

SHEARWATER

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FADE IN:

EXT. GLASGOW - PORT DUNDAS - M8 ON RAMP - NIGHT

A SKODA and a VW speeding, unlock, spin away from each other.

VW driver stares back at ARRAN CAMPBELL (40s), in the Skoda, older brother to Jack, some good looks, almost no brains.

Arran grits his teeth, eyes the VW, these fucking guys won't quit. He looks back to the motorway in front of him.

A TRUCK swerves to reveal the PILLAR to Arran's POV.

Arran's eyes go wide.

CRUNCH! Steel vs concrete, concrete victorious a bone compressing, horrendous impact!

VW whips the wheels, spins to a stop, door opens.

MALE FIGURES jump out, head over.

Ahead, spam in a can. Male figure crouches down looks in.

Arran bloody, beat-to-crap, alive trapped by the metal crushed around him.

Male figures watch. Not here to help. The two men consider the wreckage.

Arran spits blood, looks at them long and hard.

Another CAR screeches to a stop, JACK CAMPBELL (40s), jumps out. Tall, muscular, Scandinavian roots, face like a Norse god, salty, softly spoken, looks like he can handle himself.

Male figures turn, see Jack, swing back around to Arran.

MALE FIGURE

If she's got time tonight your  
mother can stitch him up.

ARRAN

No! Jackie! Get the fuck outta  
here!

Too late. They are on him.

BLACK

EXT. SHEARWATER DECK - DAY

The 107-foot SHEARWATER, the smallest crab boat in the fleet, rocks and rolls in rough seas.

A CHYRON reads: A WEEK EARLIER.

DECKHANDS scramble across the large open deck to store the crab pots while moving from one area to another.

A large tank sits underneath, stores harvested live crab.

A dot on the ocean, the Shearwater edges closer towards a swirling, wall of a storm blanketing the sky in front of her.

The doorstep to hell.

INT. SHEARWATER WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The house, top deck at the forward end of the highest deck, rain hammers the aft wheelhouse windows.

Skipper Jack, scans what's ahead of the vessel, sits in a chair located on the starboard side of the space surrounded by electronics, he watches the deck hands work.

Waves roll in, growing in size, becoming ENORMOUS.

Fewer people fish here, because it's nasty.

Phone RINGS.

JACK

Alex.

ALEX (O.S)

Jackie, I think they righted down the forecast a little bit. It's been righted toward you, with your gear on it's going to be shit.

JACK

Weather Service jerking off again.

ALEX (O.S)

I wish it were.

JACK

We're all safe at the moment, just staying in this one and three mile box, but I see Alex, thank you.

BRODIE REID (30s), enters the wheelhouse, pale, with curly dark hair and lovely dimples.

BRODIE  
A word boss.

JACK  
I believe congratulations are in order.

BRODIE  
Thank you, so I was wondering, now that I'm family, will I be able to get a job working for your father?

JACK  
Have to ask him that. You don't like working on the boat?

BRODIE  
I don't think I'm cut out for it.

JACK  
You don't get cut out for it, you get cut into it. Sophie's holding her own out there.

BRODIE  
She's been out here a lot longer than me.

JACK  
Like I said, you gotta ask him, we gotta finish this string.

Brodie heads out.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Brodie before you go. You hurt her, you answer to me. Clear?

INT. RUSSIAN SAFE HOUSE - GLASGOW - DAY

Small, empty alcohol bottles and cigarettes in cups litter the tables. A party in full swing.

Alcohol, cigarettes and cocaine flows and blows.

Arran, and his bodyguard/enforcer CALLUM (30s) skinhead, white as a sheet, stocky sociopath, slide through the party, scan the room.

They're in enemy territory here, but no one cares, everyone's too busy getting high to notice.

They move through the living room into an adjacent

#### BEDROOM

On the bed, in board daylight two bricks of cocaine.

Arran shares a sneaky smile with Callum. They slide them under their shirts, no one sees them leave.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah I'm getting it!

A RUSSIAN GANG MEMBER enters the Bedroom, stares at the bed, the missing bricks of snow.

RUSSIAN GANG MEMBER

What the?

#### INT. SHEARWATER - DAY

Jack picks up the radio, communicates with the deck.

JACK

Alright, be safe guys ok.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Roger that.

JACK

Watch out for waves if you can see them. Don't be afraid to run.

On the

#### DECK

The mood oppressive, sullen faces, the process physical, fast, and well timed among the crew on deck.

Waves arrive like dinosaurs, shapes weird, color foul.

The Shearwater holds its own.

RORY MURDOCH (30s) Tall, strong as a ox, a gentleman, Jack's right-hand man on and off the boat, works with deckhands to prepare a crab pot at the rails.

SOPHIE (30s), irresistible, hardworking, the deck boss, intimate with the sea all her life, works the power block.

Rory throws a metal hook over a set of buoys, pulls them in.

Sophie hooks the pot, with the hydraulic crane, sets it horizontal on deck.

DECKHANDS open it, empty hundreds of pounds of crab onto a table, put new bait inside, push it overboard, throw the buoys back in.

OTHER DECKHANDS sort the crab before the next pot arrives.

Repeat.

Jack slams the THROTTLE home, the Shearwater falls in step with the mammoth waves.

A massive wave crashes over the bow. A WAVE of WAVES in one fell swoop, buries the Shearwater

DECKHAND  
We're gonna die!

Another massive wave rocks the port side of the boat.

Brodie flies skyward over the gunwales, into the ocean!

On the RADIO.

JACK (O.S)  
Call over!!

Sophie turns in Brodie's direction. Where the hell is Brodie?

SOPHIE  
Brodie!!

SCREAMS in every direction.

RORY  
Brodie! Get him! Get him!

Sophie screams up to Jack.

SOPHIE  
Man overboard!

Jack bursts out onto the deck.

Sophie grabs the controls to the picking boom.

Jack grabs the throwing spike, throws it in Brodie's direction, short, he reels it in, throws again.

Brodie grabs it. They reel him in, lift him back onboard with the picking boom.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

MECHANICS work on cars, some of them simple middle class, some of them, further in the back of the garage, high end.

Music in the b.g.

Two GURADS at the front chat, stand guard at the front of this auto shop. A car SCREECHES UP.

Two RUSSIAN GANG MEMBERS get out dressed in khaki jackets, fedora hats and masks, they draw their guns.

BLLAAP! BLLAAP!

The two men in the front drop, bodies bleed.

Khaki fedora dudes enter, anyone who stands is offered the kiss of death.

BLLAAP! BLLAAP!

Bullets rip through two mechanics in the front drop.

Khaki dudes jump back in their car, it SCREECHES off.

EXT. ULLAPOOL HARBOR - DAY

Carved out by the glaciers of the last ice age, nestled in Loch Broom, a 26 square mile safe, deep-water anchorage.

The dock boils with activity: crab boats unload their catches, shouts, curses, forklifts, scales, trucks.

The Shearwater docks, ropes land on the harbor floor. The crew disembark.

Jack moves to the bow, surveys the boat, checks, pulls a hatch to, feels the tension of a bowline, half a step this way, half step, as if trying to get a perspective.

Sophie approaches, they turn to see two large boats enter the harbor, strange.

SOPHIE  
Those Russian?

JACK  
You never know with that lot.

SOPHIE  
What are they doing?

JACK  
Don't want to know.

GRACE CAMPBELL (30s) slides up, beautiful strawberry blonde, tall, strong willed but makes ill educated choices, Brodie's fiancé, Jack's sister.

GRACE  
You brought him back safe, thank you.

JACK  
We're heading back to Peterhead tonight. You good?

GRACE  
Good as can be.

JACK  
Sophie this is my sister Grace.

GRACE  
How do you do?

SOPHIE  
How do you do Grace?

GRACE  
Father's been asking for you. You seen the news?

JACK  
I heard.

GRACE  
You gonna talk to dad?

JACK  
About what?

Grace stands there, waits for Jack to elaborate. He doesn't.

GRACE  
Alright then. But if Arran fucks it up for all of us don't come crying to me. Nice to meet you Sophie.



Grace leaves, looks for Brodie, sees him, runs to him gives him a huge hug, a kiss with tongues.

The crew unloads its crab. Jostles and jokes between crew as crab is craned out from the Shearwater tanks in large nets.

Sophie approaches, Jack turns.

SOPHIE

You know they're going to the pub?

JACK

Just make sure they're the on the boat before midnight, still have quota to fill, or we're off to Peterhead with or without them.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Freeze.

Jack Turns. AIKO TANAKA (30s), Japanese, timeless beauty, Glasgow police, Counter Terrorism, brains, brawn and wit.

She slides up, wraps her arms around Jack, plants a kiss.

AIKO

You stink.

JACK

Good to see you too.

Sophie pulls out her camera, Rory and other deckhands gather.

SOPHIE

Jack we're gonna take a picture.

JACK

Wait a minute.

AIKO

No, Jackie, not me.

SOPHIE

Okay, that's it. Just like that, now, hold it.

The crew disperse. Aiko lingers.

AIKO

You see the news? They say there was a note left at the scene.

JACK

That's my family Ai, that's not me.

AIKO  
I'm on shift tonight. See you  
later?

JACK  
Call in sick.

AIKO  
I can't. I will when you get back.

INT. ULLAPOOL BAR - NIGHT

Jack, a wallflower out of sync with the bar's celebrations.

Crab fishermen, locals, leather clad, Luis Vuitton gold  
chained RUSSIANS.

The place bursts past capacity. Atmosphere vibrant. DIRTY  
LAUGHTER, WHISTLES, MUSIC BLARES off an antique Jukebox.

Rory and deckhands play snooker. Brodie's at the counter,  
drinking. HARRIS (40s), captain of the Wanderer, at the bar  
nurses a whiskey, Jack, a coffee.

Sophie turns from the bar with her drink, spots Jack, shoots  
him a smile, he smiles back, hers lingers longer.

JACK  
What's happening?

HARRIS  
Grapefruit and vodka. I thought  
Greyhounds might make my moves a  
little swifter.

JACK  
Any rabbits?

HARRIS  
Not even a hat.

Bodies bump, drinks spill. Pushing occurs. Sophie is pushed.

RUSSIAN  
Are you alright?

SOPHIE  
No, I'm not, you spilt my fucking  
pint down my front you doss cunt.

RUSSIAN  
I'm so sorry. Please let me buy you  
another.

SOPHIE  
That's not going to dry my front is  
it?

RUSSIAN  
That's no way to speak to...

SOPHIE  
Fuck you.

Russian gets up in Sophie's face. Jack steps in.

JACK  
You alright?

They both hold a stare, check the distance, clear both of  
them know how to throw hands.

Tension is palpable.

RUSSIAN  
I apologize, please allow me to buy  
you both a drink.

JACK  
We're about to leave. Another time.

RUSSIAN  
Another time then.

EXT. ULLAPOOL HARBOR - NIGHT

Jack watches across the harbor as scrap metal consignments  
are unloaded from a large boat.

He watches MEN pull out packs hidden in the scrap metal.

Men look over in his direction. He pretends to not notice  
what they are doing. Boards the Shearwater. Moves up to the

WHEELHOUSE

Keeps the lights off, grabs a pair of binoculars. Squints  
through the lenses, sees.

Packs being loaded into two cars. Men reach into the boots,  
open the packs pull out cigarettes, they light each others.

Small talk, Jack watches them get in their cars, drive off.

Phone RINGS. Jack jumps.

JACK

Yeah.

ARRAN

Jackie boy! Where are you?

JACK

Ullapool, leaving for Peterhead soon, keeping your nose clean?

ARRAN

Could say that.

JACK

Saw the news, your handywork?

ARRAN

Fuck you. Dad wants a word.

JACK

About what?

ARRAN

Don't worry, I'm sure it's legit.

JACK

He already knows my answer about the fishery union. They're like addicts that bunch.

ARRAN

I know a couple of addicts. Stupid wee lassies. I feed them what they need. A little skag to keep them happy while punters line up at a fiver a skull. Not exactly a fortune, but I'm thinking, I should be coining it here. Less whores, more skag. Callum's right.

JACK

Callum's a sociopath.

ARRAN

Distribution, that's the future. High purity, high volume, that's where the money is. Not that shit the Kinehan's sell. Set up some contacts, get a good load of skag, punt it, profit. What do you think?

JACK

You're creating unnecessary tension.

ARRAN  
I figured...

JACK  
You figured wrong. Families called me, not you.

ARRAN  
I'll handle it.

JACK  
Handle it? You can't even keep your nose clean.

ARRAN  
Maybe if you'd give me a little room to breathe.

JACK  
If I gave you room to breathe, I would have to play janitor to your messes.

ARRAN  
This isn't my mess.

JACK  
It's yours now. You think I like watching you bungle everything?

ARRAN  
Then maybe you should've taught instead of barked.

JACK  
Teaching's for men who believe their brothers can learn.

ARRAN  
Why? Because I'm fed up to my back teeth with losers, no-hopers, schemies, junkies and the like. I'm getting on with it.

JACK  
Heading home. Talk to you later.

Jack looks back at the Russian boats, sees a line of WOMEN being shoved into two vans.

He picks up the phone, dials 999, it RINGS.

He watches the vans pull away into the night.

999 DISPATCHER  
999 what is your emergency?

Jack hangs up.

Alex enters the wheel house, hands Jack a check.

ALEX  
Ready for the turnaround?

JACK  
Baits loaded, no rest for the  
weary.

ALEX  
Flaunting your work ethic.

JACK  
I don't have a work ethic, I just  
have work.

ALEX  
Your cut. Isn't that a record?

Jack folds the check, looks at Alex quizzically.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
A record low, that is.

JACK  
You're getting to be rude, y'know.

ALEX  
Don't get your dander up. I was  
once the best, like you. But I knew  
it couldn't last, so I bought these  
boats. Why don't you buy a boat?

Jack glances at his check.

JACK  
How's a down payment on this one?

Alex smiles.

ALEX  
I like you, Jackie. Always have.  
But I like my boat better. And if  
you don't make it pay, I'll get  
somebody else who will.

Alex leaves.

EXT. GLASGOW - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

Heavy rain, under a breath-taking, brooding sky. Aiko exits her car, humps through the rain.

An abandoned factory. A UNIFORM guards the entrance, keeps a bunch of people at bay.

Flashing her I.D, Aiko ducks under the crime scene TAPE.

Met by a SARGEANT (40s), grizzled, ex-boxer's battered face.

AIKO  
Whaddya got?

SARGEANT  
Male. No ID. Homeless guy found him  
couple of hours ago.

AIKO  
Decomp?

SARGEANT  
Nah, fresh one. Skag did a real  
number on him.

Aiko glances at a CROWD. A MALE, pierced, stares back. She holds the stare, drops her eyes. Tired. Sick of this shit.

AIKO  
Coroner do him yet?

SARGEANT  
En-route. You're first on the  
scene. Body's in the basement.

He nods to the open freight elevator door, Aiko steps in.

SARGEANT (CONT'D)  
Want me to walk you through?

AIKO  
No, I got it.

He tosses her a roll of BAGGIES.

SARGEANT  
You outta here soon, right?

She punches a button and the doors begin to close.

AIKO  
One week.

EXT. SHEARWATER DECK - DAY

The Shearwater approaches its previous string of pots.  
GREENHORN throws up over the side of the boat.

JACK (O.S.)  
Alright, let's see what we got.

The pot leaves the water, Jack leans over to catch a glimpse.

RORY  
Yes!

It's full of crab.

The crew sort the crab, females go back overboard. Sophie gestures to the wheelhouse.

SOPHIE  
Three, four, five!

Pot after pot is hauled, crashes on the side of the boat before being lifted onto the deck.

Sophie gestures the count to the wheelhouse.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Four, six, zero! All clean!

JACK (O.S.)  
Five miles, every pot, crazy!

Phone RINGS.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Alex, yeah.

ALEX (O.S.)  
Storm's getting worse. I want you to shut down and head back.

JACK  
I do that, everyone's gonna come up here and mop all this up.

ALEX (O.S.)  
Shut it down Jackie.

JACK  
Rodger.

Sophie enters the wheelhouse.



SOPHIE  
Compressor's about had it

JACK  
What in the compressor's had it?  
Seals, the condenser?

SOPHIE  
The whole frigging thing. Couldn't  
Alex spring for a new one?

JACK  
The man's not known for his  
Christianity.

SOPHIE  
Well, ice machine's dead. You're  
staring too hard; you're going to  
drill holes in the horizon.  
Problem?

JACK  
I want to cry.

INT. ERSKINE CAMPBELL'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

ERSKINE CAMPBELL (60s), solid, works on his 18th century  
warship model.

He leads the Campbell crime family. An unassuming man, but  
cross him and you will find yourself dead.

Between Erskine and guest, FINLAY (40s) as big as a house,  
battle tested, loyal to the bitter end.

Across from him ALIAN BRUCE (60s) a father, like Erskine,  
fat, heavy breather, nowhere near the man Erskine is.

BRUCE  
She went to the movies with him;  
she stayed out late. I didn't  
protest. Two months ago, he took  
her for a drive, with another boy.  
They made her drink whiskey. They  
made her do drugs. They tried to  
take advantage of her. She kept her  
honor, resisted So they beat her,  
like an animal. I went to the  
hospital, they broke her nose. Her  
jaw was wired shut. She couldn't  
even weep because of the pain. She  
was a beautiful girl.

Bruce fights to hold back his tears. Erskine gestures to Finlay to give Bruce a drink.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Sorry...

Bruce, takes the drink, sips from the shot glass.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

They were arrested. The judge sentenced them to two years. Suspended sentence. Suspended sentence! Free that very day! I stood there like a fool. Those two bastards, they smiled at me.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

Why didn't you come to me first?

BRUCE

Please, I'll do anything. But please help.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

How?

Bruce gets up, whispers his request into Erskine's ear.

BRUCE

I'll give you anything you ask.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

I can't remember the last time that you invited me to your house for a cup of tea. You never wanted my friendship. And you were afraid to be in my debt.

BRUCE

I didn't want to get into trouble.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

I understand. Problem is, you don't ask with respect. You don't offer friendship. Instead, you come into my house and you ask me to murder, for money.

BRUCE

I ask you for justice.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

Your daughter is still alive, is she not?

BRUCE

Then they can suffer then, as she suffers. How much shall I pay you?

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

Had you come to me in friendship, respectfully, then this scum that ruined your daughter would be suffering now. And if you should make enemies, then they would be my enemies. And they would fear you.

BRUCE

Be my friend...Mr. Campbell?

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

Good. Please accept this justice as a gift.

BRUCE

Thank you Mr. Campbell.

Bruce loafes out, head down. Erskine turns to Finlay.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

Send him in.

Finlay leaves, in a moment he's back with ALISTAIR GRAHAM (50s), new head of the fishery cooperative president, greying, overweight, gin blossoms, waddles in like he thinks his shit doesn't stink.

GRAHAM

Mr. Campbell, to what do I owe the honor of this invitation?

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

I'll keep it brief. I haven't seen you since you took over.

GRAHAM

Since my brothers death you mean.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

You received the flowers, our condolence gift?

GRAHAM

You know I can't accept that.

A silence between them. Arran slides in, hangs at the back.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

I understand. I assume you've had time to consider our proposal.

GRAHAM

I have.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

Well?

GRAHAM

I've notified the authorities, I plan to remain transparent about our relationship and any further interaction will be through public channels, to ensure the legitimacy and safety of all involved.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

I see.

GRAHAM

If there is nothing else, I must bid you all a good evening.

Graham slides out. Erskine hands an envelope to Finlay.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

Give this to Malcolm. I want people that aren't gonna get carried away. We're not murderers, despite what this fisherman says. Where's Jackie?

ARRAN

Don't worry; it's early.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL

We're not finishing this without Jackie.

FINLAY

What's the matter, Arran?

ARRAN

It's Jackie.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Graham waddles down his driveway, dressed in pajamas, a dressing gown, drags a wheely bin behind him.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't forget the paper!

GRAHAM  
The paper, yeah, yeah.

Whistles a tune to himself.

The street quiet.

He spots his newspaper, bends to pick it up, rises, sees.

In front of him a car, Audi A3, windows down, a hand stretches out, Callum's. In Callum's hand, a pistol.

This is not good.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three shots rip through Grahams chest, the fourth pierces his arm, spins him like a top, drops him like a sack of potatoes.

Tires SCREECH, the car speeds off, down the street, disappears round a corner.

INT. SHEARWATER GALLEY - DAY

Rory and Sophie eat and drink in the tiny kitchen.

Jack enters. He clocks the news on the t.v, his smile fades.

SOPHIE  
Guess who the new fisheries  
cooperative president is?

Sophie half jokes, shoots a look at Jack. Jack leaves.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
In February of 1998, Graham's older  
brother, was shot and killed by two  
members of what was believed to be  
an organized crime group. Graham  
took over as president of the  
cooperative in April of 2007.

EXT. ASDA SUPERMARKET CARPARK - DAY

The area cordoned off, police question customers, emergency services rush around. Bullet casings litter the ground.

An Audi A3 sits in the carpark, passenger window obliterated.

Callum's blood and brain matter splatter the rear windows.  
Callum motionless, half his face missing, dead.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)  
Glasgow suspect organized crime  
when a gunman opened fire in a Asda  
supermarket parking lot today  
leaving one dead, no arrest have  
been made yet. Witnesses report a  
masked gunman firing at close range  
before fleeing the scene.

A gaggle of REPORTERS, fish for breaking news updates.

CUSTOMER 1.  
I saw two guys jump out and I saw a  
gun, that's when I backed up. I  
just remember seeing a gun.

REPORTER  
Could you describe the weapon?

CUSTOMER 1.  
Just silver, like a Clint Eastwood  
western style gun. I thought he was  
going to turn it on everyone.

REPORTER  
Do you remember how many shot were  
fired?

CUSTOMER 1.  
I thought it was like another  
Dunblane.

INT. AIKO'S OFFICE - DAY

Aiko hunt and pecks on her keyboard, a POLICE OFFICER KNOCKS,  
opens the door to the office.

POLICE OFFICER  
Hey, Lieutenant wants you.

AIKO  
For what?

POLICE OFFICER  
I don't care.

INT. LT. LAWTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Aiko stands before LT. LAWTON (50s) overweight, unkempt, Aiko's boss, Lawton shifts papers at his desk.

LAWTON  
You've spent the last few years  
trying to catch the Kinehans,  
right? I heard you even met him.

AIKO  
He broke my nose.

LAWTON  
What do you say about officially  
hunting him? Them, the Campbells.  
All of them.

Aiko is blown away.

AIKO  
What?

LAWTON  
I'm talking about a task force  
specializing in getting the whole  
syndicate with you leading.

Aiko stares, incredulous.

AIKO  
Why me?

LAWTON  
You've studied them longer than  
anyone in town.

Almost all the excitement of Aiko disappears in a blink.

LAWTON (CONT'D)  
Get to work.

INT. SHEARWATER - SEA - NIGHT

Rory works the captain seat, Jack climbs into the wheelhouse, stretches, yawns. On the radar a large blip.

Phone RINGS. Jack checks caller I.D. Arran. Lets it ring.

RORY  
Who's that? He's not on my GPS.

Jack approaches, studies the radar screen.

RORY (CONT'D)  
He's not over here, but he's there.

JACK  
He's not on the AIS.

Phone RINGS again. Arran. Jack doesn't answer, grabs the RT.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Vessel twelve miles off my bow  
southbound, you crabbing, you  
dragging? This is the Shearwater.

STATIC.

VOICE (O.S)  
Roger Shearwater, maintenance. We  
will be move soon. Be move soon.

JACK  
You guys fishing?

An unintelligible reply drowned in STATIC comes back.

Jack and Rory exchange a concerned stare. This is wrong.

JACK (CONT'D)  
He's east side of the gear, I see  
you, I can see him on the radar but  
not on AIS. I'm going for a look.

CRAB BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
Copy, copy, right behind you.

JACK  
Get the guys up. He's running, were  
pinging him on radar, I got a blip,  
send Sophie to the bow, try to get  
the numbers off this boat if we get  
close enough.

CRAB BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S)  
Can you pick me up on the radio?

JACK  
I'm about eight miles off him now.

CRAB BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S)  
I got something in the wheel, don't  
know what the hell is going on.

JACK  
I got this thing redlined, 1600  
rpms and I'm catching him.



CRAB BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S)  
We got a buoy no numbers, wrapped  
in a black bag back here.

JACK  
Six miles from him, close. This  
fucken little guy, he's the guy  
that's been doing shit out here.

CRAB BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S)  
Jack? You getting me?

JACK  
Yeah, I got you, go ahead.

CRAB BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S)  
I'm dead in the water. I can't get  
the boat in gear.

JACK  
You need help?

CRAB BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S)  
I might need a tow. We got  
something in the wheel, it's a huge  
trawling net, a huge, huge Cod net,  
looks pretty deliberate.

RORY  
Call it.

JACK  
I'm heading towards you. Fuck. We  
any empty drums?

RORY  
Yeah we got, we got a few.

JACK  
Lash them together. Let's send a  
message.

They lash the drums together, with pallets, throw trawling  
net on top, douse it with fuel, then drop in in the ocean.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Alright Rory, light it up!

Rory loads the flare gun, aims the gun out the window of the  
wheelhouse, fires. The flare hits the net, flames rise.  
APPLAUSE from both boats.

RORY  
Burn baby! That's your nets burning  
bitch! Stay out of our waters!

INT. AMOURED VEHICLE - GLASGOW - DAY

Aiko sits next to other ORGANIZED CRIME AND COUNTER TERRORISM TEAM, rifles ready, barrels point up.

All sport bullet-proof vests, armor, tac vests, radios, magazines, helmets, breaching gear, and assault rifles.

Beside Aiko, SEARGENT FREEBURN (40s) commanding officer, large alpha, muscular man, ex-athlete. Thousand yard stare.

HELICOPTERS audible overhead. Vehicles rip to a stop. The team out, move fast.

They reach a door, OFFICER'S shotgun BLASTS THE HINGES. It falls like a drawbridge.

Aiko, part of the six at the front door, toss flash grenades. Blasts rock inside. Aiko through the busted door, weapon.

AIKO  
DOWN MOTHER FUCKER!! DOWN, DOWN!!!

Assault rifle bursts. Aiko, economical, fires. BULLETS PUNCH through flesh and bone.

Arterial blood spray bathes the house's interior red. Shots rip through one man into another.

More mechanical, silenced thwacks from the assault rifles.

Silence. Voices from Freeburn's walkie-talkie.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
CLEAR.

INT. SHEARWATER - DAY

Jack mans the captain's chair. The final string, the crew pull up their first pot. It comes over the side.

SOPHIE  
It looks ripped.

JACK  
No cotton.

SOPHIE

It's like the cotton blew out on the way up.

RORY

The first pot is broken? You kidding me. The only thing that's holding them in there is the bait because the holes wide open in the side of the pot.

Phone RINGS.

JACK

What?

ARRAN (O.S.)

There's a mate of Brodie's. Vikram Singh you know the guy. He's come into some gear. A lot of gear.

JACK

Now's not the time.

ARRAN (O.S.)

Ten kilos. He tells me, got drunk down by the docks last week, met two Russian sailors. They're fucking carrying the stuff. For sale there and then, like. So he wakes up the next morning, realizes what he's done and get very fucking nervous. Wants rid of this. He's looking for Brodie to punt it, but Brodie's on deck with you.

JACK

So?

Another pot comes up from over the side.

BRODIE

Thirty two! Three two!

JACK

Start checking these pots now.

Another pot comes up from over the side.

RORY

Are you fucking kidding me? Another one? Who's not double checking all the pots?

ARRAN (O.S.)

So he met me and I offered to take it off his hands at a very reasonable price, with the intention of punting it on myself to a guy I know in London.

JACK

So we've just come from burning Russians nets and you're telling me about a skag deal with Russians?

ARRAN (O.S.)

Yeah.

Another pot comes up from over the side. Empty.

RORY

Who the fuck was on the rail for this string?

Jack checks his phone.

JACK

Brodie, well that's a wound that continues to bleed. So Brodie you were on the rail for this string, how many fucken times do I have to tell you check every pot, we were supposed to be fixing everything.

BRODIE

Ah well, that's debatable, why aren't we getting these numbers, maybe they didn't soak long enough.

Another pot comes up from over the side. Empty.

RORY

That's seven pots so far today.

Another pot comes up from over the side. Empty.

SOPHIE

Make that number eight.

RORY

What the fuck?!

SERIES OF SHOTS pots come up from over the side. Empty.

RORY (CONT'D)

Seventeen pots, that's 5,000 pounds of crab missed.

(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)  
A whole string without cottons, a  
15,000 pound mistake. So yeah, I'm  
bitter.

There is silence. Brodie enters.

JACK  
What was your price?

ARRAN (O.S.)  
Fourty Grand.

JACK  
But you don't have the money?

BRODIE  
We're twenty thousand short.

Jack turns, sees Brodie standing at the top of the stairs.

BRODIE (CONT'D)  
Come on, Jack, every cunt knows  
you've been saving up down in  
London.

JACK  
Sorry, I don't have twenty thousand  
pounds.

ARRAN (O.S.)  
Yes, you fucking do. I've seen your  
statement.

JACK  
Jesus. Ten kilos. That's what, ten  
years' worth? Russian sailors? We  
just crossed paths out here with  
some of them. What the fuck are you  
on these days? You've been to jail,  
Arran, so what's the deal, like it  
so much you want to go back again?

ARRAN (O.S.)  
I want the money, Jackie, that's  
all.

BRODIE  
If everyone keeps their mouth shut,  
there'll be no one going to jail.

Jack looks at Brodie, considers this.

EXT. PETERHEAD HARBOR - DAY

The Shearwater enters North Harbor through a widened junction canal, spanned by the reinstated Queenie Bridge.

Rowhouses, narrow streets funnel to a cluttered waterfront.

The port's ship repair facilities, including the ship lift, sit in Alexandra Basin within the North Harbor.

Strip away the rust and barnacles, underneath find bustling dry docks, piers lined with fish jobber's trucks, smoky taverns and everywhere, the grift of the sea: crab men, crab traps, crates of wet squid leaded for bait.

Jack docks the Shearwater, ties up, it's crew execute its commands without any audible instruction from its captain. Over the radio:

RORY (O.S.)  
Brodie, Jack needs you to come into  
the galley.

INT. SHEERWATER - DAY

Brodies enters the wheelhouse, Jack in the captains chair, Rory sits shogun.

BRODIE  
What's up?

JACK  
It's not working, the bios, can't  
have that on the boat.

BRODIE  
I'm your sisters fiancé.

JACK  
Your also the cunt getting my  
brother involved in fucken skag  
deals! What the fuck are you  
thinking, do you know what would  
happen if my father found out?

Silence.

BRODIE  
There's a lot of...

JACK  
A lot of what?

BRODIE  
There's a lot of money in it.

JACK  
You gotta leave. Today.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Two LOW LEVEL GANG MEMBERS (20s) dressed in recycled clothes, sullen, angry, fall into chairs.

GANG MEMBER 1  
Get me my lawyer, I'm not talking to you.

An OFFICER stands in the door, smoking. Aiko passes, stops.  
The room small. Handcuffs come off, they rub their wrists.  
Aiko strides in, dressed in full Counter Terrorism gear: a death squad member.

GANG MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)  
I'm not talking to anyone until you get me my fucking lawyer!

AIKO  
Get this bastard his lawyer.

One OFFICER leaves. Two OFFICERS hang behind the gang members. They eye Aiko, she relaxes against the wall, nods.  
They lift one, rip his shirt off. Buttons ricochet off walls. They strip his pants, push him, naked, into his seat.  
Officer returns with a cattle prod the size of a cricket bat.

AIKO (CONT'D)  
See that? That's your lawyer.

The officer electrocutes gang member 1.

He flies back winces in pain. Aiko nods, the officer does it again. Aiko turns to gang member 2.

AIKO (CONT'D)  
Are you going to tell us about the shipments?

GANG MEMBER 2  
Yeah man, I'll tell you. I don't want a lawyer!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jack and Aiko in bed.

AIKO  
Ever think about leaving it behind?

JACK  
Fishing?

AIKO  
This. Glasgow. The Campbells. The  
weight you carry like it's stitched  
into your bones.

Jack offers a tired smile, walks over, sits beside her.

JACK  
Some things aren't stitched in.  
They're carved.

AIKO  
You're not your father.

JACK  
He thought I was too soft. Said if  
I ever ran the family, the sharks  
would eat us inside a week.

The phone RINGS, Aiko picks up.

VOICE (O.S)  
Good afternoon, it's 2 o'clock

AIKO  
Thank you.

Aiko smacks a half awake Jack

JACK  
What?

AIKO  
It's 2 o'clock, we have to go to  
your fathers house.

JACK  
Why?

AIKO  
Because. Or we could just get  
married first and tell them later.



JACK  
I wish I could. Pass me the phone.

Aiko gives Jack the phone, Jack dials.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You're going to be a long distance  
operator from Edinburgh. Come on.

AIKO  
I can't do this.

JACK  
Come on.

ARRAN'S VOICE (O.S)  
Hello?

AIKO  
Hello this is long distance  
calling...I have a collect call  
from Mr. Jack Campbell, will you  
accept the charges?

ARRAN (O.S)  
Yes.

AIKO  
One moment please...

Aiko hands Jack the receiver, hey mouths to Aiko, who is it?  
She doesn't know.

JACK  
Hello?

ARRAN (O.S)  
Hello?

JACK  
Hey Arran, how are you?

ARRAN (O.S)  
Jackie. You good?

JACK  
Listen we're still in Edinburgh,  
we're gonna drive down tomorrow  
morning.

ARRAN (O.S)  
Anything I can do?

JACK  
No we're fine.

ARRAN (O.S)  
Right Jackie.

EXT. GLASGOW - STREETS - DAY

Trash rises in the breeze, people barter inside kiosks, The world's biggest piping festival is in full swing.

MUSIC envelops the atmosphere. Large crowds gather on the street, people wave signs, bang pots and pans.

The city center streets alive with music as bag pipe troupes march from Mansfield Park in Partick to Kelvingrove Art Gallery. In the crowds, children, elderly, families.

An old low maintenance trail motorcycle with a PASSENGER, skids to a stop at a traffic light.

A second motorcycle with passenger pulls up next to the first, identities hidden under helmets.

EXT. GLASGOW - MCPHATER STREET - DAY

A popular Street Cafe runs at the National Piping Centre, an array of emerging talent, international styles of bagpipes, pipe band practices and showcases.

Erskine, escorted by Finlay, completes his shopping.

ERSKINE  
I'm going to get some flowers,  
wait.

FINLAY  
Sir.

EXT. GLASGOW - STREETS - DAY

Two old trail motorcycles stop at traffic lights.

Rain. A police officer patrols the corner. He eyes the motorcycles, his hand rests on the holster of his pistol.

One motorcycle passenger lifts up their helmet visor. A FEMALE winks at the policeman from under her visor.

He holds her stare. He smiles back.

Lights green. Motorcycles speed through the intersection.

EXT. GLASGOW - MCPHATER STREET - DAY

They swerve around corners, a synchronized dance past cars, threading themselves between pedestrians.

The motorcycles separate, accelerate down different streets.

They meet again back on the same street. The first old trail motorcycle skids to a stop outside the flower shop.

Erskine, exits the flower shop with a bouquet.

Finlay follows behind him, ever vigilant.

ERSKINE

These'll do just fine.

FINLAY

I'll pull the car round.

The passenger pulls an IED from their back pack, tosses it, it SMASHES through a window into the flower shop.

A MOTORCYCLE cruises past—two riders in black helmets.

Erskine steps to the curb, turns to see...

Second bike spray machine gun fire into the flower shop.

BBUUURRRRAAPPPPPPP! BBUUURRRRAAPPPPPPP!

Windows shatter, glass falls everywhere, Erskine falls to the pavement. He rises, runs toward his car, stumbles and falls.

Finlay runs to Erskine's assistance.

A huge EXPLOSION.

Glass, steel, fly everywhere, shock wave sends people hurtling to the ground. The force blows Finlay back.

Smoke pours through the shattered façade. Wails of PAIN, people stagger, covered in residue, holding wounds, bleeding.

Finlay regains his balance, shell shocked, holding his ears.

It's not a city, it's a war zone. A blur of violent sound.

## SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Erskine's body is placed in a coffin, taken to church.

PRIEST (O.S.)  
The grace and peace of God our  
Father, who raised Jesus from the  
dead, be always with you.

B) The coffin is sprinkled with water.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
In the waters of baptism Erskine  
died with Christ and rose with him  
to new life. May he now share with  
him in eternal glory.

C) The Funeral Mass is enacted, with prayers.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He will swallow up death in  
victory; and the Lord GOD will wipe  
away tears from off all faces;

D) The Funeral liturgy includes Holy Communion.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
And the rebuke of his people shall  
he take away from off all the  
earth: for the LORD hath spoken it.

The committal, a short ceremony in the cemetery as the coffin containing Erskine is committed to the ground.

Church bells RING, mourners place roses on top of the coffin.

ARCHIE KINEHAN and VIKTOR TAMBOV toss roses, glance at Jack and nod.

Incense is waved over the coffin. A PRIEST prays at the side of the tomb while Erskine's relatives weep.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
And it shall be said in that day,  
Lo, this is our God; we have waited  
for him, and he will save us: this  
is the LORD; we have waited for  
him, we will be glad and rejoice in  
his salvation.

The Lord's Prayer is said along with prayers for the Erskine's eternal happiness with God.

The coffin is lowered into the ground the priest recites.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN all wearing black make their way out of the church grounds in smart cars.

Finlay approaches Jack.

FINLAY  
What time do you leave?

JACK  
Tomorrow. We're going to have a new family member soon.

FINLAY  
We giving him something important?

JACK  
Never. Give him a living, but never discuss the family business with him. What else?

FINLAY  
You and Arran are going to need to sit down and have a long talk about what to do going forward.

JACK  
We will. When I get back. Finlay?

FINLAY  
Yes.

JACK  
What are you thinking with this skag situation?

FINLAY  
Honestly? There's more money potential in narcotics than anything else we're looking at. If we don't get into it, somebody else will. The Kinehans are already feeding the pipeline but theirs is low quality. It's only a matter of time.

(MORE)

FINLAY (CONT'D)

With the money they earn, they can buy police, political power, then they can come after us. We have the unions, the fisheries cooperative, the gambling, the best things. But narcotics is the future, if we are not in that we risk everything we have, I don't mean in ten years, I mean now.

Mourners trickle away from Erskine's burial.

Aiko under a tree near the cemetery, coat buttoned to the throat, watches from a distance. Her eyes on Jack and Finlay.

Lt Lawton approaches Aiko.

LAWTON

You heard of anybody involved besides the Russians?

AIKO

Witnesses claim they saw an Indian man. With a turban.

LAWTON

The Singhs? You know...

AIKO

Could be, no evidence

Lawton stands next to Aiko.

Aiko shoots Lawton a quick look, disengages. Walks away.

LAWTON

You're messing with big people in the area.

AIKO

You're the one who appointed my cases, and what I do in my private life is no one's business.

LAWTON

Watch how deep you wade in. It can annoy a lot of people out there, it may end bad for you.

AIKO

That some sort of threat, sir?

LAWTON

A threat would be to say that I  
will blow your brains while you  
sleep, this here is just advice.

Lawton leaves, Aiko looks over to see Arran approach Jack.

ARRAN

You bringing scuffers into our  
house?

JACK

She's trying to stop you from  
turning this family into a  
graveyard.

AIKO

I'm standing right here Arran.

ARRAN

Don't act like you're above it.  
Your badge doesn't change what your  
boots are standing on.

AIKO

You think I don't know? I've  
watched bodies pulled from the  
harbor. I know what's under the  
floorboards, Arran.

ARRAN

She sees you, brother. Weak. Trying  
to fix things with feelings instead  
of force.

Jack steps forward, jaw clenched.

JACK

And what are you?

AIKO

Enough.

Silence. Her voice steel now.

AIKO (CONT'D)

If either of you make me choose,  
you won't like where I land.

ARRAN

We'll see about that.

Aiko walks out into the rain.

INT. ERSKINE'S STUDY - NIGHT

A fire burns low in the hearth. The model warship Erskine was building sits unfinished on the desk. A ghost of better days.

Jack stands near the mantle, arms crossed. Arran lounges in Erskine's chair, drink in hand, legs propped on the desk like a throne. A prince playing king.

ARRAN

Dad would've wanted us to push forward. Cement the legacy.

JACK

He'd want us to survive.

ARRAN

You think those crab pots and quotas'll keep the lights on? The fuel bills? You want to feed Sophie and Rory on honor?

JACK

It's worth more than what you're selling it for.

Arran laughs, bitter, sharp. He rises, circles Jack.

ARRAN

You think hauling cages in a storm and kissing your girl goodnight makes you clean?

JACK

No. But I'm not poisoning my own just to feel like a man. Walk away Arran. Take the money. Just leave the docks.

ARRAN

You think I like this? The deals, the blood? The twitchy shites with knives and gold chains? I'd trade it all to go back, just us on the pier, racing trolleys, stealing fags.

JACK

Then stop before, it swallows us both.

ARRAN

Too late. You want out? Fine. But don't get in my way.



Arran stops. The firelight flickers across his face.

ARRAN (CONT'D)  
Dad's dead, Jackie. You're not the  
heir. I am.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

WAITRESS serves drinks. Arran sits at a corner booth.

He's joined by VIKRAM SINGH (30s), Indian heritage with a  
Scottish accent, looks harmless, don't let that fool you.

Arran chugs his pint, Vikram studies Arran's demeanor.

VIKRAM  
Drowning your sorrows, huh?

ARRAN  
What sorrows?

VIKRAM  
Y'know. Being a sad, ugly little  
man.  
(to BARMAN)  
One gay beer, please.

ARRAN  
You from India?

VIKRAM  
Nope, family is, but I was born  
here, don't hold it against me.

ARRAN  
I'll try not to. Just try not to  
say anything too loud or crass.

Vikram only half-smiles, sniffs slightly.

VIKRAM  
Want to see something?

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Vikram cooks up Heroin, draws it up, rolls up Arran's sleeve,  
binds a tourniquet, taps Arran's vein.

VIKRAM  
It looks like a doss, like a soft  
option, but doing this, it's a full-  
time business.

He injects. Arran lies back, his eyes close.

He lies still, pupils shrink breathing becomes slow, shallow.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)  
High quality, high volume. That's  
where the money is.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door creaks, Aiko steps in, closes it behind her.

AIKO  
You didn't say much at the funeral.

JACK  
Didn't feel like talking.

AIKO  
To them, or to me? You're still  
pretending you can fish your way  
out of this.

JACK  
What do you want me to say?

AIKO  
Why are you protecting him?

JACK  
Because I remember the brother who  
used to play with me down on the  
docks. The brother who pulled me  
out of the ocean when I was ten and  
too stubborn to wear a life vest.

AIKO  
That man is gone.

Jack meets her eyes. She softens.

Jack looks away. He's holding something in.

JACK  
I keep thinking about what Dad  
would've done. What he wanted.

AIKO  
Your father wanted loyalty. He  
didn't ask for silence. There's a  
difference.

(MORE)

AIKO (CONT'D)

Tell me, are you staying because  
you believe in this... or because  
you don't know how to be anything  
else?

Jack looks at her, tears in his eyes.

JACK

I don't know anymore.

AIKO

Then figure it out. Because I can't  
love a ghost, Jackie. I joined the  
force to protect people from men  
like him. Not to watch the man I  
love become a shield for one.

INT. SKODA - NIGHT

Football, Rangers playing Aberdeen on the RADIO in the b.g.

Arran checks his rear vision mirror, realizes his car is  
being tailed by a VW GOLF.

BAM!! Crunching metal! The Golf rams the back of Arrans car.

Arran whips out his cell phone, dials.

JACK (O.S.)

Yeah.

ARRAN

They're on me!

JACK (O.S.)

Who?

ARRAN

Don't know but, I got someone on my  
ass.

JACK (O.S.)

Why is someone following you!?

ARRAN

That coke I took, it was from a  
Russian safe house, they killed  
Callum, now they're coming after  
me.

JACK (O.S.)

I fucken told you not to do  
anything!

ARRAN  
This was before you told me not to  
do anything.

JACK (O.S.)  
Head to the Port, I'm on my way.

ARRAN  
I'm heading to the house.

JACK (O.S.)  
No! The Ports, away from the  
family. I'm on my way.

Arran puts his foot down, an AUDI S3 joins the chase.

INT/EXT. STREETS/CARS/FACES - NIGHT

THE TWO CARS in full pursuit.

THE TWO CARS split up! One on Arran's ass, the other cuts  
hard into A SIDE STREET, flanks him.

ARRAN, two choices, right or left?

ARRAN no choice FLOORS IT!

The SKODA it's a whale SLAM! Knives the front end of THE AUDI  
THE AUDI spins back! CRASHES AGAINST A BUILDING ON THE CORNER  
VW right behind Arran. A BOULEVARD wide ride lots of traffic.  
THE SKODA rockets into the flow.

BEHIND HIM THE VW right on his ass. THE SKODA screams through  
the slower traffic.

ARRAN steers THE VW right beside him!

ARRAN reacts what the fuck?! But no time to clock the VW  
because shit! Swings wide A TRUCK!

ARRAN swerves, skids onto THE BELTWAY looks for room. Finds  
it, open road. The VW back in the hunt...

Arran speeds of up to 100mph, crosses over goes down the  
wrong side of the motorway trying to escape.

The pursuit continues into Craighall Road in Port Dundas.

FOUR LANES two way, THE SKODA squibs past SLOWER CARS

THE VW roars after him.

ARRAN checks the mirror. VW Gaining. ARRAN nowhere to go, he's boxed in. The two vehicles scrape along each other

A TRUCK looms ahead.

THE TRUCK swerves to reveal the PILLAR to Arran's POV

ARRAN'S eyes go wide

CRUNCH! Steel vs concrete, concrete victorious a bone compressing, horrendous impact!

VW whips the wheels, spins to a stop, door opens.

MALE FIGURES head over.

Arran Spam in a can. Male figures crouch down, look in.

ARRAN bloody, beat-to-crap, alive trapped by the metal crushed around him.

MALE FIGURES watch. Not here to help. The two men consider each other.

CAR screeches to a stop, Jack gets out, moves into the light.

Male figure turns, sees Jack, swings back around to ARRAN.

MALE FIGURE

If your mother's got time tonight  
she can stitch him up.

ARRAN

Jackie! Get the fuck outta here!

To late. They are on him.

BAFF! SLASH! THUD!

Cleavers, hammers and other bladed weapons crash down on Jack's face tearing his skin. Jack SCREAMS in pain.

They don't stop.

This is not pretend, this is what real Glasgow gangs do.

ARRAN (CONT'D)

Jackie! Please!

VW doors SLAM shut, tires SCREECH, the assailants disappear into the night.

Jack lies motionless barely breathing, Arran, trapped in his car, watches helpless, WEEPS at the sight of his brother.

INT. HOSPITAL ER - NIGHT

Jack is rushed on a gurney through the ER into a bay surrounded by a white nylon curtain, oxygen mask on his face.

TWO PORTERS approach, they flinch at the sight of his face, pulped and bloody, barely human.

PORTER  
Jesus Christ...

The Porters lift Jack from one gurney to another, then leave him alone in the bay surrounded by the curtain.

Around him, the usual accident and emergency paraphernalia: blood pressure machine, oxygen tap, bandages, etc.

A DOCTOR arrives, removes Jack's oxygen mask, double takes, almost knocked over by the damage to Jack's face.

Nose nearly severed, upper jaw partially detached, tongue shredded, skull fractured.

The doctor gives Jack an injection.

DOCTOR  
This will help with the pain.

Jack breathes more easily, body relaxes. His eyes close.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Arran approaches a Doctor leaving Jack's intensive care unit, one arm in a sling, the other rests on crutches.

A CHYRON reads: TWO WEEKS LATER.

DOCTOR  
To say he's lucky to be alive is an understatement.

ARRAN  
Can I see him?

DOCTOR  
Not yet. He's stable, but the damage was catastrophic. Massive blood loss.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Deep lacerations to the face, nose,  
cheekbones, orbital sockets. They  
detached the top jaw from the  
skull.

Arran speechless.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
We've kept him in a medically-  
induced coma. First reconstructive  
op is scheduled next week.

ARRAN  
Is there anything I can do?

DOCTOR  
Pray.

Finlay approaches. Doctor shifts off, continues his rounds.

FINLAY  
The Russians have been in touch. I  
think we ought to hear what they've  
to say.

ARRAN  
You give them one message, I want  
the two men who did this to Jackie,  
if not, it's all out war.

FINLAY  
Some of the other groups won't sit  
for all out war.

ARRAN  
Then they hand me the two cunts  
that did this to my brother!

FINLAY  
Jackie wouldn't want to hear this,  
This is business not personal.

ARRAN  
They took my brother's fucken face,  
that's business? Jackie'll be  
reminded of what happened every  
time he looks in the mirror. We'll  
be reminded when we look at him.

FINLAY  
Even if this was business...

ARRAN

Then, business will have to suffer,  
alright? Listen, do me a favor, no  
more advice. Just help me win.

INT. BRODIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Arran, Finlay, Brodie and Grace eat at the table.

ARRAN

Cerny's fine finish got the Rangers  
their first win yesterday.

BRODIE

Edged out Motherwell at Hampden.

FINLAY

Clement's side should have killed  
the game after the break.

Finlay looks at Arran.

BRODIE

Look, Arran, Finlay I'd like to  
talk to you after dinner. I really  
think I could be doin' a lot more  
for everyone.

GRACE

Father never talked business at the  
table.

BRODIE

Hey, shut up, Grace, when your  
brother's talking...

ARRAN

Hey, don't you ever tell her to  
shut up. You got that?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Finlay stands at the door, Arran shakes the hand of ALASTAIR  
WALLACE (50s) tall, thin astute business man, leaves, door  
shuts behind him.

Arran turns to Vikram who waits, gestures for him to sit.

ARRAN

What's the deal?



VIKRAM

Twenty percent. In the first year  
your end should be five, six  
million pounds. Then it would go  
up.

ARRAN

And the Singhs?

VIKRAM

That'll come out of my share.

ARRAN

So I receive thirty percent for  
finance political influence, and  
legal protection, that's what  
you're telling me?

Vikram pauses, he knows Arran just added ten percent to his  
end of the deal.

VIKRAM

That's right.

ARRAN

We're talking because we've moved  
in the same circles. It's true we  
friends in politics, we lost some  
when father died, they wouldn't be  
friendly very long if they knew my  
business was drugs.

VIKRAM

Arran. Mr. Campbell.

ARRAN

However, it doesn't make any  
difference to me what a man does  
for a living. I want to  
congratulate you on your new  
business, and I hope we do very  
well together.

Vikram rises, they shake hands, Vikram releases his grip,  
Arran holds the shake.

ARRAN (CONT'D)

As best as your interests don't  
conflict with my interests.

A KNOCK at the door, Vikram leaves, Brodie enters.

ARRAN (CONT'D)

How's Jackie?

BRODIE

He's safe, I've got eyes on him.  
Arran, about last night...

ARRAN

The Kinehan's are involved in a 350 million Euro coke deal. They traffic that shit through us to Europe, that's why we need those boat contracts, we won the bids, but MacDonald's put them on hold over an inquiry.

BRODIE

None of the politicians resigned after that colossal mismanagement.

ARRAN

Strange that.

BRODIE

Fucken politicians. With all due respect, how much longer you gonna have me doing low level shit?

ARRAN

Not for much longer. You shot a gun before?

Brodie nods.

ARRAN (CONT'D)

When you're done let your hand drop to your side, let the gun slip out. Everybody'll still think you have it. They'll stare at your face, walk away fast, don't run, don't look at anybody, don't look away either.

BRODIE

I won't let you down.

ARRAN

Do this for me, and consider yourself fully employed.

INT. POLICE ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT

Lights HUM overhead. Rows of cabinets stretch into the shadows. Aiko, alone, unlocks, slides open a drawer labeled:

ORGANIZED CRIME [RECLOSED / REDACTED

A small flashlight at her side. She begins digging.

BEGIN MONTAGE

□EAiko flips through old case files: weapons charges against Vikram Singh, dismissed for "lack of evidence."

□EArran's juvenile records: assault, theft, sealed.

□EAn evidence photo: Russian warehouse, skag bricks with Campbell markings.

□EA surveillance log: an unfiled report signed by a deceased officer. A redacted name catches her eye.

□EShe lifts it toward the light. Faint pencil markings show: "MacDonald □Epaid off. Singh connection.□E

She copies the pages, slides them into her bag.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

MACDONALD (50s), low level politician staggers out of a night club, stumbles around the corner to a small carpark.

Some PATRONS smoke. Hang around the cars.

MacDonald walks up to his car, fumbles for his keys, drops them, picks them up, unlocks his car, gets in.

He starts his car, a football game on the radio.

He puts the car in reverse, is blocked by another car.

MacDonald slams on his horn.

MACDONALD  
Son of a bitch! Come on!

MacDonald turns, sees Brodie pointing a weapon at him.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

A fusillade of shots pelt the car. Patrons hit the ground.

MacDonald stumbles out, SCREAMS. Brodie pulls up.

BANG! BANG! He shoots MacDonald at point blank range, head and chest. He drops the weapon, kicks him in the head.

He jumps in his car, SCREECHES off.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An UNMARKED CAR parks in front of the building. A MALE FIGURE gets out of the vehicle, carries a bouquet of flowers.

He enters the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The male figure arrives at the RECEPTIONIST'S desk.

MALE FIGURE  
Could you tell us where Jack  
Campbell is?

RECEPTIONIST  
Of course. You are...?

MALE FIGURE  
Kin.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The hospital halls quiet, no one at the nurses station.

Jack's room has no guard outside manning the door.

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack his bed, face completely bandaged, only space for his mouth and eyes, his situation critical.

His eyes open, he recognizes his surroundings. He rolls out of bed, moves to the door. It's quiet. Too quiet.

Jack sees there's no one guarding his door.

He fumbles for, picks up his phone, dials.

JACK  
Arran?

ARRAN (O.S.)  
Jackie, You alright?

JACK  
There's nobody here.

ARRAN (O.S.)  
What? Nobody?

JACK  
Nobody. I'm alone.

ARRAN (O.S.)  
I'm off to a very important meet,  
I'll fill you in when I get back.  
Don't panic we'll send somebody.

FOOTSTEPS up the stairs, Jack peers from the doorway.

A MAN holds flowers, looks for a room, drops the flowers to reveal a gun.

INT. SHEARWATER WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Through the window, thick mist. Loud horn BLARES.

Sophie turns looks out over the starboard side, sees a large boat ebbing on the rough waves.

On it's bow an armored beak hides under the water.

SOPHIE  
Did you see that?

DECKHAND 2  
What?

That ship is armed with a naval ram.

INT. AIKO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Walls covered in photos, maps, shipping manifests, evidence.

Strings connect faces: ARRAN, SINGH, TAMBOV, MACDONALD, BRODIE.

She pins up a blurry surveillance photo: Singh exiting a restaurant with Arran. Next to it, a clean headshot of Vikram, pulled from a passport database.

Aiko draws a red line from Singh to MacDonald, now crossed out with DECEASED.

She sits at her laptop, opens an encrypted program:

EVIDENCE PACKAGE. DEEP DROP.

VOICE MEMO RECORDING:

AIKO (V.O.)  
Singh[E laundering through shipping  
contracts under Wallace & Kinross.  
Arran Campbell just gained control  
of the docks. If we wait for  
warrants, the evidence will  
disappear. So I'm moving forward.  
If this memo reaches Internal  
Affairs before I do, start with the  
Kinehans. Follow the money.

She clicks SAVE, sets a timer to auto-send the file in 72  
hours, she loads a SIG pistol, tucks it in her jacket.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The hospital quiet. Halls and stairwells empty.

Jack sneaks into the

NEXT ROOM

Empty, he jumps into a cupboard, closes the door peers  
through a crack.

A door opens, then FOOTSTEPS, Jack peers through the crack in  
the cupboard door.

A MAN holds a gun, stands in the middle of the room.

Jack's phone VIBRATES.

EXT. SHEARWATER DECK - NIGHT

Sophie hangs up her phone.

SOPHIE  
He's not answering.

RORY  
They're not the same guys we fucked  
with the other day are they?

SOPHIE  
We can't wait around to find out.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jack's phone stops VIBRATING.

The room quiet. The MAN holding the gun turns, leaves.

He re-enters, raises his weapon. He leaves the DOOR OPEN behind him as he walks in.

He listens, proceeds, goes to the cupboard, pushes it inward.

He finds an unwelcome sight: the cupboard is empty. A problem. The man takes a step, looks...

...Jack CHARGES headlong from the gloom, COLLIDES into the man like a train, shoves the man's gun hand up, KNOCKS him off his feet...

The man's SLAMMED backwards, sent SPRAWLING to the floor.

His dropped gun bounces into the room.

The shaken man crawls towards where his gun ended up.

The man reaches for his gun, Jack delivers a GUT KICK.

Jack picks up the gun. The man tries to rise. Jack steps to KICK the man in the ribs.

The man falls onto his back, sucking air.

Jack EJECTS the BULLET from the gun's chamber.

JACK

...you brought this on yourself.

He pops the CARTRIDGE, throws the gun to the corner, pushes the BULLETS out of the cartridge one by one to the floor.

He tosses the empty cartridge over by the gun, advances.

The man's prone, on his knees, still trying to rise.

Jack takes a big step and...KICKS the man.

Jack brings his arms over from behind in a double-handed stranglehold.

The man fights to prevent the crushing of his windpipe, jumping up, backpedaling...

He CRUSHES Jack between himself and the now FRACTURING, wall-mounted TELEVISION. The man bends, FLIPS Jack over and off...

It's Jack's turn to SLAM into the floor.

The man grabs the stunned Jack, lifts him.

Looks like it just might be the grizzly's day after all, as The man THROWS Jack a fair distance...

Jack CRASHES into the to the floor, nearly-insensate.

He tries to crawl.

The man's happy now, stands astride Jack. He pushes Jack with his foot, turning him over onto his back.

The man drops to his knees, places his hands around Jack's neck, starts to squeeze.

This startles Jack fully awake. With the veins in his neck bulging beneath the man's whitening fingers,

Jack attempts to break the grip. Can't.

Jack tries to push the man off, tries to grasp the man's own thick neck, tries to gouge the man's upturned face.

The man releases one hand PUNCHES Jack, then...reestablishes his vice-like grip on Jack's throat. This will be over soon.

Except, while his left hand continues its futile retaliation, Jack's right hand, goes to the floor to begin reaching around in an effort to find something, anything, to fight back with.

There's nothing within grasp though, except for... a VASE, which Jack's fingers grab

Bursting capillaries redden Jack's wide eyes.

Jack's verging on unconsciousness, the drooling man's grinning victoriously Jack's right hand shoots up...

...SMASHING the vase in the man's left ear.

The man recoils as if thrown back by an explosion, HOWLING, holding his ear. He scrabbles away.

Jack gasps, clutches his throat, crawls away.

The man gets up, falls. Gets up. Claws at his bloody, punctured ear, he looks to where Jack lies.

Jack rises, grabs his foe in a CHOKE HOLD, the man headbutts him with his nape splashing blood from Jack's nose.

Jack grabs the man by his hair and slams his face into a sink. But he doesn't stop there.



With the man's head inside the sink, Jack SMASHES it, POUNDS, pounds, pounds hard with his fist, cracks the sink more with each blow, the sink SPLITS a piece, the man falls on the ground, face covered in blood.

He's dead.

Jack breathes hard.

He finds and takes up the gun, collects the empty cartridge.

Jack picks up one of the bullets and tries, with shaky hands, to fit it back into the cartridge.

Across the room, the unsteady man returns, blood runs down from his ear. He brandishes a chair.

Jack looks up to see this just as...He manages to insert a lone bullet into the cartridge.

Jack's aim thrown by imbalance, nonetheless FIRES. BANG!

INT. SHEARWATER WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Sophie's maxed out the rpms, scans the starboard side, a large boat looms.

Rory across her on the port side, he squints out the window.

RORY

Its gaining fast!

JACK (O.S.)

Sophie?!

Sophie grabs the RT.

SOPHIE

Yeah, vessel six miles off my starboard side, you're heading straight for us, are you crabbing, are you dragging? This is the Shearwater.

Static. Nothing.

VOICE (O.S)

Roger Shearwater, we jammed rudder.  
We be move soon. Be move soon.

SOPHIE

Are you guys fishing?

EXT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rain falls hard. Aiko waits in a parked car, watching the warehouse through binoculars.

A small group of Singh's men load crates into a truck.

She checks her watch. No backup. No radio.

Her phone vibrates. A message from JACK:

Still breathing. Don't do anything stupid.

She types but doesn't hit send. She deletes it. Tucks the phone away. Eyes back on the warehouse.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kinehan gang member's car speeds down the street. Brodie rides in the back.

In the front passenger seat DANIEL KINEHAN (30s), Archie's son, unassuming, small, but he has an army behind him.

DANIEL

Erskine Campbell wasn't hot for the deals we make was he?

BRODIE

I wasn't close to him, was stuck on his sons boat most of the time.

DANIEL

Then why the fuck are you here?

BRODIE

I... I want to help?

DANIEL

The Russians and other mid level gangs in Glasgow will go along with anything that'll prevent all out war. Face it Brodie, the Campbell's are done, the boss is dead, Jack'll be dead soon too, Arran's a fuck up, what's going to stop me from getting to him? We are going to continue moving our skag through Glasgow, in Scotland and beyond. So you gotta talk to Arran. It's good business.

Brodie gets out, Daniel leans through the driver's window.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I don't like violence Brodie. I'm a  
businessman. Blood's a big expense.

Brodie watches the car drive off, reaches in, takes out his  
GUN, puts the safety back on, hides it back in his jacket.

INT. SHEARWATER WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Sophie and Rory share a concerned stare. Sophie radios other  
crabbing boats in the area.

NOTHING.

Sophie swings the boat the starboard side.

She looks out the starboard window.

Both vessels maintain their course.

Then. Both vessels turn.

In her direction. She grabs her phone.

SOPHIE  
Fucken liar. Jack, he's claiming a  
jammed rudder but we turned and he  
followed.

JACK (O.S.)  
Get your ass to Peterhead now!

The vessels gaining, too fast. Too powerful.

SOPHIE  
Come on baby, come on!

Then

SCCCRREEAACCHHH!

One of the naval rams rips through the hull of the  
Shearwater.

Rory looks out the port side window, turns back to Sophie.

RORY  
We've got a massive hole on the  
port side!

SOPHIE  
Get everybody up and in their  
emergency gear now!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

Glasgow's most notorious GANGSTERS, gather around a long rectangular table.

Tambov enters, joins them, his MEN stand in the corner of the room as security guards.

ARCHIE KINEHAN (50s), Irish crime boss, well groomed, greying, the dapper Don, sits at the other end of the table.

TAMBOV

Campbell's kid is making moves.  
I've sent someone to finish his  
brother, let's let him think he's  
in control.

ARCHIE

We need him in a fucking coffin.

ARRAN (O.S.)

I love you too, Archie.

All eyes turn, Arran struts in the room in an elegant suit.

ARRAN (CONT'D)

Let's clarify a few things. My  
father never refused an  
accommodation from you all.

ARCHIE

He wouldn't have done this.

ARRAN

That's why he's dead. I am however,  
willing to find a peaceful solution  
to our problems...

TAMBOV

Then it's agreed? Traffic in drugs  
will be permitted, but controlled,  
Arran will give protection and  
there will be peace.

ARCHIE

I want strict assurance from Arran  
as time goes by, will he attempt  
any individual vendetta?

ARRAN

Is vengeance going to bring my  
father back? Is vengeance going to  
give my brother his face back?

(MORE)

ARRAN (CONT'D)  
I forgo vengeance, but I have  
selfish reasons.

ARCHIE  
Which are?

ARRAN  
No business of yours.

Tambov chuckles, Arran looks at him.

TAMBOV  
Let's cut the bullshit. Do you  
really think you can take the place  
of your father?

ARRAN  
Who else would it be? Your fat ass?

An ARMED GROUP of Arran's burst in through each door aiming  
their machine guns at everyone inside.

The security guards of the gangsters don't have time to  
react. They are rendered useless under the eyes of others.

WHAM!

Arran punches Tambov's face, knocks him from his chair.  
Tambov's bodyguards try to act but the machine guns pointed  
at them don't allow it.

Blood pours out Tambov's nose, he can't believe it.

ARRAN (CONT'D)  
I'm no longer that child following  
in the footsteps of my father,  
Viktor.

ARCHIE  
Are you out of your mind? Do you  
think you can come in like this  
suddenly and do whatever you want?

ARRAN  
Yes I do. Everything has changed  
today. It's up to me to shape this  
new world.

TAMBOV  
This is bullshit! I will not work  
with a madman like you.

Arran SIGNALS, one of his men points his machine gun to the  
chest of Tambov.

ARRAN

Has everyone got the message now?

ARCHIE

We don't seem to have a choice, do we?

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jack with his head fully bandaged. He takes four pills of a medicine in his hand. He swallows at once.

Whatever they serve, it makes Jack squirm in pain.

He walks to the mirror on the wall, looks at his reflection.

Jack touches the bands on his face fearing what he might find beneath them. Some bandage strips stained with dried blood.

Afraid, Jack unfolds some the strip showing a glimpse of his forehead, a different colored skin with a protruding seam.

In fear, he puts the band back, walks away from the mirror.

INT. LINE UP ROOM - DAY

Jack in the shadows, face still bandaged, watches FIVE MEN ushered into the room in front of a white wall painted with horizontal blue stripes.

Bright lights shine on all of them. They squint.

Jack sees his attackers in the line, he keeps his poker face.

One man leans forward, looks at the men in line with him. He shares a look of familiarity with them.

A large DETECTIVE stands at the one way mirror, leans in, CLICKS on the microphone.

DETECTIVE (O.S)

Shut up in there. Alright, you know the drill. When you're number is called, step forward and repeat the phrase you've been given. Understand?

All the men nod.

DETECTIVE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Number one. Step forward.

He looks into the mirror on the other side of the room.

Its three feet square, a faint light behind it.

GANG MEMBER 1.

If your mother's got time tonight  
she can stitch him up.

VOICE (O.S)

Number two step forward.

GANG MEMBER 2.

If your mother's got time tonight  
she can stitch him up.

The rest of the men do their bit.

DETECTIVE

Do you recognize any of these men?

INT. POLICE HQ - LT. LAWSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A glass of whisky sits half-empty on the desk. Lt. Lawson scrolls through messages on his phone. The door BURSTS OPEN. Aiko storms in, holding a thick folder.

MACDONALD

You got a bloody nerve.

AIKO

You said the Russians were ghosts.  
That Singh was small-time, that  
Campbell was just another junkie  
with daddy issues.

She SLAMS the folder on his desk. Photos, wiretap logs, shipping manifests, encrypted message extracts spill out.

AIKO (CONT'D)

You lied.

MACDONALD

I managed. There's a difference.

AIKO

They're running product through  
Ullapool, Peterhead, Troon, and  
it's coming with political cover.  
Campbell consolidates power, Singh  
launders it, and you're too busy  
licking the Russian's boots to do  
anything about it.

MACDONALD  
You're out of line.

AIKO  
And you're out of time.

She glares at him. He leans in, takes the whisky glass.

MACDONALD  
Hand in that badge tonight, or I'll  
take it. And I'll bury any case you  
ever built.

AIKO  
You already did.

She reaches into her pocket, pulls out her badge. Places it  
gently on his desk.

AIKO (CONT'D)  
You'll get the gun in the mail.

She turns. Walks out.

INT. ERSKINE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Bookshelves sag with war histories, fishing union records,  
and worn legal volumes.

A half-built ship model sits under a dust cloth.

Jack stands at his father's desk, bruised but upright, his  
jaw wired, face still bandaged. He holds a photo:

A younger Erskine, Jack and Arran as boys, their mother.

A KNOCK.

JACK  
Come in.

Finlay slides in, closes the door.

FINLAY  
Arran's making moves you wouldn't  
approve of. Brodie's been asking  
about guns. Politicians are scared,  
the Russians are circling. They  
smell blood.

Jack doesn't respond.



FINLAY (CONT'D)

The old man used to say you don't build an empire without getting your hands dirty. But I think he always wanted better for you.

JACK

Then he should've buried the empire with him.

FINLAY

That's not how it works, Jackie. You can't unbuild this house while standing in it. Only two roads left.

Jack turns the photo face-down.

He rises, moves to a cabinet, opens it. Inside: Erskine's PISTOL, wrapped in cloth.

Jack picks it up, holds it. Weighs it in his hands.

He places it back, closes the cabinet.

JACK

If I do this... we do it my way.

FINLAY

And what's your way?

JACK

No skag. No kids with needles in their arms.

Jack looks out the window into the misty dark.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can save Arran. But I can stop him from burying the rest of us with him.

Finlay nods.

FINLAY

Then we'd best get to work, boss.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The phone RINGS, Grace enters to pick it up.

GRACE

Hello...hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Is Brodie there?

GRACE

Who's this?

WOMAN'S VOICE

This is a friend of Brodie's, can you tell him that I can't make it tonight until later.

Grace hangs up the phone, walks to the

BEDROOM

GRACE

Bitch!

Brodie half dressed, drying his hair with a towel.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Dinner's on the table.

BRODIE

I'm not hungry yet.

GRACE

It's getting cold.

BRODIE

I'll eat out later.

GRACE

You just told me to make you dinner!

BRODIE

Fuck off and leave me alone.

GRACE

You fuck off!

Grace runs out. Sound of dishes SMASHING. Brodie enter the

KITCHEN

Brodie avoids a flying beer bottle. SMASH! His dinner lies in a piles of broken dishes on the floor.

BRODIE

Clean it up!

GRACE

Fuck you, you clean it up!

SMACK! Brodie strikes her. ONCE. TWICE. Grace grabs a knife.

BRODIE

Go on kill me. Be a murderer like  
your brother.

Brodie smacks the knife out of her hand, beats on her.

EXT. BRODIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brodie relaxes on a stoop with two other MEN. They watch a  
MAN leave the building.

BRODIE

That fat slob is still betting on  
Dundee pretty heavy? You tell him  
to stop taking action on them  
alright? We lost enough money last  
week on the game.

A FIGURE approaches.

All eyes turn, Jack walks into the light in an elegant suit.

His face unbandaged, Norse god looks gone, face disfigured.

Jack PUNCHES Brodie's face, knocks him from his feet.

Blood runs down Brodie's nose. Jack PUNCHES and KICKS Brodie  
while bodyguards hold back onlookers.

He grabs him by the collar, drags him out to the middle of  
the street.

Jack turns to Brodie's cronies.

JACK

You. Fucken watch.

Brodie SCREAMS as Jack POUNDS away on Brodie's face.

Blood splatters the streets.

The one sided fight continues, Jack SMASHES him into the  
ground, POUNDS the wannabe gangster's head.

Others watch, eyes wide.

Jack, enlivened, stands over Brodie.

Brodie motionless. Blood streams from his mouth and nose, on his back in a puddle that kids were playing in.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Touch her again, I'll kill you.

Jack leaves, stops, returns, kicks Brodie one last time.

His phone RINGS.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Yeah?

EXT. PETERHEAD HARBOR - DAY

Jack pulls the sheet over the face of a deceased Sophie.

He moves to the harbor dock.

He pauses, stares into blank, as if he's been part of loneliness for a long time.

Ambulances escort away the injured.

Medical examiner's vehicles cart away the dead.

Rory approaches Jack, wrapped in a blanket.

RORY  
She's at the bottom of the  
Atlantic. Soph did everything she  
could.

JACK  
You say it was the same boats from  
earlier in the season?

RORY  
Had to be, sounded foreign over the  
air, like central European, like.

JACK  
Heal up, I'll sort it.

RORY  
I don't blame you, you know I lost  
someone too.

Jack pulls his medicine bottle, takes two more pills, squirms like that time.

RORY (CONT'D)  
What are you going to do?

INT. ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN CHURCH - DAY

CONFESSIONAL. The face of a priest, seen in the darkness.

Outside the confessional, a LITTLE BOY kneels in the pews, waits his turn. He goes over his crimes on his fingers, can't remember them.

He takes out a scrap of paper and looks at it.

At a pew Archie Kinehan gazes up at a large crucifix.

CLICK.

Archie turns, eyes widen Jack stands there, gun raised, recoils as Jack cocks his gun.

Jack shoots him point blank.

Archie clutches his stomach. Jack shoots him again.

Archie tries to get away.

Jack shoots him four more times, stops him in his tracks.

Archie slowly turns around to face Jack, framed in the doorway, blood trickling from his mouth.

Archie falls to his knees, collapses backwards, dead.

Behind him, still kneeling in the pews, the LITTLE BOY, his head blown apart by a bullet that passed through the priest.

Horrified, Jack approaches the BOY who, though dead, remains kneeling, hands clasped together in prayer, the scrap of paper between them.

Jack on his knees, pulls the paper from the BOY'S hands.

It reads '1. BEING MOODY. 2. BAD AT MATHS. 3. BEING SAD'.

Finlay runs down from the back of the church, Jack collapses, drags Jack away, their footsteps echo, leaving blood-soaked corpses alone, silent and still.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Jack arrives at Heathrow, he is stopped at customs, his passport is scanned.

CUSTOMS OFFICER, scans Jack's passport photo, looks up, studies Jack's face.

Clearly different.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Jack sits on the bed, points the remote at the television, the sound off, reads the headlines.

POLICE HUNT PRIEST KILLER

Changes the channel.

GLASGOW CRACKS DOWN.

Changes the channel.

SECOND MONTH OF GANGLAND VIOLENCE.

Changes the channel.

ERSKINE CAMPBELL'S DEATH CREATES DEADLY POWER VACUUM.

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - DAY

Arran and Finlay stroll down a hallway.

FINLAY

Things are quieting down, Jack is safe, let's let the smoke clear.

ARRAN

Just let me decide that.

FINLAY

Alright but be aware of how this is costing us, nothing's coming in. We can't do business.

ARRAN

Neither can they so don't worry about it!

FINLAY

They don't have our overhead!

Finlay stops.

FINLAY (CONT'D)

We can't afford a stalemate!

Arran stops, turns.

ARRAN

There won't be a stalemate anymore,  
because we are going to kill them  
all.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack walks with his BODYGUARD LEVI, a clear visual deterrent.

A car drives up to them, stops. THOMAS (60s), bearded, dark hair, gentle fellow, charge with looking after Jack, leans out the window.

THOMAS

Jackie why are you so far from the  
house? You know I'm responsible for  
you.

JACK

I'm with Levi.

THOMAS

It's still dangerous, we've heard  
from Finlay. Your enemies know  
you're here.

JACK

Did Fin say when I could go back?

THOMAS

Not yet, it's out of the question.

JACK

Thank you.

THOMAS

Where are you going now?

JACK

Caledonian Club.

THOMAS

Take my car...

JACK

If you don't mind, I'd like to  
walk.

THOMAS

Be careful.

Thomas drives off, Levi tries not to stare at Jack's face.

LEVI

Someone told me you were a real  
important big shot.

JACK

I was the son of a big shot.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - GLASGOW - NIGHT

Brodie, head hangs, wears a tank top and pants, sits in a  
chair, bound and gagged, his wrists handcuffed behind.

He starts to wake up, disoriented, a little dizzy. Brodie  
looks around, tries to identify where he is, it's just a  
dark, empty room with no windows and a door.

Tambov enters. He sits face-to-face with Brodie, a table  
separates the two.

Blood runs from Brodie's nose, sweat runs from his forehead.

TAMBOV

You know who I am? One blink for  
yes, two blinks for no.

Brodie blinks, once.

TAMBOV (CONT'D)

Let me guess who you work for, the  
Kinehans? Arran Campbell, right?

Brodie half nods.

TAMBOV (CONT'D)

Follow the rules or your pretty  
wife gets a Glasgow smile.

Brodie blinks, once.

TAMBOV (CONT'D)

I understand Arran has a new  
partner, and doesn't want us  
working in these parts anymore.

Brodie blinks once.

TAMBOV (CONT'D)

I also understand you were sent to  
kill my boy as a warning to us.

Brodie blinks twice, he blinks twice again.



TAMBOV (CONT'D)

You fucken lie to me again, I'm picking up that phone right now and the boys that are following Grace will pick her up now and violate her as many ways from Sunday as you can possibly...

Brodie blinks once.

TAMBOV (CONT'D)

Right. I'll keep this simple. I want Arran's schedule. I want to know where that bitch is hiding. And two I want you to give a message to Jack Campbell from me.

Surprise and relief wash over Brodie's face.

ARCHIE

Those you work for say we can't walk the streets of Glasgow, well, we'll walk around wherever the fuck we want. If you want to go down a dirty road like we've done before then lets get it on. We have no problem meeting you.

EXT. GLASGOW - STREET - NIGHT

The wind HOWLS through the alleyways. A sodium light stabs the darkness above a run-down entrance.

Arran, bundled in a hoodie and raincoat, moves down the alley, alone, for once.

His usual confidence gone, he's jumpy, eyes dart at shadows.

He lights a cigarette with shaking fingers.

A FOOTSTEP.

He turns. Nothing.

ARRAN

No more coke meetings in fucking alleyways...

He continues walking. A DOG BARKS somewhere.

VOICES LOW AND FAST. IN HINDI.

Arran freezes. His cigarette drops.

From the shadows, TWO MASKED MEN lunge. One has a Taser. The other a baton.

ZAP! The Taser strikes. Arran spasms, drops to the ground.

He tries to scream, BAM! The baton CRACKS across his ribs. He gasps, a broken breath.

A VAN SCREECHES up. Side door slides open.

The men lift him, limp and wheezing, into the van.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The van interior lined with plastic sheeting, and hooks.

One man kneels on Arran's chest, the other slaps duct tape over his mouth.

ARRAN'S EYES. BLOODSHOT. PANIC.

One of the men removes his mask, an INDIAN GANGSTER from the Singh family. Recognition flashes in Arran's eyes.

The Indian grins.

INDIAN GANGSTER  
You should not have gotten greedy.

He nods to the driver.

SCREECH! The van peels off into the night.

INT. CRAB BOAT HOLD - NIGHT

Damp, rusted, and full of dead sea life.

Arran is HOISTED by two men, his face a bloody mess. He's duct-taped, beaten, barely conscious.

They lift a hatch, the crab hold yawns below, dark and wet.

THUD! Arran's thrown in. He slams against the metal floor.

A heavy metal door closes with a CLANG above him.

BLACKNESS.

Arran's muffled screams, gurgled, panicked O.S.

SOUND OF LOCKS BOLTING.

The only sounds, lapping seawater, Arran's fading breaths.

EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT

Aiko walks to her car, carpark quiet, she reaches for her keys, fumbles, drops them.

She bends down to pick them up, notices her car tire is flat, on closer inspection, it has a puncture.

Aiko rises, in the window reflection she sees behind her stand Tambov and three of his HENCHMEN.

TAMBOV

Let's try to be brief, Mrs. Tanaka.  
We're going to take a ride around  
the block, and when we're done, I  
want to know everything I ask.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Russian men drive in the front seat. Aiko in the back, sweats in between Tambov and his henchman.

Tambov pulls his hip flask and takes two gulps, squirming. Aiko just gets more nervous about it.

TAMBOV

If you're a police officer, why  
would you investigate only one  
family and not the other?

AIKO

I was investigating everyone?

TAMBOV

That so? And you know what's most  
curious? You have no police badge.  
That intrigues me a lot.

AIKO

I'm retired.

TAMBOV

On top of that you don't look  
Scottish.

AIKO

My mother was Japanese I was born  
in Scotland I am Scottish you doss  
cunt!

Tambov picks up his pocketknife and shows it to Aiko.

TAMBOV  
Sorry, did I bother you?

AIKO  
What ever you're thinking, don't...

TAMBOV  
Alexi, the arms.

Alexi grabs Aiko's arms to keep her from moving too much.

TAMBOV (CONT'D)  
Easy, don't move too much or I can  
kill you by accident.

EXT. F/V WANDERER - NIGHT

The UNLOADING CREW, 10 guys, open the tanks, make their way down into the fish hold, start unloading, by hand. Up in the

WANDERER WHEELHOUSE

Harris sits, feet up on the dash, on the phone.

HARRIS  
Everything's going great, the  
weather's been fine. Well, it's  
been great. Really calm seas, no  
rain, no snow, in fact, she's has  
been as flat and glassy as a pond,  
the sun's even been out.

ON DECK

Unloading crew stand in the tank, on top of the crab, grab the live crab, into a big net broiler bag.

One crew member flinches.

Floating in the tank, pieces of flesh pecked away by crab.

Arran.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The unmarked car stops in front of the alley. We see everything from afar.

TAMBOV

Thank you for your cooperation,  
Ms. Tanaka.

A door opens, Aiko is thrown to the ground, she moans in pain, bleeds heavily in the middle of her legs.

The car accelerates off, Aiko alone on the ground, pale, blood streams down her pelvis all over her pants, dirtying the asphalt.

AIKO

Somebody... help me...

Car headlights blinding, the car stops in front of Aiko, a figure gets out. It's Finlay, he rushes to succor Aiko.

FINLAY

You okay?! Oh my God.

AIKO

Please...

INT. FINLAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Racing through the streets, Finlay makes his way at speed.

FINLAY

Stay calm! Stay calm!

Bleeding and suffering lying in the back seat, Aiko pulls a cell phone from her pocket.

AIKO

You need to warn him.

FINLAY

Who was he?

AIKO

Phillip Ballantyne is coming.

That captures Finlay's attention immediately.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Finlay SCREECHES to a stop. He gets out of the vehicle, sees two nurses outside.

FINLAY

Here! I need help!

Finlay opens the back door and leans to Aiko.

FINLAY (CONT'D)  
Hey, I need your help. Where's  
Phillip going?

All that Aiko responds to are painful groans.

FINLAY (CONT'D)  
Come on, try.

AIKO  
Hotel... Claude.

FINLAY  
Okay, right.

Two NURSES arrive and see Aiko bleeding there.

Without thinking twice, they take her to the hospital.

INT. CAR - OUTSIDE LONDON - DAY

Jack drives with Malcolm. A car pulls up behind them, flashes its lights, HONKS its horn.

Jack checks the rear vision mirror, it's Thomas, he slows down, pulls over.

Jack gets out, walks back to the other car.

JACK  
Thomas. How are things?

THOMAS  
There's no respect anymore. Times  
are changing for the worse. It has  
become too dangerous for you here,  
I don't think you're safe anymore.  
I want you to get on a plane to  
Spain, I've got a nice villa for  
you there. Right now.

JACK  
What's wrong?

THOMAS  
Your brother. They killed him.

Jack turns to his car, sees Malcolm through the rear windscreen. He turns to look back at him.

KERBOOOM!

THE CAR EXPLODES!!

Jack is thrown back from the force of the blast!

EXT. PETERHEAD HARBOR - DAY

Jack pauses for a few seconds staring into blank, as if he's been part of loneliness for a long time, he's flanked by Finlay and Rory.

FINLAY

You are the head of the family now.

JACK

And I swore I would break peace.

FINLAY

Which will be taken as a sign of strength, trust me.

JACK

It is a sign of strength. I gave my word. You two didn't, what happens is my responsibility, you don't have to have any part.

FINLAY

I'm in.

RORY

We're all in.

Jack stares out at the harbor a cold, widowed look for revenge across his face.

JACK

I want them dead. I want their heads on a fucking stake.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Aiko walks, across the street Jack leans against his car. She sees him, crosses over to him.

AIKO

How long have you been back?

JACK

About a month. Longer than that I think. It's good to see you.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Jack and Aiko walk together as Jack's car follows behind. A boy on his bike passes, followed by a dog.

JACK  
I'm sorry about what happened to you, I'll fix it.

AIKO  
I thought you weren't going to become a man like your father. That's what you told me.

JACK  
My father was no different than any other powerful man.

Aiko laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Any man, who is responsible for other people. Like a politician.

AIKO  
Do you know how naive you sound?

JACK  
Why?

AIKO  
Politicians don't have people killed.

JACK  
Oh who's being naive? My father's way of doing things is over. In five years the Campbells will be completely legitimate. Trust me, that's all I can tell you about my business.

AIKO  
Why did you come here Jack? What do you want with after all this time?

JACK  
I came here because I need you.

AIKO  
Please stop it.

JACK  
Because I want to marry you.



AIKO

It's too late. It's too late.

JACK

Please, I'll do anything you ask, anything to make up for what's happened to us, because that's important. It's important that we have each other, it's important that we have children, our children. Aiko I need you. And I love you.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A seedy looking bar. It's almost possible to smell urine and vomit prowling there.

A man steps through the back door. He is Jack's INFORMANT.

Completely drunk he staggers leaning against the wall of the alley while holds a bottle of drink.

He stops, puts the bottle on top of a dumpster as he looks for something in his pockets, but having difficulty.

The informant finally finds the keys to his car.

When he tries to pick up the bottle, he bumps his hand into it by knocking it from the dumpster. The bottle is about to break on the floor when...

...a hand catches it a few inches before hitting the ground.

Jack.

INFORMANT

You always startle me, Mr. Campbell.

JACK

Give me what I need.

INFORMANT

The Russians weren't involved in your brothers death. It was the Singhs.

JACK

What makes you say that?

INFORMANT

You know Alistair Wallace?

JACK

The new fishery cooperative president.

INFORMANT

He and the Singhs cut a deal, they'd set up a company, Viefly Freight Services they used their insider knowledge of the sea freight industry to traffic the Heroin from Peterhead across the North Sea to Europe, where they knew they could maximize profit by cutting it.

JACK

With what?

INFORMANT

The Dutch specialize mixing it with caffeine and paracetamol. Sometimes they add a brown coloring agent. In 2021, at least 900 kilograms of paracetamol was seized in the Netherlands at a storage site connected the production of heroin.

JACK

Arran found out?

INFORMANT

He wanted a slice.

Jack walks away.

INFORMANT (CONT'D)

What about what I need?

Jack pulls out a handful of hundred pound notes in his pocket and gives it to the informant.

INFORMANT (CONT'D)

It's always good to deal with you, Mr. Campbell.

He tries to get his bottle back but Jack doesn't let him.

JACK

You're not thinking of driving in that state, are you?

INFORMANT

What? Of course not! I just wanted to finish what I started.

Jack smashes the bottle on the wall.

JACK  
You already done.

Then he takes the informant's keys.

INFORMANT  
Come on, I live far from here!

JACK  
Great, sleep here.

Jack starts to leave.

INFORMANT  
Wait, if you give me the keys,  
I'll give you more addresses.

JACK  
No need.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The crew and family gather.

BRODIE  
What about Friday?

FINLAY  
Fridays are bad luck.

JACK  
Jesus was crucified on a Friday.

FINLAY  
Even the US Coast Guard waits until  
the weekend to christen their new  
boats, even when they finish  
building them on a Friday.

JACK  
It's part of a long tradition, and  
we would hesitate to break it.

Finlay views the design plans.

FINLAY  
She looks beautiful Jackie.

BEGIN MONTAGE - JACK'S REVENGE

- PETERHEAD HARBOR -- Friends, family, everyone associated with the vessel gather to prepare to christen the boat. They laugh and talk.

Grace, Brodie hold their infant; shows him off to people.

JACK

Today, we come to name this lady  
Shearwater and send her to sea to  
be cared for and to care for Rory.

- GLASGOW CATHEDRAL -- Finlay strolls down the sidewalk in the neighborhood of the Glasgow Cathedral Building.

He is dressed a policeman, carries a huge flashlight.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We ask the sailors of old and the  
mood of God that is the sea to  
accept Shearwater as her name, to  
help her through her passages, and  
allow her to return with her crew  
safely.

- HOTEL CLAUDE BALCONY -- JACK'S MAN steps out onto the little balcony of a Sea-Resort Hotel; A neon lit sign reads:

"ROOMS FACING THE SEA -- VACANCY".

- PETERHEAD HARBOR -- Guests gathered, their glasses full, it's time to move on to the toast.

JACK (CONT'D)

To the sea! To the sailors before  
us! To the Shearwater!

With everyone's attention and glasses raised, they drink.

- GLASGOW CATHEDRAL -- Finlay continues up the street until he is in front of Glasgow Cathedral.

He spots a limousine waiting across from the main entrance.

He approaches the limo, taps its fender with his nightstick.

The DRIVER looks up in surprise.

Finlay points to the "No Parking" sign.

The driver turns his head away.

FINLAY  
You wanna summons?

DRIVER  
You better check with your  
precinct.

FINLAY  
Move it!

The DRIVER takes a ten-pound bill, folds it, hands it out the window, trying to put it under Finlay's stab vest.

Finlay backs up, the bill falls onto the street. He crooks a finger at the driver.

FINLAY (CONT'D)  
Let me see you license and  
registration.

- HOTEL CLAUDE BALCONY -- Jack's man sees a Mercedes pull up.

A young, pretty GIRL gets out. He returns into the room.

- SHEARWATER -- On the deck, the crowd, lay a single branch with green leaves on the Shearwater's deck.

- HOTEL CLAUDE -- Jack's man, with two other MEN, run down the iron-rail steps, kicks in the door on Room 7F.

DANIEL KINEHAN, naked, leaps up; a nude young GIRL leans up.

BBBRRRAAPPPPP! BBBRRRAAPPPPP!

They are riddled with gunfire. Blood and brain matter splatter the hotel room walls.

- SHEARWATER -- The party move to the front of the boat.

JACK  
Tradition calls for the captain to  
break the bottle somewhere over the  
bow, I'd like you to do the honors.

RORY  
Jack, thank you.

JACK  
It's bad luck not to break it on  
the first swing, don't mess it up.

- GLASGOW CATHEDRAL -- The driver of the limousine in front of Glasgow Cathedral argues with Finlay.

The DRIVER looks up.

He sees two men in football coats exit the building, through revolving glass doors. It's VIKTOR TAMBOV

Finlay pulls his weapon, opens fire, traps Tambov in the shattering glass doors.

FINLAY

Sophie says hello.

The doors rotate, the dead body of Tambov moves within them.

- SHEARWATER -- The crew prepare a quick maiden voyage from the harbor to celebrate and solidify the christening.

Camera flashes go off. Everyone smiles, crowds around Jack, Aiko, Grace...and Brodie.

Jack watches Rory wave goodbye to the crowd gathered, cast lines off. The reborn Shearwater throttles up.

Water stirs about its hull, casts a widening ripple, reaches under the pilings, spills out to the beaches to be swallowed up by the Atlantic beyond.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PETERHEAD HARBOR - DAY

Four or five limousines pull up to receive Mama, Grace, the baby; and the others.

Everyone happy; except JACK an aloof, grave look on his face.

A car pulls up. Finlay gets out, works his way to Jack.

He whispers in his ear. The news Jack has been waiting for.

JACK

Brodie...we've had a change in plans. Mama, Grace, Olivia and the kids will have to take the trip out to London without us.

GRACE

Oh Jackie, it's our first vacation together.

BRODIE

Jesus, Grace...Sure, Jackie...

JACK

Go to your house and wait for me...

He kisses Aiko.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll just be a couple of days...

People are guided to the correct limousines; they drive off.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wallace sits in the Kitchen of the Main House on the Mall.

Finlay enters.

FINLAY

You'd better make your call to  
Vikram; Jack's ready.

Wallace nods; moves to the telephone, dials a number.

WALLACE

We're on our way to Merchant City.

He hangs up and smiles.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hope Jackie can get us a good deal  
tonight.

FINLAY

I'm sure he will.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Finlay and Wallace walk out onto the Mall, toward a car. They  
are stopped by TWO BODYGUARDS.

BODYGUARD

The boss says he'll come in a  
separate car. He says for you two  
to go on ahead.

WALLACE

Hell, he can't do that. It screws  
up all my arrangements.

THREE MORE BODYGUARDS appear around him.

FINLAY

I can't go with you either.

He flashes at the men surrounding him; for a moment he panics, and then he accepts it.

WALLACE  
Tell Jackie it was business...I  
always liked him.

FINLAY  
He understands that.

Wallace looks at the men, and then pauses.

WALLACE  
Fin, can you get me off the hook?  
For old times' sake?

Finlay turns, and walks away from the group. Then about twenty paces away, he stops, and looks back.

Wallace is led into a waiting car.

Finlay looks away, and walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brodie alone, smokes, paces, moves to the window, looks out.

Jack, still in a dark suit; by Finlay, Rory and then Levi.

Excitedly, Brodie moves to the front door; opens it.

He wears a broad smile.

JACK  
You have to answer for Arran.

The smile on Brodie's face fades.

He slams the door in their faces, backs into the living room.

The door opens, the grim party enters.

BRODIE  
I swear I'm innocent. On my  
children, I'm innocent. Jackie,  
don't do this to me, please, don't!

JACK  
Archie's dead. So is Philip  
Ballantyne, Tambov, Freddie Brown,  
and Wallace, the Singhs are next.  
(MORE)



JACK (CONT'D)  
I'm squaring the family accounts  
tonight. Don't tell me you're  
innocent; admit what you did.

Brodie is silent; he wants to talk but is terrified.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Do you think I'd make my sister a  
widow? Make your children  
fatherless? No, your punishment is  
that you're out of the family  
business. You're on a plane to  
London, and you will stay there.  
I'll send Grace an allowance,  
that's all. But don't say you're  
innocent; it insults my  
intelligence, makes me angry. Who  
approached you, Anderson or Archie?

BRODIE  
Archie.

JACK  
Good. Leave now; there's a car  
waiting to take you to the airport.

Brodie moves to the door; opens it. A car waits; a group of  
MEN around it.

He looks back at Jack, who reassures him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'll call your wife and tell her  
what flight you're on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brodie moves to the car; the men put his things in the trunk.

One opens the front door for him.

Brodie gets into the car; he looks back to see the other man.

It's Levi, who nods cordially.

The engine starts, as the car pulls away, Levi throws a  
garrote around Brodie's neck. Brodie chokes, leaps up like a  
fish on a line, kicking his feet.

The garrote is pulled tighter; Brodie's body goes slack.

Jack and his party watch the car drive off.

Jack turns and walks off, they follow.

INT. LIMO/MOVING - NIGHT

Jack sits alone in the back of his car; Finlay drives.

They do not speak; car lights flash by. Finlay turns back.

FINLAY  
You know I'd never question  
anything you say.

JACK  
Speak your mind.

FINLAY  
I'll do this for you.

JACK  
This, I have to do.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack walks in. Staff prepare tables, cooks prepare meals. A  
MAN kneads naan dough, tosses it in the air.

JACK  
Where's the boss?

MAN  
In the back. Hey someone here to  
see you.

A man comes out of the shadows, with a strong Indian accent.

MALE VOICE (O.S)  
Who is it?

He enters, stops, frozen in fear. It's VIKRAM SINGH.

Jack pulls his PISTOL.

Vikram and the man turn around immediately.

MAN  
Shit!

VIKRAM  
The stairs...

The two race to climb the stairs to the second floor.

The man pushes Vikram to the second floor, turns to shoot Jack with his pistol.

Jack is faster and fusillades the man, turning him into a human sieve. Dead, he rolls down the stairs.

Jack reloads his weapon.

Vikram sees his friend dead on the ground, no time for mourning. He runs, looking for a way out.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - ROOM - NIGHT

Vikram bursts in, locks the door, fast. He scans the room, no door, only a window.

Through the window, the back of a restaurant, a brick wall. BLAM! Jack smashes the door, Vikram grabs his pocketknife, points at Jack with a trembling hand.

VIKRAM

You maniac, you know who I am?!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Vikram is cut down.

Jack throws the gun down; turns and exits.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The wind combs the grass. Jack stands alone before Erskine's grave, now joined by a smaller, newer headstone:

ARRAN CAMPBELL.

Jack kneels. He places the Campbell family crest between the two graves, one hand on each stone.

JACK

You were both wrong. And so was I.  
I didn't want the crown. But here I  
am.

He lays a cigarette on Arran's grave, a compass on Erskine's.  
Stands. Behind him, Aiko. She's been watching.

AIKO

You got everything you said you  
never wanted.

JACK  
I buried everyone who wanted it  
more.

AIKO  
So what now?

They hold each other's gaze. History here. Hurt. Love.  
Aiko turns, leaves. Jack doesn't follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Inside the Campbell house. Big boxes have been packed;  
furniture prepared for shipping.

GRACE  
Jack!

Grace hurries in, she comes upon Jack and Aiko.

AIKO  
Grace...

Grace avoids her, moves directly to Jack. Finlay watches.

GRACE  
You bastard; you killed him.

AIKO  
Grace...

GRACE  
You killed him, you killed him! You  
blamed him about Arran, everybody  
did. But you never gave a damn  
about me. What am I going to do  
now, what am I going to do?

TWO of Jack's BODYGUARDS move in, ready for orders from him.  
He stands there, waits for his sister to finish.

AIKO  
How could you say that?

GRACE  
All the time he knew he was going  
to kill my husband. That  
coldhearted bastard. Do you know  
what he did to the Kinehans? Read  
the papers. That's your husband.

She spits in Jack's face.

JACK  
Get her home.

TWO BODYGUARDS take her arms and move her, gently but firmly.

Aiko is shocked; Jack feels her look of amazement.

AIKO  
It's not true. Please tell me.

JACK  
Don't ask me.

AIKO  
Tell me!

JACK  
This one time I'll let you ask  
about my affairs, one last time.

AIKO  
Is it true?

She looks directly into his eyes, he returns the look.

JACK  
No.

Aiko throws her arms around him, hugs and kisses him.

AIKO  
We both need a drink.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She moves back into the kitchen, prepares the drinks.

As she makes the drinks, she sees Levi, Finlay and Rory enter the house with their BODYGUARDS.

Aiko looks into

INT. ERSKINE'S STUDY - NIGHT

A low fire burns. Whisky decanter replaced by shipping contracts, fishing permits, ledgers. Power has shifted from violence to systems.

On the desk sits Erskine's unfinished model ship, delicate, dusted, forgotten until now.

Jack, alone, sets the last mast into place. His hands are steady, deliberate. A scar across his jaw catches the firelight.

Behind him, the fireplace crackles, alive. He stands, walks to a locked cabinet, removes a leather folder stuffed with contracts, blackmail files, smuggling manifests, and political agreements, the machinery of the old regime.

One by one, he feeds them into the flames.

Jack returns to the old desk, the unfinished model ship still in place. He picks up a small mast, glues it in with care.

The ship takes shape, clean, perfect, miniature. The paper behind him curls and burns, names vanishing in smoke.

FINLAY

Russians called. They'll fall in line. Vikram's boys...what's left of them...scattered.

Jack gives a faint nod. Finlay places a small, velvet-lined box on the desk, inside, Arran's watch.

Jack stares at it. Doesn't touch it.

FINLAY (CONT'D)

You want me to burn the rest?

JACK

No.

Finlay exits.

Jack looks back at the model ship. He places the final sail.

He sets it down on a shelf, next to a photo of the Shearwater, weather-worn and sunlit.

Jack moves to the window, looks out toward the harbor, boats sway in the tide.

Aiko observes from the shadows, Jack turns to receive his Lieutenants before him.

Levi takes Jack's hand.

LEVI

Mr. Campbell...

Aiko's smile fades, she looks at what her husband has become.

FADE OUT: