

LEGEND

Written by
Brian Helgeland

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - DUSK 1

PANNING DOWN from the heavens to the city below. Seen from the East End looking west. Traffic in the streets, the Thames, St. Paul's. The BELLS at Bow Church can be heard.

FRANCES (V.O.)

London in the 1960's. Everyone had a story about the Krays. You could walk into any pub to hear a lie or two about them.

2 EXT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - ROLLING THE WEST END - NIGHT 2

We are low on the rear fender looking up, awash in neon: Ronnie Scott's, the Marquee Club. We catch glimpses of the pretty people passing by.

FRANCES (V.O.)

But I was there and I am not careless with the truth.

3 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - ROLLING THE WEST END - NIGHT 3

In the backseat, the Krays: REGGIE tough and fit, RON off kilter in style. An odd slowness here, like time has stood still. Are they on their way to gangster heaven?

FRANCES (V.O.)

They were brothers. But bound by more than blood, they were twins as well. Counterparts. Gangster princes of the city they meant to conquer.

Ron, heavier, thicker, bespectacled, looks to his brother.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Ron Kray was a one man London mob. Bloodthirsty, illogical, but funny as well.

Reggie looks out the window watching London pass by.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Reggie was different. Once in a lifetime do you find a street fighting man like Reg. Believe me when I say it took a lot of love for me to hate him the way I do.

CUT TO:

4 INT./EXT. 178 VALLANCE ROAD - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY 4

ON REGGIE KRAY'S back. Follow him as he strides, a boxer's roll to his shoulders. Out onto VALLANCE ROAD. His patch.

Full of mischief, Reggie carries TWO TEA CUPS down and across the street to where a sedan is parked.

The driver is Constable SCOTT. His passenger is Scotland Yard Inspector NIPPER READ.

REGGIE

Hello, boys. Fancy a cup of tea?

They just look away. Reggie checks out the car.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

What's this, the old Dagenham Anglia? Nought to sixty in 20 minutes. It suits you, all black and cramped.

(re: tea; to Scott)

Milk and sugar? Yes? No?

CONSTABLE SCOTT

Shove off, Kray.

Reggie leans low so he can see Nipper.

REGGIE

Hello, Nipper. Don't want to keep you. Not with all the murderers to catch and rapists to lock away.

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

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Where's my driver? Where's Frank?

DONOGHUE

He ain't here. Can't get out of bed in the morning, Reg. His heart ain't in it.

REGGIE

Well, let's go get him then. Ormsby Street, right?

Donoghue nods, opens the passenger door. Reg shakes his head.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

No, I could use the walk. Lovely day
for it.

Reggie turns, smiles at and motions Nipper to follow.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Come on then!

As Reggie starts down Vallance Road, Donoghue sighs, shakes
his head and gets inside the Galaxy.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ANGLIA - ROLLING DOWN VALLANCE ROAD - DAY 5

Nipper watching from the Anglia as the Galaxy (driven by
Donoghue) follows Reggie who strolls along. He tussles a
KID'S hair, greets an OLD WOMAN. He's GREETED back warmly.

NIPPER

Eastenders. They won't talk to a
policeman, but they'll kiss a
gangster.

As Nipper shakes his head in disgust...

CUT TO:

6 EXT. HOUSE - ORMSBY STREET - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY 6

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

REGGIE

Is Frank about?

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

FRANCES

Frank!

Reggie really checks her out now.

REGGIE

Who are you?

FRANCES

Frances. Frank's sister.

REGGIE

Hang on, I know you. But you were just a girl. You've all grown up, haven't you?

Frances is rolling something around in her mouth.

FRANCES

It happens.

REGGIE

What have you got there?

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

FRANCES

A sweet.

REGGIE

Lemon sherbet?

(Frances nods)

Gives us a few sucks on it?

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

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh, that's nice. But a bit early, isn't it?

FRANCES

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

Reggie crunches. Frances reacts.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to chew it.

REGGIE

No? How else am I supposed to get at the sherbetty bit?

FRANCES

By being patient.

REGGIE

No, patience doesn't get you what you want.

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

FRANK SHEA

Half a minute, Reg. Right down.

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

FRANCES

Is my brother in trouble?

REGGIE

(nods; then...)

Would you go out with me? I'll take it easy on him if you do.

FRANCES

Yes, but not for that reason.

REGGIE

Saturday night?

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

MRS. SHEA

Who are you talking to?

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

MRS. SHEA (CONT'D)

You're half dressed talking to a man in the door. What's wrong with you, Frances? Get back in the kitchen. Finish them dishes.

Frances shrugs at Reggie who takes the sweet from his mouth, offers it back. Her mother watches as she takes it, pops it in her mouth as she goes. Reggie smiles rakishly.

Mrs. Shea slams the door in his face.

CUT TO:

7 INT. FORD GALAXY 500 - DAY (ROLLING)

7

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

REGGIE

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

FRANK SHEA

Print. Print shop.

REGGIE

Do you understand what I'm saying?
You'll be headed to the shit shop.

(after a beat)

What does your sister do?

FRANK SHEA

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

Donoghue shaking his head, looks back for the Anglia.

REGGIE

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

FRANK SHEA

She's been away.

(a beat)

She's a bit fragile, Reg.

REGGIE

Yeah?

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

DONOGHUE

Stop here, Frank.

As Frank pulls to the curb...

8 EXT. NARROW LANE - DAY (SAME) 8

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

DONOGHUE

(shouts to Nipper)

Five minutes! Won't be long!

From Nipper's angle it looks like they're entering a
BUILDING. But from Reggie and Donoghue's angle...

They've entered a...

9 NARROW WALKING ALLEY 9

They're giving Nipper the slip.

10 NIPPER READ 10
Frowning. Realizing. Suddenly bolting out of the tiny Anglia.
MOVE WITH NIPPER as he hurries down the pavement, ducks down
the walking alley. Emerges onto...

11 A SECOND ALLEY 11
Reggie and Donoghue nowhere in sight. As Nipper realizes he's
been had...

CUT TO:

12 RON KRAY 12
Looks nearly at camera. As Ron speaks we cannot see to whom.

RON

And I'm staring at the back of this
geezer's head. Drilling him with my
eyes. The whole time thinking, *give
Ron Kray your sausage. Give Ron your
fucking sausage.* Until I'm not
thinking it anymore; I'm
broadcasting it, *Ron Kray sausage,*
through his skull and into his
brain. Till he looks back at me and
says, "Ron, do you fancy my sausage?
I got no appetite this morning."
(lets it sink in)
Interesting, ain't it?

FRANCES (V.O.)

When my future brother-in-law said
interesting, it meant he had no
fucking idea what he, or you, or
anyone else was talking about.

WIDEN: Ron sits across from Reggie and Donoghue in the...

13 INT. DAY ROOM AT LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY 13
Ron has glasses, wears a comfy old jumper. All the patients
here in their own clothes. Reggie looks at Donoghue: his
brother is mad as a March hare.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Ron had been sentenced to three
years in prison for Grievous Bodily
Harm.

(MORE)

FRANCES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Near the end of his sentence he was certified insane and remanded to a mental hospital. What was wanting was a friendly psychiatrist.

CUT TO:

14 BIG PAT CONNOLLY LYING ON A PSYCHIATRIST'S COUCH 14

Big Pat is, in fact, enormous Pat. DR. HUMPHRIES frowns as the couch creaks under the big man's weight.

HUMPHRIES

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

BIG PAT

Raspberry ripple - cripple.

HUMPHRIES

You want to cripple someone?

BIG PAT

Yep, that's right.

HUMPHRIES

And why is that?

BIG PAT

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

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

HUMPHRIES

And who is your employer?

BIG PAT

Ronnie Kray. Is there hope, Doctor?

HUMPHRIES

Excuse me a moment.

15 RECEPTION AREA 15

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

HUMPHRIES

Who is that?

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Another new patient.

(whispers)

Tommy 'the Bear of Tottenham' Brown.

As Humphries considers his options...

CUT TO:

16 INT. MEETING ROOM - LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY 16

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

HUMPHRIES

Ronald Kray possesses possibly the soundest mind I've seen in twenty-six years of psychiatric practice. In my view to keep him here would be a waste of public resources.

Humphries slumps back down in his chair, mutters to himself:

HUMPHRIES (CONT'D)

A lifetime's integrity down the toilet.

Ron looks over at him, sure that he willed it...

FRANCES (V.O.)

The Queen would survive, but God save the rest of us.

CUT TO:

17 INT. LONG GROVE HOSPITAL - DAY 17

Reggie and Donoghue walking toward the exit.

VOICE

Mr. Kray!

They both turn as DOCTOR HUMPHRIES heads briskly over, fresh from the hearing.

HUMPHRIES

I hope you know what you're doing.

REGGIE

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

HUMPHRIES

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

REGGIE

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

HUMPHRIES

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

REGGIE

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

Donoghue shakes his head, neither giving the Doc an inch.

HUMPHRIES

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

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

HUMPHRIES (CONT'D)

It's called Stematol. You need to give it to your brother twice a day. Twice a day or there's going to be fucking trouble.

CUT TO:

18 MIRROR (FRANCES' BEDROOM)

18

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

FRANK SHEA (O.S.)

Frances! The car is here!

CUT TO:

19 INT. HALLWAY - SHEA HOUSE - EVENING

19

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

FRANK SHEA

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

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

MRS. SHEA

East End harlot is more like it.

As Frances reacts to the stinging words...

FRANK SHEA

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

MRS. SHEA

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

FRANCES

Why would you say that?!

MRS. SHEA

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

As Mrs. Shea stomps away, Frances watches after her...

FRANCES

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

CUT TO:

20 REGGIE - OUTSIDE THE SHEA HOUSE - EVENING (SAME)

20

Leaning against his CONTINENTAL, a bit of danger in a sharp suit. Reggie heard Frances' declaration, absorbs it and...

Frances exits the front door. She gives nothing away. As they consider each other...

FRANCES

Hello.

REGGIE

You look lovely, Frances.

FRANCES

So do you.

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED 21
22 EXT. THE DOUBLE R CLUB - NIGHT 22

A drab East End street. The Continental pulls up and Reggie gets out, opens the door for Frances.

MOVE WITH them as they cross to where a 300-pound Glaswegian doorman stands. It's Big Pat from the psychiatrist's office.

REGGIE
Hello, Big Pat.

BIG PAT
Reggie. Miss.

REGGIE
Big Pat's here to keep the riff raff out.

(Pat nods sagely)
So how come you're letting us in?

Frances laughs. We FOLLOW THEM past Big Pat and inside into a whole other world...

23 INT. DOUBLE R CLUB - OUTER ROOM - NIGHT 23

An eclectic crowd. Reggie greets Firm member IAN BARRIE who's parked at the bar. As Reggie continues to lead Frances further in, anyone who sees him says 'Hello'.

FRANCES
Everyone here knows you.

REGGIE
Of course. This is my club.

FRANCES
You mean it's your local?

REGGIE
I mean I own the place.

FRANCES
I've been by here ten times; I never knew it was yours.

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

They enter...

24 THE INNER ROOM

24

The place is hopping. A SINGER on a small stage croons *The Look Of Love*. Reggie pauses to greet a couple of flat-faced BOXERS. As he continues with Frances, she leans in, whispers:

FRANCES

Those men look frightening.

REGGIE

No. They're just old boxers. I let them drink for free if they behave. Proper East End mugs.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN steps past, smiles at Reggie as she passes.

FRANCES

Reggie, that was Joan Collins.

REGGIE

Yeah, and Barbara Windsor was in here last night.

FRANCES

Really?

REGGIE

That's my formula. Mix celebrities with a villain or two. The punters love it. It's really good for business.

They stop at a table with a great view of the stage.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Would you like a seat?

Frances smiles as he pulls out her chair. But as she sits --

RONNIE HART

(stepping up)

'Scuse me, Reg. Have you got a moment?

REGGIE

No, I haven't.

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

RONNIE HART

It's important.

Something about the way Hart says it. Reggie can't ignore him. He smiles at Frances.

REGGIE

Frances, would you mind if I take care of some business for a moment?

FRANCES

No, of course not.

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

25 THE BACK BAR

25

Where a nervous, shambling JACK 'the Hat' MCVITIE sits in a booth with Donoghue. He grimaces a smile when he sees Reggie.

MCVITIE

How are you, Reg?

REGGIE

No complaints, Jack. But who'd listen anyway? What's the palaver?

Reggie sits. Jack wedged between him and Donoghue with Hart standing by.

DONOGHUE

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

McVitie gulps, trying to appear cool.

MCVITIE

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

REGGIE

For Chrissakes get on with it. I've got things to do.

MCVITIE

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

Exasperated, Reggie looks from Hart to Donoghue.

REGGIE

You brought me in here for this?

DONOGHUE

You should know about this.

Reggie disgusted with McVitie, looks him over.

REGGIE

You be at work tomorrow. You pay
back every penny. Understood?

MCVITIE

Yes. Of course.

McVitie hoping he's in the clear as Reggie takes out a pack
of cigarettes, expertly taps one out which he takes with his
mouth. He looks to McVitie, sighs.

REGGIE

Cigarette?

McVitie nods. Reggie taps out another, holds it face level.
As McVitie leans forward, opens his mouth to take it --

WHALLOP! Reggie arcs a right hook into his jaw, breaking it.
McVitie down in a heap. Reggie looms over him.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I've marked your card, Jack. Next
time I'll finish you off.

McVitie moans, manages a nod.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got
better things to do tonight.

Reggie goes. Donoghue catches up with him.

DONOGHUE

There's something else.

Reggie stops short, cuts him off.

REGGIE

I'm on a night out, Albert. I've got
a young lady with me and I'm
entertaining.

(points through door)

There. Do you see that?

DONOGHUE

I see.

REGGIE

It can wait until tomorrow.

Donoghue gives up. WE FOLLOW Reggie back out as he brushes off his suit, leaving the ugly encounter behind, returning to his charming self as...

26 FRANCES

26

Reggie joins her, like nothing just happened.

REGGIE
Did I miss anything?

FRANCES
Just me.

REGGIE
That's a lot to miss.

FRANCES
Is it?

REGGIE
Yeah. Your brother was telling me
you're studying to be a secretary.

FRANCES
Anything to get out of the East End.

REGGIE
What's wrong with the East End?

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

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

FRANCES
Even here? In Bethnal Green?

Reggie nods, looks her over, likes what he sees.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Do you like being a gangster?

That stops him short. He gathers, answers...

REGGIE
I'm a club owner.

She waits for more. And something about her, brings out a bit of truth.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I like the money and the respect, of being a club owner.

She smiles at the euphemism.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I could've been a boxer, but I might've ended up punchy, not knowing who I was, instead of knowing it for sure.

(a beat)

Mostly I like the fact that I've made a little something of myself. I don't owe the world a thing.

FRANCES

So long as the world agrees with you.

He looks at her a long beat. And finally Frances leans in and KISSES him.

CUT TO:

27	OMITTED	27
28	EXT. WOODS - DAY	28

Moving through the trees, Winston Churchill's voice in the air. A strange incongruity.

CHURCHILL'S VOICE

We shall fight on the beaches. We shall fight on the landing grounds.

A CARAVAN ahead, nestled in a hollow. As we MOVE IN on it Churchill's voice is coming from inside.

CHURCHILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

We shall fight in the fields and in the streets. We shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.

REVEAL Reggie approaching, leading Frances by the hand.

REGGIE

Ron, come out! You've got visitors!

A needle scratch as the Churchill recording stops.

The door opens. There's Ron, slightly disheveled, but trying not to look it. He smiles up as Reggie leads her over.

RON

Hullo, Frances. Welcome to the family.

He looks to Reggie who's a bit embarrassed at the thought.

RON (CONT'D)

I mean, maybe one day.

Reggie gestures toward the caravan.

REGGIE

Have you got a bottle of beer in there?

(Ron nods)

I'll let you two get to know each other.

As Reggie heads inside, Ron looks to Frances.

RON

You want a cup of tea?

He leads her to where a kettle sits on a grate over a fire.

RON (CONT'D)

(re: Reggie)

So, do you think we look alike?

FRANCES

Certainly.

RON

No, you think Reggie is beautiful and I'm not.

As Frances tries to figure out how to answer...

REGGIE'S VOICE

(from inside)

Unload the car! Be useful!

A lithe young man bounds out, smiles fraternally at Frances as he heads off for the Lincoln. This is 'MAD' TEDDY SMITH. Ron watches after him, turns back to Frances.

RON

I'm a homosexual, Frances.

As she reacts, he clarifies.

RON (CONT'D)

I'm a giver not a receiver mind you.
I believe you shouldn't to hide what
you are, it makes you sad; it makes
you unwell.

FRANCES

I agree completely.

He considers her, confides...

RON

(low; conspiratorial)

Me and my brother are going to rule
London.

As Frances reacts to this oath, Ron switches gears.

RON (CONT'D)

Do you eat raw eggs?

FRANCES

No, no, I don't.

RON

You should. Raw eggs make you good
at sex.

As Frances tries to find her footing...

CUT TO:

29 INT. OFFICE - SOUTH LONDON SCRAP YARD - DAY

29

MCLEAN hangs upside down from the ceiling, two electrodes
clipped to his nipples. EDDIE RICHARDSON looms, the
prosecutor. CHARLIE RICHARDSON sit at a table, the judge.
ALBERT WOODS and other GANG MEMBERS are the jury. GEORGE
CORNELL stands by a hand-crank-powered GENERATOR.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The Krays' main rivals were the
Richardsons of South London. They
were called the torture gang.

EDDIE RICHARDSON

(to McLean)

For the benefit of the jury, on
whose behalf were you operating on
this side of the river?

With Eddie circling around him, McLean appeals to Charlie.

MCLEAN

Please, Charlie, I'm begging you.

CHARLIE RICHARDON

No. You do business with the court as a entity. Therefore address the court.

MCLEAN

What?

Eddie belts him. McLean refocuses from the blow.

CHARLIE RICHARDON

Your honor. By saying your honor you gain the court's attention and open a channel of communication.

EDDIE RICHARDSON

So again, on whose behalf were you working on this side of the river?

MCLEAN

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

Charlie bangs a PIPE WRENCH GAVEL.

CHARLIE RICHARDON

Order in this my court!

WHACK! Eddie belts McLean again. Charlie steps over, gives McLean a push. As McLean slowly swings...

CHARLIE RICHARDON (CONT'D)

You're in Indian Country, old son. That's what you Cockneys call south of the river, isn't it? Indian country? What are you doing on my reservation, without my say so, filling up your canteen from my fucking watering hole?

EDDIE RICHARDSON

You haven't got the bottle to do that on your own. Who do you work for?

MCLEAN

I don't know what you're on about --

Charlie nods to Cornell --

CHARLIE RICHARDON

Buzz him.

CORNELL

Objection, your honor, my client is
an upstanding citizen.

CHARLIE RICHARDON

Objection overruled on the grounds
it's boring.

Cornell shrugs, cranks the generator. MCLEAN goes rigid as
electricity courses through him.

EDDIE RICHARDSON

Say it! Say the Krays, you daft
cunt!

CHARLIE RICHARDON

No leading the witness, Eddie!

Cornell eases off the juice. McLean sags...

CHARLIE RICHARDON (CONT'D)

You're scared of the wrong outfit.
And now you're on the wrong side of
the river and the wrong side of me.
You've fallen foul of the Cherokee.
And you know what Indians do to
cowboys, don't you?

Charlie whispers a threat into McLean's ear. Whatever it is,
it works...

MCLEAN

The Krays! I work for the Krays!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SWEETS SHOP - DAY 30

Reggie scanning through the window, spotting a jar of LEMON
SHERBETS. As he smiles...

CUT AHEAD TO:

31 EXT. SWEETS SHOP - DAY 31

Reggie exits. He starts crossing the street carrying a small
WHITE PAPER BAG of sweets.

A CAR zooms forward, barrels at him with intent.

Cornell and Albert Woods seen through the windscreen.

Reggie wheels, leaps up, landing on the hood before slamming to the pavement. As the car careen by, Reggie has managed not to let go of the sweets.

CUT TO:

32 INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - SOUTH LONDON - DAY 32

Where Eddie & Charlie Richardson sit by themselves, scarfing down enormous gyros.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON

Alexander may have been great, but he wasn't a Greek.

EDDIE RICHARDSON

No?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON

No, he was a Macedonian, but he loved 'em, Aristotle and that lot. He was deeply impressed with those flash Hellenistic cunts.

EDDIE RICHARDSON

Now all that's left are gyros, hummus and stuffed grape leaves.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON

And democracy, Eddie, don't forget democracy.

Suddenly the wall explodes as a BOX VAN crashes through. Eddie and Charlie are lost in a storm of debris. Finally, all we hear is an ENGINE RACING.

Eddie emerges, looks in the empty van to see the gas pedal is wedged down. Charlie shake off some dust, lets loose a HOWL of rage. As a section of the ceiling drops down behind him...

FRANCES (V.O.)

The Richardson's sent George Cornell to call for a truce.

CUT TO:

33 INT. PELLICCI'S CAFE - DAY 33

Reggie and Ron at a table having breakfast. Cornell and cohort MIKE JOBBER enter. They're intercepted by Donoghue, Barrie and Big Pat.

DONOGHUE

Whoa, that's far enough, mate.

CORNELL
We're here to parlay.

Barrie opens a flick knife.

BARRIE
I will map you up, Southie.

REGGIE
No. Let 'em through.

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

CORNELL
Things've gone far enough. Charlie
wants a meet. The Pig & Whistle.
Neutral ground, just him, Eddie and
you two.

RON
And how do we know we'll be safe?

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

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

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

Ron draws a GUN. Reggie grabs his arm.

REGGIE
No, Ron, not here.
(to Cornell)
An hour it is. Now shove off!

Cornell offers one last leer at Ron before he and Jobber
start back. Big Pat and Barrie see them off.

DONOGHUE
I don't like it, Reggie.

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

CUT TO:

34 INT. PIG & WHISTLE - DAY

34

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

REGGIE

Two Guinness.

BARMAN

Half a minute. Gotta go down and change the barrel.

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

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

MIKE JOBBER

Reg, Ron, the Richardsons were unexpectedly engaged. We're going to look after you.

RON

(re: Jobber's razor)
What's that supposed to be?

MIKE JOBBER

What do you think? It's a tool.

RON

No it's not; it's a fucking utensil. What are you going to do with that, fry me an egg?

Ron indicates some hard metal shoved down in his pockets. Pistols? As Jobber frowns...

RON (CONT'D)

I came here for a shoot out. A proper shoot out with some proper men! Like Colonel Custer and Geronimo.

(turns)

Reg, this lot are fucking nonces.

(to Jobber)

Get out of my way.

Motioning, with what seem to be guns, Ron walks past the Richardson gang and pauses by the front door.

RON (CONT'D)

A shoot-out is a fucking shoot out!
Like a Western...

And then he's gone. One of the gang closes the door behind him. Jobber and the others turn back to Reggie.

MIKE JOBBER

You're brother's done a runner.

REGGIE

(shrugs)
You don't mind if I pour myself a
pint, do you?

Reggie reaches over the bar, starts to POUR a GUINNESS.
Jobber trades incredulous looks with the others.

MIKE JOBBER

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

All the while Reggie tends to his Guinness.

REGGIE

He did? Well...
(turns)
Fuck Charlie Richardson. And his
brother. Fuck Georgie Cornell. And
Albert Woods. Fuck you, hmm? And
fuck the whole fucking lot of you.
(holds up glass)
First pour about three quarters.
Then you let it settle.

The eight close in a step. Reggie sets the glass on the bar.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Before you top it off proper. You
want the head looking proud over the
glass.

Reggie shoves his hands in his pockets, rocks on his toes
like a proud schoolboy.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

It won't bother you cunts if I fight
back, will it?

MIKE JOBBER

If you think you can manage it.

REGGIE

It won't exactly be by the rules.

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

LAUGHS all around. They're not intimidated. Only Reggie sees:

RON quietly slip back into the bar from the OTHER ENTRANCE, behind them, a HAMMER in each hand. Reggie smiles.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You think I'm joking? Try this one then. A paranoid schizophrenic walks into a bar...

Ron doesn't break stride as SWING! Blind-sides the rear man.

Jobber crumples even as Reggie wades in. And it's one-two, from Reggie, the brass knuckles covered in blood as he keeps an unconscious men standing with a flurry of uppercuts.

FRANCES (V.O.)

When the Krays fought together, they could defeat an army. Style-wise it was chalk and cheese, but you couldn't argue with the results.

35 A BATTLE

35

We watch the Kray Brothers obliterate eight men. They fight forward, meeting in the middle until the last of the Richardson gang is finished off. As Ron adds finishing touches to those writhing on the floor...

A satisfied Reggie steps to his Guinness, takes a sip.

FRANCES (V.O.)

They never stood a chance against my beautiful Reggie.

Reggie winces at Ron's savagery...

CUT TO:

36 INT. SOUTH LONDON SCRAP YARD - DAY

36

Charlie alone watching a small TV.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Gang war seemed certain, but on the morning of the World Cup Final, Scotland Yard had its say as well.

Charlie leaps to his feet as Geoff Hurst scores.

CHARLIE RICHARDON

Goal!

And as POLICE suddenly pour in to arrest him....

CUT TO:

37 EXT./INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT 37

Parked. The windows fogged up. Reggie and Frances kissing like they just invented it.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Charlie Richardson was arrested and sentenced to 25 years for fraud, extortion and grievous bodily harm.

Finally, Frances pulls back. She considers him as she catches her breath. He considers her in return.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. KENSINGTON GORE - DAY 38

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

FRANCES (V.O.)

London was an open city and the Krays moved in.

CUT TO:

39 A POV IN A HALLWAY 39

On a SECRETARY'S BACK approaching double wooden doors. As she swings them open, Stefan De Faye passes and we are now in...

THE OFFICE

LESLIE PAYNE smiles from his desk, looking good in a suit.

PAYNE

Mr. de Faye, glad you could come.

DE FAYE

(steps forward)

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

PAYNE

Please. Sit down.

As de Faye sits, he doesn't notice the two men sitting against the wall behind him: Ron & Reggie Kray.

PAYNE (CONT'D)
(gestures)
These are the Kray twins...

As de Faye turns, clocks them...

PAYNE (CONT'D)
...Ronald and Reginald.

DE FAYE
(nervous)
Yes, I've, heard of them, of you.

PAYNE
You'll find them useful friends.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRANCES (V.O.)
Ruling London involved intelligence
and intimidation.

DE FAYE
It's not for sale.

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

PAYNE
You might find in the future there
is a less polite approach.

FRANCES (V.O.)
The trick was to cultivate a quiet
certainty that should it be needed,
violence was on offer and would be
happily applied.

De Faye laughs, tries to brass it out, but he's very afraid.
Ron smiles at him. As Payne offers up a smile of his own...

FRANCES (V.O.)
Leslie Payne was a fronter and a
fixer...

CUT TO:

40 INT. THE CARPENTERS ARMS - DAY

40

Unofficial HQ of the Firm. Donoghue, Barrie, and the boys
spread across the pub. Reggie and Leslie Payne at the bar.

FRANCES (V.O.)
...Reggie found Payne useful, but
Ron was suspicious of him, afraid
his scams were the opposite of what
a gangster should be.

Ron holed up in a corner, eyeing Payne suspiciously. Payne
looks a little too 'proper' for this crowd.

PAYNE
We should acquire a casino.

REGGIE
How? We're known gangsters.

PAYNE
Consider Las Vegas. All legal, all
run by the Mafia. Soon London will
be the same. With Havana gone, the
Mafia is moving in. Meyer Lansky has
already made inquiries.

RON

Meyer Lansky... What, the Americans are going to try to muscle in on us?

PAYNE

No, they don't work that way. They don't want war. They're businessmen.

RON

Well, maybe I want war with them.

Payne looks to Reggie, tries to explain to Ron.

PAYNE

What they do want is to know who is the up-and-coming local firm. They'll colonize London by financing that firm, then franchising the city.

(to Reggie)

You need to prove to the Americans the Krays are the only game in town.

RON

Interesting...

As Reggie thinks it over...

PAYNE

The world could be our oyster.

RON

Payne. You say we a lot. You also say *our* a lot?

PAYNE

Do I?

RON

My question is, is your last name Kray?

Payne can feel himself getting in over his head.

PAYNE

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

RON

I bet you are... Reggie, I say we meet these Mafioso at London airport, chop them up and send them back home in their luggage. That's a plan.

As Reggie wonders how to respond...

CUT TO:

41 INT. SUITE - THE LONDON HILTON - DAY

41

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

BRUNO

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

RON

Mr. Lansky should know that we happen to have a casino of our own.

BRUNO

Your own casino? Well, we own Las Vegas.

Testa and Caponigro chuckle at that.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

But here the Atlantic Ocean is in our way. So Mr. Lansky lacks the ability to ensure the physical security of his property. From both outside muscle and the cops. He thinks the Kray family can help.

REGGIE

You don't want our help; you just don't want us getting underfoot. Ain't that it? How do we keep the local yokels out of the way?

Bruno likes Reggie's directness. He's direct back.

BRUNO

London's going to be the Las Vegas of Europe. We need someone to front and someone to muscle for us.

REGGIE

We can do your security, but we don't want to work for you; we want to work with you.

PAYNE

What Reggie is trying to say --

BRUNO

I think he knows what he's trying to say. He just said it. We're in your backyard and Mr. Lansky is open to discussions of this nature.

(points at briefcase)

He sends this as a good will gesture. Just a taste.

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

BRUNO (CONT'D)

For expenses. Now the second briefcase contains business of my own I need to take care of.

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

BRUNO (CONT'D)

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

Reggie looks at Payne. Payne gives the slightest nod back.

REGGIE

Yeah, we can handle it.

BRUNO

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

Reggie considers Bruno. A moment of truth.

REGGIE

Fifty/fifty, mate.

Bruno considers him back...

BRUNO

I like you, Reggie. Fifty/fifty it is, done.

CUT AHEAD TO:

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

BRUNO

(to Reggie)

I'm glad we could make a deal.

(to Ron)

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

(nudges Ron)

A little spaghetti and meatballs.

RON

I prefer boys.

BRUNO

Come again? I didn't get that.

RON

I prefer boys. Italian. Greek.

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

RON (CONT'D)

But I'm not prejudiced. I've had Negroes, Scandinavians, I even had a Tahitian once.

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

BRUNO

You got some fucking balls on you, kid. That takes a lot of fucking guts to admit that. Bravo, kiddo.

(looking around)

Huh? Am I right? Bravo.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SHEA HOUSE - ORMSBY STREET - BETHNAL GREEN - EVENING 43

Reggie leans against the Lincoln, waiting. The muffled sounds of Frances and Mrs. Shea ARGUING drifts over. ARGUING about him.

It cuts short and a moment later Frances exits the house. Reggie watches as she approaches. She looks stunning, alive. Seeing her effect on him, she pirouettes, waits.

REGGIE

Frankie... You take my breath away.

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

FRANCES

You can have mine.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT (MINI-HISTORY MONTAGE) 44

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

FRANCES (V.O.)

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

Reggie make the rounds with Frances. They look fantastic.

FRANCES (V.O.)

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

A FLASH of Reggie at a table with JUDY GARLAND. A FLASH of Reggie posing with SONNY LISTON. FLASH - SHIRLEY BASSEY. Joan Collins. Reggie with LORDS and LUCIEN FREUD. They watch Frances bet RED at the roulette table. As it comes up RED...

FRANCES (V.O.)

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

On stage Timi Yuro seems to sing to Reggie.

TIMI YURO

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

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

FRANCES (V.O.)

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

As RON downs his drinks, he speaks to 'Mad' Teddy Smith.

RON

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

REGGIE

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

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

FRANCES (V.O.)

We wouldn't spend Christmas together that year. There was an old warrant on Reggie. Demanding money with menaces. The last six months of the sentence was on appeal, but it was denied. He was to surrender in the morning.

Frances realizes something is wrong and it's suddenly like they are the only ones here. And as Timi sings...

FRANCES (V.O.)

My real life was about to begin.

45 REGGIE & FRANCES

45

Share a last sad dance together. And as the song end...

CUT TO:

46 EXT. WANDSWORTH PRISON - DAY 46

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

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

REGGIE

Well, chaps, see you in six months.

(to Frank)

Look after your sister, Frank.

FRANK SHEA

I will, Reg.

A last look to Donoghue and he's out the door and walking toward the prison. The lads watch after him with admiration.

CUT TO:

47 INT. PRISON PROCESSING AREA - WANDSWORTH - DAY 47

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

DOCTOR

Say 'ahh'.

REGGIE

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

CUT TO:

48 INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON HALLWAY - DAY 48

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

49 CUBICLE HALLWAY 49

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

BIG SCREW

You're nothing in here. Nothing!

The Big Screw digs the end of his truncheon into Reggie's gut. Two others go after his knees. The blows rain down. Reggie strikes back, but five against one, he's overwhelmed. A beating is in order.

Reggie finally balls up under the kicks and strikes.

CUT AHEAD TO:

50 CELL BLOCK DOOR

50

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

BIG SCREW

Stand him up.

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

REGGIE

No more... Please...

BIG SCREW

Please? That's more like it, Reg.

Reggie hangs onto the Big Screw, fawns. It's hard to watch.

REGGIE

No trouble. No trouble, gov'nor.

BIG SCREW

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

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

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

REGGIE

Water. Please.

BIG SCREW

Alright, son. I'll sort it.

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

BIG SCREW (CONT'D)

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

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

REGGIE

The bigger they come, mate.

WHALLOP. The fist comes right between the bars. Stuns him. Reggie reaches through, grabs him by the ears and yanks his face into the bars.

As his legs go out from under him, the Big Screw hangs by his own wrist. Reggie's fist relentlessly finds him as prisoners in adjacent cells CHEER madly.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. VALLANCE ROAD - DAY

51

Frances walks.

A MERCEDES 220 shadows her, pulls up alongside. Ron looks over through the back side window. Ian Barrie driving.

RON

Hullo, Frances.

FRANCES

Hello, Ron.

RON

I saw Reggie this morning. Sends his best. Said for you not to come see him for awhile.

FRANCES

Did he say why?

RON

No. Didn't mention it.

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

RON (CONT'D)

Did you know that people can become ghosts while they're still alive?

FRANCES

Do you think so?

RON

It's happened to you, ain't it?

Ron chuckles and the Mercedes speeds ahead. Leaving Frances there alone.

CUT TO:

52 INT. TABLE - THE DOUBLE R CLUB - DAY

52

Ledger open on the table, Payne flips through several checks: returned by the bank marked insufficient funds. Ron looms. Teddy Smith at the bar.

PAYNE

No, no, just for once, please listen. Gambling clubs are legally obliged to pay winnings on the spot. That's why we insist our gamblers pay their debts on the spot as well.

RON

That's your problem, not mine. Mine is that I want fifty thousand pounds.

PAYNE

There you go again with your fifty thousand pounds. To go to Nigeria.

RON

Not just to go, I want to set up a company. I'm going to build a city. In Nigeria. Near Enugu.

PAYNE

(scoffs)
Enugu.

TEDDY SMITH

(from the bar)
Yes! Enugu.

RON

You don't know everything, do you, Payne? Enugu is the African word for Utopia. Do you know Utopia is the Greek word for nowhere? For fifty thousand pounds that's going to change to somewhere. I can turn it into a place where people will smile at me and children will dance.

PAYNE

I will smile at you, Ron, if you tell me where I can get fifty thousand pounds?

RON

Pull it out of the casino.

It's getting heated between them.

PAYNE

I cannot pull it out of the casino!
Despite the temptation, Ron, do not
meddle with such a fool proof way of
making money!

RON

I'm not a fucking banker!

Ron sends Payne's ledger and checks to the floor with a
furious sweep of his hand.

PAYNE

Genius! That has made it all the
more manageable!

RON

Who the fuck are you telling me!?
Reggie's away! He's gone! So you
work for me! Ron Kray!

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

RON (CONT'D)

So you will trot along to the back
and get me my fifty thousand pounds!

PAYNE

Okay, I'll go and see what I can do.
But let me tell you, I may work for
you, Ron, but I'm certainly not
afraid of you.

As Ron realizes just how much he hates Leslie Payne.

RON

Well, you fucking should be because
if my brother hadn't avouched for
you, you'd be fucking dead.

As Payne exits, Ron watches him go.

CUT TO:

53 INT. VISITING WARD - WANDSWORTH PRISON - DAY

53

Reggie walks past VISITORS and PRISONERS. Butterfly strips
hold one eyebrow shut. He frowns as he spots Frances waiting.
As she sees him, her smile fades. She stands as he closes.

FRANCES

Reggie, what happened --

REGGIE

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

FRANCES

I missed you. I --

REGGIE

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

FRANCES

Who did it? Another prisoner?

REGGIE

The guards...

FRANCES

Have you reported them?

REGGIE

No. I'm waiting till I get out so I can appear before Parliament. Maybe the Prime Minister.

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

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Frankie, it's prison. It's how it is here. The law of the jungle.

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

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Look to your right, by the wall.

The Big Screw: eyes black, a bandage across his nose.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

That's my handiwork. Don't worry.

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

FRANCES

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

REGGIE

It won't happen again.

FRANCES
 How can you be sure?
 (he doesn't answer)
 I know how.
 (he waits)
 You could go straight.

He blinks at her. *Straight?*

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 Be a casino owner, a club owner. You
 enjoy it. Forget everything else.

REGGIE
 Just like that? That simple? The
 world doesn't work the way we want
 it to. The world has plans of its
 own --

FRANCES
 (interrupts)
 I love you. I never loved anyone
 before, but I love you, Reggie.

That stops him short. He sees Frances is close to breaking
 down. He kisses her hand, strokes her cheek.

REGGIE
 And I love you, Frankie.

FRANCES
 (whispers)
 Can it protect people?

REGGIE
 What?

FRANCES
 Love?

The question goes unanswered as...

CUT TO:

54 INT. ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

54

A SINGER up on stage with the BAND in full swing.
 Ron watching from his booth with Teddy Smith.

RON
 (re: stage)
 I want to get up there.

TEDDY SMITH

Go on then, go.

RON

I will.

As Teddy urges him on.

CUT TO:

55 INT. BAR - ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

55

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

RON

Do you know when I plan to die?

TEDDY SMITH

When, Ron?!

RON

At the very last minute!

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

RON (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I might start hating the sun; I never know what's next.

VOICE IN THE CROWD

It's London, Ron! The sun might not come out tomorrow!

RON

I'll have a cry in the rain instead.

LAUGHS at that, but only a few. Ron looks them over, snarls:

RON (CONT'D)

Look at you flash fuckers, you make me sick. Spineless half-hearts. Well, I may not be good, but a good gangster? I'll claim that title! What title do you claim? It's disgusting. You're all disgusting.

Said with venom. An uncomfortable silence descends.

RON (CONT'D)

Right, how about a bit of magic? You may all know that there are three C's in the word carpaccio. But how many C's are in the word cunt?

The crowd uncomfortable as Ron gestures to them, explains:

RON (CONT'D)

...Just you.

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

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED 56

57 INT. LINCOLN - PARKED OUTSIDE WANDSWORTH PRISON - DAY 57

Ronnie Hart behind the wheel. Donoghue beside him. They watch as Reggie exits the prison, heads toward them in the same suit he was dropped off in.

Reggie hops in back. Hart pulls out as Donoghue passes him his cufflinks, rings and tie pin. As he puts them back on, like the last six months never happened...

DONOGHUE

How'd it go?

REGGIE

It was a doddle. Where's Frank?

DONOGHUE

Frank is no longer with us.

RONNIE

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

REGGIE

Gone straight, has he?

DONOGHUE

You want him round for a chat?

REGGIE

No. Live and let live.

DONOGHUE

Where to then? London awaits.

CUT TO:

58 INT./EXT. FRANCES' BEDROOM - DAY 58

Frances looking at herself in the mirror. She frowns at herself, then turns at a PLINK on the window.

Stepping over, Frances opens it, looks down on...

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

FRANCES

You're free.

He nods, taking her in.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

What are you doing throwing stones
at the window?

He opens his palm to show candy.

REGGIE

They're lemon sherbets actually.

He tosses one up. She fumbles at it, but catches it.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Well played.

She pops the lemon sherbet in her mouth.

FRANCES

Why didn't you ring the bell?

REGGIE

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

FRANCES

You mean prison?

REGGIE

Yes... You look beautiful.

FRANCES

You look beautiful, too.

REGGIE

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

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

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You want me to throw it up there?

FRANCES

No.

REGGIE
Deliver it then?

She nods. He points at the front entrance.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm not going through that door.

Frances shrugs, how else? In answer, Reggie shoves the flowers down his jacket, sticks the box under his chin and climbs the drainpipe.

FRANCES
Reggie, careful.

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

REGGIE
Get the flowers.
(she takes them)
And your Christmas present.

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

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

FRANCES
We'll live free and above board?

REGGIE
On my honor.

FRANCES
Yes, Reggie Kray, I will marry you.

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

CUT TO:

59 INT. ESMERALDA'S BARN - NIGHT

59

On stage a piss poor SHOW GIRL act... RONNIE'S COCKERELS.

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

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

PAYNE

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

(eyes Ron)

And we've got Joseph Goebbels.

BARRIE

Is he the fat one?

DONOGHUE

(joining them)

Reggie's here. Car just pulled up.

RON'S TABLE

Across the room: Ron eyeing Payne and the Firm.

THE FIRM

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

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

REGGIE

It's Friday night, Leslie.

PAYNE

I tried to tell you.

REGGIE

I didn't think it got this bad.

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

PAYNE

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

Reggie looks toward Ron.

RON'S TABLE

Ron too far away to hear, looks to Leslie Holt.

RON

You read lips, Leslie, what're they saying?

LESLIE

Payne just told him you're missing
tax payments.

THE BAR

Reggie, trying to control himself, looks at Frances who looks
back at him.

FRANCES

Let's go.

REGGIE

Yeah, tomorrow's business I reckon.
(looks back to Ron)
It's fucking criminal though.

RON

Watching with Holt and Smith. Reggie across the room.

RON

Beautiful Reg. Isn't he beautiful?
But that dodgy bastard Payne, he's
spreading lies about me.

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

RON (CONT'D)

Reg! Reggie!

Reggie pauses as his brother starts forward, glass raised.

RON (CONT'D)

A toast to my brother! Home at last.
Like Odysseus returned to Ithaca.
And Frances! Dear lovely Frances.

Reggie can't bring himself to leave. He motions Frances to
wait, but she follows him as he meets his brother.

REGGIE

Here, what are you playing at?

RON

I'm not playing; you are. Finally
home and you don't even say hello,
you don't even thank me?

REGGIE

Thank you for what?! For running
this place into the fucking ground!?
For ruining all my hard work?!

RON

What are you shouting at me for? You were away and I had to make do with what I had.

REGGIE

You're fucking unbelievable.

RON

We can fix it. We're together again.

FRANCES

Reggie...

Reggie looks back at her. *'Let's go'* in her eyes. As Ron feels himself losing his brother...

RON

We're talking about earning a living, Frances. We're talking about being gangsters which is what we are. So fuck off.

As Reggie reacts to that, Frances stands her ground.

FRANCES

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

RON

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

REGGIE

Albert!

As Donoghue hurries over, Reggie looks to Frances.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Take Frankie home.

RON

Blood is thicker than water! I've been with Reggie since the womb!

Donoghue tries to usher her out. She bats his arm away, not having it. Ron looks to his brother.

RON (CONT'D)

Nothing is ruined. We can rebuild it together. It's just a bit empty --

FRANCES

I'm not leaving without you, Reggie.

Ron looks toward her, steps forward to insure she goes and Reggie stays.

RON

Empty like you, Frances. Empty!
There's nothing inside you! Nothing
except my brother's cock!

Reg's equanimity gone, he grabs Ron by the collar and backpedals him across the room, heaving him over a table to the floor. Ron blinks up in disbelief.

RON (CONT'D)

You threw me...

Reggie steps over to him, not done with him yet. Ron looks at the others all watching...

RON (CONT'D)

No!

And it's on. Frances watches as: Two brothers fight for the end of the world.

The counter puncher in attack mode and the boy you'd have to kill to beat doing his best to live up to that rep.

Frances grimaces as the force of it all escalates.

FRANCES (V.O.)

It was not the first time I'd been
called damaged goods. Fragile was
the word polite people used. Fragile
was fitting. Life was fragile. So
was love.

Ron pulls away. Reggie rolls up to a crouch. Feinting left, he hooks Ron twice to the body, then grabbing him by the shirt, drives punch after punch into his face.

FRANCES (V.O.)

But if I was damaged, they were
absolute wreckage.

Frances turns and heads out. As Big Pat finally moves forward to stop the fight, Donoghue blocks him.

DONOGHUE

It's family!
(to the others)
No one interferes.

Ron strikes back. The Brother Battle Royale ebbs and flows. Ron and Reggie finally end up on the floor. Reggie gets on top, rains down blows till Ron wraps him up in a guard embrace, pulling Reggie close, taking away his leverage. Reggie struggles, finally pulls away.

Reggie slumps, catches his breath, looks: Frances is gone. It may as well be a death knell for the casino as well. Ron lies there, looking crucified to the floor.

RON

You don't understand me.

REGGIE

I don't want to understand you!

RON

Who else will? Who else can?

His voice raw; it stops Reggie short.

RON (CONT'D)

Don't you think I see in the mirror?
Don't you think I wonder where the
other Ron went?!

(breaking down)

I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

REGGIE

(with sympathy)

It's alright.

A beat as it almost becomes an embrace.

RON

(looking about)

Is she gone?

REGGIE

Yes, she's gone.

RON

You better get after her. She's a
keeper.

Reggie finally pushes away, gets to his feet.

Ron, still on his back, digs his nails into the floor.

RON (CONT'D)

(frightened)

I think I'm falling off the earth.

CUT TO:

60 INT. FORD GALAXY - COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY (ROLLING) 60

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

REGGIE

There she is. Stop the car.

(as he gets out)

That girl's going to be the death of me.

61 EXT. PAVEMENT (SAME) 61

Reggie's out of the car before it stops. He closes in on her.

REGGIE

Frances --

Frances clocks him, keeps walking --

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Can I speak to you --

She's not falling for the charm.

FRANCES

I don't care if you forget me.

REGGIE

Frankie, don't say that.

FRANCES

It's true.

REGGIE

You don't mean it.

She stops.

FRANCES

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

REGGIE

Can't we just start again? We'll get rid of everything bad; we'll just keep the good bits.

FRANCES

What about Ron?

REGGIE

What about him?

FRANCES

He isn't exactly a good bit. He was awful to me yesterday.

REGGIE

I know. If he doesn't take his tablets, he's a nightmare.

Frances reacts ever so slightly to 'tablets'.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

He thinks the world of you.

Frances... *Really?*

REGGIE (CONT'D)

After you left, he was very upset.

Reggie gets ahead of her, draws up, imitates Ron.

REGGIE (AS RON) (CONT'D)

You better go after her because she's a keeper. I'm very sorry.

That did it. Frances LAUGHS. They consider each other.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry, but that's family sometimes. They fight, but they stick together because they love each other. And don't say to forget you. For the last six months I've thought of nothing but you. I'll never forget you, Frankie. Never. Don't ever say it again.

As she leans in and kisses him. Just to stop him from talking. As he kisses her back.

FRANCES (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

62 INT. ANGLIA - EATON SQUARE - BELGRAVIA - DAY

62

Scott, with Nipper in back, follows a SEDAN which pulls up.

Ron gets out, accompanied by Leslie Holt and Teddy Smith. Scott raises a long lens, clicks Holt as the trio head in.

FRANCES (V.O.)

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

63 INT. BOOTHBY'S FLAT - BELGRAVIA - DAY

63

Boothby, Ron and Holt sit on a couch, while Teddy Smith works the little bar set-up across the room. Boothby reviews a written proposal.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Lord Boothby was a distinguished
member of the House of Lords, but
Ron knew something about Boothby the
public did not.

As Boothby sets down a proposal.

BOOTHBY

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

Ron frowns. Boothby considers Teddy Smith across the room.

BOOTHBY (CONT'D)

He's really lovely, isn't he?

As Ron's smile returns...

TEDDY SMITH

(re: drink)

Ice and a slice, my lord?

BOOTHBY

Ice and a slice? Please, Teddy, and
don't spare the horses.

As Teddy Smith walks the drink across the room...

TEDDY SMITH

Do you know where the lemons are
particularly lovely and fresh?

BOOTHBY

Where?

TEDDY SMITH

Enugu, Nigeria.

Teddy hands him the drink. They look each other over...

BOOTHBY

You're very well informed, Teddy.
 (re: drink)
 Down the hatch.

Boothby takes a sip, still considering Teddy.

BOOTHBY (CONT'D)

Do you like it down the hatch,
 Teddy?

As Teddy takes the question in stride...

FRANCES (V.O.)

Boothby declined Ron's offer, but
 friendship ensued and the perverted
 peer was soon a guest at Ron's flat
 at Cedra Court. The ripples would
 spread far and wide.

CUT TO:

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

64

Ron holding court, Teddy Smith and Leslie Holt at his side. A
 room of RENT BOYS and OLDER MEN exchange knowing glances.
 Some of the boys shirtless and some stripped to their briefs.

A gay stag movie unspools on the wall. It's all projected on
 Boothby as he pauses before the screen. He greets another MAN
 standing nearby.

BOOTHBY

Hello, Tom. Not in the House of
 Commons tonight? There's plenty of
 fruit on the tree.

Boothby scans a chorus line of smooth-chested 19-year-olds.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. GARDEN - CHEQUERS - DAY

65

Uniformed Scotland Yard Superintendent CUMMINGS stands
 nervously by the study entrance as PM HAROLD WILSON flips
 through a stack of photos.

HAROLD WILSON'S VOICE

Good Lord! That's Bob Boothby!

CUMMINGS

Yes, Prime Minister, sir.

WILSON

(grins)

At an orgy. The Tories are going to have trouble explaining this.

(the grin disappears)

Is that Tom Driberg?

CUMMINGS

In fact, yes, Sir.

WILSON

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

CUMMINGS

It gets a bit stickier, Sir.

Wilson holds one photo sideways, trying to comprehend.

WILSON

Where were these photos taken?

CUMMINGS

Cazenove Road in Hackney.

WILSON

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

CUMMINGS

That's where it gets sticky.

WILSON

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

CUMMINGS

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

(as Wilson reacts)

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

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

FRANCES (V.O.)

London's bottom had reached her top. Scandal loomed.

WILSON

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

(a beat)

What are you doing about it?

CUT TO:

66 EXT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - NIGHT

66

Christmas. The West End glitters, bustling with life. Frances
walks arm-in-arm with Reggie. They stop across from the club.

REGGIE

What do you want for Christmas?

FRANCES

You don't have to get me anything.

REGGIE

What? How about a lump of coal?

As Frances laughs, Reggie takes her to the side, points at
the CLUB.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

What about that for Christmas?
That's going to be my club.

FRANCES

Is it?

REGGIE

West End, bit o' class. That's our
ticket out.

Frances looks from the club to the sky above, realizes...

FRANCES

Reggie, it's snowing...

She catches a FLAKE in her palm, watches it melt, smiles.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Gone...

And as they head off, a TIME LAPSE takes us to a deserted DAY
TIME view of the place.

FRANCES (V.O.)

What did I want for Christmas? My
Reggie free and above board. But Ron
wanted his Reggie back as well.

(MORE)

FRANCES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He longed for his gangster twin. And
Reggie? He chose a hideaway instead.

CUT TO:

67 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - DAY 67

HEW MCCOWAN sits across from Reggie and Payne much as de Faye did earlier. McCowan looks frightened,; he's obviously had things explained to him.

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

As McCowan signs the contract that Payne offers...

CUT TO:

68 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - DAY 68

Ron behind the bar in a fury, throwing PINT GLASSES. Teddy Smith and Leslie Holt duck for cover.

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

CUT TO:

69 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - SOHO - NIGHT 69

McCowan protesting to Teddy Smith and Leslie Holt. Teddy sips from a champagne glass.

MCCOWAN
Listen, gentlemen, I have a deal
with Reggie

TEDDY SMITH
This tastes shit.

Teddy Smith tosses the glass to the floor.

MCCOWAN
I've signed the contract.

Now a bottle hits the floor.

MCCOWAN (CONT'D)

Please, I have an arrangement with
Reggie. Ask him.

Leslie Holt follows as Teddy marches along the bar sweeping every bottle and glass shattering to the floor. Startled PATRONS step back and away.

LESLIE

We don't work for Reggie! We work
for Ronnie!

Behind the bar Hew McCowan dials a number on the phone.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Ron almost got what he wanted:
McCowan backed out of the deal, but
he also called the police. Reggie
and Ron were both charged with
demanding money with menaces.

CUT TO:

70 INT. VISITING WARD - BRIXTON GAOL - DAY

70

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

REGGIE

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

FRANCES

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

REGGIE

I'm fucking innocent!

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

REGGIE (CONT'D)

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

FRANCES

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

As he blinks at her back at her...

FRANCES (V.O.)

It was Lord Boothby who saved the day. His walk on the wild side had not gone unnoticed.

CUT TO:

71 PAYNE & REGGIE - BRIXTON GAOL VISITING WARD 71

Reggie breathes a sigh as Payne tells him...

PAYNE

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

CUT TO:

72 INT. BOOTHBY'S FLAT - BELGRAVIA - DAY 72

Ron, Boothby and Leslie Holt sat on the couch. Teddy Smith stepping up with a camera.

TEDDY SMITH

Say Enugu.

BOOTHBY

Enuguuu.

The frame freezing into a BLACK & WHITE PHOTO as Teddy takes the shot.

FRANCES (V.O.)

A photograph taken in Boothby's flat ended up with the paper --

CUT TO:

73 EXT. NEWSTAND - PICCADILLY CIRCUS - DAY 73

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

FRANCES (V.O.)

-- Along with a story of sexual misconduct between a gangster and a member of the House of Lords...

CUT TO:

74 HAROLD WILSON - AT HIS DESK 74

Looks from the headline to the formidable ARNOLD GOODMAN.

WILSON

Unfortunately, Arnold, it's all true
for once.

Wilson holds out the paper. Goodman waves it off.

GOODMAN

I don't care about the truth,
Harold, except the greater the
truth, the greater the libel. May I
use your phone?

Wilson nods. As Goodman dials...

FRANCES (V.O.)

An election was looming so Prime
Minister Wilson brought in his fixer
Arnold Goodman to sort things out.

75 OMITTED

75

76 INT. KENSINGTON GORE OFFICE - DAY

76

Payne flipping through a paper, the Sunday Mirror headline:
To Lord Boothby, An Unequivocal Apology.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The great and the good engineered a
cover up. A cracking good one...

CUT TO:

77 INT. THE OLD BAILEY - DAY

77

Ron and Reggie in the dock. Frances in the gallery. Nipper
watching from the wings. Hew McCowan stands as a witness.

A NOTE is walked in to the JUDGE by a CLERK.

FRANCES (V.O.)

When the Krays' defense threatened
to call Boothby as a character
witness, the implication was clear.
The government would have to drop
its case or face the consequences.
It was this that made the Krays the
untouchables of London crime...

The judge absorbs the note, announces:

JUDGE

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

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

Nipper marches out.

FRANCES (V.O.)

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

TIMI YURO'S VOICE

(singing)

Now, I'm sorry if I hurt you...

CUT TO:

78 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - NIGHT 78

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

TIMI YURO

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

She serenades Reggie and Frances who sits very close beside him. They look fantastic. Frances trying not to blush at all the attention. Timi singing like there's no tomorrow.

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

CUT TO:

79 EXT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - GERRARD STREET - NIGHT 79

Nipper outside, watches CELEBRANTS enter the raucous club. Fuming, Nipper decides... Heads in.

CUT TO:

80 INT. THE HIDEAWAY CLUB - SOHO - NIGHT 80

People dance. Nipper looks like a soldier lost behind enemy lines. A WAITRESS offers champagne off a tray she carries. Nipper looks her off as Reggie steps up, rather untroubled.

REGGIE

What are you doing here then?

NIPPER

I came to see the difference between you and me.

REGGIE

The difference? Don't you know?

NIPPER

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

REGGIE

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

Ron comes up from the side, throws an arm over Nipper's shoulder. As Nipper looks to see who it is --

Reggie throws an arm around his other shoulder. They smile as - a CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER FLASH goes off.

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

CUT TO:

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

81

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

NIPPER

I can explain, sir.

CUMMINGS

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

NIPPER

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

CUMMINGS

Your investigation into the Krays will end at once.

Cummings exits. As Nipper heavily takes his seat...

CUT TO:

82 EXT. ST. JAMES THE LESSER - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY 82

ROLLERS gleam double-parked down Bethnal Green Road. Famous BOXERS sign autographs before entering. WOMEN in big hats, it's a Cockney Ascot. Reggie having a last drag on a cigarette before heading toward the entrance.

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

DONOGHUE

She thought the invite said funeral.

REGGIE

Black... Fucking bitch.

As Mrs. Shea spots him, looks through him...

DONOGHUE

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

CUT TO:

83 INT. ST. JAMES THE LESSER - DAY 83

The FIRM gathered GIRLFRIENDS & WIVES. Big Pat. Reggie standing at the front of the church with Ron. All eyes on the door as the arrival of the bride is imminent. Reggie looks nervous and uncomfortable. Ron looks him over, then:

RON

(whispers)

What do you see in her?

REGGIE

(whispers back)

I see myself. I see how I could be... If I wasn't afraid.

RON

But you're not afraid of anything.

REGGIE

Only myself... And you.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY 84

Frances here in white, the BRIDAL ROLLER arrived below. Mrs. Shea here along with Frank.

MRS. SHEA

Are you absolutely sure you want to go through with this?

FRANCES

I love him.

MRS. SHEA

Love? Do you even know what love is, Frances?

FRANCES

I know it's not the answer to anything. But love is a witness. Reggie sees me. And I see him.
(softly)
And who are you to refuse that?

Mrs. Shea considers her for a resigned beat...

MRS. SHEA

I'm your mother.

CUT TO:

85 INT. ST. JAMES THE LESSER - BETHNAL GREEN - DAY 85

Reggie looks up. All heads turning as the 'Wedding March' begins. Here comes Frances up the aisle, escorted by Frank.

REGGIE

Oh, Ron, she looks beautiful.

CUT AHEAD TO:

86 FATHER ALBERT FOSTER - ST. JAMES THE LESSER 86

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

FATHER FOSTER

...Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Organ music starts for a hymn: *All Love Excelling*. Ron SINGS in full throat as do most of the congregation.

CONGREGATION

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

Ron looks to the bride's side. Tight lipped Mrs. Shea does not sing at all.

Ron marches over to her, glares, hisses...

RON
Sing, fuck you, sing.

FRANCES

Beautiful behind her veil. Oblivious to Ron.

FRANCES (V.O.)
 We honeymooned in Greece. The
 Parthenon had stood for 2,400 years;
 Reggie's promise to go straight
 lasted two weeks.

CUT TO:

87 INT. KITCHEN - 176 VALLANCE ROAD - DAY 87

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

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

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

PAYNE
 The bearer bond cashed in Hamburg.

As a HUZDAH goes up...

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

88 INT. BEDROOM - CEDRA COURT - NIGHT 88

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

FRANCES (V.O.)
 We started out near Marble Arch in
 West London. But we both missed the
 East End. And so we took an empty
 flat below Ron's at Cedra Court.
 Like all else in life it was
 supposed to be temporary. Not very
 clever. Ron's parties would keep me
 awake at night and Clubland kept
 Reggie out until all hours. He
 enjoyed being a gangster after all.

CUT TO:

89 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - DAY

89

Jack 'the Hat' McVitie stands before Reggie, Big Pat beyond.

REGGIE

How's the Black Bomber business,
Jack?

MCVITIE

(smiles)
Can't complain, Reg. Who'd listen?

REGGIE

We heard you came round the Regency
on Friday, waving a shotgun.

MCVITIE

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

Reggie takes out a pack of cigarettes.

REGGIE

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

MCVITIE

I spiced the evening up for people.

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

REGGIE

You never fucking learn.

As Big Pat looks down, realizes to his chagrin that a drop of
Jack's blood has splattered his tie...

BIG PAT

Bollocks...

CUT TO:

90 OMITTED

90

91 INT. KITCHEN - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - DAY

91

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

VIOLET

So kind of you. What a treat.

RON

It's lovely.

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

VIOLET

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

As Frances heads out, Violet stands, starts fussing.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

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

RON

Poor Reggie.

92 LIVING ROOM

92

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

RON'S VOICE

She looks a mess in that dress.

VIOLET'S VOICE

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

Charles leers at her as he offers his flask.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. FRONT DOOR - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - DAY

93

Frances exits, softly closes the door. She starts away.

FRANCES (V.O.)

I left without saying goodbye, a sad victory. I would never be good enough for their Reggie. He was Nipper's Reggie as well.

Crossing the street, she's close to running as she passes the POLICE parked nearby, Nipper in the back.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Read couldn't rest unless he clapped eyes on my husband once a day. I often had to settle for the same.

They watch her go. Read has little sympathy.

NIPPER

Wherever you're going, don't stop
till you reach the sea.

CUT TO:

94 MEDICINE CABINET MIRROR - CEDRA COURT

94

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

FRANCES (V.O.)

But we all need something and what I
shared with Ron was needing pills to
get through the day. Sleeping pills
helped sometimes. Other pills helped
other times.

She shakes out a few, goes about taking them.

FRANCES (V.O.)

They were like a friend who held no
judgement and only wanted to be
loved in return. Mother's little
helpers, they were very well named.

CUT TO:

95 A RED TRIUMPH SPITFIRE CONVERTIBLE

95

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

REGGIE

Alright. Open up.

She opens her eyes, takes in the vehicle.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, Frankie.

FRANCES

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

REGGIE

Triumph. Triumph Spitfire.

FRANCES

Spitfire... Can I sit in it?

REGGIE

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

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

FRANCES

Can we drive it? Will you teach me?

REGGIE

(hesitates)

I can, but not today.

FRANCES

Why not?

Reggie checks his wristwatch, frowns.

REGGIE

I just can't. It'll have to be tomorrow.

(as she pouts)

Do you love it?

(she nods)

Do you love me?

FRANCES

(a sigh)

You know I do.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. THE CARPENTERS ARMS - DAY

96

The Firm members headed in. Humming along with each other... "Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner..." As Ian Barrie turns to scan the street behind him...

PAYNE'S VOICE

(a toast)

Kray!

97 INT. THE CARPENTERS ARMS - DAY

97

Payne raises a glass. The Firm gathered for drinks. Payne at the bar, Ron one side, Reggie on the other.

PAYNE

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

RON

What's that mean, the only word?

PAYNE

You're like Ford. Shell. Woolworths.

RON

Woolworths. Interesting...

PAYNE

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

REGGIE

(confirming)

That's true. They are.

RON

I suppose it leaves us with less straightening out to do.

PAYNE

That's right.

Ron going dark, considers the glass in his hand.

RON

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

PAYNE

I just think you could do better, Ron. It'll keep you all out of prison, I mean, none of us are getting any younger.

(turns to Reggie)

And you've got your lovely wife to think about.

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

RON

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

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

REGGIE

Barrie, take him to get that sorted.

Barrie steps over, sets a hand on Payne's shoulder. As he guides him out with Reggie following.

RON

I'll serve you up, you fucker!

Ron hurls a glass at Payne. It misses smashing the wall.

REGGIE

Ron! Enough!

RON

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

REGGIE

Leslie's our partner and you want him dead? Are you taking your tablets?

RON

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

REGGIE

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

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

RON

He knows too many things about us.

REGGIE

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

(Donoghue just stares)
Do you?!

DONOGHUE

Yes, I know.

Reggie looks toward Dickson.

REGGIE

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

DICKSON

Of course I do.

Reggie wheels on his brother.

REGGIE

Should we kill Jack, too? And Albert? All of them, and then each other?! Listen to yourself! You're stark staring mad!

Ron considers his brother rather coolly.

RON

I take my Stematol. I know who I am. And I see you. And people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

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

CUT TO:

98 INT. SUITE - THE LONDON HILTON - NIGHT

98

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

BRUNO

You know I never drank gin until I came here.

REGGIE

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

BRUNO

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

REGGIE

Glad to hear it. We're happy also.

They clink glasses.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Cheers.

BRUNO

Cheers... You realize I asked to see you alone?

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

BRUNO (CONT'D)

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

(after a beat)

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

REGGIE

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

BRUNO

A chat. You guys crack me up.

(suddenly serious)

You heard of the Gallo Brothers? From Brooklyn?

(Reggie shakes his head)

Similar loose cannon situation. Ron's your Joey. And it's not going to end well in either case.

REGGIE

What exactly are you asking me to do, Mr. Bruno?

BRUNO

I'm asking you to do something about Ron.

The words weigh heavy in the room. Reggie never takes his eyes off Bruno. Finally...

REGGIE

I can't do that. He's my brother.

Bruno just smiles, let's it go like it was nothing.

BRUNO

Okay...

CUT TO:

99 INT. BEDROOM - CEDRA COURT - NIGHT 99

Frances wakes suddenly. Almost like she sensed something.

CUT TO:

100 INT. MEDICINE CABINET - BATHROOM - CEDRA COURT - NIGHT 100

Frances swallowing a pill, looking at herself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

101 INT. THE SOFA - CEDRA COURT - DAWN 101

Frances wrapped in a blanket, playing SOLITAIRE. Dawn's early light on the windows. She reacts to footsteps in the hall.

The sound of fumbling at the lock and the door opens. Disheveled after a long night, Reggie enters.

FRANCES

Where've you been, Reggie?

REGGIE

Practising my trade. May I come in?

Frances stands, steps over.

FRANCES

I want a husband, not a visitor.

REGGIE

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

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

FRANCES

You could call.

REGGIE

(turning on her)
And say what?!

FRANCES

Don't shout at me!

REGGIE

Then don't meet me with questions!

FRANCES

(re: steel plate)

What's this? It was here when I came home today.

REGGIE

It's for protection.

FRANCES

From what?

REGGIE

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

FRANCES

We can't live like gangsters!

REGGIE

I've news for you, Frankie! It's how club owners live as well! You can't have everything! Me on a leash! Ron kept away! Not everything!

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

CUT TO:

102 OMITTED 102

103 EXT. DOCKS - THE ISLE OF DOG - DAY 103

Thick and brutish Richardson gangster George Cornell looms over FULLER.

FULLER

There's nothing I can do.

Fuller tries to step away. Cornell blocks him.

CORNELL

I ain't finished with you yet.

FULLER

Mr. Kray takes care of this place.

CORNELL

Say Kray again I'll hurt you.

FULLER

I have an agreement with Mr. Kray!

WHALLOP! Cornell breaks his nose with a single punch. Holds him up by his collar as Fuller's legs nearly go out.

CORNELL

I didn't ask if you had an agreement! I asked if you understood me!

As Fuller nods meekly, Cornell hits him again.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The Richardson gang were away, but George Cornell had crossed the river working a protection racket on their behalf. Ron's response would secure his place in gangster legend.

104 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - DAY

104

Fuller sits with Ron, nose heavily bandaged. Teddy and Leslie Holt here as well. Ron lifts the top of a CASK of TEA, smells it as Fuller waits nervously.

RON

That's lovely. A bit of magic. Mum will be pleased.

FULLER

My regards to her. And the other matter?

RON

What other matter?

Ron looks to Teddy who shrugs. Realizing finally...

RON (CONT'D)

You mean this?

He taps Fuller on his broken nose. Fuller recoils.

RON (CONT'D)

I'm not giving out any refunds.

Teddy and Leslie have a good laugh at that one.

RON (CONT'D)

Can't you handle it yourself?

FULLER

I pay you for protection.

RON

What are you trying to say?

FULLER

Nothing.

RON

No, you just said it. You come in here with your exotic tea and say that I'm not very good at my job.

Leslie Holt reacts. Fuller is in trouble.

FULLER

I didn't mean that, Ron.

RON

You did.

Fuller gulps, in real trouble now. Ron relents.

RON (CONT'D)

Alright, I'll deal with this. You pay me two thousand pounds and I will have Geroge Cornell killed.

FULLER

(alarmed)

Who said anything about killing?!

RON

You did. There's death in your eyes... Or are you threatening me?

FULLER

What?!

RON

(to Teddy)

Is he threatening me?

Teddy shrugs, not sure. Ron feels very dangerous now.

FULLER

I'll pay. I'll pay.

RON

(settling)

There, good, and a deal's a deal.

CUT TO:

105 EXT./INT. MERCEDES - WHITECHAPEL ROAD - NIGHT

105

Barrie at the wheel. Teddy Smith beside Ron in back.

Ron looks out the window as they near the BLIND BEGGAR PUB.

RON

Stop here.

As the car stops, Ron checks on a PISTOL, adjusts his tie.

RON (CONT'D)

How do I look?

TEDDY SMITH

(scared)

Fucking deadly.

That's what Ron wanted to hear.

RON

Back in a moment. Barrie, c'mon.

Before Barrie can ask what's up, Ron is out the door. Barrie looks to Smith who grins back at him like a loon. As Barrie realizes something is very wrong.

BARRIE

Is there anything you need to tell me?

CUT TO:

106 INT. BLIND BEGGAR PUB - NIGHT

106

Ron barges in, marches along...

A BARMAID by the taps. A FEW PEOPLE scattered about and at the end of the bar: Cornell sits with Albert Woods.

Cornell sees Ron striding toward him -- Barrie enters beyond.

CORNELL

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

Cornell barely has time to react to the gun Ron raises.

BOOM! -- He shoots Cornell straight through the forehead. Blood sprays out the back. One eye closes and Cornell pitches face first onto the floor.

RON

I'm not fat.

The BARMAID SCREAMS. Woods, the men at the table, in shock.

BARRIE

Ron, for fuck's sake...

Ron starts back the way he came in. Barrie draws his own gun, FIRES into the ceiling. That gets everyone diving, eyes down.

BARRIE (CONT'D)

What are you looking at!? You didn't see nothing!

Ron exits with Barrie behind him.

The Barmaid rises, looks around.

BARMAID

That was Ron Kray.

CUT TO:

107 OMITTED 107

108 INT. PARLOR - 178 VALLANCE ROAD - NIGHT 108

Ron sitting in his favorite chair eating a piece of CAKE. Teddy and Barrie sitting to the left and right of him.

Barrie bracing for the worst as the front door opens and Reggie and Donoghue enter. Reggie in a tux, obviously here from one of the clubs. Ron is happy to see him.

RON

Reggie!

REGGIE

Are you mad?

(Ron frowns)

The Blind Beggar? Cornell? It's on the fucking radio.

Violet Kray enters from the kitchen with tea for Ron, sees:

VIOLET

Reggie.

REGGIE

Hello, Mum.

VIOLET

Look how handsome you are!

The room frozen a beat. Violet is oblivious.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I'll get you a cup of tea.

REGGIE

Thank you.

As Violet exits, Reggie sits across from his brother.

 TEDDY SMITH
 (grins)
 You do look lovely, Reg.

Reggie ignores Teddy, looks to Barrie.

 REGGIE
 How many witnesses?

 BARRIE
 Seven.

Reggie looks to Donoghue: *Seven?!*

 BARRIE (CONT'D)
 Albert Woods was with Cornell. Plus
 five regulars, and that barmaid. The
 blonde? The one with the big fucking
 pair of eyes.

 DONOGHUE
 Oh, for fuck's sake...

 REGGIE
 (to Ron)
 And this is where you bring it? You
 bring it to Mum's?

 RON
 (eating cake)
 Don't moan about it. It's done. What
 are we going to do?

 REGGIE
 We?

Ron nods as he sips his tea.

 REGGIE (CONT'D)
 Where's the weapon?

 TEDDY SMITH
 Here.

Teddy holds out the gun he's been keeping between his legs.

Reggie pushes it aside and out of sight as Violet returns with Reggie's tea.

 VIOLET
 Here you are. Would you like a piece
 of cake?

REGGIE

That would be lovely, Mum. Thank you.

As she heads back into the kitchen, Reggie looks to Ron.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I assume you were wearing those clothes you have on.

RON

(slurping his tea)
Yeah.

REGGIE

Where's his jacket?

Barrie gestures to his jacket folded on a chair.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I want you to burn that. And dump the pistol in the river. Right now. Fuck off.

Barrie gathers the jacket, takes the gun from Teddy. As he leaves, Reggie turns to Donoghue.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

(to Barrie)
Albert, whoever's was in that pub, you need to find out who they are and unravel anything they've said to the police. Get Big Pat and Bender and send them out there. That barmaid I know, right?

DONOGHUE

You know her.

REGGIE

Bring her to me. I'll deal with her myself.

Donoghue heads out. As Reggie settles on his brother, Violet returns with the cake.

VIOLET

Where's everybody gone?

REGGIE

Mum, it's late. I want them out of your hair. You should get some sleep.

(to Ron)

(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Come on, Ron, I'll give you a lift home.

RON

I am home.

VIOLET

I've made a bed up for him.
(feels his head)
He's not well. He's got a fever.

A beat as Ron considers Reggie: *Your move.*

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Teddy. Would you like to stay the night with him?

A beat as Teddy considers Reggie, and looks to Violet.

TEDDY SMITH

Yes, thank you, that would be lovely, Violet.

It's all very cosy as Reggie considers.

VIOLET

Whatever he's done, he's your brother.

Reggie nods to himself, then reaches into his pocket for a bottle of pills. He sets it on the coffee table.

REGGIE

Here's your Stematol, mate. You should take that.

Ron regards the pills with disgust.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I have to go, Mum. I left the lads at work and we'll need to close up. So good night.

VIOLET

Good night.

Reggie stands, then leans over Teddy.

REGGIE

(low)
Teddy, be useful. When you take his trousers and shirt off tonight, will you burn them? And then check in with me.

TEDDY SMITH

Yeah...

Reggie pats him hard on the cheek, heads out.

REGGIE

Night, night.

TEDDY SMITH

Good night.

As Ron watches him go, he points a 'finger gun', fires it.

RON

He's lovely.

CUT TO:

109 INT. TINTAGEL HOUSE - DAY

109

Moving in day, boxes being unpacked, an operation being set into motion. As Nipper walks past it all...

FRANCES (V.O.)

Even Scotland Yard couldn't ignore murder on the streets. Nipper was back on the case.

Nipper pins two photos to a large BLANK BOARD. One of Reggie and one of Ron. He turns to face TWENTY young DETECTIVES.

NIPPER

Gentlemen, your attention please. You've been told we are conducting a high level inquiry into a major corruption allegation. In fact, we are going down into the sewers after the Krays.

Nipper lets that sit a moment.

NIPPER (CONT'D)

Until further notice, do not park your cars on the street, always vary your routes home and the few of you who are married, consider sending your families away. Any man who has any objection, come and see me.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. VALLANCE ROAD - DAY

110

Frances and Reggie walk along, Reg pointing things out.

REGGIE

See that lamp post there? During the war that was the safety point. If you could run to that you knew you could make it into the air raid shelter before the bombs started dropping. Me and Ron stopped there to watch one night. Saw the old Stanton's house blown to bits with all them in it.

She looks up at the clouds.

FRANCES

It's a wonder you lived through it.

REGGIE

Ron especially. When trouble came he was always dragging behind.

FRANCES

He's got plenty of trouble now if the stories are true. I heard it on the street, Reggie. My own family and you didn't tell me.

REGGIE

I didn't want you to worry.

FRANCES

I don't worry about Ron. What do you plan to do about it?

REGGIE

I can't let him go to prison.

FRANCES

Why not?

REGGIE

Why not? Because he's my brother.

FRANCES

He'll still be your brother in prison.

REGGIE

No. Frances, he belongs here. With his family. I've looked after Ron since we were boys.

He stops. She steps close to him, trying to get through.

FRANCES

You can still look after him in prison. And he doesn't belong here. And you know it.

REGGIE

Right... You just don't understand --

FRANCES

Yes I do. What about you? Don't you want to be free? Free of him?

REGGIE

By letting him go to prison? Letting him lose his freedom? His life?

FRANCES

You don't have to be in prison to lose your freedom. People lose it everyday. You have a chance to be free, Reggie.

REGGIE

You don't understand!

FRANCES

Yes I do! You told me once you didn't owe the world a thing. Well, you don't owe Ron a thing either.

REGGIE

My loyalty to my brother is how I measure myself.

FRANCES

What about your loyalty to me?
(that stops him)
Isn't that a measure?

Reggie can't handle it; he finds a way out.

REGGIE

What's wrong with your eyes? Are you on something?

He grabs her purse, starts looking through it. He pulls out one bottle of pills, then another. Holds them at her.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You don't know what you're saying.
You're a pill popper.

She slaps them out of his hand.

FRANCES

And who made me that?!

He takes a step away, his back to her. Then he turns...

REGGIE

Let me understand. So the truth is,
to be free you need to be alone. Is
that right? Great...

She considers what he said. Then, fiercely...

FRANCES

Talk to that barmaid. Tell her when
they line the suspects up across
from her, to point her finger at Ron
and say, 'That's him, that's the mad
hatter what done it.' Alright?

She turns, starts to walk away from him...

REGGIE

Where are you going?

FRANCES

Home!

REGGIE

What about my mum?

FRANCES

Fuck your mum!

As Reggie watches her go, this suddenly feels dangerous.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. POLICE LINE-UP - DAY

111

SIX MEN stand against a tile wall staring ahead. One is Ron.

In the shadows across from them: Nipper Read and the Barmaid.
She scans the faces, stops at Ron, obviously recognizes him.
After a long beat, she looks at Read and shakes her head.

NIPPER

Take your time.

BARMAID

No. The man who shot Cornell is not
here.

NIPPER

Are you sure?

BARMAID

Yes, I'm sure. Please will someone
take me home.

As it settles on Nipper that he's been outflanked...

CUT TO:

112 INT. FRONT ROOM - 178 VALLANCE COURT - DAY 112

Champagne, tea and cake. A party for Ron. His parents,
Reggie, Donoghue, the Firm, Big Pat, all congratulate him.
Frances watches from the doorway, can't understand it.

Reggie raises his glass in a toast.

REGGIE

You can give a dog a bad name, but
when that dog is named Kray, he just
might bite you back! Well done, Ron,
justice is served.

VIOLET

Welcome home.

Everyone toasting Ron. Frances staring at Reggie in disgust.
As he clocks her look...

CUT TO:

113 EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - EAST END - DAY 113

Reggie and Frances walk home in silence. She notices ahead,
coming toward them: the Barmaid from the Blind Beggar.

The Barmaid suddenly sees Reggie, can't hide her fear,
crosses the road to keep from passing too close. If Reggie
sees her, he doesn't let on. Finally...

FRANCES

What did you tell her?

REGGIE

I told her she might want to think
about her children.

Frances stops short. Reggie sees the disgust in her eyes.

FRANCES

I wish I could make you go away.

As Frances turns and walks the other way...

REGGIE

Good luck with that, Frances! Good
fucking luck!

CUT TO:

114 INT. LIVING ROOM - CEDRA COURT - LATE AFTERNOON 114

Frances halfheartedly wipes away dust with a rag. She pauses at RAIN patter. Realizing, she looks out the window to see the Triumph is parked out there with the top down.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE (SAME) 115

The rain heavier as Frances rushes over, gets in. She reaches over the backseat trying to get the top up. She can't work out how. As she and the car get soaked and the frustration hammers home, she bangs the frame with her fist.

FRANCES

C'mon, damnit!

116 INT. FORD GALAXY 500 - LATE AFTERNOON 116

Windshield wipers work as Donoghue pulls up. Reggie drinking straight from a BOTTLE OF GIN, leaning forward as he spots Frances in the back of the Spitfire.

REGGIE

What's she doing?

We look into Reggie's eyes, something unsettling there.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

It surprises me that some people
still survive in this world.

117 EXT. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE (SAME) 117

Frances is desperate, yanking and banging when she spots Reggie walking over unsteadily from the Galaxy.

REGGIE

Have you gone mad?

FRANCES

Help me!

As the Galaxy drives off.

REGGIE

Help you?

FRANCES

Get the top on! It'll be ruined!

REGGIE

How can I help you? I'm a club owner, not a mechanic. Or am I gangster? No wait, that's not allowed.

FRANCES

Reggie, please.

REGGIE

(mocking)
Please, Reggie.
(a beat)
You want my help? I thought you wanted to wish me away? Okay.

He starts to pull on the top. Violently. Tearing at it. Making matters worse. Finally he stops, looks at her.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

It's fucked.
(smiles)
And you look like a drowned rat.

He starts laughing and... She SLAPS him. Hard. A beat and --

Frances starts walking back to the building's entrance. Reggie watches her go a beat, takes a swig of gin.

Then, as he follows slowly after her...

CUT TO:

118 INT. BATHROOM - CEDRA COURT - DAY

118

Frances takes off her dress, starts to wring it out into the bathtub.

And then Reggie is there, grabbing her, driving her back toward the bedroom.

FRANCES

Reggie --

He knocks her down to the floor. Frances gasps as he grabs her legs, flings her back.

He starts tearing loose her panties.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Stop!

He uncinches his belt and, keeping her down with one hand

FRANCES (CONT'D)

No, Reggie, no!

And as we drift away from them, back out the door, leaving Reggie to it. Her SCREAMS fading as...

FRANCES (V.O.)

There were three people in our marriage and in a way it was Ron who visited me now. Not to forgive Reggie and I never will. As I said, it took a lot of love to hate him the way I do. I also knew I could never escape him because he looked on me as his own escape.

(a beat)

Truth is I was tied to him as well.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. CEDRA COURT - DAY

119

Frances on the walkway lugging two SUITCASES. Ron, Teddy Smith and Leslie Holt coming the other way.

As she girds herself...

RON

Where do you think you're going?

FRANCES

I'm leaving Reggie.

RON

That's a shame. He'll take it hard.

FRANCES

Please get out of my way, Ron. Or would you prefer me to stay?

He motions Holt and Teddy to go on, then steps aside.

RON

Go on, boys, go on.

They continue on. As she walks toward the cab, Ron walks with her.

RON (CONT'D)

Do you need help with your bags?

FRANCES

No, thank you.

RON

Come on. Don't be daft.

He takes one, carries it toward a waiting CAB.

RON (CONT'D)

To be honest I think you're getting out just in time.

FRANCES

Do you think so?

RON

Absolutely. So many people know so much. Not you, of course.

He chuckles at his own joke. She looks him over as the CABBIE takes the suitcases, adds it to the TWO others already here.

RON (CONT'D)

Some are loyal, but mostly we're hated. Sooner or later someone will talk and it will all be over.

FRANCES

That wouldn't be so bad, would it?

He looks at her, then starts to LAUGH. She smiles sadly at the sight. Something genuine about Ron to her at this moment.

RON

Maybe God will cut us some slack. What do you think?

FRANCES

I'm sure God will.

Frances turns away. Ron sees the bruises on the side of her face.

RON

That's not how we were brought up.

FRANCES

Ron, I've got to go.

RON

Of course. Listen, Frances, we both loved him; we both made the effort. I suppose we'll just have to see when we get there.

FRANCES

Where?

RON

Heaven, of course.

She takes a step closer, kisses him softly on the cheek.

FRANCES

Good-bye, Ron.

She gets inside the cab. Ron takes one last look at her.

RON

I always liked you, Frances. You have the ability to see into the future. That's the same as me.

As he shuts the door on her.

RON (CONT'D)

Bye now.

CUT TO:

120 INT. CARPENTERS ARMS PUB - NIGHT 120

Reggie sat alone at the bar. As the world weighs heavy on his shoulders, he realizes something.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. 5TH FLOOR WINBOURNE TOWER BLOCK, WALTHAMSTOW - DAY 121

Reggie goes to the door. Rings the bell. Frank Shea answers.

FRANK SHEA

Reggie... How are you?

REGGIE

Alright, Frank. Long time no see.

FRANK SHEA

Walking straight, you know?

REGGIE

Is Frances here?

(Frank reacts)

I've been going round your parents for two weeks. They didn't tell me she'd left. Been standing under her window like a fool.

Frank looks to the house, back to Reggie, finally nods.

FRANK SHEA

She's here. Reggie, she's... I haven't seen her like this in a long time. She's delicate.

REGGIE

Get her, Frank, I won't upset her.

FRANK SHEA

Reg, I --

FRANCES' VOICE

It's okay.

Frances steps up, looks at Reggie from behind Frank.

FRANCES

Hello, Reggie.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Hello, Frances.

She pats Frank on the shoulder.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

It's okay.

FRANK SHEA

Are you sure?

CUT AHEAD A MOMENT:

122 EXT. 5TH FLOOR WINBOURNE TOWER BLOCK, WALTHAMSTOW - DAY 122

Reggie walking with Frances.

REGGIE

Come home, Frankie.

FRANCES

I am home. Until I find someplace else. I can't live with my mum...

REGGIE

How can I change your mind?

FRANCES

You can't. I have changed my mind about one thing though.

REGGIE

What's that?

FRANCES

I do want you to remember me.
Always. That I existed. That I once
walked beside you.

He just looks at her, tries to smile.

REGGIE

Come on now. I always thought we'd
have a child or two.

FRANCES

Why? So you could use them to
threaten me?

REGGIE

No. Because I still love you.

FRANCES

No. That's just a thing you say out
of loyalty to something that didn't
exist in the first place.

REGGIE

You're wrong. Loving you is how I
hold myself together --

FRANCES

(points off)
I went and watched the dog races
yesterday. It was exciting.

Reggie tries to roll with the flow of the conversation.

REGGIE

Did you win any money?

FRANCES

Didn't bet, just watched. But the
ones I thought would win did win.

He smiles, nods, then darkens ever so slightly.

REGGIE

I got a notice. You filed to have
our marriage annulled.

FRANCES

Yes, I did.

REGGIE

Said on grounds of non-consummation.

FRANCES

That's right. I'm sorry if it's embarrassing. It's the easiest way to get it annulled.

He nods, understand.

REGGIE

Fair enough.

(a beat)

I've been concentrating on just the clubs. For two weeks now. Since the day -- Since you left.

FRANCES

Yeah?

Reggie nods. An Awkward moments. And then...

FRANCES (CONT'D)

You know I dreamt we could live beyond the place we were meant for. But you're a gangster. And you love being one.

REGGIE

No, Frankie, let me make amends. For the sadness I've caused. The pain. Please. Let me take you somewhere.

FRANCES

Somewhere?

REGGIE

Anywhere. Just the two of us. A second honeymoon... Just so you can know that I can change. That I have changed.

She looks away, knows a lie when she hears one even if he doesn't.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Remember? The center of the world can be anywhere you like.

FRANCES

(suddenly)

Ibiza.

REGGIE

Yeah?

FRANCES

Let's go there. Ibiza. I like the way the word sounds.

REGGIE

Yeah, you want to go to Ibiza? I'll book the tickets today.

She considers him. Like she's memorizing him.

Then a little nod of her head and she walks away. Reggie watches after her, unsure of the moment that just passed.

CUT TO:

123 INT. BEDROOM - WINBOURNE TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT 123

Frances sits in front of the dresser mirror. She rolls something in her mouth, enjoying it. Finally she takes it out, sets it on the dresser. A lemon sherbet

FRANCES (V.O.)

God doesn't ask if we accept this life. There is no choice; life is forced upon you. The only choice is how you live it. Or not. That's a choice as well.

Frances picks up a prescription bottle of pills. She calmly and carefully pours a handful into the palm of her hand.

As she considers herself one last time in the mirror...

CUT TO:

124 A KETTLE 124

On the boil. Sputtering, flames licking up its side. The WHISTLE comes sudden and shrill.

CUT TO:

125 INT. HALLWAY - WINBOURNE TOWER BLOCK - DAY 125

We move down a threadbare hallway. Footsteps overtake us as we are passed by Frank Shea. He carries a CUP OF TEA.

FRANCES (V.O.)

A cup of tea can solve anything. A bit under the weather? Tea. You've left your husband? Tea's the answer.

As he turns right through a doorway, we continue at our own pace. Getting closer we hear the cup smash to the floor.

FRANK'S VOICE

Bloody hell, Frances, what have you done?!

CUT TO:

126 INT. WINBOURNE TOWER BLOCK STAIRCASE - DAY 126

Reggie on his way up. Resolute and resigned.

FRANCES

In case you thought, at least Frances survived or she wouldn't be telling us this tale, well, now you know. But I was free at last. God had finally cut me some slack.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. 5TH FLOOR - WINBOURNE TOWER BLOCK - DAY 127

Frank Shea sits outside, his face tear streaked as Reggie approaches.

REGGIE

Where is she?

FRANK SHEA

(points vaguely)

Her bedroom...

As Reggie enters the flat, we go with him.

128 INT. REGGIE INSIDE 128

Down the hall...

FRANCES (V.O.)

I didn't go to live with my brother to get away from my mum or even Reg. I went to get the privacy I needed.

129 BEDROOM 129

Reggie enters, looks at her from the doorway.

Frances rests in bed on her side. We see her glassy eyes, dried blood running out of one nostril; Frances is dead.

Reggie steps to the dresser, picks up the empty pill bottle.

As the weight of the world descends, he sits.

FRANCES (V.O.)

That afternoon Reggie would drink himself insensible. What do you do, after all, when the only person who could ever get to you is gone?

CUT TO:

130 INT. PREP ROOM - W ENGLISH & SON FUNERAL HOME - DAY 130

Frances on a slab, a sheet under her chin.

FRANCES (V.O.)

A cup of tea? I don't think so.

Reggie steps up. Sombre. Very well dressed. He considers Frances a beat before taking a little case from his pocket.

He opens it to reveal TWO RINGS: Frances' wedding band and engagement ring. He picks up her hand and slowly, almost ritualistically, puts them onto her finger.

As he holds her hand, he shivers with a wrack of remorse.

CUT TO:

131 INT. THE HIDEAWAY - NIGHT 131

The club in full swing as Jack 'the Hat' McVitie arrives with Ian Barrie. Barrie leads him over to a table where Ron waits with Teddy Smith and Leslie Holt.

BARRIE

Here he is. One big hat.

Ron nods, waves Barrie along. As Barrie leaves them...

RON

Sit down.

McVitie does as he's told. Ron makes him nervous.

MCVITIE

You wanted to see me, Ron?

RON

I'd like you to kill someone for me.
I'll pay you a thousand pounds.

As McVitie reacts, Leslie Holt sets a stack of notes before him.

RON (CONT'D)

There's five hundred. You'll get the rest when the job is done.

(a beat)

Go on. Put it in your pocket. We know you haven't got any money.

Hand trembling, McVitie finally takes the cash.

MCVITIE

Who is it?

Who is it? As Ron considers him, considers the task at hand.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. CHINGFORD CEMETERY - DAY 132

Reggie stands before Frances' grave holding a dozen ROSES.

Donoghue and Ronnie Hart stand in the distance, smoking and watching warily. Reggie lays the roses down and walks away.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - PARKED DOWN THE ROAD 133

As Donoghue opens the door for Reggie, ANOTHER CAR is pulling up. Frank driving Mrs. Shea.

Reggie gets in the Lincoln. No family reunion here. But Mrs. Shea steps out and marches over even as Donoghue starts the car. Frank can't stop her.

MRS. SHEA

You killed my daughter. You bastard!
You killed her!

134 INT. LINCOLN - DAY 134

As Reggie looks over, she SPITS on the glass of the window, right at his face. Reggie doesn't answer her, looks away.

MRS. SHEA

Spending a hundred pounds a week on flowers won't bring her back!

As Donoghue drives, Reggie blank as he sits there. The spit rolling down the glass.

MRS. SHEA'S VOICE

Murderer! You're going to rot in Hell, Reggie Kray!

Finally, he takes a flask from his pocket and drinks.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. HAMPSTEAD - NIGHT

135

A CAR pulls up, stops. McVitie gets out. Shoving a PISTOL in his belt, he starts off, looking nervously about.

He stops at one house, pulls out a POPPER, inhales it. Dutch courage. He steps up, knocks. Mrs. Payne answers.

MRS. PAYNE

Can I help you?

He starts to answer, stops. As she clocks how 'off' he is...

MCVITIE

Is Leslie Payne about?

MRS. PAYNE

Who should I say is calling?

MCVITIE

Jack.

MRS. PAYNE

Just Jack?

McVitie nods, his nerve losing its lustre.

MRS. PAYNE (CONT'D)

Just a moment please.

She closes the door. As McVitie realizes:

MCVITIE

Fuck, you have to kill her too...

The door opens again. Leslie Payne stands there.

PAYNE

I'm Payne. Can I --

(recognizing)

McVitie?

McVitie smiles, nods, sweat beading on his forehead.

PAYNE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MCVITIE

I got a message for you from Ron.

McVitie pulls the pistol, holds it level at his hip. Payne looks from it to him. Then --

Payne lunges for the gun. As they struggle over it --

BOOM! Payne is shot in the leg. He spins off McVitie, coming away with the gun.

As McVitie runs, Payne fires after him once before collapsing.

CUT TO:

136 INT. TINTAGEL HOUSE - DAY

136

We're back on the photos of Reggie and Ron.

As we pull back we see they are now part of an enormous amount of surveillance photos and witness statements, etc... Reveal that Nipper stands before it all.

CUT TO:

137 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LONDON - DAY

137

Payne in a hospital bed, his leg in a splint.

Payne looks up as Nipper Read enters.

PAYNE

I've got nothing to say to you.

NIPPER

Shall I send a solicitor? Or have you already seen to it.

PAYNE

Seen to what?

NIPPER

Drawing up a last will. They won't be satisfied now until you're dead.

Payne considers this, decides....

PAYNE

I want my wife's safety guaranteed.
My children's as well.

As Nipper considers him...

CUT TO:

138 INT. THE CARPENTER ARMS - NIGHT

138

Reggie at the bar, halfway to oblivion.

Donoghue arrives, leans close, delivering bad news.

DONOGHUE

Payne's given them everything:
names, documents, dates. One thing's
led to another. They've taken a
dozen witnesses into protection --

A beat. Donoghue stops talking, loathe to say the last...

REGGIE

Tell me, Albert.

DONOGHUE

Nipper brought the barmaid back in.
She hasn't come back out.

Reggie considers it all. Finally, ominously...

REGGIE

Where's Ron?

DONOGHUE

At a party. Over at Blonde Carol's.

REGGIE

Pick up McVitie. Bring him there.

A beat and Donoghue goes. As Reggie kills his glass of gin...

CUT TO:

139 INT. BLONDE CAROLE'S FLAT - EVERING ROAD - NIGHT

139

A party going on. Records being played. Ron in a good mood.
Two of his BOYS dancing together off to the side. PEOPLE
drinking, laughing. Barrie, Bender, Dickson and Hart chatting
up a couple of GIRLS. Ron looks over his shoulder to...

Reggie in a corner, brooding, staring. Ron smiles, steps up.

RON

Come on you miserable bastard, enjoy
yourself if you can. Why show up if
you can't?

REGGIE

I'm waiting for Jack the Hat.

Ron tries to act cool at the name.

RON

What do you want with him? Was he waving his shotgun in another club?

Reggie looks him over. Then:

REGGIE

Where did you think going after Leslie Payne was going to get us?

RON

What did I think? Well, in case you ain't realized, I don't answer to you.

Ron gets up. Reggie watches him as he heads over to Teddy Smith and Leslie Holt.

ENTRANCE

McVitie enters, brought by Donoghue.

MCVITIE

'Ello 'Ello, where are the birds at?

He works the room, greeting people he knows till he gets to the bar. His good mood sours when he sees Ron.

MCVITIE (CONT'D)

Hello, Ron. Teddy. What's your stories, morning glories?

Ron looks from McVitie across to Reggie. This isn't going to go well. He turns with his drink, clocks Reggie stepping over. Donoghue, meanwhile, taps out a cigarette, offers one.

MCVITIE (CONT'D)

No. I quit on the way down the stairs.

Reggie stops across from him, looks dangerous.

MCVITIE (CONT'D)

You got something on your mind, Reggie?

REGGIE

Yeah. You. What the fuck were you thinking? This business with Payne will ruin us.

MCVITIE

I don't know what you're on about.

Reggie slaps his drink out of his hand.

REGGIE
Don't lie to me!

The room goes quiet.

MCVITIE
I won't be fuckinwell treated this
way.
(looks over)
Ron?

REGGIE
He ain't gonna help you.

MCVITIE
You got a tin of worms in your head

REGGIE
Is that so?

MCVITIE
Don't take it out on me what
happened to your Frances.

REGGIE
What did you say?

MCVITIE
It's not my fault Frances killed
herself. I didn't sell her the
fucking pills.

REGGIE
Say Frances again and you're dead.

McVitie picks the wrong time to be sick of being pushed
around.

MCVITIE
Frances...

No warning as Reggie draws a pistol, aims point blank at
McVitie and pulls the trigger -- It JAMS -- Nothing --

McVitie scrambles to go, but Reggie knocks him off his feet.

From the little bar stand, Reggie grabs a small KNIFE next to
a bunch of SLICED LEMONS.

Reggie pounces on McVitie -- And STABS him. Blood ropes out
of McVitie. People in the room SCREAM. McVitie SCREAMS.
Reggie rages, stabs again and again.

Ron's mouth agape, finally shocked by something.

Reggie stabs until his rage is spent, until McVitie slumps dying to the floor.

Reggie straightens, splattered in blood. Staring at his brother. After a stunned silence...

RON

Why did you do that?

Reggie grabs Ron, draws him close, nearly nose-to-nose.

REGGIE

Because I can't kill you! As much as I fucking wish I could...

Reggie staggers out of the room.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. BLONDE CAROL'S FLAT - EVERING ROAD - NIGHT 140

In the basement. Reggie up the stairs, reaches the sidewalk, looking this way and that. Finally up to the heavens. Like something is up there.

Donoghue exits the flat, approaches him.

DONOGHUE

Reggie. What are we going to do?
There are twenty witnesses... Are you mad?

Reggie keeps looking up, almost unaware.

DONOGHUE (CONT'D)

Reggie?

REGGIE

God blessed me with that girl...
Look what I've done.

DONOGHUE

Listen to me --

As Donoghue sets a hand on him, Reggie lets him have it - WHAM - Down he goes, punched in the gut.

Deciding on a direction, Reggie stumbles off leaving Donoghue and everything else behind.

CUT TO:

141 EXT. TUNNEL - NEAR BLONDE CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 141

Reggie stumbling through the gloom at us, lost and distraught as the weight of the world descends. He turns heads down...

CUT TO:

142 EXT. CANAL - EAST END - NIGHT 142

Reggie descends the steps, starts along the towpath down toward a bleak landscape of filthy water and gasometers looming beyond. It's shabby, the shadow of decay everywhere.

FRANCES (V.O.)

Reggie once said the center of the world could be anywhere you like. Even here. In the east end of London. The world is quite like London. It's not good; it's not bad. It just is. There's no morality or dishonor, just your own lonely code. Until your race is run...

Reggie heads into the dark, to a future that does not exist.

143 CONFETTI 143

It drifts from where it's thrown at a SOUTH LONDON CHURCH. A BRIDE & GROOM run laughing beneath it. Almost a dream.

FRANCES (V.O.)

...Until the end. Until we're all just ghosts of the people we once thought we were.

We let them pass to focus on a parked CAR, CONFETTI on the bonnet and windscreen. There's someone sitting in the back. Jack McVitie wrapped up in blanket. As dead as dead gets.

CUT TO:

144 EXT. WALKWAY - CEDRA COURT - DAWN 144

Nipper Read and EIGHT POLICEMAN closing in on the entrance. Tooled up and serious. One of them carries a SLEDGEHAMMER.

FRANCES (V.O.)

The police arrested the Kray Brothers on May 8th 1968. But while love may have beaten Reggie Kray, they never did.

CUT TO:

145 INT. LIVING ROOM - CEDRA COURT - DAWN 145

Reggie sitting in the dark with a glass and a cigarette.
Staring into space, not reacting to the sound of the hammer
being brought to bear on the front door.

FRANCES

Reggie spent 33 years in prison for
killing Jack McVitie. Through all
those years, until the end, he
carried a pair of tickets with him.
Reggie, my prince, we were supposed
to go to Ibiza after all.

As we hear the door finally give way and smash in...

CUT TO:

146 BLACK. 146

Superimpose: Ronald Kray was found guilty of murder and
sentenced to thirty years in prison. He was recertified
insane and died in Broadmoor Hospital in 1995.

Superimpose: Reggie Kray spent 33 years in prison for killing
Jack McVitie. He died of cancer on October 1st, 2000.

THE END.