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Mickybo and Me

By Terry Loane

Come on. Lift your feet.
Back in 1970,
the whole world knew
that Belfast was a divided city.
Neighborhoods
were turning into ghettos,
but I knew nothing about all that.
- Are you going dancing tonight, Dad?
- I am, son, aye.
You must love dancing, Dad.
I do, yeah.
How come
you don't like dancing, Mummy?
I'm a hopeless dancer, JonJo.
I have two left feet.
I'd only embarrass your dad.
Your mother's
more of a home bird, JonJo.
My world was no bigger
than four walls and a few quiet streets.
But that was before I met Mickybo.
- How are you, Dad?
- Go on, Son, show 'em who's boss.
Hold it. Hold it.
Will you catch yourself on, son.
Are you a man or a frigging wee girl?
Dad, next time
can we bring Mum for an ice-cream?
She can sit with me
when you're away doing the messages.
No, your mother's
not to know about this.
- This is our wee secret.
- Why, Dad?
If she knew you were eating ice-cream
before lunch, she'd do her nut.
- Aye, Dad, she would.
- That's why, Son.
Anyway, she doesn't even like ice-cream.
There's my bus.
See you after work, Son.
And go straight home, JonJo.
Help us.
- I've got you now, you thieving git.

- Run, he's got a big knife.
Little bastards, come back.
Run! Run!
- How did you do that?
- What?
I'm the fastest in my school.
I've never been beaten before.
You said run, so I ran.
Where are you from?
Up the road. Where do you live?
Over the bridge.
Are you in a gang?
Me and you could get Gank and Fartface,
kick 'em up the balls,
get me bike back.
- Who?
- From my road. They always chase me.
They stole my new Chopper bike.
But I stole their ball.
- Lend us this. Give you it back later.
- When?
After lunch. Down Palestine Street.
There's a broken van outside.
It's my da's.
The bridge was the dividing line
between us and them.
The Protestant and the Catholic.
I'd been told a million times
not to cross it.
The other side
was like the other side of the world.
Hello, love.
Who is it, Ma?
- Is it Mickybo you're looking for?
- Uh-huh.
It's a terrible thing, but we
had to sell him to the Gypsies.
Broke my heart.
But what had to be done, had to be done.
Come in.
No, no, darling, you sit your ground.
Sure, you must be exhausted.
Come in, son. You're just in time
for feeding time at the zoo.

My ma is nuts. Don't mind her.
Sit at the table.
I'll get you some toast.
- He's not hungry, Ma.
- Orange squash, then?
- He's not thirsty.
- Not that. Leave that.
That's for your father.
It's all that's left. A biscuit?
I told you, Ma.
He's not hungry. We're going out.
Can I have his biscuit, Ma?
Are you boys off adventuring
up the Amazon jungles today?
Well, better mind out
for those cannibals.
They'll eat you as soon as look at you.
Or are you conquering Everest? Huh?
Well, don't forget your woolly gloves.
- Mum!
- What? What is it, girls?
Nothing. Just wanted to say
lunch was lovely.
Well, they don't call me
Fanny Craddock for nothing, ladies.
You're not local, son.
- Where did our Micky find you at?
- Up over the bridge, missus.
- Does your mother allow you down here?
- Uh-huh.
Come on, we shouldn't be here.
How's that for you?
Oh, Sidney.
You're so strong.
Come on. Have you never seen
someone having a shag before?
Catch that, Torch Woman.
Go on, aim for her head.
Wee bastards.
Sidney, they're at it again!
Think you used enough dynamite?
Most of this is true.
And all of it blazes with action.
You've never met a pair

like Butch and Sundance.

They robbed trains, looted banks...

- Manos arriba!

- They got 'em up.

You're so smart, you read it.

When I was a kid,

I thought I was gonna grow up
to be a hero.

Ooooh, shit!

Beezer.

We'll come back tonight. Rob sixpence
off your dad for sweets, OK?

Leave us alone, mister,
we ain't done nothing wrong.

Give us another drop of tea there,
darling, will you?

Your da's gonna be a winner tomorrow.

I can feel it in my water.

You'll give me your crock of gold
for the housekeeping.

You'll not be blowing it
on new toys and those bloody horses.

The wee man

had to have a proper boy's bike.

Can't have him riding around on
hand-me-down girls bikes at his age.

And anyway
he's had nothing new for ages.

Aye, I know how he feels.

Didn't I get you
those washing gloves you wanted?

You'll get no respect if you look like
you've been dragged through a hedge.

- Aye, Dad, you've told me.

- Here.

You can always tell
the worth of a man by his shoes, Son.

You remember that.

- Always keep your shoes polished.

- Aye, Dad.

Daddy, can I have some money?

- What for?

- Nothing.

There you are.

Hey, don't go spending it all on
cigarettes and loose women, JJ.
Excuse me.
There's still about ten more
to come. What do you want?
Two tickets for Butch Cassidy
and the Sundance Kid, please, missus.
Away off and give my head peace. Next.
He said two tickets for
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.
It's not for wee kids.
Now... frig off.
Or I'll set Sidney on yous.
Look, missus,
we spied you lumbering Sidney.
So if we don't get in, we're gonna
stand outside and tell everyone,
you're a big, dirty whore.
You've a filthy mouth on you, wee lad.
See, if you were my son, I'd wash
your mouth out with carbolic soap.
"Oh, Sidney. You're so strong, Sidney. "
Two, was it, boys?
- Aye, missus, two.
- In the balcony.
Ah, everythings got
to be perfect with you.
I just don't want to get there
and find out it stinks.
At least think about it.
All right, I'll think about it.
You didnt see Lefors
out there, did you?
Lefors? No.
Good. For a moment there,
I thought we were in trouble.
Fuego!
Fuego!
Fuego!
When he kicked the big ugly guy
up the balls.
That was class.
Here, I'm Butch, you be Sundance.
- Why?

- Cos I say so, that's why.
But I don't want to be Sundance.
I bagsie be Butch.
What's the matter with you?
I'm Butch, right?
You're Sundance and I'm Butch.
I started this gang. I run things here.
If I say you're Butch's horse,
you're my fucking horse.
So what is it? The horse or Sundance?
When you put it that way,
I'll be Sundance.
Beezer. Now come on
and we'll blow up something, partner.
I'd never met
anyone like Mickybo before.
He was just different.
You owe me a ball, Mickybo.
But you two stole his new bike.
You're a right wee fucking smart-arse,
aren't you?
This here's none of your business.
It's between us and Micky here.
- Where are you from, JonJo?
- Up the road.
Leave him alone, Fartface.
He's my partner.
Gank.
We don't like them 'uns
from up the road, do we, Gank?
- Fucking hate 'em.
- Which means we hate you, wee girl.
If we catch you here again,
fruiting about with wee Micky,
I'll make sure you never piss
straight again, understand?
Aggh!
Run, JonJo!
Do you think they'll come after us?
No, now we're a gang,
they'll leave me alone.
No one'll mess with you and me.
I'm sorry I'm late, Mummy.
Where have you been?

- Just out.

- Where?

Nowhere, Mum, just playing.

You can't be out this late.

It's not safe.

I worry when you're not here, JonJo.

I need you to stay close to home.

OK.

Mummy, could Daddy

not teach you to dance?

You could put on your nice dress.

Now, why would I go out, when

I can be here with my number-one man?

Where was that one?

It's OK.

It's way over the bridge somewhere.

Will the people in

Palestine Street be OK?

Who do you know in Palestine Street?

As I watched the smoke rise,

my heart almost froze.

But I couldn't tell my mum

about Mickybo.

It would only make her worry.

You should've seen

this place burning.

Nearly burned down the whole street.

It was pure class.

- Was anyone hurt?

- Don't know. But I got us a souvenir.

A lucky treasure.

Do you think I used

enough dynamite there, Sundance?

Come on.

- Esto es un robo.

- You what?

It's Bolivian.

It means "This is a stick up. "

- Ma says you're to give us some money.

- They'll be recruiting toddlers next.

- Da.

- What makes you think I've any?

- You need money to buy beer.

- Aye, you're right there, Son.

Jesus, stop the presses.
He's buying a round.
Aye. Who's this?
The Sundance Kid. And I'm Butch Cassidy.
We're going to Bolivia.
Ah, no, Australia.
They speak English in Australia.
Aye, that'll be a place.
Better than this.
G'day, g'day.
We'll all fuck off to Australia.
If it's good enough for Rolf Harris,
it's good enough for us.
We'll shoot koala bears for supper.
Will you take us there, Da? Really?
Son, don't be soft in the head. I can't
be minding you all the time like a girl.
I didn't get where I am today
by hanging on to my daddy's hand.
Anyway, Son,
I can't neglect the old horses.
Away on, you two.
Conquer the outback on your own
before you have a ball and chain
holding you back, hey?!
The midget gems, please.
- They speak English in Australia.
- It's a long way, though, isn't it?
Everything's always
got to be perfect with you.
I don't want to get there
and find out it stinks.
Don't worry, partner.
It happened to me the first time too.
You just have to get used to it.
Those bananas must be off.
Should we not just
ring the bell, Mickybo?
We're robbers, JonJo,
not bloody postmen.
God, it stinks of cat's piss in here.
This is a bad idea, Mickybo.
If that old man comes back,
he'll get us with his knife.

Whoa!
JonJo, look at me.
I'm gonna play for Man United.
Be better than George Best.
Keep a ball up forever.
A wee lad in my school has one of those.
He got his leg bombed off when
he went to buy new shoes with his mum.
He doesn't have to do PE anymore.
Lucky git.
Well, now he's got a spare one.
Can we go now? There's nothing here.
I'm not going
until I get a bit of treasure.
Beezer.
- Now can we go?
- I'm trying to pee.
I've never touched a dead body before.
He's like leather. All floppy.
Hiya, JonJo, could I have
my bloody leg back, please?
Mr. Barnes?
Hey, what are yous doing in there?
Run, JonJo. Run like shite!
- Look who it is, Gank.
- I told you, I'll stay away.
I'm calling the police.
No, please, please!
This is gonna hurt me more than you.
Guns or knives, Fartface?
That's not a real gun, Fartface.
It's all rusted.
Oh, it's dead real, Gank. You could
always ask old Barney in there.
Except... he's dead now.
You've gone all quiet
all of a sudden, Fartface.
You don't mind me
calling you that, now, do you, Fartface?
Is it no fun now, two against two?
But he's a spa, Micky.
Us three could kick his teeth in.
We can protect you. Tell the peelers
it was him killed Barney.

I've told you before, Fartface,
he's my partner.
And I don't need any protecting.
Kid, there's something
I ought to tell you.

- Yeah?

- I never shot anyone before.
One hell of a time to tell me, Butch.
Away on home to your ma, Pissy-Knickers,
and she'll change your nappy for you.
Get out of town, JonJo.
You know you shouldn't be here, and wee
Micky can't protect you forever.

- We'll get you next time.

- Get this, Fartface.
I'm Butch fucking Cassidy,
and I pick my own friends.
It's just not fair,
I've never done anything to them.
They're just out to get me,
ever since the cinema last night.
They'll tell the police I killed Barney.
And they'll put me in jail or hang me
or fry me in the electric chair.
Then we'll go on the run.
We've no choice.
But there's nowhere to go.
And we might get lost, Mickybo.
Or starve to death.
Or get hit by a bus or something.
We'll need supplies. Go and get food and
stuff. Then meet me under the bridge.

- But we didn't do anything.

- Who's gonna believe that?
We're just wee kids.
They blame us for everything anyway.
And if the peelers don't get you,
Fartface will.
And he's gonna stab you in the guts.

- Hi, Daddy.

- All right, Son.

- Come in here, Son.

- I can't stop, Mum.

- I said get in here now.

- I've got to go out, Mum.
We're staying with
Auntie Rita tonight.
But I can't go, Mum.
I have to be somewhere.
It'll have to wait, JonJo.
Right now, I need you with me.
But you said
we weren't gonna go back there, Mum.
- We'll have a laugh.
- But she hates me, Mum.
She always pinches my face.
And her dog stinks.
You are coming with me, Son, all right?
Now, you get your things and come on.
I'll not tell you again, OK?
How's my wee angel?
I've your room
all ready for you and everything.
- Where are you going?
- Get out of my room.
- We're not in your room.
- Where are you going?
I said get out.
But where are you going?
I'm fucking going to Australia.
Out of my way.
Ma, Micky said fuck again.
Ma, Micky's going to Australia.
Would you not take me with you, Son?
Send us a postcard, Son.
Can I have Micky's room, Ma?
We'll see.
My Auntie Rita had no husband,
no children.
She was wedded
to the good Lord, she said.
God knows what he did
to deserve someone like her.
I'll be with you in a wee second.
Missed you down the pictures.
I've seen everything
you've been showing.
Ain't that the truth, lover boy?

Started to think you were ignoring me.

Some chance.

- I'm here, Butch.

- What bloody time do you call this?

I'm sorry. My mum took me away.

I thought the peelers had you, partner.

I thought I was on my own again.

Come on.

Come on, Butch!

Come on!

Come on, Butch!

Come on, take my hand!

What are you doing?

- Aghh! What was that for?

- Don't be such a girl.

Ow, frig! Here, give us your hand.

Ow!

Me and you's blood brothers now,
for life.

What? You're not right in the head.

For life. Say it. For life.

OK, OK. For life, Butch.

It's me and you now, Sundance.

Us against the world.

My hand's flipping killing me.

It's still bleeding.

I didn't feel a thing.

If it ever heals,

it will leave a massive scar.

- Do you think so?

- Uh-huh.

Beezer.

When we get to Australia,

I'm gonna get a pet kangaroo.

Train it like a guard dog

so's it can attack people for us.

It can help us rob stuff

and hide it in its hole.

If we go to jail,

do you think we'll share a room?

You can have the top bunk.

Any chance of a cup of tea?

- Hello.

- Put JonJo on.

- What?
- I'd like to speak to my son.
You dragged him off with you.
He's not here now.
He's run off from Rita's.
For God's sake.
He'll turn up when he gets hungry.
If I see him, I'll send him over to you.
Unless he wants to stay here.
I might not lose track of him,
like some.
Mummy!
Mickybo, I've got to go back.
- Barney's gonna kill my mum.
- What are you talking about?
Are you crying?
Will you catch yourself on, son.
Barney's not got your ma.
He's dead, remember?
And we robbed his gun.
So if you want to go back
and get caught, that's fine.
You'll only slow me down anyway.
I had a bad dream. I'm sorry.
Are you going back?
No, I just got confused.
- OK.
- I'm not a baby.
And I'll not slow you down.
OK.
But the minute you start to whine,
or make a nuisance,
I'm dumping you flat.
Let me do the talking. Say nothing
till we find out what they know.
- Where you headed, amigos?
- Australia.
Well, this must be
your lucky day. Hop on in.
We Interrupt this programme
for a news flash.
Ma, it's our Micky.
... regarding two Belfast boys
who are missing.

Turn it up.
And Michael Boyle, aged 8. Anyone
with information should contact...
Is the youngster with him?
The boys are believed to be armed and
should be approached with caution.
So you boys
off to join the circus or what?
No, mister, we're cowboys on the run.
Heading south. We murdered
a grumpy git back in Belfast.
He was an old bastard
with no friends and a gammy leg.
We're gonna rob us some banks,
then climb the border fence,
then get the ferry.
You've been busy boys.
He's the Sundance Kid. The best shot.
I'm Butch Cassidy,
the brains of the gang.
Oh, Jesus, I've heard of you fellas.
Yous are ruthless
cold-blooded outlaws all right.
Fugitives from justice, hey?
Aye. And if you don't turn us in,
we'll not kill you
cos we're in a good mood today, OK?
Sounds fair to me, boys,
a life for a life.
Aye.
No, look, they're both as right as rain.
Look, just tell their folks
not to worry, all right?
Look, I'll buy them some sweets
and hold them till you get here, OK.
All right.
- Are you sure?
- Go back and ask him, JonJo.
- But he gave us a lift.
- Won't you ever wise up?
He robbed our gun
and was gonna turn us in for a reward.
It's lucky one of us has brains.
Without me,

you'd be behind bars a long time ago.
Oh, I just stood
in something horrible.
It's probably sheep shit.
It could be a cow's or a horse's.
Or maybe a dog with diarrhea.
It's all through the gaps in my sandals.
It's gonna stink my socks.
I'm sure you can get
new ones in Australia.
We're gonna need
something for the getaway.
- I can't drive. Can you?
- Don't be thick, JonJo.
I'm a kid.
I can't even reach the pedals.
- That's your great idea.
- The latest in a long line.
It's just a dumb animal.
Give us a hand.
Down there.
See? It's a cinch.
Hi-ho, Silver, away!
Yee-hah!
Slap its arse or something.
Jesus, JonJo, you're like a wee girl.
Belt it.
No wonder they bloody invented cars.
You'd better be here
when I come running out.
Just you do your bit.
I'll be here and I'll be ready.
Manos arriba!
I said manos arriba, missus.
Put up your hands. This is a stick up.
Oh, and who might this young man be?
The wee dote. Is it John Wayne himself?
I say he's more like Jimmy Stewart.
The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance.
- Smashing film that.
- Was that not Lee Marvin?
No, that was the Duke, for sure.
The Quiet Man.
Ah, you're right. Jimmy Stewart.

A strapping big tall man,
with big soft eyes. But rough.
I used to love him in them
Albert Hitchcock films. Rear Window.
Oh, aye, with Gene Kelly, the princess.
She was some looker. I'd have
run off with her in a heartbeat.
She'll be disappointed
at having missed that chance, love.
Hey, listen to me. I'm Butch Cassidy
and I'm robbing this bank.
Sorry, son,
we're holding up your hold up.
Gabbing away like senile old half-wits.
Come on, give the wee gun-slinger
a crumb from your table.
Here you are.
Go and buy yourself some sweets.
Buy yourself something nice.
And I'll need something for the Sundance
Kid. He's outside keeping watch.
Quick, JonJo, pedal like shite!
Faster, JonJo, pedal faster!
- Yee-hah!
- Yee-hah!
It was a cinch. They were all
shit scared, up against the wall.
With their hands up. Even the guard.
- Were you not a wee bit frightened?
- No way.
Look at that.
Be careful with that.
What one did you get?
Better luck next time, Sundance.
How do you tell the difference
between the twins?
I just can. They're a wee bit different.
They're both wee bitches.
They've probably
already taken my bedroom.
You're so lucky getting a Chopper bike.
My da just buys me ice-cream every week.
Last year, I done this beezer drawing
of a bomber plane for my dad.

I gave it to him in the bar.
And he showed all his mates
and they said it was pure class.
He bought me my very own drink.
When he got home,
the twins started reading poems.
So I said to my dad
to show them all the picture.
He forgot all about it.
Left it behind him in the bar.
The twins just fucking laughed
into my face.
Well, they can all die for all I care.
Are you OK?
Oh, shit!
- Do something, JonJo.
- What like?
I don't know. Just get me down.
Help me, JonJo.
I'm bloody melting up here!
- Go to that end!
- That's the wrong way!
Just do it!
Push out the bales!
Come on, you'll have to jump!
Are you nuts? I'll break my neck!
You've got to. Otherwise you're toast!
Butch?
Mickybo, say something.
I want to do that again.
Come on, Mickybo.
Someone's coming, Mickybo. Come on!
For a moment there,
I thought we were in trouble.
- Are you taking me home?
- We're still looking for your friend.
So you'll be our guest for the evening.
He's my partner.
He'll find me and rescue me.
Then we'll escape.
Micky, thanks for the tip off.
We'd better send for reinforcements.
Don't bother your hole. You'll not catch
him. He's the fastest runner in Ireland.

How'd you know my name?
Did Fartface squeal?
Half the country's been looking for you.
Aye, son, you're like wanted men.
Beezer.
Without my partner,
I was like a wounded man.
But the memory of what I'd seen at home,
and the fear of what
was waiting for me back there,
drove me on.
Dear Jesus,
please ask your dad
to look after my mum.
She's at my Auntie Ritas house.
And tell my mum
I'm sorry for making her worry.
And please ask him
to keep Mickybo out of prison.
He never actually killed anyone.
Not since I've known him anyway.
Thanks.
Amen.
Is he all right?
Good.
They have him. He's fine.
Right. Great. See you later. Bye.
Hello.
Hello.
Hello.
Hello. Who is it?
Come on, Kemo Sabe.
Time to mosey on home.
Hello, Belfast 324165.
- Is Mickybo there?
- No, the police has him.
- Can I talk to your dad, then?
- We're not allowed to wake him.
Is that you, JonJo?
Tell him the peelers
is after him as well.
The peelers is after you.
Him and Micky's dead
when they come home.

You and Micky's dead
when you come home.
And tell him about them two boys.
And there's two big boys waiting
to get you when you come back.
What's Australia like?
- Sundance!
- Are you OK?
Aye, now get me out, quick!
Come on!
They know everything.
They're getting reinforcements.
But I've a plan. You sneak
in and nick the peeler's gun.
- Then shoot the locks off.
- Don't be soft in the head.
I've a better plan.
Where you going?
- Cover your eyes.
- What?
Cover them. Duck down.
There's wanted posters everywhere.
With photos of you and me.
- We're famous.
- Do they know about Barney?
I told them nothing.
They tortured me to spill the beans.
But they couldn't break
our cowboy code of silence.
And there's a massive big reward.
Them peelers will be sickened
not getting the money.
- How much?
- A million dollars each. Dead or alive.
Well, keep running then.
- But I thought they had him safe.
- I know.
They can't just lose a lad
that's sitting in front of them.
The wee bugger just ran off.
Wait till I get hold of him.
But he's only little.
Peelers couldn't
organize a piss up in a brewery.

Oh, Aye. That's something
you could certainly show them how to do.
He'll be all right, darling. The wee
man's tough, eh? Just like his ma.
We should've gone for him.
He'll be home as soon as
he gets hungry, won't he, girls?
- Aye, Daddy.
- He's only little.
See the teacher lady in the film
who taught them
all those Bolivian words?
Was she Butch's wife too?
I think so. Aye, they took turns.
Can you have two wives now?
No, that was the olden days.
If you were a cowboy,
you could do what you wanted.
Can you swap the wife
you have now for a new one?
Only in America.
- So you can't have two mums?
- No. Sure, one's bad enough.
Last one to the wall stinks of shite.
When we've climbed over the border
fence, we can hitch a ride to the ferry.
But what if it hits a giant iceberg?
We're going to Australia, JonJo,
not the frigging North Pole.
But there was this ship once
that got smashed by an iceberg
and millions of people got drowned.
Oh, my God!
If Superman was in Belfast,
there'd be no bombs.
Aye, he'd hear the ticking
with his X-ray ears.
Come on!
There you are.
I got us disguises.
No one'll recognize us now.
- What times the next boat, missus?
- Miss.
- Miss what?

- It's Miss.
What is? What's the matter with her?
When's the next ferry, please, miss?
You're a wee tiny bit early, boys.
The next one's not till eight.
The night crossing. 2 pounds
12 shillings each, pay down the pier.
Where's your manners, boys?
Oh, aye. Thanks, missus.
We've four hours to kill.
All we have to do is keep a low profile.
Yee-hah!
- Ride 'em, cowboy!
- Oi, kid. Get down on your arse.
- Who are those guys?
- Don't know.
But they're really
starting to get on my nerves.
Aim at the target, son.
Not the friggin' prizes, all right?
Aye, mister. Sorry, mister.
It was an accident, mister.
Aye, well, if it happens a third time,
I'll have you out of here before
you can shit yourselves. Understand?
Aye. What's your top prize, mister?
See, when I'm big,
I'm going to have my own real gun.
People don't slabber at you
when you've got a gun.
It wasn't fair.
My rifle shot all crooked.
Can we get some chips now?
Forget about your chips.
What about our bloody boat tickets?
But you were minding the money.
You formed this gang.
You run things. Remember?
We're bloody stuffed.
It's the end of the line.
If your dad was here,
he'd know what to do.
Jesus, partner,
you're not as daft as you look.

Snake eyes, come to Papa.
This bit's not for kids, boys.
But that's our money.
We earned it fair and square.
Tough luck, son, you're minors.
Now, get the fuck out of my hair!
You're a thieving bastard.
We need that money.
We've a ship to catch.
Run, Butch. Run like shite!
Come on, we'll miss the boat!
Leave it, leave it!
Keep the change, mister.
- Yah!
- Yah!
Come on!
Come on, boy! Come on!
My horse is shite, JonJo!
- Come on! Get moving!
- Wait for me, JonJo!
Don't leave me behind.
Help me, Sundance!
Come on! Yee-hah!
He's gaining on us.
Keep running!
And the Lord tells us
we must love all of his people
as he loves his flock.
Come on!
Come on!
Damn it!
Next time I say run like shite,
you run like shite, OK?
You are all mouth.
Who are those guys?
I think it's the law, Mickybo.
We're cornered. What are we gonna do?
If we still had Barney's gun,
we could shoot them.
If we had super powers,
we could fly to Australia, Mickybo.
But we don't have super powers
or Barney's gun.
All right, smart-arse,

what about you having an idea for once?

I know.

We could jump.

Are you serious?

We'll get squished to bits.

Come on, it's our only chance.

- I said no way.

- What's the matter with you?

- I can't swim.

- Can you not, Mickybo? Really?

Of course I can, you tube.

I did my 20 lengths last term.

What are you on about then,

you big spoon?

The fall will probably kill you.

Blood brothers?

- Blood brothers.

- For life.

Shite!

Are you gonna lock us up?

Ah, no, son. We'll leave that

to your boys back up north.

How come you've no guns?

No need. Down here, we're trained
to kill a man with our bare hands.

Yous are not real peelers
if you've no guns.

Don't you worry yourselves.

You'll be seeing more guns
than you can shake a stick at.

What do you mean "down here", mister?

Different rules over the border, son.

Down here guns are for shooting rabbits,
the odd fox and not much else.

But we never got to the border.

Ah, you did, lads.

Crossed over a few miles back.

Did you not notice
the grass that little bit greener?

In a few minutes,
you'll be skipping right back over it.

So don't blink
or you'll miss it in all its glory.

My da will not believe

we escaped that far.

He'll tell all his mates
and buy us a drink again.

Well, and here she is, boys.

Checkpoint Charlie.

- But it's shite.

- I'm sorry to disappoint you, boys.

Here, partner.

JonJo.

- Right, son. Explain yourself.

- Me and Mickybo...

I don't give a damn about him.

What the hell were you doing?

Mummy!

Oh, would you look who it is.

It's the wee prodigal son.

- What is she doing here?

- She's a friend of mine.

- I'm like a social worker, son.

- I'm not your son, missus. All right?

And I know what you do. I saw you
down the pictures shagging Sidney.

- Remember?

- JonJo.

Do you shag all the men in Belfast
or just other people's husbands?

- JonJo!

- Listen, son...

I told you, I'm not your son
and you're not my mum.

- You're a whore. Now get out...

- That's enough!

This is a little more
than I signed up for, gents.

Get up to your room.

I'll deal with you in the morning.

Where are you going?

To my room, Dad, like you told me.

Me and my mum don't live here anymore.

Shit.

I'm sorry, Mummy.

I'm sorry, Ma.

No.

No, Micky.

I want to speak to him.
I have to tell him.
I robbed a bank, Da, all by myself.
And escaped from jail.
It was a laugh, Da.
Good man yourself.
And we struck gold
in the gambling machines.
And jumped into the sea like cowboys.
It's class by the sea, isn't it? Your
granny took us there when we were wee.
The rifle range was beezer.
You should've been there, Da.
I got seven bull's-eyes.
The ponies were shite, though.
Hardly even moved.
Never did, Son. They were always shite.
We nearly made it to Australia.
The peelers said we was famous.
We got past the border and all.
It was rubbish too.
Will you come with me next time, Da?
No, Son.
I'll not be going anywhere.
Are you dead, Da?
I am that, Son. Every square inch of me.
Why, Da?
It all happened dead quick.
Just sitting having a wee pint.
Thinking about the world
in all its glory.
And some joker just came in
and started shooting all around him.
Was it sore, Da?
No, not really.
Bet there was a lot of blood.
When you're shot,
there's tons of blood, isn't there?
Any God's amount of it, Son.
If Superman was there, he would've
stopped the bullets, wouldn't he, Da?
Oh, aye.
Superman would stop the bullets.
No bother.

Are you gonna buy me a drink, Da?
No, Son. You've to buy your own.
You're the big man now.
Did your horse ever win, Da?
No, Son.
Never did.
After we got back, they closed
the bridge for days and days.
I couldn't get to my partner.
- Do you like it, Mum?
- It's lovely.
Would you like another one?
No, one's enough, Mum.
The first chance I had,
I was straight back to Mickybo's house.
- What are you doing down here?
- Looking for Mickybo, missus.
He's not here, son. Nobody's here.
Are you joking again, missus?
No, son, there's damn all funny now.
I'm sitting here
without a slice of bread
and the man I love
is in the bloody ground.
He was nothing special, son.
Near drank us all into the poor house.
But he was better than nothing.
The men in this country's
gone clean mental.
Mickybo's gone. There's nothing
for you down here now, son.
Nowhere is safe.
So... go back to your own.
Hey, Butch,
are you coming to the playground?
No, the swings are for wee kids.
Come on, you can be sheriff.
Don't want to, all right.
Go on your own.
- What's he doing here, Micky?
- How should I know?
Give us back Micky's bike
and we'll let you go.
I've never even seen Mickybo's bike.

Tell him to give you your bike back.

My dad bought me that bike, JonJo,
and I want it back.

You and your mates
from over the bridge stole it.

I swear I don't have your bike.

You stole my fucking bike
and I want it back.

They stole it, Mickybo.

You know that. I'm your partner.

He's mates with us now,
after what happened to his da.

We're looking after him.

You're mates with us now.

- Give me it, JonJo.

- I'm away home.

Go on, Micky.

He's fucking chicken. Kill him.

Fight back, you big fruit.

Let me in.

You shouldn't have
fucking stole it, JonJo.

You said you were gonna do it, Micky.

Now do it.

You killed my da, you bastards!

You fucking killed my da!

Aggh!

Back in 1970...

... the whole world

knew Belfast was a divided city.

But I knew nothing about all that.

Until it hit me like a freight train.

I know it's been over 30 years,

but I wanted to get in touch.

This came for you, Mick.

My mum still sends me

all the newspaper cuttings from home.

Births, deaths, marriages.

It's like I never really left.

You can take the boy out of Belfast,

she says,

but you can't take Belfast

out of the boy.

I hear things

are a lot better back there now.
Let's hope they stay that way.
Let the children be children
a while longer.
I found this today
and I wanted you to have it.
It took me right back. Blood brothers.
Anyway, if you're ever down under,
give me a call,
your friend, JonJo.
SkyFury