now what's the palaver?

DONOGHUE
 You had a question about the take on
 the Purple Heart business. Jack here
 would like to explain.

MCVITIE
 Well, Reg, I, um, the thing is,
 under normal circumstances, I --

REGGIE
 For Chrissakes get on with it.

MCVITIE
 I borrowed a few quid off the top.
 Sold some pills on the side. Things
 have been tight at home; got carried
 away trying to keep the wife happy.

Exasperated, Reggie looks from Hart to Donoghue.

REGGIE
 You brought me in here for this?

DONOGHUE
 Thought you'd want to know.

REGGIE
 I've got, I'm on a date, Albert.
 I've got a young lady with me. This
 couldn't wait until tomorrow?

Donoghue shrugs. McVitie hoping against hope as Reggie takes out a pack of cigarettes, expertly taps one out which he takes with his mouth. He looks to McVitie, sighs.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 Cigarette?

McVitie nods. Reggie taps out another, holds it face level. As McVitie leans forward, opens his mouth to take it -- WHALLOP! Reggie arcs a right hook into his jaw, breaking it. McVitie down in a heap. Reggie half turns him, hat gone revealing an atrocious comb-over, his face already swelling.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 I've marked your card, Jack. Next time I'll do you proper. You be at work tomorrow. You pay back every penny. Understood?

McVitie moans, manages a nod.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 Now if you'll excuse me, I've got better things to do tonight.

As Reggie bangs back out the door.

38 FRANCES

38

Taking in the scene. Reggie coming up from behind.

REGGIE
 Did I miss anything?

She shakes her head, hands him his drink, checks out the scene. He checks her out, like nothing just happened.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 Your brother says you're studying to be a secretary.

FRANCES
 Anything to get out of the East End.

REGGIE
 What's wrong with the East End?

FRANCES
 I've got bigger dreams than pushing a pram or haggling with the butcher. I just don't know what they are yet.

REGGIE
 East End ain't so bad. The center of the world can be anywhere you like.

FRANCES
Even here? In Bethnal Green?

REGGIE
Even here.

FRANCES
Do you like being a gangster?

REGGIE
I'm a club owner.

She waits. And something about her, brings out the truth.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
I like the money, the respect. I
could've been a boxer, but I'd be
sitting over there soon. Punch
drunk, wondering if I knew who I
was. Instead of knowing for sure.
(a beat)
Mostly I like that I've made
something of myself. On my own. I
don't owe the world a thing.

FRANCES
So long as the world agrees with
you.

A beat. And then Frances leans in and KISSES him.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. THE DOUBLE R CLUB - EAST END - DAY 39

It's morning. The Galaxy parked out front. The cops sit in
the Anglia down the street. An old Mercedes pulls up and
LESLIE PAYNE gets out. A good-looking man with a briefcase.

Payne heads for the door, stops to check his reflection in
the mirror. As he tugs on his tie, clocks the cops...

40 INT. THE DOUBLE R CLUB - DAY 40

CHARLIE KRAY stocks the bar. His back to the world, Reggie
sits down the end, going over a LEDGER. As Payne steps up...

PAYNE
I'm Leslie Payne, looking for Reggie
Kray. I've an appointment.

CHARLIE
I'm his brother Charlie. I'll check
if he's here. Reg, are you here?

Reg nods as he adds up numbers. Charlie smiles at Payne.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
He'll arrive momentarily. Can I get
you a drink while you wait?

PAYNE

Gin and tonic. Nice club.

CHARLIE

He started out with a pool hall.
Worked his way up.

Reggie steps over, extends a hand to shake.

REGGIE

Reggie Kray. Your contact said you
had a business proposition. What
sort of business are you in?

PAYNE

I'm a fixer and a front man.
Sometimes a father figure.

REGGIE

The first two sound interesting. The
third, well, fathers are overrated
if you ask me.

PAYNE

Mine was quite hard working.

REGGIE

Yeah? How far did it get him?

PAYNE

He was a horse keeper for United
Dairies. But he slept at night.
Yours?

REGGIE

A rag and bone man. Eh, Charlie?

CHARLIE

"Aaaraaaboons!" A right street
grubber the old man.

REGGIE

Fixing and fronting. Where'd you
learn that trade?

PAYNE

In the army. Cigarettes and black
market corned beef. Worked my way up
to stolen lorries.

REGGIE

Hmmm. And your proposition?

PAYNE

To set up a business with a complete
commitment to failure. Our success
depends on it. In order to make a
profit, bankruptcy is integral.
Shall I continue?

REGGIE
I'm still here. So are you.

PAYNE
Over time I've set up several false companies. They exist solely to provide exemplary credit references for other companies I preside over. You and I will open an outlet.

REGGIE
Selling what?

PAYNE
It makes no difference. Fine wine, washing machines, HiFi Stereos. Anything that can be moved out the door. We need two things to start, stationary and a front man...

WE CUT TO:

41 A FRONT MAN - AT A DESK 41

Pleasant looking, suited, a stack of LETTERHEAD before him: Excelsior Appliances. He stands as a COUPLE enter to look at a REFRIGERATOR. The entire store has one refrigerator in it.

PAYNE'S VOICE
Someone pleasant and suitable.

42 INT. BANK ONE - LONDON - DAY 42

The front man watches as the Teller counts out 200 pounds which he takes. With a pleasant smile, he's on his way.

PAYNE'S VOICE
We set up bank accounts. Start depositing and withdrawing money.

43 INT. BANK TWO - LONDON - DAY 43

The front man hands over the same 200 pounds, a deposit slip.

PAYNE
We set up accounts with suppliers. As many as we can.

44 INT. OFFICE - LONDON - DAY 44

The phone rings. Payne answers.

PAYNE
Yes, this is Mister Burne-Jones... Excelsior Appliances? Of course, their credit with us is impeccable.

45 EXT. EXCELSIOR APPLIANCES - DAY 45

There are two refrigerators here now.

PAYNE'S VOICE

We start trading. Pay every bill on time. And then, credit established in this patient fashion...

46 INT. DOUBLE R CLUB - DAY 46

Payne grins as Charlie slides him a gin and tonic.

PAYNE

We buy, buy, buy, buy, buy.

47 INT. APLIANCE WAREHOUSE - LONDON - DAY 47

A CLERK on the phone, scribbling an order on a clipboard.

48 EXT. LOADING DOCK - WAREHOUSE THREE - DAY 48

REFRIGERATORS pushed out on handtrucks to a waiting LORRY.

49 INT. EXCELSIOR APPLIANCES - DAY 49

Packed with REFRIGERATORS and CUSTOMERS. A BANNER: 50% Off!

PAYNE'S VOICE

And then we sell, sell, sell...

MONEY changing hands. Stacks of it. Refrigerators going out the door. The front man smiles, a pleasant nod for everyone.

PAYNE' VOICE

Done right, you can clear 20,000 pounds in one frantic day of sales. Then we lock the door and disappear.

50 INT. EXCELSIOR APPLIANCES - DAY 50

The MAILMAN pushes a stack of BILLS through the door slot. They join 100s of other BILLS piled on the dusty floor.

PAYNE'S VOICE

When the shit hits the fan, stay away from the shit. By then we've started somewhere else.

CUT BACK TO:

51 INT. THE DOUBLE R CLUB - DAY 51

Reggie intrigued.

REGGIE

Twenty grand. What would my cut be?

PAYNE

Forty percent.

REGGIE

And what do I have to do for this sparkling opportunity?

PAYNE

I don't need to educate a man like you as to how the world works.

REGGIE

Well, I don't understand Red China very well. Besides the fact it looks good on a yellow table cloth.

PAYNE

As you well know, every thief who nicks a plate, every mystery who lifts her skirt, every horse that crosses a finish line pays a percentage to the local syndicate.

REGGIE

Go on.

PAYNE

I wish to share the profit, not the risk. By risk I mean outside muscle putting the squeeze on. You and your firm would see to my protection.

REGGIE

Is that what I am? Muscle?

PAYNE

You're a crime specialist. Like a currency forger in Brussels, an art thief in Paris or gold smugglers in Zurich. All specialists and all vulnerable to the one among them who specializes in violence.

REGGIE

The aristocrats of crime. A violence professional.

CHARLIE

That's got a ring to it, Reg.

REGGIE

The Kray name, our name, will allow you to move without aggravation.

PAYNE

In return, you and Charlie get a steady cash flow and begin to franchise that very name.

REGGIE

I want 60 percent. Take or leave it.

Payne considers. As he raises his drink in acquiescence...

CUT TO:

52 EXT. CARAVAN SIGHT - SUFFOLK - DAY

52

In the distance, a decaying MANOR half obscured by a bank of hawthorn. But a CARAVAN is front and center. As we MOVE IN on it Winston Churchill's voice booms from inside.

CHURCHILL'S VOICE

We shall fight on the beaches. We
shall fight on the landing grounds.
We shall fight in the fields and in
the streets. We shall fight in the
hills; we shall never surrender.

Reggie approaching, leading Frances by the hand.

REGGIE

Ron, come out! You've got visitors!

A needle scratch as the Churchill recording stops. A beat and the door opens. There's Ron, slightly disheveled, but trying not to look it. He smiles at her.

RON

Hullo, Frances. Welcome to the
family. I mean, maybe one day.

He steps down and kisses her on the cheek. He looks from Frances to Reggie, frowns.

RON (CONT'D)

You've been to Brighton.

REGGIE

How did you know that?

RON

I can see it in your eyes. Just like
I see those cows over there,

He points the way they came, across an empty cow-less field.

FRANCES

I don't see any cows.

RON

Because, my dear, you're looking in
the wrong place.

Ron taps his forehead. Reggie gestures toward the caravan.

REGGIE

Have you got a bottle of beer in
there?

Ron nods. As Reggie heads inside, Ron looks to Frances.

RON

Reggie has a tan. You do as well.
And so... Brighton. Tell me, do you
think we look alike?

FRANCES

Certainly.

RON

But Reggie is beautiful and I'm not.

REGGIE'S VOICE

Unload the car! Be useful!

A lithe 20-year-old bounds out, smiles fraternally at Frances as he heads for the Lincoln. This is MAD TEDDY SMITH. Ron watches after him.

RON

I'm an 'omosexual, Frances. A giver not a receiver mind you. If you try to hide what you are, it makes you feel bad; it makes you ill.

FRANCES

I agree completely.

RON

(low; conspiratorial)
Me and my brother are going to rule London. Do you eat raw eggs?

FRANCES

No I don't.

RON

You should. Raw eggs make you good at sex. Yoga as well. Are you versed in the Kama Sutra?

FRANCES

I've heard of it.

RON

There are 4 positions, but 54 forms.

The 20-year-old hurries past with a bag of groceries.

RON (CONT'D)

I've got my work cut out for me if I'm going to run through them all before my six weeks are up.

He's trying to shock her, but she holds her own.

FRANCES

What is it they say? A man's reach should exceed his grasp?

(as Ron LAUGHS)

It's good of Reggie to look after you.

RON

After me? I look after him. There's greatness in Reggie and I protect him from all that is superficial. I hope you don't qualify.

FRANCES

I'll do my best not to.

He looks her over a beat, appraising. Finally...

RON

Tell me, Frances. Do you listen to your waters?

CUT TO:

53 INT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - HARLEY STREET - LONDON - DAY 53

Ron's Long Grove Doctor Humphries at the desk of his private practice. His DESK INTERCOM buzzes.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Your new patient is here, Doctor.

CUT AHEAD TO:

54 BIG PAT CONNOLLY LYING ON THE COUCH 54

The enormous doorman from the Double R. Humphries frowns as the couch creaks under the weight.

HUMPHRIES

When you say you want to raspberry this man, I'm not sure of your vernacular. What do you mean?

BIG PAT

Raspberry ripple - cripple.

HUMPHRIES

You want to cripple someone?

BIG PAT

Yeah, that's right.

HUMPHRIES

And why is that?

BIG PAT

Because, doctor, I'm afraid he may not be inclined to provide a favorable evaluation of my employer.

Said softly, his sausage size fingers laced over his chest.

HUMPHRIES

And who is your employer?

BIG PAT
Ronnie Kray. Is there hope, Doctor?

HUMPHRIES
Excuse me a moment.

55 RECEPTION AREA

55

Humphries enters, starts purposely toward his SECRETARY. He stops short at the sight of a second ENORMOUS MAN sitting in his waiting area. He's cracking his huge knuckles.

HUMPHRIES
Who is that?

SECRETARY'S VOICE
Another new patient.
(checks chart)
Tommy 'the Bear of Tottenham' Brown.

As Humphries considers his options...

CUT TO:

56 INT. MEETING ROOM - LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY

56

Humphries stands to address the PSYCHIATRIC BOARD. Seated at a table behind him is Ron who stares, wills him to say:

HUMPHRIES
Ronald Kray possesses possibly the soundest mind I've seen in 16 years of psychiatric practice. I recommend he be returned at once to the prison system to resume his sentence.

Ron reacts, sure that he willed it...

FRANCES (V.O.)
Everyone called Ron the Colonel. He was bloodthirsty and illogical, but he was funny as well.

CUT TO:

57 INT. SAVILE ROW TAILOR SHOP - DAY

57

Ron being fitted in a double-breasted suit. He holds up a PHOTOGRAPH of AL CAPONE in an identical get-up. Ron looks from the photo to himself in the mirror. Pleased.

RON
I wouldn't dream of fighting someone, much less murdering them, if I wasn't wearing a tie.

TAILOR
Dressed to kill. Boosts a man's
confidence. Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

58 INT. THE WIDOWS PUB - NIGHT

58

Reggie, Ron and Leslie Payne at the bar drinking. Donoghue,
Barrie and others shoot snooker as Payne announces:

PAYNE
We should acquire a casino.

REGGIE
Casino? How? We're known gangsters.

PAYNE
Look at Las Vegas. All legal, all
run by the Mafia. London will be the
same once the Betting and Gaming Act
passes. The Mafia will move in.
Meyer Lansky has already made
inquiries.

RON
Meyer Lansky... Will the Americans
try to muscle in on us?

PAYNE
They don't work that way. They don't
want war. They're businessmen.

RON
Well maybe I want war with them.

PAYNE
What they do want is to know who's
the up-and-coming local firm. They
colonize London by financing that
firm, then franchising the city. You
need to prove to the Americans the
Krays are the only game in town.

RON
Interesting...

As Reggie downs his drink, thinks it over...

PAYNE
The world will be our oyster.

RON
You say we a lot, Leslie, and our
oyster? Is your last name Kray?

PAYNE
You take the pearls, Ron; I'm
perfectly happy with the soft bits.

RON
I say we meet these Mafioso on the
shores. Repel all boarders.

REGGIE
Leslie, you look for a casino. Ron,
you plan for a war.

RON
What are you going to do?

REGGIE
Find Frances and see if she'll give
us a snog.

Reggie heads for the exit; a frustrated Ron calls after him.

RON
I'm not sure exactly what it is
we're trying to be!

CUT TO:

59 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

59

Parked. The windows fogged up. Reggie and Frances kissing
like they just invented it. Finally, Frances pulls back. She
considers him as she catches her breath. He considers her.

She looks over at the fogged over windshield. Reaching out
her hand, she draws a HEART on the glass through the steam.
A beat and then Reggie adds an ARROW through it. They resume
kissing, this time like there's no tomorrow.

FRANCES (V.O.)
With the East End in their control
the Krays' main rivals were the
Richardsons of South London.

CUT TO:

60 INT. OFFICE - SOUTH LONDON SCRAP YARD - NIGHT

60

A tough-looking MAN stands tied to a post, standing in a TUB
of water. Two electrodes are clipped to his nipples. EDDIE &
CHARLIE RICHARDSON sit across from him at a table. GEORGE
CORNELL stands on one side of the man. FRANKIE FRASER is
crouched on the floor by a hand-crank-powered GENERATOR.

FRANCES (V.O.)
They were called the torture gang.
They ran a mock court and sentenced
their enemies to electric shocks.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON
On whose behalf were you operating
on this side of the river?

TOUGH MAN

Please, I'm begging you. I don't
know what you're on about.

Eddie nods to Fraser who cranks the generator. The tough man goes rigid as electricity courses through him. Eyes bulging, tongue sticking out. At a nod from Eddie, Fraser stops cranking. As the man sags, Cornell smacks him.

TOUGH MAN (CONT'D)

Krays... I work for the Krays.

CUT TO:

61 INT. SWEETS SHOP - DAY

61

Reggie passing by humbugs and bulls eyes and stopping at the LEMON SHERBETS. As he points them out to the CLERK...

FRANCES (V.O.)

They never stood a chance against my
beautiful Reggie.

62 EXT. SWEETS SHOP - DAY

62

Reggie exits. He starts down the pavement carrying a small WHITE PAPER BAG. Singing to himself...

REGGIE

*Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner,
that I love London town...*

Suddenly a CAR jumps the curb behind him. Barreling at him with intent. Reggie sprints as the car fills frame behind, SCRAPING storefronts as it comes. Reggie ducks one way, leaps another, catches hold of a lamp post. He watches the car careen by, the paper bag still in hand.

CUT TO:

63 INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - SOUTH LONDON - DAY

63

Where Eddie & Charlie Richardson sit by themselves, scarfing down enormous gyros. Suddenly the wall explodes as a BOX VAN crashes through. Eddie and Charlie are lost in a storm of debris. Finally, all we hear is an ENGINE RACING.

Eddie emerges from under a tablecloth, looks in the empty van to see the gas pedal's been wedged down. As Eddie switches off the ignition, looks to his groggy brother...

FRANCES (V.O.)

The Richardson's sent an emissary,
called for a truce.

64 INT. DOUBLE R CLUB - DAY

64

Reggie and Ron at the bar. George Cornell and Frankie Fraser enter. They're intercepted by Donoghue, Barrie and Big Pat.

DONOGHUE
Whoa, that's far enough, mate.

FRASER
We're here to parlay.

REGGIE
Let 'em through!

They do so, following them closely. Fraser to Reggie:

FRASER
Things've gone far enough. Eddie and Charlie want to meet you and Ron. The Pig & Whistle. Neutral ground, just you and them. An hours time.

RON
How do we know it'll be safe?

CORNELL
Well, that's a little thing called trust, ain't it?

RON
When one fella starts to talk about trust, look over your shoulder and you'll see another getting ready to shove their cock up your ass.

CORNELL
You wouldn't mind that, would you, you fat poof?

Ron goes for him. Reggie gets in front of him. It's all he can do to hold Ron back.

REGGIE
An hour it is. Now shove off!

As Cornell leers at Ron, Fraser grabs him by the arm. They start back, Big Pat and Barrie seeing them off.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Ronnie, forget it.

RON
He called me fat; I'm not fat.

Donoghue catches Reggie's eye, shakes his head 'no'.

REGGIE
I know that pub. And them. We'll be alright.

CUT TO:

65 INT. PIG & WHISTLE - DAY

65

A DOZEN CUSTOMERS. Reggie and Ron enter, looking about. They head to the bar. Reggie holds up two fingers to the BARMAN.

REGGIE

Two Guinness.

BARMAN

Half a minute. Gotta change the keg.

Obviously rattled, he disappears down the hole in the floor to the cellar. As he pulls the trap door down over his head --

-- Four customers scurry out. The other EIGHT are RICHARDSON GANGSTERS. Approaching from all sides. Tough bastards. Tooled up with coshes and pipes. One holds a razor.

RICHARDSON GANG 1

The Richardsons were unexpectedly engaged. We're to look after you.

Reggie is nonplussed, but Ron seems a bit undone.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Gangsters live or die depending on their partner's loyalty or betrayal, their guts or loss of nerve.

Wincing, apparently afraid, he mutters sorry to Reggie and hurries out the back. Deserting Reggie who stands his ground, considers the Richardson boys.

RICHARDSON GANG 1

You're brother's done a runner.

Reggie shrugs, reaches over the bar, starts to pour his GUINNESS. Gang 1 trades incredulous looks with the others.

RICHARDSON GANG 1 (CONT'D)

Charlie Richardson said we're to knock the granny out of you, Reg.

All the while Reggie tends to his Guinness.

REGGIE

Fuck the Richardsons. Fuck Frankie Fraser. Fuck Georgie Cornell. Fuck the whole fucking lot of you.

(a beat)

First pour about three quarters.

66 EXT. GARDEN - PIG & WHISTLE - DAY

66

Ron bursts out the door. Move with him as he charges through a gate, down the pavement. Slows as he nears the ENTRANCE --

67 INT. PIG & WHISTLE

67

The eight now crowd Reggie who sets the glass on the bar. They don't know what to make of him.

REGGIE
You gotta top it off proper. You
want the head looking proud over the
glass. There!

Reggie shoves his hands in his pockets, rocks on his toes like a proud schoolboy. Only he sees Ron quietly slip back into the bar, slowly approach from behind.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
It won't bother you cunts if I fight
back, will it?

RICHARDSON GANG 1
If you think you can manage it.

REGGIE
It won't exactly be by the rules.

Reggie pulls his hands out of his pockets, both fists held tight around BRASS KNUCKLES.

Ron pulls an IRON BAR from his coat, doesn't break stride as SWING! Blindsided, the man with the razor crumples even as Reggie wades in. No counter-punching, it's an assault.

As we watch the Kray Brothers obliterate eight men...

FRANCES (V.O.)
When the Krays fought side by side,
they could defeat an army. It was
uncanny. They fought silently. As
one. Almost telepathically.

Back to back they narrow the avenues for attacks. Both circling left, two ends of an axis. As one gang member dives in and grapples with Ron --

-- The iron bar becomes useless. Ron drops it, reaches for a bottle of gin, smashes it over Gang 1's head, twists the broken end into the next man's face.

And it's one-two, one-two from Reggie, the brass knuckles covered in blood. As we leave them to finish up...

68 EXT. PIG & WHISTLE - DAY

68

Seven gangsters laid out cold on the sidewalk. The door bangs open and Reggie and Ron drag number eight out the door and deposit him alongside his unconscious associates.

Reggie pushes the first man's legs up into an 'A'. Ron follows with the iron bar - WHACK - breaking the man's shins and so on down the line. At each strike he recites a line:

RON

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace... Where there is hatred let me sow love... Where there is injury, pardon... Where there is error, truth... Darkness, light.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Not very Christian, but it worked a treat. The Richardsons lost a lot of their initiative after that.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. KENSINGTON GORE - DAY

69

STEFAN DE FAYE walks cheerily along. Young and bright, he checks an address on a business card, enters a BUILDING.

CUT TO:

70 A POV IN AN OFFICE

70

On a SECRETARY'S BACK approaching double wooden doors. As she swings them open, Stefan De Faye passes and we are now over his shoulder instead of his POV as he enters...

THE OFFICE

Leslie Payne stands up from his desk, looking good in a suit.

PAYNE

Mr. de Faye, glad you could come.

DE FAYE

(shaking hands)

Mr. Payne. I'm not often intrigued, but your message, it intrigued.

PAYNE

Please. Sit.

As de Payne sits he notices two things, the secretary closing the door behind her as she goes, and two men sitting behind him against the wall: Ron & Reggie Kray.

PAYNE (CONT'D)

These are the Kray twins. Reginald and Ronald.

DE FAYE

Yes, I've, heard of them, of you.

The vibe shifts on its axis as Ron blows a smoke ring, doesn't look over. Reggie offers a nod, goes back to checking his fingernails. De Faye frightened now.

PAYNE

You'll find them useful friends.

DE FAYE
What's this about, Mr. Payne?

PAYNE
This is about Esmeralda's Barn, a gambling casino in Knightsbridge.

DE FAYE
I don't think I'm familiar with it.

PAYNE
Then you'll be shocked to learn you earned 24,000 pounds from it in the last three months. That you're one of four principal investors. But that final control is vested in a company called Hotel Organization Ltd. Did you know that company is you, and you alone, Mr. De Faye?

De Faye looks back at the Krays, to Payne, then finally nods.

PAYNE (CONT'D)
My friends and I wish to purchase it from you. I have the contracts ready for your signature.

De Faye looks at a DOCUMENT facing him, a PEN alongside.

DE FAYE
It's not for sale.

Payne smiles as if humoring a poorly told joke. A beat.

PAYNE
Well, there may be a less polite approach later on.

De Faye laughs, tries to brass it out, but he's afraid. He shudders as Reggie reaches into his inner suit pocket -- For not a gun, but a cigarette pack. He taps one out, offers it.

FRANCES (V.O.)
Stephen de Faye would never set foot in his casino again. When it came to putting a rattle in a man's pants, the Kray Brothers were quite simply the best in the business. The Philly mob didn't scare as easy

CUT TO:

71 INT. SUITE - THE LONDON HILTON - DAY

71

The CITY out the window. TWO BRIEFCASES on a table. Reggie, Ron and Payne sit on one side. Philadelphia crime boss ANGELO BRUNO and underlings TESTA and CAPONIGRO on the other.

BRUNO

Meyer Lansky has taken an interest in the Colony Sporting Club. He has his casino people there now.

RON

Mr. Lansky should know we've got a casino of our own.

BRUNO

He's aware of that. Bravo. Our point being, with the Atlantic Ocean in the way, Mr. Lansky lacks the ability to ensure the physical security of his property. From both outside muscle and the cops. He thinks the Kray family can help.

REGGIE

You need security. And technically you're on our patch.

Bruno looks Reggie over, likes him.

BRUNO

What we would call our turf, right?

REGGIE

That's right, Mr. Bruno.

BRUNO

You're correct. But we're here with all respect and a franchise fee.

REGGIE

You don't want our help; you just don't want us getting underfoot. Ain't that it? How much for the local yokels to stay out of the way?

Payne and Ron exchange a look. Bruno likes Reggie even more.

BRUNO

London's gonna be the Las Vegas of Europe. We need someone to front and someone to muscle for us. You call that staying out of our way?

REGGIE

We can handle security, but we don't want to work for you; we want to work with you. We want ownership. We already got it with our own place.

PAYNE

What Reggie is trying to say --

BRUNO

I think he knows what he's trying to say. He just said it.

(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)
 We're in your backyard and Mr.
 Lansky is open to discussions of
 this nature.
 (points at briefcase)
 He sends this as a good will
 gesture. Go ahead, dip your beak.

Ron opens briefcase one. It is filled with \$100 BILLS.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
 For expenses. Now the second
 briefcase contains business of my
 own I need to take care of.

Reggie opens this one: It contains banded stacks of...

BRUNO (CONT'D)
 One hundred grand in negotiable
 bearer bonds. Jacked from a bank in
 Montreal. Too hot to move in North
 America. Can you guys handle it?

Reggie looks at Payne via a mirror reflection. Payne gives
 the slightest nod back.

REGGIE
 Yeah, we can handle it.

BRUNO
 Boys who jacked it get twenty
 percent. We split the rest down the
 middle. This works out, I got a two
 million dollar backlog of those bad
 boys. Does that sound like you're
 staying out of our way?

REGGIE
 Mr. Bruno, you have a deal.

CUT AHEAD TO:

72 THE DOOR TO THE ROOM - THE HILTON

72

Reggie, Payne and Ron on their way out, the two briefcases in
 hand. Bruno saying goodbye. Testa and Caponigro beyond.

BRUNO
 You come to Philly some time. You
 see what you want and we'll get it
 for you. Any size, any shape. A nice
 Italian girl, huh?
 (nudges Ron)
 Spaghetti and meatballs, huh?

RON
 I prefer boys.

BRUNO
 Come again? I didn't get that.

RON
I prefer boys. Italian. Greek.

The room goes dead fucking quiet. As Payne looks to Reggie, Testa looks to Caponigro, Bruno cocks his head.

RON (CONT'D)
I'm not prejudiced. I've had Negro boys, Scandinavians, even Tahitian.

As the Italians swallow, try not to make the sign of the cross, Bruno suddenly bursts out laughing.

BRUNO
You got some fucking balls on you, kid. That takes a lot of fucking guts to admit that. Bravo, kiddo.
(looking around)
Huh? Am I right? Bravo.

CUT TO:

73 INT. HALLWAY - LONDON HILTON - DAY

73

The door closes behind them as Reggie, Ron and Payne file out into the hallway. They try to stay calm.

REGGIE
What the fuck is a bearer bond, Les?

PAYNE
It's good. It's very fucking good. We call a forger I know, a friendly banker... It's free fucking money.

Ron pretends to shoot up the hall with an imaginary tommygun.

RON
Partners with the Mafia. It starts that way, till war clouds roll in. Then God and Ron Kray will decide who's for Heaven and who's for Hell.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. SHEA HOUSE - ORMSBY STREET - BETHNAL GREEN - NIGHT

74

Reggie leaning against the Lincoln, waiting. The muffled sounds of Frances and Mrs. Shea ARGUING drifts over. It cuts short and a moment later Frances exits the house.

Reggie stops short as she approaches. She looks stunning, alive. Seeing her effect on him, she pirouettes, waits.

REGGIE
Frankie... You take my breath away.

She kisses him tenderly, then puffs his cheeks with air.

FRANCES
You can have mine.

CUT TO:

75 INT. ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

75

A bar, dining room, roulette and gambling tables. TIMI YURO sings on a stage. Whether they eat, gamble or watch the show, there's not an empty seat in the house. Serious money is wagered. The croupiers look smart; the women look smarter.

FRANCES (V.O.)
Esmeralda's Barn made money like a dream. Two thousand pounds a week pure profit. There was nothing to do but enjoy it. Owning that casino meant everything to Reggie. He had finally crossed the line between the old East End and the green pastures of the Golden West.

Reggie make the rounds with Frances. They look fantastic.

FRANCES (V.O.)
He was becoming a celebrity himself. As long as their health didn't suffer, the high rollers loved rubbing elbows with gangsters.

A FLASH of Reggie at a table with JUDY GARLAND. A FLASH of Reggie posing with SONNY LISTON.

Reggie with LORD EFFINGHAM and LUCIEN FREUD. They watch Frances bet RED at the roulette table. As it comes up RED...

FRANCES (V.O.)
Aristocrats and criminals have a lot in common: they're both selfish, get bored easily and have access to gobs of cash they didn't have to work honestly to get. The topper? Neither have any interest in bourgeois morality. Put it all together with roulette wheels? A stunning recipe for success.

On stage Timi Yuro seems to sing to Reggie.

TIMI YURO
*Oh, look around you, look down the
block from you, the lonely faces
that you see. Are you sure this is
where you want to be?*

RON sits at the bar looking gloomy, watching his brother with an undeniable envy. And his look to Frances is disquieting.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Ron was the odd man out. His pills stabilized him, but they'd never cure him. Clubland on its own held little charm and he yearned for the darker side of gangland.

As RON downs his drinks, he speaks to no one in particular.

RON

In early days me and Reg were going nowhere fast, undesirable we were, but still we fancied ourselves. The moment you fucking look away life plays a dirty trick.

And as Reggie listens and laughs with those around him, Albert Donoghue enters and leans in behind Reggie. Whatever he WHISPERS in Reggie's ear is not good news.

Reggie grinds out his cigarette, looks across at Frances who's chatting up an older WELL-TO-DO COUPLE. Feeling his eyes on her, she looks over. He smiles like nothing's wrong.

FRANCES (V.O.)

In the end, it came down to me. One way or another I was going to be the making of Reggie or the breaking.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

76

It's ever so lightly snowing as Reggie and Frances exit and head for the Continental. Frances sticks her palm out as Reggie opens the back door. She catches a SNOWFLAKE.

FRANCES

Reggie, it's snowing...

She smiles, holds up her hand as it melts.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Gone.

Reggie looks at her a beat. Are those tears in his eyes?

REGGIE

Come on, luv.

CUT TO:

77 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

77

Donoghue drives, past Hyde Park Corner, turns onto Park Lane. Frances looks over her shoulder, not the way she expected go.

FRANCES

Where are we going?

REGGIE
It's a surprise.

They drive in silence a moment, pull up at the DORCHESTER HOTEL. Frances looks at Reggie. Donoghue tries to disappear.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Or I could take you home instead.

CUT TO:

78 INT. ROOM WINDOW - DORCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT 78

Mayfair rooftops beyond, the snow really falling now. Magic. Rising, out of focus in the foreground, TWO SHAPES entwined. Frances and Reggie. Pushing into each other. The sounds at once soft, quick, urgent as they cum in quick succession.

79 FRANCES & REGGIE 79

In bed. His fingers laced into hers as he looks at the ceiling and she looks out the window at the snow.

FRANCES
You start in my middle and then you spider web down to my toes. You're like a punch, but in slow motion.

REGGIE
A punch?

Reggie's not sure if that's good. She smiles, reassures.

FRANCES
I'm defenseless. I try to fight it off; I try to fight you off. But I finally give in. It's lovely.

Reggie thinks, tries to explain himself.

REGGIE
I'm a private person, Frankie, but I don't lose my privacy with you. In fact, I gain even more.

FRANCES
You said the center of the world could be anywhere.
(hand on his heart)
Even here.

That gets to him harsh. Reggie's got something to confess.

REGGIE
Frankie, we're not going to have Christmas together. I've - I'm going to prison tomorrow.

She sits up. Absorbs it.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

There was an old warrant on me. I had it on appeal; I was sure I could beat it. But I can't. I just found out I'm to surrender in the morning.

FRANCES

What was the charge?

REGGIE

Demanding money with menaces. A shopkeeper said I threatened to cut him unless he gave me 100 pounds.

(as she reacts.)

I'd never risk my freedom for 100 pounds. I was stitched up by the police. They can't get me properly, so they lean on some guilty punter to get a false statement.

FRANCES

I believe you.

REGGIE

Thank you. It's the truth.

FRANCES

But I don't want a life like this. Waiting while you're in prison.

REGGIE

I never claimed to be an angel, but I ain't done nothing I'm ashamed of either... It won't happen again.

FRANCES

How can you be sure?

(he doesn't answer)

I know how. You could go straight.

He blinks at her. *Straight?*

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Be a casino owner, a club owner. You enjoy it. Forget everything else.

REGGIE

Just like that?

FRANCES

You can still look out for your friends, and for Ron.

REGGIE

Ron... What about you?

FRANCES

You have to decide that.

REGGIE
I love you, Frankie.

FRANCES
And I love you. I never loved anyone
before. Not even my own mum.

REGGIE
I'll give it a good long think I
promise. Lord knows I'll have time.

FRANCES
(whispers)
Can love protect people?

REGGIE
Well, if it can't, the day I clap
eyes on God, he'd better be moving.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. WANDSWORTH PRISON - DAY

80

The Ford Galaxy pulls up out front. Frank Shea at the wheel.
Ronnie Hart beside him. Donoghue and Reggie in back. The mood
grim. Reggie pulls off two gold rings he wears, then his
cufflinks and gold tie clasp, hands it all to Donoghue.

Donoghue unscrews a flask, hands it over. Reggie takes a long
pull, hands it back. A deep breath, looks all around.

REGGIE
Well, chaps, see you in six months.

With that, he's out the door and walking toward the prison.
The lads watch after him with admiration.

CUT TO:

81 INT. PRISON PROCESSING AREA - WANDSWORTH - DAY

81

Reggie naked, being strip searched. A BIG SCREW looks him
over while a SECOND crouches behind, wearing rubber gloves.
Satisfied he rises, takes a tongue depressor from a pocket.

SECOND SCREW
Say 'ahh'.

REGGIE
If you can't find what you're after
up my ass, mate, I'm betting it's
not in me mouth either.

CUT TO:

82 INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

82

Reggie, in his prison duds, walks forward followed by the Big
Screw and Screw Two. They pass through the door into a...

83 CUBICLE HALLWAY

83

SCREWS THREE & FOUR wait on either side of the door ahead, truncheons in hand. Reggie stops short, looks back to see another TWO on either side of the door he just came through.

BIG SCREW

You're nothing in here. Nothing!

WHUMP. The Big Screw digs the end of his truncheon into Reggie's gut. As the blows rain down... Reggie strikes back, but six against one, he's overwhelmed. A beating is in order.

Reggie finally balls up under the kicks and strikes.

CUT AHEAD TO:

84 CELL BLOCK DOOR

84

BOOM! They haul Reggie through, his feet dragging behind him Reggie mumbling bloody bubbles as they get him into a CELL.

BIG SCREW

Stand him up.

They straighten him up. The Big Screw drives his fist in one more time. Reg's nose broken, his face lumped and swollen.

REGGIE

No more... Please...

BIG SCREW

Please? That's more like it, Reg.

Reggie half hangs onto the Big Screw.

REGGIE

No trouble. No trouble, guv'nor.

Reggie is practically fawning. It's hard to watch.

BIG SCREW

Yeah, that's it. A bit of respect.

He steps back and Reggie falls to the ground. We may not notice, but Reggie comes away with the Screw's HANDCUFFS.

The Big Screw exits, locks the cell door. The other screws head off. Reggie looks up from the floor, eye swollen shut.

REGGIE

Water. Please, Guv'nor. Please.

BIG SCREW

Alright, son. I'll sort it.

Reggie climbs the bars painfully up. The Big Screw returns with a cup, lords his mastery over the witnessing PRISONERS.

BIG SCREW (CONT'D)

That's a good boy. Don't drink too fast. You've had a tumble.

He holds out the cup. Reggie reaches and, ratchet, HANDCUFFS the Big Screw to the cell bars. The Big Screw jerks at it, looks across at Reggie who draws himself up with menace. A horrible extended realization. Reggie shrugs.

REGGIE

The bigger they come, mate.

WHALLOP. The fist comes right between the bars. Stuns him. Reggie reaches through, grabs him by the ears and yanks his face into the bars. As his legs go out from under him, the Big Screw hangs by his own wrist. Reggie's fist relentlessly finds him as prisoners in adjacent cells CHEER madly.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I don't like it here. The food's not so clever. No need to take liberties as well.

WHACK! Blood coming out of the Big Screw's forehead, nose, mouth and eyes. The other guards rush back, but have trouble uncuffing the Big Screw with his weight hanging, and Reggie punching the other guards through the bars as well.

They open the cell gate and Reggie drops the first one to step through the door, kicks the next. The prisoners CHEER. The screws CURSE. And as Reggie HOWLS in mad dog rage...

CUT TO:

85 EXT. WHITECHAPEL ROAD - DAY

85

Frances walks down the pavement with a GIRLFRIEND. A MERCEDES 220 pulls up, rolls along with them. Ron looks over through the back side window. Ian Barrie driving.

RON

Hullo, Frances.

FRANCES

Hello, Ron.

RON

Went round to see Reggie this morning. Sends his best. Said for you not to come see him yet.

FRANCES

Did he say why?

RON

No. Didn't mention it.

She walks on, not appreciating Ron's odd manner or news.

RON (CONT'D)
Did you know that people can become
ghosts while they're still alive?

FRANCES
Do you think so?

RON
It's happened to you, hasn't it?

Ron chuckles and the Mercedes speeds ahead.

CUT TO:

86 INT. VISITING WARD - WANDSWORTH PRISON - DAY

86

Reggie walks past VISITORS and PRISONERS. His face bruised, butterfly strips hold one eyebrow shut. He scans ahead, then stops, frowns. Frances waits nervously. As she sees him, her smile turns to shock. She stands as he closes the distance.

FRANCES
Reggie, what happened --

REGGIE
What are you doing here? Didn't Ron
tell you not to come?

FRANCES
I missed you. I --

REGGIE
I don't want you to see me like
this. Do you understand?

FRANCES
Who did it? Another prisoner?

REGGIE
The guards...

FRANCES
Have you reported them?

REGGIE
No. I'm waiting till I get out so I
can appear before Parliament.

Sarcasm isn't helping. Her eyes well up. He softens.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Frankie, it's prison. It's how it is
here. The law of the jungle.

She reaches tentatively, strokes his swollen cheek with her fingers. Reggie takes her hand, kisses it, lowers it.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Look to your right, by the wall.

One of the guards: eyes black, a bandage across his nose.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
That's my handiwork. Don't worry.

She looks at him, tries to look reassured, but can't.

CUT TO:

87 INT. ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

87

The GAMBLERS react as Ron leads in a DONKEY. In matching TUXEDOS. As the donkey HE-HAWS, Ron pauses to stick a few chips in the breast pocket of young cat burglar LESLIE HOLT.

RON
Look at you. Flexing your muscles
like you invented them.

88 INT. BAR - ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

88

Barrie and Donoghue watch warily from the bar as Ron takes the microphone from a SINGER on stage, addresses the crowd.

RON
Do you know when I plan to die? At
the very last minute!

Several in the crowd APPLAUD him, amused. Ron smiles.

RON (CONT'D)
Tomorrow I might start hating the
sun; I never know what's next.

VOICE IN THE CROWD
It's London, Ron! The sun might not
come out tomorrow!

RON
I'll have a cry in the rain instead.

LAUGHS at that. Ron looks them over. Smile fading, he snarls:

RON (CONT'D)
Look at you flash fuckers, you make
me sick. Spineless half-hearts! I
may not be good, but a good
gangster? I'll claim that title!
What title do you claim? You may all
know that carpaccio is spelled with
three C's. In the next life it won't
matter how many C's in carpaccio;
you'll all be fucking carpaccio! How
many C's in cunt?!... Just you.

He drops the mic which BWRANGS on the floor. Donoghue and Barrie down their drinks. Payne alongside. It's a car wreck.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The high class gamblers shoved off
and the playboy chancers rolled in.
But Ron preferred it that way. It
gave him leave to visit the debtors.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. MAYFAIR - MORNING - DAY

89

An EARL steps out of his flat, stops at the sight of his
ROLLS ROYCE -- a PICK-AXE buried through either door. And
suddenly Ron's alongside, gloating.

RON

How high up your public-school nose
does it get to be sorted by an East
End barrowboy? Hmm?

The Earl raises his hands, backs away. Ron closes...

RON (CONT'D)

There are two ways to handle your
indebtedness. One involves cash. The
other involves my zipper. Either
form of payment is fine with me.

EARL

(gulps)

I don't suppose you'd take the car?

CUT TO:

90 INT. OFFICES - ESMERALDA'S BARN - DAY

90

Payne flips through check after check. Returned by the bank
due to: Insufficient Funds. Ron stands by, could care less.

PAYNE

Gambling clubs are legally obliged
to pay winnings on the spot. That's
why we insist our gamblers pay their
debts on the spot as well.

RON

Your problem. Mine is I want fifty
thousand pounds. Now.

PAYNE

Excuse me?

RON

To set up a company. I'm going to
build a city in Nigeria. Near Enugu.

PAYNE

Enugu?

RON

The African word for Utopia. Do you know Utopia is the Greek word for nowhere? That's going to change, to somewhere. And I will be Utopia's African lord. King Zulu Paramount!

PAYNE

Where am I going to get fifty thousand pounds?

RON

Pull it out of the casino.

PAYNE

Despite the temptation, Ron, do not meddle with such a fool proof way of making money.

RON

I ain't a fucking banker! Who the fuck are you telling me!? Reggie's away! You work for Ron Kray!

Ron looms furious, but Payne doesn't shrink away.

PAYNE

During the war I saw far worse than you. I may work for you, Ron, but I'm certainly not afraid of you.

As Ron realizes just how much he hates Leslie Payne.

CUT TO:

91 INT. VISITING WARD - WANDSWORTH PRISON - DAY 91

Reggie stares at Payne who hangs his head. Bad news told.

REGGIE

Ok. It'll be alright. Do your best.

CUT TO:

92 INT. CELL - WANDSWORTH - TWILIGHT 92

Reggie doing pull-ups using the window BARS above his head.

Each pull up gives him a view out the window. His cellmate, an old face named BILLY, is stretched out in the lower bunk.

BILLY

This is the worst time of day.

REGGIE

Yeah?

BILLY

When you look about and realize how far away you are from everything.

As we push in on Reggie. The last few pulls.

REGGIE
How long -- You been away?

BILLY
This time? Nine years.

Nine years... Reggie finally stays up looking out into the gloom beyond, the rail lines headed in to Clapham Junction. We reverse onto his face, his faraway looks as he whispers:

REGGIE
Frankie...

CUT TO:

93 INT. KITCHEN - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - DAY 93

Frances sets down a pot of tea on the kitchen table where Violet and Ron sit waiting.

VIOLET
So kind of you. What a treat.

Violet pours a cup, frowns at the stream. She stops, sniffs her cup, then tastes. Ron watches with mock concern. Violet looks at Frances, quite disappointed.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Oh no, Frances, that won't do. Go sit with Mr. Kray; I'll sort it out.

As Frances heads out, Violet stands, starts fussing.

94 LIVING ROOM 94

As Frances sits across from creepy Charles Kray Sr. who nurses a FLASK. Frances can easily overhear from the kitchen:

VIOLET'S VOICE
Dear God, she can't even make a decent cup of tea.

RON'S VOICE
Did you see how she's dressed?

VIOLET'S VOICE
A rag and bone man wouldn't pick her up if she was lain in the gutter.

Charles leers at her as he offers his flask.

95 EXT. FRONT DOOR - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - DAY 95

Frances exits, softly closes the door. Crossing the street, she's close to running as she passes the POLICE parked nearby, Nipper in the back. They watch her go, shrug.

CUT TO:

96 INT. FORD GALAXY - PARKED OUTSIDE WANDSWORTH PRISON - DAY 96

Ronnie Hart behind the wheel. Donoghue beside him. They watch as Reggie exits the prison, heads toward them in the same suit he was dropped off in. Reggie hops in back. Hart pulls out as Donoghue passes him his cufflinks, rings and tie pin. As he puts them back on...

DONOGHUE

How'd it go?

REGGIE

It was a doddle. Where's Frank?

DONOGHUE

Frank is no longer with us.

RONNIE

He's getting married. Trading in all glory for a pram in the hall.

REGGIE

Gone straight, has he?

DONOGHUE

You want him round for a chat?

REGGIE

No. Live and let live.

DONOGHUE

Where to then? London awaits.

CUT TO:

97 INT./EXT. FRANCES' BEDROOM - DAY

97

Frances in a skirt, looking at herself in the mirror. She frowns, straightens it, frowns again. She turns at a PLINK on the window. Frances opens it, looks down on...

Reggie. Standing on the pavement with a handful of FLOWERS.

FRANCES

You're free.

He nods, taking her in.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

What are you doing throwing stones at the window?

He opens his palm to show candy.

REGGIE

Lemon sherbets actually.

He tosses one up. She fumbles at it, but catches it. She pops the lemon sherbet in her mouth.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Well played.

FRANCES
Why don't you ring the bell?

REGGIE
I thought of your mum answering. I
didn't want her to give me stick on
account of where I been.

FRANCES
You mean prison?

REGGIE
Yes... You look beautiful.

FRANCES
You look beautiful, too.

REGGIE
I know it's a bit late, but I've got
your Christmas present.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a small wrapped BOX.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Should I chuck it up there?

FRANCES
No.

REGGIE
Deliver it then?

She nods. He shoves the flowers down his jacket, sticks the
box under his chin and climbs up the drainpipe.

FRANCES
Reggie, careful.

He gets up to the window, sets one hand on the sill.

REGGIE
Get the flowers.
(she takes them)
And the box.

She takes it from under his chin. He looks at her: *Go on*.
Frances unwraps it, opens it: a DIAMOND RING.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Frances Shea, will you marry me?

FRANCES
We'll live free and above board?

REGGIE
On my honor.

FRANCES

Yes, Reggie Kray, I will marry you.

She kisses him, pulls back. Realizing, Reggie squirms his mouth, shows a lemon sherbet between his teeth. She smiles.

CUT TO:

98 INT. ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

98

On stage a piss poor SINGER belts out, *I'm Gonna Live Till I Die*. Only one of the roulette wheels has any action going.

Ron is holed up in a corner drinking with several young cronies including Leslie Holt and Mad Teddy Smith.

Payne tends bar and Dickson, Ronnie Hart and Ian Barrie drown their sorrows. A tumbleweed might as well blow through.

PAYNE

Crime's still a business. You need a public relations department.

(eyes Ron)

And we've got Hermann Göring.

DONOGHUE

(joining them)

Reggie's here. Car just pulled up.

All of them nervous, they take a collective deep breath. Here comes Reggie and Frances, both looking great. As the rest of the boys greet Frances, Reggie takes a look around.

It's sinking in. We feel it. She feels it. Everyone feels it.

REGGIE

It's Friday night, Leslie.

(Payne shrugs)

This was your best?

Payne finishes his drink, takes a breath and...

PAYNE

Ron's run it into the ground. Turned a straight money earner into a financial wreck. We'll crash next week when we miss our tax payment.

Reggie looks toward Ron. Trying to control himself, he looks at Frances who looks back at him.

FRANCES

Let's go.

REGGIE

Yeah, tomorrow's business I reckon.

(looks back to Ron)

It's fucking criminal though.

RON

Watching with Holt and Smith. Reggie across the room.

RON
Beautiful Reg. Isn't he beautiful?
What's that dodgy bastard Payne
saying about me?

Ron sees Reggie and Frances are starting out of the club.

RON (CONT'D)
Reg! Reggie!

He waves him over. Reggie motions Frances to wait and starts over. But Frances follows along. Ron raises his glass.

RON (CONT'D)
A toast to my brother! Home at last.

Glasses are raised to Reggie who looks pretty goddamn grim.

RON (CONT'D)
And Frances! Dear lovely Frances.

REGGIE
Piss off. The lot of you. I'll deal
with you tomorrow, Ronnie.

RON
Deal with me? You should thank me.

REGGIE
For what?

RON
You can go back to earning a living
now. Back to being a gangster which
is what you are. So fuck Leslie
Payne. And fuck you, Frances, you
fucking slag.

As Reggie stews, Frances stands her ground.

FRANCES
One day, Ron Kray, your miserable
life will swallow you whole.

RON
You should know, luv. I've heard the
stories. The Sheas sold my brother
damaged goods.

REGGIE
ALBERT!

As Donoghue hurries over, Reggie looks to Frances.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Take Frankie home.

FRANCES

Reggie, no, come with me.

Donoghue starts to usher her out. Ron calls after her.

RON

Blood is thicker than water! I've
been with Reggie since the womb!
There's nothing inside you, Frances!
Nothing except my brother's cock!

Reg's equanimity gone. He DIVES over the table onto Ron.

Frances watches as: Two brothers fight for the end of the world. The counter puncher in attack mode and the boy you'd have to kill to beat doing his best to live up to that rep.

Staggering against a blow, Ron grabs a BOTTLE of champagne, swings it at his brother, hits Teddy Smith instead. Ron comes back at Reg with the jagged end.

RON (CONT'D)

Off with the fucking gloves.

Ron jabs, swipes, just misses.

RON (CONT'D)

C'mon, you syphilitic cunt.

Reggie grabs the champagne STAND, brings it down cracking Ron across the head. Ron drops to a knee, the crown of his head split. As blood pours down his face, he roars forward, tackles Reggie down.

Frances grimaces at the BLOOD that is soon all over them.

FRANCES (V.O.)

It was not the first time I'd been
called damaged goods. Fragile was
the word polite people used. Fragile
was fitting. Life was fragile. So
was love. And a tender heart can
fall to a whisper.

Ron pulls away. Reggie rolls up to a crouch. Feinting left, he hooks Ron twice to the body, then grabbing him by the shirt, drives punch after punch into his face. As Ron drops, Reggie looks past to see Frances, her horror at it all.

FRANCES (V.O.)

But if I was damaged, they were
absolute wreckage.

Ron strikes back. They end up on the floor again. Reggie gets on top, rains down blows till Ron waves a hand. Surrenders.

Reggie slumps, catches his breath, looks: Frances is gone. It may as well be a death knell for the casino as well.

REGGIE
Gone six months and you ruin it.

RON
At least I know what I am.

REGGIE
And I don't? You know what you are,
and I'm confused, is that it?

Ron rolls to his hands and knees, blood dripping.

RON
You don't understand me.

REGGIE
I don't want to understand you!!

RON
Yes I know what I am!

His voice raw; it stops Reggie short.

RON (CONT'D)
Don't you think I see in the mirror?
Don't you think I wonder where the
other Ron went?! Don't you think I
know the dirty trick played on me?!
(breaking down)
But my brother always loved me. When
nobody else would, Reggie did. But
not any more. The worst thing in
life happens when you're not ready.

He sobs, unable to speak. Reggie reaches, sets a comforting hand on Ron's head. It makes it worse. Ron grips his brother like a life ring. As he kisses his hand, cries on it...

CUT TO:

99 INT. FORD GALAXY - COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY (ROLLING) 99

Cruises the street. Donoghue driving. Reggie sitting in the passenger seat scanning -- He spots FRANCES. Walking ahead.

REGGIE
There! Stop the car.

100 EXT. PAVEMENT (SAME) 100

Reggie's out of the car before it stops. He closes in on her, starts to SING. He's half-dancing.

REGGIE
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner --

Frances stops, turns. He pretends he doesn't see her, until --

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Frances! What a surprise. I was just having a lark and I --

She's not falling for the charm.

FRANCES

I don't care if you forget me.

REGGIE

Frankie, don't say that.

FRANCES

It's true.

She resumes walking, enters under the arch into...

101 EXT. OLD SPITALFIELD MARKET (SAME)

101

Crowds much heavier as Reggie catches up again.

REGGIE

You don't mean it.

FRANCES

Don't tell me what I mean. I know what I mean.

VOICE

Mr. Kray --

A VENDOR steps in front of Reggie. Frances keeps going.

VENDOR

Lovely to see you, Mr. Kray. Fancy a hat? No sales pitch, it's gratis.

Reggie looks where Frances disappears in the crowd.

102 FRANCES

102

As Reggie catches up; she keeps walking, making him work.

REGGIE

We'll get rid of everything bad;
we'll just keep the good bits.
Except right now I'm short of good bits. I need some time to rebuild.

FRANCES

What about Ron?

REGGIE

What about him?

FRANCES

He isn't exactly a good bit.

REGGIE

He's my brother.

Reggie moving side-to-side, talking as he dodges.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I used to do this as a kid. Worked at Billingsgate Market. They always had me on the run so I made a game of it. Come on! Try it.

(dodging, dancing)

Frankie, go for a whirl with me.

And suddenly they're off! A market dance dodge. Both loving it until -- WHALLOP! A door opens and Reggie slams into it. He hits the ground stunned. Frances suddenly looms over him.

FRANCES

Reggie! Are you alright?

REGGIE

I'll never forget you, Frankie.
Never. Don't ever say it again.

As she leans over and kisses him.

FRANCES (V.O.)

It was time for the Krays to enter the secret history of the 1960's.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. VALLANCE ROAD - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY

103

Reggie lights a smoke, walks with Payne. Camera shutters click. Someone takes surveillance photos.

FRANCES (V.O.)

As absurd as it seems it grew out of Ron's nutter dream of building a utopian city in Nigeria.

LESLIE

I've set up a front, the Imperial Development Corporation. We'll need it for Ron's Nigerian venture.

REGGIE

You can't be serious?

LESLIE

I am. I've arranged for him to visit Lagos to meet the Interior Minister.

REGGIE

Where the fuck will that get us?

PAYNE

It will get us Ron in Nigeria. It will get us something for Ron to do.
(as Reggie smiles)

But hang on;

(MORE)

PAYNE (CONT'D)

If Ron can get a letter of endorsement from them, we can sell shares. One enormously profitable fraud. Except we sell Nigeria instead of refrigerators.

As Reggie's smile broadens further...

REVERSE ON TWO DETECTIVES - VALLANCE ROAD

Working cameras in the parked Anglia. Nipper in back.

Reggie and Payne almost to the Anglia. As they pass, Reggie casually flicks his lit cigarette butt through the window.

CUT TO:

104 INT. THE CARPENTER ARMS - DAY

104

Payne at the bar with Ron. Payne looking over LETTERS OF ENDORSEMENT bearing the seal of the Nigerian government.

PAYNE

Well done, Ron. What the company needs now is a figurehead. Then investors will take it seriously.

RON

Interesting...

FRANCES (V.O.)

When Ron said interesting, it meant he had no fucking idea what you were talking about.

PAYNE

Pay a respected public figure a fee to appear on the letterhead and your chances of success increase tenfold.

RON

What about Lord Boothby?

FLASH TO:

105 LORD BOOTHBY ON THE BBC'S 'THIS IS YOUR LIFE'

105

Raconteur Boothby recounting a meeting with Hitler.

PAYNE'S VOICE

Lord Boothby?

BOOTHBY (ON TV)

I was pretty frightened because I knew he was a fairly formidable character. He rose to his feet, clicked his heels together and said Hitler!

(MORE)

BOOTHBY (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 And I for once rose to the occasion
 and I clicked my feet and put my
 hand up and said Boothby!

FLASH BACK TO:

106 INT. BAR - CARPENTER ARMS - DAY

106

RON
 With that way of his Boothby could
 sell ketchup to a cannibal.

PAYNE
 Ron, we'll never get someone of
 Boothby's stature.

RON
 One never knows unless one tries.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. WALTHAMSTOW STADIUM - DAY

107

GREYHOUNDS at the starting line. The gates open and: *They're off!* Over the following the TRACK ANNOUNCER makes the call:

108 LORD BOOTHBY - DOG TRACK PUBLIC TOILET

108

In a bow tie. Acting like a boy playing Hide & Seek.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 Lord Boothby was a distinguished
 member of the House of Lords, but
 Ron knew something about Boothby
 that Payne did not.

He pushes open a stall door: empty. Another: empty. He bites his lip, looks under the gap: no feet seen. Boothby frowns.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
 And it's Summer Tangler showing
 great pace at the paddock turn.

Boothby opens it to reveal Ron's cat burglar friend Leslie Holt standing on the toilet lid, casually smoking a fag.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 What would a member of parliament be
 doing in a toilet at a dog racing
 track with a convicted cat burglar?
 Odds are it had little to do with
 the welfare of Great Britain.

Holt looks Boothby over, invites him in with a flick of the chin. As the CROWD ROAR at the finish line, the door closes.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. 1 EATON SQUARE - BELGRAVIA - DAY

109

A SEDAN pulls up. Ron gets out, accompanied by Holt and Mad Teddy Smith. As they head for one of the flats, the Anglia pulls up. As they long lens a photo of HOLT, Nipper in back.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Leslie Holt was a favorite of Ron's. He was the lover of painter Frances Bacon and MPs Tom Driberg and Lord Boothby. Like Ron, he never passed a chance to exploit human frailty.

NIPPER

What the Devil is Ron Kray doing in Belgravia? Take down the address.

110 INT. BOOTHBY'S FLAT - BELGRAVIA - DAY

110

Boothby, Ron and Holt sitting on a couch drinking gin and tonics, while Smith works the little bar set-up across the room. As Boothby sets down a proposal.

BOOTHBY

I regret that my answer is no; Nigeria is simply too far away. I never involve myself in a thing I can't control personally.

Ron frowns. Boothby considers Teddy Smith across the room.

BOOTHBY (CONT'D)

He's really lovely, isn't he?

As Ron's smile returns...

FRANCES (V.O.)

Boothby declined, but friendship ensued and the perverted peer was soon frequenting a second floor flat in Cedra Court on Cazenove Road.

CUT TO:

111 INT. RON'S FLAT - CEDRA COURT - NIGHT

111

The stag movie "MEDICAL FETISHIST" unspools on the wall. A naked man gagged and tied on an examination table, his legs strapped into gynecological stirrups. A DOCTOR looms. It's all projected on Boothby as he pauses before the screen.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The unthinkable was irresistibly attractive to Boothby. Transgressing socially was a start, transgressing sexually, the ultimate goal.

Ron in a sharp suit, the master of ceremonies. A room of RENT BOYS and OLDER MEN exchange knowing glances. Most shirtless and some stripped to their briefs.

Boothby scans a chorus line of smooth-chested 19-year-olds, he settles on one in a leather harness flexing his biceps.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Boothby was afraid of Ron but fear is at the heart of rough-trade sex. Fear as an aphrodisiac, brutality at the service of an addict's sexual pleasure. They called Boothby 'the Palladium' - he was twice nightly.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

112

The world's most venerable doorway.

HAROLD WILSON'S VOICE

Good Lord! That's Bob Boothby!

113 INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

113

PM HAROLD WILSON grins as he flips through a stack of photos.

WILSON

The Tories are going to have some trouble explaining this.

(the grin disappears)

Is that Tom Driberg?

Uniformed Scotland Yard Superintendent CUMMINGS nods gravely.

WILSON (CONT'D)

There's no moral advantage to my party if my party is also involved.

CUMMINGS

It gets a bit stickier, Sir.

Wilson holds one photo sideways, trying to comprehend.

WILSON

It's... an orgy. Where were these photos taken?

CUMMINGS

Cazenove Road in Hackney.

WILSON

What in God's Boots were they doing in Hackney?

CUMMINGS

That's where it gets sticky.

WILSON

I thought the orgy was the sticky bit? It gets stickier still?

CUMMINGS

We've had two brothers, gangsters,
under surveillance. The Krays.

(as Wilson reacts)

The photos were taken at Ron Kray's
flat. Orgies aside, we're tracking
fraud, protection rackets. The
American Mafia may also be involved.

As Wilson carefully sets the photos face down on his desk...

WILSON

Elections are in ten weeks. They'll
vote out both sides of the House.

FRANCES (V.O.)

As Downing Street pondered how to
proceed, business was booming for
Reggie and the Firm.

CUT TO:

114 INT. KITCHEN - 176 VALLANCE ROAD - DAY

114

Donoghue is the last in a line of lieutenants dropping STACKS
OF CASH into the kitchen sink as Reggie looks on.

DONOGHUE

The Two Aces, the New Mill, then the
Gigi Club, Ronnie Scott's of course.

The sink is three quarters full as Payne opens a briefcase
over it, heaping things. There must be 100,000 pounds here.

PAYNE

The bearer bond cashed in Hamburg.

As a HUZZAH goes up...

VIOLET

Kettle's on the boil. It's tea.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Sometimes Reggie just needed to keep
things in order.

CUT TO:

115 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - DAY

115

Jack 'the Hat' McVitie stands with Reggie at the bar.

REGGIE

How's the Black Bomber business?

MCVITIE

Can't complain, Reg. Who'd listen?

REGGIE
 Heard you came round the Regency on
 Friday, waving a shotgun.

MCVITIE
 Those bastard Barry Brothers blocked
 me coming in. Said I was drunk.

Reggie takes out a pack of cigarettes.

REGGIE
 You know we look after that club.
 You shouldn't make trouble there.

MCVITIE
 I spiced the evening up for people.

Reggie LAUGHS, taps out a cigarette, offers it. The trick
 McVitie fell for before. Smiling, he leans in, mouths it -
 WHALLOP! As Jack writhes on the floor...

REGGIE
 Jack, you never fucking learn.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 Of course, there was always Ron to
 deal with.

CUT TO:

116 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - ROLLING THE WEST END - NIGHT 116

Reggie and Ron in back. Ron considers a RING he wears. R-O-N
 spelled out in gold, crusted in diamonds. He holds it up for
 Reggie who offers a patronizing nod. Finally...

RON
 I'm thinking of becoming Jewish.

REGGIE
 For Chrissakes, Ron, it won't work.

RON
 You're not an anti-Semite, are you?

REGGIE
 Remember when you became a Buddhist?
 It lasted three weeks. Awakened and
 enlightened till you realized how
 fucking inconvenient it was making
 your life.

RON
 At least I learned that this is
 reality only as it exists for now.

REGGIE
 Don't start again.

The car pulls to the curb outside the MARQUEE CLUB: The Who. The building throbs as the Entwistle/Moon rhythm section practically blow the walls out. A CROWD wait to get in.

RON
You've been treating me like a child
for months. Let me handle this. Or
leave me in the car like a dog.

Reggie sighs, finally nods. As Ron grins a mad grin...

CUT TO:

117 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

117

Sitting before the stacked gate MONEY is the band's hard-nosed and incredulous MANAGER. Ron sits across from him. Reggie stands, checks out BAND FLYERS pasted on the walls.

MANAGER
Who the fuck are you?

RON
We are the fucking Kray Brothers.

The manager's eyes narrow; the name 'Kray' is not unfamiliar.

MANAGER
Yeah, I heard the name. But you're
off your manor. Who are you to waltz
in here and tell me I've got to turn
over half the gate!?

REGGIE
(re: a flyer)
Is there really a band called
Herman's Hermits?

RON
As far as manors go, you're sitting
in ours. London is our manor. Every
inch of it is under our protection.

The manager looks Ron over, not easily cowed. He stands, hands set on the desk so he can lean over it to Ron.

MANAGER
I'll ask Pete; but I'm confident the
answer will be... fuck off.

Ron grabs the Manager's wrist, simultaneously opens a flick knife and -- CUTS the manager's pinkie finger off. He howls --

REGGIE
For fuck's sake! Was that necessary?

RON
If I had to negotiate, we'd still be
talking with him! Wouldn't we?

Ron grabs the manager by his hair, drills him with a look.

RON (CONT'D)
Go ask Pete, whoever Pete is.

118 PETE TOWNSHEND

118

Raises his guitar overhead as the crowd go mad. He hesitates, seeing his manager beckon from the wing, a BLOODY RAG over his hand. Reggie and Ron just visible in the shadows beyond.

FRANCES (V.O.)
Pete called it a deal; the take was split on the square. Last and maybe least, Reggie still needed to pretend for me once in awhile.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - DAY

119

Snowing. Christmas decorations on display. Frances walks arm-in-arm with Reggie. They stop across from the club.

REGGIE
There. West End bit o' class. Our ticket out.

FRANCES (V.O.)
One of the good bits we'd keep so he could walk straight. I was starting to see how tricky a walk it was.

Her attention then switches to the snow above. She catches a FLAKE in her palm, watches it melt, smiles at Reggie.

FRANCES
Gone.

CUT TO:

120 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - DAY

120

HEW MCCOWAN sits across from Reggie and Payne much as de Faye did earlier. Only now it's Reggie doing the talking.

FRANCES (V.O.)
The owner was Hew McCowan the son and heir of a baronet. Though he was not a man easily intimidated, he agreed to sell half the club. Reggie knew he'd get the rest in time. A dirty deal for a clean life.

As McCowan nods in reluctant agreement to something.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - NIGHT

121

Ron behind the bar in a fury, throwing GLASSES at members of the Firm who dodge and duck for cover. As glass shatters...

FRANCES (V.O.)
Ron was terrified of Reggie leaving him behind. He sent Mad Teddy Smith round to queer the deal.

122 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - SOHO - NIGHT

122

Where HOOLIGANS, led by Mad Teddy Smith, SMASH the place up. Behind the bar Hew McCowan dials a number on the phone.

MAD TEDDY SMITH
I work for the Krays! Do you hear?!
And they want what's theirs!

FRANCES (V.O.)
Reggie and Ron were charged with demanding money with menaces.

CUT TO:

123 INT. VISITING WARD - BRIXTON GAOL - DAY

123

Frances across from Reggie. She's been crying. He tries to catch her eye, but she won't look at him.

REGGIE
Frankie, the police stitched me up.
I'm innocent. Innocent.

FRANCES
Even if that's true, you're back in prison. You made a promise to me.

REGGIE
I AM INNOCENT!!

He rages it at her. Frances looks at him, blinks.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I didn't --
(gathers himself)
I want you to marry me, Frankie...

FRANCES
If you're innocent and acquitted,
I'll marry you. If you're guilty, I
never want to see you again

As he blinks at her back at her...

FRANCES (V.O.)
It was a photograph that saved the day. Depending on what exactly you think a saved day is.

126 EXT. NEWSTAND - PICCADILLY CIRCUS - DAY

126

THE SUNDAY MIRROR headline: The Picture We Dare Not Print. As one after another is plucked off the stack...

FRANCES (V.O.)
A crime reporter for the Sunday
Mirror got a lead on Boothby. The
photograph taken in Boothby's flat --

SNAP! We see the rather ordinary shot of Boothby, Ron and Leslie Holt, all in suits, sitting on a sofa.

FRANCES (V.O.)
-- A photo that Ron owned, ended up
with the paper along with a story of
sexual misconduct between a gangster
and a member of the House of Lords.

CUT TO:

125 PAYNE & REGGIE - BRIXTON GAOL VISITING WARD

125

Reggie breathes a sigh as Payne tells him...

PAYNE
I found the photo. It's been
forwarded to the proper places.

126 HAROLD WILSON - AT HIS DESK

126

Looks from the headline to the formidable ARNOLD GOODMAN.

FRANCES (V.O.)
An election was looming so Prime
Minister Wilson brought in his fixer
Arnold Goodman to sort things out.

Wilson holds out the paper. Goodman waves it off.

GOODMAN
The greater the truth, the greater
the libel.

127 INT. PUBLISHER'S OFFICE - SUNDAY MIRROR - DAY

127

Headlines framed on the wall. CECIL KING at his desk.

FRANCES (V.O.)
The great and the good engineered a
cover up. A cracking good one.

King's SECRETARY looks in.

SECRETARY
It's Arnold Goodman.

KING
What the deuce does he want?
(picks up phone)
(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)
 Hello Arnold, how can I help... An
 apology? You can't be serious...
 Yes, of course I remember. Years
 ago... No, I never did tell my wife.

King continues to listen. As terror creeps in...

FRANCES (V.O.)
 The scoop of the year was rubbished
 despite the fact it was all true.
 Harold Wilson won the election and
 Arnold Goodman was made a peer.

128 INT. BEGRAVIA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

128

Boothby APPLAUDED by the stodgy, POSH TWITS as he enters. The
 applause turns to CHEERS as Boothby holds up the Sunday
 Mirror headline: To Lord Boothby, An Unequivocal Apology.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 Boothby even won a forty thousand
 pound libel settlement. It went
 straight to Ron Kray.

129 BOOTHBY SITTING NOW

129

As the handsome, YOUNG WAITER hands him the wine list, their
 hands touch. Boothby lets his linger a little too long.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 The law's protection had been given
 not only to an ennobled catamite,
 but to a psychotic gangster as well.

CUT TO:

130 INT. THE OLD BAILEY - DAY

130

Ron stares intently forward at the JUDGE. Reggie, seen over
 his shoulder, sitting back behind. A hushed anticipation.
 Nipper Read here holding his breath.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 When the Krays' defense threatened
 to call Boothby as a character
 witness, the implication was clear.
 The government would have to drop
 its case or face the consequences.
 It was this that made the Krays the
 untouchables of London crime. For a
 time, neither police, press or
 parliament could touch them.

JUDGE
 New information casts poor light on
 the prosecution witness Mr. McCowan.
 Case dismissed!

As the courtroom erupts -- Ron turns beaming to Reggie, but
 Reggie looks back to Frances in the gallery. As she smiles...

FRANCES (V.O.)
 That night the Krays held their
 celebration party at McCowan's club.
 Reggie had bought the Hideaway that
 same afternoon. At a discount.

CUT TO:

131 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - NIGHT 131

Dozens of champagne corks pop! A glittering, packed house as the boys celebrate. Here with Charlie, the Firm, their friends, Les Payne and MRS. PAYNE. Everyone dressed to kill. *Oohs* and *ahhs* as Timi Yuro takes the mic and belts:

TIMI YURO
*Make the world go away, get it off
 my shoulder. Say the things you used
 to say, and make the world go away.*

She serenades Reggie and Frances who sits very close beside him, hands on him. They look fantastic. Frances trying not to blush at all the attention. Timi singing like there's no tomorrow, then holds the mic to Reggie to finishes a verse...

REGGIE
*I'm sorry if I hurt you. I'll make
 it up day by day. Just say you love
 me like you used to, and make the
 world go away.*

Frances mouths "I love you" and they KISS to a CHEER from the crowd. Even Ron concedes the moment with a mollifying shrug.

132 EXT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - NIGHT 132

Nipper in the Anglia with another detective. They watch more CELEBRANTS enter the raucous club. Nipper decides...

NIPPER
 I'm going in; I want to see it with
 my own eyes.

133 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - SOHO - NIGHT 133

More champagne. People dancing. Nipper looks like a soldier lost behind enemy lines. A WAITRESS stops before him, offers:

WAITRESS
 Champagne?

Nipper shakes his head. Reggie steps up, rather untroubled.

REGGIE
 What are you doing here then?

NIPPER
 I came to see the difference between
 you and me.

REGGIE

The difference? Don't you know?

NIPPER

I grew up poor, same as you. I boxed as a lad, same as you. But it didn't turn me to thieving.

REGGIE

No, it turned you to policing, to dragging your own before the bar. That's the difference between us. I work for me and you work for them.

Ron comes up behind, throws an arm over Nipper's shoulder. As Nipper looks to see, Reggie throws an arm around his other shoulder. They smile as - a FLASH goes off.

And as Nipper blinks, he finds himself standing alone...

CUT TO:

134 A PHOTO OF NIPPER, REGGIE & RON AT THE HIDEAWAY

134

Superintendent Cummings holds it up for Nipper to see. Nipper stands at attention across the desk from him.

NIPPER

I can explain, sir.

CUMMINGS

This is Scotland Yard!! And this investigation will end at once.

NIPPER

But there's more we can get them on, much more.

CUMMINGS

Your investigation into the Krays
will end at once.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. ST. JAMES THE LESSER - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY

135

ROLLERS gleam double-parked down Bethnal Green Road. Famous BOXERS sign autographs before entering. WOMAN in big hats, it's a Cockney Ascot. Reggie arrives, humming to himself.

REGGIE

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner --

He stops short at the sight of Frances' mum Mrs. Shea. She's all in BLACK and looks as grim as a reaper. Reggie's brother Charlie steps up beside him.

CHARLIE

She thought the invite said funeral.

REGGIE
Black... Fucking bitch.

CHARLIE
Forget it, Reggie. Her daughter
looks fantastic in white. Come on.

CUT TO:

136 INT. ST. JAMES THE LESSER - DAY

136

Reggie standing at the front of the church with Ron. All eyes on the door as the arrival of the bride is imminent. Reggie looks nervous and uncomfortable. Ron looks him over, then:

RON
(whispers)
What do you see in her?

REGGIE
(whispers back)
I see myself. I see how I could
be... If I wasn't afraid.

RON
But you're not afraid of anything.

REGGIE
Just myself... And you.

Ron smiles, starts to laugh. Reggie starts to laugh as well. Then, here comes the bride. Frances. She looks lovely.

CUT AHEAD TO:

137 FATHER ALBERT FOSTER - ST. JAMES THE LESSER

137

At the altar in mid-prayer. Reggie and Frances before him.

FATHER FOSTER
...Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Organ music starts for a hymn: *All Love Excelling*. Ron SINGS in full throat as do those around him on the groom's side.

CONGREGATION
*Fix in us thy humble Dwelling, All
thy faithful Mercies crown...*

Ron looks to the bride's side. Their singing half-hearted. Tight lipped Mrs. Shea and those around her do not sing at all. Ron takes a half step into the aisle, glares, hisses...

RON
Sing, fuck you, sing.

FRANCES

Beautiful behind her veil. Oblivious to Ron.

FRANCES (V.O.)
We honeymooned in Greece.

138 FLASH! - A TOURIST PHOTO

138

Frances and Reggie posing in front of THE PARTHENON, their fists set on their hips in a playful pose.

FRANCES (V.O.)
The Parthenon had stood for 2,400 years; our marriage lasted 8 weeks. We started out near Marble Arch in West London. But we didn't fit in and we both missed the East End.

CUT TO:

139 INT. BEDROOM - CEDRA COURT - NIGHT

139

Frances in bed alone staring at the ceiling. Music plays up there. People are dancing, laughing. All the voices male.

FRANCES (V.O.)
And so we took an empty flat below Ron's at Cedra Court. Like all else in life it was supposed to be temporary. Not very clever. Ron's parties would keep me awake...

140 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - NIGHT

140

A BULLYING PATRON argues with his DATE, suddenly SLAPS her. As Tommy Brown and Donoghue make their way over..

FRANCES (V.O.)
And Clubland kept Reggie out late.

141 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - THE HIDEAWAY

141

The date sits here teary-eyed. The bully under Brown's watchful eye as Reggie enters, looks them over.

He finally shrugs, shakes out a cigarette for the bully. As the bully leans in, Reggie punches, breaks his jaw.

CUT TO:

142 MEDICINE CABINET MIRROR - CEDRA COURT

142

We see Frances a beat before she opens it. As she selects a BOTTLE OF PILLS...

FRANCES (V.O.)
Sleeping pills helped, sometimes.
Other pills helped other times.

143 THE SOFA

143

Frances wrapped in a blanket, playing SOLITAIRE on the coffee table. Dawn's early light on the windows.

At footsteps on the walk, she goes to the window: Here comes Reggie. In a suit, a bit disheveled after a long night.

144 INT. HALLWAY

144

As Reggie aims his key at the lock, it swings in and he finds himself looking at Frances. Downcast and blocking his way.

FRANCES
Where've you been, Reggie?

REGGIE
Practising my trade. May I come in?

She steps aside. Reggie enters.

FRANCES
I want a husband, not a visitor.

REGGIE
This is what being a club owner means: Odd hours at clubs.

As he pulls loose his tie, Frances shuts the door, considers the STEEL PLATE screwed to the inside.

FRANCES
You could call.

REGGIE
And say what?!

FRANCES
Don't shout at me!

REGGIE
Then don't meet me with questions!

FRANCES
(re: steel plate)
What's this? It was here when I came home today.

REGGIE
It's for protection.

FRANCES
From what?

REGGIE
What do you think? In case some bugger fires a gun through the door.

FRANCES
We can't live like gangsters!

REGGIE
I've news for you, Frankie! It's how club owners live as well!
(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 You can't have everything! Me on a
 leash! Ron kept away! Not
 everything!

She starts to cry. Angry, Reggie pulls off his jacket and
 shirt. He marches out the way he came in. She follows...

145 INT. THE HALL (SAME)

145

FRANCES
 Where are you going?!

REGGIE
 For a run!

Off he goes. Suddenly aware, she looks up the stairwell. Ron
 stands in a kimono looking down at her. He's been listening.

RON
 Hullo, Frances.
 (she turns to go)
 You're a messenger who's forgotten
 the message.
 (as she looks back)
 Was your plan to stay until you
 remembered it? I understand because
 I'm a messenger as well you see. I
 try to be truthful and I try to show
 courage. You should do the same.

He turns and goes leaving her standing there.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. CAZENOVE ROAD - DAWN

146

Reggie runs down the street, throwing punches in the air in
 his dress shoes, trousers and undershirt. Ready to explode.

CUT TO:

147 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - NIGHT

147

The Firm gathered for a drink. Payne sit at a corner of the
 bar, Ron one side, Reggie on the other. Payne raises a glass.

PAYNE
 Kray. There's an inherent threat in
 that one commanding syllable. It's
 the only word some need to hear.

RON
 What's that mean, the only word?

PAYNE
 You're like Ford. Shell. Tesco.

RON
 Interesting...

PAYNE

Kray is a brand. And an established reputation needs less maintenance. Less violence. People fall naturally in line. Clubs are asking for protection before we even offer it.

RON

It leaves us with less straightening out to do.

PAYNE

That's right.

Ron going dark, considers the glass in his hand.

RON

I happen to like a good straightener. Obliging someone on the cobbles. What's wrong with that?

Payne just shakes his head. Without warning, Ron smashes his glass into Payne's face. As Payne falls to the floor, Reggie grabs Ron who tries to get around him. Apoplectic at Payne:

RON (CONT'D)

I'm marking your card! This is a firm and I'm a face, understand? It's not fucking Tesco!

Payne gets to his feet. Bleeding from a cut on his cheekbone.

REGGIE

Go on, Leslie! Barrie, take him to get that sorted.

Barrie steps over, sets a hand on Payne's shoulder. Payne shrugs it off, grabs his briefcase and heads out.

RON

I'll serve you up, you fucker!

Reggie flicks a look to Barrie who follows after Payne.

RON (CONT'D)

He knows too much and I don't trust him. I want him dead.

REGGIE

Leslie's our partner; you want him dead. Are you taking your pills?

RON

Bugger the pills! And bugger Payne the Brain and his briefcase! Do you ever wonder what he keeps in there?

REGGIE

No. What I wonder is, what you keep up here?

Reggie pokes Ron's forehead with his forefinger. Ron bats his hand away, resentful of the treatment.

RON

He knows too many things about us.

REGGIE

(turns to the boys)

Hey, Albert, do you know *things* about the Firm? About Ron and me? Do you know how payments are made, how bonds are cashed, how jurors are made to look favorably upon us?

(Donoghue just stares)

Do you?!

DONOGHUE

Yeah, yeah, I know.

REGGIE

What about you, Connie? Do you know how we run frauds, how we pay certain policeman on the last Thursday of the month?

Whitehead nods. Reggie wheels on his brother.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Should we kill them, too, Ron? All of them and then each other?! Listen to yourself! You're off your chump! You're stark staring bonkers!

Ron considers his brother rather coolly.

RON

It's that fucking woman of yours. All because she'd prefer not to know how her fucking housekeeping is earned. And now you've turned into a fucking woman yourself.

It looks like Reggie will belt him. He heads out instead.

CUT TO:

148 A RED TRIUMPH SPITFIRE CONVERTIBLE

148

Top down, gleaming, brand new, parked at the curb. Frances walks this way from Cedra Court, her eyes closed, led by Reggie who holds her hand. They stop in front of the car.

REGGIE

Alright. Open up.

She opens her eyes, takes in the vehicle.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, Frankie.

FRANCES
 (very pleased)
 What kind? What's the name of it?

REGGIE
 Triumph. Triumph Spitfire.

FRANCES
 Spitfire... Can I sit in it?

REGGIE
 It's yours, Frankie. You can do
 whatever you want with it.

She gets in. He smiles as she tries the wheel.

FRANCES
 Can we drive it? Will you teach me?

Reggie checks his wristwatch, frowns.

REGGIE
 It'll have to be tomorrow.
 (as she pouts)
 Do you love it?
 (she nods)
 Do you love me?

FRANCES
 You know I do.

CUT TO:

149 INT. SUITE - THE LONDON HILTON - DAY

149

Angelo Bruno pours two glasses of gin, neat. MOVE WITH him as he brings one glass to Reggie who sits by the big window overlooking London. They are alone. They both sip.

BRUNO
 Never drank gin till I came here.

REGGIE
 Next thing you'll be singing God
 Save the Queen. What did you want to
 see me about, Mr. Bruno?

BRUNO
 Things are going well. We're very
 happy on my side of the pond.

REGGIE
 Glad to hear it. We're pleased also.

BRUNO
 You notice I asked to see you alone?

Reggie nods, waits. Bruno gestures to a paper on the coffee table, the old The Picture We Dare Not Print edition.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

In our line of work, it ain't good to be famous. Anonymous is the goal.

(after a beat)

It's Mr. Lansky, Reg. He sees a lot of potential in you, but he sees limitations in your brother Ron.

REGGIE

Maybe he needs to get to know him better. Come across for a chat.

BRUNO

A chat. You guys crack me up.

(suddenly serious)

You heard of the Gallo Brothers?

From Brooklyn?

(Reggie nods)

Similar loose cannon situation.

Ron's your Joey. And it ain't gonna end well in either case.

REGGIE

What are you asking me, Mr. Bruno?

BRUNO

I'm asking you to do something about Ron.

The words weigh heavy in the room. Reggie never takes his eyes off Bruno. Finally...

REGGIE

I can't. He's my brother.

Bruno heaves a sigh, takes another sip.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. DOCKS - THE ISLE OF DOG - DAY

150

Thick and brutish Richardson gangster George Cornell looms over a WAREHOUSEMAN whose nose is a bloody pulp.

CORNELL

Say Kray again I'll hurt you. Didn't ask if you already had an arrangement! I asked if you understood me!

As the man nods meekly and Cornell continues to rage.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The Richardson gang were away, but not completely gone. George Cornell had crossed the river working a protection racket on their behalf.

151 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - DAY

151

The Warehouseman stands before Ron, nose heavily bandaged. Ron lifts the top of a CASK of TEA, smells it.

RON

That's lovely. Mum will be pleased.

WAREHOUSEMAN

My regards to her, Mr. Kray. And the other matter?

RON

Can't you handle it yourself?

WAREHOUSEMAN

But I pay you for protection.

RON

I'm not giving out refunds.

Mad Teddy Smith has a good laugh at that one. The warehouseman looks morose. Ron finally sighs...

RON (CONT'D)

Alright, pay me two thousand pounds and I will have Cornell killed.

WAREHOUSEMAN

(alarmed)

Who said anything about killing?!

RON

Lower your fucking voice. Are you threatening me?

WAREHOUSEMAN

What?!

152 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL (ROLLING) - SOUTH LONDON - DAY 152

Barrie drives, scans the streets. In the back, Ron and Teddy Smith. They play with guns, pass them back and forth...

FRANCES (V.O.)

In order not to be killed himself for knowing too much, the poor man paid; the search for Cornell began.

RON

(sees something)

There!

153 EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - SOUTH LONDON - DAY

153

The Lincoln screeches to a stop out front. Ron bangs out of the car and points in the window of the shop.

RON

Right there. Oh he's beautiful.

He's pointing at an enormous PLASTER BUST of CHURCHILL.

154 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL (ROLLING) - DAY 154

Barrie looks to the rearview MIRROR. Churchill looking back. He's in the middle of the backseat between Ron and Teddy.

FRANCES (V.O.)

When Ron couldn't find Cornell after an hour of looking he lost interest. Ron considered it the easiest two thousand quid he'd ever made.

155 EXT. DOCKS - THE ISLE OF DOG - DAY 155

Cornell tears the bandage of the warehouseman's nose, starts punching him again.

FRANCES (V.O.)

As for Cornell, he simply paid the warehouseman another visit.

156 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - NIGHT 156

The warehouseman waving his arms, shouting at Teddy Smith.

FRANCES (V.O.)

A complaint was lodged at the worth of Ron's murder for hire scheme.

157 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - SOHO - NIGHT 157

In full swing. Ron at a table listening as Teddy whispers in his ear. As Ron glances to where Reggie drinks at the bar...

FRANCES (V.O.)

When the warehouseman threatened to go to Reggie, Ron had to act. It was to be his moment of glory.

158 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - WHITECHAPEL ROAD - NIGHT 158

Teddy Smith at the wheel stopping at the BLIND BEGGAR PUB. Barrie beside him with Ron in back. Ron adjusts his tie.

RON

How do I look?

MAD TEDDY SMITH

Fucking deadly.

That's what Ron wanted to hear.

RON

Back in a moment. Barrie, c'mon.

Before Barrie can ask what's up, Ron is out the door. Barrie looks to Smith who grins back at him like a loon.

159 INT. BLIND BEGGAR PUB - NIGHT

159

A brunette BARMAID by the taps. TWO MEN at a table and at the bar: Cornell sits with another face, ALBERT WOODS. Cornell sees Ron striding toward him -- Barrie entering beyond.

CORNELL

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

Cornell doesn't see the 9mm MAUSER Ron pulls from his coat.

RON

I'm not fat.

BARRIE

Ron, for fuck's sake...

Ron raises the gun -- BOOM! -- Shoots Cornell straight through the forehead. Blood sprays out the back. One eye closes and Cornell pitches face first onto the floor.

The BARMAID SCREAMS. Woods, the men at the table, in shock.

Barrie draws his own gun, FIRES into the ceiling. That gets everyone diving, eyes down. As Barrie pulls Ron away...

160 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

160

Teddy drives like a maniac. Barrie sitting up front, head on a swivel. Ron in the back, strangely still.

RON

I've killed a man, Barrie. I've got my button as the Yanks say. I now am truly the Colonel.

And with that he VOMITS all over the backseat.

CUT TO:

161 INT. KITCHEN - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - BETHNAL GREEN - NIGHT 161

Violet shocked at the sight of Ron sitting on a chair in the kitchen, flecks of blood on his face. Reggie looming over him, turns his head from side to side.

Ron just sits there, listlessly. Reggie in charge, looks to Donoghue who stands with Barrie and Teddy.

REGGIE

Burn his clothes. And dump that pistol in the river.

(to Violet)

Mum, you don't know nothing and you ain't seen nothing and you sure as fuck don't know where he is.

As Violet blinks at Reggie's intensity...

RON
Don't curse in front of Mum.

REGGIE
Get him in the shower, Teddy. Scrub him down.

As Teddy gets Ron to his feet, Reggie turns to Barrie.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
How many witnesses?

BARRIE
Four. Albert Woods was with Cornell. Plus two regulars, don't know 'em, and that barmaid. What's she called, the brunette with the nice tits.
(to Violet)
Excuse me, ma'am.

REGGIE
(to Barrie)
Woods and the regulars we can sort. Send Connie and Big Pat. And see if the police have taken statements.
(to Donoghue)
Albert, find the barmaid. Bring her to me when you do.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. VALLANCE ROAD - DAY

162

Frances and Reggie walk along, Reg pointing things out.

REGGIE
During the war that lamp post there was the safety point. If you could run to that you knew you could make it into the air raid shelter before the bombs started dropping. Me and Ron stopped there to watch one night. Saw the Stanton's house blown to bits with all them in it.

She looks up at the clouds.

FRANCES
It's a wonder you lived through it.

REGGIE
Ron especially. When trouble came he was always dragging behind.

FRANCES
He's got plenty of trouble now if the stories are true. I heard it on the street, Reggie. My own family and you didn't tell me.

REGGIE

I didn't want you to worry.

FRANCES

I don't worry about Ron. What do you plan to do about it?

REGGIE

I can't let him end up in prison.

FRANCES

Why not?

REGGIE

Why not? Because he's my brother.

FRANCES

He'll still be your brother in prison.

REGGIE

I've looked after him... Since we were here as boys.

He stops. She steps close to him, trying to get through.

FRANCES

You can still look after him in prison. He doesn't belong... Here. And you know it.

REGGIE

Has he been so terrible to you? I'll make him leave you alone. I'll --

FRANCES

What about you? Don't you want to be free? Free of him?

REGGIE

By letting him go to prison? Letting him lose his freedom? His life?

FRANCES

You don't have to be in prison to lose your freedom. People lose it everyday. You have a chance to take it. Be free, Reggie.

REGGIE

You don't understand!

FRANCES

Yes I do! You told me once you didn't owe the world a thing. Well, you don't owe Ron a thing either.

REGGIE

My loyalty to my brother is how I measure myself.

FRANCES
 What about your loyalty to me?
 (that stops him)
 Isn't that a measure?

Reggie can't handle it; he finds a way out.

REGGIE
 What's wrong with your eyes? You're
 on something.

He grabs her purse, starts looking through it. He pulls out one bottle of pills, then another. Holds them at her.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 You don't know what you're saying.
 You're a pill popper.

She slaps them out of his hand.

FRANCES
 And who made me that?!

He pulls his tie loose and takes a few steps away, his back to her. Frances waits. Then he turns...

REGGIE
 The truth is, to be free you need to
 be alone. Isn't that right?

She considers what he said. Then, fiercely...

FRANCES
 Talk to that barmaid. Tell her when
 they line the suspects up across
 from her, to point her finger at Ron
 and say, 'That's him, that's the mad
 hatter what done it.'

CUT TO:

163 INT. POLICE LINE-UP - DAY

163

SIX MEN stand under a harsh light staring ahead. One is Ron.

In the shadows across from them: Nipper Read and the Barmaid. She scans the faces, stops at Ron, obviously recognizes him. After a long beat, she looks at Read and shakes her head.

NIPPER
 Take your time.

BARMAID
 No. The man who shot Cornell is not
here. Please someone take me home.

As it settles on Nipper that he's been outflanked...

CUT TO:

164 INT. FRONT ROOM - 178 VALLANCE COURT - DAY 164

A celebration for Ron. His parents, Reggie and Charlie, Firm members. All congratulating him. Eating tea and cake. Frances watches from the kitchen doorway, can't understand it.

CUT TO:

165 INT. WHITECHAPEL ROAD - EAST END - DAY 165

Reggie and Frances walk home in silence. She notices ahead, coming toward them: the Barmaid from the Blind Beggar.

The Barmaid suddenly sees Reggie, can't hide her fear, crosses the road to keep from passing too close. If Reggie sees her, he doesn't let on. Finally...

FRANCES
What did you tell her?

REGGIE
I told her to think of her children.

Frances stops short. Reggie sees the disgust in her eyes.

FRANCES
I wish I could make you go away.

As Frances turns and walks the other way...

REGGIE
Good luck with that, Frances! Good
fucking luck!

CUT TO:

166 INT. LIVING ROOM - CEDRA COURT - LATE AFTERNOON 166

Frances halfheartedly wipes away dust with a rag. She pauses at RAIN patter. Realizing, she looks out the window to see the Triumph is parked out there with the top down.

167 EXT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE (SAME) 167

The rain heavier as Frances rushes over, gets in. She reaches over the backseat trying to get the top up. She can't work out how. As she and the car get soaked and the frustration hammers home, she bangs the frame with her fist.

FRANCES
C'mon, fuck you!

168 INT. FORD GALAXY 500 - LATE AFTERNOON 168

Windshield wipers work as Donoghue pulls up. Reggie drinking straight from a BOTTLE OF GIN, leaning forward as he spots Frances in the back of the Spitfire.

REGGIE
What's she doing?

We look into Reggie's eyes, something unsettling there.

169 EXT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE (SAME)

169

Frances ready to really lose it, yanking and banging when she spots Reggie walking over unsteadily from the Galaxy.

REGGIE

Have you gone mad?

FRANCES

Help me!

REGGIE

How can I help you? I'm a club owner, not a mechanic. Or am I gangster? No wait, that's not allowed. No natural order here.

FRANCES

Reggie, please.

REGGIE

You want my help? I thought you wanted to wish me away?

(smiles)

You look like a drowned rat.

He starts laughing. As he swigs from the bottle, she SLAPS him. Hard. The bottle smashing to the ground. A beat and --

Reggie lunges for her. She dodges. He gets a handful of hair, yanks some loose as she jumps out.

Frances runs for the flat with Reggie on her heels.

170 INT. LIVING ROOM - CEDRA COURT

170

Frances gets inside, slams and locks the door just before we hear Reggie BANGING it from the other side. She backs away as the door jam splinters under the blows, the steel plate dents under the force, Frances retreats. As he ROARS...

171 BATHROOM

171

Frances enters, locks the door. Steps to the medicine cabinet. She finds a safety razor, turns as --

BAM! Reggie kicks this door off its hinges. He enters, a monster now. She slashes his forearm. He backhands her to the floor. As she tries to crawl away...

REGGIE

I'm Reggie Kray! D'ya understand?!

He hauls her to her feet, shoves her against the wall. She scratches at him and he hits her again. She falls again.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You're on my manor!

Reggie hauls her up again. He bends her over the counter, pulls her dress up and starts tearing loose her panties.

FRANCES

Stop...

He uncinches his belt and, keeping her down with one hand, he starts working at getting inside her with the other. As he looks up, it's nearly Ron reflected back at him in the mirror. He shakes off the image and continues.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

No, no, Reggie, no! Reggie!

And as we drift away from them, back out the door, leaving Reggie to it. Her SCREAMS fading as...

FRANCES (V.O.)

There were three people in our marriage and in a way it was Ron who visited me now. Not to forgive Reggie and I never will. As I said, it took a lot of love to hate him the way I do. I also knew I could never escape him because he looked on me as his own escape.

(laughs)

Truth is I was tied to him as well. Nevertheless, the next day, after a silent morning, he left the flat. I packed my things and did the same.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. CEDRA COURT - EAST END - DAY

172

Frances on the walkway lugging a SUITCASE. Ron, Teddy Smith and Leslie Holt coming the other way. As she girds herself...

RON

Where do you think you're going?

FRANCES

I'm leaving Reggie.

Ron notices the bruise on her cheek, the CAB at the curb.

RON

That's a shame. He'll take it hard.

FRANCES

Please get out of my way, Ron. Or would you prefer I move back in?

He motions Holt and Teddy to go on, then steps aside. As she walks toward the cab, Ron walks with her.

RON

Do you need help with your bag?

FRANCES

No, thank you.

RON

You're getting out just in time.

FRANCES

Do you think so?

RON

Absolutely. So many people know so much. Not you, of course.

He chuckles at his own joke. She looks him over as the CABBIE takes her suitcase, adds it to the TWO others already here.

RON (CONT'D)

Some are loyal, but mostly we're hated. Sooner or later someone will talk and it will all be over.

FRANCES

That wouldn't be so bad, would it?

He looks at her, then starts to LAUGH. She smiles sadly at the sight. Something genuine about Ron to her at this moment.

RON

God will cut us some slack, don't you think? We both loved him; we both made the effort. We'll see when we get there I suppose.

FRANCES

Where?

RON

Heaven, of course.

She takes a step closer, kisses him softly on the cheek.

FRANCES

Good-bye, Ron.

RON

Good-bye, Frances.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. WIMBOURNE COURT, WALTHAMSTOW - MORNING

173

Reggie pulls up in the Galaxy. He hops out and goes to the door. Rings the bell. Frank Shea answers.

FRANK SHEA

Reggie... How are you?

REGGIE

Alright, Frank. Long time no see.

FRANK SHEA
Walking straight, you know?

REGGIE
Is Frances here? I've been going
round your parents for two weeks.
They didn't tell me she'd left. Been
standing under her window a fool.

Frank looks to the house, back to Reggie, finally nods.

FRANK SHEA
She's here. Reggie, she's... I
haven't seen her like this in a long
time. She's delicate.

REGGIE
Get her, Frank, I won't upset her.

FRANK SHEA
Reg, I --

FRANCES
It's okay.

She steps up, looks at Reggie over her brother's shoulder.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Hello, Reggie.

CUT AHEAD TO:

174 THE PAVEMENT

174

Reggie and Frances out for a little walk.

REGGIE
Come home, Frankie.

FRANCES
I am home. Until I find someplace
else. Can't live with my mum...

REGGIE
How can I change your mind?

FRANCES
You can't. I have changed my mind
about one thing though.

REGGIE
What's that?

FRANCES
I want you to remember me. Always.
That I existed. That I once walked
beside you.

He just looks at her, tries to smile. *Is it this far gone?*

REGGIE

Come on now. I always thought we'd have a child or two.

FRANCES

Why? So you could use them to threaten me?

REGGIE

Frankie... I still love you.

FRANCES

No. It's just a thing you say out of loyalty to something that didn't exist in the first place.

REGGIE

You're wrong. Loving you is how I hold myself together --

FRANCES

(points off)

I went and watched the dog races yesterday. It was exciting.

REGGIE

Did you win any money?

FRANCES

Didn't bet, just watched. But the ones I thought would win did win.

He smiles, nods, then darkens ever so slightly.

REGGIE

I got a notice. You filed to have our marriage annulled.

FRANCES

Yes, I did.

REGGIE

Said on grounds of non-consummation.

FRANCES

That's right. I'm sorry if it's embarrassing. It's the easiest way to get it annulled.

He nods, understand.

REGGIE

I've been concentrating on just the clubs. For two weeks now. Since the day -- Since you left.

FRANCES

Yeah?

REGGIE

Did you know that straight business
isn't much different than crime?

FRANCES

No?

REGGIE

Not when you're through with it all,
no. You actually pay more in bribes.

He smiles. She considers him, looks up at the sky.

FRANCES

Do you think it will snow?

REGGIE

It's June, Frankie. How --

FRANCES

You really still love me?

REGGIE

I've never stopped. Not since you
answered the door with the sweet.

FRANCES

I dreamt we could live beyond the
place we were meant for. Then one
day the truth arrived. You are a
gangster. And you love being one.

REGGIE

No, Frankie, let me make amends. For
the sadness I've caused. The pain.
Let me take you somewhere.

FRANCES

Somewhere?

REGGIE

Away from here. The two of us. A
second honeymoon... I can change. I
have changed.

FRANCES

I'm not sure I can.

He gently takes her hand, kisses it.

REGGIE

I wouldn't want you to.

She pulls her hand back, smells where he kissed it.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

The center of the world can be
anywhere. Even Walthamstow.

FRANCES

Ibiza.

REGGIE

Yeah?

FRANCES

Let's go there. Ibiza. I like how the word sounds.

REGGIE

Ibiza. I'll buy the tickets today.

She considers him. Like she's memorizing him.

FRANCES

I saw you once when I was a girl.

REGGIE

Yeah?

FRANCES

I was on my bicycle. You had a sword in your hand. I thought you were a prince.

Reggie frowns, unsure. As she smiles at him...

CUT TO:

175 INT. BEDROOM - WIMBOURNE COURT, WALTHAMSTOW - NIGHT 175

Frances sits in her nightgown on the edge of the bed. She rolls something in her mouth, enjoying it. Finally she takes it out, sets it on the night table. A lemon sherbet

FRANCES (V.O.)

God doesn't ask if we accept this life. There is no choice; life is forced upon you. The only choice is how you live it. Or not. That's a choice as well.

Frances picks up a prescription bottle of pills. As she pours a handful of them into the palm of her hand...

176 EXT. WIMBOURNE COURT, WALTHAMSTOW - NIGHT 176

The house dark except for the light in Frances' window. The street quiet. Empty. No hopeful young man looking up from the pavement below. As the light in the window switches off...

CUT TO:

177 INT. HALLWAY - WIMBOURNE COURT, WALTHAMSTOW - MORNING 177

We move down a threadbare hallway. Footsteps overtake us as we are passed by Frank Shea. He carries a CUP OF TEA.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 A cup of tea can solve anything. A
 bit under the weather? Tea. You've
 left your husband? Tea's the answer.

As he turns right through a doorway, we continue at our own
 pace. Getting closer we hear the cup smash to the floor.

FRANK'S VOICE
 Bloody hell, Frances, what have you
 done?

We turn into a BEDROOM as Frank hurries back out, the broken
 tea cup on the floor. Frances rests turned away in bed on her
 side. We pass over, see her open and glassy eyes, a trail of
 dried blood running out of one nostril; Frances is dead.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 I was always keen about suicide.
 People do it a lot and it takes a
 weird courage. I'm just not sure if
 it's a way out or maybe a way to
 feel the most alive ever.

CUT TO:

178 EXT. WIMBOURNE COURT, WALTHAMSTOW - MORNING 178

Frank Shea sits on the curb, his face tear streaked as the
 Galaxy shudders up to a stop. Reggie hits the street, looms.

REGGIE
 Where is she?

FRANK SHEA
 (points vaguely)
 Her bedroom...

As Reggie charges past him, into the flat, we go with him.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 I didn't go to live with my brother
 to get away from my mum or even Reg.
 I went to get the privacy I needed.

179 INT. REGGIE INSIDE 179

Down the hall, up the stairs. Please God no...

FRANCES (V.O.)
 Ron said I was like a messenger
 who'd forgot the message. It turns
 out, in fact, I was the message.

180 Reggie enters the bedroom. Climbing on the bed, he turns 180
 to her.

REGGIE
 No, no, no... Frankie, please, no.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 That afternoon he would drink
 himself insensible. What do you do,
 after all, when the only person who
 could ever get to you is gone? A cup
 of tea? I don't think so.

CUT TO:

181 INT. PREP ROOM - W ENGLISH & SON FUNERAL HOME - DAY 181

Frances on a slab, a sheet under her chin. Reggie stands holding her hand. He shivers, tries to shrug it off. It gets worse as he's literally wracked with remorse.

182 EXT. W ENGLISH & SON FUNERAL HOME - BETHNAL GREEN ROAD - DAY ~~182~~

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR walking Reggie out.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
 Every detail will be taken care of,
 Mr. Kray. I'll treat her as if she
 were my very own daughter.

REGGIE
 I'll be round this evening.

The funeral director heads inside. Reggie spots the Anglia parked beyond. Two detectives in the front, Nipper Read in the back. Reggie swerves their way, fury building.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 Where's your decency!? You fuckers!

He pounds on the hood with his fist. The police just watch him impassively. And as Reggie staggers off...

NIPPER
 Are we supposed to feel sorry for
 him? Is that what he thinks?

CUT TO:

183 EXT. CHINGFORD CEMETERY - DAY 183

Follow a 6-foot HEART OF SCARLET ROSES pierced by an arrow of WHITE CARNATIONS. An avalanche of flowers at the graveside. The East End funeral of the year. Police on the periphery.

Mrs. Shea wears the same black dress she wore to the wedding.

Reggie propped up by his brother Charlie, looking like he's gone somewhere he'll never return from. Ron nowhere in sight.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 The whole appalling event crucified
 Reggie.

(MORE)

FRANCES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 All his great strength went out of
 him. It left him with nothing but
 the desire to destroy himself.

CUT TO:

184 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - DAY

184

Reggie at the bar, staring at himself in the mirror.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 There were odd lucid moments when he
 was sober and almost puzzled at what
 was happening.

185 EXT. VICTORIA PARK - PRE-DAWN

185

Reggie out running, throwing punches in the air, the Ford
 Galaxy following, lighting the way.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 He tried to center himself with
 early morning runs. It was hopeless.

Reggie stops, heaves for air. He waves the car to get him.

186 EXT. CHINGFORD CEMETERY - DAY

186

Reggie stands before Frances' grave holding two dozen ROSES.
 Donoghue and Ron Hart stand in the distance, smoking and
 watching warily. Reggie lays the roses down and walks away.

187 FORD GALAXY - PARKED DOWN THE ROAD

187

As Donoghue opens the door for Reggie, ANOTHER CAR is pulling
 up. Mr. Shea driving Mrs. Shea. Reggie gets in the Galaxy. No
 family reunion here. But Mrs. Shea steps out and marches over
 even as Donoghue starts the Galaxy.

MRS. SHEA
 You killed my daughter. You bastard!
 You killed her!

As Reggie looks over, she SPITS on the glass of the window,
 right at his face. Reggie doesn't answer her, looks away.

MRS. SHEA (CONT'D)
 Spending a thousand pounds a week on
 flowers won't bring her back!

As Donoghue drives we see her through the rear window, mouth
 contorted in hate. Reggie blank as he sits there. Finally, he
 takes a flask from his pocket and drinks.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 For the rest of that summer he drank
 himself into oblivion. In mourning
 for himself, in mourning for the
 loneliness of my bed on the night I
 topped myself.

(MORE)

FRANCES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In mourning for every mistake and
 missed opportunity. And when the
 chill of autumn arrived, his death
 wish reached its zenith.

CUT TO:

188 INT. TINTAGEL HOUSE - DAY

188

Nipper stands before TWENTY FIVE young bright DETECTIVES.

NIPPER
 Our cover is we are conducting a
 high level inquiry into a major
 corruption allegation. In fact, we
 are going down into the sewers after
 the Krays. Until further notice, do
 not park your cars on the street,
 always vary your routes home and the
 few of you who are married, consider
 sending your families away.

189 INT. THE CARPENTERS ARMS - DAY

189

Ron sits at the bar with Jack 'the Hat' McVitie.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 As usual, Ron was there to push
 things along.

MCVITIE
 You wanted to see me, Ron?

RON
 I'd like you to kill someone for me.
 I'll pay you a thousand pounds.

As McVitie reacts, Ron sets a stack of notes before him.

RON (CONT'D)
 There's five hundred as a down
 payment. Can you do it?

A beat and then, hand trembling, McVitie takes the cash.

MCVITIE
 Who is it?

Ron looks around, lowers his voice.

RON
 Les Payne. A man who knew too much.
 (winks)
 But not for too much longer.

CUT TO:

190 EXT. HAMSPTEAD - EARLY EVENING

190

McVitie gets out of a car, shoving a PISTOL in his belt. He starts off, passing one house, looking nervously about.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Jack the Hat. Rhymes with shat.

He then pulls out a POPPER, inhales it. Dutch courage. He steps up, knocks. After a beat, Mrs. Payne answers.

MRS. PAYNE

Can I help you?

He starts to answer, stops. As she clocks how 'off' he is...

MCVITIE

Is Leslie Payne about?

MRS. PAYNE

Who should I say is calling?

MCVITIE

Jack.

MRS. PAYNE

Just Jack?

McVitie nods, his nerve losing its lustre.

MRS. PAYNE (CONT'D)

Just a moment please.

She closes the door. As McVitie realizes:

MCVITIE

Fuck, you have to kill her too...

The door opens again. Leslie Payne stands there.

PAYNE

I'm Payne. Can I help you?

(recognizing)

McVitie?

McVitie smiles, nods, sweat beading on his forehead.

PAYNE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MCVITIE

I got a message for you from Ron.

McVitie pulls the pistol, holds it level at his hip. Payne looks from it to him. McVitie shrugs in apology.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Never send a junkie to do a killer's work.

Payne lunges for the gun as McVitie's raises it. BOOM! Payne is shot in the leg. He spins off McVitie who staggers back. Payne stumbles through his door, slams it behind him. McVitie fires into it, sends splinters flying back into his own face.

MCVITIE

Fuck...

Wiping at them, he tries the handle. Locked. Panic sets and McVitie drops the gun and suddenly runs back the way he came.

CUT TO:

191 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LONDON - DAY

191

Payne in a hospital bed, his leg in a splint.

FRANCES (V.O.)

By the time word got to Reggie about what had happened it was too late.

Payne looks up as Nipper Read enters.

PAYNE

I've got nothing to say to you.

NIPPER

Shall I send a lawyer around? Unless you've already seen to it.

PAYNE

Seen to what?

NIPPER

Drawing up a last will. They won't be satisfied now until you're dead. In fact, my men turned away a visitor here last night.

As Payne considers this.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Nipper was lying, but Payne didn't know that. It was the only thing about the Krays he didn't know.

PAYNE

I want my wife's safety guaranteed. My children's as well.

NIPPER

In exchange, I want everything.

CUT TO:

192 INT. THE CARPENTER ARMS - NIGHT

192

Reggie at the bar. Donoghue leans close, delivering bad news.

DONOGHUE

Payne's given them names, documents,
dates, everything. And one thing has
led to another. They've taken a
dozen witnesses into protection --

A beat. Donoghue stops talking, loathe to say the last...

REGGIE

Tell me, Albert.

DONOGHUE

Nipper brought the barmaid back in.
And she hasn't come back out.

REGGIE

Where's Ron?

DONOGHUE

At a party. Over at Blonde Carol's.

REGGIE

Have someone pick up McVitie. Bring
him there.

Donoghue nods, starts away.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

And Albert.

(he looks back)

You've been my right hand. Do what
you have to; look after yourself.

A beat and Donoghue goes. As Reggie kills his glass of gin...

CUT TO:

193 INT. BLONDE CAROLE'S FLAT - EVERING ROAD - NIGHT

193

A party going on. Records being played. Ron in a good mood.
Two of his BOYS half-dancing together off to the side. PEOPLE
drinking, laughing. Bender here with Whitehead chatting up a
couple of GIRLS. Ron looks over his shoulder to...

Reggie in a corner, brooding, staring. Ron smiles, steps up.

RON

Come on you miserable bastard, relax
and enjoy yourself if you can. Why
show up if you can't?

REGGIE

I'm waiting for Jack the Hat.

RON

What do you want with him? Did he
wave his shotgun in another club?

REGGIE

Where did you think going after
Leslie Payne was going to get us?

RON

What did I think? In case you ain't
realized, I don't answer to you.

REGGIE

You do when it involves my liberty.
When it involves jeopardizing this
Firm. Payne is in police custody.
They're rounding people up, offering
deals to testify. Based on
information Payne is giving them.

RON

I told you he couldn't be trusted.

REGGIE

He's done it because he thinks we're
trying to kill him.

McVitie enters, brought by Donoghue.

MCVITIE

'Ello 'Ello, where are the birds at?

McVitie sees Ron and Reggie. Reggie beckons him with two
fingers. Wiping his nose at the disrespect, he heads over.

The record is Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell: *Something Stupid*.

MCVITIE (CONT'D)

Ron, Reggie, what's your stories,
morning glories?

McVitie watches warily as Reggie takes out a pack of
cigarettes, offers him one. The old trick.

MCVITIE (CONT'D)

I quit on the way down the stairs.
You got something on your mind?

Reggie grabs him, hoists the big man up on his toes.

REGGIE

You've ruined us, you cunt! This
business with Payne will ruin us.

MCVITIE

I don't know what you're on about.
And I won't be fuckinwell treated
this way.

Reggie flings him down to the ground.

REGGIE

Don't you fucking lie to me!

MCVITIE
You got a can of worms in your head

REGGIE
Is that so? Get up.

MCVITIE
(standing)
Don't take it out on me what
happened to your Frances.

REGGIE
What did you say?

Reggie looks grim. McVitie hesitates now.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Answer me.

MCVITIE
It's not my fault Frances killed
herself. I didn't sell her the
fucking pills.

REGGIE
Say Frances again and you're dead.

MARVIN & TAMMI
(over the Hi-Fi)
*...the stars get red, and oh the
night's so blue.*

McVitie holds his tongue, just grins. It's almost worse.

MARVIN & TAMMI (CONT'D)
*Then I go and spoil it all by saying
something stupid like I Love You...*

No warning as Reggie draws a pistol, pulls the trigger -- It
JAMS -- Nothing -- Jammed.

McVitie scrambles back to the little rolling bar stand, grabs
a KNIFE next to a bunch of SLICED LEMONS.

Reggie grabs McVitie's arm, twists it and takes the KNIFE --
And STABS him. Blood ropes out of McVitie. People in the room
SCREAM. McVitie SCREAMS. Reggie rages, stabs again and again.

Ron's mouth agape, finally shocked by something.

Donoghue gets Reggie's arm, twists him around as McVitie
slumps dying to the floor. Reggie tears himself free, heaves
for breath, splattered in blood. Staring at his brother.

RON
Fuck me, Reggie. Why'd you do it?

Reggie grabs Ron, draws him close, nearly nose-to-nose.

REGGIE
Because I can't kill you! As much as
I fucking wish I could...

Reggie staggers out of the room.

194 EXT. BLONDE CAROL'S FLAT - EVERING ROAD - NIGHT 194

Reggie stands there, covered in blood, looking this way and that. Donoghue exits the flat, approaches him.

DONOGHUE
Reggie. What are we going to do?
There are twenty witnesses.

Reggie looks up. A few snowflakes drift down. Reggie holds out his hand, catches one on his bloody hand.

DONOGHUE (CONT'D)
Reggie?

REGGIE
God blessed me with that girl...
Look what I've done, Albert.

Deciding on a direction, Reggie stumbles off into the dark leaving Donoghue behind. Soon he's RUNNING.

195 EXT. EVERING ROAD 195

Sprinting nearly. He can't keep this up for long. Arms pumping, feet pounding. Ragged but you wouldn't want to be standing in his way. Frances' VOICE in his head (not V.O.).

FRANCES' VOICE
I never loved anyone before.

196 EXT. BISHOPSGATE 196

Reggie throwing punches in the air. Feral, inhuman. The few people on the street give this bloody madman a wide berth.

FRANCES' VOICE
You said the center of the world
could be anywhere. Even here.

197 INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL 197

Reggie heaving for breath, still running. In anguish, he scrapes along, smearing McVitie's blood on the white tile.

FRANCES' VOICE
I thought you were a prince.

He stumbles, almost stops, and he's off again and it begins to dawn on us that he may be trying to run himself to death.

198 EXT. THE THAMES

198

Reggie emerging out onto the VICTORIA EMBANKMENT. Running and running, his heart about to burst.

FRANCES' VOICE

I want you to remember me. Always.

Finally stopping, wheeling around and howling into the night:

REGGIE

I'm here! Come and fucking get me!

He drops to his knees. We rise above and see the River and London. It's shabby, the shadow of decay everywhere and Reggie sadly fits right in. As he breaks down...

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Please. Someone come and get me.

Frances again, but the narrator Frances now.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The world is quite like London. It's not good; it's not bad. It just is.

CUT TO:

199 SNOW

199

At least we think it is, but it's CONFETTI drifting from where it's thrown at a SOUTH LONDON CHURCH. A BRIDE & GROOM run laughing beneath it. Almost a dream.

FRANCES (V.O.)

There's no morality or dishonor,
just your own lonely code. Until
your race is run. Until the end.

We let them pass to focus on a parked CAR, CONFETTI on the bonnet and windscreen. There's someone sitting in the back. Jack McVitie wrapped up in blanket. As dead as dead gets.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The police arrested the Kray
Brothers on May 8th 1968.

CUT TO:

200 INT. 9TH FLOOR COMMON HALLWAY - BRAITHWAITE HOUSE - DAWN 200

Nipper Read and EIGHT POLICEMAN closing in on Flat 43. Tooled up and serious. They stop short as the ELEVATOR DINGS.

They wheel around, aiming their guns as the elevator door opens to reveal a MILKMAN carrying a wire basket of quarts.

FRANCES (V.O.)

But while love may have beaten
Reggie Kray, they never did.

The milkman stands frozen until the door closes back on him.

CUT TO:

201 NIPPER READ - TINTAGEL HOUSE 201

Standing before the PRESS delivering a statement.

NIPPER

The Kray Brothers were arrested this morning at Braithwaite House, a block of flats in the East End.

202 BEDROOM - BRAITHWAITE HOUSE 202

Reggie waking at the sound of the door smashing in. Rising from bed wearing just his socks and trouser pants. An empty bottle of gin falling to the floor as the police pour in.

NIPPER'S VOICE

They surrendered quietly and without incident at 7 AM.

Reggie's fists fly as the cops try to subdue him. Left-right as for a moment Reggie fights them to a brutal standstill.

203 NIPPER READ - TINTAGEL HOUSE 203

NIPPER

Are there any questions?

CUT TO:

204 INT. CAFETERIA - BROADMOOR - DAY (1995) 204

Ron, 61, hair streaked gray, stares at the back of a PATIENT who finally turns to Ron from his breakfast.

PATIENT

Would you like my sausage, Ron?

Ron's smile becomes a frown as he reacts to pain in his left arm. As he blinks at his approaching appointment with God...

FRANCES (V.O.)

Ron was recertified insane. He lived the rest of his life in Broadmoor, dying of a heart attack in 1995. Those in the next life cringed.

205 INT. REGGIE IN HIS CELL AT PARKHURST (1983) 205

Arms draped over the crossbar, a cigarette burning in one hand. Still fit at 49, his hair just flecked with gray. He stares ahead at something we can't see.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Reggie spent 33 years in prison for killing Jack McVitie. Can you imagine?

(MORE)

FRANCES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Even I say he did London a service.
But I'm not a judge. And neither are
you. Reggie, Reggie my prince, died
of cancer on October 1st, 2000. Five
weeks after he was released on
compassionate grounds.

Reggie sets the cigarette on the edge of the crossbar, turns,
steps to the wall. There's a window above. He jumps up,
catches the bars and pulls himself up to look out.

It's SNOWING...

FRANCES (V.O.)

Through all those years until the
end he carried a pair of tickets
with him. We were supposed to go to
Ibiza after all....

As Reggie stares out into the emptiness. He whispers:

REGGIE

Frankie...

And we cut hard to BLACK.

The End.