

BUTCHER ON BORDESLEY GREEN  
A.K.A. Up the Green

PILOT EPISODE - A SOLDIER RETURNS

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BUTCHER ON BORDESLEY GREEN

"A Soldiers Return"

COLD OPEN

1 EXT. STEAM TRAIN 1

A steam train SLICES through snow laden countryside.  
Railcar screech BUTCHERS the tranquility.

2 INT. STEAM TRAIN 2

A British soldier in full uniform silhouetted as morning sun  
PIERCES through snow laden clouds.

Two cups of tea steam the window. A female passenger Brandy  
(30s), think Lauren Bacall, studies the bloodstained kitbags  
at his SANDY feet. A blade tip PIERCES the kits worn fabric.

She hovers her flask over the other cup.

BRANDY

Fancy a nip?

He looks deep into her blue eyes.  
A moment.  
She tugs down the privacy shade.

3 EXT. STEAM TRAIN 3

A faint glimpse of city flickers on the horizon.

4 INT. STEAM TRAIN 4

Carriage window fogged as she discharges her brandy.  
He sips from her lavish pour, magnetic attraction.

Battle SCARED photograph graces his weathered hand.  
A working class family in their ignoble Sunday best.  
He downs the tea. Reflects.

Smears moist condensation from the window.  
VOILA! The pyramids of Egypt appear through the foggy  
windows.

5 EXT. PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT 5

SUPERIMPOSE: EGYPT 1942.

A sweltering dust den turned Royal British Army camp.  
Shirtless soldiers dig trenches under the punishing sun.

Warrant officers escorts a soldier into a large tent.

6

INT. ARMY TENT

6

A top brass tribunal looks down at the tanned scoundrel.  
Jack Cutler (28) a smirky, dark haired athletic specimen.

A colonel towers behind a gilded desk.  
Stares deep into Jack's eyes, reads an edict.

COLONEL

The ruling of this court martial  
hereby strips you of all rank.  
Effective immediately you are  
dishonorably discharged from the  
British Army. You will return all  
weapons, equipment and uniforms  
which remain property of His  
Majesty's British Army. You will be  
transported under guard to Port  
Said, where you will join a troop  
ship back to England.

Colonel casts the edict aside, addresses Jack.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Off the record. If you ask me we're  
loosing the type of man it takes to  
win this bloody war. But his  
majesty has spoken. Godspeed Jack  
Cutler.

Jack smiles.  
Colonel SLAMS the gavel.

7

EXT. COBBLESTONE SQUARE

7

SUPERIMPOSE: LONDON 1942.

A shabby warehouse swarms with sketchy bastards.

8

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

8

A muggy mix of bovines and blood.

Wide-eyed Angus steer HERDED into to a chute.  
A stunner ZAPS it in turn with a bolt gun.  
A thousand pounds of beef SPLATS on concrete.

A slaughter man ropes its hind legs.  
A hefty tug on the pulley lugs the mass overhead.

A sharp BLADE drips in the hand of the slaughter man.  
Live meat tugged toward the razors edge. SWOOSH.  
Throat SLIT.

The blood-drenched carcass shoved down the line.  
Skinners RIP hides off the bloody beast.

9

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE, FRIDGE

9

CHARLIE CUTLER (20s) eyes swollen shut, beaten to bits.  
Roped to a hefty hind quarter that dangles from a meat hook.

A cacophony of MOOS, men and machinery echo off the blood  
spattered tiles.

The door opens, FRANKIE MULLINS (40s) a stout COCKNEY with a  
bruisers face barrels in with a grimy bowl of mince.

FRANKIE

Wakey wakey Brummie boy!

CHARLIE struggles to peek through the swell, squirms.  
His eyes circle round dead meat til they meet Frankies.  
Charlie horrified.

Frankie TAUNTS with his blood stained cleaver.  
Raises the axe, WHACKS the hatchet down.  
Charlie braces for death. Frankie SLICES the rope.  
Charlie SLAMS to the floor.

Frankie tosses the bowl of mince onto the table.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Din dins ready!

Frankie swings Charlie from the floor to the bench.

Charlie heaves as he attempts to down the awful mess.  
Frankie humored at the sight, lights a cigarette.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Things ain't lookin' good for you  
Burminum! Blimey it's a bit parky  
in 'ere ain't it!

Frankie warms himself with a long satisfying drag.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

No one seems to give a monkeys if  
you live or die son.

(MORE)

## FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Think it's time we payed those  
Brummies a visit! Who gave ya the  
jewels? I know it wasn't the  
butcher.

Frankie tosses poor Charlie a match and a fag.

## CHARLIE

I've told ya, over an' over. I  
don't know nothin', fer fuck sake!

Charlie's hands so broken he can't light the match.  
Scoops it into his mouth and STRIKES it against the table.  
Flames hot. Clever little maneuver and he lights the fag.

Frankie impressed.

## FRANKIE

See! You can be pretty good with  
that mouth of yours. Now, if you  
coughed the whereabouts of them  
stones, instead of sittin' 'ere  
admirin' my delicate features.

Charlie draws long and hard on the ciggy as if its his last.

## FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You'd be back at home 'avin' a nice  
dinner with ya mom, Alice. Maybe  
she knows where the stones went?

Charlie muscles his swollen eyes wide.

## CHARLIE

Wanker!

Charlie FLINGS the gut stew, covers Frankie in gruel.  
Crippled Charlie attempts to flee.

Frankie towers up, SLAMS Charlies face into the table.  
Leans down to Charlies ear.

## FRANKIE

Who's the wanker Burminum, eh?  
Anythin' 'appens to poor ol' Alice,  
it's down to you. Think on son,  
think on!

Frankie rounds the table.  
Drags Charlies limp body upright.  
Slaps him against the hind quarter, ropes him to it.

HAWKS a nasty lung of phlegm into Charlies face.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
That ought a take down the  
swellin'.

Frankie barrels out, turns off the lights.  
Slams the steel door air tight.

FADE OUT:

END OF COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE: BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND - DECEMBER 1942

10 EXT. FACTORY ALLEY 10

Fog shrouds the bitter cold alleyways.  
Factory workers hustle to make their morning shifts.  
The sound of an incoming train SCREECHES to a halt.

11 EXT. TRAIN STATION 11

Passengers dart from the locomotive.  
Cold winter air slaps 'em in the face.  
A pair of ARMY BOOTS hit the snow covered platform.  
Two KITBAGS drop to the ground.  
JACK CUTLER defying King George struts off in full uniform.  
Scouts the crowd with suspicion, soldier's habit.  
There she is, the trolley maid sashays through the steam.

JACK  
Afraid I didn't catch your name.

BRANDY  
Brandy.

Jack slings into his army issued *greatcoat*.

JACK  
Was it the Gypsies Tent?

BRANDY  
Yep.

Jack winks.  
Snatches those weighty kitbags.  
Marches off the platform.

A scruffy paper boy hails at Jack with an arm full of news.

PAPER BOY

Extra, extra read all about it!  
Japan bombed Pearl Harbor! F-D-R  
enters U.S. into the war.

JACK

Bout bloody time the yanks got off  
their arses!

12

EXT. OUTDOOR MEAT MARKET

12

Fresh meat dangles in merchant stalls.  
The cold flesh-laden air lures Jack in.

Rowdy merchants haggle with eager patrons.  
Deals made left and right echo nostalgia into Jack's ear.

Many empty stalls. Boarded windows. Sandbagged doorways.  
A sad echo of its former self.

SWOOSH.

Jack dodges a leg of beef flung across the way.  
Broad shouldered porters toss meat from their hand carts.

Larry "The Lamb" Winchester (40s) A large, red faced stall  
holder spattered in blood spots Jack, uneasy, turns his back.

Jack approaches Larry's stall.

JACK

Larry The Lamb!

Larry acts surprised.

LARRY THE LAMB

Bloody 'ell look what the cat's  
dragged in, 'ello Jack when did you  
get back?

JACK

Just got off the rattler.

Larry pipes to his assistant Billy.

LARRY THE LAMB

Wrap us up a pound a soss Billy  
will ya.

JACK

How's business then?

LARRY THE LAMB

Look at this place, what's left of  
it. Survivin' that's about all  
Jack.

JACK

Need to have a chat with ya.

Larry snaps for Billy to hurry it up.  
Billy surreptitiously slides Larry the wrapped sausage.  
Larry palms it into Jack's hand with a wink.

LARRY THE LAMB

Been meaning to drop your mom a bit  
of gear and money but blimey,  
well...you know how it is with the  
war an'...

Jack unimpressed by Larry's sausage string of excuses.

JACK

Toreador, Wednesday at 7. Bring the  
brass you owe.

LARRY THE LAMB

But-

JACK

All of it!

Jack daggers an icy stare.

LARRY THE LAMB

Yeah no problem. I'll be there.

Jack disappears into the crowd.

13

EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD

13

Terrace houses line the street, lower floors converted to  
bustling shops. Tradesman, women and kids hustle to and fro.

Jack plods along amidst the hive of activity.  
Street sign reads BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD.

The scars of war strike Jack unfamiliar on the home front.  
Remnants of bombed buildings. Air raid sirens top poles.  
Irish accents catch Jack's ear, this ain't the place he left.

Shops under stocked, some almost bare.  
Several shopping ladies intrigued by uniformed Jack.  
He salutes them, always Jack the lad.



JACK  
Morning ladies.

The ladies blush in amusement, whisper among themselves.

LOUD LADY  
Ark at him! Ladies indeed. Nice  
tan, bin on yer 'holidays?

Past the BAKERY and HABERDASHERY, Jack is recognized with both reverence and distain.

Jack crosses onto Palace Road with anticipation.

14 EXT. PALACE ROAD 14

Jack spots LIPMAN'S JEWELERS all boarded up, shocked.  
The sight nags at him, he hikes back to Bordesley Green Road.

15 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD 15

At the corner of Charles and Bordesley Road, a uniformed officer in a POLICE BOX spot Jack.

PC ALBERT JENKINS (30s) stiff upper lip, a curly mustache.  
Struts with intimidation as he approaches Jack.

JENKINS  
(Welsh accent)  
Well, well, well if it ain't Jack  
the lad Cutler. Home early from the  
front, I see.

Jenkins circles Jack in taunt, slaps his TRUNCHEON around.

JACK  
DS Jenkins? No it looks like it's  
PC Jenkins. Now I'm confused.

Jenkins scowls. Jack taunts him for sport.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You didn't answer my question. Very  
smart uniform Jenkins.

Jenkins white-knuckles his truncheon, stiff upper lip.  
Jack clearly under his skin.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Sounds more like Belfast than  
Bordesley round here, you importing  
your relatives?

JENKINS

Fuck you. These paddies are putting back up' what the Nazis knocked down. Essential government construction. A lot of things've changed.

JACK

They're feedin' you well aren't they!

Jenkins places his TRUNCHEON on the kitbags.

JENKINS

What's in the fuckin' kits?

JACK

A couple of dead Jerry's! Brough 'em back as souvenirs, want one?

Jenkins reaches the end of his tether.

JENKINS

Pissing off to war was a slick move Cutler. Got you off the hook, dropped me in the shit!

JACK

You dropped yourself in the shit Jenkins. Take it like a man.

Jack attempts to scurry off.  
Jenkins stops him with a swift truncheon to Jack's nose.  
Jenkins guides Jack into an alley passage.

16

EXT. ALLEY PASSAGE

16

Jenkins backs Jack into the bricks, nose to nose.  
Jack drops his kitbags, eyes like raging daggers.

Two kids peer around the entry way in curious disbelief.  
Jenkins sneers out the side of his mouth to the brats.

JENKINS

Piss off! Before I clip yer ear 'ole!

Jenkins blows his WHISTLE. The brats scamper.  
Whistle attracts company, a towering officer emerges.

IRISH OFFICER

Stand down soldier, 'for I knock yer down.

Jack ain't takin' orders from no bog Irish journeyman.  
He pushes Jenkins out the way.

Beelines to the journeyman who towers a good foot taller.  
Jack looks up at the brute, calculates.

JACK  
Awful far from home aren't ya  
Irishman?

Irish cop smiles.  
Jenkins jockeys back in front of Jack.

JENKINS  
Should I tell ya mum, you died in  
combat then?

Jack swallows hard.

JACK  
Your wife still enjoy a nice  
portion of tenderloin? Or hasn't  
she had any since I was shipped  
off?

Jenkins swipes heavy with his truncheon.  
Childs play for a war vet like Jack.  
Jack ducks, the truncheon WACKS the Irish cop.

WHAM! Jack comes up with a right hook into Jenkins gut.  
The blow winds Jenkins, he drops to his knees.

Jack's outnumbered but they're the ones outmatched.  
Like a raging bull, Jack charges at the Journeyman.  
He stuns him with a right cross, WHACK! Punch to the gut!

Tugs the PC's uniform over his head, locks his arms.  
Two quick JABS to the face, SLAMS him into Jenkins.

When suddenly a WWOOOOMMMM fills the air.  
An air raid siren BLASTS shockwaves of panic.

Jack doesn't miss a beat keeps throwing jabs left and right.  
The coppers retreat.

JENKINS  
Saved by the bell again Cutler.  
Next round you're goin' down!

The street erupts into chaos.  
Hysteria. A stampede of haste.  
Young and old race for cover below.

Jack gathers his kits. Streets suddenly bare.

Jack marches on like he's hearin' church bells.  
 Nothing like 3 years on the front to kill your sensitivity.  
 Looks up at the cloudy sky. Nothing but snowflakes falling.

17 EXT. MAKESHIFT DEN

17

The two brats (6 & 8) crouch in their den between rubbish bins, spying on Jack.

Jack looks back surveys his old patch of Bordesley Green.  
 His greatcoat rustles in the wind like a superhero's cape.

BRAT 1

It's Flash Gordon, he's here to  
 save us.

Younger brat's jaw drops. Flashlight shines down on an old comic strip of Flash Gordon's cape rustling in the wind. They look back up at Jack, a stark resemblance.

18 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD

18

Jack's turns back up the Green.  
 Spots the Coach & Horses Pub, beelines towards it.

The SIREN suddenly fades silent, false alarm.  
 The silent void quickly filled with another terror.

Thundering hooves pound the cobbles.  
 Jack looks up, suddenly jolted with eye popping adrenaline.  
 A huge BULL charges at him with raging terror.

Jack drops his kitbags. Instincts take over.  
 Holds his ground, locks eyes with the raging beast.

The bull's charge suddenly slows to an intimidating strut.

19 EXT. MAKESHIFT DEN

19

The brats watch in awe as Jack's stare stops the beast.

Comic shows Flash Gordon beaming lasers out of his eyes.  
 A stark resemblance if your a kid in 1942.

BRAT 2

You're bloody right, tis Flash.

20 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD 20

Two slaughter men appear in total panic.  
Several residents emerge from their shelter holes.  
Jack warns them back down with a wave.

The bull scratches his hoof against the cobblestone.  
Steam fumes from his nostrils as warm breath meets cold air.  
Bull hunches down, about to charge right through ole Jack.

Jack clocks an alleyway between the pub and the tannery.  
Whistles a calming tune as he struts towards the alley.

21 INT. COACH & HORSES PUB 21

A blonde in a luring dress spies Jack through the curtain.  
Can't see her face but all indications are she's a stunner.

22 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD 22

Jack lures the beast towards the alley. Ceases his  
spellbinding whistle. Turns to face the panting brute.

A moment as man and beast lock eyes.  
Jack removes his greatcoat, dangles it like a muleta.

The brats, the blonde and the slaughter-men gaze in awe.

JACK

ARR! Come and get me, ya wanker!

The bull rages into a charge.  
Jack holds his ground, iron clad.  
The bull rushes in like a hot torpedo.

Split second to spare, Jack sidesteps like a matador.  
The bull darts down into the dead end alley.

Jack whips his greatcoat back on.  
Resumes his whistle, struts down into the alley.

23 EXT. PUB ALLEY 23

The bull panics, snorts in desperation searches for an out.  
Finally, he turns, sets his gaze back on Jack.

JACK

That's it big fella.

Jack eases towards the menacing bull.

JACK (CONT'D)

Easy.

24 INT. COACH & HORSES PUB 24

The blonde follows the action, gliding from window to window.

25 EXT. PUB ALLEY 25

Jack stretches his hand towards the bull.  
Strokes its snout with a pacifying rub.

JACK

Look at ya, a fine specimen ain't  
ya. Perfect rounds, nice rack of  
ribs.

Bull licks its chops, prods its hoof on the cobblestone.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's say we get you out of here.

Jack places his forehead onto the bulls. Eye to eye.  
Its head drops in surrender to Jack's graceful spell.

Jack slowly reaches into his greatcoat.  
Pulls out an army issued REVOLVER.

JACK (CONT'D)

You won't feel a thing.

Jack quickly steps back, pulls the trigger.  
BLASTS it right between the eyes.

SPLAT! The bull smacks heavy onto the cobblestone.  
Jack tucks his REVOLVER away. Looks back at the pub.

Blond shuts curtains. Brats marvel. Slaughter-men rush in.

Jack struts towards his kitbags.

BRIAN HACKETT (50s) grizzly strength, roughneck, cut throat.

Hobbles toward Jack on a wooden cane with a golden tip.

HACKETT

OI! Who the ell d'ya think you are?  
Killin' me bull? Ya dopey bastard!

Jack snags his kits. Darts toward the pub.

JACK

Saved ya the slaughter fees. He's worth twice what ya paid for him if yer butchers know what the bleedin' hell their doin'.

The hobblin' hustler stretches his cane up to Jack's nose. Jack looks away as Hackett pipes through his jagged teeth.

HACKETT

How you suppose we get a 2,000 L-B bull up to me shop, soldier?

JACK

Try one leg at a fuckin' time.

Hackett stunned. Calculates.

HACKETT

Jackie, is that you?

Jack scowls at Hackett like they've got bad history. Hackett chuckles, his eyes magnified by thick glasses.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

Ain't they bin feedin' ya? Look at ya, dried up like a raisin.

JACK

Look at you hobbling on that cane.

HACKETT

It's the fuckin' gout Jackie! It's murder, wouldn't wish it on me worst enemy.

JACK

Yeah, well there's a few of them lurkin' in the shadows. I wouldn't mind nockin' ya off in broad daylight.

Jack reveals his revolver.

Hackett grabs Jack's arm in a vice grip.

Growls through his jagged teeth like an animal.

HACKETT

Got a job for ya boy! Right here tonight, 8:30 and not a minute past!

JACK

Yer fuckin' jokin' ain't ya!

HACKETT  
Care to find out?

Hackett reveals a luger of his own.

JACK  
Bollocks. I ain't never workin' for  
you again. Come back to blaze me  
own trail like John Wayne.

Hackett lets out a sarcastic laugh.

HACKETT  
HA. Better give Wallace a call at  
the knackers yard to find you a  
fuckin' horse?

JACK  
Piss off ya old wanker.

Hackett grabs Jack's face angles it towards the dead bull.

HACKETT  
That's right, here 8:30 sharp!  
Lucky, I don't make ya clean the  
mess ya prat.

Jack's eyes like fire. Hackett shifts uneasily on his cane.

HACKETT (CONT'D)  
Doubt you'll last 10 minutes in  
there.

Hackett hobbles off and mutters to himself.

HACKETT (CONT'D)  
John bleedin' Wayne.

26

INT. COACH & HORSES PUB

26

A plume of smoke smacks Jack as he enters.  
The place is packed and jammin'.  
The tunes of a foreign land assault Jack's ears.

Banjo Billy Waters (40s) strums double time to the catchy  
rebel tune, *Come Out Ye Black 'N' Tans*. For the highly  
motivated you can listen here: <https://bit.ly/3haRICr>

Jack's uniform attracts attention as he struts to the bar.  
All eyes in the house ping over. Vicious glares are cast.  
Whispers mutter all around.



Jack exchanges a provocative glance with SYLVIA BRANNON (30s) sterling blonde, former *Miss Birmingham*.

Silvia beams across to SID BRADDOCK (40s) a handsome Irishman wiping down bar.

Jack drops his kits, muscles onto a barstool.  
A few of da boys clear out at the sight of a soldier.

Jack looks back at Banjo Billy now howling acapella.  
The rest of the drunks clappin' in catchy cadence.  
Banjo Billy stings back into instrumental.

SID  
(Irish accent)  
Not everyday I have the pleasure of  
a real British soldier come through  
me doors.

Sid pours Jack a shot of John Powers whiskey on the house.

JACK  
No Irish for me.

Jack slides the shot back to Sid.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Do me a favor and tell Ronnie that  
Jack Cutler has come to pay him a  
visit.

Sid neck's the shot himself, casts a deadly eye at Silvia.

SID  
Jack Cutler is it? Heard a lot  
about ya.

Jack points at the beer tap. Looks over at Silvia.

SID (CONT'D)  
But I guess you didn't hear?

JACK  
Guess not!

Sid stretches out his hand for a shake.

SID  
Sid Braddock, I took the place off  
Ronnie's hands. It's all mine now.

Jack refuses to shake. Sid winks, holds his eyes on Silvia.

SID (CONT'D)

All of it.

Jack's eyes rage at both Sid and Silvia.

SID (CONT'D)

Ain't that right Silvia?

Silvia takes the empty seat next to Jack.

SILVIA

Sid has spruced the place up, live music now.

JACK

Call this music?

SID

Like it do ya?

JACK

Irish tunes were once outlawed for good reason.

SID

No no, T'was Scottish tunes they outlawed. But we did help 'em defeat your English arses.

JACK

So that's why you've come over is it?

Sid shrugs.

SID

Miss Birmingham, she's an unusually welcoming place. Needs a bit o' rebuildin' mind. We're only to glad to help out, ye know, while you lads are off doin' yer war bit.

Silvia touches Jack's leg underneath the bar. Jack knifes her with his glare.

JACK

Indeed, quiet the landlady, miss Birmingham. Never knew her to be so accommodating to foreigners.

Sid chuckles. Pulls Jack a pint of mild.

SID  
Must be quiet a shock! Tell ya  
what, a pint of mild on the house,  
as a grand welcome home.

Sid slides Jack the fresh pint. Jack savors the familiarity.

JACK  
AAH! That a boy Sid. M&B's a bit  
scarce in the desert!

Slams his mug satisfied.

Jack spots a wayward glass eyeball rolling towards him.  
The eye comes to rest against Jack's pint.  
Jack looks over in delight.

Stan "The Lamp" Winters (40's) squat and scruffy with an  
empty eye socket, big yellow toothed smile.

STAN  
Eye, eye, things are looking up.  
Jackie boy is back!

JACK  
Stan! Still keepin' an eye on  
things I see.

Jack up on his feet, gives Stan a proper shake.

STAN  
Ah! An' I've seen a few changes  
since you left son.

JACK  
I've gathered as much mate.  
Struggling to make sense of it all.

Jack, Stan, Silvia and Sid trade glances.

STAN  
'Nother pint for me mate. You'll be  
up to speed in no time.

Jack catches his reflection in Stan's glass eye.

JACK  
Ya seen Jimmy the Jew or our kid  
Charlie in here today?

Stan grabs his glass eye and pops it back into socket.  
Pats Jack on the back.

STAN  
Fresh off the boat aren't ya!

JACK  
The uniform give it away?

Stan winks with his good eye.

STAN  
Keep an eye out for Jenkins. He's  
been boiling for ya.

JACK  
Already had the pleasure.

Stan smiles. Jack scours the place, looking.

JACK (CONT'D)  
So have you seen our Charlie?

Stan deflect, spots a chap across the bar.

STAN  
Hang fire mate. Gotta bit 'a  
business with that bloke there.

Stan disappears. Jack downs his pint.  
A sudden bump in the back causes Jack spill the last bit.

SEAMUS (30s) A bruiser of a man with a road map of Ireland in  
wrinkles crossing his red face.

SEAMUS  
Out me bloody way soldier!

Seamus kicks Jacks kits looking for a fight.  
Jack turns, twists SEAMUS's arm and pins him against the bar.

JACK  
What's your game!

Three Irish goons come to SEAMUS's rescue.  
Jack releases the drunk bruiser.

SEAMUS  
Bags standin' in me fuckin' way.

Sid promptly pulls SEAMUS a pint.

JACK  
Is that so?

Seamus steps towards Jack.

SEAMUS

It's so!

Jack up in Seamus' face.

SID

Easy, now.

SILVIA

Leave it, Jackie.

SEAMUS

Think the uniform makes ya tough  
does it?

Jack bursts into manic laughter.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Lets measure it here and now!

JACK

Nah!

SEAMUS

No?

Seamus wobbles as he grabs his pint off the bar.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Didn't they teach ya ta fight boy?

JACK

Taught me how t' kill a man with me  
bare hands. Haven't tested it on a  
paddy!

SEAMUS smirks, chugs his pint in a GULP.  
He slams the mug back to Sid.

SEAMUS

Oh ya haven't.

Sid pulls the pint with caution.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Come on then!

Seamus SWIPES his bear claw of a hand at Jack's head.  
Jack catches the paw, holds it tight. They lock bitter eyes.

JACK

Wouldn't want to upset the party.

Jack releases Seamus, gathers his kitbags.

SEAMUS

BLOODY COWARD! Bet that's why they sent ya back from the front, ain't it.

The lads laugh, Jack joins in.

JACK

I didn't catch your name.

SEAMUS

Seamus the Soldier Fighter!

The lads laugh all the louder.

JACK

What ya say Sid, me and the Soldier Fighter right there on the stage next week, winner and the house split the purse? !

Jack looks back at Silvia. Sid calculating.

SEAMUS

Count me in!

The lads whip the crowd into a chant.

CROWD

Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

A light flickers behind Jack's eyes, glares at Sid.

SID

If that's what the lads want, that's what they'll get.

Banjo Bills strums up something on the strings. The shouts become deafening.

CROWD

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Stan the Lamp starts collecting bets.

Jack skewers Seamus with his piercing eyes. Seamus snickers with the lads.

Jack winks, struts out as the lads chant their FIGHT!

27

EXT. CHARLES ROAD

27

Jack passes the park as he makes his way up CHARLES ROAD.

The two brats chase him down, follow at his side.

BRAT 1  
Can you sign it mate?

Kids hand Jack the comic strip.

JACK  
Good read is it?

BRAT 2  
Is it you?

JACK  
Ha, even Flash Gordon couldn't save  
this dump.

BRAT 1  
Told you it wasn't him.

Jack hands it back. Younger brat filled with disappointment.  
Older brat tugs at his brother. They're up to something.

BRAT 2  
Our Dad was sent off to fight.

JACK  
Was he indeed.

BRAT 1  
Got blown to pieces, he did.

JACK  
Ya don't say, terrible thing that!

BRAT 2  
Lend us a penny for some chips  
mate!

Jack stops dishes out a few coins with concern. Brats smile.

Jack gives them the sausage Larry gave him.

BRAT 1  
Gee thanks mister.

Their dad yells from the house.

DAD  
Danny, Archie...come on in. Time  
for dinner.

BRATS  
Comin' dad.

Brats run off laughing.

JACK  
Lil' fuckin' bastards!

A ball suddenly bounces over the park fence onto the street.  
A cadre of kids rush to the fence.

FOOTY KID  
Oi mate! Send tha' ball back will  
ya!?

Jack flicks the ball up with skill.  
Juggles it from foot to foot with ease.  
The kids go mad as Jack continues in rhythm.

FOOTY KID (CONT'D)  
He's bloody Mulraney! Look at his  
Bryclreem Barnet!

FOOTY KID #2  
Na, he's betta, Jones I say.

FOOTY KID #3  
Forget it, that's Harry Bodle look  
at the control.

Jack scissor kicks the ball back over like a bomb.

TOUGH KID  
What fuckin' control? Bloody hell  
mate! I've gorra gew an' cwin'  
fetch that now.

JACK  
Ungrateful little bastards.

Jack climbs to the end of the street.  
Stops at 365 Charles Road.

28

EXT. CUTLER'S HOUSE

28

Jack approaches the old two up two down with fondness.  
He reaches the garden through the entryway, slips the latch.  
ZOOM! Bullet the little terrier bolts into a leap.  
Jumps into Jack's arms licking his face with love.

JACK  
Bullet, hello boy! Haha! Fit as  
ever! Alright, alright, ssshhhh!  
I'm supposed to be a surprise!

Jack sneaks through the overgrown garden.



29

EXT. CUTLER'S HOUSE, BACK DOOR

29

Jack darts in and locks his kits in the cellar.

ALICE Cutler (60s) glasses to big for her skeletal face.  
Descends the stairs carrying a full chamber pot.

Eyes Jack, SHOCKED to her core, drops the pot of piss.  
THA-SPLASH.

ALICE  
Bleedin' ell !

Alice rushes down. Falls into Jack's arms.  
A warm embrace.

Bullet shoots through the door and flies arse over tit as he  
skids through the pool of piss.

Alice beams at Jack.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I can't believe it, me prayers  
answered. Look at ya.

Jack studies Alice with concern.

JACK  
Ain't Charlie been lookin' after  
ya? Skinny as a rail. Where's ol'  
misery guts?

Alice's beaming smile morphs sour, she grabs a mop.  
Bullet pants at Jack's leg, soaked in piss.

ALICE  
Look at this bleeding mess, was  
hoping that thing had bugged orf!  
I ain't feedin' it. God knows what  
its been livin' on, bloody flea  
bag.

Alice kicks Bullet out the door.  
Mops up the piss in a daze.

Jack steps towards Alice. Grabs the mop handle.

JACK  
Where the hell is me brother?

Alice falls into Jack's arms. WAILS a deep cry.  
Jack stunned to his core.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What's happened?

Alice GASPS. Can't get words out.  
Jack darts up the stairs like a mad man.

30 EXT. CUTLER'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS 30

Jack wiggles the handle to a bedroom door, locked.  
WHAM! Jack barrels through the door with his shoulder.  
Alice hobbles up towards the racket.

31 INT. CUTLERS HOUSE, CHARLIES ROOM 31

A dusty heap of mess. Jack rummages in haste.  
Alice leans in the broken door jam. Wipes her tears.

ALICE  
Oi! Look what you've done to me  
bleedin' door!

Jack uncovers a map of England which has both Liverpool and  
London docks circled.

A handwritten note: FRANKIE MULLINS.

JACK  
What the devil our kid get himself  
into? Who was he working with?

ALICE  
That bleedin' butcher.

Jack struck with alarm.

JACK  
Hackett!?

ALICE  
Hackett had Charlie running around  
doin his biddin', that's how we was  
putting food on the table. Until he  
vanished.

Jack grabs Alice by the arm.

JACK  
Vanished...When!?

ALICE  
About a week back.

JACK  
Ya have a word with Hackett?

ALICE  
Told me to bugger off he did.

JACK  
What? Surely Charlie said  
something, come on don't hold back!

ALICE  
Don't want ya rushin' off into  
trouble.

JACK  
Seem's that is all that's left  
around here!

ALICE  
Come on, lets have a tot of the 'ol  
barley wine.

JACK  
Could do with a tot, let me change  
out of this uniform.

32

INT. CUTLER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

32

Alice douses healthy servings of homemade brew.  
Jack comes down, changed into a suite and tie.

Jack sits with a stark look.  
Faint squeaks catch his ear.  
Tiny footsteps scurry above.

JACK  
What's that racket?

ALICE  
That's nothing. You should hear the  
buggers during the night.

JACK  
Rats?

Alice sits on the edge of the table.  
Hands Jack his brew. Raises a toast.

ALICE  
Ta sweet moments in tough times,  
that's life isn't it.

JACK  
To Charlie.

They clang glasses and drink.  
Their faces screw sour.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Don't travel to well does it!

Alice chuckles.

ALICE  
Puts hair on yer chest!

JACK  
Hopefully not yours mom!

ALICE  
Cheeky sod!

Alice raises her glass again. Jack hesitates but follows.

The bitter punch pulls Jack up on his feet.

JACK  
Phwar! God Blimey, don't light that  
match after you've had a drop  
o'that!

Alice laughs, lights up a fag.  
Jack snags the glasses, off to refill them.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I want the truth on Charlie!

Alice yaps smoke into the air.

ALICE  
He went off on a job for Hackett.  
I'm sure he'll turn up just like  
you.

Jack hands Alice a fresh pour.

JACK  
Hackett's doing a roaring trade?

ALICE  
If that's what you call it.

Jack downs the barley.

JACK

What do ya say mom, I ain't had a proper grub like yours since I left.

ALICE

Hungry?

JACK

Famished! Let's put a pot of tea on and get that famous stew of yours on the go.

Jack opens the pantry. BARE.  
They lock eyes. Alice looks down in shame.

ALICE

Got no gas for the stove love. An' nothin' left of the coal ration.

Jack darts over to the stove.  
Turns on the gas, lights a match. NOTHING.

ALICE (CONT'D)

If I'd have known you was comin',  
I'd have planned things a bit better.

JACK

You ain't got no food an' no gas?  
You get rations don't you? What ya been doin ma? The place is bare!  
Your witherin' away. What's goin' on?

Alice swigs back what's left of her bitter wine.

ALICE

Let me go an' ask Mrs. Thompson if she needs me ta fetch her a pint.  
She's a good tipper she is.

Alice fetches her purse.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Don't worry I'll make ya somthin'.  
We've got a few spuds left in the yard! I'll get some scrag ends.

Alice steps towards the back door.  
Jack stands in her way.

JACK

Like bloody hell you will.

Alice places her hand on Jack's chest.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Sit yourself down!

Jack ushers Alice into a chair.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'll be back in a bit.

ALICE  
No more war, Jackie. Everyone's in  
the same boat, you'll see.

JACK  
No war mom, just a bit of dinner.

Jack kisses Alice's hand. Winks.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Don't worry yourself.

Jack scurries out the back.

33 EXT. CUTLERS HOUSE, GARDEN 33

Jack darts to a shed hidden behind overgrown shrubs.  
He rips limbs and weeds off the door.  
He tugs heavy, finally manages to drag the door open.

34 INT. CUTLERS HOUSE, OLD SHED 34

Jack rifles through the junk. Locates a satchel, opens it.  
Pulls out a worn MEAT CLEAVER and BUTCHERS KNIVES.  
He sharpens the blades. A light flickers behind his eyes.

35 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD 35

Jack hurries along, determined look on his face.  
Satchel tucked under his arm.

Spots the coal man making his deliveries from horse drawn  
cart.

FRED GRIFFITH (40s) Hefty, hard as nails, hands like shovels.  
Scoops two weighty bags of coal onto his back like feathers.  
His son JOHNNY (20s) follows suite.

JACK  
Aye up Fred! Johnny!

Fred looks over. His face covered in coal.

FRED  
Bleedin' 'ell Jack Cutler! What are  
you doing home?

JOHNNY  
Warro Jack!

Fred gives Jack a crushing handshake.  
Jack winces.

JACK  
Easy Fred! Nearly broke me bloody  
wrist!

Fred's eyes and teeth beam through his dirty coal face.

FRED  
What's a matter with ya? Army  
softened you up?!

Jack smiles. Wipes the dirty coal from his hands.

JACK  
It was a nightmare mate. I'll tell  
you all about it but can't stop  
now.

FRED  
Have ta have ya over for a pint.  
Johnny's fascinated by the war.

JACK  
Got loads of stories. Fred, do me a  
big favor. Drop a bag or two off at  
mom's can ya?

FRED  
Not like it used to be mate. It's  
all rationed these days.

JACK  
You know I'll see ya right. Weigh  
yer in with a couple o' pound  
o'prime sirloin.

Jack winks. Fred nods. Deal struck between the lines.

FRED  
Watch ya back out there.

JACK  
Ey. Gotta run. You'll be hearin'  
from me.

Jack darts round the corner into the affluent neighborhood.

36 EXT. AFFLUENT AREA 36

Picturesque. The dreamy side of war battered Birmingham.

37 EXT. LIPMAN'S HOUSE 37

Jack marches up the steps of a lux brownstone.  
Knocks on the door. No Answer.  
Jack beats the door, all the louder.

SCREEK!

ISAAC LIPMAN (60's) cracks the door ever so slightly.  
One eye peeks through the crack

LIPMAN  
What's all the fuss about?

JACK  
Hello Mr. Lipman. Jack Cutler,  
remember me? Jimmy's ol' pal.

Lipman removes the chain, sticks his head out the door.  
Shifts his bifocals, squints his eyes.

LIPMAN  
Jack, the lad that was shipped off?

Jack smiles.

JACK  
That's me ar. Just got back, I've  
come to see Jimmy is 'e in?

Lipman shivering.

LIPMAN  
Didn't he write ya boy. Afraid he  
set sail to the colonies. Pity ya  
missed him.

JACK  
Jimmy and I had a bit o' business.  
Surely he wouldn't have left  
without his share.



Lipman looks over his shoulder.  
Catches his wife Ruth's disapproving eyes.

RUTH  
What the fuss about?

LIPMAN  
Just receiving the paper dear.

Lipman darts out the door, shut himself out with Jack.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)  
Tell me, did ya bag any of those  
Jerry's?

Lipman tugs his paper out the letterbox.

JACK  
Oh ar yeah. Loads.

Lipman gestures a pat of approval.

LIPMAN  
Good lad! Glad to be back home?

JACK  
Not from what I've seen so far.  
Especially if Jimmy's up and gone.

Lipman looks up, a glint of avarice in his eyes.  
Tugs Jack's hand into a firm handshake.

LIPMAN  
Whatever his share, I'll see that  
he gets it on your behalf, huh.

JACK  
I got the goods. Countin' on Jimmy  
to help move 'em.

Lipman opens up his paper.  
Headline: NAZI SPIES SIEZED IN BIRMINGHAM WARD.

LIPMAN  
Cold and nefarious times, ey. Hard  
to know who one can trust.

Lipman pats Jack on the back. Hobbles back inside.

JACK  
Was much warmer in Cairo, lots of  
golden sunshine, got loads to speak  
of!

Lipman turns, locks eyes with Jack.

LIPMAN

Loads?

Jack nods.

Lipman waves Jack in with his cane.  
Stops him in the doorway.

LIPMAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

It's not me you'll have to  
convince.

38

INT. LIPMAN'S HOUSE

38

Lipman ushers Jack in.  
Ruth's presence towers from the parlor.

LIPMAN

Darling, surely you remember Jack  
the lad. He's come back a war hero.

Lipman winks, nudges Jack.  
Jack smiles.

JACK

Afternoon, Mrs. Lipman.

Ruth struts towards Jack with disgruntled eyes.

RUTH

So your Jack. I always get the two  
of you mixed up.

Jack grapples with Ruth's comment.  
Ruth and Lipman lock eyes.  
Lipman hobbles to the brandy cart. Fine set of crystal.

JACK

You still running the jewelry shop  
Mr. Lipman?

Lipman and his wife exchange eye contact.

LIPMAN

Not as it was, but we scrape by.

JACK

Par for the course these days, I  
reckon.

Lipman hands Jack a fancy swig of brandy.

LIPMAN

Have a seat lad. Tell us a bit  
about your findings in Cairo.

RUTH

Spit it out then, what are you two  
going on about?

Jack clears his throat. Opens his mouth. Hesitates.  
Digs into his pocket. Hands Lipman a jewel.

Lipman holds it up to the light.  
Studies it through his thick bifocals.  
Gazes at Jack for a long beat.

LIPMAN

Loads?

JACK

Assorted mix in me kitbags.

Ruth scurries down from the parlor, snags the jewel.  
Pulls an eye piece from her pocket, inspects it.

Jack takes down the brandy. SMOOTH. Jack finishes it.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's what I've come to have a  
word with Jimmy about.

Ruth whisks the expensive crystal from Jack's dirty hand.  
Struts to the brandy station.  
Cleans Jack's glass with a napkin. Calculates.

Ruth pours herself a drink.

RUTH

If you prove that you can keep your  
hands clean, I'll let ya speak with  
Jimmy.

Ruth downs the brandy, her eyes piercing serious.

JACK

Yeah, and how might I prove that?

Ruth smiles, struts towards Jack like the bull.  
Grabs him by the arm, walks him towards the door.

RUTH

Cunning enough to survive war!  
Let's see if your sharp enough stay  
clear of the trouble here.

She ushers Jack out of the house.  
Jack turns with an open hand.

JACK  
Me souvenir.

Ruth studies the jewel in her hand.

RUTH  
Shall I pass along the charming  
news of your arrival?

Jack nods.  
Ruth clutches the jewel tight. Offers a shrewd grin.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Good day Jack.

Ruth slams the door.  
Jack shrugs his shoulders.

39 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD 39

Jack struts with a warriors gaze crosses towards Hackett's  
butcher shop.

40 INT. HACKETT'S BUTCHER SHOP 40

Jack marches in, soldier on a mission.  
Meat hangs from the balance, blood and guts on the floor.  
Same two lads that chased the bull, now carve it up.

Jack draws his meat cleaver from the satchel.  
Lads shocked sheepish.

BUTCHER BOY #1  
Can we help ya mate?

Jack hops the counter into the carving area.

JACK  
Come to fetch me kill.

The lads take a step back.

BUTCHER BOY #1  
Oi! Can't come round 'ere!

JACK  
I'll do as I fuckin' please.

BUTCHER BOY #2  
Who The hell do you think you are?

Jack slams his cleaver into the butchers block.  
The lads look at each other, take another step back.

Jack eyes the half butchered carcass.  
Draws his other blade, inserts it into the fillet.

Jack slices the rounds with the speed and touch of a master.

JACK  
God Blimey! Look o' the state  
o'this. You've left harf 'on it on  
the bone! Bleedin' hopeless.

Jack's etches a dozen cuts in seconds.  
Lads bewildered.

Jack weights the cuts.  
Wraps them individually.

Jack darts out the door with a fresh bag of fillets.  
The lads turn towards each other in silent astonishment.

41 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD 41

Jack strides up the cobblestone, bloody hands and all.  
A look of menace on his face.  
Locals cross the street to avoid him.

Jack sets his gaze on the gas works building up ahead.

42 INT. BIRMINGHAM GAS WORKS 42

Jack storms in, darts straight past the reception counter.  
Barrels through the doors into the office hub.

43 INT. GAS WORKS, OFFICE HUB 43

A cue of customers stretches the length of the room.  
A single clerk to service the whole lot.

Jack strides to the front of the line in.  
Angry patrons chatter ohs and awes.  
Jack towers over the clerks desk. His bloody hands petrify.

JACK  
Me mum's gas is out!

CLERK  
I beg your pardon?

JACK  
Cutler, 365 Charles Road.

The clerk stunned. Presses a button on his desk. BUZZ! BUZZ!  
A perturbed manager dart from his office.

MANAGER  
What's the fuss now?

CLERK  
Yes sir, this is erm, Mr. Cutler.  
Seem to be problem with his  
service.

Blood drips from the meat sack in Jack's hand.  
Manager takes a GULP. Waives Jack into his office.

MANAGER  
Mr. Cutler, please.

Jack passes through.  
Manager motions for clerk to call security.

44 INT. GAS WORKS, MANAGERS OFFICE

44

MANAGER  
Right, what exactly seems to be the  
problem, soldier?

Manager eyes Jack's bloody hands.

JACK  
Ya cut the gas off at me mums.

MANAGER  
I'm sure it's a mistake, let me  
look into the account?

JACK  
Cutler, 365 Charles Road!

Manager opens the file cabinet.  
Rummages through the files.

MANAGER  
Ah, yes...mmmm, here we are,  
Cutler.

Manager studies the file.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
3 months since the last record of  
payment.

JACK  
How much?

Manager looks up from the file.

MANAGER  
Ahh...9 pounds 3 shillings and six  
pence.

Jack slam a blood wrap of meat onto the desk.

JACK  
This aught ta do it.

Jack unwraps, reveals a 72 ounce T-bone.  
Manager looks sideways, smiles.  
Starts to speak, Jack cuts him off.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Bet you ain't eaten like this in a  
few months!

The manager grapples in disbelief. Cautious.

BILLING CLERK  
Mr...Cutler...I haven't eaten like  
that in my entire life.

Jack smiles.

JACK  
That settles it then!

The manager hesitates.

MANAGER  
I'm afraid...

Jack opens his coat, reveals his revolver.  
Manager clears his throat.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
...what I mean is, service should  
be restored by the time you arrive  
back.

Jack winks. Exits.

45 INT. GAS WORKS, OFFICE HUB 45

Jack strides out the office to a line of eavesdroppers.  
Several security guards now man the floor.  
Jack passes through, salutes security with a smirk.

46 EXT. GROCERY SHOP 46

Jack picks through a street box of vegetables.  
Howling eyes glare at his bloodstained hands.

Jack bags a few veg. Hands the grocer a cut of steak.  
Carries on up the block without a word.

The grocer and patrons watch Jack disappear in disbelief.

47 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD 47

Jack approaches a scruffy mom begging with her youngsters.

SCRUFFY MOM  
Couldn't spare us a few bob could  
ya son? For the kids.

Jack halts, shells out a cut of beef and a few veg.  
Mom unwraps the pack, looks in awe.

SCRUFFY MOM (CONT'D)  
Blimey mister, you're an angel.

Jack tips his finger in front of his lips. Eyes the kids.

JACK  
Shh! Behave yourself.

Jack winks, carries on up the block.

SCRUFFY MOM  
Only the toffs eat this good in  
Birmingham these days.

Jack pipes back as he walks along.

JACK  
Not anymore missus!

48 EXT. POLICE BOX 48

Jenkins pops out the box just as Jack approaches.  
Cuts Jack's pace to a sudden stop.  
Jenkins toys with his truncheon.



JENKINS

Assaulting the police is a serious offense. What ya say Finn, how we gonna handle it?

Jenkins Irish comrade pops out the police box.  
Jenkins pokes Jack's chest with his truncheon.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Take yer pick, the emergency ward  
or freezing yer bollocks off in a  
police cell.

Jenkins shares a laugh with Finn.

JACK

Was going to wait and come by  
tomorrow but since where here, I  
need to ask a favor?

Jenkins dumbfounded.

JENKINS

A favor, from me?

Jack shrugs his shoulders, his smile turns serious.  
The coppers have another laugh.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Why the fuck would I EVER consider  
doing a toe-rag like you, a fuckin'  
favor?

JACK

Because I need information and you  
need me to keep my lips sealed.

JENKINS

What the fuck are you on about?

Jack leans in, whispers.

JACK

Don't forget I know your dirty lil  
secret.

Jenkins looks at his back up brigade.

JENKINS

Alright Finn, I can take care from  
here.

IRISH OFFICER

Let's finish this wanker!

JENKINS

I said, I will handle it. See you back at the nick!

Jenkins escorts Jack towards the side alley.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

You must have gone doolally over there.

JACK

I'll agree ta keep quiet if you give me our kid's whereabouts?

Jenkins looks around for wiggling ears, wondering eyes. Pushes Jack into the alley.

Jenkins extends his arm, knife springs from his sleeve. He holds the blade to Jack's face.

JENKINS

Utter a word and I'll cut out ya tongue.

JACK

Ya nasty secret's safe. What do you know, you fucker?

Jenkins relaxes a bit.

JENKINS

It's complicated.

JACK

Un-complicate it!

Jenkins edges closer. Talks in whisper.

JENKINS

Yer shit head brother was sent to fetch stock for Hackett...

JACK

Yeah and?

JENKINS

Got himself balls deep with Cockneys. Something about dodgy jewels. Anyway wasn't till his next trip down that they nabbed him. That's all I know.

Jack peeks across the ally at Lipman's jewelry store front. Jack slaps a round of beef into Jenkins hand.

JACK  
Merry Christmas.

Jack winks and saunters off.  
Jenkins unwraps the huge bloody steak.

JENKINS  
Merry fuckin' Christmas!

49

INT. CUTLER'S HOUSE

49

Alice and Jack accompany one another at the table.  
Both enjoy a wonderful spread.

A pot of water simmers on the gas lit stove.  
Fire underneath orange and blue.

ALICE  
You are a darlin' you are Jackie. I  
won't ask where this lot come from  
but I'm bloody glad of it, I can  
tell ya.

Jack devours the stew like a savage.  
Looks up from his bowl, winks.

JACK  
Ask no questions ma an' I'll tell  
ya no lies.

Alice smiles, darts to the stove. Pours two cups of tea.  
Drops two lumps of sugar and a splash of milk into each.

ALICE  
I'll take a bowl in for Alf. Though  
I'll doubt he'll keep it down.

Alice delivers Jack his tea.

JACK  
Blimey I needed that! Smashin' that  
was. Just what the doctor ordered.

Jack downs the hot tea.  
Stands to his feet, kisses Alice on the head.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'll be back late, don't wait up.  
And don't open the door for anyone!

Jack gathers his things from the counter.  
Alice watches with concern.

ALICE  
Where ya gewin' now?

JACK  
Got a bit o' work lined up.

ALICE  
Work with who?

Jack gives Alice that look.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
No! Not with him is it, Jackie?  
Stay away, I'm tellin' ya! He's  
nothin but trouble!

JACK  
Charlie's worth any trouble I got  
coming!

Alice pleads.

ALICE  
Leave it, he'll turn up again like  
he always has.

Jack glances down at his kits, perturbed.

JACK  
Put me kitbags back in the cellar  
and lock 'em up!

Alice wells up with tears.

ALICE  
Thought you might have some  
washin'.

Jack wraps his hands round her, strong loving embrace.

JACK  
Only thing worth fighting for is  
those ya love. The army did tech me  
that much.

Jacks eyes filled with tears. Looks Alice in the eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)  
If I'm not back by first light,  
open me kits. There's enough for ya  
to find a new life.

Alice wipes Jack's tears.  
Delivers a motherly kiss on the cheek. Jack nods.

Moseys out the back door. Alice stares at the kits.

50 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD - DUSK

50

Jack strides down towards the *Coach & Horses* pub.  
The streets eerily dark, war blackout fully enforced.

Two wardens approach a shop leaking light onto the street.  
They bang on the door. Lady opens.

WARDEN #1

Why don't you send Adolf a personal  
invite!

LADY

What?

WARDEN #2

Oi! You're showing light! Don't  
want a bomb dropped on ya head now  
do ya!

WARDEN #1

This 'appens again I'll have your  
electric cut.

Jack spots a 1935 SS Jaguar Saloon parked adjacent the pub.  
Hackett puffs on a fat cigar inside.

51 INT./EXT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

51

Jack jumps in, rough and tumble.  
Hackett glares like he wants to strangle him.

HACKETT

Oi, steady on. This is a luxury  
vehicle. Don't scratch it.

JACK

Looks like your doin' alright for  
yourself while everyone else is  
sufferin'. What's your secret?

Hackett checks his pocket watch. Gazes into the rearview.  
Puffs smoke into Jack's face like he's pickin' a fight.

Jack grabs Hackett by the throat in explosive of rage.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where's my fuckin brother?

Hackett is stunned.

HACKETT  
Piss off ya mad bastard!

Jack tightens his grip.

JACK  
Where...is...Charlie?

HACKETT  
I don't fuckin know!

Jack jabs his army revolver down at Hackett's balls.

HACKETT (CONT'D)  
Alright! Alright..Fuck sake!

Jack loosens his grip. Hackett gasps for air.  
The revolver still planted on Hackett's balls.

Jack and Hackett exchange death stares.

JACK  
Spit it out then!

HACKETT  
I sent yer stupid, skiving, brother  
down to London and he bleedin' well  
fucked me, that's what!

JACK  
I don't care if fucked you and your  
wife, where is he!?

HACKETT  
Now the bloody cockneys and the  
paddies are on me back! An' it's  
all his bleedin' fault!

A large cattle lorry in full blackout pulls into alley.  
Same alley where Jack shot the bull.

JACK  
Last chance before I blow your  
bollocks off.

Hackett pleads.

HACKETT  
Listen mate, I'll tell ya the whole  
story but first we got business.

JACK  
How many petrol rations does this  
do to the mile?

Jack eyes the car like he wants to own it.

HACKETT

More than you can afford so quit dreamin'.

Lorry driver jumps out the truck followed by his mate. They trek towards the pub.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

Look, there's a load of black market gear there. Tek two sides and two hind quarters. I'll be in the Coach buying em a pint.

JACK

Two sides, two quarters?

HACKETT

And keep the fuckin' noise down, we don't want them wardens nosing around!

JACK

I ain't liftin' a finger unless I get the grif on Charlie!

Hackett lets out a sarcastic laugh.

HACKETT

Cheeky bastard. Heard ya come by an helped yerself in my shop. Meet in the pub for a pint after, you'll get yur bit.

52 EXT. PUB ALLEY - NIGHT

52

Jack approaches the lorry, studies it round, spots a tag. Jack reads: MULLINS LTD DROVERS SINCE 1875 - LONDON.

Opens the side panel, dozens of carcasses dangle. Shuts it.

Jack jumps into the cab. Drives off in blackout. Pulls round the corner to Hackett's butcher shop.

53 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

53

Jack pulls into alley between the covered yard and the shop. The yard is full of live pigs

54 INT./EXT. LORRY - NIGHT 54

Jack muscles off twice what Hackett instructed.

55 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP, BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT 55

Jack smashes a small pane of glass with his elbow.  
Reaches in, opens the door.

Jack surveys the joint looking for clues.  
Approaches a desk with a key lock.  
Finagles the lock with one of his knives. OPEN.

Rummages through the drawer. Newspaper clippings fall.

Headlines read:

"Meat market now Britain's largest black market."

"Black market links to Irish port of Dublin."

"U-boats plague trade routes."

"Wool market new gem of the war economy."

Jack tosses the clippings aside, snags a bundle of files.  
A key falls through one of the folders.  
Jack takes the key, calculates.

Jack glares up the dark staircase.

56 INT. BUTCHER SHOP, SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 56

Jack ascends the stairs, flips on a light.  
Eerie loft filled with antique figurines.  
A large safe at the far end.  
Jack approaches the safe.

57 INT. COACH & HORSES PUB - NIGHT 57

Hackett having a pint with the livestock drivers.  
Studies his pocket watch, the driver expresses frustration.

HACKETT

You look like a pair of hard  
working lads, from good stock. I  
can see that you're grafters. And  
you deserve the fruits of your  
labor.

The lads glance in agreement.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

Ahh, but do you get to pick that  
fruit? Do you fuck!

(MORE)



HACKETT (CONT'D)

Oh, maybe the low hanging fruit.  
But who gets to pluck the lovely  
succulent peaches.  
Ever thought about that?

Hackett takes a drink, driver does likewise.

DRIVER

No mate, I haven't to be honest.

HACKETT

Thirty five years I've been in this  
business. Killing, chopping,  
slicing flesh. Sweatin' and  
freezing me bullocks off, covered  
in blood and guts.

Blokes take another drink. Roll their eyes at each other.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

From the crack of dawn to god know  
what hour.

Hackett pounds his fist.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

THIRTY FIVE YEARS OF KILLIN! Oh, I  
can see what your thinkin'. What's  
he moaning about, he's loaded, got  
a great big Jaguar outside. I'm  
doin' all right but who's really in  
control.

DRIVER #1

I agree with ya mate but is this  
going to take much longer cause we  
got to get cracking

HACKETT

British government, Winston fucking  
Churchill, don't make me laugh.  
The banks, stock market, money  
supply. It's the fuckin' Jew's they  
control the world.

DRIVER

Keep it down, eh. If your bloke  
don't get back soon, it will be  
daylight before we get down south.

Hackett slides the driver an envelope.  
Signals Sid for another round.

HACKETT  
 He'll be here in a minute. He only  
 just got back from Africa, doin'  
 his bit for THE KING!

Several patrons raise their drinks, chime.

DRINKERS  
 To the King!

Drivers over their head in confusion. All drink.

HACKETT  
 Who doesn't give a shit about him.  
 Sid brings out the whiskey, pours shots all around.

DRIVER #2  
 The good stuff!

HACKETT  
 You've got a long night lads, get  
 that down, keep the cold out.  
 Sid delivers a fresh round to the restless drivers.

HACKETT (CONT'D)  
 'Er he is boys.

Jack approaches.  
 Hackett eyes Jack with rage.  
 The driver darts off to the pisser.

JACK  
 I'll have a pint.

Jack follow the driver to the toilet.

58 INT. COACH & HORSES, TOILET - NIGHT

58

Jack steps up to the troff urinal next to the driver.

DRIVER  
 Fuck me you took yer time!

JACK  
 How often ya come up to Birmingham?

DRIVER  
 Once a week... why?

JACK  
 Trek up from London do ya?

DIVER

What's this, a fuckin interview?

Another patron takes up the far side of the urinal.  
Jack and the driver continue in hushed tones.

JACK

What's he pay per head?

The driver finishes pissing, walks over to wash his hands.

DIVER

Keep yer nose out of it. An' next  
time, speed up the donkey work!

Jack pounces from the urinal.  
Pins the driver against the wall. Smashes the mirror.

The other patron makes a fast exit!

Jack growls through his teeth.

JACK

I was askin' as a gentlemen, but if  
you prefer the interrogation of a  
soldier, I got ya covered!

The drivers stutters in panic.

DIVER

Alright, easy!....Fuck sake. What  
do you expect? I don't know you  
from Adam!

JACK

Me kid brother went missin'. What'd  
ya know bout Charlie?

DIVER

I've heard rumblings but I don't  
nose around.

Jack slips a ten pound note it into the driver's top pocket.

JACK

Well get to fuckin' nosing! Next  
time you drive through Birmingham I  
want answers!

DIVER

Ey!

59

INT. COACH &amp; HORSES PUB - NIGHT

59

Hackett watches Jack and driver with suspicion.  
Driver snags his coat. Salutes Hackett.

DRIVER

See ya next week then.

Driver nods Jacks way as he leaves.  
Jack sits next to Hackett. They watch the lads exit.

Hackett grabs Jack thigh with a vice-like grip.

HACKETT

Let me tell ya something sonny. I  
run the meat game in this town and  
I run it tight!

Jack nabs the pint in front of Hackett, downs it.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

That was a fuckin' 5 minute job!  
Think you can fool me?

Jack pulls out his revolver and cocks it under the bar.  
Points it at Hackett's crotch.

JACK

Right back where we we're I see.

HACKETT

You ungrateful little cunt! You  
come back here, the big hero,  
pissin' on every lamp post markin'  
yer territory.

JACK

I want the goods on Charlie.

Hackett lights a cigar.

HACKETT

Charlie arranged a job on behalf of  
Isaac Lipman.

JACK

The jeweler?

Hackett nods.

HACKETT

Aye the old bastard, he knows we got connections at all the major docks, asked if we could move some gems on his behalf.

JACK

Gemstones? What kind of gemstones?

HACKETT

Don't ask me! I don't bloody know jewels from an 'ole in me arse! But I managed to shift the gear, it went bad, jewels were counterfeit.

JACK

Lipman's no shyster! And Charlie's as good as gold. What'd ya do, pocket the jewels and hang our kid our to dry!?

Hackett face screws into a rage.  
Pounds his fist on the bar.

HACKETT

Lipman's a jew! True ta form, he put the kibosh on the deal.

Jack fumes.

JACK

Who the fuck are you involved with?

Hackett smirks.

HACKETT

Scared of the devil are ya?

JACK

Not the ones I kill!

Hackett lets out an evil laugh.

Jack pulls out a knife, tiny swastika on the handle.  
Hackett studies it.

HACKETT

Time for something a bit stronger  
eh Sid.

Hackett opens the blade, studies it like a work of art.

JACK  
I've gathered quiet a collection of devils.

Sid pours Hackett a fresh 30 year old Jamison.  
Hackett lifts his drink.

HACKETT  
Beware of what lurks beneath the surface, just might bite!

Hackett licks his chops like a savage animal.  
Takes down the shot.

Sid pops down a fresh glass for Jack.  
Jack covers the brim.

JACK  
Like I told ya before, fuck Irish whiskey.

Hackett pushes Jack's hand away, laughing.

HACKETT  
You got it backwards Jackie.  
Ya drink it first, and then ya fuck.

Hackett shows a stiffy with is arm.  
Jack smirks, half amused. Looks across to Silva.

JACK  
It still works at your age then?

Sid pours two shots. Hackett flicks the knife blade.

HACKETT  
Stiffer than this.

Hackett and Sid share a laugh.  
Jack takes the knife, ponders.

Jack slices the palm of his hand.  
Drips his blood into Hackett's whiskey.  
A moment.

JACK  
Whose blood will it be? Yours or the fuckers who took Charlie?

Hackett chuckles, snags the knife from Jack.

HACKETT  
Nothin' like war to reveal ya true  
nature.

JACK  
Ey.

Hackett slices his palm, squeezes his blood into Jacks shot.

HACKETT  
I've always cared more about mekin'  
a few quid than a mans heritage. A  
mighty score to be had during these  
times of war lad.

JACK  
Survival of the fittest I see.

Jack watches Hacketts blood fuse into the whiskey.

HACKETT  
Are yer' in?

Jack's eyes burn up into Hackett's skull.

JACK  
For Charlie!

HACKETT  
Prove yourself here and I'll see to  
it that ya brother's released!

JACK  
An' how am I gunna' do that?

Hackett leans in an whispers in Jacks ear.

HACKETT  
Cut the head of the snake, then  
we'll controls the market.

Hackett's blood continues to drip.

JACK  
Ya know for a fact our kids alive?

HACKETT  
They've beat 'em to a pulp but he's  
alive! They know killing him won't  
get 'em a penny.

Jack ponders. Looks at the blood red shot before him.

JACK

I want the goods on how this black market game works? We split it fifty, fifty from here on.

HACKETT

Fuck you thirty five years of blood and sweat, you get twenty, no more!

JACK

With what you've done with my family, you're lucky if I keep you around.

HACKETT

You wanna control my business, ha..you don't have it in ya!

JACK

You got the brains but I got the bollocks and they're not going for less than fifty!

Jack slams the bar.

Hackett scowls over the rim of his glasses.

HACKETT

(whispers)

But I have the final word, Jackie!

JACK

I'll drink ta that!

Hackett's eyes dance like a snake as he raises his. Both down the bloody Irish with an AHH!

JACK (CONT'D)

Hurry up, before I get blood poisoning.

Hackett transports Jack into the world of the black market.

HACKETT (V.O.)

The live beasts come to Liverpool from Dublin.

60

EXT. LIVERPOOL DOCKS - FLASHBACK

60

A large ships harbored in the dock.

Livestock herded off the ship. Cattle, pigs, sheep. A thick envelope of cash is handed to a dock guard.



HACKETT

A bloke named Frankie Mullins and his crew in London pay off the dockers in Liverpool and nick a good portion of each load.

Nefarious fellows siphon a head of cattle here and there. Dockers load the black market cattle into a lorry. Drive away from the docks.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

They pay off the port agents.

A port agent stops the vehicle for exit inspection. The nefarious fellow hands his false paperwork with cash. Port agent ushers him through.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

This happens every fuckin' day Jackie. I get those black market carcasses for half the regular price. War's made me a fortune.

61

INT. COACH & HORSES PUB - NIGHT

61

Jack and Hackett down more shots.

JACK

So what's the score?

HACKETT

We take out Frankie. He's the bloke that's got Charlie.

JACK

Now your talkin'.

HACKETT

We take over his crew down in London.

Hackett pours Jack a fresh dab of 30 year Jamison.

HACKETT (CONT'D)

And that's not all. I do me own slaughterin' round the area for good folk, pays handsome.

62

EXT. RURAL BARN - FLASHBACK

62

Hackett shoots a calf between the eyes with a Winchester .22. The farmer flinches as the calf drops.

Hackett butchers the calf on site.

HACKETT (V.O.)

No fuckin' licenses no government oversight. No Interference. Well...

63 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP, SIDE YARD - FLASHBACK

63

A lorry pulls into the sand pits. A load of wild turkeys. Hackett's team plucks and slaughtered the birds.

HACKETT

The turkey's are driven down from Liverpool. Bloody Jenkins, he's gotta be taken care of.

PC Jenkins stumbles upon them the pluckers. All activity freezes apart from screaming turkeys. Hackett pays Jenkins off in cash and turkey.

Jenkins disappears, the pluck and slaughter chaos resumes.

64 INT. COACH & HORSES PUB - NIGHT

64

Jack drinks more whiskey.

JACK

Cockneys and Scousers and Paddies and Brummies?

HACKETT

We've got it all nicely sewn up eh?

Jack turns to Hackett.

JACK

Oh yeah, marvelous. What's the plan with this Frankie?

HACKETT

Let's take a little drive over. Finish our little chat at the shop.

Hackett pays. Takes the bottle with him.

65 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

65

Hackett notes the broken pane of glass as they enter, a light leak that draws unwelcome attention. Hackett rigs it light tight.

Looks around but doesn't see the carcasses from the load.

HACKETT  
Where's the fuckin' load?

JACK  
Upstairs.

HACKETT  
Up the bleedin' stairs? Bollocks!  
How the hell you get 'em up the  
stairs on yer own? And fer what?

Jack heads up the stairs, motions up.  
Hackett drinks from the bottle.

JACK  
I'm not an ol' cunt like you. Come  
on up.

Hackett grumbles, hobbles up the stairs.

66

INT. BUTCHER SHOP, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

66

Hackett reaches the top, no carcasses present.

HACKETT  
What's your bleedin' game!

Jack reveals the safe key from his pocket.  
Slides it in the safe.

Hackett grabs his cane head which pulls out as a knife.

HACKETT (CONT'D)  
Back off! And listen to me. I got a  
plan to get Charlie back! Hear  
me out.

Hackett pulls a paper out of his coat.

HACKETT (CONT'D)  
Here's the goods on Frankie...

Jack turns the key, opens the safe.  
A red nazi flag dangles within and a sack of precious stones.

Hackett lunges at Jack's throat with the knife.  
Jack skillfully avoids the knife.  
WHAM! Thrusts Hacketts face into the corner of the safe.

Hackett falls to the floor. Jack turns him over.  
Hackett's out cold.

Jack looks at the piece of paper.  
Frankie Mullins: Smith Meats, London.

Blood seeps from the wound.  
Hackett screams in pain.  
Jack studies the red Nazi flag and the gems.

JACK  
Ya lying, no good, sympathizer.

Jack pulls Hackett by the legs down the stairs.

67 INT. BUTCHER SHOP, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT 67

Jack drags Hackett through the butcher shop.

68 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT 68

Jack drags Hackett into the livestock pen.  
Places him in with the pigs.

Suddenly a silhouette of a policeman under the barn light.

Jack scoops pig feed onto Hackett.  
The pigs swarm in to feed, blocking Hacketts body.

Warden approaches.

POLICEMAN  
What's the big idea, leakin' light  
at this hour?

Jack approaches the refrigerated storage.

JACK  
Shit officer some asshole just  
tried to steel my stock, look at  
the door will ya.

Jack wraps a lamb chop, tucks it in the coppers hand.

POLICEMAN  
Very nice of ya but get that light  
out and report the burglary in the  
morning.

JACK  
Yes sir.

Jack blacks the light.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Sleep tight ya old bastard.

69 EXT. BORDESLEY GREEN ROAD - NIGHT 69

Jack staggers back towards the pub.

70 INT. COACH & HORSES PUB - NIGHT 70

Jack enters, the place falls silent,  
He spots Silvia talking to a local drunk.

Jack walks to her, grabs her by the arm and pulls her away.

DRUNK  
Oi! What the hell d'ya think yer  
doin'?!

JACK  
Fuck off!

Drunk looks at Sid dazed and confused.

SID  
Hands off her soldier.

Jack casts a dagger look at Sid.  
Sid reaches under the bar, pulls a shotgun.

JACK  
A private word that's all.

Jack pulls Silva out the back door.

71 EXT. PUB ALLEY - NIGHT 71

Jack forces Sylvia around the corner into an entry way.

SILVIA  
Jack what are you doin'? Where are  
we goin'?

Jack's hand glides across the brick, looking for a spot.

JACK  
Found it!

Jack backs Silvia against a warm spot on the brick.

SILVIA  
Found what?

JACK  
The warm spot behind the fire,  
remember?

SILVIA  
I heard nothing from ya, I'm with  
Sid now. It's all too dangerous.

JACK  
Ssshhhh!

Jack delivers a passionate kiss.  
Silvia resists, gives in to her desire. Erotic embrace.

Jack lifts Sylvia's skirt, She unbuckles his belt.  
Picks her up by the thighs, she wraps her legs round him.

He's thought of this moment for years on the front.  
Jack grunts. Sylvia moans. Steam rises off their warm bodies.  
They make passionate love under the cold moon light.

EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT

Moon illuminates the firmament. A faint hum as Nazi bombers  
come into view.

72

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

72

The moon peeks through snow laden clouds.  
A steam train hisses into New Street station.  
Travelers disembark, swarm the station platforms.

A faint HUMM is heard above.  
Strange shadows flickers below.  
A child stares up at the sky.

Sky full of the ominous drone of German bombers.

OOOMMMMMMMM! AIR RAID SIREN BLARES OFF.

The child is whisked away by his mother.  
Panic, chaos, screams as the crowd darts for cover.

73

INT. CUTLER'S HOUSE, JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

73

Blaring siren wakes Jack with sudden alarm.  
Jack jumps out of bed, runs downstairs.

74 EXT. CUTLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 74

Jack darts out the house in his underwear.  
Star of David round his neck.

Trips over two bags of coal on the doorstep.  
Squints up and spots a legion of bombers high in the sky.  
Bombs whistling down.  
Anti aircraft gun fire fills the air.

75 EXT. AIRCRAFT BOMB DROP - NIGHT 75

Aircraft hatch releases a bomb.

76 INT. CUTLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 76

Jack darts inside.

JACK  
Ma! Ma! Where are ya?

77 EXT. BOMB - NIGHT 77

A bomb descends down towards Jack's house.

FADE TO BLACK.