

THE GENTS (PILOT)

Written by

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OPENING IMAGE - PORT OF LONDON 1925 - MIDDAY

Gray clouds hover over the Thames. A rickety ship battles the cross winds trying to stay on course.

EXT. SHIP - MIDDAY

Crew members scramble about as the rain pelts the upper decks. Three men make their way to the bow of the ship, unbothered by the carnage around them.

ELIJAH JACKSON, (mid 20s, African American, wearing a long brown coat, nice suit, and a top hat), leads the way. The oldest of the Jackson siblings.

EMMANUEL JACKSON, (21, African American, dressed just as his older brother), follows closely behind his older brother, disgusted at how distraught the men are on the rough waters.

EARNEST 'EARN' JACKSON, (Freshly 18, African American, and also dressed as his older brother), follows behind, being careful of his steps, not wanting to ruin his nice shoes.

They take a look out over the Atlantic, nearing the Port of London.

EMMANUEL

I hope you ain't bring us to no slaughter Elijah.

EARN

Can't be much worse than those crackers behind us.

ELIJAH

There's crackers behind us, there's crackers in front of us, and more all around us.

They take a look at the boat. All of the men were white, glaring at them in their nice clothes.

EARN

Maybe we should've stayed below deck.

ELIJAH

Let them have their looks. Anger comes swiftly to those below the boot. You all know that all too well.

Elijah pulls a cigarette from his pocket, and through the pouring rain attempts to light it.

EMMANUEL
You 'aint gonna get a light out here.

ELIJAH
(sharp)
I'm what!

EMMANUEL
I mean. It's not going to light like that. It's too wet out here.

ELIJAH
Good Lad.

The lighter sparks allowing him to light the cigarette. He takes long puff and takes a look at London.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
We're Englishmen now brother. You need to sound like one.

INT. SOHO NIGHTCLUB - LATER THAT DAY

A typical Saturday night. The club was packed, the cocaine was blowing, and the whiskey flowing.

Several prostitutes surround the large table in the back. A group of Italian gangsters sit, having their fill of women, booze, and fun.

BRUNO (Italian, 40s, well dressed, clearly the ring leader), sits with two women on his lap, though he looks uninterested.

GIOVANNI, (Italian, 30s, also well dressed, and second to Bruno), gorges himself in booze.

GIOVANNI
I guess we were right to trust those gypsy bastards eh boss?

He laughs and blows some coke off of his prostitutes ass. Bruno smiles half hardly, before slamming Giovanni's head into the table with a laugh.

BRUNO
We do not trust those filthy stinkin gypsies.

Giovanni recovers and stares at the boss, with blood running down his nose he laughs. Bruno laughs with him.

GIOVANNI
(Chants)
FUCK THE GYPSIES!!

The whole table joins in.

TABLE
(cheering)
FUCK THE GYPSIES.

The whole club gets involved only to be silenced by the doors swinging open. As the rain filters in, the three Jackson brothers make their way in.

The bar goes silent as everyone stops and watches as they walk in like they own the place.

Unbothered they walk right towards the bar.

ELIJAH
Me and my brothers will take a
bottle of whiskey.

He reaches into his jacket and throws the money on the counter. His brothers post up on the bar, glaring back at the eyes painting them as dead men.

The bartender throws the money back in Elijah's face and nods toward the door.

BARTENDER
There's nothing for you folk here.

Elijah looks up at the bar, all the bottles of alcohol. There's one in reach so he helps himself.

Bruno sends the women away and nods for his men to handle the brother's.

Elijah pours them all a drink and hands the bottle back to the bartender with the money.

ELIJAH
You can keep the tip.
(winks)

He turns and takes the drink with his brothers.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
Cheers brother. To new beginnings.

The whiskey goes down easy, but they are met with the gangsters surrounding them at the bar.

EMMANUEL

What can we do for you fine gentlemen.

GIOVANNI

The man asked you to leave. We don't drink with your kind here.

EARN

We didn't ask you to drink with us. Now go back to your women and drinks, before you get yourself hurt.

Giovanni steps towards Earn. Emmanuel stops him with a hand on his chest.

EMMANUEL

I would listen to the young one if I were you.

Giovanni looks down, grabs Emmanuel's wrist, and tries to remove it but it doesn't budge. Emmanuel raises a brow to the man, before dropping his hand.

Elijah lights another cigarette, and blows the smoke in the men's faces.

ELIJAH

I believe I heard you men talking about the gypsies. None of us fit that description. So if you would be so kindly as to return to your fellowship. We don't want any trouble.

GIOVANNI

Maybe you are hard of hearing. We don't drink with Niggers. Go back to your chains in your country

Upon hearing the N- word. The brothers calmly remove their hats, place them on the bar, and put their hands into their jacket pockets.

EMMANUEL

I sure as hell was hoping you'd say that.

Emmanuel levels Giovanni with one punch, sending blood and a tooth spraying onto the man next to him.

The brothers pull their hands from their jackets, metal knuckles covering their hands. Even though they are outnumbered they make easy work of the gangsters.

Some men look on, too scared to join the fray. Elijah levels another gangster, before grabbing his hat and making his way before Bruno.

Earn and Emmanuel continue to clean up the rest of Bruno's men. As he approaches the table, Bruno's bodyguard draws a gun, but Bruno commands him to lower it, allowing Elijah to sit.

ELIJAH

I'm sorry, this is not how I wanted things to go.

BRUNO

And how is it you wanted things to go Mr...

ELIJAH

Jackson. Elijah Jackson. That there are my brother's Earn and Emmanuel. I apologize if my southern accent comes out, it's been a long journey and I'm much too tired to speak with the poise of a white man.

BRUNO

(scoffs)

And what is it you want here in London Mr. Jackson

ELIJAH

Oh I want what every man wants Mr. Bruno. You don't mind if I call you Mr. Bruno do you?

He tries to hide his irritation and fear that Elijah could name him, but it creeps on his face. Yet and still, he waves off the comment.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

There's quite a collection of people around these ways since the war ended. You see I wasn't allowed to fight in the war just yet. I was still working on a plantation in Mississippi, waiting for my brothers to come of age. I wish I would have though.

(MORE)

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

So many of us...brutes, the non pale skin folk, have prospered from serving their country, but me. I've had to get it out the mud to support me and mine.

(lights another cigarette)

You see there's not a lot of work for an honest black man these days, but you know all about the illegal huh Mr. Bruno?

Bruno was slowly reaching under the table for his gun as Elijah speaks.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Now you can go ahead and reach for the gun but you'll be dead before you pull the trigger. You see I happened to know there's a sizable bounty on your head Mr. Bruno. You made some bad deals with the IRA. Now you're probably asking yourself why a southern black man would be looking for work from the IRA, but then again. That's not the bounty I'm talking about. Is it Mr. Bruno?

Anger and fear consumed Bruno and he defiantly goes for his gun. **BANG!** Elijah, shooting from a hole in his jacket pocket under the table, kills Bruno.

Before his bodyguard can react Emmanuel shoots him, having knocked out all the other henchmen with Earn. Earn turns two pistols on the crowd, daring anyone to move.

Elijah stands up, ashes his cigarette on Bruno's head, and calmly walks back to get his hat. He tips the hat at the bartender and the three men exit the club.

EXT. SOHO STREETS - NIGHT

The boys laugh and celebrate as they walk down the stone paths.

EARN

That was easier than I thought.

EMMANUEL

Don't get used to it. Now people will know there are black bounty hunters a foot.

ELIJAH
That's the whole plan brother.

They round the corner into an alley way where three men are waiting for them.

They walk up to them and shake their hands. The three men are dressed in long black coats with grey flat caps.

MAN 1
Didn't waste any time.

ELIJAH
We do as we say. Quick and easy.

The man reaches into his pocket and hands him a stack of cash.

MAN 1
We'll be in touch.

They all nod their caps and part ways. Elijah splits the money between the three of them. Both brothers get excited to see the cash.

ELIJAH
Go on boys. Go have yourself some fun. Just don't get lost. You remember where our flat is?

EMMANUEL
Yeah I remember.

ELIJAH
Earn?

EARN
Yeah I remember.

ELIJAH
Alright. Be careful. Word will get around fast here.

EMMANUEL
I'll look out for him.

ELIJAH
You the one who needs a babysitter.

They all laugh. Emmanuel and Earn go off, excited to have some fun. Elijah walks alone, lighting another cigarette.

He walks and walks, taking in the city, memorizing every step, every building, every street sign.

As he walks through a small park, just across the street from his flat, he stops below a light post next to a large tree.

FLASHBACK - MISSISSPI PLANTATIONS - YEARS BEFORE

A much younger Elijah, train his little brothers, punching the tree until their hands bled. Commanding them to go harder and harder.

One after another they attack the tree, trying to chop it down with just their fist. Finally he lets them rest. The two brothers wrap their hands and walk off, leaving only Elijah there, staring at the noose hanging from the branches.

END FLASHBACK.

MARY

It's a nice tree.

Elijah doesn't flinch. Though he didn't see when the woman got there, he had an innate ability of sensing danger, and none came from her. He nods and walks off toward his flat.

MARY CAMPBELL (Caucasian, 20, beautiful was an understatement, from her dress and pearls, you could tell she came from wealth).

MARY (CONT'D)

(calls out to him)

We don't get too many men like you around her.

Elijah keeps walking, but answers the women.

ELIJAH

There's no one around like me. Have a good night Miss.

MARY

Campbell. Mary Campbell.

ELIJAH

Goodnight Miss Campbell.

He gets to the edge of the park and puts out his cigarette under his shoe. He blows the smoke out, exhaling a deep breath with it.

He stands there on the edge of the park, staring at his building, already regretting the decision he was about to make.

INT. FLAT - THE NEXT DAY

The sun shines through the red curtain into Elijah's room. He blinks awake, groaning as he sits up.

The naked Mary Campbell rolls over on the bed, still asleep. He exhales another breath, pulls on his pants, and walks over to his dresser.

The flat wasn't much but it got the job done for now. He lights a cigarette and walks over to the window, staring at the tree in the daylight.

The streets were busy unlike last night. He watches the cars roll over the stone roads, the people hurrying to their jobs and tea parties.

MARY

Do you always smoke so much?

ELIJAH

I would stop if I could. Tried once. Never again.

Mary walks behind him and grips his chest from behind.

MARY

Our habits are only defined by our convictions. Mr. Jackson.

ELIJAH

And what are your convictions?

MARY

My convictions are to myself, to my curiosity.

ELIJAH

Yeah, and how is that treating you Miss Campbell?

MARY

Well right now it's getting me too many words.

She reaches down into Elijah's pants. He doesn't react, but stares at the woman as she tries to seduce him.

ELIJAH

Are white women here always this formal?

MARY

Are all negroes this endowed in America.

ELIJAH

(scoffs)

MARY

What's wrong? Is he not happy to see me this morning?

ELIJAH

Business before pleasure Miss Campbell.

MARY

And what business is that?

ELIJAH

(smiles)

I think you should leave now.

MARY

Why? We are just getting to the good part. What business brings a black man all the way to London.

ELIJAH

Family business.

MARY

Family? I wasn't aware there were negroes in London.

ELIJAH

There are now.

Mary, refusing to give up on her seductions, hops onto Elijah, straddling him. Elijah rolls his eyes.

MARY

Surely your family can wait a few more minutes.

On cue Earn comes busting through the door.

EARN

Emmanuel's already down stairs we're....

He stops realizing what he walked into. Mary glances back at Earn and bats her eyes.

EMMANUEL

They have doors here for a reason
brother.

EARN

Right. I'm sorry. We'll be
downstairs.

Earn walks out with a giddy laugh. Elijah lifts Mary off of her and onto the bed.

ELIJAH

Business before Pleasure Miss
Campbell.

She reluctantly gets dressed, as Elijah throws on his shirt, long coat, and boots. He grabs his hat on the way out.

MARY

Maybe I shall pay you another visit
tonight then.

ELIJAH

Not tonight. Enjoy your day Miss
Campbell.

MARY

You would leave me here, alone. In
the place where you lay your head.

Elijah looks at her, a silent stare, but all the more threatening. Mary bows out of the standoff, taking her things, and making her way out. Stopping as she slides past him in the doorway.

MARY (CONT'D)

No need to be so cruel Mr. Jackson.
Women here have a sense of humor.

ELIJAH

My humor died on the trees Miss
Campbell.

She smiles, kisses him on the cheek and walks out.

EXT. FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Miss Campbell disappears into the park, while the three brothers make their way down the path.

EMMANUEL

Want to tell us what that was bout?

ELIJAH

It was nothing.

EARN

It ain't look like nothing.

The boys laugh. Elijah pays them no mind.

ELIJAH

Yeah yeah enough. What do you know?

EMMANUEL

There ain't many of us around, but I heard of a place where a handful of folk hole up at. Get some money for some honest work. It ain't pretty though. Shoveling horse shit at the tracks.

ELIJAH

Alright. You both go. I'll be on in a bit.

EARN

Where you going? We don't need to be separate all the time you know.

ELIJAH

Exactly brother. We need protection. Watch each other's back you hear. And stop with all that ain't this, ain't that. We already stick out enough.

EMMANUEL

Yeah, right. Come on Earn.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Elijah walks into an opera house. He gets death stares as he walks in. He walks up the concierge who gives him a disapproving look.

ELIJAH

I'm here to see Mr. Mattison

Reluctantly, the concierge checks the books and glares back at Elijah.

CONCIERGE

And you are.

ELIJAH

I'm here to see Mr. Mattison.

Elijah says again, more direct. Giving the same threatening stare he gave Mary. The concierge stumbles through the book and nods.

CONCIERGE

Right this way.

He follows the man up the stairs and into the private viewing suite. There are two men standing guard. The concierge walks in and whispers something to Mr. Mattison.

Elijah looks through the curtains. The two guards were sizing him up, but he paid them no mind. The concierge returns, draws open the curtains, and motions for Elijah to proceed.

He walks in and sits down next to the man. MR. MATTINSON(60s, A large Caucasian man, monocle on his eye, and cigar in his mouth).

MR. MATTINSON

You're late.

ELIJAH

I apologize. I'm still learning the city.

MR. MATTINSON

Everyone is late. My whore of a daughter. My drunk of a wife. I guess it's a blessing of you negroes. Not to have to deal with the burden of a proper woman.

Elijah lets the comments slide, though it was clear they upset him.

ELIJAH

I wouldn't know.

MR. MATTINSON

You stay here long enough, I'm sure you'll learn. Anyways. I see you took care of Bruno.

ELIJAH

We are men of our word.

MR. MATTINSON
 Negro Bounty hunters in London.
 (laughs)
 What a terrible condition the war
 has left my beloved homeland.

ELIJAH
 I'm happy to clean up the mess for
 you.

MR. MATTINSON
 I'm sure you are, for what you're
 charging. I always saw potential in
 you. I told that Blackwell to watch
 out for you.

ELIJAH
 It is both our fortune that he
 didn't listen to your counsel.

MR. MATTINSON
 (laughs)
 Damn right. How did you make it all
 the way to Boston anyhow.

ELIJAH
 An intelligent black man is quite
 the commodity.

MR. MATTINSON
 (scoffs)
 Americans. They forgot their place
 years ago. Still. It's easy to get
 rich off their hypocrisy.

He raises a hand one of the guards brings Elijah a stack of
 cash. Elijah flips through it.

MR. MATTINSON (CONT'D)
 It's all there. I have no need to
 swindle the likes of you.

The words irritate Elijah. He does his best to hide it, not
 that the man sitting before him would care if it did show..

ELIJAH
 Mr. Mattinson. Me and my brothers
 are going to need protection while
 we are here.

MR. MATTINSON
 (scoffs)
 You want me to look out for you?

ELIJAH

With all due respect we are outnumbered. I fear our only chance of survival would be to team with the Jews, or gypsies.

MR. MATTINSON

The filth that crowds my city. They might think they run this city with their hands in the races and their illegal trades to America, bleh. The King handpicked me to clean up this mess. I run things. Not the Jews. Not the Italians, AND NOT THE FUCKING PEAKY BLINDERS!!

Mr. Mattison gets worked up, interrupting the opera with his yelling. Beat.

ELIJAH

Still...

MR. MATTINSON

Yeah, Yeah I heard you. Fine. Go talk to the police chief Simmons. Give him this,
(pulls out a coin)
Tell him I sent you. He'll take care of things.

ELIJAH

Thank You.

MR. MATTINSON

Here.
(hands him an envelope)
This time don't make such a mess of things eh boy? If anyone finds out it was you. There'll be no saving you. Might as well jump from the boats like...well you know.

Elijah takes the envelope and heads out before his anger gets the best of him. Mr Mattison stops him.

MR. MATTINSON (CONT'D)

And don't forget boy. I can kill you or your brother's whenever I like.

Elijah leaves. Though he walks calmly his blood was boiling. His hands shake as he hides his fist in his jacket pockets.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Just outside the opera house, he gets caught in a fit of PTSD. The sound of cries and gunshots ring through his head. He groans and punches the wall, as the painful memories fill his mind.

FLASHBACK - MISSISSPI PLANTATIONS - YEARS BEFORE

As teenagers, Elijah and Emmanuel duck and dodge, as gunshots and screaming are heard all around them. They hide behind the horse stables.

They watch as white men shoot and kill a man and women. The woman cries out. To a young Earn. Elijah runs out from the stables and drags Earn away, gunshots are heard at his back.

END FLASHBACK.

He leans against the wall regaining his composure. Finally the noises calm and his vision clears. He lights a cigarettes and glares back at the people pretending not to see him.

EXT. HORSE TRACKS - SAME TIME

Emmanuel and Earn make their way through the tracks. Men shout and drink as the horses begin their run. Some stop, only to give disgusted looks at the brothers.

EARN

You think we'd be use to the way they look at us.

EMMANUEL

There's no getting use to blind hatred.

EARN

Helps to rearrange a jaw or two.

EMMANUEL

You be careful of that anger brother. Don't become what they make us out to be.

EARN

Look at them
(spits)
I can't wait till we take all of this from under their feet.

EMMANUEL

The Peaky Blinders run these races.
Let them be. We are here for our
people.

EXT. STABLES - MOMENTS LATER

The brothers make their way through the hay and mud to the stables where all the black folk worked, shoveling shit.

None of them give them the time of day. They look at them as if they're white men. The brothers walk through.

Most of the group were men, some even boys. They were all strongly built, sadness in their eyes, but determination on their brow.

The lone woman steps out to talk to the brothers. CASSANDRA HOWARD (20s, mixed race, dressed in rags, with dirt on her face), approaches them.

CASSANDRA

You're not going to find whatever
it is you're looking for?

EMMANUEL

Yeah, and what exactly is it we're
looking for?

CASSANDRA

Dressed like that I can only
imagine. We don't want whatever
you're selling. Go on about your
day sirs.

EARN

(scoffs)
Sirs.

EMMANUEL

(speaks out loud for
everyone to hear)
So it's the same here as America
huh? People take one look at you
and decide everything your worth?

It perks up the ears of everyone there.

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Look me and my brothers came here
with one thing in mind. Freedom.

(MORE)

EMMANUEL (CONT'D)

Now I ain't going to tell y'all what we done to get this far, but I'll tell you this. We ain't ever going back to this shit. So if anyone is okay what they all think of you. If anyone is okay being treated like the shit you shovel then yeah. Y'all ain't what we came looking for, but if any of you got any damn nerve, or fucking bone in your back. Then listen up. This city is ripe for the taking. And all those white folk are fighting to get every last piece of it.

(reaches in his pocket and takes out a stack of cash)

What if I told you there was a piece for everyone?

(throws the money on the ground before them)

Cassandra picks the money up and checks to see if its real. She then turns and nods to the group behind her.

EARN

It don't come free. You still going to get your hands dirty, just a different kind of dirt, maybe even blood sometimes, but whoever it is, trust me. They got it coming.

One of the track owners walks up.

OWNER

What the fuck is this? I don't pay y'all to stand around, and who the fuck are you two. Get out of here, before I shoot you myself.

Earn smiles and walks over to the man with his arms held high.

EARN

Hey, I'm sorry sir. We were just inspecting the stables. You see, me and my brothers were thinking about buying this here track.

OWNER

(scoffs)

Please. You? Get out of here before things get ugly.

Earn, only a few steps away from the man, puts his hands in his jacket and acts casual.

EARN

Come on now, don't be like that.
Our money is good.

OWNER

I said, ain't no nigger gonna...

The sentence is cut off by a right hook from Earn. The man falls and Earn rains punches down till the metal covering his knuckles is red.

It takes Emmanuel walking over and pulling him off the man for him to stop. Earn wipes the blood off his knuckles using the mans shirt, and turns back to the group.

Cassandra smiles. She whistles to everyone in the stables. They all group up around the brothers.

CASSANDRA

What do we do?

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Elijah walks towards the stables. He slows as he hears a commotion coming from tracks.

Out comes Earn and Emmanuel riding horses with Cassandra, followed by a small army of Black stablemen. The people all stop and stare as they walk by.

He pats them on the back as they hop down from the horses.

ELIJAH

See. You didn't need me.

EMMANUEL

We aren't alone anymore brother.

ELIJAH

Earn?
(nodding towards his hand)

EARN

Bastard couldn't keep his mouth shut.

ELIJAH

Atta Boy!, and who is this?

EMMANUEL

Well this...

CASSANDRA

(cuts him off.)

Cassandra. I'm the one who is
charge of them.

(points to the group)

Who are you?

ELIJAH

I'm in charge of them.

(points to his brothers.)

Cassandra hops off the horse, walks up to Elijah and shakes
his hand.

CASSANDRA

Pleasure.

ELIJAH

It's all mine. They know what
they're getting into?

CASSANDRA

Do you?

Elijah weighs the girl. She does the same to him. He looks at
his brothers, who give a nod of approval.

ELIJAH

You have a place where you feel
safe?

CASSANDRA

There's a small pub on the south
side of the city. Owners are good
people, let us hang there. Drink
for cheap.

ELIJAH

Good. Homes?

CASSANDRA

We find places.

ELIJAH

Tomorrow, we'll look for a place
where we can all stick together.
Until then let's get y'all some
clothes. There's a party tonight,
and we're crashing.

CASSANDRA

Question.

ELIJAH

Yeah?

CASSANDRA

Some of the men have wives and kids. If we leave the stables, they'll need work.

ELIJAH

Most of everyone works factories in this town right?

CASSANDRA

Yeah, but no one wants to employ us?

ELIJAH

They will after today?

CASSANDRA

Are we just supposed to trust you?

ELIJAH

Yes.

(he walks up and extends a hand, looking at the whole group and speaking earnestly)

Your families will be well provided for. You do as I say, soon you'll be the bastards in there betting on races. I give you my word.

Cassandra looks back at her group, They all nod in solidarity. She turns back, spits on her hand and extends it.

CASSANDRA

I've seen them do it, seems to mean something to them.

Elijah smiles, spits on his hand, and shakes.

ELIJAH

Brothers.

(pulls out more cash)

Let's take care of our people eh?

INT. CLOTHING STORE - LATER

The large group burst into the clothing store. Emmanuel drops a stack of money onto the counter and they all help themselves to whatever.

The group is delighted to get nice clothes. Elijah hangs back, smoking his cigarette, watching his brothers direct.

It's all smiles and laughs. The store clerks are over run. Cassandra tries on multiple outfits before settling on a gentleman's suit like the brothers.

The rest of the group follow suit, until they are all dressed akin. They file out of the store and onto the London streets, never again to resemble stablemen.

INT. 43 CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mr. Mattison and London's elite dine and gorge themselves on women, booze and drugs, as an all black jazz band fills the room with music. A spectacular party, Gatsby himself would be proud to attend.

Also inside Mary Campbell, dressed in the best money can buy, walks over to Mr. Mattison's table and sits down.

MARY

Come on now Daddy. Haven't you had enough?

MR. MATTINSON

Oh fuck off Mary. You're not the only one who can have fun with my money.

She rolls her eyes and moves on. Leaving him there surrounded by naked women and cocaine.

EXT. 43 CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

She steps outside for a smoke. Just in time to see the three Jackson brothers arriving with their new entourage.

Mary holds off on her smoke and greets Elijah.

MARY

Well this is quite the surprise.

EARN

I bet it is.

Earn and Emmanuel giggle like girls. Silenced by a sharp look from Elijah.

ELIJAH

I guess I shouldn't be surprised.
Now if you excuse me Miss Campbell.
Business before pleasure.

MARY

So this is the family. I like. May
I?

She extends her arm out for Elijah to grasp. He rolls his eyes and latches on. They march up the steps only to be stopped by the police.

MARY (CONT'D)

They're with me.

POLICE

I'm sorry Miss Campbell, but I
can't let them inside.

ELIJAH

Sure you can
(flips the coin
Mr. Mattison gave him)
Mr. Mattinson said you'd take care
of it.

The man looks at the coin and freezes. The group waltzes in right past him.

INT. 43 CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Back inside the party rages on as the group walks in. Everyone's eyes light up as most had never seen a party of this magnitude.

EARN

Please tell me we can cut lose.

ELIJAH

Not tonight brother. We got work to
do.

Slowly the entire club's attention becomes fixed on them. Including Mr. Mattison.

The room grows quiet as the police chief runs over and whispers somethin to Mr. Mattison.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Don't stop on our account. We're just here to have a good time. Don't worry don't worry. Our money is as good as yours.

(the three brothers pull out even more cash)

As a matter of fact I was invited here, by your very own. Bernard Mattison. You see me and my brother's grew up in America, and one day Mr Mattison came strolling onto the plantation where we worked. He was so impressed by our stature and intelligence. He went on and on about his beloved motherland. So we decided to come on over and see for ourselves. Don't worry we don't want any trouble, but we do want everyone to know, that as of today, We three Gents, and our new family are here to stay, to party, and fuck to our heart's content. Isn't that right Mr. Mattison?

Elijah claps, his brothers and the group joins until slowly the entire ballroom is awkwardly clapping. The music comes back in and everyone returns to their activities.

They find a table to post up at. Mr Mattison walks over abruptly.

MR. MATTINSON

Mary what are you playing at? Get these these...

(stops when he sees their faces)

Get these gentlemen out of here.

MARY

They came all on their own daddy. I'm just here to enjoy the show. Just like you right?

ELIJAH

Daddy?

MARY

Family business.
(winks)

MR. MATTINSON

You stop this right now boy. This is your last chance.

ELIJAH

Mary would you mind getting one of these fine waiters to get us some bottles of whiskey please.

MARY

Why of course.
(she leans over and kisses him)
I like it when you call me Mary.

MR. MATTINSON

You don't know what you're doing boy.

ELIJAH

I know exactly what I'm doing, just like I did 5 years ago, when I slit Blackwell's throat, took his fortune, and convinced you to get me into your city. But I am a man of my word. I will clean up these streets for you. Starting with, the man right over there, but we will do so, from a seat at your table.

Mr. Mattinson angrily storms off, he whispers something to the police chief and disappears.

Elijah nods to his brothers who gets up and starts making rounds to every table.

CASSANDRA

So this is what you do?

ELIJAH

What's that?

CASSANDRA

You beat them at their game.

ELIJAH

There's no beating them at their game. I make my own.

CASSANDRA

So what now?

ELIJAH

Now, we belong. Go, party, do whatever you want. It's on the house.

Mary returns with bottles for the table. She sits in Elijah's lap.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me it was a coincidence that you were outside my flat the night I arrived?

MARY

Of course not. I told you. My convictions are to my curiosity.

ELIJAH

What are you curious about now?

MARY

I'm curious as to how you are going to get out of here alive.

Elijah raises a drink to Mary.

ELIJAH

The night is young.

INT. 43 CLUB - LATER

The party rages, as the crowd gets even more drunk they forget about Elijah and his crew. His brothers have assimilated to the room.

Dancing and drinking with everyone they come in contact with. Mr. Mattison was fuming at this point. Mary and Elijah laugh and drink.

MARY

Did you really slit your masters' throat.

ELIJAH

(huffs)

You really want to know?

MARY

I'm dying to know my love.

Elijah smiles, looking past Mary, to the man stumbling toward the bathroom.

ELIJAH
Maybe another time, Miss Campbell.

MARY
So cruel you are.

He gets up and follows the man into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

IVAN PETROV (Russian, 50s, A renowned member of the Russian delegation in England.)

Inside Ivan washes his hands in the sink. Elijah joins him. Ivan, plastered, strikes up conversation.

IVAN
Between you and me. I have no problem with negroes. It's the fucking British. They have problem with everyone. If it were up to me. I would bomb this whole city. Sleep well at night.

ELIJAH
Violence begets violence my friend.

IVAN
You are intelligent negro. I like you. We should be friends.

ELIJAH
I'm afraid that's not possible.

Elijah reaches into his pocket.

IVAN
Oh no. Are you going to shoot me

Elijah stares at the man, barely able to stand up. Beat.

ELIJAH
No.
(pulls out envelope)
I was told to kill you by Bernard.
I'll let you decide what to do about that.

He starts to walk out.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
But if you do bomb. Give me a heads up first.

He walks out of the bathroom.

INT. 43 CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Back on the main floor he nods to his brothers. Who go around whispering into the ears of the friends they've made.

He sits back at the table and glances at Cassandra. She walks back over and sits down.

ELIJAH

Parties over. Time to go home. I'll meet you at your pub tomorrow.

She burps, shakes off her buzz, and whistles. The group responds and they discreetly make a way for the exit.

It takes but moments until the entire room is at each other's throat.

Emmanuel and Earn meet back up with Elijah.

EMMANUEL

Well that was easier than I thought.

EARN

Everyone here hates each other.

Mary walks over.

MARY

What are you planning?

ELIJAH

I've had a lovely time Miss Campbell, but we must be going.

The brother's head to the door, stopped buy a **BANG!** A woman screams. The brothers turn around. Ivan walked right up towards Mr. Mattinson and shot him in the head.

Mary turns a cold stare onto them, followed by the rest of the room. The police tackle Ivan.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

We got to go.

They rush to leave but again are stopped by another **BANG!** They turn again. A black man wearing one of their outfits and holding a gun shoots Ivan point blank.

Earn and Emmanuel pull Elijah back, getting him out the door.

EXT. 43 CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Everyone filters out of the club in a rush. Outside Elijah is having another episode.

His brothers are pulling him away, they get down the street, but Elijah stops, yelling.

Earn and Emmanuel try to calm him down but it's no use. He stares up at the tree in front of him.

FLASHBACK - MISSISSPI PLANTATIONS

Again in front of the tree his brothers were hitting. He stares at the broken bark, bloody from his own hands. More blood drips down the trunk. Elijah follows the trail up.

This time, hanging from the noose, his fathers dead body, blood still dripping whips on it's back.

END FLASHBACK.

Finally he can hear his brother's voices.

EARN
Come on we have to go.

ELIJAH
(pants)
I know...I know.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The boys walk through the park when they are stopped by the three men from earlier.

ELIJAH
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

MAN 1
That was the plan.

ELIJAH
WHAT FUCKING PLAN. THE WHOLE CITY
IS GOING TO BE AT WAR!

MAN 1
We know
(hand him a letter)

Elijah rips it open. It reads, "THE CITY IS YOURS, IF YOU CAN TAKE IT - THOMAS SHELBY"

Still panting he crumbles up the note, and paces back and forth, trying to grasp the situation.

ELIJAH

Alright fine. But tell Mr. Shelby, at some point. He's going to have to see me. Face to face.

The three men nod and walk off into the night, tipping their flat caps as a farewell.

EARN

So what now huh? This shit more crooked than New York

EMMANUEL

Right, those bastards could've mentioned this in Boston, before we got on that boat.

ELIJAH

It doesn't matter we're here. We got people behind us. We'll figure it out.

Elijah was still breathing heavy from his episode. He walks over and sits on a bench. He tries to light a cigarette but his hands were shaking too bad. He throws it to the ground and shouts in frustration.

EMMANUEL

It's alright. It's alright. Let's call it a night brother.

Emmanuel and Earn try to get him up but he doesn't budge. The sound of heels stepping draws all their attention. Earn and Emmanuel pull out their guns.

Mary and the police come walking up. Elijah motions for them to lower their guns. He stands up and meets Mary under the same light post he met her the night before.

He sticks his hands in his pocket to hide the shaking, and doing his best to control his breathing.

ELIJAH

If you're looking for who killed the Russian. We don't know. But I am sorry for what happened to Bernard

MARY

My father wanted the man dead,
seems to me he had it coming.

ELIJAH

So what is it you want Miss
Campbell?

MARY

Do negro's have a hard time
hearing? I told you. I'm a slave to
my curiosity.

ELIJAH

We have a hard time trusting
someone who doesn't look like us.
Wonder where we got that from?

MARY

(scoffs)

This is Mr. Simmons. While my
father believed Mr. Simmons served
him, he serves only who pays him
more. I had been stealing from my
father for quite some time, and now
all his wealth will fall to me.

ELIJAH

Cheers to you Miss Campbell. What
makes you so curious about us three
gents from across the sea?

MARY

The king will send the very best to
see to the mess you and the peaky
blindlers have created. Yes, I know
of the doings of one Thomas Shelby.
The man has made quite a name for
himself over the years, but you.
You are just starting. So tell me
Mr. Jackson. What is it you plan to
do?

His hands were still shaking in his jacket pockets. He looks
up at the tree. Remembering what they did to his father and
imagining all the bodies hanging he's seen in his young life.

He turns and looks at his brother's behind him. He remembers
the note from Shelby and smiles.

He takes out a cigarette, his hands calm. He lights it, takes
a deep drag, and exhales the smoke along with his
frustrations.

ELIJAH

We three gents. Are going to take
London. Does that satisfy your
curiosity? Miss Campbell.

She smiles, pulls out her own cigarette. Earn and Emmanuel
smile at each other and join their brother.

MARY

Shall we begin?

END