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Mr. Nice

By Bernard Rose

Ladies and gentlemen,
please welcome on stage
Mr Nice himself, Howard Marks.
Thank you.
Thank you, thank you.
Any, erm...
Any plain-clothes policemen in tonight?
No, seriously, are there any
plain-clothes policemen in tonight?
No!
Are you sure?
Are there any dope smokers in tonight?
I came from Kenfig HiII
in the Welsh valleys.
There were more pubs than chapeIs,
more coal mines than schools.
Marks, very good.
Swot!
Sissy boy!
Are you all right, love?
Howard, bach, you're not well at all, man.
It was 104 five minutes ago.
I took it myself.
Well, it could be undulant fever.
No more rugby for you this term, boyo.
I'll make sure there's a prescription
down the chemist for him.
- Do you know what a scalar field is?
- No.
- No?
- No.
Do you know what a...vector is?
No idea.
- They sound like monsters, don't they?
- Yeah.
I learned a few things
and I got grade As in aII my subjects.
To my overwhelming surprise,
the headmaster took me aside one day
and said he wanted me to sit
the Oxford University
entrance schoIarship examination.
Oxford is the most traumatic
experience England has to offer its young.

I was there between 1945 and '48
and I've had to live ever since
with the conviction
that nothing in my after life
has in any way topped
the exhilaration,
the privilege that I felt then.
To my even greater surprise,
I was called up for an interview.
Where are you from, then?

- Garw.

- What?

Garw.

I'm sorry? I can't understand you.

- Garw, I said. It's in Wales.

- Mr Locke.

Where are you from?

Eton.

You open it.

Howard,

I don't know what to say.

- You've done it, son! You've done it!

- No, no, no!

- Yes! Well done.

- I knew it, Dad. I knew I'd do it.

Mum! Mum! Where's Mum?

Come on, we're late.

Ten minutes. We've got ten minutes.

Come on, Mum.

My success went completely to my head
and I've been living off it,
to some extent, ever since.

- Who's got the ticket?

- Don't be stupid.

I... You've got the ticket.

He's got the ticket.

- Oh, hello.

- All right?

I'm your scout, George.

I... I make the beds and do the dishes
and clean up the room.

- Oh, you don't have to do that, man...

- Oh, I do, Mr...?

Marks. Howard. Call me Howard.

No ladies in here after dinner.

Oh, no. No, no.

Right, OK.

I've never had anyone
do anything for me before, you know.

I've never...

had a porter carry my bags.

Never had waiter service in a restaurant.

Never stayed in a hotel.

Smart lad like you, Howard,
time you got used to it!

- Yeah.

- Bye.

Come on. Come on.

- Come on.

- Hello?

- Come on!

- Come on, what?

Open!

Oh, sorry.

What are you doing?

I don't wanna get caught.

Oh, fuck.

- Let me, erm...help you.

- Just... OK.

- Careful.

- Yeah, that's it. OK.

- Just ssh! OK?

- Right.

- Put the bar back.

- Right.

Er...

Hello?

Come on.

- Who the fuck are you?

- He's the new doorkeeper.

Are you in room 1-11?

Come in.

Close the door.

Dig this.

"The soft vibrations of desire,

"given with meat hand and cock."

"Desire taken with mouth and ass."

"Desire returned to the last sigh!"

"And the happy laugh of innocent babies."

- Have a toke.

- A what?

A drag.

I don't take drugs. I mean, I...

I've never tried it.

I'm not gonna get hooked now, am I?

Keep it deep in your lungs.

OK?

Let it go.

Good.

Don't feel anything.

Now, the thing is,

I didn't set out to be a dope dealer.

It's not something I'm proud of.

But a dealer is really just someone

who buys more dope than he can smoke,

and I have to say I'm ashamed,

I tried to smoke it all.

There was just too fucking much of it.

thunderous rock music)

- Hold it in. Hold it in.

- That's good.

See, I've heard

that hash makes you sex mad.

Well, that's one thing they're right about.

Hey, Howard, you barbarian!

- That's my girlfriend.

- Sorry, Mac.

Give me a kiss.

Smoking kif gets a bit pathetic.

Not when you've got some opium.

It's the great absolver.

- Is that LSD?

- The power...

The voltage of the city

running through your mind. Try it.

Here we go.

- Do you chew it or suck it?

- Suck it.

All right. I'm sucking.

- I can't feel a fucking thing.

- Give your head a rub, man.

Get it clean into your brain.

Oh, fucking hell!
It's fucking mental!
HeIp me! Somebody heIp me!
HeIp me, somebody!
Argh!
Oh, fuck!
All right!
I fucking can't even harm my foot!
My fucking foot!
Ow, my fucking foot!
My fucking foot!
The Dean got the charges dropped
as aII they couId find on me was a roach.
But l was warned,
knuckIe down and study.
So I stopped smoking marijuana,
read as much as I couId,
and graduated from Oxford University
with a second-class degree.
AItthough we reveIIed
in each other's company,
I have no idea why IIze and I
took the extraordinariIy impracticaI step
of getting married.
We moved to London.
We had no money, and our prospects
were as two poorly paid teachers.
We must set a good example.
Long hair and colourful clothes do not.
I think a three-piece suit should be worn
under the gown...
I had gone straight just when
the rest of the country had started to swing.
- I've put acid in the punch, so...
- Oh fuck, I've got to be careful.
You know?
We're not smoking weed.
- How long?
- Six months.
- Six fucking months?
- I'm teaching now. I can't smoke.
- Did you start freaking out, or...
- No. No, no.
- You see the world the way it is.

- Don't blame it all on the world.

I'm not. That's your idea,
to stop smoking. All right?

- Isn't it great?

- At times like this, I could murder a joint.

- You should have some.

- No, come on! Stop!

- All right, OK!

- Oh, no, it's... Listen...

- This is not fair.

- I feel good, I feel good.

How do you afford a place like this,
Graham?

I'm shifting 50 pounds of the finest
Pakistani black every fucking month.

- Fucking hell.

- Fucking hell!

- Lot of money.

- Lot of money.

Well done. Is it... You know...

It's got to be risky, isn't it?

If you get stopped, you're fucked.

I've never been stopped.

I've done it hundreds of times.

So you put it in the panels, do you?

The side panels.

We take the fucking car apart
and we stuff it everywhere we can get it.

Fucking hell, man.

- But you know what, it pays for all this.

- I know, man! Jesus!

- Yeah, man. Fucking hell.

- Beautiful.

- Graham? Gonna have a look upstairs.

- Yeah, yeah, whatever.

All right?

- What's that?

- Go.

- Sorry.

- No, stay.

Go, an ancient Japanese game.

Wanna play?

- Yeah.

- Here, roll me a joint.

We take it in turns placing stones
on the board. Black goes first.
Right. Erm... I put it anywhere, right?
- As long as it's on an intersection.
- OK.
There.
Now, I play here.
- Er... No, thanks.
- It's a great game to play stoned.
- I had to give it up.
- Why?
I'm a teacher.
And what about sex?
I'm married.
You see, in the game of Go,
when a stone has no free space next to it,
it is captured and taken off the board.
Bit like life, really.
You don't look like a teacher.
What do I look like, then?
Like a drug smuggler.
Hmm.
- Hello.
- IIZE, it's Mandy. Is Howard there, please?
Uh... Mandy. Uhh...
He...He's sleeping.
Graham's disappeared, OK?
I think he's been busted.
Mandy? It's Howard.
- Where is he?
- In Germany. Can you go there?
I can't. I mean...
You're the only straight person
Graham knows. Please.
I've never been out of the country...
I haven't got a passport.
Look, I...I'll call you back, all right?
- I can't go.
- Howard...
What?
I've fallen in love with someone else.
Thank you.
Bitte.
I was just crossing the Swiss-German

border, like I'd done a hundred times before.

You know,

they always just waved me through.

This time, the German Nazis fucking

pulled me over and took the car apart.

Found 100 pounds of Lebanese black

in the back seat and the panels.

- Probably just wanted to smoke it.

- What else would they fucking do with it?

And we've got a second batch

in a warehouse in Wiesbaden.

It's in a Mercedes. Keys in the station.

I've never driven

on the wrong side of the road.

That's why you're perfect for it. You'll

sail through, they don't know your face.

Look, I've done it too many fucking times.

Now, you get it back to London

and you make a ton of money.

How much?

Every time I crossed the border,

I'd get a religious flash

and an asexual orgasm.

Passeport.

C'est bon, merci.

Judy.

Judy!

Oh, shit!

Sorry.

Sorry, sorry. Sorry.

Come down.

- It's the middle of the night.

- What?

- It's the middle of the night.

- I know. Bring some fags.

- I have a friend over.

- Come on, please, Judy.

I got something amazing to show you.

OK...

Trouble is, I need somewhere to stash it.

Right.

Get the bags out.

Keep an eye out, yeah, for people?

I got it.

He's up there, is he? Don't suppose
he'd mind if I stayed the night, would he?
Am I a criminal now?
When you break a law that's wrong,
that can't be a crime.
Not in the moral sense.
Why is it against the law?
Why make something illegal that expands
your consciousness, makes you think?
Makes you wanna fuck.
What the fuck...
You're lazy, you just stay in bed
You're lazy, just stay in bed
You don't want no money,
you don't want no bread
If you're drowning,
you don't clutch no straw, no, no
If you're drowning...
- Yes?
- My name is Howard Marks.
I'm a friend of Graham Plinston's.
You don't wanna live,
don't wanna cry no more, no more
Hello, I'm Howard Marks.
You must be...Mr Durrani?
Take a step forward.
Hands to the side.
- Howard what?
- Marks. Howard Marks.
Stay there. One second.
Chap here says, er, he's Howard Marks.
Bring him in.
- Come in.
- Thank you.
My Name's Malik. This is Mr Durrani.
- Mr Durrani. Hello.
- Good afternoon.
- Mohammed Durrani.
- Nice to meet you.
- Take a seat.
- Thank you.
Would you like a drink?
Yes, please. I'll have a... I'll have a whisky.
Thank you.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

You saw Plinston?

I did. I...I...

So, I got a call from him and

I drove out to see him in Germany. Erm...

- Did he talk?

- No, he won't squeal.

So he very kindly asked me to run
a little errand on your behalf. And, erm...

I think you'll be pleased.

Very impressive!

Ah, well, I can see

you've been, er, very efficient.

Well, I wish I had more to sell, you know.

I got rid of it all in a day, so...yeah.

- How much do you charge per pound?

- 40 quid.

Forty?

- That's very good. Have you counted it?

- Yeah, it's all there, boys. It's all there.

How much is it?

In the papers

they call people who sell drugs pushers,
like you've got to try really hard
to get rid of it.

- Doesn't really work like that, does it?

- No, it doesn't.

- Well...

- I tell you, Howard,

I can get any amount of merchandise
up into the air from Karachi Airport.

The problem

is how to get it onto the ground.

Uh-huh.

James McCann,

the people's hero from the Provisional IRA,
in their struggle
against the British government.

They've arrested him

and charged him with terrorism.

He wouldn't recognise court,

turned his back on the proceedings.

Crazy cat!

They've thrown him in jail,
he's escaped, sawed through the bars.
The nutter's got every policeman in Ireland
looking for him.

Then out of the blue,
he comes into the office,
gives us an interview for the magazine.

Yeah, he's a...

He's a real revolutionary.

- Welcome to paradise.

- Paradise?

Jim?

Jim?

- Where's your man McCann?

- Hello?

Likes his porn.

Hey, your mam's in here.

- Let's have a look.

- Doesn't she look like your mum?

Shut up.

Hashish should be illegal.

Gives us a means of living.

A new currency to overthrow
the fascist overlords.

I don't think it should be illegal.

I can't condone

the punishing of people who smoke it.

- Oh. Hello.

- Hello, Jim.

Uh... Howard.

- You're from Kabul, are you?

- I'm Welsh, actually.

Welsh? Fucking Welsh!

What the fuck can you do?

Well, I'm here to decide

whether you can help us or not.

Help you? I'm the Kid. The Fox!

I decide if you're any fucking use to me.

And you'd better be some fucking use!

You were followed from the airport
by my boys.

This place is surrounded by the IRA.

Any fucking around

and you're gone, brother, gone!

Right?

Alan, why have you brought me this wimp?

You was gonna get me someone
who could bring me arms from Kabul.

I told you,

Kabul's not a place that sells arms.
What the fuck do you mean, sell arms?

I don't buy fucking arms.

I get given them by people
who want to ensure their future
when we finally kick you fucking Brits
out of my country!

Sell arms...

Smoke, Jim?

We're dope smugglers. We wanted to know
if you could help us bring it into the country.

Pay you a lot of money for doing it.

OK.

Did nobody tell you
what the boys do to drug dealers?

We're revolutionaries,
not fucking drug pushers.

Out!

- Walk! Now! You, come on.

- OK.

- Out!

- All right, Jim. All right.

Come on!

Down there. Come on!

We've done nothing wrong.

- Jim, please!

- Hey, hey! What the fuck are you doing?

- Joint? Last request?

- You're not fucking listening, are ya?

We don't want that filth here.

Stand back.

I'm gonna kneecap Soppy Bollocks.

No. No, no, man, listen. I'll go first.

He's shitting himself.

- Do me.

- Good man.

You might wanna sit down first,
so you don't crack your head when you fall.

- Take your trousers down.

- What?

It's for your own good.

If I shoot you through the trousers, a bit of cloth could get in the wound and infect it and you'd have to lose the leg.

Come on.

All right.

- That's very gracious of you.

- Will you be wanting that smoke now?

Yeah.

What's a Welsh prat like you doing selling hash, anyway?

You should've stuck to painting road signs.

Give me that fucking joint.

He's not getting a fucking penny.

That's my first condition.

Condition number two. I want 500 cash now for setting everything up and 5,000 for doing it. OK?

All right.

He was joking you.

The Provos can't be involved in any of this shite.

If they find out, I'll be shot.

You'll be shot,

we'll all be fucking shot.

So, we don't sell the stuff in Ireland.

You'd better not be selling anything here.

Could you get us some filthy films?

Condoms? Priests have made them illegal.

They wanna charge us a kid a fuck.

It's a fucking emergency.

I'm picking up my boss's luggage.

That'll be grand. I'll keep my eye on it.

See, Howard, I fucking own this place.

Hey, watch yourself there.

You see your man there?

That's Eamonn.

- Right.

- He examines all the papers.

Now, if he values his Guinness, he'll pass the fucking lot.

He thinks you're bringing in guns for the cause,

so make sure those cases
fucking rattle, OK?
You see what I mean, Howard?
This place is wide open.
How's about you, big man?
Keeping busy?
- This is Howard.
- Nice to meet you.
See you later, OK?
Right, this way.
It's a brilliant plan, Jim.
When can we start?
Fucking now. We've got it all together.
Bring in as much as you want.
How soon can you send the nordle?
What the fuck's nordle?
Wise up. You have to use codes,
codes and false names. Nordle is hashish.
- Nordle?
- OK?
- Right.
- Listen, a word of advice, Howard.
When you come back, don't fly here.
Fly somewhere else.
Do the last bit by train or bus or car,
whatever.
- Gus, this is Howard.
- Y'all right, Howard?
- Hello, Gus.
- Howard.
That was Gus. He's a member of
the Belfast Brigade's assassination squad.
I wanted him to know your face, so no
fucking games now, you understand me?
So you really think I can pass for a native?
DH Marks, this is the perfect look for you.
Remember, many Afridi
have blonde hair and blue eyes.
Just look stoned and say nothing.
What if they don't buy it?
Then they'll probably rob you and kill you.
Ibrahim!
As-salaam alaikum.
When you're making hash, this is your loot.

It's in three different goatskins.

Black, white, brown.

Three different qualities.

- See these herbs?

- Uh-huh.

When the flower comes up first,

you cut off the top,

chop it up

and put that into the white goatskin.

Then when the second flower

comes through,

you chop that up,

put those in the brown bags.

This is what you call medium quality,

but we use a lot. You see?

- Oh, man!

- That's not the top quality.

The top stuff we put in the white bag,

and we only use a little bit of it.

Then this third flower that comes through,

you chop it up, put those into black bags.

This is the one we use the most of.

Be careful, because when we make hash

we have to mix up the three,

because if you only use the top quality,

you blow your head off.

Should I say it's fantastic

or say it's not bad,

say it's worth every penny

or say it's cameI shit

and they'd better come up

with something better?

I need to roll a joint.

It's what I'm used to, see?

It's the, er...

It's the only way

I can make a fair assessment.

- Mr Marks?

- That's right.

- Patrick Lane, Judy's brother.

- Nice to meet you.

I'm the square one of the family.

Shall we?

So, erm... I wanna open a business,

a shop, in Oxford.

And, erm...

Well, I don't know quite how to go about it.

Well, yes. I'm a chartered accountant.

Um... How much do you have
to invest in the business?

- A lot.

- Five thousand?

- A lot. A lot.

- You don't really need more than five...

I need someone to help me understand
how to put a lot of money in...

- And how to take it out.

- Yeah.

- You need to explain this big lot of money.

- Yeah.

Sounds like you need a bent accountant.

Everyone smile.

I declare this shop open.

Anna and BeIinda

had no idea what I was up to.

The shop became a successful

IittIe dress emporium in its own right.

- Cheers.

- Cheers!

It was now that my story
took a bizarre twist.

Quite out of the bIue, my oId friend Mac
waIked into my shop.

Mac, man!

Cheers.

She's had to take a clerical job in a bank,
which she finds monumentally tedious.

You could do with a bit of money, then?

Well, we're OK.

It's just that I'll probably get
a foreign posting again, so it's...

not really worth

putting down roots right now.

- Thank you.

- Cheers.

Are you sure?

You know, erm....

do a bit of work for me?

- What?
- Well, you know, a bit of driving.
- Two thousand pounds.
- Howard, don't be naughty.
I work for the government.
They don't really approve
of that sort of thing.
Are you selling drugs, Howard?
- Who? Me?
- Well, you seem to be doing very well.
Look, it's the shop, man.
It is. It's really taken off.
I'm opening branches
in Dublin, Amsterdam.
Still the same old Howard.
How about the ladies?
Still having the old success?
Look, I'm with Judy now.
She's pregnant.
- But that wouldn't inhibit you, would it?
- What, chatting up other women?
Not for narcissistic pleasure.
What the fuck for, then, Mac?
For Queen and country.
Are you...
asking me to be a spy?
Howard, I haven't just turned up on
your doorstep without doing my research.
Will you help us?
How can I help you?
We need people to...
gather information for us.
Bloody hell, you are!
- You're a fucking spy!
- Howard, keep it down.
This is not a James Bond movie.
Well, it certainly feels like it.
You're recruiting me.
You're asking me to be a member of MI6.
The Government doesn't ever
officially acknowledge the existence
of what you call MI6.
However, we do need
to keep abreast of things,

and we do employ a loose network
of people who do things for us.
You travel in circles we can't penetrate,
which is why I need your help.
Sort of a...
patriotic thing, old chap.
And I imagine this would give me...
you know, a certain amount of...protection.
We can't possibly condone any
criminal activity or grant immunity.
However, if you're ever in trouble...
call this number.
I'm fat and ugly.
I hate it here. I want to go to Ibiza.
I love it when you're brown.
- So we'll go?
- Yeah, Judy, look, I've gotta go to Ireland.
Bullshit. Dealing's supposed to support us,
not become your life.
Judy, I hate it, too. You know I hate it.
Come to Ibiza with me, Howie.
Oh, shit.
OK, love, I've gotta go. OK?
- I love you.
- Come straight back.
I promise.
Love you.
Aw, fuck.
- You gonna be long?
- Fuck off.
All right!
Do you mind if I jump the queue?
It's an emergency.
There's a queue!
I changed my plans and everythin'!
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!
Fuck! Fuck!
- Operator.
- Can you connect me to Ballinskelligs 1?
Irish Republic.
Please insert 50 pence.
Come on.
Come on.
Hello. Ballinskelligs 1 .

Who would you be wanting?
Michael Murphy's, the shop, the farm,
or the strangers that arrived last night?
Ahh... I... I.... I...
Th-Th-The strangers.
Well, do you know,
I don't think they're at home,
so I'll put you through to the pub.
- Hello?
- Hello.
- Is Jim McCann there?
- Who wants to know?
Mr McCarthy. The nordle man.
- What?
- Nordle!
What the fuck is nordle?
Jim, do you know anything
about some fucker called Nordle?
Fucking eejit!
Are you trying to blow my cover, eh?
What the fuck are you doing?
And why don't you ever answer the phone?
I'm sorry, right? It was vandalised.
Why hasn't Plinston sent the nordle? I've got
things to do. I'm fighting a fucking war.
It's coming in tomorrow
on the Frankfurt flight.
Make sure it gets there before 5pm.
It has to be on the first
Aer Lingus flight to Shannon. OK?
- I've got problems with a shift change.
- Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim, that's impossible.
Just make it happen, brother!
Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck it!
Taxi!
Lazy)
Lazy!
Could have stayed in bed
You don't want no money
You don't want no bread
Get him an ambulance.
Don't you move now.
We'll have an ambulance and tow truck
down here for you in no time.

Ssh, just relax there now, boyo.
Can't believe he's all right.
I'm all right. I'm all right. I'm all right.
I'm all right, I'm all right.
I'm all right. I'm all right. I'm OK.
- Come on there, boy. Come on.
- I'm all right!
- Come on, boy.
- Look at me, man. I'm standing!
- Sorry, what's this pub called?
- Bernard Murphy's!
- Hello.
- Jim, it's Howard.
I'm at Bernard Murphy's.
I've had an accident.
Can you come and get me?
Some fucking operator you are.
You can't even drive a fucking car.
Hey, hey, my porno!
Wahey!
Whoa.
I need a drink. Can I get a drink?
Whoa.
Hello? Hello?
Anybody here wanting a call from Archie?
Karachi. Yeah, me.
Thanks.
Please insert 5.50.
Karachi? That's in Pakistan, isn't it?
- Malik?
- The same.
- Has the nordle left?
- No.
They don't eat spaghetti.
They'd like to use chopsticks
or they'd like to eat wurst
or smorgasbord.
Is the curry house still open?
Closed due to uninvited guests.
We have to shift it to the coats.
The hairy coats.
I just can't get them to go for spaghetti.
When can I serve the wurst?
Oh, Christ! Malik, I'm out of change.

- OK, OK!
- Put 'em in, put 'em in!
Shit, he's gone!
What Malik meant was
that the shipment would have to come
from Kabul in Afghanistan
as Karachi in Pakistan was blocked,
due to a war.
- Jim!
- Hey, Howard, take one of these.
We're gonna do this
with military precision,
with the grace of a Mozart concerto.
When I pick up the nordle from Shannon,
I want you to wait here alone
in the farmhouse with one of these, OK?
Now, when I'm on my way
I'm going to send you a coded message,
something like, uh,
"I've got the nordle."
What's the point of that?
So you'll know precisely what time I'm
delivering the nordle, you stupid Welsh prat.
- Why do I need to know precisely?
- Do as you're fucking told.
- I've got no time for games. You know that.
- There's a war on in Pakistan...
There's a fucking war here.
Last Sunday, youse Brits
killed 13 innocent Irishmen in cold blood.
You think you've got problems...
I got you the cock films.
About fucking time.
- Let's watch one now.
- All right.
Got a projector?
Patrick!
Get your fucking arse in there.
Shh!
Try this one.
Phwah! Sure, that's the fucking lavvy.
Telegram for Ballinskelligs.
Nordle served late with wurst.
Go on!

It's in here somewhere.

N-O-R-D-L-E.

There it is. There. Now, careful.

W-U-R-S-T.

Come on. Go on.

Go on.

I've got a telegram for you, sir.

Howard, you're letting in the light.

Shut the fucking door.

Go on! Oh!

There's a problem.

The nordle's not going to be in Frankfurt
on time to be loaded onto our flight.

It has to, Howard. I've told you
a dozen times, Eamonn's got shift changes.

- We're gonna have to write this one off.

- Shut the fuck up.

I'm trying to watch the wee lass. Go on.

Oh! Oh, no, stop.

OK, OK, that's it. Get a beer.

OK, I'll get the fucking nordle, but I want

- Forget it, Jim.

- Put it this way.

You pay me 50 quid a pound or I rip off
the whole fucking lot and become a legend.

Aer Lingus.

This is your man Jim McCann
of the Provisional IRA.

The boys just put a bomb
on the next flight to Shannon.

You have 20 minutes.

That'll slow the fuckers down.

Howard, are you there?

Howard, come in.

Howard!

Pull up the aerial, ya prick!

- Howard!

- Hello?

What are you fucking doing?!

Come here!

- Press the button.

- Jim. Jim.

- Jim!

- I've got the nordle. I've got...

- I've got...
- Come in. Jim?
- Listen...
- What are you doing?
I can hear you the other end of the field.
You fucking idiot!
- It's on, the aerial's up.
- Piece of fucking shite!
Look. It's not even on, Jim.
Why the fuck is my name on the boxes?
It's not. It says...
No, it's Juma Khan.
Juma means Mister or something
in the Middle East,
and Friday means...
No, Khan means Friday.
Look, Juma Khan
might mean Man Friday in Kabul,
but here in Ireland,
Jim McCann means it's fucking me, the Kid!
- OK.
- Come on. You wee beauty.
Right.
You see, Howard,
the Kid's done it.
I've done it. The Kid has done it!
Right.
- Well?
- Hang on.
Oh, Jesus.
Come on.
Come on, come on,
come on, come on.
- What do you think?
- It's...
It's shite.
No, no, no, no, no.
Careful, careful, careful!
Oh, shit. It's fucking explosives.
Oh, fucking hell, Jim.
What about the peace and love thing?
You only deal in nordle. Nordle is fiction.
Arms and explosives are non-fiction.
That's reality.

I deal in non-fiction,
not this fucking hippy shite.

- Pull over here, please, sir. Thank you.

- Yes.

Thank you.

Can I see your passport, please, sir?

It's not my passport. It's your passport.

So are you Dennis Howard Marks?

I am.

Will you step out of the car, please?

- Hello, boy.

- Stand over there, please, sir.

Get Major in there, in the front.

Round the back there. Go on.

So, what was the purpose of your visit?

Erm... Studying beneficial herbs.

- Trying to take the piss or what?

- I've a huge respect for customs officers.

Course you have.

Boys, get on with it.

Hope you're gonna
pay for the damage, boys.

Passport, sir.

I never went through Customs any more
with anything I didn't want them to find.

Gentlemen,
this is what banking is all about.

Thank you. Thank you.

Fuck off!

You're driving me, both, fucking crazy!
It's supposed to be a fucking holiday.
What's the fucking problem?

I told you about her.

I told you everything about her and you said
it was fine for her to fucking come.

Come here! Fuck!

Don't fucking walk away from me.

Take the fucking sulk off your face,
you fucking wee bitch!

Get in the pool. Have some fucking fun!

Come on!

We're on holiday. Come on!

Fuck you! Howard?

- Morning.

- Do you have a pen?

Judy?

- Judy?

- Yeah.

Morning, Jim.

Woo hoo! Hey hey!

I'll show you what we used to do
when we were wee kids. Look at this.

- Oh, fucking hell.

- It's great fun. Look look, look.

Look. Hang about, look.

Just a little wee eye there.

Oh, Jim!

There's the wee mouth. Judy?

Give the wee Kid a kiss!

- Give the wee little Fox a kiss!

- Fuck off, man.

- Ah, you wee shite!

- Wipe that smile off your cock.

I can't fucking swim, you fucking cunt!

- Fucking wanker.

- He's all right, man. He's having a laugh.

My grandfather, Patrick Murphy,
was a Catholic policeman in Belfast.

- He was murdered by the fucking IRA.

- Well, he shouldn't have joined the police.

- He doesn't mean any harm, Patrick.

- He's a sociopathic liar.

Look, it doesn't matter if you lie all the time.

Just take it into account.

I just wish there was another way.

Listen, I've been thinking.

We should ditch all this small-time shit
and get into the American market.

- Why?

- The numbers.

Listen to me.

Consumption of hashish and marijuana
in the UK is about three tons a day.

In the USA, they smoke 28 tons
every day of the year.

Now, most of it is cheap Mexican weed
that sells for 200 bucks a pound.

But good hash, like ours,

it costs one thousand bucks a pound.

- Wow!

- No.

No. No way.

No way. No fucking way.

- What's the difference?

- The Yanks.

- They'll come after you, Howard.

- They're not gonna come after me.

Patrick, don't encourage him.

It doesn't make any difference anyway.

I can't figure out

how you'd get it across the Atlantic.

You'd need a fucking huge crate.

You see, when a band tours America

with their gear, they're not importing it.

They get this thing called a carnet.

A sum of money

that's deposited with Customs,

which is retrieved again

when the equipment leaves the country.

Customs tear the docket off the paperwork

and wave it through.

- Do the band know?

- Who gives a fuck?

Hello.

Hi.

Hello. Welcome.

Welcome to California.

- Thank you.

- You found us.

- Ernie Combs. Good to meet you.

- Howard.

Welcome to

the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

Thank you.

We will, uh...

Well, we'll keep the west coast, uh, stoned.

I was wondering

when you were gonna introduce me.

- Here we are.

- Hello, there.

- Hey.

- Nice to meet you. I'm Howard.

Patti. It's great to meet you.
You're a very lucky man, Ernie.
Well, you know, we're, uh...
we're all lucky here.
We don't dig any of this, like,
possession jealousy vibe.
- How are you?
- I'm well. How are you?
Hey. Cmo ests?
I'll be right back.
Mmm. Don't be long.
- Ernie.
- Oh. Uh, Howard,
your load should hit Vegas
at some point this evening,
so then you can come on by
and pick up the dough, man.
I was rather hoping
I'd get the money upfront, you know?
- Right.
- So I can get going.
Yeah. Um...
I... Look, I'm...I'm sorry, but...
This...
I-It has to be...
You show me...
the dope...
and I show you the money.
It's all right, it'll work out.
The load transited in
John F Kennedy Airport, New York.
Hey, man, I love the Floyd.
When the airport loaders
put it on the plane to Vegas,
they fucked up and left one speaker behind.
What we got here?
- Hello, guys.
- Hello.
- What have you got?
- No prints, no suspects, nothing. Just dope.
The load was headed to Las Vegas.
Send this puppy on to Vegas.
I'll go along for the ride
and we'll see if anyone comes to pick it up.

The speaker's that case.
Cocksuckers.
Let's go and bust it.
Well, sir, you gonna help me?
It's all right, pig, I'm just
a dude picking up speakers.
All right, darling?
Can I be of assistance, gentlemen?
- Police! Get down!
- For fuck's sake!
Get off! Get off!
You walked out of my life...
And of course,
the year starts with a parade.
Hey, one of you guys out there
has just lost five million bucks.
Today, law enforcement officers seized
Nevada's biggest ever haul of illegal drugs.
Hashish, highly concentrated cannabis
from the Middle East,
almost half a ton of it, was discovered,
hidden in speaker cabinets.
In the movies,
the crook, usually a fugitive,
always immediately switches off the radio
or television when the bulletin finishes.
I didn't. I stared at it blankly
for at least an hour.
This was Hollywood.
It probably wasn't even happening.
- Would you like red or white wine?
- Oh, I'll have red, please. Thank you.
Lovely. I just went to a party last night.
Left the keys at home.
Here, Scotland Yard detectives say
they expect to make more arrests today
on an international police operation
which is said to have smashed
a major drugs ring.
In all, 22 people have been arrested
in the United States, Britain and Spain.
At least four of the arrests were made here.
A report from home affairs correspondent
Bill Hamilton.

Your Honour, bail is out of the question for the defendant.

He has money stashed in foreign bank accounts. He is likely to abscond. He is facing a possible 14 years under Section 20 of the Misuse Of Drugs Act 1971 .

Your Honour, there's something I can't reveal in open court.

We know you've been meeting a member of the Provisional IRA who supplies arms. And we know why you've been meeting him. We'd like you to carry on meeting with him. We've had a lot of difficulty infiltrating the IRA. You've done a pretty amazing job. This business with the Yanks.

It's a bit too much, though, Howard.

I'm afraid they've got their knickers in a twist.

Well, what should I do?

Well, we can try and pull a few strings and perhaps let them know quite how important you are to us.

But you will, of course, owe the office a substantial debt of gratitude, if you know what I mean?

When are you next going to see McCann?

- Mac.

- Hmm?

The IRA don't know he's been involved with dope.

- They'll execute him if they find out.

- C'est la guerre, Howard.

People ask me... They say, "It looks like a glamorous life, being a drug dealer."

"It looks like a lot of fun."

And I reply, "Don't do it unless you are prepared never to be a grass."

Quid pro quo.

However, appearing to cooperate is another matter.

Bail is granted for sureties totalling 50,000.

Mam and I will do what we can to put up the bail, whatever you did.

But, erm...

did you have anything to do with
hard drugs and guns?

No, Dad. Course not.

- Who is it, Mam?

- I don't know. Can I help you?

I think you better come with us.

- Tell Judy I'll be back, OK?

- Where are you going?

- Where are you going?

- I've gotta go.

- What about your coat, love?

- Who's this bloke?

- How long will you be, Howard?

- I've gotta go, Mam.

I'd staged my own abduction
so my dad wouldn't forfeit the bail.
You don't forfeit bail
if you've been kidnapped.

I'm Chief Superintendent Fairweather
from CID

and I'm looking for Howard Marks.

- This is the room.

- Ah. Thank you.

Please, no. No, don't touch that.

That is my son's private writing.

The person who came to the door,
the way you've described him,
it sounds very much to me like, erm,
an image that we've seen on the television.

- Is it?

- Balaclava, you know. Yes. The IRA.

So now Eddie Laxton, intrepid reporter
for the Daily Mirror, is onto the story.

What I don't want you to do is,
I don't want you to sensationalise it.

- No, no, no, no, no.

- We're talking about our son here.

- We're talking about our son, you know.

- Your son's more like a Robin Hood.

Read all about it! IRA abduction!
The next morning, I woke up famous.
Hello, mate.

I was now being pursued

by the IRA, the DEA,
Customs and Excise, the police
and the press.

This is a British
black propaganda exercise.

I admit I've been running guns to the North,
but I've never touched dope.

I don't approve of it.

Oi, it's you! That's you!

Oi, oi, it's Howard Marks. He's here.

He's here. This is him.

It's the man!

- The man!

- Cheers, everyone.

Yes!

- Thank you.

- Cheers, mate.

- Cheers, mate.

- Shh, now, right?

Don't tell anyone I'm here.

I'm on the run, see.

Mmm, I love you so much.

I love you.

I love you so, so much.

I love my girls.

Oh, baby. Oh, baby. For ever!

For ever.

We got a beaten-up old camper van
and our life became a perpetual holiday,
though Judy often complained that we had
to park too near the camp site's toilets,
because the telephone box
was invariably in the vicinity.

Howard?

Y-Yes, I am...I am relieved
to hear from you now.

And I can get the goods in from anywhere,
provided that it's smell-proof,
and, uh...

on that particular Italian airline.

So can you do it?

- I need to be paid, DH Marks.

- I've only got a hundred quid, Malik.

- That's nowhere near enough.

- A hundred quid is all I've got right now.
But there'll be more, Malik. Much more.
We're gonna be rich, Malik, all right?
I promise you.
Look, we're spending now,
but the more you spend, the more you get.
You see, if you wanna keep
the rivers of money flowing,
you've got to encourage it to, you know,
froth and bubble and ebb...
What shit are you talking, DH Marks?
Get me the money.
Ever had your tarot read?
- No.
- Sit down.
What's your date of birth?
- Fifth of September, 1947.
- And where were you born?
- Norwich.
- I see a woman.
- That must be Mother.
- Yes.
- Is she called Margaret?
- No. Anne.
Hmm. Well, before she was married,
was her maiden name...
Brown. Her maiden name was Brown.
With this information, I could apply for
a provisional driving licence, join a library.
Do you travel much? Ever been abroad?
No. I don't trust foreign beer.
I could even get a British passport
from the post office.
I'm sorry. I can't see you.
Will it help if I tell you my name?
I-It's Donald.
My name's Donald Nice.
N-I-C-E, like the place in France.
On the Riviera?
It was up to Donald
how he pronounced his name,
but I was about to become...
Mr Nice.
Three days later, 500 kilos of Afghan black,

some of the best hashish in the world,
was flown from Kabul,
via Frankfurt and Shannon, to New York.
It was being smoked in Greenwich Village
the next day.

I was very rich.

Yes!

God is a concept
By which we measure
Our pain

I'll say it again

God is a concept
By which we measure
Our pain

Yeah

Pain, yeah

I don't believe in magic

I don't believe in I Ching

I don't believe in Bible

I don't believe in tarot

I don't believe in Hitler

The next six years were the best of my life.

Apart from the preoccupation
with false identity,

there was little to indicate I was
Britain's most wanted fugitive from justice.

I was very popular and had a lot of friends.

They knew who I was and I was aware
that any one could turn me in at any time.

I just bigheadedly assumed
that anyone who knew me liked me,
and wouldn't do such a thing.

I've got money. I've got real money.

I'm one of the shakers and the movers
in the film business now,
living life in the fast lane!

What's it about, then, the film?

It's about a wee lad

who falls in love with a horse.

Gets a little boner for a fucking pony, eh?

- What's the film called?

- Equus.

I don't believe in Elvis

I don't believe in Zimmerman

I don't believe in Beatles...
Will you marry me?
Will I marry...
..Donald Nice?
Or one of your other aliases?
You choose, love.
Are you serious?
Yes, I am.
I'd only want to marry you as you.
You know I can't do that right now.
Then I can't marry you.
..the dream weaver, but now...
You're doing well. Just breathe deeply.
Keep your breathing up.
I was the walrus
But now I'm John
And so, dear friends...
- Can I take your name?
- Mr and Mrs Nice. Booked a double room.
The dream is over
I'd just imported enough
Colombian marijuana into the UK
to get every inhabitant
of the British Isles stoned.
Would you go down to the bar?
She won't settle with you hovering.
- Are you going to leave them here alone?
- No, the hotel gave me an intercom.
- We can finally have a quiet dinner.
- See you down there.
Keep the change.
Thank you, sir.
That's a nice watch. Can I see it?
We are Customs officers
and we're arresting you.
All right.
Judy!
Jude.
Donald Nice. Is that your name, sir?
Yeah.
What do you do for a living, Mr Nice?
I'm training to be a customs officer.
Howard,
will you marry me?

You wanna marry me now?

I could be banged up for 14 years.

I'll wait.

Howard and Judy...

- We'll be right outside.

- Thank you, boys.

Howard. I can't talk to you.

We cannot liaise with criminals.

Dope smuggling is hardly a crime.

Of course it is. Don't talk rot. It's illegal.

I thought we agreed hashish

shouldn't be illegal. It's the law that's wrong.

Goodbye.

With your leave, my Lord,

I'd like to call the defendant.

Do you swear to tell the truth,

the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

I do.

I'd like to ask you, if I may, to explain
to the court your involvement with MI6.

In 1972, I was recruited by MI6
to catch IRA arms smuggler

James McCann,

by sucking him into dope deals.

I was doing rather well

until Her Majesty's Customs and Excise
messed up the secret service's plans
by arresting me.

Bail was arranged. I skipped, as arranged.

The media, however,

had procured confidential information
that I was an MI6 agent,
and my cover was blown.

And knowing no other life than that of a spy,

I was instructed by MI6

to work for the Mexican secret services,
who, strangely enough, were also interested
in James McCann, due to their belief
that he was aiding Mexican terrorist group
September 23rd League

in arms acquisition,

fundraising through dope deals.

And in order to fulfil my dangerous mission,

I involved myself in dope deals.

Mr Marks, you are using
a little bit of the truth and then glossing it.
It is conceded
that Marks was recruited by MI6
for three months in 1973,
by someone who was indiscreet enough
to ask for his assistance.
But the rest is a myth,
mounted by him as a smokescreen,
while he was indulging
in very high-level drug trafficking.
Let me challenge you to produce
this member of the Mexican secret services,
who you say recruited you.

- Is what is written on this paper your name?

- Yes, your Honour.

My Lord, should the jury
not see that document?

He would rather they did not.

So what opportunity will you give me
to check on your credentials?

None, your Honour.

It's a matter of national security.

Your Lordship will recognise that matters
of quite clearly spurious national security
cannot be permitted to intervene
on the prosecution's case.

My Lord, the defendant was challenged
to produce this witness and he has done so.

- Did you try to recruit this man here?

- Yes, I did.

I gave him \$150,000.

I can't tell you why, your Honour.

It's a matter of national security.

What nobody knew was
that the Mexican was, in fact, a real cop
who was a buddy of Ernie Combs.

This was committing perjury
on a grand scale.

Was anyone really gonna buy all this?

Has the jury reached a verdict
upon which you are all agreed?

Yes.

Will the defendant please stand?

Members of the jury, how do you find the defendant? Guilty or not guilty?

Not guilty.

Mr Marks, you are free to go.

Thank you.

- Rey!

- This way, sir.

Whoa!

- Promise me you'll never deal drugs again.

- I promise.

- Look me in the eye and say it.

- I promise.

The city of Palma is a delightful mixture of medieval, Italian and Moorish architecture.

People smoke hash in the streets, the weather is perfect.

We figured we could live here.

I set up a wine import business.

Meticulous accounts were maintained, and national insurance, income tax, graduated pensions,

corporation tax and value-added tax were most conscientiously paid.

I was very busy and very straight.

I was also very bored.

Aw, flip.

Was that wrong?

What should you do

when someone offers you drugs?

Just say no!

What will you do

when someone offers you drugs?

Just say no!

- I can't hear you.

- Just say no!

- Ah, DH Marks! How are you, my friend?

- Are you all right?

- Good to see you.

- Enjoy the flight?

- Ah, it was OK.

- Yeah? Tired?

I am a bit tired, actually.

Bit thirsty and hungry as well.

Oi!

Are you waiting for me? Yeah?
Did you get the picture?
- DH Marks, you are the absolute limit.
- Don't panic.
We just got some coordinates.
We have latitude North 06 35 04.
Longitude, we have West 152 53 02.
- Hey!
- Ernie.
- Cmo est? Hey!
- Ernie boy.
I just got tickets for this play tonight.
I just got them right now.
- It's the first, you know. It's the first.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
The first! The first! The first!
Fuck it, the first!
Unfortunately, I can't...
go to the...show tonight,
because of this testing thing.
- Talk to Patti.
- Howard.
Hey, Patti!
- So I can open the champagne?
- Here, in my room.
God bless Afghanistan.
Full house. Stellar reviews.
Get here for the next matinee.
Adios. Thank you. Enjoy yourself.
Afghanistan!
Hey.
Hey. Me Joseph, you Mary.
- Baby Jesus.
- All right.
Baby. Hey, come here.
- Freeze!
- Raise your hands. Don't move.
Calm down. Calm down.
Hello, hello
Fuck.
Howard, answer the phone.
Let it ring.
- Hola.
- Howard?

Hey, Patrick! Here, you wanna speak to your new nephew?

- A friend of yours has a little problem.

- Oh, really?

A medical problem, Howard.

Erm... The ambulance came and got him, and hauled him off to the hospital, him and his wife.

- Are you OK?

- I don't know.

Look, the thing is, Howard, he was bitten by the dog.

- Your dog.

- M-my... My dog is sick?

- Your dog has rabies.

- OK, erm...

Patrick, I-I'm gonna...

I'm gonna call you back, right?

In a couple of hours. I'll call you back, OK?

- Howard, call me.

- OK.

Are you Patrick Lane? You're under arrest.

- The girls don't wanna go. Nor do I.

- Listen, we'll enjoy it when we get there.

- I'm tired.

- You like curry. You love it.

Yes, you do.

We can do a poppadam smash.

You'll spend ten minutes eating curry.

Then you'll be in Taki's bar and I'll be stuck with the kids.

One, two, three...

Poppadam smash up! Cornflakes!

Our favourite bit!

War on drugs.

What the fuck is a war?

How can you declare war on a fucking drug?

It's a plant.

Most drugs are derivatives of plants.

How can you declare war on fucking plants?

- Howard, why don't you stop?

- Stop what?

- Just stop.

- I'm feeding my family, right?
I'm scared.
Scared they're gonna bust you.
They're not gonna bust me here.
Don't be scared. Listen, listen.
Look at this. I don't wanna lose this.
I wanna be a husband and a father.
I don't wanna miss out on that.
You know, I was gonna slow up.
Now I'm...
Already I'm a middle man now.
You know? In two years' time we'll be...
we'll be legit.
Really?
Really.
Angel, my angel.
I love you.
I love you so much.
Hey!
Stop...that.
I've got to make a phone call.
Hello.
Hello?
- Amber, pour me the juice. I can't get it.
- Come on, girls.
Amber, pass the orange juice.
Hey, don't touch Daddy's box, OK?
Hello?
Oh, Dave. Yeah, yeah, I'll buzz you in.
Oi, oi!
It's not exactly tennis weather, is it?
Well, you never know,
it might brighten up a bit.
Yeah. Mmm.
- But if not, I'll get something warmer on...
- Put something on and come in for a spliff.
See you in a minute.
See you in a minute, girls.
Hello. Can I help you?
Tranquillo. Tranquillo.
- OK.
- Stop, stop, stop, stop. Stop, stop.
Hey, hey, hey!
Let's have him now.

Come on, bring him to the car.

Vamos.

- Judy.

- Vamos.

I wanna see my wife and children
before I go.

- I wanna see my wife and children.

- Later.

- Dave.

- What's going on here?

- What's going on?

- Just see the kids are OK, and Judy, OK?

No!

In Britain, the United States, Spain and
other countries spanning three continents,
the men who wage war
against the drug traffickers
have been celebrating the success
of Operation Lynx.

After more than two years of undercover
work, it's culminated in a series of arrests
and the smashing of what's being called
one of the world's biggest drugs rings,
a ring allegedly masterminded by a Briton,
Dennis Marks, who is aged 43.

This afternoon, he, his wife
and another British citizen
appeared in court in Palma, Majorca,
where they've been living.

They face extradition to the United States.

We're an innocent couple with a family.

All we want... We just wanna be with our
children. We wanna be with our children.

There is no reason in the world why my wife
should be locked up in this establishment.

She has committed no crime. The children
are with their aunt at the moment.

Of course,

we're both desperate to see them.

It looks as if Marks and the others
will be extradited to Miami within days.

Spanish police have cooperated fully
with both the investigation and the arrests.

Spain is unlikely to act as a haven.

- Please state your name for the record.
- Patrick Lane.

No way can I become a snitch, a grass, a chivato, a stooI pigeon, a squealer, a rat, a traitor, a wrong 'un, a betrayer, a Judas.

How would you describe your function in the Marks cartel?

Guilty.

In your witness statement, Mr Malik, you suggested that you were responsible for creating in factories in Afghanistan hashish that was distributed by Mr Marks.

Is that true?

- Guilty.
- Mr Malik, please.

We expect that you will answer the question to the best of your ability.

Please answer the question.

- Could you repeat the question, please?
- Yes.
- Now we're getting somewhere.
- Mr Malik,

what was your role in the Marks cartel?

- Guilty.
- Who did you take your orders from?
- Guilty.
- Your Honour...

This behaviour will not be tolerated in my court.

In your opinion, Mr Lane, would you say that this business constituted a drugs organisation with a hierarchy?

Most definitely.

And was there somebody at the top of this hierarchy?

- Yes.
- Who would that be, Mr Lane?

It would be Howard Marks.

Could you please point to the head of this cartel?

For the record, I'd just like to point out that he's addressing Mr Marks.

Yes, we have that on the record, thank you.

And in your understanding, Mr Combs,
who was it you were actually dealing with
in the Marks cartel?

That would be Howard Marks.

Would you mind pointing to Mr Marks,
Mr Howard Marks?

For the record, your Honour,
I'd like to point out who he's pointing to.
Yes, we have that on the record, thank you.
Would you mind pointing to Mr Marks?

Uhh...does the defence have any questions
for this witness?

No.

No physical contact.

You may hold hands. You have 20 minutes.

Hello, love.

What's wrong with your hands?

It's just...

It's just an allergy or something. Stress.

Are you OK?

There's a problem. With the kids.

Wh...

Asha's boyfriend's become a junkie.

- He spends his time beating them.

- No.

They've left little Patrick locked in his room.

No. No. No.

Amber said he threatened her
if she opened the door.

- No, no.

- She screamed and screamed.

No, no, no.

But it's all right now. It's all right.

- But I need to be with them.

- I know. I know you do.

Please.

- They need me.

- I know, Judy. I know.

Come on, Howard.

Come on, plead guilty.

Plead guilty and we'll let Judy go home.

You've gotta stop using her like this.

Think of your children.

The pain...they're suffering.

Then again,
I could always appear to cooperate.
Have you heard of a man
named James McCann?
Fucking Christ.
Stop my fucking car?
You don't know
who you're fucking dealing with!
I'm the Kid! Look at the Kid go!
Got you covered.
- Hands in the air!
- Don't make a move.
I am Captain James McCann
of the Provisional Irish Republican Army.
And I am surrendering
to tools of the British Empire,
and I demand the status of prisoner of war.
This'll be a grand story
in the bars on St Paddy's Day, fellas, eh?
How you helped out the fucking Brits!
I'm the Emerald Pimpernel!
This is the case of the United States
versus Howard Marks,
I see that Mr Marks is present.
Would the defendant please rise?
Mr Marks, federal statutes
prohibit trafficking in marijuana.
I have taken an oath to administer justice,
and to perform all duties
agreeable to the laws of the United States.
So, even if I were, uh, to agree
that the laws concerning
the use and sale of marijuana
were inappropriate, even foolish,
I would have to abide by them
until Congress has repealed them.
I impose the following sentence.
As to Count One of the indictment,
for a term of ten years.
As to Count Two of the indictment,
a term of fifteen years.
Sentences to run consecutively,
for a total of twenty-five years.
Case is dismissed.

Doing time began to get hard.
I'd been down for four years
and I had more than another twelve to do,
as seemed certain
I would be denied parole.
Judy couldn't wait for me that long.
No one could.
At the age of 60,
I would re-enter the world,
skint, full of hate,
and completely unemployable and useless.
I would be old and ugly.
No one would want to shag me.
I caught shingles
and had several bouts of flu.
Smoke and phlegm filled my lungs.
I couldn't piss properly.
I couldn't bend my left leg.
I had pains everywhere.
Abscesses filled my gums.
Jesus Christ!
God! Make it fucking stop!
Please.
Please help me. Please help me.
Please help me.
Shh!
Oh, fucking hell.
I can't feel a fucking thing.
Daddy...
Daddy's coming...
Daddy...
I was given the job
of teaching English grammar
to prisoners studying
their General Education Diploma.
Most of my pupils were looking at
the rest of their life behind bars.
An inmates' teacher, if not cautious,
could find himself regarded
as a semi-hack or jailhouse snitch.
I was scared,
but I applied the usual rule.
Never show your fear.
you can call me Howard.

And so I became the jailhouse lawyer.
I wrote to congressmen, judges, lawyers,
had some successes,
got convictions overturned.
To whom it may concern...
US Immigration would not allow Judy
back into the country to visit me
because she had a conviction.
But that could not stop the kids.
I thought Amber was Judy.
When I finally saw Francesca,
she looked like my memory of Myfanwy.
Myfanwy wanted to share
her sixteenth birthday with me.
I had five days of heavenly visits.
I loved them so much.
Since he joined the education programme,
these kids, some got out.
Even those that are staying
have learned to read, to write...
There was no reason whatsoever
to think that anything had changed
with respect to the big dope dealers
never being granted parole.
But I went through the motions
and turned up in the prison
parole hearing rooms
to present my case
on the last day of January 1995.
Mr Marks, due to evidence that
the recommendation you spend
the majority of your sentence
in the UK was ignored,
because of pleadings by the DEA
for you to remain in Terre Haute
your sentence has turned out harsher
than the court originally intended.
In light of this, I am recommending to the
United States Regional Parole Commission
for you to be released on parole
on March 20th.
Thank you.
C-Can I call home please?
It's OK.

Like I said, are there any plain-clothes
policemen in the audience tonight?

Thank fuck for that.

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

RoII another one

Just Iike the other one

You've been hoIding onto it

And I sure wouId Iike a hit

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

RoII

Another one

Just Iike the other one

That one's just about done to the end

So come on, be a real friend

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

Come on, everybody, now.

Sing along now

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me

Don't bogart that joint, my friend

Pass it over to me