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Mrs. Brown's Boys D'Movie

By Unknown

You look completely different
out of your uniform.
Is, is that loaded?
Steady, son. Steady.
Don't push till I tell you.
Who? Oh...
Yes? Who is it?
Jesus, I'm late!
Shit! Feck it.
Hello. I can't stop, I slept late.
Oh, for God's sake!
Jesus. Feck it.
Shit!
Feck it. Get in!
Oh, that's me now back on time.
Wait a minute.
This shouldn't be here.
That's better.
This is the movie!
- Winnie!
- Hiya.
- Morning, Fat Annie.
- Good morning, Agnes.
Do you think the carrots will be
as expensive today as they were yesterday?
If they are, I hope they're small ones,
'cause the wholesaler
can shove them up his arse.
Cathy starts her new job today.
An office job.
Imagine being stuck in an office all day.
Not me, Annie. I'm an independent trader.
Born to it and lovin' it.
Morning, Father Damien.
- Mornin'.
- This is the life.
- Mornin'!
- Ooh, thank you.
Come on, girls!
Good morning!
Good morning, Dublin!
Get the finest of fruit and vegetables
from all over the world right here!
The best of fruit! The greenest of greens!

And the friendliest of service!
Tom, if you're not buying, fuck off.
There goes Perry Mason.
Yeah. He wouldn't get a
prison guard out of prison.
- Morning, Agnes.
- Hello, Jasper. What have you got for me?
That'll be the Revenue Office.
Just as well it's brown, so
they won't see me wiping my arse with it.
Beautiful kumquats, Brussels sprouts
and prickly pears!
How are you, love?
Do you want to squeeze my prickly pears?
- Morning, Mammy.
- Hello, Dermot son.
- Hello, Maria.
- Hello, Mrs Brown.
And how's my lovely triplets today?
George has a touch of wind.
What's the matter? What's the matter?
Oh, that's Ringo.
Hey, you big lizard!
It's a frog, you blind bastard.
Ribbit, ribbit!
No, Dermot, you're a gecko.
I've been saying "ribbit, ribbit" all week.
I'll be off. I have to meet Buster.
- How is Buster, love?
- He's fine.
Are we "not guilty" again today, Buster?
We are.
So, Mr Cunningham, will you tell the court
how many horses do you own?
Seven.
But six now, since that bastard stole one.
Justice, I object.
He is pointing at my client.
That is prejudicial.
That, Mr Crews,
is because your client is on trial here.
That's fair enough, I suppose, isn't it?
He's good, isn't he?
Morning, Ma.

Hello, Mark. Hello, Betty.

- Great news, Ma.

- You're pregnant?

Oh, thank God. A brother for Bono.

I'll start knitting.

It's not a brother for Bono.

A sister for Bono. I'll wife knitting.

- I'm not pregnant.

- Are you sure?

- It's a job, Ma.

- For Bono? He's only six, love.

Mark's got a new carpentry contract.

A big one.

Congratulations, love.

Poor Bono. Growing up an only child.

See you later, Ma.

Hello, Evelyn.

She's looking great. Hope

she paid for that...

- Morning, Agnes.

- My fuckin' foot!

Will you two feckin' talk to each other,
and don't be texting.

I see you, Laura, I see you.

Hello, Braden. Look at you.

He's getting hairy like his father.

- A very good morning to you, Agnes.

- Hello, Rab.

- Out last night doing a bit of reggae'?

- I am not from Jamaica.

Lie down girl

Let me push it up, push it up #

Here, Rasta man... Take

the air out of that.

Mr Cunningham...

Is it true that you starve your animals?

Tom Crews, solicitor. C-R-E-W-S.

In fact, were you not found guilty

of the mistreatment of your horses

on four occasions over the past 12 months?

Justice, if I may...

Mr Cunningham is not on trial here.

Go somewhere else, please, Mr Crews.

With, with, with the questions.

Yeah, the...

He...

- A horse. He...

- Psst!

Come.

Do we have a question, Mr Crews?

Mr Cunningham,

what is the name of this horse
that you allege my client stole?

I just called him "horsey".

Like, "Come here, horsey, horsey".

No, not what you called it.

The name-name of this horse.

I mean, it would be on the papers
that you have for this horse.

I don't have papers.

He didn't come with papers.

You have a photograph of this horse?

What the fuck would I be doing
taking a photograph of a horse for?

Justice, without any evidence
of the existence of this horse,
how can my client be
accused of stealing it?

To all intents and purposes,
this horse does not even exist.

I have a very busy day ahead of me.

I cant spend time on the theft
of an invisible horse.

Case dismissed.

How can a one-pound box of chocolates
put on five pounds?

It's beyond my apprehension.

Cathy's talking about getting me
something nice for my birthday.

Really? What?

Tickets to go to Placido Dodominigo.

Oh, lovely. For a week or 10 days?

Speaking of birthdays, I don't know what
to get my Sharon for hers next week.

- Get her a book.

- No, she has one.

You know, Winnie,

I live for these little chats of ours.

- Me, too, Agnes.

- Here, come on.

Off with you. I have work to do.

OK.

Yes, love?

What's the difference between

those apples for 50 cents

and those for apples for 75?

Well these ones are low fat.

They're called Granny Smith Lite.

I'll take of the low fat 75 cent ones.

That's 1.50, love, please.

There you go.

Have a nice day.

You're a gas, Agnes.

The low fat ones should be cheaper.

- Winnie, off with you. Go on, go.

- Right.

Farm-fresh eggs!

So fresh the hen doesn't

even know they're missing yet!

Are you all right there, Maggie?

Can you manage, love?

That's 15 stalls in six months.

Bastards.

They won't be happy

till they close us all down.

Then there won't be a Moore Street Market.

Well, they won't take me without a fight,

Fat Annie.

Whoever they are.

Another one gone, Ivan.

Now all we need are four more,

and we can start building.

And once we have started building,

all of the other stall holders

will just shut up shop.

He says get building shopping centre,

or he will rip off your fucking head

and sheet down your neck.

The working class can fuck my ass.

"Kiss my arse".

What?

The words are "kiss my arse".

"Fuck my arse" is an entirety...

Calm down, Ivan.

Your money is safe. No need to worry.

We've started on planning
permission already.

Now...

Let's see which stall will be
the next one to go, shall we?

This one.

- Jesus.

- Are you all right, Agnes?

I got a shiver,
like somebody just walked over me grave.
Annie.

Keep an eye here, will you? I want to
run this up to Cathy at her new job.

No bother, Agnes.

To Cathy.

Good luck in your new job.

I believe in you. Mammy.

Settling in OK there, little lady?

Well, sort of, Mr Bullwhip.

Calm down.

We don't stand on ceremony here, honey.

And it's Cathy. Not

"honey" or "little lady".

Very good.

Yoo-hoo!

I'm at the window.

- I'm still not sure of my role here.

- I have fruit.

- Look, Cathy...

- Bananas.

People buy something
not because they need it...

...but because we, the
advertising geniuses,
try to find a way to convince them
that they want it.

- Do you?

- You mean, "Do we", babe.

Who the fuck is he?

Right, well...

Settle in, sweetheart.

- Madam.

- Fuckface.

I beg your pardon?

Nice... Nice place, I said. Good place.

Mammy! Get in here.

"Settle in, sweetheart."

I know. I heard.

You wouldn't have to put up with that shit
if you worked for yourself.

I'm not taking over the stall!

I'm just saying, wife all I did...

I'm just... I...

I'm just saying!

Didn't hurt.

Come on, Winnie. While it's warm.

- Agnes...

- What?

How come Father Damien always gives you
more penance than he gives me?

Because I've a lot more sins.

No, you don't.

Oh, I do.

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

- This box is already in use.

- Winnie, get out.

Not until I've heard your sins.

Father, I'm much more sinful than her.

- What?

- Will you get out, for Jesus' sake?

Mrs Brown' do not take
the Lord's name in vain.

Sorry, Father, I'll add it on
to my list in a minute.

Mammy?

- Father, is that my Cathy?

- I had impure thoughts, Father.

Shut up, Winnie.

Hello, Father Damien.

Hello, Cathy.

Look, if you need to talk...

- Mammy, what is this?

- I can't see.

It's an envelope.

- I robbed a bank.

- A bank?
You did not, Winnie. Shut up!
It's a letter from the tax office.
"Final Notice" it says.
Why haven't you done something about it?
I don't pay tax. I changed
my name to Google.
Look ladies, if you wanna chat,
why don't you go somewhere else?
Shush, Father.
That is a letter about my business,
about my stall,
and you have made it perfectly clear...
It's a demand for a payment.
This is not the place.
Yes, it is.
Apparently my grandmother
owes them?96.
And as the current owner
of the business, I'm liable.
- I had sex with a farm animal.
- What?
A goat.
No, you did not.
Not even a goat would
give her a shag, Father.
That's it! That's it, ladies. Out!
Come on! Out now!
Give me penance. Come on, lay it on me.
Do your worst!
You better take this serious.
Fine. I'll go to the tax
office in the morning.
Mrs McGoogan, are you licking my shoes?
?96.
Even with interest and penalties,
it cant be that bad.
Are you feckin' mad? How much?
Four million Euro.
Four million Euro?
Ah, listen, love, there
must be some mistake.
Jesus, now you've killed her.
How much?

So, I've had quite a large tax bill.
Four million Euro.
But you mustn't worry.
I'm not worrying. It's not my problem.
Your mummy's right.
There's nothing to worry about.
The man in the Revenue Office
said it was probably a mistake.
- When did he say that?
- Just after you passed out.
- But why didn't you tell me?
- You were passed out.
For God's sake, sometimes you're
as useless as a knitted condom.
Well, he said he'd ring you.
Wish me luck.
Hello?
Wish me luck.
Hello? How do you do?
Speaking.
It's him. It is a mistake?
I only owe 3.8 million?
Well, that's a relief.
I won't have to sell the feckin' yacht.
I think you will have to sell the yacht.
- How long have you had a yacht?
- How much is a yacht worth?
I don't have a feckin' yacht!
I know. You go on hunger strike.
Refuse to eat until they cancel the bill.
They'd have to cancel it in 20 minutes.
I'm fuckin' starvin'.
I have a better idea.
I get the old unit together.
We blow up the Revenue Office,
then we barricade ourselves in here,
prime the place with booby traps
and take out the first
tax man that comes near.
They'll never take you alive.
Somebody get his feckin' tablets.
What we need is a lawyer, Mammy.
All right, but a cheap one.
Now, I can't make head nor tails of this.

According to this reference number,
you need a licence to import cobra snakes.
That's not a reference number. It's a date.
I said cheap. I didn't
mean this fucking cheap.
Offer the tax people a euro a week.
Winnie, don't be ridiculous.
I'm not, Agnes.
They might not accept it
but once you make an offer
the courts have to consider it.
She's right.
How do you know all this, Mrs McGoogan?
I worked in the Revenue Office.
You were a tax collector?
Cleaner. But I heard things.
If that's the case,
it'll give us time to set up a fund.
- A fund?
- "The Mrs Brown Defence Fund."
I'm liking this. Who'll be treasurer?
Not you.
Hello, Mrs Brown.
Hello. Can I help you?
Actually, it's me who's here
to help you, madam.
I don't get it. Why would you want
to buy my mother's stall and licence?
My client is a well-known retailer.
Who, I'm sure you'll appreciate,
I'm not at liberty to reveal at this time.
And he sees this as an opportunity
to invest in the community.
30,000 is a lot of money.
Over 200 years is a lot of heritage.
It was my great, great grandmother
that started the stall.
It's been handed down to the eldest girl
in the family ever since.
Since 1802.
The times they are a-changing.
- There's one problem.
- And that is?
Show him the tax letter.

Not a problem.
It's now 3.8 million.
My client brings a lot of investment
and employment to Ireland.
Once we agree the sale,
we can make this go away.
- Really? Just like that?
- Just like that.
Right then. I'll leave that with you.
You have my card.
I'll see you out.
I'm sorry, Granny.
I've let you down.
There's my grandmother.
They were false teeth.
They were a wedding present.
Only If we are united can
we save Moore Street Market.
So, does anyone have a question
for our political representative, Mr Inuin?
Silence!
Now, look, I am here to assure you
that as long as I am the representative
for this constituency,
Moore Street Market is hereto stay!
And now, ladies and gentlemen,
if you will excuse me,
I have some government
business to attend to.
Very good. Thank you.
Lots of shite about nothing.
Living the dream, what?
Living the dream.
Mrs Brown. You came.
I forgot this was even on.
We're just here for a drink, that's all.
But, Agnes, you are the most important
of all the stallholders in Moore Street.
- Well...
- Not for long.
- What? What does she mean?
- Nothing, nothing.
- She's selling her stall.
- Winnie, move.

- Can I have your attention, please?

- Show us your cock!

Shh!

I have an important announcement
concerning Mrs Agnes Brown.

Wife he feckin' saying?

They have won again.

Mrs Brown is selling her stall
and leaving Moore Street.

Shit, do something.

Stop it.

I'm thinking about it.

I haven't made a decision yet.

Don't look at me like that!

Wife nothing to do

with Rab's imaginary "them".

I have a tax bill.

I can't afford to pay it. Wife it.

But we all love you, Mrs Brown.

If you cannot pay it' we will all
chip in and help you pay it.

- We are family.

- Yes.

I've no fucking family in Jamaica.

I'm not Jamaican.

Hands up those that will chip in
to help Mrs Brown.

The tax bill's about four million Euro.

There you are, Rab. Look, Mr Patel...

I don't know, maybe you're right.

Maybe there is a "them",
but it makes no difference.

Exactly. No difference.

Agnes doesn't care who it is. She'll not
leave Moore Street without a fight.

Exactly.

No, wait, wait. Winnie, what the fuck
are you... Winnie, get back here!

Did you think for one minute Agnes Brown
would go without a fight?

Wife!

When they tried to double the price
of the licence, who beat them down?

Agnes.

When the Corporation tried to reduce
the stall space, who told them to...

Agnes!

Jesus Christ.

Oh, Winnie. What have you feekin' started?

Oh, we're going to Jamaica

Oh, back to the palm trees

Rip off heads!

Not yet.

Mr Bogmonovitch

doesn't like public meetings.

This Mrs Brown, she has a mouth on her.

I was there, remember?

Now I wouldn't be getting too worried
about a little local public meeting.

Mr Bogmonovitch says that we should
rip off her head and sheet down her neck.

Well, yes, Gregor, if the need arises.

But for now, let's keep the whole thing
under the radar.

Let's keep this quiet, hmm?

Mummy' they're talking
about Granny on the TV.

But what we know is Agnes Brown
is a mother of six children
whom she reared alone.

Her only income
is from her Moore Street stall
which has been handed down from
mother to daughter for generations
- and which, I believe, is now under threat.

- Yes, Eamonn,

I'm here on Moore Street with Rab Patel...

A shop owner originally from Jamaica.

Tell me, Mr Patel, what exactly
is the threat facing this market?

This is not new.

There is someone trying to drive us
all out of Moore Street Market.

A developer. And he knows who he is!

OK, enough now. Move on.

Seriously, go now. I have work to do.

Hey! Fuck off!

Move it! Shoo!

Well, you've certainly made a splash.
I've no time for that shite, Annie.
Fresh fruit and vegetables!
As seen on TV!
Just the one, love? That'll be 75 cents.
75 fucking cent.
Now it's a smoothie. That's 2.50.
Hey! You sell your stall, you stupid bitch!
Excuse me a moment.
Anything else, love?
- I'll be back.
- Hasta la vista, Arnie.
And you'll want to bring more
than the Blues Brothers.
You'll fucking need them.
Are you all right, Mammy?
Rab Patel is right.
Somethings going on, Dermot.
I've just been threatened by Russian thugs.
- Russian?
- I think they'll be back.
Why?
'Cause he said "I'll be back".
Hiya, Gloria. I'm looking for Buster Brady.
Is he doing something here?
- That little shit. He's down the big hall.
- Thank you.
You must use your senses.
Trust them.
They will tell you where the glass is.
You're like a cheetah in the dark,
but you'd know exactly
where to place your foot.
You're invincible.
A human radar.
Hiya, Dermot. Here, I'll
leave that with you.
What the hell are you doing?
Just helping Mr Wang.
Ah, you dope.
- Medic!
- On my way.
Mr Wang hurt his leg,
so I just said I'd help out.

Ninja, for the blind?
Hello, friend of Misser Busser.
You're very welcome to Mr Wang
number one Ninja School for the Brind.
He's not even Chinese!
Herro, Mr Taliban! I'm
from Sichuan Province.
He's from Finglas.
Everybody look at me and say
"What you doing in my country?"
I say "Ha, Chinese". They go...
- Keep going.
- I'm sorry.
Your spit went past me.
You only see brind people.
You do not see that
they see more than you see.
Please, show some respect.
You brind fucker. I kill you!
Come on, let's get out of here.
I need to talk to you.
Mammy has a problem,
and I think the Russians are involved.
The Russians?
I'm not getting involved in that.
Marie is thinking about setting up a fund.
A fund? I'm in.
I kill you! You can't run, you can't hide!
I kill you!
A quiz night.
That should raise at least 200 Euro.
This lawyer and the barrister
could cost up to 25,000.
I've a sponsor here who'll pay 5,000 Euro
if somebody agrees
to swim across the Channel.
- No.
- Wait, I'll do that.
- Really?
- Oh, Maria, he's a great swimmer.
- Are you sure?
- Yeah. How hard can it be?
We could make it really big.
It could be the launch of the whole thing.

Right' then, let's do it. This weekend.

What? Do you not need
to train for a few weeks?

- Not at all.

- A wonderful swimmer.

A dolphin.

I thought she said the canal.

Shh.

Now just do your best.

Just go as far as you can.

You're very brave.

I have this, thank you' Barbara.

Fine.

This is an injustice
of mammoth proportions.

A widow being persecuted
while the bankers and developer barons
ride roughshod over the law!

Five, four, three, two, one.

Go!

It's freezing!

Rory! Rory!

Barbara, towel.

Rory!

Rory!

Rory, come back!

OK, when we get in here,
let me do the talking.

These Russians don't scare loo easy,
so let's try and sort this diplomatically.

OK.

And you know the drill. If it looks like
it's gonna kick off, what do we do?

- Run like fuck.

- Exactly.

Excuse me.

We don't want any bad blood between us,
but one of you lot threatened my
mother, and I'm not having that.

What the fuck?

I think he said everybody can be friends.

How do you know'?

I used to have a Russian girlfriend.

Well, "girlfriend's" a bit strong.

She gave me a discount.
Well, tell him that we want to be friends.
Way to go, Buster. Well done.
I will not kill your mother
because her name is Agnes.
It was my grandmother's name.
- He said...
- I heard him.
And what is your name?
Buster.
But all my friends call me Agnes.
These are a serious bunch.
Maybe. But they don't have what we have.
Ninjas.
Shut up, Buster.
Give me that phone here.
Hello?
This is Red Dog.
We need to get the unit together.
I have a little job.
- So that's them'?'
- Yeah.
Time we sent them a little message.
- A bomb?
- Yeah.
Just enough to turn that
coffee bar into a car park.
And who's making the device?
He should be here any minute.
Here he is now' right on time.
He's priming the device.
Then he'll drive it up to the target.
That looks likes "The Hammer Murphy.
It is. The best in the business.
Ah... And I thought he had Parkinson's.
Oh, shit. Scatter.
Eileen, did you see somebody blew up
the Parkinson's charity shop last night?
I did. Disgraceful.
Should be ashamed of themselves.
Agnes Brown.
- Philomena Nine Warts.
- There you are.
I was looking for you everywhere.

Well I wasn't feckin' hiding.
I wanted to tell you something.
This is all very dramatic.
I just didn't want to be discussing your
private business in front of everybody.
My private business.
I was at the bingo last night and I was
talking to the girls about your tax thing.
- My private tax thing?
- Yeah.
Go on.
- The next thing, my granny...
- Mary Moccasin.
She said she was in the Revenue Office
paying her tax
the same day your granny was there
and she saw your granny paying the bill.
- Wife my granny paid it'?'
- Yep.
- Wife love to talk to your granny.
- Wife problem.
Droopy drawers. 44.
Two fat ladies, 88.
Hello, Mary.
Now Mary, can you tell us what you remember
about that morning in the Revenue Office?
She's a bit deaf.
Oh, right. Sorry, right.
Mary! Can you tell me...
Excuse me. She said "deaf" not "retarded".
Gran, can you tell the man
about the Revenue Office
with Mrs Brown's granny.
Um, yeah. Hmm-mmm.
That's fantastic.
Now can you get Mary to the law library
on Friday morning?
We'll get a sworn affidavit and submit
it to the court. This is fantastic.
- Oh, the... Um...
- What?
No, no, no... We'll need a barrister.
And I know just the man.
I was born and raised in a cottage

on the banks of the Royal Canal.
Bluebell Cottage, it was called.
My father and mother lived there
all their married life.
When my father died in 1999, my mother,
of course, was brokenhearted.
But that cottage had so much
of my father in it, in every corner.
It kept her strong.
That's nice.
Can we get on to my case, please?
Agnes. Give the lad a chance.
Go on, son.
Well, in 1999 the PR Irwin Company
bought most of the canal bank cottages.
They wanted to build apartments,
but my mother wouldn't sell.
Then one day she went out to buy some
brake pads for her Honda Gold Wing...
And when she returned,
the cottage had been levelled.
Everything that made up
her 73 years of life,
all in one big pile of rubble.
Can they do that?
Oh, it was a mistake, they claimed.
The contractor had bulldozed
the wrong house, they said.
The contractor was fined, my mother got
quite a large sum in compensation,
but within months she was dead.
Died of a broken heart?
No, it was a paragliding accident.
Irwin is the local representative.
I mean, it may not be him.
Oh, Irwin is behind this all right.
I checked the records out of curiosity.
He's up to his old tricks again.
The land around your market is owned by
Harbour Master Investments.
And Harbour Master Investments
is owned by...
PR Irwin.
No, another company. Tiny Tool Limited.

Whose shares are in the name of...

PR Irwin.

- No.

- Feck's sake.

Three shareholders

who all are connected to...

- PR lnuin.

- Feck it!

So if we beat the Revenue, we beat Irwin.

Are you on board, Mr Maydo Archer?

Mrs Brown, has Mr Crews here

informed you about my condition?

Condition? What condition?

When under pressure,

I am prone to bouts of Tourette's.

For fuck's sake. What the fuck is that?

Nothing that might bother you. I'm in.

I've got myself a lovely barrister.

A very handsome-looking man.

- Well, you know, you're never too old.

- Ha!

Now Mary, when we get in here,

all you have to do is sign an affidavit,

just to say that my granny paid her tax.

That way my stall will be safe.

Oh, for fuck's sake.

You'd think in 102 years she'd have

learned to cross the fucking road.

And so we lay to rest our dearly departed,

Mary Moccasin, mother of seven...

Mother of sorrows, look at her.

Philomena, God love you,

you must be devastated.

Not really.

What a pity. Now we have

to find that receipt.

Receipt?

Well, if your grandmother paid it, they'll

have a receipt in the Revenue Office.

...she sold second hand

shoes and illegal fireworks from her stall.

Let us all take a silent moment

now to recall...

Father, move it. Faster, faster!

- Lord hear us.

- Lord graciously hear us.

As it is now and shall it always be,
world without end.

Amen.

In the name of the Father, Son,
the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Go, go, go, go, go.

- How do you do?

- Hello?

Fuck.

Two chips, one small cod.

- Do you want salt and vinegar'?

- Yeah.

Salt and vinegar on one, please.

How do you do?

We're looking to get a receipt
and we were told we could get it here.

National Records Service.

Yes, so this is the

National Records Service, then?

- No, you're through to the wrong building.

- Oh.

- What's this, then?

- Hello?

Hello.

National Records Service.

Excuse me.

Listen very carefully.

Is this the National Records Service?

Yes, this is the National Record Service.

- Shall we get a receipt here then?

- Hold on, please.

- OK.

- OK what?

- We're holding on.

- For what?

You're going to show us
where to get the receipt.

National Records Service.

Listen, fuckface,

how do I see the actual receipts?

- Get your feckin' hands off me!

- On your way, ladies.

I have four sons.

Now what?

I don't know. We have to get in there.

Maybe if you disguise yourself.

- Disguise?

- Yeah.

You could disguise yourself as a man.

No, Winnie, I'd never get away with it.

I know who'll get in there for us.

It's all up to you now' son.

So, what's the plan, Dermot?

See that restricted area over there?

Over there?

Don't point!

Sorry, Dermot.

You walk over with me,

and when we get there,

you do something to

distract the security guard.

- I'll slip past him.

- You have it, Dermot.

Can I help you?

Yeah... No. I'm grand.

You said a distraction.

I know what I said.

Dermot, I'll get that

receipt for your mammy.

I have a plan. Do you want to hear it?

Does it involve blind ninjas?

- Maybe.

- Nope.

OK, come on. Hully, hully.

Oh, you squeezed my scrotum. Don't do that.

K, follow me. Come on. Come on.

Come on, hurry.

OK, men, the camera and the

spotlight scans the area every 20 seconds.

Once it passes, we have

to get to that door.

We scale the railings first, and then

everybody wait for my "Go" before moving.

Excellent plan.

OK'? So the word is "Go".

- What the fuck?

- You said "Go"!
I think he's dead. I can't feel a pulse.
That's because you're holding his torch.
- Pick him up and put him in the van.
- Right you are.
Right, we still have four.
We can still make this a go.
- What the fuck?
- Stop saying it.
Saying what? "Go"?
Oh, for fuck's sake.
And you can call us on 0890107-252.
Now In the studio with me today,
I have the wonderful Agnes Brown,
Moore Street trader and mother of six.
We've had many calls, Agnes,
from people who are full of admiration
for, for you, not just
as a market stallholder
but as a mother. A super mother.
No, Joe, no, Joe, I'm just
an ordinary, well, you know...
Now hang on. We've Melanie on line three.
Go ahead, Melanie. Talk to Joe.
Agnes Brown is also a super mother
to all of us who work a!
Moore Street Market.
Without her we've no hope of
keeping Moore Street alive.
She's our hero Joe, and a hero
to bring up six children all alone.
She's right, Agnes. You are a hero.
Oh, Joe, look, no, I'm not.... Well, yes,
it was difficult to, yes, it was, yeah.
Well, in those days women would have
seen their children taken into care.
What do you mean? What?
I mean, I know they were different times,
but if a parent passed away, their children
would have been taken into care.
And yours were all babies, weren't they?
Cheer up, Agnes, that receipt will turn up.
It's not that.
I...

What?

Well, you see, when Redser died...

Well, I was living in London with Jacko then, but I remember the telegram.

I put the kids into care.

What?

They never mentioned it, so I presumed they'd forgotten.

But with all this talk about me being the best mother in the world, and...

I couldn't cope.

Jesus, if they find out.

Stop it now.

Shush. There's no need for anyone to know.

Good morning, Mrs Brown.

Oh, Father Damien. How are you'?

Grand, thanks. Sad about Mary, isn't it?

Yes, very, very sad, Father.

Here, two euro, please.

Father, are you doing confessions today?

- I'm heading there right now.

- I'll follow you over in about five minutes.

Grand.

Annie, I have to go on an errand.

Keep an eye on the stall for me, will you?

Do you need me to?

Cathy, what are you doing?

- I came down to see you.

- Can you hang on a few minutes?

Sure.

Thanks, love.

- Are you there, Father?

- I am.

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

Go ahead.

Father, everybody's talking about me in the newspaper, the radio, as being the perfect mother.

But I'm not.

I've done a terrible thing.

Just a second, Mrs Brown.

What you've done, is it a sin?

What?

You don't have to tell me

anything unless it's a sin.

Really think, now.

Well, I don't know if it's a sin, but I put my children into care when they were babies, when my husband died.

I see.

Well, that's no harm and no sin, so don't tell me any more.

There is one sinful bit about it.

I carried on collecting the children's allowance while they were in care.

Thank you very much, Father.

I feel much better.

This is day one of the court case that the country is dubbing Molly Malone versus Big Business, David versus Goliath.

Muhammad Ali versus anybody small who doesn't box.

This could be the shortest court battle on record, as it seems that once the trader in question, mother of six, Mrs Agnes Brown, produces a receipt for the payment, it's case over.

Irma Byke at Dublin's courts.

All rise for Justice Cannon.

You may be seated.

Do we have all the parties here?

Yes, I am the solicitor for the defendant, Tom Crews.

And, Justice, I am Senior Counsel.

Let me guess. Tom Hanks?

- Mr Maydo Archer.

- Mr Maydo Archer.

I have not seen you in a courtroom for a very long time.

- Indeed, Justice.

- Do we still have that Tourette's thing?

Not nearly as much, Justice. And I do not anticipate it affecting this case.

Ah, well, welcome back.

Who have we here for the State?

Michael Gibney, solicitor, Justice. I...

...await Senior Counsel.

Here, Justice.

Wank, wank.

What did

you say, Mr Maydo Archer?

- He said "wank, wank".

- Nothing, Justice. Just clearing my throat.

- A wank won't clear your throat, son.

- Agnes, shut up, please.

- Good morning, Mrs Brown.

- Morning.

I won't keep you very long.

Mrs Brown, can you show the
court the receipt in question?

No.

The receipt is in the National Records.

But I was told by Philomena Nine Warts's
granny, Mary Moccasin,
that she stood beside my
grandmother when she paid it.

Well then, let's have Mrs Moccasin
up here to tell us that.

She's dead.

How unfortunate.

Justice, with no receipt in
existence and no witness,
well, I believe we're in
a position for judgement.

Justice...

Mrs Brown is a well-regarded member of the
community of traders in Moore Street.

Her integrity as a stallholder
and as a mother is beyond reproach.

"Beyond reproach"?

Let's examine that, then, shall we?

You don't mind a little examination,
Mrs Brown, do you?

Not as long as I can leave my clothes on.

Mrs Brown, this isn't the first time you
have defrauded the State of money, is it'?

Silence in court, please!

I beg your pardon.

I am referring to the weeks
after your husband's death,
and the children's allowance you collected.
MAYDO; Justice...
This woman had just become a widow.
She had six children at home to feed.
Mrs Brown was only collecting
what was rightfully hers.
Silence, please! Silence!
Did you, Mrs Brown...
Did you have six children at home to feed?
Please answer the question, Mrs Brown.
Did you have six children at home to feed?
No.
That's correct.
Because, in fact, you had put
your children into care!
Will you be quiet, please!
Isn't that correct?
Yes, I did.
I'm so sorry.
Order! Order! Order!
Justice, I presume you are ready
to pass judgement on this.
Mr Maydo Archer'?
Justice' at the preliminary, fuck, hearing,
you asked us to produce, shit...
Produce the receipt in two weeks, wanks.
Those two weeks end tomorrow.
Gobble, gobble, nice, nice, give it a rub.
Reconvene tomorrow morning at 10:30 a.m.
What do you think of that?
- Think of what?
- Forget it.
Right, lads, who wants to join me
in a real ninja mission?
Yes!
Yeah!
Over here, lads.
It's too short.
Pull me up.
Guys, you've got to see this.
You gonna call the cops?
No, the Russians said to wait

till they were leaving.
Nice one, lads.
Oh yeah, brilliant.
Oh, sorry.
Excuse me.
I hope you're recording this, mate.
This would get a million
hits before midnight.
That's it.
Right' lads, I'm down.
- How do we get down?
- It's not that high. Just drop.
You were all just babies,
and it was only for a couple of weeks.
I kinda remember.
I just thought we were on a holiday.
Has Mammy come home, then?
Then we need to get out there and find her.
Mark, I have her. Tell the others.
See you at home.
Everybody's looking for you.
Are they?
You'd wonder why.
Because they're worried.
We want you home safe.
I wanted all youse home safe.
I just couldn't cope.
Mammy, it was what it was.
Nobody blames you.
I do.
You know, they asked me...
The nuns.
They asked me if I could manage
with any of youse.
I said, "Maybe two."
So they lined youse all up.
And she said, "Pick two."
I couldn't.
Sophie's choice.
Come on...
Let's get you home.
Who the fuck is Sophie?
OK, lads, now we're in,
how do we find the receipt?

It will be in a box.

This is like walking in a maze.

If Mary Moccasin's receipt is 4-5-8,
then it has to be 4-5-9.

Hmm.

4-5-5.

4-5-6, 4-5-7, 4-5-8, 4-6-0.

It's missing.

- The Russians must have got here before us.

- Russians, Dermot.

Herro, Dermot. Dermot, it's gone.

- There's no receipt here.

- No receipt. 4-5-9 missing!

Ask him did Liverpool win.

Well, any news?

Still looking. They're still looking.

You know, just before my father die...

He look into my eyes, and he say to me...

What does it say?

What, Joe?

The card. Mrs Moccasin's card.

What does it say? Read it.

Moccasin, paid 34 pounds.

- Agent Betty Beacon.

- Betty Beacon.

She was the first blind person
employed by the Irish Civil Service Board.

Brind?

The government had to spend 500 pounds
on a Braille typewriter.

So?

The Russians might have got
the regular typewritten receipt.

There must also be one in Braille, too.

We need to find the Braille section.

Gregor, there's something
going on down here.

What do you mean?

They're all going mad down there.

Where are they now'?

You're kidding me.

Braille?

It's Buster.

Hello, Buster.

We have it, Dermo'. We have it!
Buster, are you there?
Shush, everybody.
I think someone's coming.
Hey, you!
Oh, shit. Gotta go, Dermo'.
Coppers! Everybody hide!
Well?
I dunno. He was breaking up.
Right, let's get to the courts.
I wanna go down to Moore Street first.
I owe them all an apology.
If they're even talking to me.
I gave them all hope.
"Good old Agnes."
And then I let them all down.
Want me to go with you?
No.
This I have to do myself.
Shit.
That's that, then.
When I am down
and, oh my soul, so weary
When troubles come
and my heart burdened be
Then, I am still
and wait here in the silence
Until you come and sit awhile with me #
We believe in you, Agnes!
Right, let's face these fuckers.
Careful, your Tourette's is kicking in.
No, they're just fuckers.
You raise me up... #
Buster, where are you?
I'm in an air vent.
Hang on, hang on, hang on.
No, I'm still in an air vent.
Mr Maydo Archer.
I don't care what you do,
but delay everything as long as you can.
- What is it, Dermot?
- We have the receipt.
I just need time to get it here.
Oh, hold on, son.

You're not going anywhere without me.
- What am I supposed to do?
- BAILIFF; All rise for Justice Cannon.
You stay here and keep saying "Wank,
wank, gobble gobble" till I get back.
Ah, Mr Bluster. It no good.
I can't go no further.
You must leave me. Save yourself.
OK. Good luck.
Uh, Justice, before I call the witness...
I'd like to recount a little of
the history of traders in Dublin,
by way of context, if you see what I mean.
I don't see what you mean, but carry on.
We need to do this quick, Dermot.
Maydo Archer can only waffle for so long
with his "blonk, blonk, blank, blank."
Buster, I have the plans.
Listen very closely.
Yeah, I'm going straight on.
Turn left at the next junction
and keep straight.
Keep going. Keep going.
- I can feel the air, Dermot.
- That's it.
Hurry, move towards the air vent.
We need a screwdriver.
I keep it for the bingo. You never know.
Dermo'.
I have it.
- Brilliant!
- I love you, Dermo'.
Not so fast.
I'll take that, thank you.
Oh, son, no, please. You don't want
to hurt a poor defenseless old...
...woman!
Come on, let's get out of here.
How are we gonna get to the courtroom?
- We could take Mr Wang's car.
- Mr Wang! Mr Wang!
- Don't leave me here!
- Mr Wang, you're all right.
We won't go anywhere without you.

Fuck him, leave him there.
Mr Bluster, I stuck!
Buster, only you
could call this a car.
Take your time. Oh...
That's nice. That's nice.
Hello. Oh!
Left, left!
Right, right, right!
Right, right! Jesus, right.
Right, right, right. Left! Oh!
Bye-bye.
It was in 841 AD
when the Vikings
first started trading in
Dovelinn, or "black pool",
from which, of course,
Dublin gets its name.
Justice, context is one thing,
but 841 AD, seriously?
At least he didn't begin
"In the beginning there was Heaven".
Silence, please.
I shall allow you a little leeway,
Mr Maydo Archer, but don't push me.
Well, of course, it was Hasculf
Thorgillsson who is well remembered for...
Ice cream!
Balloons, balloons!
What... Jesus Christ almighty...
I feel a little bit of wee coming out.
Cops!
Left, left, for feck's sake!
Keep her going. Keep her going.
Go on, son, go on. We're in the clear.
Wait, Russians. Stop.
Turn around, turn around.
Take it back.
Go, go!
Hold it! More cops.
- Now what do we do?
- I dunno.
Where's that music coming from?
Granddad!

Come on, Granddad.
Oh...
Jump!
On three. Three!
Ah! Mammy, mammy, mammy...
I am a swan.
Timber!
Shit! Every man for himself!
...leading us to where we are today.
Thank you for that, Mr Maydo Archer.
Do we have anything judicial to present?
I... Indeed I do, Justice.
Perhaps I should call a witness?
Perhaps you should.
Come on, Mammy.
Dermot, I think I have crabs.
- Move it, son. Move it.
- Oh, God.
Shit! Russians!
- Russians, Russians.
- Where?
Come on.
Now what?
- Get in here, boys!
- No. Wait.
Buster, give me the receipt.
We need to split up.
You get them to chase you out of town.
I'll get the receipt to the courts. Go!
Go, go, go.
I'm dry!
I love the movies.
I would like to call, uh, Mr Rory Brown.
I didn't do anything, Justice' I swear.
I think I'm going to be sick.
Hold tight.
Betty, you can just drop
us at the bus stop.
Seriously, Betty.
We don't mind taking a bus, do we, Buster?
Buster. Busier!
- Where is he?
- Cops.
Russians.

Get back in the fucking car.
Receipt?
Big Issue.
Receipt?
Cash only.
Shit!
And I said, "Oh, there's an
awful smell off that."
And he said, "If you think wife bad..."
- Look what I have here in my hand!
- Yeah. Or something like that.
Justice, I believe that the evidence
we've been waiting for has arrived.
20 euro each way Mia's Twin,
at 5 to 1.
Mrs Brown, this is a betting slip.
No. It can't be.
Oh, Nelly, spank my monkey,
lick my love pump, fuck, fuck!
Call Mark.
Well done, Betty.
Now how do we keep this chase going?
Piece of crap.
Buster gave my ma a betting slip.
Shit! Now we have to find Buster
and get the receipt to the court.
Not by car. The cops
have every road blocked.
Now what will we do?
Dermo'!
Hi-ho, Silver! Away!
It's a horse!
Mrs Brown' will you please tell the court
what you believe is going on here?
Justice, this is irrelevant.
There is no receipt, so the woman
should simply sell the stall
for the 30,000 and let
that be the end of it.
How do you know how much I was offered?
Mr Irwin, do we have
a conflict of interest here?
Certainly not.
I was told by one of my researchers.

Whatever.

Anyway, that is not the point here.

Then we will hear what

Mrs Brown has to say.

Buster, would this be the horse
you didn't steal?

Maybe.

It's a tough life
standing at that stall, day in, day out.

Oh, it's beautiful on a sunny day.

The market is buzzing and
you stand there with a smile on your face,
and the sun beating down on your back.

But you try that in January,
when the wind is whipping around your f...

Legs.

And your hands are so cold
you can't even make change.

And why do I do it?

Because my mother did it.

And her mother before her, and so on.

It's not just about the stall.

It's about being part of something bigger.

It, it's about...

Dublin.

It's about being a part of Dublin.

You won't find the real Dublin
in the financial centre,
or the banks, or trendy nightclubs.

Or even here in this court.

The heart,

the pulse of real Dublin
is in Moore Street.

Look in the gallery here.

Immigrants from India, Nigeria, Pakistan,
Iraq, Jamaica...

I'm not fucking Jamaican!

They've all blended
seamlessly into Dublin culture.

The new Dublin, they call it.

But there isn't any new Dublin.

Moore Street has always welcomed the needy,
the lonely, the lost of this city's people,
and did so with an open heart.

It doesn't matter who you are,
you will be welcomed in Moore Street.
It's something my mother is very proud of
and something I will be proud of
when it's my turn.
When I take over the family stall
from my mother.
There are those who would clear it out,
put Moore Street away and morph this city
into a faceless copy of any other city.
But they can't,
and they won't.
Because we won't let them.
We are Moore Street
and we are going nowhere.
So, then, no more evidence,
Mr Maydo Archer?
Um...
No, Justice.
- We're screwed.
- No, we're not. Hold on, Dermo'.
Yeah!
Wife!
I knew I could do it.
You bastard. Don't ever try
anything like that again.
- Please, not the stairs.
- Hold on, Dermo. Come on, giddy up!
We have it!
Hello, Buster.
Justice Dickie.
Back down the stairs on the right.
Thank you.
Despite the assertion of Mrs Brown
that this debt has been settled,
there is no evidence to prove this.
So then, in the matter of The Revenue
Department v. Mrs Agnes Brown...
- What is this?
- It's the cavalry.
Or clowns.
Justice, here's the receipt.
It's in Braille.
Is there anyone in court who reads Braille?

Don't fucking look at me.
I read Braille.
The court finds in favour of Mrs Brown.
You see, it all works out
the way it's supposed to.
Lovely kumquats, Brussels sprouts
and prickly pears!
How are you, love?
You wanna feel my prickly pears?
Come back quick, I'll give you a gobble.
We won't use that last bit.
We won't use that last bit.
Jesus, look, now you've killed her!
How much?
Release me.
It was my great, great grandmother
that started the stall.
And it's been handed down ever since to
the eldest girl in the family.
Since 1802.
Somebody has a line, and it's not me.
And action.
How much?
Four... Fucking shitbags.
It's a lot to
remember, take your time.
Whoa.
Hello, Buster.
Sorry.
Goodbye, Buster.
Well, you've
certainly made a splash.
I've no time for that shite, Annie.
Fresh fruit and vegetables!
As seen on TV.
- Look, now you've killed her.
- How much?
- Ladies and gentlemen, Ben Kellett.
- Yeah!
Jesus Christ, if they find out.
Stop it now.
Shush, there's no need for
anyone to find... To know.
- To find to know'?

- To find to know.

Mammy, shut up.

I'm getting an itch around my anus.

You should see someone about that.

Would it be thrush?

Set and action.

How much?

Keep rolling, keep rolling.

- Why does she keep repeating herself?

- It's the phone thing.

National Records Service.

Excuse me, fucker-face.

How do I get to see the actual receipts?

I landed right on my cock.