

CAMDEN

Pilot

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ACT 1**OPENING SCENE****BLACK SCREEN.**

We hear it before we see it.

A low, distorted guitar note. Dirty. Sustained. Unsettling.

It slowly builds.

EXT. CAMDEN LOCK – NIGHT

The screen flickers to life.

Camden is alive, feral, crowded, electric.

Neon shop signs buzz. Buskers scream into battered amps. The canal glows black under flickering streetlights. Drunk laughter clashes with sirens in the distance. The bass from nearby clubs bleeds into the street like a heartbeat.

A **TEENAGE KID**, 16 or 17, skinny, sharp-eyed, dressed in ripped jeans, Vans, oversized hoodie, and chipped black nail polish, cuts through the chaos on a **skateboard**. He looks like he belongs here – anonymous, invisible, part of the furniture.

As he moves, we clock the details:

A nod to a DEALER leaning against a rail

A folded note slipped into a waiting hand

A tiny bag passed back without slowing

Efficient. Practiced. Dangerous.

The music builds distorted rock bleeding into industrial beats.

The kid glides past tourists, punks, goths, influencers, musicians, chaos – Camden in full mythology.

Then–

A shout.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) Oi! You! Stop!

The kid freezes for half a second.

Then he pushes.

Hard.

CHASE SEQUENCE

The skateboard rattles violently over uneven pavement as the kid weaves through the crowd. Tourists scatter. Someone spills a drink. A busker's amp screeches as it's knocked over.

The music intensifies, drums kick in, fast and aggressive.

Police boots pound behind him.

He cuts sharp left, leaps stairs without slowing, grinds a rail, nearly falls, recovers. Breath ragged. Eyes wild.

A police torch flashes just inches from his back.

He darts down a narrow side street – bins overflowing, graffiti everywhere – then suddenly swerves into a **BACK ALLEY**.

The sound drops out.

Just breathing. Skate wheels. Panic.

At the end of the alley: A battered metal door. No sign. Just a faded stencil half scratched off.

THE VANE.

The kid doesn't hesitate.

He slams into the door, slips inside, pulls it shut behind him.

The police run past. Gone.

INT. THE VANE - BACK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Silent. Empty.

The kid leans against the wall, gasping for air. His hands shake as he checks his pockets. Product still there. Safe.

From somewhere
deep inside the
building, we
hear it:

A guitar riff being tested. Raw. Loud. Unforgiving.

The kid smiles faintly.

This place protects its own.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VANE - REGGIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The music continues — now muffled, vibrating through the walls.

REGGIE VANE, 50, sits alone behind a cluttered desk in a cramped office above the stage.

The walls are lined with framed posters, old backstage passes, yellowing photos from another life.

He opens the post.

FINAL NOTICE.OVERDUE.INTENT TO REPOSSESS.

Reggie doesn't react at first. He just stares.

He rubs his face. Old rings on his fingers. Hands that used to hold stadium microphones now trembling slightly.

He glances toward the door.

Checks it's locked.

Then he crouches beside a **BROKEN GUITAR AMP** in the corner. Unscrews the back panel. Reaches inside.

Pulls out a half-empty bottle of **whiskey**.

He pours a heavy shot into a chipped mug. Doesn't savour it. Downs it.

The music from downstairs surges – louder now. Alive.

Reggie looks up at a framed **Rolling Stone cover** on the wall. *Dead Vicious*. His younger face. Sweat-soaked. Untouchable.

For a moment, we see the flicker of belief return.

Then it's gone.

Reggie takes another drink.

CUT TO:

The sound of the crowd starting to fill the venue below.

The guitar riff slams into full volume.

The Vane wakes up.

TITLE CARD: CAMDEN

CUT TO:

SCENE - DYLAN KNOX - BACKSTAGE TOILET / PRE-STAGE

INT. THE VANE - BACKSTAGE TOILET - NIGHT

The toilet is cramped, grimy, buzzing. Graffiti, stickers, and dried beer stains cover the walls. A single flickering fluorescent light hums overhead.

DYLAN KNOX, 19, messy punk hair, eyeliner smudged, leather jacket half-open, is pressed against the toilet door with a fan, mid-sex. His movements are **reckless**, almost performative, but his eyes are drawn to the mirror above the sink.

GIRL (*breathless, teasing*) Aren't you on stage in a minute? This... this is so sexy. So rock n' roll.

Dylan smirks, grabs a handful of her hair, pulling her closer. He leans in and **licks her face**, all while staring at himself in the mirror. His reflection is wild, intense, untouchable — but a glimmer of insecurity lingers.

DYLAN (*to mirror, breathless, cracking smile*) You're a fucking rockstar, mate.

The girl laughs, moans, and Dylan's jaw tightens, eyes locked on his own reflection. The bravado, the obsession, the desire — all in one breath.

They finish. Dylan straightens, wipes his mouth, adjusts his jacket.

GIRL (*playful, walking toward the door*) Don't forget about me when you're famous.

She laughs, a mix of mischief and admiration, and disappears into the corridor.

DYLAN (*mutters to himself, softer now*) Yeah... rockstar.

He touches the cracked mirror, fingers brushing graffiti, lingering on his own eyes. The **rumble of the crowd** downstairs grows louder.

DYLAN exhales sharply. Steps back. Tightens his boots.

DYLAN (*quiet, muttering*) There here for you.

He yanks open the toilet door, stepping into the corridor. Camera **follows him** as he strides toward the stage lights, chaos, music, ready to perform, ready to pretend he's untouchable.

CUT TO:

SCENE - LENA / DERRICK / NATASHA - THE BAR

INT. THE VANE - MAIN BAR - NIGHT

Behind the bar — **LENA DRAGOVIC**, 23. Tattooed arms. Black tank top. Dark eyeliner. Effortlessly cool. Focused.

She pulls pints with speed and
precision. Slides drinks across. Takes
payments without looking down. She
doesn't flirt. She doesn't need to.

We clock the looks she gets.

Two GUYS, mid-20s, drunk, loud, and a THIRD hovering behind
them. They stare. Whisper. Laugh.

GUY #1 (under his breath) Told you she's unreal.

GUY #2 Bet she likes it rough.

They snicker.

Lena ignores them. Keeps working.

She approaches with two pints.

LENA That's twelve fifty.

GUY #1 doesn't hand over his card.

Instead – he grabs her wrist.

Too tight.

The noise of the bar dulls slightly.

From across the room – **DERRICK DAWKINS**, early 40's.
Dreadlocks tied back. Broad shoulders. Stillness. Watching.

He moves.

Not rushed. Not dramatic.

Just certain.

DERRICK Alright, lads. That's enough. You've had your fun.
Let's go.

GUY #2 laughs, stepping forward.

GUY #2 Wagwan bruv. Chill, yeah?

(mock Jamaican accent) Why you vexed, man?

His friends laugh.

Derrick doesn't.

He steps closer. Calm.

DERRICK Let go of her wrist.

GUY #1 tightens his grip instead.

Derrick gently but firmly peels the guy's fingers off Lena's wrist. No aggression yet.

DERRICK I said let's go.

He grips the guy's arm to guide him away.

GUY #1 suddenly swings.

Big, sloppy right hook.

Derrick slips it clean.

And now

It's over.

Fast.

Precise.

THE FIGHT

Derrick snaps a short left jab – breaks the guy's nose instantly. Blood.

GUY #2 charges.

Derrick steps inside, launches the guy clean in the air with a Judo throw.

Guy #2 slams onto the wooden floor. Wind gone.

GUY #3 grabs a half-empty bottle from the bar and swings it at Derrick's head.

Derrick raises his forearm – takes the impact, bottle shatters.

Without hesitation, Derrick drives forward – short elbow to the jaw. Guy staggers.

Derrick grabs him by the collar and smashes his face into the bar top.

Guy collapses.

GUY #1 recovers, lunges again wildly.

Derrick ducks, body shot to the liver. Guy folds.

Derrick wraps him in a tight standing choke from behind – not theatrical, not flashy – just enough pressure.

GUY #1 claws at his arms, fading.

Derrick releases before he drops fully unconscious.

Silence.

Then the music from the stage
bleeds back in.

The bar exhales.

A few cheers. Someone claps.

Lena calmly finishes pouring the pint she started.

DERRICK (to the semi-conscious men) Out.

He drags one up by the collar, gestures to bar staff to help haul the others.

EXT. THE VANE – NIGHT

The three guys are dumped unceremoniously onto the pavement.

Door slams shut.

INT. THE VANE - BAR - CONTINUOUS

The music swells back up. Orders resume.

Like nothing happened.

Lena leans over the bar toward Derrick.

LENA You always this dramatic?

DERRICK They were done two drinks ago.

She smirks.

LENA Still... bad for business.

Before Derrick can respond—

NATASHA VANE, late 40s, striking, controlled, appears beside them.

NATASHA Please tell me you
didn't redecorate the
place with someone's face
again.

DERRICK They grabbed Lena.

Natasha looks at Lena. Checks her wrist gently.

LENA I'm fine.

Natasha turns back to Derrick.

NATASHA (smiling, half joking) I swear you enjoy it.

DERRICK Only when they swing first.

Natasha shakes her head.

NATASHA Try not to bankrupt us with broken furniture, yeah?

DERRICK No promises.

A shared smile.

The band hits a heavy riff from stage.

The crowd surges.

Life continues.

Just another night at **The Vane**.

SCENE - EDDIE MCRAE - STAGE / SOUND DESK

INT. THE VANE - STAGE / SOUND DESK - NIGHT

The venue is in that in-between state.

Not full. Not empty.

On stage – instruments sit waiting. Guitars on stands. Cables coiled like veins.

At the side of the stage, **EDDIE MCRAE**, mid 30s, adjusts a guitar amp. He plugs in, strums lightly.

A clean note rings out.

He tweaks it. Adds grit.

Better.

His phone buzzes in his pocket.

He ignores it at first and keeps working. Checks levels. Taps a mic.

The phone buzzes again.

He sighs. Pulls it out.

ON SCREEN – TEXT MESSAGE THREAD: "SARAH ♥"

We stay with Eddie as he reads.

SARAH (TEXT) *Hey you* 📱

Eddie's face softens instantly.

SARAH (TEXT) *Is it busy tonight?*

Eddie glances up at the half-filled room. The quiet. The space. He types.

EDDIE (TEXT) *Getting there. Band on soon.*

SARAH (TEXT) *Don't work too late yeah.
I want you home at a decent hour 😊*

A faint smile from Eddie.

SARAH (TEXT) *She wouldn't go to sleep without your song again*
That lands.

Eddie swallows slightly.

EDDIE (TEXT) *Did she cry?*

SARAH (TEXT) *Only a little. I
played your voice note. Worked like
magic.*

Eddie leans back against the amp.

Closes his eyes for a second.

We hear it faintly – in his memory – a soft acoustic lullaby...
his voice.

SARAH (TEXT) *She misses you.*

SARAH (TEXT) *I miss you.*

Eddie stares at that.

The noise of the venue fades slightly around him.

He types.

Stops.

Deletes it.

Types again.

EDDIE (TEXT) *Love you both. I'll be home when I can.*

Send.

He puts the phone down slowly.

Looks up.

On stage – a YOUNGER GUITARIST steps up, laughing with bandmates. Full of energy.

Eddie watches him.

A flicker of something painful crosses his face.

He reaches for a guitar on the stand.

Hesitates.

Then picks it up.

Plugs in.

He plays – softly at first.

Then something real.

Bluesy. Raw. Effortless.

For a moment – he's not the sound guy.

He's who he used to be.

The note hangs in the air.

Beautiful.

Then—

A voice from offstage:

BAND MEMBER (O.S.) Oi mate, you good for sound?

The spell breaks.

Eddie stops playing.

Places the guitar back carefully.

Back to work.

The moment is gone.

SCENE - THE VANE COMES ALIVE

INT. THE VANE - MAIN FLOOR / STAGE - NIGHT

Darkness.

Anticipation.

The crowd is packed now, bodies pressed together. Sweat, leather, cheap perfume, and spilled beer. The air is thick.

We are **IN IT**.

Handheld camera. Moving through bodies. Shoulders. Faces. Laughter. Tension.

A girl gets lifted onto someone's shoulders. A guy necks a drink. Someone sparks a lighter.

CHANTS start.

CROWD (*building*) Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi!

ON STAGE

THE BAND STEPS
OUT.

Silhouettes at first — backlit by harsh white light.

Guitars slung low. Heads down. No smiles.

A feedback screech cuts through the room.

The crowd ROARS.

CUT TO: CROWD POV

We're pushed forward. Crushed closer to the stage barrier.

Hands reach up. Phones out. Someone filming. Someone screaming.

BACK TO STAGE

The drummer counts in—

ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR.

IMPACT.

The band EXPLODES into sound.

Heavy, dirty, unapologetic rock.

CAMERA LANGUAGE

Whip pans between band members. Close-ups of fingers tearing through guitar strings. Sweat flying off the drummer's arms. Mic feedback screaming into distortion.

CROWD ENERGY

We are IN the pit now.

Bodies slam. A mosh pit opens. People
collide, laughing, shouting.

Beer flies through the air.

A girl screams lyrics in someone's
face.

A guy falls gets dragged back up
instantly.

This is **controlled chaos**.

INTERCUT - THE WORLD WATCHING

LENA (behind bar) Still serving, but moving to the rhythm.
Eyes up. Watching. Feeling it.

DERRICK (by the door) Still. Observing. But even he nods
slightly to the beat.

EDDIE (side stage) Focused, adjusting levels – but locked in.
Muscle memory. This is his world.

BACK TO STAGE

DYLAN KNOX bursts onto the mic.

Unhinged energy. Swagger. Chaos.

He grips the mic like it owes him something.

DYLAN (*shouting into mic*) CAMDEN, YOU FUCKIN READY OR WHAT?!

The crowd ERUPTS.

CROWD YEAHHHHHH!

He paces the stage like he owns it.

Jumps into the front row – crowd catches him. Carries him.

For a moment – he *is* a rockstar.

CUT TO: BALCONY

REGGIE VANE watches from above.

Arms folded.

Face unreadable.

The crowd loves it.

But Reggie... doesn't.

He's seen better. Been better.

BACK TO PIT

The music hits a breakdown.

Slower. Heavier.

The crowd moves as one organism.

Jumping.

Sweating.

Alive.

FINAL MOMENTS OF THE SCENE

Dylan screams into the mic – voice cracking slightly under pressure.

Only we notice.

The crowd doesn't.

SMASH CUTS:

– Hands in the air – Amplifier vibrating – Drumstick snapping
– Someone bleeding, smiling – Lena pouring another drink –
Derrick dragging someone out – Reggie turning away

The music peaks.

Lights strobe violently.

SCENE – RAX INTRODUCTION**INT. THE VANE – MAIN FLOOR / BAR – NIGHT**

The music is still pounding from the stage.

Then the door opens.

No big entrance. No announcement.

RACHID "RAX" ZEROUAL (mid 40s) steps in.

Clean. Calm. Composed. Not flashy. Not loud. But everything about him says **control**.

Two MEN trail slightly behind him. Not bodyguards just presence.

CAMERA POV - RAX

We move with him through the crowd.

Something subtle happens.

People shift.

Not dramatically just enough.

A guy steps out of the way without
realising why. A girl lowers her
voice mid-laugh. A DEALER by the
wall gives the slightest nod.

Respect. Fear. Recognition.

AT THE BAR

Lena is mid-pour.

She looks up.

Clocking him instantly.

Her body language changes not scared, just... aware.

She finishes the
drink before
acknowledging
him.

LENA What you having?

Rax studies her for a second.

Not predatory. Not friendly.

Just reading her.

RAX Water.

That's it.

Lena nods. Grabs a glass.

No ice.

Slides it across.

Their fingers almost touch but don't.

CUT TO: DERRICK (ACROSS THE ROOM)

Derrick sees
him.

Stillness.

A flicker of recognition. History.

Respect but not submission.

They hold eye contact for a beat.

Unspoken: *we know exactly who each other are.*

Derrick gives
the smallest
nod.

Rax returns it.

That's enough.

CUT TO: BALCONY - REGGIE

Reggie watches from above.

The moment he sees Rax

Something tightens in his chest.
He reaches instinctively for his
drink.

Doesn't drink it.

Just holds it.

BACK TO RAX

He takes a sip of water.

Winces slightly at the taste.

Looks around the venue.

Not as a customer.

As an owner would.

INSERT SHOTS (INTERCUT)

— A bartender quickly clearing space near him— A punter lowering his voice— A runner slipping something discreet into a jacket near the toilets— One of Rax's men clocking it, nodding

Everything flows through him.

RAX MOVES

He walks slowly toward the side of the stage.

Stops.

Watches the band.

Dylan screaming into the mic. Chaos. Ego.

Rax doesn't react.

Music means nothing to him.

People do.

A YOUNG RUNNER (same kid from opening) approaches subtly.

Hands shaking slightly.

He passes something small into Rax's man's hand.

Quick. Clean.

Rax doesn't even look.

He already knows.

CLOSE UP ON RAX

Still watching the stage.

Then quietly:

RAX (to no one in particular) Busy night.

One of his men leans in slightly.

MAN Yeah.

Rax takes another sip of water.

A pause.

RAX Good.

FINAL MOMENT

He looks up.

Locks eyes with Reggie on the balcony.

This time — longer.

He doesn't smile.

He doesn't threaten.

He doesn't need to.

Reggie looks away first.

CUT BACK TO STAGE

The music hits a peak.

The crowd erupts.

CUT TO RAX

Still.

Unmoved.

In control.

SCENE - NATASHA - BACKSTAGE / TOILET

INT. THE VANE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

- NIGHT

The band spills off stage sweat-soaked, buzzing, loud.

Laughter. Adrenaline. Chaos.

Dylan's band pushes through the narrow corridor, hyped from the set.

NATASHA VANE steps into their path composed, effortless.

NATASHA Good set. Tight in places..
messy where it should be.

The band laughs they respect her. Even if they don't fully understand her.

DYLAN (grinning) That's the idea, innit?

She smirks slightly.

Then

One of the BAND MEMBERS (early 20s, cocky, a bit drunk) leans in, looking her up and down.

BAND MEMBER Not gonna lie... proper milf vibes, yeah?

The others snicker.

Natasha doesn't flinch.

She steps closer to him. Calm. Controlled.

NATASHA I'm not a mum.

A small smile.

NATASHA (CONT'D) But I'll take the compliment.

The band laughs slightly awkward now.

She holds his gaze just long enough to remind him who's in charge.

NATASHA Get your gear cleared. You've got ten minutes before the next lot.

Just like that she's back in control.

They move.

Energy shifts.

INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Natasha walks away from the noise.

Her face changes only slightly.

The smile fades.

The weight returns.

INT. THE VANE - WOMEN'S TOILET - NIGHT

The door swings shut behind her.

The muffled thump of music through the walls.

She stands at the sink.

Looks at herself in the mirror.

For a moment nothing.

Then

It hits.

Her eyes well up.

She grips the edge of the sink.

Trying to hold it together.

Fails.

A quiet, controlled breakdown no noise, just tears falling,
breath tightening.

Years of something unspoken sitting just beneath the surface.

She quickly wipes her face.

But more come.

She laughs once, a bitter laugh.

NATASHA (quiet) Jesus...

She exhales. Forces herself to breathe.

Pulls herself back.

Slowly.

She reaches into her bag.

Pulls out lipstick.

Her hands are steady again.

Practiced.

She reapplies it carefully. Precisely.

Like armour.

She leans in closer to the mirror.

Studies herself.

Not vanity.

Assessment.

A long beat.

Then

Softly. Almost like she needs to hear it:

NATASHA You're still sexy as fuck.

A small smile.

Not fully convincing.

But enough.

She straightens.

Composure back on.

Shoulders up.

Mask rebuilt.

She turns.

Opens the door.

INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Noise rushes back in.

Natasha steps into it like nothing happened.

Back in control.

SCENE - REGGIE & NATASHA (INTERRUPTED BY RAX)

INT. THE VANE - REGGIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The music from downstairs bleeds through the walls distant, vibrating.

Reggie's office is cluttered with
history.

REGGIE VANE stands by the window, looking down at the crowd below.

He's holding a glass.

Not his first.

The door creaks open behind him.

NATASHA steps in, closing it gently.

She leans against the door for a
moment. Watches him.

NATASHA You watching them... or
remembering you?

Reggie doesn't turn yet.

A small smile.

REGGIE Bit of both.

He finally turns.

Sees her.

And for a moment everything else fades.

REGGIE (CONT'D) You look...

He searches for the word.

REGGIE (CONT'D) ...like trouble.

Natasha smirks.

NATASHA That line still works, does it?

REGGIE Only on you.

History sits comfortably between them.

She walks further into the room, taking it all in the posters, the past.

Her eyes land on an old **Dead**
Vicious photo.

Young Reggie. Wild. Untouchable.

NATASHA God... look at you.

REGGIE Careful. That man still lives here.

She raises an eyebrow.

NATASHA Yeah? Where?

She steps closer. Taps his chest
lightly.

NATASHA (CONT'D) 'Cause I've seen the accounts, Reg.

He's not paying the bills.

He laughs.

REGGIE You always did know how to
ruin a moment.

NATASHA Someone has to.

She moves to the desk. Spots the
glass.

(MORE)

REGGIE Only on you. (CONT'D)

Then the bottle, half-hidden.
She doesn't call it out directly.

NATASHA Big night?

REGGIE Every night's a big night.

NATASHA Mm.

She picks up a nearby photo instead deflecting.
Them. Younger. Backstage. Sweaty,
alive.

NATASHA (CONT'D) You remember this?

Reggie steps closer.

Looks.

Softens.

REGGIE Manchester Apollo.

NATASHA You forgot the second
verse.

REGGIE I didn't forget. I was... improvising.

NATASHA You were off your face.

REGGIE And you loved it.

She smiles.

NATASHA I loved you.

It hangs there.

Reggie meets her eyes.

REGGIE Still do.

It's quiet. Honest. Dangerous.

She looks away first.

NATASHA You always say that when
things are falling apart.

REGGIE Maybe things only fall apart
when I stop saying it.

She exhales. Shakes her head slightly.
He steps closer.

Gentler now.

REGGIE (CONT'D) You were the best
thing about all of it.

NATASHA Don't.

REGGIE I'm serious.
He studies her.

REGGIE (CONT'D) Still are.

That lands.

But instead of leaning in she deflects.

NATASHA I've got crow's feet, Reg.

REGGIE You've got character.

NATASHA I've got men in their twenties calling me a milf.

Reggie frowns.

REGGIE I'll kill them.

She laughs.

NATASHA Relax. I handled it

NATASHA (CONT'D) I'm not that girl anymore.

Reggie steps in closer.

REGGIE Yeah. You are.

She looks at him searching.

He believes it.

That's the problem.

A knock at the door.

Not loud.

But it cuts through everything.

They both freeze slightly.

Another knock.

Then

The door opens without waiting.

RAX.

He steps in calmly.

Closes the door behind him.

The air changes instantly.

Reggie straightens.

Glass goes down.

His whole body language shifts – harder, guarded.

NATASHA clocks it.

Rax nods at her – respectful, but distant.

RAX Natasha.

NATASHA Rachid.

She doesn't smile.

Unspoken understanding.

This isn't her conversation.

She looks at Reggie.

A flicker of concern.

NATASHA I'll leave you boys to it.

She moves past Rax.
Stops briefly by Reggie.

Quiet. Just for him

NATASHA (CONT'D) Don't make promises you can't keep.

Then she's gone.

Door shuts.

Silence.
Just the low thump of music below.

Rax walks further into the room.

Takes in the office.

The photos.

The past.

Then

RAX Nice place.

Reggie doesn't respond.

Rax turns to him.

Calm.

Controlled.

RAX (CONT'D) Busy tonight.

Reggie finally speaks.

REGGIE We do alright.

RAX Mm.

RAX (CONT'D) You do... just enough.

Reggie holds his ground.

REGGIE What do you want, Rax?

Rax steps closer.

Not aggressive.

But undeniable.

RAX Just checking in.

RAX (CONT'D) Making sure everything's... running smooth.

Reggie nods once.

REGGIE It is.

Rax studies him.

Knows he's lying.

Doesn't call it out.

That's worse.

RAX Good.

A long beat.

Then—

RAX (CONT'D) Let's keep it that way.

They hold eye contact.

Downstairs — the crowd erupts.

Music peaks.

Up here—

Silence.

Pressure.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VANE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

COVE RAINER (19) stands off to the side, guitar strapped on.

Still.

Too still.

His fingers hover over the strings, quietly running scales.

His hands shake.

Not much – but enough.

Around him, his **BAND** mates prep. Tuning. Checking pedals.

Watching him.

Waiting.

Cove stares at the floor. Breathing shallow.

Dylan enters, still riding the high from his set. Shirt half open, buzzing.

He clocks Cove.

Grins.

DYLAN Wouldn't wanna follow that, mate.

He laughs, claps one of the band guys on the shoulder, moves on.

But it lands.

Hard.

Cove swallows.

His grip tightens on the neck of the guitar.

His foot starts tapping. Fast.

Too fast.

BANDMATE #1 You good?

Cove nods.

Doesn't speak.

BANDMATE #2 You look like you're about to pass out.

A nervous laugh from someone.

Cove shakes his head.

COVE I can't do this.

Silence.

The band freezes.

BANDMATE #1 What?

COVE I can't— (beat) I can't go out there.

He pulls the guitar slightly off his shoulder.

Panic creeping in.

BANDMATE #2 Are you serious right now?

BANDMATE #3 We're on in thirty seconds, bro.

Cove's breathing picks up.

He looks toward the stage entrance.

The noise. The expectation.

Too much.

COVE They're gonna hate it.

BANDMATE #1 They don't even know you yet.

BANDMATE #2 Exactly. So go show them.

Cove shakes his head.

Hands trembling more now.

COVE What if I fuck it?

Then—

BANDMATE #1 steps closer. Firm.

BANDMATE #1 You always say that.

(leans in)

BANDMATE #1 (CONT'D) And then you don't.

Another bandmate, less patient—

BANDMATE #2 Or don't go out. Yeah? Let's just walk.

Cove looks up.

Something shifts.

From the stage—

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.) You're up! Now!

The band grabs their gear.

Moving.

No choice now.

They pass Cove.

One by one.

Leaving him there for a second.

Then—

He lifts the guitar back into place.

Exhales.

And follows.

INT. THE VANE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The lights are low.

The crowd restless.

Murmuring.

Waiting.

Cove steps into the light.

It hits him hard.

He blinks.

Freezes for half a second.

Too long.

He adjusts his guitar.

His hand slips slightly.

He hits a string—

A loud, ugly burst of **feedback** SCREAMS through the speakers.

The crowd reacts.

A few laughs.

Someone whistles.

Cove flinches.

Heart racing.

He looks out—

Faces in the dark.

Judging.

Waiting.

Behind him — the band glance at each other.

This could go wrong.

Cove grips the guitar tighter.

Closes his eyes.

Just for a second.

The lights dim.

The room quiets.

His fingers hit the strings.

BOOM.

A **massive guitar riff** rips through the room.

Raw. Heavy. Controlled chaos.

Heads snap toward the stage.

Conversations stop.

Cove steps into it now.

Confidence rising with every note.

Then—

He steps to the mic.

A breath.

He sings.

His voice is **undeniable**.

Gritty. Emotional. Powerful.

Somewhere between pain and control.

It cuts through everything.

The crowd shifts.

Drawn in.

People stop talking.
Turn fully toward the stage.

Near the front — someone just stares.

Wide-eyed.

A girl mouths:

"Who the fuck is that?"

The band locks in behind him.

Now it's real.

The room erupts.

Not chaos.

Not noise.

Something else—

Attention.

INT. THE VANE — BALCONY — SAME TIME

Reggie watches.

At first — casual. Distant.

Then—

Something catches him.

He leans forward slightly.

Eyes locked on Cove.

The voice. The presence.

It hits him.

A small smile creeps in.

Almost without him realising.

He nods slightly.

REGGIE (under his breath) There you are..

INT. THE VANE - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Cove is in it now.

No hesitation.

No fear.

Just music.

The crowd surges closer to the stage.

Phones come out.

People shouting.

For the first time tonight—

It feels like something important is happening.

BACK TO COVE

Sweat. Focus. Energy.

Alive.

The doubt is gone.

Replaced by something dangerous—

Belief.

INT. THE VANE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The set has just finished.

The sound of the crowd still roars
from the other side of the wall.

Cove steps off stage.

Breathing heavy. Sweating.

Adrenaline still pumping.

People move around him — crew, bandmates, noise — but it all
feels distant.

Like he's not fully there.

Reggie stands at the end of the corridor.

Waiting.

Watching him.

Cove clocks him.

Doesn't recognise him straight away
— just another older guy in the
chaos.

He goes to move past.

REGGIE You've got something.

Cove stops.

Turns.

Reggie steps forward.

Not overexcited. Not impressed in a fan way.

Measured.

Respectful.

REGGIE (CONT'D) Most people get up there and make noise.

(beat)

You made people listen.

Cove shifts slightly.

Uncomfortable.

Doesn't know where to look.

COVE Thanks.

A moment of silence — awkward.

REGGIE You got a manager?

Cove shakes his head.

COVE No.

Reggie nods.

Expected.

REGGIE You should.

I own this place.

Cove glances around –
recalibrating.

REGGIE (CONT'D) And I've seen a lot of bands come through here.

I haven't seen you before.

Cove shrugs slightly.

Deflecting.

COVE My first real gig.

Reggie studies him.

Sees right through it.

REGGIE No.

(quiet)

It's not.

Cove doesn't respond.

Reggie doesn't believe him.

Reggie reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a card.

Hands it to him.

REGGIE (CONT'D) You've got potential.

If you've got the right people around
you.

Cove takes the card.

Looks at it.

Like it means more than he wants it to.

COVE I'll... think about it.

Reggie nods.

Doesn't push.

REGGIE You're welcome here anytime.

Then Reggie steps back.
Leaves him with it.

INT. BACKSTAGE / GREEN ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

The band swarms Cove.

Buzzing.

High energy.

BANDMATE #1 Mate— what the fuck was that?!

BANDMATE #2 They lost their minds!

BANDMATE #3 You saw the front row?!

They're laughing. Hyped. Alive.

Cove forces a small smile.

But it doesn't reach his eyes.

COVE Yeah... it was alright.

They stare at him.

BANDMATE #2 Alright?

BANDMATE #1 You're taking the piss.

Cove shakes his head.

Already withdrawing.

COVE I'm gonna head off.

Silence.

BANDMATE #3 What?

BANDMATE #2 Bro, there's people out there losing it for you.

BANDMATE #1 Every girl in that room wants to be with you right now.

Cove shrugs.

Deadpan.

COVE Yeah.

(beat)

Not really my thing.

He grabs his guitar.

Slings it over his shoulder.

They watch him – confused.

A bit frustrated.

BANDMATE #2 You're mad, you know that?

Cove doesn't respond.

He's already walking.

INT. THE VANE - MAIN FLOOR / BAR - CONTINUOUS

The venue is still alive.

Music pumping again.

People talking about the set.

Energy high.

Cove moves through the crowd.

Head down.

Avoiding eye contact.

People glance at him.

Recognising him.

Whispers.

He hates it.

At the bar

Lena is pouring drinks.

Focused.

Efficient.

She looks up.

Sees him.

For a moment — she just watches.

Curious.

Cove glances up

Their eyes meet.

He looks away immediately.

Almost flinches.

Keeps walking.

Lena watches him go.

Intrigued.

ACT 2**EXT. THE VANE - NIGHT**

Cove steps out into the cold air.

The noise of Camden hits him.

Loud. Chaotic. Real.

He exhales.

Long.

Inside — he was something.

Out here

He's just him again.

He grips the neck of his guitar tighter.

And walks off into the night.

EXT. TOTTENHAM - STREET / BUS STOP - NIGHT

A night bus comes to a stop.

Doors open.

Cove steps off, guitar on his back.

The energy is different here.

Quieter. Heavier.

Streetlights flicker over tired buildings.

He pulls his jacket tighter and starts walking.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - NIGHT

A worn-down estate.

Concrete. Graffiti. Flickering lights.

A group of YOUNG MEN stand outside the block entrance.

Grime music plays from a phone speaker.

Low bass. Sharp lyrics.

They clock Cove as he approaches.

A nod.

Recognition.

Familiar.

Cove nods back.

Doesn't stop.

Doesn't engage.

He passes them.

Straight into the building.

INT. ESTATE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Dim lighting. Echoes of distant voices.

Cove walks up the stairs.

Guitar knocking lightly against his back.

Each step slower than the last.

The night catching up with him.

INT. COVE'S FLAT - NIGHT

The door opens quietly.

A small, modest flat.

Clean, but worn.

The TV hums softly in the background.

Cove steps in. Closes the door gently.

INT. NOVA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Soft light from a night lamp.

NOVA (11), asleep.

Peaceful.

Cove steps in quietly.

Sits on the edge of the bed.

He brushes hair from her face.

Leans down.

Kisses her forehead.

His eyes drift to a photo on the bedside table.

Cove. Nova.

And an older boy — **MALIK**.

All smiling.

A different time.

Cove picks it up.

Studies it.

MUM (O.S.) You're back.

INT. HALLWAY / KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Cove steps out.

His MUM stands in the doorway.

Still in her work clothes.

Tired.

But warm.

She sees the photo in his hand.

Her expression softens.

Then breaks slightly.

MUM You still going tomorrow?

Cove nods.

COVE Yeah.

She exhales.

Trying to stay strong.

MUM I miss him.

A beat.

She steps closer.

MUM (CONT'D) I don't want that for you.

(quiet)

I can't have you end up like that.

Cove shakes his head.

Firm.

COVE I won't.

She searches his face.

Needs to believe him.

Then she pulls him into a hug.

Tight.

Holding on.

He hugs her back.

Just as tight.

She pulls away slightly.

Looks at him.

MUM How was it?

Cove shrugs.

COVE It was alright.

She smiles anyway.

Proud.

MUM I wish I could've seen it.

I'm proud of you.

Cove nods.

Doesn't know how to take it.

COVE You need help with anything?

She shakes her head.

MUM I'm good. Go get some rest.

He nods.

Heads down the hall.

INT. COVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Small room.

Walls covered in band posters.

A couple of guitars resting against the wall.

More photos of his family.

Memories everywhere.

Cove steps in.

Closes the door.

Leans back against it.

Still.

The night catches up with him.

Everything at once.

He sits on the edge of the bed.

Stares ahead.

Then

He breaks, Trying to fight the tears.

Quiet. Controlled.

But real.

He covers his face.

Trying not to make a sound.

The same hands that held a crowd moments ago—

Now shaking.

Alone.

INT. THE VANE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The night is ending.

Lights slightly up.

Music lower now — background, not dominant.

Punters drift toward the exit. Drunk, loud, lingering.

Staff begin reclaiming the space.

AT THE DOOR

DERRICK stands firm.

A couple of DRUNK PUNTERS try to
hang back.

DRUNK PUNTER Ah come on, just one more—

DERRICK We're closed.

No aggression. No debate.

He ushers them out.

Door shuts.

INT. THE VANE - BAR - CONTINUOUS

LENA wipes down the bar.

Efficient. Focused.

Other staff stack glasses, count tills.

The energy is different now.

Quieter. Tired.

BARTENDER What a night that last band was epic.

LENA Yea never seen them before.

She keeps working.

But her mind is elsewhere.

INT. THE VANE - OFFICE - SAME TIME

NATASHA sits with the cash drawer open.

Counting notes.

Precise. Methodical.

Stacks building.

She writes figures down.

Checks again.

Doesn't trust mistakes.

Reggie stands nearby.

Watching.

Not the money - her.

NATASHA We did alright tonight.

She glances up.

He doesn't respond straight away.

REGGIE We needed better than alright.

She clocks the tone.

Doesn't push.

Goes back to counting.

INT. THE VANE - MAIN FLOOR - SAME TIME

DYLAN lingers with a couple of fans and bandmates.

Still buzzing.

Still chasing the high.

DYLAN We'll go somewhere else, yeah?

No one's fully committing.

People checking phones. Making
excuses.

The night is ending whether he likes it or not.

One of the girls kisses his cheek.

GIRL You were amazing.

She leaves.

Others follow.

Dylan stands there.

Smile fading.

Emptying room.

INT. THE VANE - BACK CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Two of **RAX'S MEN** move quietly.

Efficient.

They open up **music flight cases**.

Inside -

Packages.

Wrapped. Sealed.

Drugs.

They load them carefully.

Close the cases.

Clip them shut.

Another man checks his phone.

Nods.

Time to move.

EXT. THE VANE - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A van idles.

Engine low.

Back doors open.

The flight cases are loaded in.

One after another.

No rush.

No mistakes.

INT. THE VANE - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Natasha finishes counting.

Closes the drawer.

NATASHA That's everything.

Reggie nods.

Distant.

She watches him.

Knows something's off.

NATASHA (CONT'D) You alright?

He doesn't answer.

INT. THE VANE - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Reggie steps out onto the balcony.

Looks down.

He sees it—

Through the back corridor.

The cases.

The movement.

The truth.

He knows exactly what it is.

He looks away.

Below — staff laugh lightly as they clean.

Music still hums.

The illusion continues.

EXT. THE VANE - BACK ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

The van doors slam shut.

It pulls away into the night.

INT. THE VANE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Derrick locks the front doors.

Clicks them shut.

Lena grabs her coat.

Heads out back.

Dylan lingers one last moment.

Looking at the empty stage.

The place that made him feel like something.

Now—

Nothing.

He turns.

Follows the others out.

INT. THE VANE - OFFICE / BALCONY - NIGHT

Reggie stands alone.

Looking out over his venue.

Empty now.

The ghost of what it was.

He reaches into his pocket.

Pulls out his flask.

Hesitates.

Then drinks.

EXT. THE VANE - NIGHT

The back door shuts.

The night is done.

DERRICK walks into frame.

Calm. Controlled. Same as always.

But now — alone.

Parked under a flickering streetlight:

A **HARLEY DAVIDSON**.

Black. Heavy. Built, His Bike.

Derrick pulls on his gloves.

Swings his leg over.

On the back of his leather cut:

CAMDEN CROWS MC

He starts the engine.

The low rumble cuts through the silence.

He pulls away.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Derrick rides through the city.

Empty roads. Orange streetlights streaking past.

The chaos of Camden fades behind him.

This is his space.

No noise. No people.

Just engine and road.

EXT. CAMDEN CROWS MC COMPOUND (DERRICKS HOME) - NIGHT

A gated yard.

Industrial. Rough.

Motorcycles lined up.

A garage with the doors half open.

Light inside.

Derrick pulls in.

Kills the engine.

Silence.

A couple of CLUB MEMBERS nod as he passes.

Respect.

No words needed.

He heads inside.

INT. CAMDEN CROWS MC - GARAGE / LIVING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Oil. Metal. Tools.

A hybrid space — workshop and home.

Real. Lived in.

Derrick hangs his cut.

Underneath — old scars across his arms.

He disappears into the back.

INT. DERRICK'S ROOM - MORNING

First light creeps through thin curtains.

Derrick is already awake.

On the floor.

WORKING OUT.

Push-ups. Controlled. Precise.

No music.

Just breath and effort.

On the wall:

A **BRITISH FLAG.**

Next to it-

A **BRITISH ARMY PARACHUTE REGIMENT FLAG.**

Photos pinned beside them.

Younger Derrick.

Uniform.

Brothers in arms.

He finishes.

Sits back.

Breathing steady.

INT. MC KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

Simple.

Functional.

Derrick cooks.

Eggs. Toast. Nothing fancy.

Routine.

A kettle boils.

Clicks off.

He pours tea.

Sits.

Across from him—

A photo frame.

A YOUNG GIRL (His estranged daughter).

Smiling.

Next to him.

Different version of Derrick.

Softer.

He looks at it.

Longer than he should.

He reaches out.

Straightens the frame.

Doesn't touch it again.

Eats in silence.

INT. MC GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Derrick walks back through.

Grabs a rag.

Starts cleaning his bike.

Methodical.

Precise.

Control.

But his eyes drift.

Back to the doorway.

Back to the inside.

Back to the life he doesn't have.

He stops.

Just for a second.

Then—

Back to work.

Like nothing's there.

ACT 3**INT. HMP PENTONVILLE PRISON - VISITORS HALL - DAY**

Fluorescent lights hum overhead.

A tired, institutional room. Plastic chairs. Bolted tables.

Families sit in pockets - quiet conversations, forced smiles.

Under it all - tension.

COVE sits alone.

Still.

His hands are clasped tight, knuckles pale.

A Prison Officer watches from the
wall.

A BUZZ.

The door unlocks.

INMATES are led in.

Wearing grey prison tracksuits.

Among them-

MALIK.

He doesn't rush.

Doesn't look around.

The room adjusts to him.

Cove sees him.

And something tightens in his chest.

Not just love.

Fear.

Malik sits.

No hug.

No warmth.

Just presence.

Silence.

MALIK You look tired.

COVE Could say the same.

Malik almost smiles.

Almost.

MALIK You ain't built for tired, though.

(leans in slightly)

You're built soft.

Cove just looks down.

Staring at the floor.

He looks back up.

COVE Mum says hello.

Malik nods.

Dismisses it quickly.

MALIK She still working them stupid hours?

COVE Yeah.

Malik shakes his head.

Quiet anger.

MALIK That's what I'm talking about.

(leans in)

That's what I'm sitting in here for.

Cove shifts.

Doesn't like where this is going.

MALIK (CONT'D) Everything I done...

was so you didn't have to live like that.

COVE You're in prison, Malik.

Malik leans back.

Slow.

Eyes don't leave Cove.

MALIK Yeah.

(quiet)

And you're still broke.

A PRISON OFFICER glances over.

Clocking the tone.

MALIK (CONT'D) So what's the difference?

Cove exhales.
Trying to stay calm.

COVE I'm not doing what you did.

Malik leans forward.

Now it's real.

MALIK Say that again.

COVE I'm not doing that.

Malik nods slowly.

Then—

MALIK You think this is a game?

(voice low, dangerous)

You think you get to just... opt out?

COVE I'm trying to do something different.

Malik laughs.

But there's no humour in it.

MALIK Different?

(leans closer)

You got Nova to feed and protect.

You got a mum killing herself for pennies.

And you're chasing... what?Fucking music dreams?

Cove's jaw tightens.

COVE It's not just—

MALIK It is just that.

You play shit songs.

Cove snaps slightly.

COVE I played last night.

People actually listened.

Malik pauses.

Studies him.

MALIK Yeah?

And what that change?

Cove doesn't answer.

Because he can't.

Malik nods.

He's got him.

MALIK (CONT'D) Exactly.

A PRISON OFFICER steps closer now.

Watching.

MALIK (CONT'D) Listen to me.

(quiet, intense)

Everything I built... is still out there.

Money still moving. It's for you
too take.

Cove shakes his head.

COVE I don't want it.

Malik's tone snaps.

MALIK It ain't about what you want.

A few people glance over now.

The tension rising.

MALIK (CONT'D) It's about what needs doing.

COVE That's your life.

Malik SLAMS his hand on the table.

LOUD.

Heads turn.

MALIK That's OUR life!

A PRISON OFFICER steps in.

PRISON OFFICER Keep it down or the visit's done.

Malik doesn't even look at him.

Eyes locked on Cove.

MALIK (LOWER NOW) You think you're better than me?

COVE No.

I just don't want to end up like you.

Silence.

That one cuts deep.

Malik leans back slowly.

Breathing heavier now.

Processing it.

MALIK You already are like me.

You just ain't accepted it yet.

Cove shakes his head.

COVE We'll see.

Malik studies him.

COVE (CONT'D) I don't want Nova and Mum looking at me through glass one day as well.

Malik looks away for a second.
Just a second.

Then back.

Hard expression again.

MALIK Fear don't feed nobody.

COVE Neither does prison.

They're at a stalemate.

Then Malik leans in one last time.

Quiet. Cold.

MALIK If you don't step up... someone else will.

And they won't care about mum.

They won't care about Nova.

Cove's breathing tightens.

COVE I'll find another way.

Malik shakes his head.

Almost disappointed.

MALIK You don't get another way.

A flicker of movement behind him.

Cove sees it.

Something's wrong.

COVE MALIK!!—

Too late.

An INMATE grabs Malik from behind—

We see a flash of metal—

A prison shank drives into his neck over and over again.

Violently. Sudden.

Blood sprays across the table.

Cove freezes—

Then explodes forward—

COVE (CONT'D) MALIK!

Another inmate grabs cove—

Cove takes a brutal punch—

Drops hard.

Chaos erupts.

Screaming. OFFICERS shouting.

Malik collapses.

Hands at his throat.

Blood pouring through his fingers.

Cove crawls toward him.

Dazed. Desperate.

ICOVE (CONT'D) No No No— DONT DIE—

OFFICERS rush in.

Dragging attackers away.

Batons raised.

One grabs Cove—

COVE (CONT'D) LET ME GO!

He fights them.

Reaching.

Malik's eyes find him.

Fading.

Trying to hold on.

For a second—

They're just brothers again.

Then—

Malik's body goes limp.

Cove lets out a sound—

Not a scream.

Something deeper.

Raw.

Broken.

Officers drag him back.

He's still reaching.

CUT TO BLACK

Silence.

Then—

A low, distorted guitar note.

END OF PILOT