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Len and Company

By Tim Godsall

[projector whirring]
[Ian Dury and the Blackheads'
"Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick"]
[upbeat rock music]

II:

- I In the deserts of Sudan I
I And the gardens of Japan I
I From Milan I
I To Yucatan I
I Every woman, every man I
I Hit me with
your rhythm stick I
I HR me, m me I
I Je t'adore,
ich liebe dich I
I HR me, m me, m me I
I Hit me with
your rhythm stick I
I Hit me slowly,
hit me quick I
I HR me, m me, m me I

II:

I In the wilds I
I Of Borneo I
I And the vineyards I
I Of Bordeaux I
I Eskimo, Arapaho I
I Move their body to and fro I

II:

I Hit me with
your rhythm stick I
I HR me, m me I
I Das ist gut,
c'est fantastique I
I HR me, m me, m me I
I Hit me with
your rhythm stick I
I It's nice to be I
I A lunatic I
I HR me, m me, m me I
[lively saxophone solo]

II:

I HR me, m me, m I

II:

I In the dock of Tiger Bay I

I On the road to Mandalay I

I From Bombay to Santa Fe I

I Over hills I

[door slams]

- Hey, man,

can I borrow a tie?

- For what'?

- Mine has shit on it.

I got a job interview.

- Okay, you just,

uh, clean yours?

- No.

I'm too pressed for time.

Today's soccer,

plus I'm captain this week,

so I'm in charge

of bringing all the goals,

and fuckin' Agro Mike's

got a UTI.

- Uh, well,

they're in the top drawer.

- Thanks, man.

- Yeah.

- Wait, hey,

when are you coming back?

- I don't know.

I was thinking a couple days.

- All right.

Let me know how it goes.

- Yeah.

- All right, see you, man.

- All right.

- I never knew it was possible

to be so bored

and stressed at the same time.

[rock music playing on radio]

II:

- Yeah, no,
I'm halfway there now.
I'll just look it up
on my phone if/ get lost.
Don't Worry.
Yeah, no.
Well, then, I'll pull over.
Yeah, no.
It'll be fine.
Yeah, listen,
I don't want to get a ticket.
I don't want to get pulled over,
so I'll-I'll, uh-
I'll give you a call
when I get there.
Okay.
Yeah, no, Mom,
I know what he's like, okay?
You don't have to coach me.
All right, yeah.
No, I'm hanging up now.
AH right, bye.
[ethereal music]

II:

[water flowing]
[crows calling]
Hey.
Dad.
Len.
[sputtering]
Hello, Max.
- Uh, what are you doing?
- Fucking swimming.
What's it look like?
- The water's disgusting.
- No, it's not.
It's nature.
It's like swimming
in a pond with steps.
It's what man was meant
to swim in.
Besides, I think
the pool guy's quit.

- He quit?

Why?

- I don't know.

He just doesn't
come round anymore.

- Have you tried calling him?

- Yeah, well,
that's part of the problem.
Never been properly introduced.

Tessa used to take care
of all that shit.

He was a pissant, anyway,
always rushing around.

- I bet I could find him.

- Don't bother.

He's fired.

Cheeky fucking cunt bastard.

- [chuckles]

[clears throat]

- So, uh...

To what do I owe
the honor of this visit?

- I just thought
I'd check up on you,
see if you're okay.

I tried calling.

- I see you brought a bag.

- Yeah, I, uh- I thought
I'd stay for a couple of days.

Yeah, no one's heard from you
in a while, you know?

You must be cold.

- No, I'm not.

- I mean, you really got
the whole "Grey Gardens"
thing going.

I like it.

- Yeah, well, I wasn't
expecting any visitors.

[cell phone vibrates, beeps]

- Yeah.

- No phones up here.

- Are you serious?

- Don't want to see it.

. Okay"

- I want to hear myself think for a change.
I mean it.

- So, uh, uh, when did you break up with Tess?

- Awhile ago.

- What happened?

- She was an underfed coyote, poor thing.
Time came for her to go foraging.

- Man, I'm-I'm sorry to hear that.

- It's all right, Max.
I know the game.
So while we're on the subject, what can I do for you?

- Um, nothing, I just-

- Do you need money?

- I was just planning on hang-hanging out-

- There's got to be some expense I'm not covering.

- It's nothing like that.

- Want me to make a call for you?
Get you a label?

- No.

It's not...

- I'm a very successful man, Max.
High up on the totem pole.

- I'm well aware.

- What do you need, then?

- I don't need anything.
I'm just visiting.

[muffled television]
[television stops]

- Your hair's longer.

- Yeah.
It's been, uh-
it's been like this for a while.

- All right.

Stay.

Don't distract me.

I need to focus.

. Okay"

[muffled television]

What are-what are you
doing, exactly?

- Thinking.

- Yeah, what are
you thinking about?

- Everything.

The whole Charade.

"S h a-rad e."

- All right, well,
I'm gonna go to my room.

- Right, you've got
30 seconds,
or on top of motor theft,
ifs resisting arrest
and assault
with a deadly weapon.

- And forgery.

[soft acoustic guitar music]

II:

- Uh, shall we start?

- Yeah, go for H.

- Um, do you feel
like you've matured?

- What do you mean?

- There's a rawness
to the new album
that feels like a departure
and an evolution.

- Thank you.

Yeah.

Yeah, I'd say those things.

- Do you feel like this is
an accurate snapshot of Zoe?

- [chuckles]

Maybe.

- Okay. Sorry, let me come
at this a different way.

You've basically, you know,

grown up in public.

Famous since you were
16 years old.

Every mistake you make,
your fashion choices,
your romantic choices,
all get catalogued
very publicly.

I mean, what's that
been like for you?

- Uh, I don't...

know really what you're asking.

- Well, it's not exactly
how everyone spends
their teenage years,
but you seem
to have come through it,
maybe with a-
a hard-won wisdom.

- I don't know.

L'm-l mean,

it's the only experience
I've ever had, you know.

[laughing]

So that's it.

[acoustic guitar music]

II:

[muffled television]

II:

- Think you're
talking to, Regan?

- Do you want me
to answer that?

- Hey, Len.

- Hey.

- I figured out the ground
shield situation.

It was connected at the source,
causing a ground loop,
and the links
were stuffed inside
an old Burger King container.

- Right.

- I replaced the links,
and I threw out
the Burger King container.
I hope that's okay.
I didn't know if you were
saving it for any reason.

- No.

That sounds like
the right decision.

- Hi.

- Hey, I'm Max.

Len's son.

- Oh, Max, this is William.
He lives down the road.
He comes in once in a while,
checks I'm not dead.
He's in charge of general
maintenance, house morale,
that sort of thing.
Got an office in the barn.

- Mm.

- L, uh, stacked the cables
at the studio door.

- All right.

You have fun.

- Yeah.

See you tomorrow.

It was nice to meet you, Max.

- Good to meet you.

- Cheers, William.

[door closes]

- Where'd you find him?

- Tessa.

[muffled television]

- A little bit awkward.

- He is, a little bit.

Or "real" is a better way
of putting it.

- I have to ask you
about Len Black,
your longtime collaborator
and producer.

Were you as caught off guard

as everyone else
by what he did
at the award show last month?
- Yeah.
I was, for sure.
- What do you think
prompted that?
- Can I use your pen?
- Yeah.
- Thanks, man.
[murmuring]
Ask Len...
Why he didn't want award.
[clicks tongue]
Awesome.
It was good talking to you.
Um, I have to go.
I'm gonna use
the little girls' room.
- Evenings I work in a pub.
H's just off the Rye.
One of our regulars
is a man named Presser.
- Alec Presser?
- That's him.
- Alec Prosser
is a bent lawyer.
He was struck off years ago.
He's a sort of first edition
Bernard Driscoll
without the humor.
- About three weeks ago,
who Walks in with Presser
but Frank Kemble.
He didn't recognize me.
- Have you ever thought
about getting Apple TV?
- What's that?
- It's like this little box,
and you just hook it up
to your TV,
and you can stream
pretty much anything.
It's, like, so you don't have

to keep getting these DVDs.

- Scout's honor.
- Sounds complicated.
- Oh, it's not.

I think you'd like it.

- What's that?
- Fruit cocktail.
- Hmm.

- Do you remember those parties that you and Mom used to have at the apartment on Varick Street?

[chuckles]

When I was, like, six?

- Party's a nice word for it.
- Yeah, like, I remember

I was the bartender, and everyone thought it was so funny.

Like, I wore my blazer, and...

God, everyone was so wasted.

- You're too sensitive.

That's your problem.

- What are you talking about?

I'm saying it was fun.

- You've always been too sensitive.

That's why you're terrible at sports.

- What are you ta-

I'm fine at sports.

- No, you're not.
- I'm good at soccer.
- Terrible.

. Rm Okay)'-

- Don't sugarcoat, Max.

That way, you'll know when you're truly good at something.

[police siren blaring]

Hmm.

Nice, son.

[fires squealing]

[glass shattering]

[faint singing in background]

II:

[door creaks open]

[Romeo Void's

Never Say Never playing]

- That's never

Never say never I

[rock music]

- Hi, guys.

F.

[indistinct conversation]

F.

. HEY-

That-that was a fantastic show.

- Aw, thanks, man.

- Fantastic.

- I appreciate that.

What's your name again?

We've met before, right?

- Yeah, Robert.

- Hi, Robert.

Yeah, that's right.

- I'm the sub bass tech.

- I don't know what that means.

- It's all right.

It's a sub bass technician.

I'm subbing for Niles.

- Well, nice seeing you.

Thanks for helping out
with the tour and stuff.

- Hey, listen, I'm-I'm gonna be
a part of the crew
full-time now.

Yeah, I mean, I did a stint-

- Don't leave right now,

Robert.

- Hey, sweetheart,

how you doing?

- I'm good.

- You good?

- Yeah.

- That was a great show.

- Thanks.

- You look good.

Yeah.

You all right?

- Yeah, I'm good.

- Okay, so the guy I was
talking to over there-
this is so weird.

He was in that Dre video I shot,
like, in Moscow,
like a year ago, right?

He used to weigh 400 pounds.

It's so weird.

I'm sorry, man,

I'm, uh, Paul.

- This is Robert.

- Nice to meet you, Robert.

You okay?

- Yeah.

- Cool.

Um, you want to meet him?

He's a good guy.

You should meet him.

He knows Lulu.

- I'm tired, babe.

I'm tired.

- Come on.

It'll take two seconds.

Really quick, I promise.

- I don't want to right now.

- Okay, look.

Some people are starting
to think you're antisocial.

Let's just go.

Come on.

Nice meeting you, man.

Cheers.

- Bye, Robert.

II:

- The man Walked until his feet
told him no more.

Then he found a shaded
piece of ground
under a stand of pinons.

He slid his pack from

his wet shoulder to the ground,
unhitched his gun belt,
and he sat.

The high desert stretched
in front of him to the east,
and to the West,
he could see the foothills
of the Sierra Adula,
patches of glistening snow
and thirsty spruces
preening in the midday sun.
It had been six days
since he left (Shaves County,
and he should have made it
through the pass by now.

- Hey, Dad.

- Reaching for his canteen
and shook it.

- Dad.

- Then he put it back Without-

- Hey, I'm sorry to interrupt.

I'm going to the store to grab
a few things for the house.

Do you need anything?

- No.

Whatever you get is fine.

Thanks.

- Cool.

Can I take your car?

- It's dead.

- Oh.

Uh, I could jump it for you.

- No, I want to keep it
like that.

- Why?

- So I don't leave.

. Okay"

Um, what are you listening to?

- Some book on tape.

Some Western

I found in the house.

- [chuckles]

- What?

- Just you listening

to a book on tape.

- It's well-written.

- So what,

like Cormac McCarthy?

- I don't know what his name is,
but it's good.

It's-their life was simple
and just ponced around
on your horse
and bossed cows around
and looked out for snakes.

- [laughing]

- It was easy.

What are you laughing at?

- I'm just admiring
your glasses.

- Listen, Max,

I can wear what I want
and read what I like.

Okay?

I've earned it.

- I was just saying.

- Not like your dilettante
hipster mates
with their skinny jeans
and their skinny ties, and-

- You don't know my friends.

- That whole scene.

- I don't really have a scene.

- It's like an anti-scene
scene thing.

- Fine, whatever.

I have a scene.

Whatever, man.

I'm gonna go to the store.

Just text me

if you need anything.

- Yeah, I'll text you.

- Canteen and shook it,
then he put it back
without unscrewing it.

He stared out over the mesa
and saw a three-day walk,
maybe more.

[ethereal music]

II:

- Hey, dude.

- Hey.

Hey, if you know the Liverpool score, don't say anything, okay?

I'm watching the game right now.

- I don't.

I was gonna Watch it later with my dad.

- Nice.

So how's it going?

- Yeah, it's-it's good.

What are you up to?

Did you end up getting that job?

- There was a lot of stiff competition.

It's politics, you know.

Have you asked him yet?

- No, not yet, dude.

Like, you know, he's so crazy busy with work, and he's-you know, so he's all stressed out.

- Oh, tell him I get it.

It's a fucking epidemic in this country.

- Yeah, so I mean, there hasn't really been a good moment, but I don't know.

I'll let you know, like, as soon as I do it.

- Sounds good, man.

[rhythmic tapping]

. HEY-

What is that?

- Raccoon trap.

- That's for a raccoon?

- Yep.

It's for the predators, Max.

- The raccoons are out of control.

We set up eight traps
in different locations,
and then as we catch them, I'll
deport them across the Hudson.

I made maps for Len and I
of where they're placed.
I could make you one, too,
if you want.

- Oh, yeah.

No, um...

I-I'll share with my dad.

Thanks, yeah.

Hey, what happened
to your eye?

- Nothing.

Wrestling in gym class.

Are you coming
to Len's speech tomorrow?

- I didn't know

he was giving one.

- It's not a speech.

- Once a week, we have somebody
come into our class
at my school
to talk about something,
like a-a guest speaker,
and my dad's in Afghanistan,
so Len's gonna fill in instead,
which is way better.

- So what is it, like,
Bring Your Parent to School Day
or something?

- Sort of, but it doesn't have
to be your parent.

It just has to be
someone old who has a job.

- Flattery will get
you everywhere, William.

- Hey, Dad, I taped
the Man City-Liverpool game.

I was gonna put it on
if you want to watch it.

- Fuck Liverpool.

We've got a raccoon invasion

to deal with here.

[cage clatters]

Fucking Liverpool.

- Yeah, right.

All right, I'll leave you guys
to it, then.

Yeah.

[cage clatters]

- Let me see that
before you get hurt.

- Yeah, catch a fucking...

[cage clatters]

Catch a fucking horse in it.

[dark pop music
playing on radio]

II:

- Oh, yeah.

I Champ Burger I

- Welcome to Champ Burger.

- Thank you.

- You had a combo number two
with a large Pepsi.

That comes to \$9.17.

- Cool.

' [gasps]

' Zoe?

- Here you go.

Oh, hi.

- Hi.

- Holy shit.

- Hi.

- This is crazy.

It's you.

- Yeah, it is.

- I am totally
obsessed with you.

- Cool.

- What are you doing out here
in this dump for?

- Yeah, what-
what are you doing here?

- I'm going to see Len.

- Are you, uh-are you okay?

- No, not really.

[chuckles]

- Hey, there's some extra napkins and shit in the bag.

- Cool, man.

Thank you so much.

[phone camera clicks]

- Percy, you see how the king picks me out for special greeting'?

- No, my lord.

- I saw H, my lord.

- Ah, and What is your name, little fellow?

- My name is Baldrick, my lord.

- Ah, then I shall call you... Baldrick.

- And I shall call you

"my lord,"

my lord.

- I like the out of your job, young fellow m'lad.

- Hey, can I ask you something?

- Mm-hmm.

- Do you ever miss being in a band?

- There's bits about it I miss.

It was a fucked-up time.

People like to romanticize that sort of thing, you know?

- Yeah.

Man, I just-

it just must have been like...

you know, just playing

whatever you wanted to play

and not having,

I don't know, just-

it must have been a great time to be an artist.

- Have you lost your conkers?

- So you Won?

- Yeah, there were bits about it that were fantastic.

[people cheering]

- Yeah, you know,
things are actually pretty-
going pretty okay
for my band right now.

- Right.

- Yeah, I mean, Zach-
like, he's such a stoner, but-
but he's, like, so talented.
You know, I-and I have to be
the one that-
to kind of, like, bring
everybody together.

It's...

Yeah.

I don't know, even-
like, we even-
we wrote some new songs
and have some pretty decent
recordings now.

And, uh, like...

I don't know, we've been
playing shows too in Brooklyn.
Like, nothing big, but we've
had a pretty good responses-

- Yeah, that's, that's great.

Good.

- Yeah.

- Great.

- I mean, it's going, yeah.

- Before they don

armor tomorrow.

- Yeah, I mean, we've-
we-we even planned out,
like, our goals for the year.

- Goals?

- Yeah.

Like, I mean, the same-
they're the same goals
as last year, but we just have
a different date on it.

- Huh.

- 'Cause, yeah.

What?

[people shouting]

- I want to show you something.
- What are you...
[people cheering]
Should I come-
should I follow you?
- Yes, you should.
- All right.
- There's going to have to be
a certain amount
of violence.
- Do you know what this is?
- It's your favorite guitar.
. Yep-
My first Telecaster.
[scoffs]
Hold it.
- It's light.
- Yeah.
- It's like-
- Feel the ash grain
through the finish, can't you?
- Yeah.
- Don't look at your hands.
[guitar strums]
Only girl guitarists
look at their hands.
. Okay"
[guitar strumming]
Oh, man.
- You feel all right?
- Sure, yeah.
- You feel cool, yeah?
- I feel all right.
- Feel the velocity?
- I feel something.
- Right.
Go on, smash it.
- What?
- Hold it high above your head
and bring it crashing down
to the ground.
- You're joking, right?
- No.
- It's gonna break.

- Yeah, it'll probably snap in half, and all these little bits will go flying round the room.

- This is so stupid.

- It's fucking mental, so do it.

- No.

- Don't think about it. Don't think about the consequences, Max. Just fucking do something.

- This is-

- Fucking break it.

- No.

No.

- [sighs]

- [sighs]

- Your mum... She ever ask about me?

- What?

Who's that?

- Fucking hell.

- What?

- [sighs]

- Who is it?

- Fuck.

I don't know, do I?

Oh, fuck me sideways.

- What?

- Shh.

- [whispering]

Who is it?

- Shh, get away from the fucking window!

. Okay"

- Fuck.

- Who is it?

- Get down!

Don't-just don't fucking move a muscle.

- Who is it?

- Down.

Just fucking ignore her. She might go away.

- Ignore who?
- Fucking mother-
a box of fucking frogs, man.
- Is that Zoe?
- Yes, it is fucking Zoe.
- Why are you-
what are you doing?
- Go fuck yourself, Len.
loan hear you.
- Oh.
[knocking at door]
Holy Mary, mother of Christ.
- Come on, Len, let me in!
- Help me now
in my hour of need.
[knocking at door]
- I'm in the back, Len.
' Lem'
- Okay, let her in.
[knocking at door]
Let her in.
- Len, open the door.
[knocking at door]
- Hey, Max.
- Oh, hi.
Hi.
- Wow.
How are you?
- I'm doing okay.
- Good to see you.
Surprise.
I was just
in the neighborhood.
I thought I'd drop by
and find out
what the fuck
was going with you.
- What're you doing here?
- I've been trying
to get a hold of you.
I called you, like,
a million times.
- I'm trying to be alone.
- Well, you can't.

- I can't?
- No.
- Why not?
- Because that's not fair.
- My God...

this is a fucking ambush.
My sanctuary's been invaded
by needy little piglets.
I've got to lie down.
Piglets with their teeth
in my neck...
Sucking my blood.

- He's in a good mood.
 - Yeah.
 - Do you have a toothbrush
i could borrow?
- [soft instrumental music]

II:

- We are in for a treat today.
Our speakers are Len Black,
William's employer,
and Mr. Frank Coulter,
Derek's dad.

Now, Mr. Black
is gonna share with us
his experience of working
in the music industry,
and Mr. Coulter
will talk to us
about what it feels like
to own your own business.

Mr. Black, would you
like to start us off?

- [clears throat]

Hello, children.

Right.

So, uh, my experience, right.
So, uh, yeah, well, my family-
there was me, me mum, me dad.
Grew up in a shitty
little town in the UK.
We were poor,
like everyone else

who lived near us,
which I hated.
My dad had a shit job
at a factory.
He was drunk most of the time,
so he had no interest
in having a relationship
with me or anything.
He was a miserable
old cunt, really.
Probably still is.
My mum taught piano lessons
to most of the neighbors' kids,
so that's how I got
interested in music,
but then, uh, I left school
when I was about 16,
ran away from home-
about your age, actually-
so, uh,
well done for not doing that.
Yeah, next portion of my life
I spent drinking,
getting into trouble, fighting,
taking drugs, nicking cars,
that sort of thing, you know.
You know what I mean.
And then, um, eventually,
me and a couple of mates
started a band.
I had one T-shirt,
which I wore every day,
and we all lived
in this tiny little fucking
size of a janitor's closet.
We were angry.
We were pissed off.
We were skint-
poor, that means.
But we managed somehow
to make a single,
a record,
which to everyone's surprise
was a bit of a success,

but then the drugs
and the drink
and all that fucking bollocks
got a hold of us,
so that went tits up.
So the next few years
of my life,
I did fuck all,
really.
Then my girlfriend got pregnant
by me, apparently.
Wave hello, Max.
Yeah, and then
I got into producing music,
which is a bit more lucrative.
You know, support the family,
but then I couldn't kick
the drugs and the drink,
couldn't get clean,
so Max's mum left,
which, I don't know.
Yeah, so I made a lot of money
really quickly, you know?
Met loads of birds
with really big,
nice, juicy milkers.
All that, blah, blah, blah,
blah, blah.
Living the high life.
[chuckles]
Yeah, and I moved to New York,
set up my own company,
my own label.
That's doing really well,
so, uh, yeah.
I'm just a rich old bastard
with loads of fucking
T-shirts now.
That's it, darling.
- Thank you so much, Mr. Black,
for sharing that with us.
Um, Mr. Coulter,
why don't you-
why don't you share your story

for the students today?

- Right.

Hi.

I'm Mr. Coulter, Derek's dad.

I brought an ATV.

It's parked right out there
by the track.

Anybody want to see it?

All our side-by-sides
have a safety belt, of course,
but they also have a cab net,
and this will keep you snug
in your seat

in the event that you,

you know,

hit a bump

or take a really sharp turn.

Yes, you?

- Are we allowed to drive it?

- I'm afraid I'd need
your parent's signature.

Sorry, though.

Yeah?

- Can Mrs. Pickett drive it?

- That's entirely up to her.

What do you think?

- No, thank you.

I'll leave it

to the professionals.

- I'll do it.

I'll have a go.

[engine rumbling]

- Okay, all you need to know:
gas, brake.

- Gas, brake.

- And emergency brake.

- All right.

- Right?

I'd just-l'd start nice and
easy at first, you know, just...

- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

- Till you get the hang of it.

- Sensible.

- Okay, why don't you ease off

the brake, and-oh!

Okay-

Okay-

[engine roaring]

Definitely going faster
than I would suggest.

[Les Olivensteins'

"Euthanasie" playing]

- I Vite vite vite I

I 'We encore une fuite I

I Que {e mdecin oofmate I

[engine roaring]

I J'vous Prais sombrer

coups cfsavates I

I Dans {e Ht maoufe' I

[punk music]

I Vite vite vite

Vtat empire vite I

I 'We longiemps dj I

I Que je vofs venfr {e trpas I

I Euthanasie pour eux aussi I

I Euthanasia o'est bfen fin,' I

I Euthanasie plus de soucis I

I Euthanasie pour vous aussi I

II:

- So what's going on with you?

I haven't seen you

since you were, like,

17 or something.

- Uh...

I just finished

a semester at NYU.

- That's cool.

- Yeah.

Then I quit, so...

- Oh, why?

- I don't know;

I just wanted to focus

on music for a while,

like, kind of give that

a year and see what happened.

- Right.

- Yeah, I don't know.

I'm still with that same band, though, Terrific Liars.

- Oh, yeah.

- Yeah.

- That's been a while, cool.

- Yeah, yeah.

- How's it going?

- It's good, man.

We, uh-we finally finished our demo.

- That's rad.

- Mm-hmm.

That's actually one of the reasons why I came up here, was so I could show my dad. See what he thought.

- Yeah, what did he say?

- Oh, nothing yet.

- Why not?

- Well, I haven't showed it to him.

- Why?

- Because he's Len.

- So?

- So I just know he's gonna get all weird on me for asking.

What, you think that's dumb?

- No, I don't think it's dumb.

He's a grown man.

I'm sure he can handle his son asking him to listen to a demo.

- Maybe.

- Plus, Max, he's, like, your dad.

He has to.

[siren wailing]

- [clears throat]

Hello.

- This your vehicle?

- Yep, yeah.

- 'Cause we just got a call reporting a missing ATV.

Same make and model as this one.

- Right, I'll-
I'll keep me eyes peeled.
- Last seen driven by a guy
wearing an orange helmet.
Should we just take it
back to the shop,
then call it a day?
I have got crimes to fight.
- All right.
I've stolen shit, you know.
- I believe you.
- You know what, I actually
wrote some stuff down,
like, on how I was gonna do it?
- Like notes?
- Yeah, kind of- I mean,
just so I don't
forget anything.
- That is so professional.
[laughing]
- Yeah, I guess.
- So what do your notes
actually say?
- Well...
- [exclaims]
Dude, we should rehearse.
Are you down?
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
Okay.
I'll be Len, and you be you.
- Okay.
- God, this is totally gonna-
oh, okay, wait.
[soft music playing]
I'm Len.
Say it to me.
- Are we doing this? All right.
- Mm-hmm.
- Um, so, Dad,
I've been making-
- Bollocks.
[both laughing]
- Um, so, Dad-

- Bugger off.
- No, no, stop.
[both laughing]
- Here, um...
Dad, I've been make-
- Shit!
- Stop it.
Dad.
All right, Dad-
- Asshole.
- All right.
- [laughing]
I'm fucking with you.
You got to harden up.
Go again.
- All right.
Dad, I was-
I've been doing-
- Fuck off.
I fucking miss England.
- Yeah, yeah, all right.
- No one here understands me.
[men vocalizing]

II:

- Yeah I
[crow cawing]
- Fuck off.

II:

[indistinct conversation]
- So I gave you one,
and then I gave you another one.
- I have it,
and I have this one.
[door closes]
- Yeah.
- Oh, shit, actually-
- Enjoying your spoils?
- Yeah.
He's back!

Both:

- What an absolute shit show.

- What?
- You two, this.
- Dude, calm down.
We made you a plate
if you want some.
- Yeah, I'm a really good cook.
- Yeah.
- Hey, man, you should
know that about me.
I used to cook all the meals
when I was a kid at home.
- Yeah, well, I hope
you haven't been getting
none of that shit on my records.
- Give me a break-the ones
that you don't even listen to?
- Yeah, those ones.
Are you wearing my clothes?
- I'm still mad at you.
- I know.
Shocking.
- Yeah, on national television.
That was so fucked up.
- Yeah, well.
- And the award goes to...
Whoo-hoo.
Everyone's fucking clapping.
Yeah.
And then I walk up on stage,
and Len's following me,
and, oh, where's he going?
Is he fucking leaving?
What's he got to do?
Oops, he forgot
his shiny little statue.
No big-
- I didn't want it.
- You didn't want it?
- No.
- The award for my album?
- No.
- I worked really fucking hard
on that album, Len.
- So did I.

- So why didn't you want it?
- Can't explain it.
- Oh, I think
you can fucking try.
- Look, I don't want
to get into this.
- I drove three fucking hours
to be here, Len,
so, yeah, give it to me.
- It's not something
I want to put out there
in the world, all right?
- Do you mean me?
- Hey, here you go.
Hey-
Len?
- Look, can we have this
conversation tomorrow?
- Do you mean me?
- Please? Thank you.
- Oh, of course.
Mm-hmm.
- Thank you.
- You know, I only gave up
my adolescence and my privacy.
Fucking God knows what else,
so you could turn me into
some little singing ATM machine.
[laughing]
I mean, who gives a shit
that no one takes me seriously
and fucking everyone
thinks I'm a joke, right?
- Yeah, and that's 'cause
you get loaded all the time
and take your clothes off,
innit?
- Fuck you.
Whatever, man.
You know, I wouldn't tell him
about your fucking
demo either, Max.
Bullshit.
I mean, are you kidding me?

I've always assumed
that underneath
all the selfish Len shit,
there's actually
a decent human being in there
pulling at the little strings.
There just isn't.
There's not.
You're just full of shit
from head to toe.
Nothing but shit.
- What demo?
- Oh, just the one your son
pretty much quit school to make.
- God.
- You quit school?
- I'm just taking time off.
I was gonna tell you.
But Mom knows.
- Oh, come on.
All he wants
is for you to listen to his demo
for, like, 5 seconds
and actually give
your honest opinion on it,
and he's too scared to ask you,
'cause he knows you're just
gonna be an asshole about it.
Fucking asshole-
- Okay, I did not-
I didn't say asshole.
That's not-
- Why are you
apologizing to him?
He's the one
that owes you an apology.
This is bullshit.
You should be-
- Put a fucking sock
in it, Zoe.
Jesus Christ, girl.
Fucking hell.
Fucking pain in the ass.
- Yeah, of course I am.

You want to make a cheers?
- Oh, God.
- Cheers to deadbeat dads.
And you are an asshole.
He might not tell you, but I am.
Fuckin' sweet dreams, Len.
Whoo.
Fucking dick.
You suck.
- She can fucking cook,
I'll give her that.
[birds calling]
[light instrumental music]

II:
[inquisitive music]

II:
- William,
are you following me?
I can see you.
You're hiding behind
that little shit of a tree.
You've got a green jacket.
I can smell your Pop-Tart.
- I just came by to see
if you needed anything.
I don't have class till later.
What are you doing?
- Burying some cables.
- Why?
- So I don't record anything.
Care to assist me?
- Sure.

II:
We only have the one shovel, but
we could take turns digging.
- Good idea.
- Yeah.
I'll go first,
since, uh, you carried that,
and you're probably tired.
- Smart.

II:

People are hungry animals,
William.

They want things.

And they'll chew through you
to get them.

. HEY-

I behaved like a ginormous
asshole last night.

- It's no big deal.

- I really like it.

- Really?

- Yeah.

It's awesome.

Now you should totally
let the asshole
listen to it.

[both chuckling]

- Yeah, yeah.

- Oh, come on.

Be a little braver.

- He would not get it at all.

- Come on, Max.

He might.

- Hm.

- Don't be scared of him.

You're the artist.

He's just a fucking producer.

[both laughing]

[inquisitive music]

II:

[knocking at door]

. HEY-

. HEY-

- Where'd you get that?

- Oh, I've had it.

- Full of dead bastards,
I'd imagine.

- You're in it.

- Just bastards, then.

What're you working on?

- Just some writing.

- What sort?
- Kind of private.
- What, as in "Dear Diary,
Max here.
I'm sick as a parrot."
- No.
- Not really-
- Let's have a look.
- Hey, wait.
Hey.
- Oh, ho-ho.
Let's have a look.
Right.
"Notes for demo conversation."
- Give it back.
- "Number one, targeting
and approaching labels.
Number two, Facebook,
Twitter, dedicated url."
What the fuck is "url"?
- It's URL.
It's our fucking website.
- Right, very savvy.
"Number 3, word of mouth-"
- Look, did you come
in here for a reason?
Or are you just
bored and looking
for somebody to fuck with?
- I'm...
I'm a very successful
producer, Max.
I know that.
- Yeah, yeah.
You're the amazing Len Black.
Everybody agrees.
- I'm not talking about me.
I'm trying to talk about you.
- Clearly.
- You know you've led
a very privileged life.
It's not your fault,
but you have.
Good schools,

teachers telling you
you can be what you want to be:
a doctor,
an astronaut, an artist.
You know, and you're
a good kid.
You are.
You always have been.
Your whole...
temperament,
your composition is balanced.
It's-it's careful.
You're like a diet drink.
The danger's been taken out
of your formula, Max.
You're like a...
Diet Dr Pepper.
- Mmm, that's
Diet Dr Pepper-
- That's what you're like, Max.
- What?
- But real rock, real...
rock and roll music
isn't a diet drink, mate.
It's a cocktail of...
blood and bourbon and napalm.
It's heat and emotion
and intensity.
It's-it's channeling
the beast from within.
It's not sitting around
with your mates,
making some form of fucking
ironic commentary, Max.
It's religious.
It's more than religion.
[stammering]
It's-it's biological.
So there's no point in you
shoehorning yourself
into something
if in the long run,
that's all it is.
Not in your nature.

Or-or...

contrived might be
a better way of putting it.

- Contrived?

- Unnatural.

- Is-is that it?

Is that your whole-

- Apparently, you
wanted my opinion.

- Well, did you listen
to my demo?

- No.

- Yeah, so, that's really not
your opinion, then, at all.

That's just you ranting.

- I'm trying
to be helpful, Max.

- Diet Dr Pepper?

- Jesus Christ,
that's a metaphor.

- I just- I wanted you
to do one thing,
and that's listen
to my 20-minute demo
and give me your opinion on it,
but you couldn't do that.

You call me spoiled,
and you compare me
to some drink.

Do you want to know
something funny, though?

It's that my-my friends
always ask me,
like, "Is your dad really
that much of an asshole?"

And I always tell them, like,
"No, it's just exaggeration,
but he's pretty harmless."

Well, guess what.

I've got a new answer now.

That he really is
that much of an asshole.

[guitar strings clang]

[thud]

Man singing

f.

[acoustic guitar music]

II:

- Hey, Max.

. HEY-

What are you doing?

- It's a monarch butterfly
way station.

They're going extinct
from lack of milkweed,
so we planted a patch.

Hopefully, they'll come through
in May or June.

- Len's saving butterflies?

- I guess.

- Awesome.

II:

II:

[bright guitar strumming]

II:

- Sounds great.

You should keep playing.

- I can't remember
the rest of it.

- You do realize
you've got, like,
50 pounds of mud on you, fight'?

- Yeah, my associate,
William, and I decided
to bury some enemies
in the wood.

- Uh-oh.

Is that a warning of some kind?

- Yeah, sort of.

- [laughing]

Oh, should Max and I
be nervous?

- The piglets.

- [laughing]

You know what,
you're lucky that we're here.
[snorting]
- Why are you here, Zoe?
- L-l just-
I wanted to know
what was going on.
- You can't depend on me, Zoe.
I'm not your dad.
I'm not your mentor
or your shrink or your...
boyfriend, whatever.
I can't take care of you.
I don't want to.
It's not my job.
Look at me.
I'm ill-equipped.
I'm sorry the way
things have turned out.
I'm sorry for making you
what you are,
if that's what's
making you unhappy.
I am, but I can't help you, Zoe.
I'm not that person.
Do you understand that?
- I was not asking you to be.
But thanks for not showering me
in sunshine and snuggles,
'cause that would
have been fucking awkward.
[soft rock music playing
on radio]

II:

[knocking at door]
- Hey, Zoe?
[knocking at door]
[door creaks open]
Shit, no.
Zoe.
Zoe, come on.
Dad!
Zoe.

- Mm.
- What did you take?
Zoe.
Dad!
Dad!
- What?
I'm in-
- It's Zo-
Dad, come here.
- All right.
- Zoe.
Dad, I just found her like this.
- Get out of the way.
- All right.
' Zoe?
Zoe?
- Mm.
- Zoe?
Right, call an ambulance.
Come on, baby.
Come on, baby.
- [groans]
- Right, come on.
Come on, baby.
All right.
Don't go to sleep.
Don't go to sleep on me now.
Come on.
- I feel sick.
- Stay awake.
[dramatic music]
[groaning]
- Stay with me.
- [groans]
- Stay awake.
Stay awake.
Stay awake.
Come on, love.
Come on. Come on.
Don't go to sleep.
Don't go to sleep.
- [speaking indistinctly]
- That's it.
- [crying]

- Stay awake, Zoe.
- [speaking indistinctly]

II:

- Stay awake.
- That's it.
- Good girl.
- Good girl.
- [vomiting]
- That's it.
- [ambulance siren wailing]
- Go on, get it out, come on.
- Come on.
- Stay awake.
- Stay awake.
- That's it.
- Look at me, girl.
- Zoe, Zoe, Zoe!
- [exclaims]
- Stay with me, Zoe!
- Stay with me.
- Good girl, good girl.
- Good girl.
- That's it.
- I know, I know.
- I know, baby.
- I know.
- [ambulance siren wailing]

II:

- [birds chirping]
- [animals chattering]
- Those are my sunglasses.
- Hi, Bella.
- I tried calling you back,
but there was no answer
on your phone or Max's.
- Strange.
- I can't say I'm sorry
you came all this way.
- How's she doing?
- She's okay.
- Her version of okay.
- And Max?

- Yeah, no, he's fine.

He's at the hospital
with her now.

. Okay"

What the hell
is going on up here?

- Tell me about it.

First of all, he shows up
with his puppy-dog eyes
and his bag,
and then the fucking
glitter monster
rolls into town,
digging her claws into my back.

- The "he" in your story,
that's Max?

Your son?

- I came up here
to be alone, Bella,
you know?

I need to know what
I'm doing with me life.
I can't have them here.

- You're joking, right?

- I miss you, Bella.

- Oh, fuck off.

- How's Russell?

- He's great.

- Spineless troll.

- I'll send him your love.

So that's it?

You're being inconvenienced?

That's what that
dire message was all about?

Not enough time to think about
yourself as you'd like?

- What's more important
in life than two people
who were meant to be together?

- Max.

[soft music]

- I hear he quit school.

- Yeah, he wanted to tell you.

I tried to convince him

to at least finish out the year,
but he was adamant.

He sounded like you, actually.

- Doubt it.

- Why?

- Dropping out of university
and living off your parents
so you can finger-paint
with your trust fund mates
wasn't exactly my circumstance.

- Oh, barf.

- It's true.

- What did you think of it,
by the way?

- Think of what?

- His demo.

- I haven't listened to it.

- Why not?

- I don't know.

I just haven't.

- Why haven't you
listened to it?

- I'm taking time out, Bella.

- From what? From being
a decent human being?

- What if it's bad'?

- Then it's bad.

- I don't want to be
the one to tell him that.

- Well, then don't.

Make something up.

That's what you do.

- It's-it's different.

It's hipster music.

- [scoffs]

- I fucking hate hipster music.

- Who gives a rat's ass
what you hate?

Are you kidding me?

You haven't listened to it?

- No.

- Oh, you are crazy.

Do you know that?

I can't believe we're even

having this conversation.

How do you do that?

How do you just tune out
everything else around you?

- I miss you, Bella.

- Yeah, I heard you
the first time.

- Leave the troll.

Let's get a place in Norway,
you know?

Live off the land,
like the old West with fjords.

II:

I just don't know
what to do, Bella.

[door slides open]

- Hey, Mom.

- Hi.

- Hey.

- How's the patient?

- She's all right, yeah.

- Okay.

- She's just-she'll be
released this afternoon.

- Mm.

- Yeah, it's just...

Can you believe someone at-
someone at the hospital
called TMZ or something?

- TMZ.

Jesus Christ.

- It's a big part
of your demographic.

- Yeah.

Hey, do you want
to get some lunch?

- Sure, what about-

do you think that diner's
still open on Franklin?

- No, yeah.

It's exactly the same, yeah.

- Should we invite your father?

- Don't know.

You decide.

- It's up to you.

- Nah, you pick.

- Well, we just had a walk,
so I'm good.

- All right.

- Yeah, I-I've got to see
to that raccoon anyway.

- So am I riding with you?

- No, I have to take my car,
pick up Zoe after.

. Okay"

- Right, okay.

Well, I'll-I'll see you both
later, then, yes, right?

- Well, I got to
get back to the city.

. Okay"

- Yeah, and I think
I'm gonna go home after too.

- Right.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, I-I've got
to sort that raccoon out
or, you know...

- Yeah.

- Thanks for the walk.

Okay.

What are you gonna get?

- I don't know.

- Let me guess.

You're gonna get a Cobb salad.

- [laughing]

- With some blue cheese.

[machine beeping]

[somber acoustic guitar music]

II:

- What are you doing?

- I'm cleaning the pool.

- What happened
to all the vegetation?

- Vegetation?

- What's that?

- Chemicals.
- You-you've killed it?
- You mean the algae?
- Yes.

Everything.

Whatever was making it natural.

The dead leaves, the...

dead mosquitoes.

All of it.

Jesus Christ, William,

I didn't ask you to do this.

- I was just
taking the initiative.

- Well, it's a terrible idea.

rm sorry-

I mean, I could put some of this
back in if you want.

- No, look-look-
look, why don't you just
go home for the day?

. Okay"

You know,

I could do some research
and find out how
to make it green again.

- No, it's all right.

It's fine, okay?

Just...

Maybe you should take
a break from all this.

You know, not come round
as often.

Find some friends

your own age.

Better off.

[sighs]

Oh, fuck.

[spoon clinking in cup]

[instrumental music]

II:

[cage rattles]

II:

[rain falling]

II:

- Start it up.

[engine grinding]

[engine revving]

- Yeah.

Thank you.

[engine rumbling]

II:

[doorbell rings]

II:

- Hi, can I help you?

- Hello.

Yeah, I'm looking
for William.

Am I at the wrong place?

- No, this is the right place.

You are, um...

- Len, Len Black.

I'm a mate of William's.

- Ah, the Len Black, yes.

I'm August.

I'm William's dad.

- Oh, right.

- Yeah.

He's not here right now,
but, um, you know what,
he's due back any minute.

Would you like to
come in and wait?

- Um...

Yeah, yeah, why not?

Thanks.

- There we go.

- Thank you.

. Okay"

Cheers.

- Cheers, cheers.

[clears throat]

What sort of painting?

- Oil, mostly.

You wouldn't
recognize these from anywhere...
unless you were in my garage.

[chuckles]

- 30 years ago,
I might have been.

That's nice.

- Oh, thanks.

I just enjoy
the process, really.

And I've kept my day job,
as the saying goes.

I'm a teacher.

- A teacher?

- Lucky for William,
I teach in Sullivan County.

I did sub at his school once.

It was a bad idea.

- Why is that?

- Well, would you want your dad
to be the sub at your school?

[both chuckle]

- No, my old man was in prison
by then, thank God.

Probably would have
killed me otherwise.

- Yeah, we can't pick
our parents, can we?

- No.

No, you can't.

[soft instrumental music]

II:

- Oy, that's my horse.

[laughter]

- You ever watched this before?

- Of course.

- Do you actually
understand it?

I'm pretty lost.

- Kind of, yeah.

So how are you feeling?

- Had better mornings.

- **It's, like, 4:**

I picked you up

around 2:

- It is?

- Yeah.

- Wow, that's weird.

[muffled television]

You didn't have to call
the ambulance, by the way.

I would have been fine.

- No of fence, but you
really didn't seem fine.

- Well, I've been like that,
like, a million times,
so it's not a big deal.

- Well, maybe you should
be more careful.

- You're good, Max.

- Oh, God.

Please don't say that.

- Why?

- Because-

- What's wrong with that?

It's, like, a nice thing to say.

Good's good.

It's a compliment.

- This is gonna make me
seem even more good

or naive or whatever,

but, like, I just-

I like you a whole lot better

when you're not all,

like, high and messed up.

And, like, I know it's a part

of your whole thing,

and I get that, but...

I don't know;

I just wanted to tell you,

because I'm guessing

a lot of people around you

don't tell you the truth.

- It's not naive.

[engine rumbling]

- All right, William.
. HEY-
What are you doing here?
- Looking for you.
Your dad...
said you'd be back soon.
So I sat inside
with him for a bit.
- Your car's still running.
- The battery will die
if I switch it off.
- Oh.
- I'm sorry for what I said.
I didn't mean it.
I was a shit.
None of what happened
was your fault.
That's why I'm here.
Your contribution is crucial
to the daily functioning
of Black Enterprises.
And whilst I do think
you're wasting your life
hanging out
with the likes of me,
I need your help.
- Can we make business cards?
- [chuckles]
Definitely.
- Can I be vice president?
- His Honor,
the Right Reverend
Vice President William Prenger.
How's that?
- All right.
- Your shiner's getting better.
- It was that kid, Derek.
He's the one that hit me.
I don't really get along
with him or his friends.
- I remember him.
He seemed like a bit of a cunt.
- [laughs]
Everyone in school's a cunt.

- Tell me about it.
Imagine having to
teach them calculus.
- You must have been
a very bad man
in a former life, Mr. Prenger.
- I think that
thought every day.
- Right, well,
I'd better shoo off
before me car blows up.
See you, William.
Thanks for the tea, Mr. Prenger.
- See you tomorrow, Len.
- See ya.
[engine rumbling]
[soft instrumental music]

II:

[door opens]
[door closes]
. HEY-
[muffled television]
- You look rank.
You all right?
- Why does everyone
keep asking me that?
- Well, people don't want
to see you dead.
They like you better alive.
Not everyone.
Most people.
- [exhales deeply]
- So you Won?
- Yes, of course!
We won.
We won!
Victory!
- I'd have thought
you'd have shot off by now.
- I'm kind of tired.
It cool if I stay the night?
- You can stay
as long as you like.

- All right.
- Three cheers...
- All right, well, uh...
don't-don't go
without saying anything.
- Oh, I won't.
- All We need now
is for King Richard to be here,
and the day shall be complete.
[crickets chirping]
- The dry creek bed
made for better footing,
but it left the man exposed.
He moved as quickly
as he could,
not bothering
to cover his tracks.
Low clouds were moving in
behind the peaks,
and he knew
the snow would come soon.
It was another hour
to the pass, maybe more.
The pain in his leg was gone
now, but he still walked
with his hand
against the crusted wound.
Ahead of him,
the creek widened
as it came
into flatter ground.
[crickets chirping]
- So, farewell, Edna.
You'll be seeing me later.
[shimmering chimes]
- Have-have, uh-
have you got transport'?
- Are you okay?
- Yeah.
- Borrow my horse again,
or at all.
I mean, not that you've
borrowed it before.
- Coming.

- Do you want to
kiss me right now?
- Mm-hmm.
- Are you all right?
- Yeah.
- The prospector hung
from a tree
about 20 paces from the horse.
His boots stood side by side
at the foot of his bedroll,
and his pack leaned
against the saddle.
They'd come upon him
in his sheep.
The untethered horse watched
as the man kicked
the ashes of the fire,
embers still glowing.
[muffled television]
- Hold!
You dare sit there, boy'?'
Thai was King Richards seat.
- He stood below the prospector,
Whose stiff body twisted
slowly in the cold Wind.
The prospector's dead,
staring eyes
gave the impression that he was
scanning the horizon,
looking for something.
The man walked
towards the saddle,
moving slowly,
not Wanting the horse to bolt.
He felt the blow to his neck
before he heard the gunshot.
The ground rose quickly
to his face,
and then he saw nothing.
He could feel the warm blood
pooling under his chest.
A kick to his ribs,
but with H, no pain.
His last breaths

feed a familiar vision."
a White Wooden house
surrounded by green fields.
A woman on the porch,
shaking a dusty rug.
In front of the house,
a boy chases a dog.
The Woman snaps the rug.
The rug coughs obediently.
The dog turns and barks.
The boy and the dog
run toward the man.
These are the things
that have kept him
moving forward
these ten months.
The woman and the rug,
the boy and the dog.
[birds chirping]
[soft acoustic guitar music]

II:
[water splashing]

II:
[knocking at door]

II:
. HEY-
. HEY-
Is that mine?
- Yeah, I found it
in the kitchen.
- Oh.
You don't
have to say anything.
But how far did you get?
- Just finished
me second listen.
There's a lot of static on it.
- Yeah, well, we recorded it
on this old, like,
Sony tape recorder.
And we had to transfer it to MP3

with this, like,
really old music software
that we found, so...

- That plucking,
is that Gravikord?

- No, it's-it's
an actual real kora.

Yeah.

Zach brought it back from
his, like, trip to West Africa.

- Well, that's a beautiful
instrument.

- Yeah.

- Built in bass, you know,
good for syncopation.

- Yeah, you-you really don't
have to pretend to like it.

- Well, me liking it's
irrelevant.

You know, I've never been
much of a talker...

or a hugger.

I've probably never
told you the things...
a dad should tell you.

- It's okay.

- No, it's not.

Here.

- So you coming
to the city anytime soon?

- Don't know.

I haven't made any real plans.

- Yeah, I haven't really
made any plans either.

- Being a dropout and all.

- Yeah.

II:

- Well, that's okay.

You're young.

You're not supposed to.

- Well, if you're around,
let me know.

We'll go to, like, a-a show

or, I don't know, watch
a Liverpool game or something.

- Will do.

- All right.

[soft music]

II:

[acoustic guitar music]

II:

Goods good.

II:

[laughing]

II:

[water splashing]

II:

I We met when we were
at school I
I Never took I
I No shit from no one I
I We weren't fools I
I The teacher says were dumb I
I We're only having fun I
I You know we piss on everyone I
I In the classroom I
I When we got thrown out I
I I left without much fuss I
I And weekends we'd go dancing I
I Down Streatham on the bus I
I You always made me laugh I
I Got me in bad fights I
I Play me pool all night I

both:

[guitar music]

II:

- I I practiced daily I

I In my room I

II:

both:

down the Crown, planning I
I '(our next move I
I Go on a nicking spree I
I HR the wrong guy I
I Each of you get three I
I Years in Brixton I

II:

- I I did my very best
to write

II:

I How was Buthns'? I
I Were the screws too fight'? I
I When you lot get out I

both:

I We'll burn it fuckin' down I
- I To a Under I

II:

- [laughing]

II:

- I 'Cause years have passed I

both:

I And I'll go anywhere
I want to go I
I And I'll never forget
the feeling I had I
I When I knew
that you were home I
- I And I'll never forget
the smile on my face I
I 'Cause I knew
where you would be I
I And if you're down
the Crown tonight I
I Have a drink on me I
I But go easy I

II:

both:

II:

- I Stay free I

II:

- [laughing]

The (Nash's

"Stay Free" playing]

[rock music]

II:

- I We met when we were
at school I

II:

I Never took no shit
from no one I

I We weren't fools I

I The teacher says were dumb I

I We're only having fun I

I You know we piss on everyone I

I In the classroom I

II:

I When we got thrown out,
I left without much fuss I

II:

I And weekends we'd go dancing I

I Down Streatham on the bus I

I You always made me laugh I

I Got me in bad fights I

I Play me pool all night I

I Smoking menthol I

II:

I I practiced daily in my room I

II:

I You were down the Crown I

I Planning your next move I

I Go on a nicking spree I
I HR the wrong guy I
I Each of you get three I
I Years in Brixton I

II:

I I did my very best to write I

II:

I How was Buthns'? I
I Were the screws too fight'? I
I When you lot get out I
I We're gonna hit the town I
I We'll burn it fuckin' down I
I To a Under I

II:

I 'Cause years have passed
and things have changed I
I I'll move any way
I want to go I
I And I'll never forget
the feeling I got I
I When I heard
that you'd got home I
I And I'll never forget
the smile on my face I
I 'Cause I knew
where you would be I
I And if you're
in the Crown tonight I
I Have a drink on me I
I But go easy I

II:

I Step lightly I

II:

I Stay free I

II: