Intermission

By Mark O'Rowe
Oh, yeah. I've been round the block.
- Really?
- Believe it.
Sowed me oats.
Acted the rip, the rapscallion.
Ran wild, ran free.
Of course, this all back
in the days of yore.
Right. You wouldn't think it to look at you.
Yeah, well, time comes, you have to
leave behind the old hell-raising.
Take some responsibility for your life.
- Prepare the groundwork.
- How do you do that?
Well, to begin with,
I'd say by nest-building.
You have to find an abode
you feel secure in.
Then you have to furnish that abode...
procure the necessaries: Furniture, etc.
Kitchen utensils, your wok...
...your juicers.
- What about love?
Well, love's not something
you can plan for, is it?
Look all you like as long as you like...
but it's only when you let
your guard down...
- When you least expect...
- That you find someone.
Take myself for example.
You ever see me before?
No.
I've just ambled in, right? But who's to say
by tomorrow, you and me couldn't...
and I'm not coming on to you or anything...
but who's to say
we couldn't be head-over-heels?
Dancing in the Green?
- Nobody.
- Right.
- When there's something there...
- Chemistry.
Right. Who knows
where the sparks will lead?
A fella like myself, a stranger...
could just be a bit of fun in the sack,
no more.
Or, and it's not that crazy...
your soul mate.
Yeah, you've got a point.
On the other hand,
I could just be a thief or something.
What do you mean?
Some villain,
just waiting for my chance to...
smack your jaw and rob the register
while the place is empty.
But this is the thing of it, see?
You just never know...
what's gonna happen.
Come here. Look at your top!
How many fucking times
do I have to tell you? It's all over you.
What are you doing?
Get back over here
before I fucking slap you...
Get out of the way!
He's heading for the stairs.
Come on, youse humpy cunts.
Get out of my fucking way.
He's running out to the car park.
Come back here with that!
Get out of the car!
Get out of the fucking car!
Shouldn't you have been here
last time round?
I should have, but fuck it.
An hour late.
An hour less there, man. Fucking dump.
Don't start. You the same?
 Fucking bus, fucking city.
Here's this fuck now.
- Is it too early to use my pass?
- You know it is.
How much is it to the barn?
You know how much.
Come on, there's people here late.
Another 10 cents. Come on.
- Will youse come on?
- Hold your...
Hurry up.
Now.
You robbing bastard, you.
- How's Cathy?
- She ordered in a kitchen.
- You're joking. New floor not enough?
- Do you believe her?
You wanna see this floor, though.
Oak slats, lovely grain running through it.
Trouble is, this shit costs,
and there's only so much overtime going.
- Fucking shit.
- It's all shit, man.
Fucking life.
Mega brand kidney beans,
baked beans, butter beans.
Any two for the price of one.
It's a reduction rampage.
- What did you say?
- I say, 'Why not?'
She says, "Because you're not my type".
I say, "Well, what is your type?"
You know what she said?
"Everything you're not".
Jesus.
Didn't score in a single department.
Fucking wank, man.
- Next time?
- What?
That's easy enough for you to say,
sitting pretty as you are, man.
- What?
- Sitting pretty. You've Deirdre there...
Oscar, me and Deirdre broke up.
- What? When?
- Few weeks back.
Weeks? Why didn't you tell me then?
How the hell did it happen?
It was felt we should take a bit of a break.
Felt by who? By her, yeah?
John.
Oscar.
Are youse not clocking back on?
Oh, yeah.
Hang on.
Youse clocked on 15 minutes ago.
Get back on that floor, youse little pups.
That's a strike now against each of you.
John.
That's your second,
after your lateness this morning.
One more, and a certain ass will be kicked.
I shit you not, as they say in the States.
So, yeah, that was the only place left.
And it was cheap as well.
But Henry wouldn't take it
because they rape white women there.
- Who does?
- I don't know. Everyone.
Henry said some fella he knows
was driving round there...
him and his girlfriend.
They were stopped by the cops.
One held a gun on him, the other one
raped her. And then they switched.
- They raped him, too?
- No.
- Oh, the coppers switched.
- Yeah.
So you know, that's that. No sun this year.
Might go down to Wexford or something.
What about you and...
Did you ever smell these?
Smell lovely, they do.
Me and Deirdre?
- Youse broke up, didn't you?
- How did you know?
That's all right then. I saw her
with some fella at the Zombie last night.
Who?
Some middle-aged fella. Kissing.
Some baldy fella.
- Kissing a baldy fella?
- Holding hands and all, yeah.
Wexford isn't that bad, is it?
Get a caravan down there, couple of weeks. What do you think? If the sun comes out, sure we can paddle. John. Come on, man. Where is the baldy cunt? Where is he? Sorry, Deirdre. This isn't acceptable, Deirdre. After what, five, six weeks? This is bollocks. You don't fucking... You don't just hook up with the next fella walks by! The only reason you would do that is if you never cared the first place. And that's cold, man. That is the behavior of... and I have no qualms about saying it, a whore. And not with a heart of gold. No, with a heart of stone. A cold, dark fucking black heart, Deirdre. That's what you have. And I'm glad I found out. A dirty, black... - Does 'blackguard' come from blackheart? - Don't know, man. You all right? You blackguard, Deirdre. That's all you are. Do you hear me? Just a dirty fucking blackguard. The body compensates, son. Instead of mobility, I've increased perception: Sight and sound, smell, of course. It's a fair trade, and I wouldn't go back. Come on. Come on, a sup. Taste, that's another one. - Have you ever tasted Guinness? - Of course. No you haven't. You think you have. Listen, I've gotta go, man. Sorry and all, but my arm is fucked. - All right, boys. - We're not holding your pint. Why not?
- Because then we've to listen to you.
- Wise to my ploys, aren't youse?
I thought it was her
who wanted to take the break.
How're you, Seamus?
Two brown sauce sambos.
Slap it on thick, no butter,
two pints of Guinness.
- Right.
- Know what I mean?
No, it was me.
I just thought I'd give her a little test,
you know?
I say to her, "Let's take a break".
She says, "Let's not".
Then I know, see?
- John.
- What?
What kind of fuckhead are you?
- That pisses me all the way off.
- Why?
Could you not appreciate
what you fucking had?
I'm at a stage, man, I can't even wank.
Two brown sauce sambos.
- You know?
- Cheers, Seamus.
Pulling away like a madman, man.
Two pints.
Half an hour, 45 minutes,
nothing fucking happens.
Can't get my fantasies clear in my head.
Couple of occasions,
I don't mind telling you...
I wept like a woman,
the fucking frustration.
So you setting tests for Deirdre, man...
taking for granted
your good fucking fortune...
that disappoints me big style.
- I'm gonna go home, you mind?
- You're what?
What you said there is right, man.
Hundred per cent.
- You've just sent me into a state of turmoil.
- Wistful, are you?
Among other emotions.
- Need to go home and reflect on my choices.
- You do what you have to do, man.
See you.
Fair play, man.
Right. Throw us on the floor.
Gently.
Lovely.
Come here and I'll tell you. You there!
- So how goes the fight against crime?
- All right.
It's never-fucking-ending, though.
See what I mean?
Have you not got a sign that says,
'Toilets for patrons' use only'?
I do.
I'll have to enforce that rule.
Give us another 7-UP there, will you?
All right, Lehiff?
Staying out of trouble?
Jesus. Doesn't look like it.
Who did that to you?
Your old one, man.
She poked me in the eye with her cock.
You cheeky little fuck, you.
I'm watching you, do you hear me?
And if I find out
that you've been in any way bold...
I'm gonna nab you.
Now don't move.
Stay where you are and take your scolding.
Now, what do I want you to do?
Stay out of trouble.
Stay out of trouble.
That's right.
 Fucking disrespect my old one.
Now, hang on till I shake.
All right.
Go on.
So what's wrong with me? What did I do?
- Or didn't I do?
- I told you, Noeleen, nothing.
- It's just something that...
- Yeah, that happened.
You said that already,
and I don't believe you.
Is it my age?
Is it something I wouldn't do?
Is it my looks?
Wait a second. Look, don't you...
Wait! Don't you fancy me anymore?
Look. Listen to me.
It's nothing to do with you.
I fancy her, I fell for her.
We clicked, and we wanna be together.
You don't come into the equation, so relax.
Of course I come into the equation.
I'm your wife, for God's sake!
I'm your wife, Sam! 14 years!
What the hell did I do?
- So this fella's moving in with you?
- Yes.
Well, what do you want me to do?
Be like Sally?
Give up on them altogether,
grow myself a 'tache?
- Sally doesn't...
- Sally has a 'tache, Ma.
Whatever she did before,
bleached or waxed, she's quit.
Anyway, I'm better off.
Did you know John and Oscar
broke into Fruitfield a few months back...
stole a crate load of Chef Sauce?
And I know that wasn't the only time.
- Chef Sauce?
- It was all they could get.
I'd be over at his place,
he's making sauce sandwiches.
Putting it in his cornflakes.
Trying to use it all up. In his tea.
I mean, he dumps me, Ma, breaks my heart...
and then has the gall to come over
and call me a whore and a blackguard...
for not taking the fucking vows?
Well, fuck him.
Him and his brown sauce. Sorry, Ma.
But I've got a guy who's well-off, who's attractive...
  - Who's married.
  - Well, you can't have it all.
Who's not a thief, but a bank manager.
And if he wants to move in with me...
then I think
I'd be some kind of a fool to say no.
Now, I'm gonna have the carrot cake.
What are you having?
All right, my friends, do Daddy proud.
Show them what you've got.
All right. You lads ready?
And action!
Come on, guys,
we've been through this before.
They'll get it, lads,
just give them a second.
Don't fuck up on me here. Go!
For fuck's sake, how many times
have we rehearsed this, youse fucks. Go!
Get down. Martin, get back in the box.
Don't fight. Benny, get off him.
  - It is Little Big City, isn't it?
  - Yeah.
That's what it's called.
Which says to me,
yeah, stories, yeah, characters.
  - There's a broad spectrum there.
  - Diverse.
And that's what we're doing and that's fine.
But where that diversity is lacking is tone.
  - What are you saying?
  - Tone, Thomas. Texture.
What I'm saying is,
let's go a bit darker now and again.
Find a subject
with a little bit more of an edge...
and explore that edge
with the weight it deserves.
What do you think?
  - A bit darker?
  - Just a bit.
Just to spice the thing up.
Give it some depth, some complexity...
I know what you mean.
All right.
Go find a subject, bring it to me.
If it's not too much,
then I don't see why not.
- Good enough?
- Absolutely.
What about this, Sally?
When's the last time you saw me in a dress?
Give me a voucher.
A gift voucher, please.
- How much?
- Sorry?
- How much for?
- 100, please.
- No hundreds left. Do you want two fifties?
- Please.
- No fifties. Five twenties do you?
- Fine.
Grab it.

It's a sty, my life.
The people I deal with are piss. Waste.
Is that what you're interested in?
I'm a fuck, man. I mean...
my only really human quality to speak of
is a fondness for Celtic mysticism.
What's that?
The music, man.
Artistes like...
Fainne Lasta, Raithneach,
Amhann na Ngealach, Clannad.
You like them artistes?
Their music? Of course you do.
But what I'm saying is,
the kind of justice I'm questing...
requires a certain attitude
that people might find...
you know, extreme or unpleasant.
It might not be suitable.
Grab it.
- You ever compete?
- Just as a kid.
I could have turned pro... except for I joined the Guards, made crime my calling.

My da used to say, "Hate your opponent". He was my trainer. 'Hate him, and you'll never give less than 100%.' That's a philosophy I still follow. That's why I'm such an animal, man.

- Is that what you want for your show?
- Yes.
- Cool.
- It's exactly what I want.

I just have to run it by my boss. Get the go off him and then we can... Run it by him. Let him know I'm up for it, big time.

Fucking underbelly, you're saying?

No better fucking guide, man.

- You nearly finished?
- Midnight. Yourself?
- About 10 minutes.
- You lucky prick.

Gonna pick up a chicken black bean, spring roll starter...

Will you come on? We've homes to go to.

- Do you hear this?
- I know.

You'd think we were dogs or something.

- Are we moving or what?
- Will youse wait a minute?

Fuck's sake. Listen, take it easy, yeah?

Where are we?

I can't see.

We near Springfield yet? I'll give you a shout.

I was thinking we'd throw you a birthday party. What do you think?

I don't want one, Ma.

Don't believe in that party fandangle.

Deirdre feels you're letting yourself go, Sally. Deirdre wants to hook me up
because she's embarrassed I've no fella.
At least I'm not in their thrall like she is.
She escapes one, and another one nets her.
What's the story with that, anyway?
What?
Any chance of them two
going back together again?
None of your business.
No.
And listen, I wasn't going to say it to you,
but since we're having this discussion...
would you not...
Would you not get yourself
a bit of Immac or something?
Get rid of that old ronnie
you're cultivating.
I haven't got a ronnie.
Well, no, you're hardly
the Burt Reynolds league...
but there's such a thing as grooming,
you know?
Whether you're courting or not, love.
Springfield coming up, now.
Mum?
Mustn't be back yet.
Are you nervous?
Not really.
They'll be well impressed.
Take your coat off. I'll make some tea.
- Deirdre.
- Yeah.
Come here for a sec, will you?
I wanna show you something.
- Jesus.
- You must be Sam.
Christ.
There were nine, ten people at the most.
All the windows were smashed.
So it was just a matter of
climbing up on to the top.
Well, of Sally climbing up on to the top,
and of her helping them out...
and me helping them down.
- And there was nobody killed?
- No.
- Despite the blood.
- That's amazing.
- So the ambulance came and...
- Yep, took them all away and that was that.
Made a statement to the police,
but we weren't much use.
You don't know how it happened?
- Have I got a ronnie?
- A what?
- A ronnie, mustache, like.
- Show?
Well, you're no Tom Selleck, but...
Go fuck yourself.
Sorry, Ma. Fucking idiot.
Why are you so angry, Sally?
Because she's no business, that's why.
I don't go round
talking about her physical...
Jesus.
You don't know how it happened?
Be a few settlements there, I'd say.
- You should've stayed on till the next stop.
- We should've.
Anyway, it's nice to meet you, Sam.
Sorry it had to be in, what would you call it,
such dramatic circumstances.
So, how are you finding living with Deirdre?
Her place okay?
- He thinks it's a sty.
- No, I don't.
It just needs a bit of a dusting,
hat's all.
- And a hoovering, and a mopping.
- Maybe a paint job.
Ouch. I'm messing.
No, it's great. It's early days,
but we're getting on all right, aren't we?
- And how's your wife coping with this?
- Sally.
No, I'd like to know.
Is she upset? Depressed?
- Let's go, Sam.
- No, wait a sec, Deirdre.
If he can't handle this kind of talk... then he shouldn't put himself in this position.
- How long you married?
- Fourteen years.
And you can, just like that, finish with one, start with another? That kind of shit sickens me, you know that?
Sorry, Ma.
And you stay where you are. I'll go.
The stench of fucking adultery in here.
When Vincent and I broke up, I thought the same thing, Noeleen.
It's me.
I'm dysfunctional in some way because I couldn't hold on to him.
So you know what I did?
I proved to myself that it wasn't... by attempting,
by doing things that proved it.
By becoming better alone than I'd ever been with him.
- Tell me how.
- I will.
Will you?
I can't tell the difference.
- What do you want?
- Anything.
Do you have a preference in terms of content?
Like women and women, or men and men?
What the fuck are you insinuating? I don't know your preferences. I'm only trying to help you here.
- You just want straight, yeah?
- Just people fucking, man.
Make sure the chicks are good-looking.
I saw one of them before, they were hound dogs.
- There you go.
- Mutts, they were.
There's no one taking dumps in this,
is there?
- You want that?
- No.
Look, Oscar, it's just fucking, all right?
- Bit of oral, bit of anal.
- All right.
Anal men or anal women?
Can't keep your paws off her, can you?
So what happened to your sister?
She was in love with this guy
and she wanted to marry him.
Guy from London, name was Duane.
She was gonna move there with him.
Took out her savings for a new start.
A few thousand pounds.
Well, you can see where this is going,
can't you?
He convinced her to take it out in cash.
Then he stole it from her
and went back himself.
Jesus, Deirdre, get away.
You're freezing! Please, I'm serious.
Thing is, though, after he took the money...
he tied her to her bed,
told her she was a rubbish lay...
...and then did a poo on her chest.
- A what?
Ma found her.
It was like two or three days later,
and the stink, she said.
Flies crawling over her, and her hysterical.
So she moved back home then.
Hasn't trusted a man since.
Jesus!
Why would you?
Are you warm yet?
Yes, you are.
Get off!
Bastard.
Fucking bastard.
I'm telling you,
this young fella came out of nowhere.
He threw a stone through the windscreen,
a big one.
I panicked, I swerved...
You lost control.
Anyone would have. The bang, the shock,
Jesus, the windscreen shattering.
And yet no one saw this boy?
None of your passengers?
Are you joking me?
With the muck on those windows,
how could they?
They can't even see the bus stops.
I have not been negligent, man.
No way. I did nothing wrong.
Kid ran up in front of me
and hauled that rock.
Fucking pegged it, he did.
The weather seems to be
pretty much the same...
as it's been for the past couple of days...
with the wind coming up
from the south-east.
We've got squalls, sunshine patches.
We've got fairly heavy rain.
Dublin's gonna get
a lot of rain this afternoon.
Hey, man.
Hi.
What you up to? You not working?
Not anymore.
What?
Did you get let go?
Fired.
Fuck.
That's mean. You okay?
You want another one?
I don't intend stopping any time soon.
What happened to you?
Some fuck, man, don't ask.
Some little fucker.
I was driving up by Greenhills.
Stroked jammer? Of course.
Comes out of nowhere...
...fucks a rock through the windscreen.
What?
Into the ditch I went, banjaxed my face.
Do you believe it?
Two pints, please.
- So tell me about it.
- Fuck it.
Fuck nothing.
Time like this, you need to talk.
A shoulder, an ear.
Get it off your chest, man.
Speaking in front of a group.
Excellent, in fact, we'll do a list.
Do you know what I find fascinating, an muinteoir?
- Dreams.
- We'll be doing dreams in a couple of weeks.
- Fabulous. Will we?
- We will. So, public speaking.
How does that make us feel? Anyone?
- Vulnerable?
- Good.
- Shy.
- Exposed.
Scared.
- Powerful.
- No, it's just negative things now.
Naked.
Do you ever dream you're naked, an muinteoir?
It's fascinating. Do you ever do that?
- Okay, what else?
- In command.
Negative things. Come on, now.
- Weak.
- Weak. Excellent.
Or you're relieving yourself on O'Connell Street.
What does that mean, an muinteoir?
Number twos, like,
in a little toilet outside the GPO...
and you're afraid to wipe your bum because everybody will look at you.
It's fascinating and laugh, like.
- Okay, so. What's that, Maurice?
- Dreams, an muinteoir.
We're not talking about dreams, you fool.
Did you not hear him?
A couple of weeks' time, he said.
Can you not wait?
You stupid old fool, what are you?
What are you? A fool!
- What do you want?
- Give us a ten.
Don't do tens anymore.
Don't break it up that small anymore.
Fuck.
Out of the way.
Flatfoot, fat fucking faggot.
Go on, you prick. Prolong the inevitable.
See that? Even in your, what are they?
What have you got?
Even in your Nikes, I'm more nimble.
Me in my heavy brogans. What have we got?
We've got money. Quit your wriggling!
We've got gear.
There you are.
Where the fuck is the motor?
For fuck's sake. Some fuck's after...
Shut the fuck up! You giggling whore, you.
When will he be back?
No, I can't wait that long!
This is bollocks, man, I'm telling you.
My rank, I should not have to deal with
this kind of unprofessional and...
Fuck it.
Give me the number of a taxi firm, will you?
That's not what we want, Ben.
It's indigestible. It's too hard.
- But it's real, it's true.
- I know that.
It's out there.
I'm talking about a world
people don't see, Thomas.
- The humanity within...
- But that's not what I hired you to do.
Now, you wanna use a copper?
Find some fella
who helps the homeless in his spare time.
- Or one who can juggle.
- He likes Celtic mysticism.
Yeah? Raithneach, Clannad, artistes like that?
- Fainne Lasta?
- All that shit, yeah.
But how's that a quirk, Ben?
Sounds like the guy knows his music.
But him knowing his music
is a far from good enough reason to do him.
He's too hard and he's too nasty. Nasty.
- Too nasty.
- But...
Softer.
Jerry. What's this I hear
you're gonna be on telly?
The truth and nothing but, man.
Not in a supporting role, either.
- The subject, I'm gonna be.
- Jammy fuck, you.
Leading man.
- Has nobody any balls these days?
- That's what I said.
- Yeah?
- To his face.
- I agree with you 100%, Jerry.
- The faggot.
Is he a faggot? Bet you he is.
One of those fucks that tries
too hard to be one of the ladies.
I read you.
Well, fair play to you.
Talking to your boss like that, I respect that.
You work your way up, that's what I say.
Develop your own show.
Call it Hard As Nails Cunts or something.
Then we'll collaborate.
Yellow-bellied fucks.
Listen, buddy, crime calls.
- I'll catch you again, all right?
- Catch you, man.
Motherfuckers.
You think people enjoy
that kind of attitude? Because they don't.
Go on, do it again
if it makes you feel so good.
Bloody state of you. What I should do now...
is speak to your manager
and have you fired...
if I could only be bothered.
Don't know how well off you are.
Go on, do it. You know you want to.
I've changed my fucking mind!
There's a couple of jars
smashed in that lane.
Clear them up, will you?
It's not my job, it's Thomas'.
He's on the brush.
Your job is to do what I tell you.
Now come on.
It's not Dolce Salsa, is it?
- It is, yeah.
- Can't do. Dolce Salsa makes me sick.
- All I have to do is smell the stuff.
- Move.
Thomas, wait there.
There you are. Do it.
Okay, man.
You're okay, Thomas.
I'm just trying to make a point.
For God's sake!
Told you.
You finished?
- You finished?
- Yeah.
Come with me.
Thomas, clear up that sick
before someone slips in it.
I want you to get one thing straight.
I'm your boss, you do as I say.
Go home, repeat it, maybe it'll lodge.
One more incident like this,
do you hear me? One more incident...
and I will TCB, as they say in the States.
I will "take care of business".
You are here to do as you are told.
You are here to work.
So get back out there and do some.
Come on, Thomas, move it.
If you move it, you won't have to smell it.
- I know that you've been patient, Karen.
- Stop.

No, you have. Taking me shopping
and everything, the classes.
Maybe it's a different kind of boost
you need.
Something to remind yourself
you're attractive, say.
Maybe you need to be chatted up
or something.
- Flirted with, pursued...
- Wanted, Karen.
- That's what it is.
- Okay, then.
Let's do something about that.
- Here's one, Ben.
- What is it?
It's good.
Like all the other good stuff
I've read so far?
I'm getting a bit tired
of your attitude, Ben.
You can't choose one, that's fine.
I've chosen one for you.
Read it...
get the lads, and get on it.
But it's not up for discussion, Ben.
Hello?
They want us to go on...
They want us to go on telly.
Because of the accident, the bus.
Some man just rang.
They wanna do an interview.
Said to ring him back if we're interested,
you know.
I'm telling you,
Jonesy said it's the best place to go.
- Maybe not the best, but the easiest.
- If you're desperate.
But I am, John. You know I am.
Jesus Christ.
See, if this is all the competition there is...
And some old ones are cute.
- Not too old.
- Where?
This is what Jonesy said.
You gotta scout about a bit.
I'll meet you in a while.
Pint of Guinness, please.
You dirty bastard.
Fancy a bit of mature, yeah?
Look, I know why you're here.
I've got my own business, you know?
Fish and chip shop.
- You like fish?
- Some fish.
- Not fish-and-chip fish.
- Right.
- You like chips, though?
- You know what I like? Onion rings.
Right.
Not the biggest fan of them myself.
It's about the only part of my produce
that I'm not partial to.
Look, I'm not gonna
beat around the bush, ladies.
But if we can't be
compatible about business...
- Now, him I like.
- Who?
- That young guy?
- There's two of them.
If he asks me to dance,
will you get up with his friend?
Come on. I'd feel silly on my own.
I mean, feck it, a woman my age...
place like this, what's the point in lying?
That's my philosophy. The truth.
Life's too short. What was I saying?
The hormones, right.
No, it's not the worst thing...
because since I've been on them,
I have to say...
I've been feeling very erotic.
You know what
a younger man like yourself lacks?
A bit of mature loving.
You lack it because you don't look for it.
But let me tell you something.
I'm sporty.
I'm actually...
Celia, you're talking about honesty?
I'm actually just waiting on a mate. Sorry.
Okay.
I won't waste any more of your time.
- I found one.
- Yeah, what's she like?
- Will you dance with her mate? She's nice.
- What's her mate like?
- Which? The right or the left?
- The left.
- All right.
- The left's mine.
All right, fuck it.
- I hope you know, I've no interest.
- Me, neither.
So nothing's gonna happen.
We're just gonna dance, enjoy it,
and we're going to finish when they finish.
- What's that perfume?
- Hey.
- I was just...
- Hey.
You come here often?
Yes?
No?
It's my first time.
I didn't know it'd be, you know...
Older people?
- That's okay.
- Older than me, say.
Are you a little shy, Oscar?
I think you are.
I think you're very nice, too.
Would you like to come home with me?
I know, I can't believe I said it, either.
But would you?
Blue Enigma.
My perfume.
You said...
You said you were waiting on a friend.
How dare you?
- If you don't want me, you tell me the truth.
- Who's this?
I'm coming here...
- Who the hell are you?
- Nice dancing with you.
How dare you? I'm coming here
long enough not to need these lies.
I'm finished. I'm going to the toilet.
Did you hear what I said earlier on?
I'm coming here long enough
not to need these lies.
Do you hear what I'm saying? You big liar!
Oscar, I'm splitting. Do you hear me?
- Will you be all right?
- Who'd have you anyway, you pug-ugly?
Fucking liar.
So what do you wanna do?
Do you wanna go out?
Wouldn't mind staying in.
- Again?
- Why not?
I'm gonna take a bath.
- Can I help?
- You can bring me in a glass of wine.
Hello?
- Can I speak to Deirdre, please?
- Who's calling?
It's John.
- John she used to go out with?
- Yeah.
- I'm sorry, I can't put you on to her.
- Why not?
You're the competition, aren't you?
You're the ex.
- Sam, who is it?
- It's for me, Deirdre.
What is it you want, anyway?
You wanna win her back?
She's not going back.
- So what's the problem?
- The problem is it'd make me uncomfortable.
I'm sure you're not the worst, okay?
But as far as Deirdre's concerned,
you're my enemy.
- Pal, you don't want me as your enemy.
- No?
I can make life hard, man. That's right.
Talk to me like you're talking,
I'll crack your baldy head, man.
And I know you're baldy.
I'll be the worst enemy...
You ever fucking had! Do you hear me?
All right, John boy?
Sorry for your troubles, man.
What? A pint of Guinness, please, Seamus.
Heard about your break-up.
This is Lehiff, by the way.
Come here,
why don't you join us over here?
- We got some business...
- A proposition.
We got a proposition we wanna run by you.
- Potential of a few quid, man.
- Many a quid's potential.
Follow us over.
I need a bit of a lift at the moment, Oscar.
Bit of a pepping up.
Can you pep me up?
Good Jesus.
Look. Rough, man.
Bit of pain-slash-pleasure, you know?
Jesus, my cock's killing me,
my bones, my muscles...
but I'm energized.
- Good, because I've a proposition for you.
- A what?
Some business.
Come on, I'll tell you on the floor.
- It's my cock, John.
- Yeah, so you said.
I'm telling you. Pain-slash-pleasure.
 Fucking aching me, it is.
Yeah, don't even ask about my balls.
So we hold the girlfriend hostage,
say we'll kill her if he doesn't do as we say.
Drive him to the bank, two of us,
the other stays with her...
he gets us the money, we let her go.
Wear masks, whatever, disguise our identity.
Thing is, though, and this is the sweet,
the poetic part, though, right.
The girlfriend is Deirdre.
You're joking? And the fella is...
Her fella. That's right, the baldy fuck.
Are you on?
- I don't think so.
- What?
Why don't you just ring her?
Tell her you want her back.
Fuck that. That's over now.
This is the new shit.
It's all a bit risky.
But vengeance, man,
it's not about the money.
- Well, it is, but the satisfaction...
- That's you, John.
That's your reward. I'm sorry.
- Come on.
- It's too big. No, man.
And I wouldn't recommend
you get involved, either.
I'm getting involved, all right,
I'm not passing this up.
- And if you were any kind of fucking mate...
- What?
- Fuck you!
- No, fuck you, man.
- If you were any use...
- I am use.
- Except for fucking fogeys.
- She's no fogy.
She may be older, but she's sporty.
And I'm taking exception to that description.
Granny, she is.
May have to break your face for you,
you keep it up.
- You big cock, you.
- You're a cock!
No, you are. Big hairy prick, you.
Can't even get laid by a bird your own age.
Come here, feck me.
I've got you, man. Give up.
You got me on the wrassling.
See, when I start using my karate...
- Wrassling or karate...
- John! Oscar!
I'm sick of this now.
Come up to Mrs. Rooney's office.
Put a stop to this claptrap,
once and for all.
Henderson!
Good shot, man.
Nice one, John.
 Fucking eejit.
I'm not going to the hospital, I told you.
Now Mr. Henderson has decided
he doesn't want to bring the police into this.
But you understand we're going to
have to terminate your employment, John.
Have you anything you'd like to say or...
Go fuck yourselves?
No, Tony, no, it's about what I expected.
I'm just so sorry it had to come
to all of this.
- And you go fuck yourself, too.
- Enough of that.
No, Tony, if he hasn't even got the grace...
...or the originality to...
- Fuck youse.
- Hello.
- How you doing?
How are you?
Look at your woman's makeup.
Fuck. Take a chisel to get that off.
Hey. Youse off the telly?
- Yeah.
- Put me on.
- No.
- Go on, youse pricks. Put me on.
I'll do a dance for youse.
- Fuck's sake.
- Okay. You all set?
- Yeah.
Let's get the heroic angle.
The mythic shot.
There's something wrong
with the light here.
I don't see why
we can't just shoot this thing straight on.
There's some sort of a shadow there
that I can't seem to get rid of.
That's not, I don't think, shadow.
That's a moustache, Ben.
That's ruining it, isn't it, Charlie?
Sorry, Sally.
You hear this 'mythic shot' shit?
Could you step out of the shot for a minute?
Just for a minute.
Right, Maura.
What happened when the bus went over?
Who the hell...
- Christ! What the fuck?
- What was that?
Actually, Maura,
can we put Sally in for this one, please?
Do what you can with the moustache.
Lose the low angle if you have to.
I told you, if we shot simply,
we'd be home by now.
Fucking mythic shot.
Sally, it'll be great.
Okay, let's go.
That's wanton, now.
Condolences, man.
Seriously.
- My stereo there?
- No.
- My sounds?
- No.
At least they had taste, the cunts.
You gonna put this in your film, Jerry?
- Hello?
- Call yourself a maverick?
Yeah.
Then be one, Ben. Do me anyway.
What?
Do your own film.
You have access, don't you?
Cameras and all that? Sound shit?
Wanna do the underbelly, don't you?
You said you did.
- I know.
- You said you were a maverick.
Well, this is how mavericks create.
Outside the system.
Oh, yeah.
But if you're prepared for that, let's do it.
- If not, well, okay, fine.
- No.
- Be a conformist.
- No, I'd like to, it's just...
Yea or nay, Ben?
Yea or nay?
Tonight on Little Big City...
an accident
could have become a catastrophe...
if it weren't for the intervention
of several brave passersby.
One of whom we have here with us.
We felt that a...
well, actually, I felt that
there were people...
whose lives were in danger.
So I jumped on top of the bus.
The bus was on its side, actually...
so it wasn't that high
to jump on top of the bus.
- Oh, my God.
- What?
It's horrible, Ma.
Not on the bus, but in the bus.
I saw it through the window.
And I was frightened
that there were people dead everywhere.
There weren't,
there was just a few cuts and bruises.
- Damn.
- You didn't miss much, it's only your sister.
- Was she good?
- Not really.
She was a bit inarticulate,
to tell you the truth.
- I was shit.
- No, you weren't.
My hair was shit. Yes, I was.
My moustache. I am like Burt Reynolds.
Fucking hell.
- Listen, do you mind if we stay in tonight?
- What?
- I'm knackered, do you mind?
- Sam!
Come on, Deirdre.
We don't have to go out every night, do we?
Every night?
I pay rent here.
I pay your rent on top of my own.
I give you money. I treat you well.
Is that not enough?
- It's not what I want, Sam.
- Well, what do you want?
- Come on, tickles.
- No. Put me down.
Fuck. What the fuck?
Listen. Fuck this.
- Oscar, I'm sorry, I...
- This is too much.
What's wrong with you? Jesus.
It was kinky at first, but my fucking jaw.
- Don't go, Oscar, please stay.
- Fuck that.
Look, you're better off
finding someone into that shit, Noeleen.
- I won't, I'll stop.
- I'll see you again.
- Oscar, please. I'll stop.
- I'll see you again.
Oscar, I won't, I'll stop.
My fucking jaw.
It's like, I knew I had it,
but I didn't care because I didn't see it.
Now I see it.
Now I do. I don't understand why I didn't.
It's like I kept it as a badge of,
I don't know...
maybe of mourning or something.
I don't know.
Or courage.
I mean, you've been through the wars, love.
That's true. I've distinguished myself.
What about you, Ma?
You never thought of getting someone?
Getting married again?
I don't think I could, even if I wanted to.
Your father was...
- I don't know, I'd feel...
- You were betraying him?
No, I think he'd have wanted me to.
It's just, I still feel
close to him, you know?
To have had someone like him
in my life that special, I feel it's enough.
And who could ever give me
what he gave me, anyway?
- What do you mean?
- I don't know.
His love, for one thing.
My home.
The times we had.
We did have times, Sally.
A whole load of memories.
The children he gave me.
My beautiful children.
With or without moustaches.
I feel blessed by all of that.
By you, Sally.
So why would I want for anything more?
I'm serious, love.
I know.
I've been so lonely, Ma.
I know you have, baby. I know you have.
It's all right.
Delicious, this.
I can feel it doing me good already.
Vitamins and shit. Carbs or whatever.
Think they're in the beans.
- You have any brown sauce?
- Sure.
Or is it the pudding?
Anyway, what time is it?
It's 7:
That way a knock on the door
won't be too strange.
Don't forget, I won't be talking.
That's right.
You can nod, whatever. Or grunt.
Write shit down.
There we go.
- You scummy fucker.
- Want some? It's nice, man.
Go on, give us a shot.
It's delicious.
Give us some of that.
It's gorgeous.
You got the gun and all, Lehiff?
- Give us a look.
- Here? Use your head, man.
- That's not fucking bad.
- I'm telling you, man.
I'll show youse after, all right?
That's fucking delish, man.
Be careful, you fuck.
Stick on some sounds, will you,
to get us in the mood.
What have you got?
Clannad.
Fuck that, we'll do without.
Here, look at these.
I got them in the joke shop,
so as we can drive the bloke to the bank.
Anyone looks, they see real people,
but not the right people.
- Clever.
- Better fucking believe it.
This shite, you've gotta be
Stephen fucking Hawking.
Hawkings, which is it?
Hawking.
Where's your sis, Cathal?
- Why? She gonna be on this?
- I don't know.
What would she do to get on?
- She'd do anything you want, Jerry.
To the camera.

To the camera, Cathal.
- Would she give me a riding?
- She might.
- The whore.
- She's not a whore.

This is Wayne, Ben.
Dealer.

He isn't doing much at the moment
on account of surveillance.
That's right. Can't even
take a shit in peace.

Reckon he's done
the odd drive-by as well.

That'd be telling, Jerry.
What's this? A film?

Fucking scumbag.

It's a documentary.

About what?
About scumbags.

So tell the camera
what it's like dealing death for a living.

Go on. Feeding filth to these poor addicts.

Fuckhole.

Are you looking for a shot, man?

Dislodge the champion off his podium?

Reckon I can do it, Jerry.
- You getting this, Ben?
- Reckon I can whup you!

See what I mean? Scum.

It's the only thing they understand, Ben.

Jesus.

How are you?

Who is it, Deirdre?

Okay, so these lads will go with Sam here.

And me, the really dangerous fuck
of the trio, will stay with you. All right?
- Good.
- Okay, Sam?

Good. All right?

I won't.
- I will.
- All right, let's go.

What the fuck do you see
in a fogey like that, anyway?
Can't say he'd be too energetic sackwise.
You can answer me.
That chick's a bit young for you, isn't she?
What would she be, 25, 26?
And gorgeous.
Suppose it's the old wage, though, isn't it?
That would attract them all right.
I'll tell you what, though,
despite her material wants...
I'm talking about my own wife here now,
she has them.
Me and her is based on more than that.
Snuggle her at night.
Get the old belly-fluts.
Does your woman give you that? No?
Or more to the point, do you give her it?
- You own this place?
- No.
Rent?
I wouldn't mind
owning somewhere like here, now.
It's not the best by any means...
but for a man of my humble wants,
you know?
Is that a wok I see?
Very nice.
Are they worth getting?
You find you have much use for it?
I suppose.
Have my eye on a few kitchen appliances.
Woks, blenders.
Feel it's time I domesticated
myself a little bit.
Wokked my own grub
instead of always ordering in.
And what kind of oil would you use?
I hear olive's the best.
Well, that's what I use.
Right.
And what are the advantages
you find it has above, say...
chip-pan oil or...
You fucking idiot.
Right, now get back in there and make me some tea.
Go on.
All right. Go on, go.
You mean that, Mick?
What you said about the missus?
- About getting the fluts and all.
- Oh, yeah.
You think I didn't?
True love, man.
You feel it, you feel it.
What do you think?
Yeah.
You feel it?
With Deirdre, man.
I do.
It gets me in here.
Yeah.
That's where it gets you, all right.
Try and fuck with me?
Have to watch you like a vulture.
Don't want sugar. Get me brown sauce.
Brown sauce?
There's something wrong with that, is there?
It's the new fucking business, sure.
Everyone's doing it.
Not a bad old morning?
Hey, Sally.
- Should you not be in work?
- I took the day off.
Thinking of leaving altogether, actually.
- Yeah?
- Yeah, it's pissing me off, you know?
What about yourself?
- It's my birthday next week.
- Yeah? Happy birthday.
Thanks.
And my mother got me one of those mall vouchers.
You know, you can use it in any shop.
So I'm gonna get a makeover.
- Nice massage.
- Treat yourself?
Bit of a facial. Exactly, yeah.
- Get my moustache waxed.
- What moustache?
Oscar, come on.
You've a bit of hair there,
but it's hardly a ronnie, man.
Needs a bit of bleaching's all that needs.
Do you want a coffee?
Hey, I was just on my way up to you.
What's up with your phone? Is it broke?
Or more to the point...
Slow down a second.
More to the point,
where were you last night?
- Leave me alone, Karen.
- What?
I get you.
This new man in your life, is that it?
Now that everything's peaches and cream,
it's dump your friends...
leave them hanging, is that it?
Stop a second, will you, for fuck's sake!
Is that the explanation?
After all the effort I put into you,
the time I spent, the...
- Stop, I said!
- Get your fucking maulers off me!
Lookit, look at this.
Oh, man, it's bulging.
Prepare to be rich.
Prepare to fucking...
Where the fuck is he going?
Sam!
What the fuck?
Who's that?
I'm sorry!
Where's the bag?
What the fuck? Some chick.
She's vicious, man.
She's an animal.
Look at her milling into the fucker.
- I'm sorry, Noeleen.
- You okay?
Yeah. Yes, it's okay.
Retaliate, you dope.
Grab the bag, stand the fuck up and...
Coppers.
Sketch, man, skedaddle, will you? Jesus.
- Get off him. Come on.
- Calm down, madam, will you?
- I don't believe it. Who was that?
- Don't fucking know.
That's it now.
All that risk, that work, for nothing.
I promised Cathy a shed out the back.
What the fuck will I tell her now?
You know those sheds?
Store your shovels and shit.
Your lawnmower.
The fuck?
- That's the little fucker who stoned my bus.
- So? We've gotta get back, man.
- Fuck that.
- What the fuck do you mean, 'Fuck that'?
- What about Deirdre?
- You're the one that loves her, you go back.
I've my own mission here.
Mick!
Right, he's moving.
- Looking for love, it's tough.
- It is.
- How did we get on to this?
- Don't know.
And it's frightening.
- A lot of bad decisions you can make.
- Yeah, a lot of wrong turns, exactly.
Potential for heartbreak, for hurt.
But you persevere.
- You reckon?
- Yeah.
- You've got to, do you not think?
- No, I do.
I mean, what else is there?
Exactly.
What the fuck else is there?
Who is it?
What's going on?
What the fuck does this mean?
Where's you-know-who?
Are you fucking around here?
Take this fucking thing.
What's going on, man?
She got out of order.
Now who's this crazy old one?
Fuck that, fuck her. Where is everyone?
Don't write it, tell me. Are you listening?
I'm a prick? You're a prick!
If this is fucked up, I wanna know how.
I said talk now, man.
- Who's got the money?
- Why did you hit her?
- Because she's a cunt!
- John.
Now tell me.
You're after blowing your cover, sure.
Shut the fuck up, or I'll smack you again.
And don't give me
any more of this mad old shit. Tell me!
Fuck. Look what you're after
making me do.
Fuck this.
Are you all right?
Fuck, Deirdre, fuck.
Jesus, I'm late.
They said they'd a cancellation for 10:00,
but if I miss that...
- You better hurry.
- It's great to see you, Oscar.
And, come here, if you wanna
leave your job, you know what I say?
Leave your fucking job.
Go somewhere you're treated right.
Thanks for the coffee.
Do you wanna go out some night?
We have a hit, huh?
Yeah.
Respect. From one maverick to another?
Professional.
Get in!
- What?
- We're not finished yet. Come on.
- You ever been in a high-speed pursuit?
- No.
Well, buckle up and get filming.
Of all the cunts.
This is where we separate
the men from the faggots.
Film me when I talk, man.
Come on, you fuck, you.
Is that all you got?
That your best?
Bollocks.
After costing me my job.
- Fuck, where's he going?
- You filming me?
He's going to the country.
- You're out of your element now, pal.
- So are we, Jerry.
Shut the fuck up.
I am gonna nab you directly.
I'm right behind you, you little fuck.
I won't hurt you, come here.
Step on the bumper, will you?
Put your weight on it, so I can climb back.
Please.
Sorry, sheep.
Got to put you down, man.
Out of your misery.
It was you, you fuck! You stole my motor.
You shouldn't have pissed on my legs, man.
- Fuck's sake, and my sounds, man!
- Shit sounds.
You were playing them, fuckhole!
You hear this fucking hypocrite?
Anyway, the power of certain artistes...
is beyond the ken of cunts like you.
You just don't have
the requisite Celtic soul, man.
Yes, I do.
That's a brave fucking statement, huh?
Would you like the chance to back that up?
You and me.
Hand to hand.
You win...
I let you go.
Okay.
Are you getting this, Ben? Come on!
This episode will be entitled
"Personal Justice".
Come on, you fucking scumbag, you,
come on.
Good lad.
Jerry!
...over 80 miles an hour.
The chase, which ended here
and resulted in destruction of livestock...
the vicious shoot-out
and the loss of a life.
Detective Jerry Lynch...
a 15-year veteran of the Garda Siochna,
distinguished himself...
- Was it the money?
- No.
- To hurt me?
- Deirdre.
- Him?
- Maybe a little bit, I don't know.
- You were an idiot. You know that? Always.
- I know.
Always the same shit,
or ever since I've known you.
Taking the long way to get what you want,
and fucking everything up on the way.
- Anything but ask, huh?
- I might be refused.
Anything but say what you need.
You have to take that chance, John.
And you're right, you might be refused,
but on the other hand...
You know?
- Might's not definite, is it?
- No.
It's a vague enough term at best.
Tell me what you need, John.
Hey, fuckhole, look at you. Give us a look.
See you, John.
Sure, it's only a flesh wound.
So action-fucking-central, huh?
So tell us about it.
Come on, man, tell.
Shit happens you can't change. You've no choice but to deal with it, adapt to it.

Other shit, though, you have the choice, the means to improve your situation... and change things. That's what you do, don't you?
- You do.
- Try to make yourself happy.
This is philosophy, George.
This is life. Come on.
More.

Succor, you know? Satisfaction. I mean, take me for example, my handicap. Or what you might call my handicap.
Snap! Hey, snap!
What's up, man?
I'm bricking.
Relax, they haven't got you yet. They're not gonna.
What did you say at the hospital?
Said I was mugged and dumped in the canal. Filed a report and all.
So fuck it. Keep the cool, we'll be hunky.
What about Deirdre? She won't say anything, you know?
No, what about her and you, man? Have youse finished your little intermission?
What?
I'll race you. Come in here, think you're the king on wheels?
- I'm the king round here.
- Fine.
Me.

Are you chicken, pal? You afraid to face the king?
- Because you're not, you know.
- Not what?
The king. You may be the prince.
Jerry!
Come in.
- Did you see me on the news?
- Yeah.
"Detective hero".
Yeah, I know, but come here.
The way it was told is the way it has to be.
I know.
You saved my life. You're the hero, Ben.
Hey.
No, I mean it.
As a token of my respect,
no, fuck that, my admiration...
I want you to have these.
Wow, Fainne Lasta.
You've earned them.
A warrior soul, Ben.
A kindred soul.
I better go empty my colostomy bag.
We'll meet again, no doubt.
Yeah. On the streets, huh?
On the streets.
Can I talk to you for a sec?
Hey, Maura.
Hello, John.
Can I talk to you?
Sure.
If you don't shut up, I will race you.
I hope so.
I'll show you, you fucker. Come on.
I just wanna say a couple of things to you, all right?
Now, I'm not asking for anything,
so don't feel any pressure.
Okay.
Just listen.
This is a list of things that I want...
and have wanted...
for a long time.
Straight from the heart, no fucking around.
To be with you...
to live with you, and to...
eventually, you know, marry you.
To have your child...
For me to have yours?
Yes. All my children.
However many, three, four...
Go on.
To grow old with you.
To know...
and that's the main thing...
to know, all right...
that you feel the same.
That's it.
How hard was that?
Hard enough.
Well, I do feel the same.
- What's wrong?
- Not in front of your ma.
You fucking prude!
They don't mind.
- Will you ever cheat on me?
- Never.
- Will you take care of me?
- Always.
- Will you ever neglect me?
- No.
- Raise a hand to me?
- No.
Take a shit on me?
Do you want me to?
I have had enough of you.
Fucking coming in here every night...
On your marks. Get set. Go!
Where are you,
you grumbling old piece of shit, youse?
Come on, you old fucker.
Oh, my leg.
Default, man.
Where is he?
Default. There was an obstacle.
Do you see this?
I am the king of the world.
The king of the Republic of Ireland.
Saw you on the box, love.
- Yes?
- You were shit.
Thank you very much. Thank you.
And thank you because you are out of here.
So, you and Sally, man.
Who'd have thought?
Fucking love her, man.
Here, wait till I tell you what we did last night.
Don't, man, fuck's sake.
You're right. Keep it to myself, I will.
- Cherish it.
- That's it.
Relish it, I will.
So, you relish being out of a job?
Fucking right.
No getting up, no taking orders.
- No Henderson.
- That's the best bit.
- Being free of that fuck.
- Absolutely.
- Are you off, Mr. Henderson?
- I am, indeed, Mrs. Rooney.
A little R&R, as they say in the States.
Isn't it lucky for some?
I am the boss.
I have authority.
You are the minion.
You're beneath.
I have the power.
What do I have?
I'm sorry, I didn't get that. Speak up.
What do I have?
That's right.
That's absolutely...
What the fuck?
- Where the hell is it?
- Just do it manually.
Are you sitting on it?
Just do it manually.
This is good.
You can see the nocturnal activities...
No, I saw this one. Something else.
Is it under you?
Keep going. Come on.
No, back one.
Back one.