



Scripts.com

London Town

By Matt Brown

[projector clicking]

[reggae music]

A lot of people won't get
no supper tonight

A lot of people won't get
no supper tonight yeah

'Cause the battle
Is getting harder

In this Iration
This Armagideon

A lot of people won't get
no justice tonight

So a lot of people are going
to have to stand up and fight

But remember

To praise Jehovah

And He will guide you

In this Iration
This Armagideon

Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa whoa

I won

Whoa whoa whoa I won

I won

Hey

A lot of people won't get
no supper tonight

Said a lot of people won't get
no justice tonight

A lot of people will be
running and hiding tonight

Said a lot are gonna run
and hide tonight yeah

But remember

To praise Jehovah

And He will guide you

In this Iration
This Armagideon

Whoa whoa I won

Whoa whoa whoa..

- What you got in the bag,
you little Sally boy?

Doing the cooking now your mum's
off shagging all of London?

- Piss off.
- What? What are you gonna do?
What are you gonna do? Come on.
Aww.
That's right, you dwarf.
Get on. Come on, boys.
- Tossers.
- Shay, what does shagging mean?
- Cooking, that's all.
- Oh.
Mum's a much better shagger
than you.
- Well, she didn't make
your favorite pudding
every night like I do, did she?
[instrumental music]
- What's that?
- Nothing.
Mind your own business.
[engine revving]
- Hey, hey. Hey, hey. I'm home.
- Daddy!
- Oh, hello, munchkin.
How are you?
Oh, oh!
Is that tea ready? Whoa.
Bloody long day.
I'll tell you that.
However,
I sold an upright Steinway.
- Huh. That's great.
- It'll help. What's the score?
- Oh, the Os.
I forgot it was on.
- How'd you forget?
- I've been a bit busy
with school
shopping, picking up Alice,
cooking you dinner.
- Like a proper little wife.
I'm only kidding.
It's appreciated.
Oh, by the way,
I have got us a lead

on some tickets
for the FA Cup match
between Chelsea
and Leyton Orient.

- How'd you do that?

- Oh, one of my clients
in the shop.

Not bad, eh?

That ought to make up
for the eight hours
I've got to spend
in the taxi tonight.

- I got a package from mum.

What if I went to stay
the summer with her in London?

- She asked that?

- Well, I want to go to London.

- I'm sure you do, sweetheart,
but ain't no one
going to London for the summer.

- Why not?

- We've already been over this, Shay.

I need you here
in the shop with me.

- Well,

what if I need to be there?

You can't keep me from my mum.

I'm not your bloody slave.

- That's enough.

- Oh, bollocks to you!

- Hey, come here.

No child of mine is gonna live
in a bloody squat
with a bunch of hippies
let alone, look at me
let alone with a woman
more interested
in being her 14-year-old's mate
than his mother.

- She's not even like that.

I'm nearly 15.

- She keeps promising
to come for you.

Let's see

if that ever happens, eh?
- You're just mad
she's in London being somebody
while you're feeding off
the bottom in Wanstead.
- Come here. Come here!
[door slams]
- Daddy, what's a squat?
- It's no place
for a young lady like yourself.
That's for damn sure.
But it was Four Tops
all night
With encores from..
[muffled song]
Shay! Shay!
Roots rock rebel
Onstage they ain't got..
Have you lost your mind, boy?
Turn that off. Turn that off!
What is that?
- I don't know. Mum sent it.
- Listen, I know
you're angry with me
but we do have neighbors.
Do you understand?
Good. I'm going on my shift now.
You look after Alice, okay?
The British army
is waiting out there
And it weighs
fifteen hundred tons
White youth
Black youth
Better find another solution
Why not phone up Robin Hood
And ask him
for some wealth distribution?
- Oh, I've got to get to London.
- And leave Wanstead?
Are you mad?
At least you can play
that classical duff.
- I don't want

to play classical.

My dad makes me. I hate it.

I've got to work in his
lame shop all summer, as well.

- Plenty of pianos there
to practice.

- Piss off.

Jack, why you got
to bother me all the time?

[laughs]

My six-year-old sister's got
more brains than him.

- He's just pissed off
he's not gonna have anyone
to beat up, now he's leaving.

- If we stay here,
we'll be deadbeats
just like them wankers.

- On the dole?

- Yeah.

It's what I get for being
the product of a broken home.
Statistics don't lie.

I'm doomed.

[laughs]

Hi, dad.

- On the counter.

Congratulations
on finishing the year.

- Are you serious?

- Oh, I am, indeed.

You've done a great job
this year in school.

I'm proud of you.

Um, that's not all.

I need you to go round
into London for me
and pick up some spare parts
from Al.

I thought you might want
to treat yourself to something
while you're there.

- No, it's alright.

You don't have to.

- Get out of here.
I'll see you tonight.
Skedaddle.
- The next station
is West Brompton.
Change here
for London Underground
District Line
and National Rail services.
Alight here for Earls Court
Exhibition Centre.
Please mind the gap between
the train and the platform.
- What are you looking at?
[muffled song on headphones]
Well?
- I was just wondering
what you're listening to.
- Piss off.
- Come on, I'm curious.
- Curious?
- Come on.
[song continues]
[chuckles]
Thanks.
Who are they?
- What, you've been
living under a rock?
- Worse, I think. Wanstead.
[laughs]
- You're funny.
- What's your name?
- Vivian.
- Suits you.
- Yeah, well, what's yours?
- Shay.
- Guevara. I like that.
The Clash.
- Huh?
- The band, it's The Clash.
- I've never heard of them.
- I can tell.
What are you up to?
- I'm picking up

some parts for my dad
and see me mum.

- I'm gonna go get tickets
for tomorrow's show.

The Clash are playing
with the Buzzcocks.

Now, it's sold out, but they're
doing a last-minute release.

You should go too
if you know what's good for you.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

You gonna drink that?

[laughs]

[instrumental music]

Civilization. Thank God.

- This is nothing.

- That's them.

Beautiful-looking blokes,
ain't they?

- No, they're sexy.

- No wonder

I can't get a girlfriend.

I thought it was me spots.

[laughs]

- I've shagged them all.

Two at a time.

[laughs]

You're too easy.

- You know..

I should really go
if I'm gonna get to me mum's
and the music supply.

- What, you'd rather see
your mum and go shopping
than go to Camden Town?

What kind of a man are you?

- Wait. Wait, wait up.

- A decent working-class
British man

can't find a job

because of the immigrants.

That's the facts!

And the British working man

is tired and fed up
with having everything
laid out on a plate
for the Pakis and the Coons!
It's time to take care
of our own.
It's time to stop immigration
and start repatriation.
Stop immigration!
Start repatriation!
- Daft clowns.
Like they can get a job anyway.
- I thought you punks
supported them.
- Not me punks.
Not The Clash.
They're totally against it.
I mean, all you got to do
is listen to one
of Strummer's lyrics.
Like, um,
"White youth, black youth
"better find another solution.
"Why don't you phone up
Robin Hood
and ask him
for some wealth distribution?"
- So he's a rotten commie.
- It's about us getting along.
We're all in the same boat.
It's the rich
who are killing us.
- The rich?
Well, why didn't anyone tell me?
[laughs]
- Hey, Ronnie.
- Alright, Viv.
You're in luck, my friends.
Two tickets left.
- Oh, nice one.
- Of course.
Are you sure
you want to waste this on him?
- Now, now, Ronnie.

- Suit yourself.
Right, all out. I'm afraid
that's it, guys. Piss off.
- The little prat can barely
see over the table
and he's got
the last bleeding ticket?
- Yeah, and if you got
a problem with it
you can take it up with me.
- Hey.
- No, no, no. That's punk.
Start with this.
You know, you'd look good
with black hair
like Strummer.
He's a handsome-looking devil,
ain't he?
- Me with black hair?
If you say so.
- I do. Anyway, I've got to go.
My dad's gonna kill me.
- So that's it?
- What, you thought
I was gonna suck you off too?
- No, I...
- I might.
[laughs]
I'll meet you out front
before the show.
I said
something better change
I said
something better change
I said
something better change
Change change
something better change
Change change
- You won't get better
than that.
- I want that one
in there as well.
- That one?

That one should be 650
but if you buy this one
I'll give it to you for 625.
- Okay.
- How about that, hmm?
It's a bargain.
- What about this one here?
- This right here?
Now, this one should be 850
but if you buy both of them,
800 quid.
Shay! I thought you'd be here
hours ago.
Be right with you.
- What about the drums
at the back?
- The drums at the back,
I'll let you have that one
for 700 quid, okay?
- 700?
- Come on, it should be 750.
Have a look
at the ones on the left.
I'll let you have the whole lot
two guitars and the drum kit.
- Nine hundred.
- Two grand, two grand.
Two, two grand.
- Two grand?
- Yeah, alright? It'll be
far more expensive for me.
[piano music]
Go have a look at the drums.
Go on, the ones on the left.
[chuckles]
These punks
they're worse than the hippies.
Just get uglier and uglier.
- Better than disco.
- Truer words never spoken.
Come on.
I've got the parts for you.
If they got anything to say
There's many black ears here

to listen
But it was Four Tops
all night
With encores
from stage right
Charging from the bass knives
to the treble
But onstage they ain't
[music stops]
If they got anything to say
There's many black ears here
to listen
But it was Four Tops
all night
With encores
from stage right
But onstage
they ain't got no roots
Rock rebel
Dress back jump back..
- Shay, dinner!
'Cause it won't
get you anywhere
[music stops]
Shay!
- Why are you wearing mum's hat?
Daddy, Shay's wearing mum's hat.
- You trying to do me over, boy?
You trying to do me over?
[door opens]
I never want to see that thing
again.
You hear me?
And what have you
done to your hair?
- It's your fault she left.
[door shuts]
[door shuts]
- I got to take Alice
to the child minders
before we move the piano.
So set the straps
while I'm gone.
- I'm leaving early tonight

to go to a concert.

- Huh? What concert?

Who, who's gonna
look after Alice?

I've got to be in the taxi
all night.

And where, where, by the way
did you get the money
for a concert, huh?

- From you. I'm going.

[laughs]

- I know you think
you've got it all so figured out
but it's not as simple
as you think.

- Well, it's not exactly rocket
science, is it, either?

- I hope you don't get
that anger for me, boy
'cause it's only worth it
if it's worth it.

Come on, sweetie.

- I guess your music
really wasn't worth it.

Was it, dad?

[instrumental music]

Hey now

it's a matter of opinion

If you agree

Someone else

will say the opposite

Well hey now you won't
ever change the weather

Take what's there

if it's rain or if it's shine

Are you running too fast?

Are you walking..

- Come on boys, pull, pull.

[grunts]

- Oi, I like your hair.

A little Sid Vicious, are ya?

- Uh, Sid's a wanker.

[grunts]

- Who do you like then?

- The Clash.
- Come on, Shay.
You're not helping me, boy.
Move out of the way.
Out, go on, scoot.
Pull!
[groans]
Ah!
- Dad! Dad!
- Nurse. I'm looking for
the family of Nicholas Baker.
Hello.
Where's your mother?
- She's, she's on her way.
Is he gonna die?
- No, no.
He has sustained
some rather serious injuries
but he'll be fine.
I'm afraid we will have
to keep him in
for a few weeks, though.
- I want daddy.
- Can we see him?
- Daddy!
- Oh, hello.
Do you want
to sit beside him over here?
- Why is he just lying there?
Is he sleeping?
- Well, yes.
Um, the, the doctor
did, uh, an operation
so the, uh, doctor
put him to sleep
and, and he fixed his leg
and he put that cast on it.
And, and now he's just sleeping
to get better.
- When's mummy coming home?
- Soon.
- Well, what are we gonna do?
- Well, I don't know.
I'll think of something.

Here, eat your dinner.

- I don't like that, Shay.

- Well, you'll have to have it.

- Well, I don't want it.

- Alice, please.

- I don't want it.

- Alright, listen to me.

I'm gonna be like dad
for the next couple of weeks
so you're gonna have to do
what I say.

- But you're not an adult.

- Well, I better be.

Otherwise we're gonna be
in deep trouble.

Did you hear me?

[instrumental music]

Alice, I'm serious.

Go on, get ready for bed.

I'll keep it for later.

- It's rubbish.

- It is. Don't be cheeky.

[chuckles]

"Burned branches
crashed to the ground
"sending up great showers
of sparks.

"Can you imagine
how frightened the animals were?

"As soon as they could smell
the smell of burning

"and hear the distant crackling
of the fire
they began to run."

[instrumental music]

[indistinct chattering]

Vivian! Vivian!

[indistinct chattering]

- Alright!

Alright. Shut it! Shut it.

- Vivian!

- Yeah, alright.

Hey, I was starting to wonder.

Nice hair.

You alright?

- My dad's had an accident.

He's in hospital.

- What are you doing here then?

- I don't know.

I couldn't just sit there,
could I?

- Alright. Skinheads are here.

Better get inside

before there's trouble.

[rock music]

I want to move the town

to the clash city rockers

You need a little jump

of electrical shockers

You better leave town

if you only want to knock us

Nothing stands the pressure

of the clash city rockers

See the rate

they come down the escalator

Listen to the tube train

accelerator

Then you realize

that you got to have a purpose

Or this place is gonna

knock you out sooner or later

So don't complain

About

your useless employment

Jack it in

Forever tonight

Or shut your mouth

And pretend you enjoy it

Think of all the money

you've got

Yeah yeah

[guitar music]

Yes I want to move the town

to the clash city rockers

You need a little jump

of electrical shockers

You better leave town

if you only want to knock us

Nothing stands the pressure
of the clash city rockers
Rock rock clash city rockers
Rock rock clash city rockers
Rock rock clash city rockers
Rock rock

clash city rockers

[crowd cheering]

[all cheering]

- Come on.

- Yeah!

[rock music]

White riot I wanna riot
White riot a riot of my own
White riot I wanna riot
White riot a riot of my own

Black man

got a lot of problems

But they don't mind

throwing a brick

White people go to school

Where they teach you

how to be thick

And everybody's doing

Just what they're told to

And nobody wants

to go to jail

White riot I wanna riot

White riot

a riot of my own..

- What are they doing?

[indistinct yelling]

- Come on, come on!

Let us out!

[indistinct yelling]

[guitar music]

[indistinct chattering]

Oh!

Shay!

- Run! Go! Go!

White riot I wanna riot..

[glass shattering]

[groans]

[groans]

Come, Shay!
White riot I wanna riot
[indistinct]
- Run, run, run!
[sirens blaring]
[glass shattering]
[door shuts]
Alice?
Alice!
Alice! Alice!
[door opens]
- Hello?
- I'm here.
Alice, you scared me to death.
- I think
you already scared her.
She woke up and no one was home,
so she came over to me.
- Oh. I'm so sorry.
Alice, I'm sorry.
- What is going on, Shay?
Alice said something
about an accident.
I've tried calling the hospital.
- Yeah, me dad's had
an accident moving a piano.
- Oh, my God. Is..
Is that what happened to you,
is it?
- Yeah.
Uh, thanks so much for helping.
You're a lifesaver, really.
- No, Shay,
I think I should stay.
- It's alright, me mum's coming
and she's with my dad by now.
- Really?
- Thank you, thank you.
You've done amazing. Thank you.
- Are you sure?
- Yes, I'm sure.
- Shay!
- Bye, bye.
I'm sorry.

- You left me.

- I was stupid.

Alice, I'm sorry.

- Liar.

- I'll never leave you again,
promise.

- Promise on dad?

- Promise on dad.

- What happened to your face?

Jack?

- Something like that.

Now, go to bed, alright?

[sighs]

Rock rock clash city rockers

Rock rock clash city rockers

[knocking on door]

- Where's your father, Shay?

- He's sick.

- Is that right?

Well, you tell him, either he
pays up by the end of the week
or Alice can't come back.

And, uh, put some ice
on your face.

I should be calling
Social Services.

- Are you serious?

He didn't bloody do this to me.

- No, I'm sure the police did.

- In fact...

- By this Friday.

- Goodbye, Shay.

- Bye.

- Ooh. Quite a pair you two.

- When is he gonna wake up?

- Is your mum coming by?

- Yeah.

- Are you and your sister
gonna be alright?

[train horn blaring]

- Yeah, we're fine.

[instrumental music]

[knocking on door]

- What?

[whirring]

You selling something?

- No. I'm looking for me mum.

[music blaring]

I'm looking for me mum!

I'm looking for me mum.

- Fine by me, lad,

so long as it's not a dad.

- Her, her name's Sandrine.

You know her?

- I know her well.

Some days she lives here.

Today not being one of 'em.

[music continues]

Um, come on in.

Johnny, my man over here
is looking for Sandrine.

- You're her son?

- Yeah.

- Well, come on up.

- No, thanks.

I... I'm just looking
to find her.

You don't know where she went,
do you?

- She's told me about you.

It's Shay, right?

- Yeah.

- Well, come on, Shay.

I don't bite.

You could do with a cup of tea.

- God, who's been
touching my tools?

You've been touching my tools?

- Come on, kid.

- Hello.

- This is Shay, Sandrine's son.

- Yeah. I told him
he weren't mine.

- It's bad enough, eh?

Hey, he's got your eyes, though,
Johnny.

[laughs]

- He does, Johnny.

- He's too old to be mine.
- I have a dad, alright?
It's my mum I need to find.
- I've got to go. Later.
- Oh, God! Christ Almighty!
Missed it.
[indistinct chattering]
[music continues]
- We're a noisy lot.
- My dad had an accident.
I just need to find me mum.
- Well, I'm sorry to hear that..
But she's not here.
I can't say I know where.
She'll be back though.
She always is.
You're welcome to stay and wait
if you want.
- Can I see her room?
- Your mum is very talented,
you know
with her music.
She talks about you
and your sister all the time.
See, I even know
you have a sister.
- Are you her boyfriend?
- Um, when she lets me be.
- Just tell her I was here.
- Sure.
- I think he stole it from me.
- He stole it from you?
- You know, the look only.
- Hey.
- No, this is for me.
- Alright.
- What do you want, midge?
- Have you seen Vivian?
- Oh, yeah, Viv.
I saw her all last night long.
[growling]
Oh, God, I'm joking, kid.
You're a serious little bloke,
aren't ya?

- Just would you tell her
Shay was looking for her?

- Oh, yeah, exactly
what I had in mind to do.
Alright.
Something's gone wrong again
Look at my watch
just to tell the time
But the hands come off mine
Something's gone wrong
again
[clicking]
[footsteps approaching]

- Up and about, are we,
Mr. Baker?
[chuckles]

- Where's, uh, where's my kids?
- With your wife, of course.
- My wife?
Oh, yeah. Right. Thanks.
- Is there anything
I can get you?
- I'd like some water, please.
- Your wish is my command.
- Shay.
They said
that you were with your mum.
- Well, I had to tell them
something.
- Jesus Christ!
What happened to you?
You look worse than me.
- It's nothing.
- Well, it was something.
Are you okay?
- I'm fine. I'm managing.
- I'm making arrangements
to send you and your sister
up to Glasgow
to stay with your granny.
- Oh. No.
Dad, you can't do that. Come on.
- What would you have me do,
Shay, huh?

I mean, look at me.

[laughs]

I was hanging by a thread
before.

- You're not joking.

I've seen the books.

- Huh?

- Yeah, that's right.

The shop is still open.

I'm not going anywhere.

[laughs]

Dad, I can do it.

- You've got your hands full
looking after your sister.

Hey.

How's my taxi?

- It's, it's fine.

- I don't want anyone touching
my taxi. Do you hear me?

- Yeah.

- Those vultures will be around
soon enough
when my deposits don't come in.

[laughs]

Oh.

I've mucked things up this time,
haven't I, kiddo?

Yeah?

- Yeah, that's right.

If you could just give me
another week.

I understand.

Friday.

- You don't sound like daddy.

- Ha! Found ya!

- What took you so bloody long?

- Yours isn't the only
music store in Wanstead.

It's the bloody middle
of nowhere out here. Two trains.

- I'm Alice.

- I'm Vivian.

- Do you want to paint my hair?

- Abso-bloody-lutely.

- That must hurt.
- Oh. It's nothing.
- So are you running this place?
- While my dad's in hospital.

We are completely buggered.

- Completely.

[laughs]

- Do you know how to drive?

[reggae music]

Hmm hmm hmm hmm

Hmm hmm hmm hmm

Yeah

Hmm hmm hmm hmm

Hmm hmm hmm hmm

Yeah

Hmm hmm-hmm hmm-hmm

Hmm-hmm hmm hmm

Yeah it is you

Oh yeah

It is you you

Oh yeah

It is you

[engine starts]

Oh yeah

I said pressure drop

Oh pressure

Oh yeah pressures gonna

drop on you

I said

a pressure drop oh pressure

Oh yeah pressures gonna

drop on you

I said and when you drop

Oh you've gotta feel it

All that you are doing

is wrong

I said and when your drop

Oh you've gotta feel it

All that you are doing

is wrong

Hmm hmm hmm

Hmm hmm

Hmm hmm yeah

Hmm hmm hmm

[piano music]

- Joan, are you sure?

- So?

- It's not quite

what we're looking for.

- Thank you.

- You're fearless,
you know that?

- I don't know anything, except
no one wants to buy a piano.

- Well, rich people do.

- I think they're the only two
in Wanstead, and they don't.

- Here you are, busting it out
for your dad and Alice.

It's just another drop
in the bucket to them.

- Yeah, but it's a good drop.

- It's still not fair.

- Nothing is.

Where are you from, anyway?

- London. Why?

- Just I've never been
to your house.

- Well, trust me,
it's better that way.

So can you play any of these?

- No.

- Can too.

Play me something.

I'll let you feel me up.

[laughs]

- You should be so lucky.

- Don't get cocky now.

- Hmm, what do you like?

- Try me.

- Alright.

[piano music]

- You bastard.

- That's my dad. He makes me.

[telephone ringing]

Bloody creditors.

I'm taking the taxi tonight,
alright?

- You think you're ready?

- As I'll ever be.

[telephone ringing]

I'll see you tonight then.

- I promised Alice

we'd do something special

for your birthday.

Couldn't let her down.

Now, could I?

- Thank you very much indeed.

Margaret Thatcher is the voice

of a new conservative revolution

that this country

has been waiting for

and so desperately needs,

and I take great pride..

- She's never gonna sleep

after all that cake.

- Don't worry, I'll watch her.

- Thatcher's boy, Daniels.

Misguided sod.

How would you like to be

his kid?

- Right, let's get you ready.

[instrumental music]

We got to make you look

old enough to drive.

- Well, how do I look?

- I think

we need to try something else.

- I don't like

the sound of that.

No way!

- Just come out.

[door opens]

- It's me birthday.

- Yeah, and do you want

to spend it in jail?

[chuckles]

At least

you look old enough now.

Go on. After you, madam.

[rock music]

They say

love can move a mountain
Love's gonna
bring down trees
It's on this
that I'm counting
'Cause for your heart
I found the keys keys
Yeah the keys
to your heart heart
Well I got them
on my chain chain
When the doors
come apart part
Now we'll never be
the same same
Found the keys
to your heart heart
Yeah the keys
to your heart heart
Oh the keys
to your heart heart
[indistinct chattering]
[instrumental music]
[woman laughing]
[indistinct chattering]
- Oi, Sandrine!
Johnny,
you going out to the party?
Sandrine!
[indistinct chattering]
- Lower your window, please.
[car door opens]
[sighs]
I said, lower your window!
- West London, Ladbroke Grove.
- No, no, no. You've got
to get out right now.
- I'm not going anywhere
but home, love.
Besides, I can't remember
the last time
I had a good-looking bird
chauffeur me about.
- I ain't your nothing!

Now get out!

No.

- Lower your window.
- Suit yourself then.
- Please, ma'am?
- Oi.
- You had your chance.

Now shut it, alright?

- Where are you going?
- Stop!

[siren blaring]

[tires screeching]

[groans]

[siren blaring]

- Oh, gee.

Jesus!

- Oh, blimey.

[groans]

[car door shuts]

- What the bleeding hell was that, love?

What the..

[panting]

I thought I'd seen it all.

Are you a bloody tranny?

- My girlfriend did it to me, alright?

I thought it'd make me look older, is all.

It's my dad's taxi.

He got hurt, so I got to fill in.

[panting]

[laughs]

- You're a crazy little bastard, you know that?

How old are you then, mate?

- Fifteen. It's me birthday.

[laughs]

- Is it?

- Yeah.

- Happy birthday, mate.

Listen, you still think you can drive me home?

- Yeah, alright.
- I'll keep sketch, alright?
- Hmm.
- So you're the man
of the house then, are ya?
- Yeah.
- Well, I approve of the hair.
So you fancy yourself a punk,
do ya?
Who do you like?
- The Clash.
- The Clash? Bunch of tossers.
- At least they got something
to say for themselves.
Like Sid Vicious ever did.
What is anarchy, anyway?
Bloody hell.
I ain't gonna pay me dad's bills
with that, am I?
Probably don't know what it is.
- How much do I owe ya?
- That'll be six quid, mate.
- Here. Here.
Happy birthday.
- Thank you.
[door shuts]
[sighs]
[sighs]
Worst birthday yet.
- Yeah?
- I had this one bloke.
Thought he could've been
Joe Strummer's brother.
- Not likely.
- Whoever it was..
He gave me this.
- What, did you shag him?
- Piss off.
Should I take you home?
- Look, I told my parents
I was stayin' over at friend's.
I thought maybe
I could stay the night here?
[instrumental music]

[music continues]

- No, wait. Stop.

Uh, I, I don't know
what I'm doing.

I don't want you to think...

- Shay.

Neither do I.

[chuckling]

[music continues]

[birds chirping]

[sighs]

[shivering]

- Shay?

[door opens]

I don't feel very well.

- You've got a temperature on.

I'm gonna run you a bath.

They turned the water off.

Here you are.

[sighs]

[engine revving]

- Aren't you going to hospital?

- No. We can't.

I'm gonna take you to mum.

Mum! Mum!

Alice, come on, get out.

Alice. Come on.

It's alright, come now.

Mum! Mum!

- Oi, stop shouting.

- Just find my mum, alright?

Come on. Just find my mum.

Move, man. Mum!

- Shay?

- Mum.

- What is it? What's goin' on?

- Alice is sick. I need help.

- What? Let me see.

What's wrong with her?

Johnny. Johnny, go get doc.

- Sure.

- Get a thermometer as well.

There's no water in that tap.

Run and get some water

and bring it back.

Look at me. Look at me.

[indistinct]

- Mummy.

- Yeah. I'm not leaving.

I'm gonna put you in
and cool you down, alright?

Put it in there.

Where's your dad?

- In hospital.

- What? Well, what happened?

- There was an accident
moving a piano.

- Well, why didn't you
come sooner?

- I did! You weren't even here!

- Well, alright. I'm here now.

Okay, she's gonna be alright.

You're gonna be alright,
darling.

Go on, quick.

Fill that up again.

Look at me, darling.

Alice will be alright
in a couple of days.

You stay here till then,
alright?

You can, um,
go home and get some clothes.

- But I've got the shop.

- Oh, don't worry
about the shop.

How's your dad?

- Not bloody good.

- He's done a good job
with you, though, isn't he? Hmm?

I'm glad you're here.

Shay, I've got a gig tonight.

Do you wanna come?

I'll take you somewhere after.

Um, Johnny said
he'll watch Alice for us, so..

What?

Johnny is the most responsible

person I know.

Uh, I trust him with my life.

Honest.

Alright?

- Alright.

- Alright, later.

- Bye.

[sighs]

[applauding]

- Alright, this one is, um,
this one's for Shay.

[guitar music]

I always flirt with death
and I look ill
But I don't care about it
I can face your threats
and stand up straight and tall
And shout about it

I think

I'm on another world with you
With you

I'm on another planet
with you

Another girl another planet
Another girl another planet
Space travel's in my blood
And there ain't nothin'

I can do about it
Long journeys wear me out
But I know

I can't live without it

Oh no

I think

I'm on another world with you
With you

I'm on another planet
with you

Another girl
Who who's loving you now
Another planet
Who's holding you down

Another planet

Alright, cheers.

- Brilliant. See you soon.

- See you. Yeah, yeah.
- Through here, mate,
through here.
- Hello, mate.
- Hi, guys, you alright?
- Good show.
- Mm.

It was alright?

- Great show.
- Oh, thanks, yeah.
- Wicked as always.

[chuckles]

We'll see you back, yeah?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

See you back, then.

Oh, stop it.

I wanna show you something.

You ready?

- I like it.

- Well, you'll be in it
soon enough.

Once my music takes off
I'm gonna get us
a proper place to live in..
So you and Alice
can come and be with me
and we'll just be together.

- You know, you're not really
like most mums.

[laughs]

It's alright, I guess.

- Yeah.

Mm.

It's never about you and Alice.

- Yeah, I know.

- Do you know?

- Dad could've gone
to London with you..

But he gave up the band.

- Well, what makes you
think that?

- Well, he bloody quit playing,
didn't he?

Opened the shop.

- Oh, no, no, no.
Shay, Shay, I, I left your dad.
I mean,
he did everything he could.
I, I..
I, I don't know
what gave you that idea.
- He did.
- Yeah, well, he was probably
trying to protect me
to protect you.
[sighs]
- So why did you
never come and visit us..
You know,
after all those letters you sent
saying that you would?
- Yeah, yeah, well,
I, I meant it, you know?
When I, when I wrote that,
I meant that. I just..
[sighs]
I mean, life gets complicated
sometimes, you know?
I'll make it up to you.
I promise.
[woman moaning]
[moaning]
[instrumental music]
[engine starts]
[music continues]
[music continues]
- I need to find Vivian.
Do you know where she lives?
- It's not for me to say, mate.
- Just tell me
where I can find her.
It's really important.
- Sorry, kid.
- Do you fancy football?
[chuckles]
[knocking on door]
- May I help you, sir?
- Does Vivian live here?

- And who might you be?
- I be Shay.
Who are you, her butler?
So she lives here then? Vivian!
- Ms. Daniels isn't accepting
any callers. Good day.
- I'm not a caller.
I'm her boyfriend, you old git.
- Stop right there!
- Vivian! Vivian!
- Now, go, out with you, now.
- Stop! Shay! Stop! Shay!
- Do you know this guttersnipe,
Ms. Daniels?
- Well, he isn't. Let him go!
- Get off me!
Daniels, yeah?
And this is where you live?
Who are you?
Are you the daughter
of Thatcher's little pig?
Liar.
- What are you doing here?
I told...
- My dad's in hospital.
And we're losing everything.
Is that good enough?
- Shay.
- Piss off!
[sniffling]
[sniffles]
- The time is now.
- Says who?
- Says everybody.
- You cannot mount
a poxy revolution on hearsay.
- Depends on
who's doing the saying.
- The question here is,
what's more important.
The truth or freedom from it?
- Why don't we ask Shay here
as he is too young
to be corrupted.

Shay, what's more important
the truth or freedom from it?

- I don't know.

Isn't it the same thing?

Exactly.

- Good morning, all.

You alright?

- I am very well.

- Oh, good. Mm.

- How's Alice?

- Yeah, yeah, she's better.

She went back to sleep.

You alright?

Let me get you something proper.

What is that?

- Oh, make me something proper,
too, will you?

- Oh, me, too, please.

- Yeah.

- Oi! Oi, guys,
they're doing it.

It's happening here,

Victoria Park.

Gonna be a march,

Anti-Nazi League

a free concert, The Damned!

- Aw, piss off.

- And The Clash!

- The Clash?

- Convenient, we get

the piss kicked out of us

by a bunch of skinheads,

then a free concert.

Lovely.

- Let's go!

- Shay, do you want to come?

- Mum?

- Yeah, alright.

It'll be good for ya.

You better eat that on the way.

It's alright.

Can we hear it, please,

for The Clash?

White riot I wanna riot

White riot a riot of my own
White riot I wanna riot
White riot a riot of my own
- Anti-Nazi League.
This is the official collection
for the Anti-Nazi League.
We're gonna put the money
into property..
[indistinct announcement]
[indistinct chattering]
- You ready?
- Yeah.
[indistinct chanting]
- Come here.
- I was hoping not to see
these National Front skins.
[glass shattering]
- Come on now!
- Jesus.
- This is gonna go ballistic,
alright?
Stay close.
- Alright.
[indistinct yelling]
[siren blaring]
- We just need to get past this
to the concert.
[indistinct yelling]
- Oh, oh, oh!
- Get off me!
- Stop it!
Get your hands off her,
you bald prick.
- Shay, no! Shay, no!
Shay, stop! Shay!
- Oi, oi, get off me!
Get off me.
[indistinct yelling]
Get off me! Get off me!
- Shay! No!
- Guard, guard!
- Yeah.
[man grunting]
- Don't worry, son,

he's a softy. Ain't that right?

- Oh, yeah. Thanks, Paul, mate.

Regards to your family, yeah?

Hey, Paul?

It's not your fault, mate

you got shit for brains!

I can't help all of ya!

[laughs]

It's alright, mate.

You're not my type.

[groans]

- That's not what you said
the last time you saw me.

- What?

My bird! Is it you?

They finally got you
with that taxi, huh?

- No, I was beating up
a skinhead.

- Oh, were ya?

[laughs]

You weren't at my concert,
were ya?

- I thought it was you.

[sighs]

What's your name, shorty?

- Shay.

- Guevara?

Is that you?

- Heard that one before.

[laughs]

- Come on.

[groans]

Hell of a concert, though, yeah?

I think we might've woken up
a couple of corpses.

And isn't this
the cherry on top?

Home sweet home.

- What did they get you for,
anyway?

- Disturbing the peace,
I suppose.

[laughing]

Strange, isn't it?

- The silence?

- Yeah.

- I miss it

when it's not there sometimes.

You know,

just a feeling in your stomach

like this is all that matters.

- How do you mean?

- I don't know

but maybe

it's just one shot at it.

And that's the last.

[laughs]

- You've been listening to too

much of my preaching, shorty.

Getting a bit deep, isn't ya?

I'm gonna have to turn you on to

something a little softer, son

like maybe a little Bee Gees.

- Well, not in this life, mate.

[laughing]

Me dad says..

It's only worth it

if it's worth it.

- Yeah, well,

you listen to your dad, alright?

He sounds like a wise man.

- Yeah.

He gave everything up for us.

- Yeah?

- Not my mum, though.

Went on her own trip, left us.

London was calling, I guess.

- Oh, mate, look..

Some people just burn bright,

you know?

But they're plugged in

somewhere else completely.

And maybe we've got no right

to expect them

to be burning bright

just for us, just for our sake.

Do you know what I mean?

- Bollocks.
- Yeah, bollocks.
Bollocks!
Do you hear that, boys?
Shay Guevara says
it's your bollocks!
- Oi, shut it!
[laughing]
- You alright, Shay?
Yeah?
- Yeah.
[chuckles]
- Try and get some sleep, yeah?
[groans]
- On your marks, gentlemen.
[sighs]
- Oi, it's time to go, kid.
Come on.
[groans]
Hey, thanks, Shay.
- For what?
- For passing the night.
Where's that cab of yours?
[engine revving]
There you go.
- No, it's alright...
- Behave yourself.
[laughs]
Do you wanna come in, Guevara?
We're writing some new stuff.
Let's see if you approve.
- Are you serious?
- Yeah.
Alright, boys!
There, stay there, yeah?
This is my mate, Shay.
We got nicked last night.
Victoria Park Station. Bastards.
You alright, Paul?
On top.
Alright, Mick, you fucker? Yeah.
It's alright, boy.
"Clampdown," yeah?
What are we gonna do now?

One two three four
Taking off his turban they
said is this man a Jew?
Working for the clampdown
They put up a poster saying
we earn more than you
Working for the clampdown
We will teach
our twisted speech
To the young believers
We will train
our blue-eyed men
To be young believers
The judge said five to ten
but I say double it again
I'm not working
for the clampdown
No man born
with a living soul
Can be working
for the clampdown
Kick over the wall
cause government's to fall
How can you refuse it?
Let fury have the hour
anger can be power
Do you know
that you can use it?
Ha gitalong gitalong
Working for the clampdown
Ha gitalong gitalong
Working for the clampdown
Yeah working
for the clampdown
Working hard in Petersburg
Working for the clampdown
Working for the clampdown
Working for the clampdown
[engine revving]
I said pressure drop
oh pressure drop
Pressure gonna..
- Hey, there's Shay.
You alright?

- Shay!
- Hey, you.
[chuckles]
- Mummy gave me bubbles.
- Did she really?
- Hm.
- I'm sorry about yesterday.
It got out of hand...
- Oh, yeah, Johnny told me.
It's alright.
You don't have
to explain yourself to me.
We're gonna go to a party
gonna get some food
at a mate of mine's.
Do you wanna come?
- Yeah.
- Yeah? alright. Come on.
Let's go and get changed.
[reggae music]
- Look upon
this little white face now.
Sandrine, are you keeping
a secret from Mama Letty?
- Uh, no, I ain't got
no secrets from you.
I was keeping him as a surprise.
[laughs]
This is my Alice.
- Look at you.
- Now, Thatcher, that's someone
who gets me out of bed
in the morning.
- Come off it, man,
the Strummer says this
the Strummer says that.
- But Strummer also says, right
that you and I
should be friends.
Black and white in it together.
- It took the bloody Clash
telling you that for you
to figure that out, huh?
Some mate you are.

- I know Strummer.
- Sure you do, mate. We all do.
- No, I really do.
- The revolution can wait.
Come on,
the food is getting cold.
Johnny.
- Hey, no judgments, Shay.
[indistinct chattering]
- What are you doin'?
That's her boyfriend
right there, and I'm her son.
- Shay!
- Just so you know.
- Get yourself some food.
Stop it.
This is Earl. He's nice.
[Sandrine laughing]
I'll take her. I'll take her.
Give her to me.
- No. Johnny, you take her.
I need to speak with my mum.
- No, I'm gonna take her.
- Mum, you're wasted!
- You watch your mouth.
- Johnny, please.
- Sure.
- No.
- Sandrine, talk to your son.
- Johnny.
- What's the matter with you?
- I don't have to answer
to anyone, let alone you.
- That's fine, but me and Alice
are goin' home tomorrow morning.
- Oh, suit yourself.
- I've got responsibilities!
Not that you'd understand.
- I don't need some
13-year-old punk judging me.
- I'm 15!
You don't even know me age!
I've got to take care
of everything you run away from.

- I didn't ask you to,
and I don't tell you
how to live your life
or what to do, do I?
- Me and Alice need a mum,
not a drunk mate!
You don't deserve Johnny.
And you sure as hell
didn't deserve dad!
- You fuck off!
[engine starting]
- Mummy. Mummy, wake up.
We're going to see daddy.
Mummy? Mummy.
Come on.
- Come now, best be goin'.
- We can see mum soon, right?
- Yeah, of course we can.
Oi, mate, what are you doing
with my taxi?
- It belongs
to London Taxi Company.
- Hey, whoa, whoa, wait.
- I'm bringing it back to 'em.
- Oh, come on, mate.
- Take it up with the company.
- I'll pay you, man, come on.
No! No, mate, come on!
Come on now!
- We're fucked.
What? How are we gonna
make any money?
- We'll be fine.
- Oh, we're gonna
have to live with gran.
- No, we won't.
- She smells, Shay!
- I'll handle it.
I've got an idea.
- What idea?
- Joe Strummer, I know him.
If I could just get him
to come to the opening
I can make it work.

Come on, Alice.

Come on, Alice!

[sighs]

[instrumental music]

- Good luck, son.

You're gonna need it.

I'll try and put the word
out to the town for you.

- Cheers, Al.

- Okay, boys, let's go.

[telephone ringing]

- Hello?

The Rock Shop.

Oh, hi, Vivian.

No, Shay's not here.

Well, he told me to say that.

Shay was in the nick
with Joe Strummer
and we're putting on a concert
in our own shop.

- Alice, you weren't supposed
to say that.

- Well, we need
as much publicity as we can get.

- You alright?

- Yeah.

I'm feeling much better,
actually.

- I think the nurse fancies you.

- Uh, you think?

I haven't exactly had
lot of time on my hands
for that kind of thing, have I?

- Because you're still
in love with mum?

- No, Shay.

Do you want me to be?

- I mean, you was always kind
of a nag with her.

- Guess it must've seemed
that way, yeah.

- It did.

- Listen..

I know you're mad

and that you blame me
for your mother and everything.

- Dad...

- No, listen.

I want you to listen to me,
Shay.

I mean, you and your sister,
you're the best thing
that I ever did.

I mean, you helped me,
both of you
when I was feeling low
and I couldn't
get out of bed in the morning.
So don't go feeling sorry for me
or blaming yourself.

[laughs]

I love my life.

And I only hope

that you love yours

half as much as I do.

So when you're done being angry

I want you to remember that..

Okay?

Good. Now get your ass

out of here

and go and look

after your sister.

- You've got to be kidding me!

You're the tosser

that's going off

about The Clash

coming to Wanstead?

- Actually, they are comin'.

Shay knows him.

They went to rehearsal

and everything.

- The only way

he'd know rock stars is if

they took turns

shaggin' his mum.

[laughing]

- I've taken on skinheads twice
your size.

[Alice screaming]

- Shay!

[grunting]

- Are you gonna stop talking
about my family?

- Ow, my nose!

- On Sunday morning,

so he could learn

all about the goods.

- Oh, how ridiculous.

What is there to learn about
toys?

All you do is bounce them,
cuddle them or turn them on.

- Just like girls, really.

- No, the government isn't
helping people

and the working class

is all but forgotten.

Just look around you,

you can see it.

And now we've got these

National Front tossers

and they're just

taking advantage of people.

But that's wrong, man.

No, people have got to take
it into their own hands.

- So you're calling

for a revolution of sorts.

[Strummer laughs]

- You're gonna

get me into trouble, man.

But, but, but yeah, yeah, like,
a musical one, for real.

You know, we've got,

we've got an obligation

The Clash has, you know,

to tell people to wake up.

Wake the bloody hell up, people.

This is a pirate life.

[instrumental music]

Oh oh oh oh pa Ra pa

Pa Ra Ra pa Ra..

- Wait, wait, wait, wait!
Wait, no, mate, can we see Joe?
- Do what, kid?
- I need to see Joe.
- Well, they've gone.
Look, I've locked up already.
- I'm telling you, he knows me.
Can you just give him this?
- Do you know how many of
these we get every day?
Go give this to Joe.
Give that to Joe.
I can't keep giving him
all of these.
- Oh, come on, mate.
- No, no, you'll be alright.
Just come back tomorrow.
- Thanks.
Oi, does Joe Strummer live here?
I'm a mate of his.
- Piss off.
- I need to talk to him.
It's important. Please.
He knows me, I swear.
- Please stop.
He really does know him.
- He comes in and out.
I don't know when he'll be back.
- Can you just
give him this, please?
- I don't know if I'll see him.
[train horn blaring]
- Shay?
- Yeah?
- What if Joe
doesn't show up to the shop?
- He'll show up.
- Well, he better.
[dramatic music]
[clanking]
- What are you doing?
- What?
- Stay here.
[music continues]

Oi, who's there?

- Shay?

- Penelope?

- Where have you been?

We've been worried sick.

- We?

- Daddy!

- Hi, sweetheart, how are you?

Oh, it's good to see you.

Can you take Alice out?

I just need to speak to Shay
for a minute, sweetheart.

On you go.

- Come on, honey.

- Thanks.

What's The Rock Shop,
and where's my taxi?

- They took the taxi.

I had to do something.

- A bit more than something.

Well?

- Drastic times
calls for drastic measures.

- Don't use my words
against me, boy.

Now, what is goin' on?

- I sold the stock
and updated it. That's all.

We, we needed
to go another direction.

Dad, you don't need to worry.

I've got a plan.

I know Joe personally
and he'll help.

- Are you on drugs, son?

- Just try saying thanks.

- I wanted to get first
in the queue for tomorrow.

- I'm not a guttersnipe.

- Well, I wouldn't care.

I'm sorry I didn't tell you
the truth.

You forgive me?

[instrumental music]

- Come on. You'll catch
your death out here.

- Open up!

- Open up, come on.

- Are they actually gonna play?

- We want The Clash!

- Shay?

- Open the door!

- I think we should
call the police.
This could get ugly.

- Oh, bollocks.

- What?

- Open up!

- It's me dad.

- We want The Clash.

- Come here.

[indistinct chatter]
[instrumental music]
You kept my album, I see.

- Yeah.

- That's about the only thing.

- I'm Shay's dad.

- I'm Vivian. How do you do?

- Fantastic.

You did good.
It should've been done a long
time ago, truth be told.
Thanks.

[pounding on the door]
What do you want to do?

- This is my doin'.

I'll handle it.

- Hmm.

- Step back, everyone. Come on.

[indistinct chatter]
[instrumental music]
Welcome to the grand
opening of The Rock Shop.
Thanks for your patience,
everyone.
I'm sure The Clash will be here
very soon.
Uh, but first I want

to give you a warm-up, me.
[keyboard music]
[indistinct]
- Alright, alright,
that's enough! That's enough.
No show today, folks.
On you go.
Come on, Shay, let's go.
- No way,
The Clash is showing up, mate.
- I said go on.
[indistinct chatter]
- Shay, look!
- Oi, shorty!
Is this all for me?
[cheering]
Alright, man. You alright?
I was supposed to be
somewhere else tonight
but I couldn't let my mate down,
yeah?
This is for my mate, Shay
and his dear old dad,
and The Rock Shop.
[cheering]
You ready?
- Yeah!
- One, two, one,
two, three, four.
[instrumental music]
Breaking rocks
in the hot sun
I fought the law
and the law won
I fought the law
and the law won
I needed money
'cause I I had none
I fought the law
and the law won
I fought the law
and the law won
I miss my baby
and it feels so bad

I think my race is run
She's the best girl
that I ever had
I fought the law
and the law won
I fought the law..
Robbing people
with a six-gun
I fought the law
and the law won
I fought the law
and the law won
I lost my girl
and I lost my fun
I fought the law
and the law won
I fought the law
and the law won
I miss my baby
and it feels so bad
I think my race is run
She's the best girl
that I ever had
I fought the law
and the law won
I fought the law
and the..
[instrumental music]
Police and thieves
on the street
Scaring the nation with their
guns and ammunition
Police and thieves
on the street
Oh yeah
Fighting the nation with their
guns and ammunition
From Genesis to Revelation
Yes the next generation
will be hear me
From Genesis to Revelation
Yes the next generation
will be
Hear me

All the crime committed
day by day
No one tries to stop it
in any way
All the peacemakers
turned war officer
Hear what I say
He-he-he-he-he-he-hey
Police and thieves
on the street
Scaring the nation with their
guns and ammunition
Police and thieves
on the street
Fighting the nation with their
guns and ammunition
From Genesis
to Revelation yes
The next generation
will be hear be hear me
Ya-pada ya-pada ya
Ya-pada ya-pada ya
Ya-pada ya-pada ya
Oh oh yeah yeah
All the crime committed
day by day
No one tries to stop it
in any way
All the peacemakers
turned war officer
Hear what I say
Tu Ru-Ru Ru
Tu Ru-Ru Ru
Tu Ru-Ru Ru