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The Hatton Garden Job

By Ray Bogdanovich

Now, as pretty as they are...
these little things are more
than just a girl's best friend.
What you see here, is the backbone
of our economic structure.
The tangible assets with which
you can measure one's wealth.
What comes with that wealth,
is a life that you and
I can only dream of.
A life only attainable for
the few and far between.
The lucky elites.
The way I see it,
luck is what happens when
preparation meets opportunity.
If you find this is out of reach,
there's only one thing you can do.
Steal it!
Thieving and deceiving is
not what it used to be.
The targets have changed.
The skills set, different.
If I'm considered old school,
Judas-Jack here,
is the twinkle in crime's eye.
Where our thieving forefathers
robbed the banks...
We robbed the bankers.
They stripped the public of billions...
While themselves live
in a new Gilded Age.
Their time to pay a little back.
Of course, gold on its
own is just shiny metal.
You need to know who can shift it.
Speaking of precious metals...
in this old game...
Subtlety is worth its
weight in this stuff.
Hold it, Jack!
Off of me!
Fuck it, son!
This is crazy.

Come with me.
Fuck you!
You know how to ruin a boy's
moment, you know that?
You can keep your mouth shut.
The problem with kids...
They can't keep their gob shut.
I'd better get it back.
What are you trying to say?
It's full of thieves, this place, innit?
If you can't do the time,
don't do the crime.
Prison is an occupational hazard.
But if you're clever...
Name?
You can come out with a lot
more than you went in with.
Zoltan here is knee-deep
in the Hungarian mob.
It turns out his boss was looking
for someone to pull a job.
A job bigger than I've
ever heard of before.
I walked in with just
a shirt on me back...
Three years later,
I'm leaving with something that
could be my early retirement.
My measure of wealth.
You should know that
it's not real silver.
Erzebet Zslondos...
Zoltan's Hungarian mob boss.
You're looking at the most
powerful woman in Europe.
Tell me what you know
about Hatton Gardens.
It's the centre of the jewellery
industry, always has been.
Ground Zero for every diamond, emerald,
ruby, pearl... that comes into London.
Well, back in the day...
Hatton Garden was
like target practice

for every Tom, Dick and Harry
with a sewn-up but now...
Forget it.
I know all about beneath the stores.
You mean, the vault?
You realize how much is in there?
You'd...
You mean... undisturbed access,
keys, alarm codes, let alone
the TV surveillance...
If I could get you outside...
What would you say?
That is silver, isn't it?
You know, I thought you started slowing
down in your advancing years, Danny.
Well...
The Old Bill will catch me
if I stop, won't they?
Hello, my son!
So, you're missing D wing?
Oh, lad.
It's more interesting
than I thought, Dan.
Don't tell me, you have a job lined up.
Big one.
I've heard it all before.
Everyone that goes inside always meets
someone that promises the Earth.
99.9 per cent of it is utter bollocks.
Trust me, this is the 0.1.
Am I the bloke who gets taken
down if I bullshit? Come on.
And you thought of
an old git like me.
Top of my list.
Top of the pops, aye?
I'm flattered.
I wouldn't be.
It's a pretty short list.
- You wanna sit, Dan?
- Yeah. - Let's leave then.
- You see me outdoing that geezer?
- Yeah, bloody hell! - Muck!
- Bloody hell.

- Yeah.

Now, the way I see it.

This is an old school gig,
and needs an old school crew.

I know some fellas.

Hmmm.

Real faces from way back when...

Yeah?

But they're...

You spit it out?

There's old school...

and then, there's just... old.

Give me a couple of days.

I know just the guy to get this done.

How long you've known this fella?

He's a chap.

Why us?

He's sick of working with cartoon
characters that don't know the code.

The world's changed, Brian.

Not a lot left can do what we do.

Most of them are in here.

If what he says is right,

and we pull this off,

it will be the biggest

Tom in history.

Tom. Tom Foolery, Jewellery.

For those wondering.

These old timers loved

their word games.

I have to get up five times

a night to take a piss,

you need your brains tested if you

think I can handle this type of blag.

I'm sorry, Danny Boy,

no hard feelings, aye?

If you change your mind...

Come on, Rocky.

The problem with Adam Daniel there,

charming the water,

sooner or later,

you're gonna attract a few sharks.

Frank Baskin took earlier

retirement from the Old Bill

a year after sending me down.
Marcus Ford.
There ain't much that happens in
London without him knowing about it.
Word is the Hungarians are gonna
take down the Hatton Garden vault.
I can put a stop to that.
What? And start a war
with the Hungarians?
Let them keep their
shiny, little stones.
So, what can I do for you?
Lot of memories in here, mate.
Good and bad.
Just like that vault.
I want those memories back.
[YEAH, I DID]
[I TOOK A SCREEN-SHOT OF
HIS PASSWORDS, THE LOT]
[THERE WAS EVEN VIDEOS
OF HIS GIRLFRIEND]
[HOW MUCH DID HE COUGH?]
What are you looking at, old man?
A couple of cartoon characters.
Old prick!
Who does he think he is?
So, who's running this?
And who's running you?
It don't matter.
It matters to me.
How do I know he's on the level?
You can trust him.
I'm not asking you.
I'm asking him.
He's a complete stranger to me.
I wanna know I'm not walking into a
stretch I won't be able to get out of.
Look...
He's setting this up, aye?
And they're getting me in, OK?
What else do you wanna know?
And the only walking I plan on doing
is off into the sunset,
preferably on nice, white sand.

Yeah.
Well...
I'm no cowboy,
and I don't want any Wild West shows.
We do this my way.
Fine
They'll raise bloody hell
once we've done it.
They can raise the Titanic for all I
care as long as we walk free and clear.
How many?
Keep it small.
Just the three of us.
And a driver... a bit of muscle.
Anyone in mind?
I know just the fella.
Kenny Collins.
Someone who can be our eyes
and ears on the outside.
Read the sign!
That's a disabled space.
Read that and weep, son.
Daft kid's got chronic emphysema
and he still does 40 a day.
But it's a driver.
He'll do us proud.
Muscle?
Terry Perkins. Yeah.
Pulled off the biggest cash
blag in British history.
Spent most of the 90's on the run.
He said on the run. He was
living back in his mum's house.
Police would've found him
if they'd bothered to check.
In the end, he couldn't do with her
nagging, so he handed himself in,
went back to the shovel.
Regardless...
he's served out his time.
I happen to know he's itchy
to get back in the game.
Make this the last
time, now, right, Ter?

He has the skills and
he has the experience.
He's exactly what we need.
My lighter.
Cheeky bastard.
Alright.
I'll get us a cab.
No, I'm walking home.
Healthy heart, healthy mind.
Whoever's bankrolling this job.
Do you trust him?
As much as they trust me, yeah.
We're gonna need the space to work with
some dust to get the ball wall in.
I got that covered.
We've got a lot to do.
Yeah.
Jesus Christ!
I need a little help here.
I thought you'd retired.
Just listen.
Hatton Gardens.
Something's going down.
Tell me what you know.
Hatton Garden?
I don't...
Think very carefully...
'bout the next words that pop
out of that mouth of yours.
Alright, alright.
Might have heard something.
But it's mental. You wouldn't
believe me if I told you anyway.
Try me.
They got a bunch of
old-timers on the go.
Proper relics...
I'm talking, "The Walking Dead".
Keep going.
I heard they drink at "The Railway".
But it's bollocks!
There's no way a bunch of old-timers
are gonna pull off something like that.
You hear of anything else...

You let me know.
Of course.
Is that it?
You can go now.
This is my car.
I know, I need to make a phone call.
I won't ask you again.
This is why you got no friends, Frank.
So, there's this bloke,
he's out for a stroll.
He's taking a walk down
a great, long pier...
And he notices that down the
end of it, there's this woman...
And she's in a wheelchair.
Well, as he gets a bit
closer he notices
she's quite a good looking bird.
But she's crying her heart out.
So he says to her:
"Oh, come on, darling,
what's the matter with you?"
"Why are you crying?"
She looks at him and she says:
"Men don't look at me".
"I'm 30 years of age, and
I've never been hugged".
Well now, I mean... this is
breaking the bloke's heart, right?
So, he leans in and he gives her
a great, big hug, yeah?
Now, this brings a smile to her face.
But straight away, she's crying again!
So he says to her: "Now, come on..."
"What's the matter with you?
What's with all these tears, huh?"
Well, she looks up again with
these big, sad, beautiful eyes...

And she says:

"It's just that..."
"I've never been
kissed by a man".
Well now, look, I mean, this bloke,

he's just out for a stroll, isn't he?
He's not after any romantic assignation!
But then he thinks about it,
he looks around, I mean...
the pier's empty,
there's no-one around.
So, he leans in and he gives
her a great, big smacker.
Kiss of her lifetime, right?
Now...
This bird should be
floating on air, right?
But no!
She's crying again.
Bingo!
Floods of it.
Now, look, the bloke's getting a bit
frustrated, now, isn't he? I mean...
He's just spent five
minutes of his life
on this which he's not
going to get back
and he still hasn't
managed to cheer her up!
I know the feeling!
So...
he asks her again:
"Now, come on, darling..."
"What's the matter with you?"
"What you crying about?"
There's a pause...
Then, she looks up
to him and she says:
"Well, I've never been fucked".
So? What? What happened?
What does he do?
Well... beautiful night, huh?
No one around, empty pier...
What do you think he's gonna do, huh?
Yeah...
He pushes her off the
end of the pier,
she drops down into
the drip 50 foot,

he looks over there, she's bobbing up
and down in her wheelchair like a cork,
and he calls out to her: "Well, now you
are completely fucked, aren't you?"

You are a sick man, Terry.

You've heard only half of it.

I don't get it.

Oh, Jesus!

Right, enough fun and games, time
to get down to some brass tacks...

Alright.

Are you gonna tell us
what this job is or what?

We're taking down the Hatton
Garden safe deposit vault.

The vault?

The one and only.

This is mental.

It's monumental.

It's impossible.

You'll never get past the
alarms and the doors...

let alone, get...

Sorted!

He's got access to the building,
security alarm codes...

Access to the basement?

The vault?

That's all on us.

88 and 90 Hatton Gardens

sits within the the heart of

London's gold and diamond trade.

We're talking about one of the most
secure retail districts in the country.

A place which the lucky elite
use as their playground.

The place that holds the real glow has
no need to show off to the public.

They keep their secrets buried deep.

The only access

downstairs to the vault

is via the security

staircase which is locked

behind a coded

double-steel door.
Lift access to the vault,
is blocked to maximize the
security of the vault.
There are no cameras in
the basement or vault...
in order to protect the identities...
of those who use this facility.
The only way in or out,
is through the main security gate.
The vault door is as thick as it's wide.
This thing will hold back
a nuclear explosion.
Only God knows the treasures
they hold inside.
It's been a pleasure!
I hope you will be back, Mr. Beethems.
Call me John.
And...
The pleasure's all mine.
How much d'you
think is in there?
All in.
Honestly?
It's impossible to know.
I mean, the shady bastards that use the
place, hide it there for a reason.
But... rough estimate...
Anywhere between one and two hundred?
I'm not sure.
There's a lot of risk.
For at best, what?
40K each?
Million, Kenny. Between one
and two hundred million.
Jesus!
The risks don't seem quite
so bad now, do they, Kenny?
We do a tenth of that and we're talking
the biggest blingo blag in history.
You got a way in?
I got a few ideas, yeah.
And you think we're up to it?
I mean, take a look around. We're not

exactly in the prime of our lives.
OAP's Eleven.
We all play our part,
I know we can.
Where do we start?
What do you want me to do about it?
I'm on my way to work!
I wanna know everything
about that place,
What time they open,
what time they close...
Staff rotations in and out.
I want it all, that's
on you, Terry.
Danny, we're gonna need some
tools, nothing traceable...
We're talking second
hand gear all the way.
Check the markets.
It's not a bargain hunt, Danny...
But think of what you pay.
Just make sure everything works.
We don't wanna find ourselves
down there with nothing
but our limp dicks in our hands.
Limp dick?
Speak for yourself.
Danny, transportation.
You're the white van man outside.
Where's my envelope?
Christ, it's in the post.
Fucking day.
Most of it, you know what I mean?
Saucy little prick!
Did you clock "Big and ugly"?
Yeah.
Plain clothed security.
They're gonna get nosey if we
hang around here much longer.
We'll change the sport then, aye?
Small.
Medium.
Medium.
Fucking hell, Kenny!

Why is your head so big?
Well, it's not because of the
size of his brain, is it?
The iron back gate leads
through a communal corridor.
We can access it from the inside.
Sorry about that, I had to get some...
Bloody hell!
What?
That'll sure kill you!
It's the Dickson, Kenny.
I can't stop eating them!
I'm diabetic, you silly sod!
It's four hours of work
but it's gonna be tight.
Bloody hell.
You know what? You have to start
cutting down your carbs, Brian.
I'm eating bread and
butter these days, anyway.
Tasty.
Bloody hell, Ken!
Keep it down, will you?
You've got a volume button on
that hearing-aid of yours.
Use it!
There's a camera here.
Hmmm.
And a camera here.
And an alarm point here.
Have a look at that. Any help you
can give us, it'll be most welcome.
- Have a good look.
- Bye. - Thank you!
Magic!
All we need now is a date.
- You got one in mind?
- Hmm.
I feel like chocolate eggs...
Easter?
Yeah.
The whole place will be closed
down over the holiday weekend.
Easter? Hmmm.

Not just a pretty face, are you?
The Hungarians are known for keeping
their word, no matter what.
The problem is, they hold everyone
else to the same standard.
She's not giving me a master
key and some alarm codes.
She's selling them to me.
The price is precious stones.
14 million quid's worth
of the little bastards.
And if this job goes down
and I don't get them.
I'll be paying for this
envelope with me life.
I like you.
Don't let me down.
So, finally, he comes round
at the passenger door,
He told me to wind my window down...
[STOPPED UP RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER]
[HE'S HAVING A LAUGH AT IT!]
Oi!
Do you mind?
You what?
I can't hear myself think over here!
Not with you lot, screaming and
shouting like a lot of pissy girls.
[GO ON, THEN]
Moany old bastard!
Kids today, no respect.
[-LET'S GO!
- SHOTS!]
You're alright, Terence?
[CHEERS]
[COME ON!]
How old are you, son?
Come again?
You heard me... how old are you?
- 19.
- 19, aye?
My friend there is 66 years old.
And my Math ain't great,
but I'm thinking that gives

him about 48 years on you.

- Yeah, so?

- So...

He's not very happy about the way you just spoke to him and he wants you to apologize to him.

Oh, yeah?

And what if I don't?

Well, it's a free country, so far, anyway...

Exactly.

And I'm free to tell some miserable older twat to wind his neck in it if I wanted.

Prick...!

You seem like a smart young lad.

You wanna play a game with me?

Nothing physical.

I mean, I struggle to get me shoes on these days...

Let alone batting with lumps like you.

Alright.

What kind of game?

So, I got one question for you...

Now, this is not just any old question, this one requires a lot of thought.

You get it right and I'll buy you and your buddies a round of shots.

And you can make as much noise as you like...

And I'll take my miserable old mates over to the corner.

What if he gets it wrong?

Then, you have to apologize to my good friend here.

Yeah.

Alright. This will be the easiest drink I've ever earned.

OK.

You get one chance to answer.

So, here's your question.
The man who invented it, didn't want it.
The man who bought it, didn't need it.
The man who needs it, doesn't know it.
What is it?
Can you repeat that?
No.
Come on.
What's that clever brain
of yours telling you?
I don't know. What?
What is it?
A coffin.
[YEAH, THERE YOU GO]
[NICE ONE!]
Alright.
I guess I'd better get these
old chaps a few drinks.
Erzebet.
Marcus.
Surprised to see me?
I didn't hear that you
were coming to town.
Slipped my mind to call.
Business?
Pleasure.
You know how I like to gamble.
You coming out here?
Always.
And what about you?
You feeling lucky?
I don't bet unless I know
I'm gonna get what I want.
Hmm.
That's not gambling.
No.
It's winning.
So...
What are you doing?
Think of the things we've done.
I mean, between the four of us.
We could have... no, we know,
should have, bought a small country
for the money we've nicked.

Look us now...
four old farts living in the same
gloppy bit of London we grew up in.
No one cares.
Bunch of mad men, you know
what I'm telling you?
HOW CAN THEY DRINK SO MUCH?
Can I get...?
Thanks.
You lot look like you're
enjoying yourselves.
I wish I could say the same for you.
Yeah, it's been an interesting day.
Old fella, next door to me,
he was a big man.
God bless the sippy sod.
But he makes me think to myself.
Why did I even bother?
Hmm?
I'm doing this...
'cause I wanna be remembered.
I just want a Toll in one arm,
a Rolex on the other.
You know what I'm talking about?
These friends of yours...
How heavy are we talking?
War criminal type.
And if the job goes South?
Red Boys are up on Newbury Street, mate.
You want directions?
Get in.
Are you still Old Bill?
I heard you took early retirement.
I said, get in.
You're playing a very dangerous game.
I know.
Others shouldn't walk
when it's dark out,
you never know what you're
going to step in. How would I?
I'm talking about the Hungarians.
I've been mixing with
wrong'uns for 25 years.
When a phone from out of town

starts recruiting for a big job,
a word gets out.
A lot of valuable assets
in that old vault.
A job like that could
make or break a man.
It's a friendly warning to steer clear?
I ain't your friend.
Are you gonna shop me to your mates?
Once a filth, always a filth.
Let's just say, I have different
employers these days, aye?
What the fuck do you want?
Men like Frank Baskin
always have an angle.
This job just got a
lot more complicated.
So, your crew...
They can handle it, yeah?
They're the top of the game.
We got a problem.
Yeah, I ain't had a very
purposeful day, alright?
Brian.
What?
He's collapsed.
Shit!
But you're gonna be alright?
Don't you worry about me.
I'll be good...
The doctor's given me some pills...
liven me up and ease the pain.
He says all I really need is some rest.
And avoid all stress.
It'll take more than this
to put your old man down.
Speaking of rest...
We will finish our tea,
then we'll be on our way.
This changes nothing.
The job's tomorrow.
I know when it is.
I'll be fine.
Fine?

I'll be fine.
What about him?
What about your son?
Because it seems to me,
he might not be that enthusiastic
about you wiping your own arse
and not pulling a fucking job!
You do your bit, I'll do mine.
We see this through to the end.
Fucking...!
I'm hearing you have problems.
Listen, I don't wanna cause
offence or anything,
but whoever told you that, is wrong.
Frank Baskin and you
have become close, no?
He's the copper who sent me down.
He's an asshole, he's retired,
he's a nobody.
I do not like the company
of men like him.
Today's Good Friday.
The day of the Crucifixion.
You have until Resurrection
to make my delivery.
And not one day later.
Do you understand me?
Yeah.
Good luck.
Paul's got him banged up,
won't even let me talk with him.
We need to break him out!
Break him out, you tit?
What are you talking about?
It's not Alcatraz!
You got a better idea?
As a matter of fact, I do.
Brian sits this one out.
It's his job!
No, it's our job!
Brian came up with the plan
and it's a good one!
I can't believe we're
having this conversation!

As opposed to what?
Could we just speak to Paul?
Look, Danny, I know that
you and Brian are close.
But he's out!
Slow down a bit, Kenny!
Let me get out of this carousel!
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
He is Miss Daisy!
Luck...
It's time to go make me own.
How's that? Good and clean, mate?
Where the hell is Brian?
He's here.
- Brian!
- Hello, mate.
Hello, mate.
Shall we?
You didn't think I was gonna miss
out on a thing like this, did you?
That's a good one.
Terry, come on.
There you go.
Do come in.
You...
are mine.
Come on, gents...
Let's cut ourselves a
little whole, shall we?
I need a break.
No, no, I'll do it.
Go!
How far are we in?
Half way.
What?
In 90 minutes?
Jesus Christ!
Well, these were built to
withstand an atomic bomb...
Three hours or not, we're meant
to be doing four of them!
Right.
Well, we'll do it in three.
Three?

Oh, we're not gonna get
through three with hours!
No, but these two will.
Whatever it takes.
Right. Let's crack on.
I need to piss.
What?
Well, I suppose taking a piss down
here is out of the question, right?
- Yeah, yeah.
- Yeah.
Where am I going?
Through there, down the corridor,
last one on the right.
Right.
Kenny, how you doing out
there, you're alright?
All good. You?
Slow and steady at the minute.
Slow and steady wins the race.
Trust me...
I'm due a winner, aye?
We all are, mate,
we all are.
But... stay sharp, yeah?
Will do.
We got a problem.
Come on.
Danny, what are you doing?
It's not me! It's this thing!
Look, let me have a go.
I think we might've
tripped a silent alarm.
You think?
Look, I deactivated it
but it still seems to be kicking
out some sort of a signal.
Has anyone turned up?
What do you reckon?
No, not yet, but...
So, what do you want me to do about it?
What I want you to do?
You used to be Old Bill.
Make a phone call!

Find out if we're burnt or not, please!
Calm down.
If you'd tripped that alarm, it would've
gone to whatever private firm they use.
No, no, no, screw this. We're walking.
You're in deep now, boy.
One call from me and I'll
see you right back inside.
You ain't walking anywhere
until you get my box.
You'll get your box. Alright?
Fucking hell!
You were quick!
Who's you talking to?
Jesus!
Say that again?
He's been talking to
someone about the job.
Could be Old Bill for all we know!
Behave!
He was on the phone!
I heard him!
We tripped a silent alarm.
I had to make that call.
Make sure we're in the clear.
Who are you talking to?
He's...
He's an ex-cop.
Old Bill, I knew it!
He's retired,
he don't do it anymore.
He doesn't know who
any of you guys are.
You're insulated.
He's helping us,
for fuck's sake!
Nothing's changed.
Helping? How?
He's got a guy on the inside
of the alarm company.
He says we're all good.
Does he expect a cut?
No.
Well...

Not exactly, one box... a box.
Box 1-7-5.
He said if we get it for him...
all square.
How many boxes are in there, Brian? Huh?
That is a fucking... deal.
What are you thinking?
I'm thinking...
We have to finish what we set out to do.
This is madness!
Yeah, well, we all knew what we
were getting into when we started.
If the police had been alerted,
they'd be here by now.
You don't know that!
Well, that's a risk we've got to take.
Yeah.
Well...
You're the Guv'nor.
Jesus!
Can you hear me?
Are you there?
[INDISTINCT RADIO VOICES]
Are you there?
Can you hear me?
Yeah, we can hear you.
There's someone at the front door.
Looks like they're coming in.
I told you, quit it!
You know where I am!
I'm on call out!
Stacy? I don't know any Stacy!
I've had enough of this shit!
He's gone!
Looks like the old man
came through first.
Yeah.
We need to get that round ready, fellas.
Yeah, I'm on it.
Let's get this cold drill back on, aye?
You're alright?
Don't you worry about me.
I worry about everyone.
Yeah, well...

I'll be fine.
Boy, I never
expected to spend my
67th birthday knee-deep
in something like this.
Yeah, well, we get in that vault...
and you could be spending your 68th
knee-deep in something much sweeter.
Do they sell Viagra
in the Costa Del Sol?
We're through!
Jesus!
The three hours had completed.
All we had to do now is
use a hydraulic ram
to smash that metal object out
of the way so we can get in...
And take our measure of wealth.
We need to push that cabinet
out on the other side,
it's bolted into the
concrete, top and bottom.
It's gonna take some shoving.
If we get it away without damaging it.
Exactly!
Slow and steady, boys.
That's the name of the game.
Gimme a sec.
D'you know what
you're doing there?
Yes! I know what I'm doing!
Come on, Dan,
let me have a go...
I said I'm doing it!
Come on!
Don't you touch me!
Brian!
Brian!
Brian?
Brian! You OK, mate?
What's the matter with you?
Bri, what's wrong with you?
- Brian? - Brian! - Brian!
What's his pulse?

We've bugged it!
It turns out... the
compressor cable was shot.
A 15 quid spare part just
cost us 14 million in loot.
Yes, Terry, we are in deep...
- Shit
[-BUG IT!]
Shit!
- That's it! We're done!
- God!
- Do what?
- We're done!
Kenny! Side door, five minutes!
On my way!
What about the...?
- Terry!
- We're out! It's over!
Come on, get him out of there.
Dan, you do clean up.
Go, don't worry.
Shit!
Shit!
And like that...
It was over.
We were so close I could taste it.
Now, all I can taste...
Concrete.
What's going on?
What's up with Brian?
Where's the gear?
Drive!
Fucking Frank.
Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck it! Fuck! Fuck it!
Hello, lads!
Anyone fancy a game of pool?
Another time then.
- Can I get a pint?
- One second!
Danny!
It's Brian!
Hello?
Whoa! Wait, Wait!

What you doing, you silly sod?
It's only us!
I thought you were...
Sorry.
It's alright.
It's OK.
From what Brian tells us,
you got every reason to be jumpy.
What else did he say?
We should finish the job.
It'll crawling with Old Bill
by now, are you stupid?
I've been back.
The place looks like a ghost town.
No one even knows we've been in there.
What about the ram?
So, what do you think?
Here we go.
Right!
My little beauties.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold on.
You're gonna like this.
Let's try that.
No, no, no, 1-7-5... 1-7-5.
- Alright, son, plenty more
where they come from. - Terry!
- Yeah?
- That's my box.
Understood!
Right.
I'm out.
Whoa, whoa! There's so much more!
But I've got to run here.
Anytime you...
- You take care, son.
- Nice one.
Coming through!
He's like a kid in a sweetshop.
Yeah, well, you know what they say:
"Too many sweets rot your teeth".
Yeah, well...
That's what dentures are for.
Look, you go on.
We'll clear up here.

It's been a pleasure.
Hope be seeing you around.
Hey, just shut up and listen.
Now I need to move fast and
I'm willing to pay well.
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
pull in, this will do.
Fuck me! What did you rob?
The Crown Jewels?
Hmm.
Go on.
That should see us straight.
Yeah, I mean, yeah, I guess so...
I hate this fucking car.
Good seeing you again, Judas.
So, here we are...
I have the stones...
I have the money and I have the box.
What a difference a day makes.
All I had to do now, is make sure that
we all walk away from this scot-free.
I wasn't lying when
I said I trusted Jack.
I trust him... to do what he does best.
You did it, ain't it, chap?
You could've just called me, you know?
I knew Jack would give you the message.
Look, it's... it's there,
just take it and go.
I'll be taking a bit more
than that, my friend.
Frank was always sell me out.
I saw that coming a mile off.
Bag... now.
I believe those belong to me.
There's something else
you should know about sharks.
There's only one thing that they fear.
A bigger shark.
Why is he here?
Well, he said I had to nick
that box for him, didn't he?
He said if I didn't , he'd fit me up...
Me and my crew go back inside.

Let's see what you were ordered to get.

Don't!

Alright!

I liked working with you.

Pick it up, Frank.

Alright!

Take the box and go.

So, I guess I owe you
one now, then, do I?

I don't want a fucking
thing from you.

Just tell me that me
and my crew are clear.

You're clear.

What a hell of a blag you
pulled off there, right?

I suppose I was lucky.

You make your own luck.

Nah...

Steal it.

There's one thing you
can do for me, Frank.

We're gonna do a lot of business,
you and I, Francis.

For me, this life is an addiction.

I look forward to that.

That ain't me.

The sun and early retirement
would suit me just fine.

What?

You wanna know what
happened to the others?

Thieves have broken into a
vault in Central London
making off with the contents
of 300 safety deposit boxes.

The burglary happened in Hatton Garden,
known as London's jewellery...

They executed the biggest
theft in history.

They were walking on water,
I kid you not.

There was more money in loot
than in your wildest dreams.

The rule you have to follow
in order not to get caught
is 100 per cent discretion.
Not living it up, flashing your cash or
showing off your new measure of wealth.
You just quietly blend in
in the background.
The happiness you feel is something
that you never want away, ever.
But because of this one man...
It only lasted six sodding weeks.
I've been back.
The place looks like a ghost town.
On the second night,
Kenny reconned the place.
And he decided to go in his own car,
instead of the unmarked van.
There was so much loot
rolling around the big smoke...
Anyone who touched it, got burnt.
Some more deserving than others.
Frank was true to his word.
He came through on that
favour I asked of him.
Oh...
And the reason they never caught me?
Give me a name, at least.
Sorry.
I never got his name.
Name?