24 Hour Party People

By Frank Cottrell Boyce
Is it a bird? Is it a plane?
No, it's the latest craze sweeping the Pennines.
I've got to be honest.
I'd rather be sweeping the Pennines right now.
You're supposed to have
three weeks' training for this.
Granada Reports don't have that kind of money.
So, I'm afraid I'm just gonna literally
launch myself off this mountain.
This is, very possibly,
the late Tony Wilson for Granada Reports.
Wish me luck.
Just pull the bar in to get control back again.
Hear it flapping, it's okay.
If it stops, I'm in trouble.
Exactly. Pull it till it flaps again.
One, two, three, go.
I'm flying!
This is a physical...
...high.
A physical, legal high.
This is the most amazing feeling,
better than sex.
Forward, forward.
Oh, shit!
Help!
There's a barbed-wire fence.
Shit.
 Fucking hell!
We'll, I'm battered...
...I'm bruised...
...I've done something rather unfortunate
to my coccyx...
...I'm slightly upset, and I'm utterly elated.
I'll definitely be doing it again.
This is Tony Wilson,
a shadow of his former self...
...for Granada Reports. Back to the studio.
Take care. I'll be in touch,
because it was so exciting.
-I'd love to do it again.
-No problem.
Okay. Cheerio.
You're gonna be seeing a lot more
of that sort of thing in the film.  
All of that actually did happen.  
Obviously, it's symbolic.  
It works on both levels.  
I don't want to tell you too much,  
don't want to spoil the film.  
But I'll just say 'Icarus.' Okay?  
Doesn't matter if you don't understand.  
But you should probably read more.  
-How's the birdman of Derbyshire?  
-Not bad.  
Love the hang-gliding, mate. Loved it.  
You see? What are you complaining about?  
He doesn't have to deal  
with the consequences of--  
The consequences?  
He won't contend with the possibility of death.  
You're insured.  
How's that supposed to be  
of any comfort to me?  
Look, I realize the danger involved.  
I'll come up with--  
Let me tell you, I'm not doing  
any more kamikaze stuff, ever. That's it.  
-Hello, Tony.  
-Hello.  
Paul, Alan.  
I've got the tickets.  
-Alan, did you see the hang-gliding article?  
-I did. We'll done.  
Wasn't it brilliant? We had people phoning in.  
-I know they did.  
-It's what the public want.  
I know, but the public, let me tell you,  
I like public executions.  
I went to Cambridge University, Charles.  
I'm a serious fucking journalist...  
...living in one of the most important  
fucking times of human history.  
-There's no need to swear.  
-I mean it.  
The Buzzcocks can't play,  
because we're not ready.  
So, it's just the Sex Pistols.
June 4, 1976.
The Sex Pistols play Manchester
for the very first time.
There are only 42 people in the audience...
...but every single one of them
is feeding on a power, an energy and a magic.
Inspired, they will go out
and perform wondrous deeds.
For instance, Howard Devoto at the front...
...Pete Shelley at the back...
...they organized this gig.
They're way ahead of everyone in Manchester.
They're already the Buzzcocks.
Howard later sleeps with my wife.
Behind me are Stiff Kittens.
Soon to become Warsaw,
Later to become Joy Division.
Finally to become New Order.
Ginger-nut...
...Mick Hucknall.
That's John the Postman. He's a postman.
And that guy dancing at the front,
that's Martin Hannett...
...the only bona fide genius in this story.
One of the only two
bona fide geniuses in this story.
He will later try to kill me.
Good night, Manchester.
Thanks for your bullshit.
Must go.
Not David.
He goes.
-What's wrong?
-These jeans, they're sort of....
They go right up me crotch.
Too tight for you, that's why.
I'm telling you,
they cut straight between my balls.
You're not a regular shape though, are you?
Pardon?
For jeans.
-What do you mean, I'm not a regular shape?
-You've got big hips.
-I've not got big hips.
—You have.
—I haven't.
—You've got huge hips for a man.
That's fucking ridiculous.
I haven't big hips. Don't say that.
—You've got bigger hips than me.
—That's fucking bullshit.
It's really good stuff, isn't it?
This is good. Where did you get it from?
Mate of mine brought it back from his holidays.
What, Caribbean?
RhyI.
The Sun Center in RhyI.
Right.
I would describe it as history.
How can it be history?
There were only 42 people at the gig.
So what?
How many people were at the Last Supper?
Twelve. Thirteen, including Jesus.
—Have you recovered?
—Yeah.
—But it's not documented.
—In other words, not many.
How many people were at the murder of Julius Caesar?
I don't know. You tell me.
Five.
Shut up, then.
I'm Tony Wilson.
Here we are, as we are, So it Goes.
On tonight's show,
I'll be talking to Alice Cooper from the Apollo.
Apparently, he'll be hanging a dwarf,
Live on stage.
But first,
two minutes of the most important music...
...since Elvis walked into
the Sun Studios in Memphis.
The Sex Pistols and Anarchy in the UK.
in 1976...
...two or three people
controlled all the music on television.
And they didn't like punk.
For a year...
...if you wanted to see
the most exciting bands in the world...
...they were on a regional show
coming out of Manchester.
My show.
The StrangIers. Amazing.
- CIass act, that.
- They're shit.
- They're a bunch of wankers.
- Language.
This is better.
This guy....
I fucking Iove this guy. This guy is fantastic.
Listen to that voice.
- Listen to him.
- Looks a bit homo, though, with that--
That's part of it.
The big handlebar, drop-handle mustache.
- I don't know about that.
- Brilliant.
The guy with the handlebar mustache,
that is Karl Denver.
This is Shaun Ryder, and that one is Paul.
Later, they become the Happy Mondays
and get Karl Denver to sing with them.
We'll be hearing more
from the Happy Mondays later.
But right now, I'm getting a little bit tired
of just putting bands on television...
...so I'm about to open a live music venue.
- Isn't it a bit of a dump?
- Not Las Vegas, is it?
Go round to the left.
There's dog shite everywhere. It's disgusting.
It's urban. It's exciting.
It's exactly the place we should be.
You don't think those kids'll nick the car,
do you?
They're not gonna nick the car.
Are you sure?
- Right, the reason we're here really is--
- Margaret?
Because of the explosion in music,
with New Wave...
...there's lots of exciting bands happening...
...and I think that, culturally,
Manchester's slightly lagging behind.
If you want to get into a nightclub,
you've gotta dress like a hairdresser.
- The wife's a hairdresser.
- That's great.
But some people aren't,
and they've got a right to dance and party.
I'm Tonay.
- Hi, nice to meet you.
- Sorry, this is Tony.
Tonay doesn't believe in television.
I was just saying, 'cause it's funny,
'cause Tony's on the telly.
You know what I call television? The idiot box.
- Idiot box.
- Yeah, there's a lot of rubbish on.
Right, we split the door 60-40 to me.
The band, they get a crate of ales.
You can have Fridays.
- Look round while I do the till.
- Okay. Thank you.
- It stinks in here.
- There's a problem.
You never told me he was called Tony.
Who?
What's up?
Tony. There's two Tonys.
Straightaway, that's a....
Can you not see how that's a potential problem?
He's in charge of the club.
I'm supposed to be in charge
of what we're doing.
There's two Tonys on equal pegging.
There's a confrontation.
Who's Tony number one and two?
We need some sort of differentiation.
But he's not called Tony, is he?
He's called Tonay. You know, Don Tonay.
It's his fucking surname, Tone.
- Is it?
- Yeah.
It's a bit grubby.
I know it's grubby, but we can get it cleaned up for the nights we're in.
That's worse.
What is worse?
WeII....
I'm sorry to harp on about this, but that makes him Mr. Tonay...
-...and I'm just plain Tony.
-What's wrong with that?
There's a hierarchy there, straightaway.
''Mr. Tonay'' is more important than ''Tony.''
''HeIIo, Mr. Tonay. Yes, no, mister.'' And just plain old Tony.
''Tony, me mate, Tony....''
I've gotta have some credibility.
Why don't you just caII him Don?
How about that?
See if he goes for that. CaII him Don.
Don.
What kind of music are you gonna be bringing in?
-Sort of New Wave.
-Kind of indie.
-Indian?
-No, indie.
Don't want any of that ska. I don't Iike that ska.
Okay.
Don't want that. A notion.
I'II Ieave you with is heavy metal.
Get one of them bands.
They drink Iike the fucking Queen Mother.
Right.
-Leave you with that.
-Nice car, Don.
She's thirsty.
See you, Don.
-I think the name thing went okay.
-He heard you that time.
I was gonna be a Don.
I was gonna be a Virgil
till me mum Iost her bottIe at the last minute.
-He means he was gonna be a don.
-I went to Cambridge.
What about a name for the club?
Call it 'Factory.'
-I like that. It's a bit Andy Warhol.
-It's a bit L.S. Lowry.
I just saw a sign on the wall, said, 'Factory Closing'...
...and I thought, we can have one going, 'Factory Opening.' Reverse the trend.
Mal, when you come down to me, can you make sure you just get a glimpse of my boot? If it's on-screen I get a clothing allowance. No problem.
That is The Clash. This was So it Goes. And, as it goes, so it went. It's all over.
If you want to hear good music now, you'll have to get off the couch.
Go down to the Factory night at the Russell Club, every Friday.
Go forth and preach the gospel. Good night.
There's quite a few. If they've started letting them in, then that's a good crowd.
-Fucking cunt.
-Wanker.
-That's original.
-Like your hair.
-Fuck you.
-Why does he let people talk to him like that? He doesn't care what they say, as long as they're talking about him.
You know that, Alan.
-Someone who likes me.
-I love you. Sign this for me?
-What's your name?
-John.
-Hello, Mark.
-Hi. All right?
I really miss your program, so, I thought to get it back on telly.
-I've spoken to--
-He doesn't want it to come back.
He wants it to be gone forever, so it can become a legend. Don't you? There is a man with a grasp of semiotics. There's your answer.
Can I get you half a lager?
You can get me a pint.
Right, okay. Fine.
Wilson, you fucking cunt!
That's original.
Your drink's coming.
Is he a friend of yours?
He's our singer.
How are you, Steve?
Hi. Tony Wilson. Pleased to meet you.
Is he gonna hit me?
You're quite close to me there.
I know. I wanna be.
Why?
Because you're a cunt, mate.
I know, I heard you the first time.
You got to stop him singing.
It's avant-garde. You wouldn't understand it.
He's very poor.
It's provocative.
Provocatively poor.
Appallingy poor.
They're not calling you the new George Epstein, you know.
It's Brian Epstein.
George Epstein, Beatles' manager.
That's Brian Epstein, dickhead.
George Epstein.
It's fucking Brian Epstein.
Brian Martin.
It's not Brian, it's George Martin.
Brian Martin, the producer--
Tell him to fuck off.
Let's sit down.
You're just fucking wrong.
The introduction's not usually this long.
i think the singer's in the toilet.
Where have you been, you twat?
60-40 to you, we said, didn't we?
Yeah. Smashing.
There's Poul. Get yourself a drink. Come with me.
Come on, follow your Uncle Tony.
Through here.
I don't do any coke.
Where are we going?
It's just that I've got...
...you know....
-Come on.
-What are we doing?
-Let's have a nosh to seal the bargain.
-I've eaten actually, Don.
We're not gonna be eating, my friend.
When the Don's hungry, the Don eats.
Hello, girls.
Your Uncle Don's here. Come on.
Jump in, Tony. Don't be shy. Come on.
Come on, girls. On your knees and eat.
-Where is he?
-Where's who, babe?
-Tony. I can't find him.
-I think he went outside with Don.
-Do you mind if I just put--
-Take it all off.
-Is it okay if I just poke it through the side?
-No.
That's what I normally do.
-I think it's too big for that.
-Come on, don't be shy.
-Is that what you do at home?
-That's what I do at home.
Feel that. Just have a feel.
That's nice, that, innit?
Do you mind if I touch your tits
while you're doing it?
Thank you.
Go on.
Put that on your TV show.
Hey, shut the fucking door.
-It's not how it looks, Iove.
-Come in, Iove.
What are you doing, Tony?
It's not how it looks, all right?
Don put me up to it.
I didn't know what I was doing.
He made me do it.
-It's not how it seems.
-Are you coming in?
-If you're not coming in, then fuck off.
-Leave it, that's my wife.
What are you doing, Tony?
That's my wife.
Listen, I love you.
Can you finish me off?
God bless.
Hello.
Posters, Tony.
You've got the posters? This is the fucking gig.
I know. It took ages to get the right yellow.
The gig's over.
I know.
That's fucking great, actually.
It's really nice.
It's beautiful, but useless.
And as William Morris once said,
"Nothing useful can be truly beautiful."
-Alright, Tone?
-Yeah.
-Heather, this is Tony Wilson.
-Hello, I love.
Have you seen Lindsay?
She went off with Howard.
She just caught me
getting a blow job off a hooker...
...in the back of a van.
I better go and get her.
Excuse me.
-Hi, Tony.
-Hi.
Have you got the car keys?
-In my bag.
-Thanks.
I only got a blow job. That's full penetration.
-See you, Howard.
-See you, Tony.
Alright?
I definitely don't remember this happening.
This is the real Howard Devoto.
He and Lindsay insisted we made clear
that this never happened.
But I agree with John Ford.
When you have to choose
between the truth and the legend...
...print the legend.
I thought the name of the band was Warsaw.
You can't have a band called Warsaw.
You can't put it on a poster, can you?
People would think it was a holiday advert.
Joy Division.
Do you know what that is, Mr. Wilson?
It's when the Nazis...
picked out racially pure women
and had sex with them.
Joy Division, that's us, eh?
It's a very Nazi name.
-So?
-But it's quite cheery as well.
You know, 'joy.'
Like a division of joy, or something.
Joy Division.
Let's all say that together. One, two, three.
Joy.
Look at that flat-bottomed valley.
it wasn't always crazy between me and Lindsay.
Most days, we were just another young couple...
...who wanted all the things
young couples want.
Nice house, nice car and a couple of kids.
Enjoy the walk, because it's just you and me.
Wouldn't you like a little Tony
and a little Lindsay walking around?
It would be a nightmare.
I like to be free. All right, in time, you know.
Okay. That's the last word
I'll say on the subject.
Two words, body clock.
Hello, I'm here.
The majors are the status quo,
and we're not, we're the anarchists.
It's gonna be like a co-op.
We're all gonna share in the proceeds.
We pay for all the costs,
and the rest of it is 50-50.
Alan's gonna be head of business affairs.
That's Red Leb, that.
Have you smelled it? Smell that.
I'm giving you total creative freedom, right?
It's dead fucking simple.
Don't like us, fuck off. I don't like you, I fuck off.
I'll write a contract saying there's no contracts.
I'll write it in blood.
-I'll do it.
-He's not gonna write it in his own blood.
-Here you are.
-I'll do it.
You write it in your own blood.
In the words of the great prophet,
''I dares do owt.''
It ain't legal, this.
-He's done it!
-There you go. Real blood.
''I...
''...Tony....''
How can you read that?
I'm not sure if that'd stand up in court.
What more do you want?
He wrote it in his own blood.
Martin?
What are you doing?
Recording...
...the silence.
You're recording silence?
Now I'm recording Tony fucking Wilson.
We want you to produce a band for us.
Who's us?
Factory Records.
Right, 50 quid an hour.
Plus, I wanna be a partner in the company.
See ya.
See ya.
Stop that horrible fucking racket, please.
What's wrong with it?
Nothing was wrong with the drumming as such,
it's just that...
...people have been playing like that
for about 20,000 years, and quite frankly I'm....
it's boring the arse off me.
Let's just try something...
...a lot simpler, okay?
Faster, but slower.
-There's logic there somewhere.
-I know what he means.
Right, stop.
We've got a rattIe. We're gonna have to
dismantIe the whoIe fucking kit.
You are?
-How Iong's that gonna fucking take?
-I don't fucking know. As Iong as it takes.
Is this stillI costing us Pou50 an hour?
We're stillI working, aren't we?
What I'd Iike...
...is to rebuiId it on the roof.
On the roof?
On the actual roof of the studio?
BIoody heII.
Start piaying.
How will I know when to stop?
Don't worry about stopping.
I'll send someone out when it's time to stop.
Sorry.
Just remember, Tony Wilson's money.
Right, stop.
Stop!
Fucking retard.
-You wear it very well.
-What?
You wear it very well.
Now play like a fucking musician.
Fucking prick.
-Listen to it in the car.
-It'll sound rubbish in the car.
I know, but we've got to see what it sounds like on a transistor radio.
I sound like Bowie.
-That's good. You Iike Bowie.
-I hate fucking Bowie.
In All The Young Dudes,
he sings about how you shouId die at 25.
Do you know how oId he is?
He's 30, 29, something. He's a liar.
Doesn't matter. Many artists
produce their best work when they're oIder.
W.B. Yeats--
-I've never heard of him.
-Yeats is the greatest poet since Dante.
If he'd have died when he was 25--
I would have heard of him.

Hang on.

Listen to it. This is great.
This is fucking excellent.
Are you listening to this? It's great.
It's brilliant.
It is. It's very good.
There's nothing out there that sounds like that.
That's the best thing about it.

You like it?
I do.

I love what he's done with the drums.
Joy Division were a great band,
but they were Rob's band.
i wanted a band of my own.
A Certain Ratio had all the talent
and energy of Joy Division...
...but better clothes.
You look absolutely fantastic.
You reckon?
It's great.

We look like the bloody Hitler Youth, man.
I think you look more like Scouts.
Have you seen our legs?
They're like fucking milk bottles.
I wouldn't worry about it.
Although that reminds me.
I must get some chicken drumsticks
on the way home.
It's all right, I've got it covered.
Instant tan. Tansfastic.
It's hedonism, it's shorts...
...it's funk...
...it's tans, it's sexy.
It's cold, man.
I like the haircuts, Barney.
They look good, don't they?
Crap, though.
 Fucking shit.

What's the worst band name you ever heard?
Skinny Monkey.
The worst one I heard
was a mate of mine's band called Barabbas.
Fucking Barabbas.
Who do you want? Barabbas!
The National Front
took to the streets of Manchester today...
...in the biggest demonstration
of neo-Fascists since the '30s.
The Transport and General Workers Union
tighten their stranglehold...
...on the nation's petrol supplies,
bringing the country to a grinding halt.
Thousands of motorists queue all day,
amid rumors of fuel rationing...
...and a return to the three-day week.
More chaos in the public services as
mountains of rubbish fill London's West End...
...and nurses bring the hospitals
close to collapse.
Now gravediggers in Liverpool
refuse to bury the dead.

Ian!
-What the fucking heII's the matter with him?
-Fuck knows. I don't know.
Fucking heII. Ian?
Fucking come on then!
-What are you doing?
-Fuck this.
-Rob? What the fuck are you doing?
-Come on then, you cunt!
Come on then.
Watch his head.
AII right, mate.
Fucking heII. His fucking mouth's bIeeding!
Has someone got a doctor?
I've just dropped two skinheads.
-What are you doing?
-He's got me fags.
You fucking twat!
-He's fucking bIeeding here.
-And I need a cigarette.
Where's Rob?
Can you get a fucking doctor?
He's fucking bIeeding here.
How do you answer the charge
that you're a fascist?
Joy Division was named after a group of women held by the SS... for the purpose of breeding perfect Aryans.
Have you never heard of Situationism or postmodernism?
We need a doctor in here.
Do you know about the play of signs and signifiers?
The band's Joy Division.
We've also got one called Durutti Column.
I'm sure I don't need to point out the irony there.
-What the fuck's going on?
-We need a doctor.
-What's wrong with him?
-He's having a fit.
FUCK OFF!
-FUCK OFF, or I'll lay one on you.
-He will. I've seen him do it.
-I'll get a doctor.
-Calm down, Barney.
Don't fucking tell me to calm down!
You fucking calm down!
Fine. Fuck's sake.
Are you all right there, Ian?
I'm fine, mate.
-Are you sure?
-I said I'm fine, Rob, yeah? Just shut up.
All right, then. Fair enough.
Not even to tell you that we're gonna tour America?
FUCK OFF.
I'm telling you, straight up, we're gonna tour America.
Nice one.
FUCK, are you serious?
I've just told you, straight up, you're gonna tour America.
-Come on!
-Fucking hell, boys.
Fucking cheers. We're going to the US of A.
Cheers.
I can't fucking believe that.
I thought you'd like that.
Are we gonna be staying in top-class hotels?
Actually, you're in knocking shops,
and I'm in five-star hotels.
Suits me fine. I think we did better there, mate.
I think I'd better rework that, actually.
Go left.
Come by.
Peter. I don't want to interrupt your flow.
Go left.
-I am doing, obviously.
-No, you're all right.
All right. Why a duck?
He just started, you know, just by chance.
And he just started biting their ankles.
But it doesn't harm them.
Not like if a dog did it, you know.
Right. Extraordinary.
-Impossible.
-Aye.
-Have a go.
-Can I? What do I do? What do I say?
"Go left."
-And then do what?
-Just shout.
-Shout what?
-'Go left.'
Oh, shout 'Go left,' right.
Go left.
-See?
-That's remarkable.
I've not quite got the command of the....
Whistle.
Can't quite do it that well.
Go left.
"Stick to what you're good at" is the response...
...unless you're a duck,
and then you can branch out.
Hey, Ian.
-How are you?
-All right.
Is he in?
No, he's at Granada.
I've got a spiff going. You gonna come in?
I can't. I've got to get back.
Cheers.
It's fantastic news about America.
It's good. I'm looking forward to it.
I'm really chuffed.
I'm bored.
You could stay with me for a little while.
I've got to go. I'll catch him later.
All right. I'll tell him you called.
-Send you a postcard?
-Do. That would be great.
"Wish you were here."
Debbie?
So....
Your car is kaput.
And your girlfriend is gone.
When thine house they have sold....
What I'm gonna do is, apart from asking
you any anecdotes about town criers...
-...I'll say, "how is it relevant today"?
-Sorry.
And not just being for tourists, so--
-Can I just have a word?
-Yes?
-The office have just called.
-Right.
Ian Curtis has died.
What do you mean?
He's hanged himself.
He was found at his home this morning.
You're joking?
No.
-I'm sorry.
-What....
He's dead?
Yeah.
What a stupid bloody bugger.
Sorry about this, mate.
It's a friend of mine.
Ian Curtis...
...lead singer of Joy Division...
...has died today.
It's really beautiful.
ian Curtis...
...writer of...
...Love Will Tear Us Apart...
...has died today.
I like it. I do.
if you listen to Ian's music
and you know that he killed himself...
...then you probably imagine
some very dark, depressive figure.
A prophet of urban decay and alienation.
But I have some wonderful memories of him.
Such as the very last Factory night
at the Russel Club.
Pogo like a bastard!
We gotta go.
Fuck off.
Mr. Wilson?
Tony, hi.
I know this isn't a very good time...
...but I've made a tape
of me singing Joy Division songs.
You probably need a new singer now--
-Don't hang about.
-Play it to the rest of the band--
-Can you give this to him?
-I've practiced the dance.
-They won't let us in.
-I'll make sure he gets that.
-He meant a lot to us.
-All right, mate.
Thank you for coming.
It's not really the time for autographs,
but thanks for coming.
Michael, what are you doing here?
I'm not here as a journalist.
I'm mourning, you know. I'm gutted.
-You are gonna write about it?
-I don't think I can.
-You must. You have to. Come in.
-Is that all right?
It's good that you're here.
How are you doing?
All right, mate.
-I just can't believe it.
-All right, mate.
It's good to see you.
I want you to write the book.
You're the right person in the right place.
You should do it.
-It's just so soon, it's sad.
-It's historic.
Come on, this is where your book should start.
-I didn't realize you were here, mate.
-Hi, Tony. How are you doing?
This is Ian's gran.
-Tony Wilson.
-Thanks for all you did.
I've seen you on the telly.
You always look so smart.
Let's go and get a cuppa tea, shall we?
That is the musical equivalent of Che Guevara.
I'm gonna go.
I just don't feel, you know....
I'll speak to you.
Take it all in.
Bye, son.
Don't beat about the bush.
I'll ask you a question,
and I want a straight answer.
All right? Give me the dignity of that.
Are you leaving me?
Yes.
Bad energy around here now.
What does that mean, "bad energy"?
What the fuck does that....
Energy? You don't know what energy is.
-That is late 20th century hokum...
-Don't say another word.
...masquerading as spirituality.
Don't touch me.
-That is the last time you will ever touch me.
-All right.
All right,
that is the last time you'll ever touch me.
I'm asking you really nice.
...please...
...don't leave me.
Just fuck off, go, don't....
Don't.
Don't leave me.
Right. Okay.
Thank you.
Fuck off.
This is a low point for me, obviously.
But...
...I think it was Scott Fitzgerald who said:
''American lives don't have second acts.''
This is Manchester.
We do things differently here.
This is the second act.
''Two little dicky birds sitting on a wall...
''...one called Peter and one called Paul.''
Just like you, Looby Lou.
Turkey-Turkey.
Goosey-Ioosey. Henny-penny.
Do you know what I mean?
No.
The history of popular music
is like a double helix.
That's two waves that intertwine.
When one wave goes like this,
the other one goes like that.
You've got two...
...waves doing that.
One like that, and one like that.
When one musical movement is in the
descendant, another one is in the ascendant.
Right now, we're in a kind of a crisscross,
a kind of hiatus.
But the two guys that are gonna be
on the crest of the next wave...
...are Paul and Shaun Ryder.
This is a true incident...
...a bit like the hang-gliding,
which works on two levels.
This takes place in 1980, when Shaun and Paul...
...put rat poison into some bread
and fed it to 3,000 pigeons.
Rick Rastardi, wing ding,
forever and ever, amen.
There you go. Catch it! It's down!
Obviously, it's a reconstruction.
No pigeons were harmed
in the making of this film.
Although there are those that say they're pests.
Rats with wings.
Take that!
Fac 51, a.k.a. the Hacienda.
Buildings create synergy.
They're a focus for creativity.
When the Victorians built the railways,
they didn't just put up Portakabins...
-...they went to town.
-Jesus Christ.
Just listen to the reverberation.
It's lovely, isn't it? The sound of my voice.
Buildings change the way people think.
That happened in Renaissance Florence.
But this isn't Renaissance Florence.
This is Dark Ages Manchester.
It's like a fucking abattoir.
Tickets for tonight.
Right.
What fucking good are they now?
I'm sorry they're a bit late, but...
...thought we might use them as a souvenir.
That's all right.
It's okay, it doesn't matter.
This is gonna be the number-one invitation.
They didn't hand out tickets
for the Sermon on the Mount.
People just turned up.
They knew it was a good gig.
How much has come out, in total, from our music budget?
Pou700,000.
Goodbye.
We obviously have nothing in common.
I'm a genius, you're fucking wankers.
You'll never see me again.
You don't deserve to see me again.
-It's nice, though, innit?
-Fantastic, mate.
May 21, 1982.
The night the Hacienda opened.
Everyone wanted to play.
Bowie, Queen, The Stones.
i chose A Certain Ratio,
because they were my band. 
And that was the point of the Hacienda. 
it was a place for people we knew, 
people we could trust. 
I can't believe this. 
They have totally betrayed us here. 
What a fucking joke. 
I don't know, Rob. 
You know, it might work. 
Has there been a Wythenshawe Jazz Band? 
There hasn't, thank fucking God. 
Let me tell you, right, 
_jazz is the last refuge of the untalented._ 
Jazz musicians enjoy themselves 
far more than anyone listening to them. 
It's like theatre. 
It's what you do when you can't get a gig. 
It's one down from Celebrity Squares. 
_Excellent, well done. Very good._

Where is everyone? 
We had 100 on the guest list. 
You were at the Sex Pistols' gig. 
How many people were there? 
-It was about 40. 
-Right, and it was history. 
But there's only 30 here tonight. 
_Exactly._

The smaller the attendance, 
the bigger the history. 
There were 12 people at the Last Supper. 
Half a dozen at Kitty Hawk. 
Archimedes was on his own in the bath. 
Pick on someone your own size. Or maybe not. 
We're here at Chester Zoo... 
...to see a bath-time version 
of David and Goliath. 
It's a bit of a mammoth task for... 
...a young chap like yourself. 
-This isn't your normal job, is it? 
-No, I'm an entertainer. 
Right, okay. 
And I saw there's a little baby over....
Watch yourself there. 
There's a baby elephant....
HeIIo, how do you do?
There's peopIe Iike that I work with at Granada.
Except that he's a Iittle bit more attractive.
This morning, I was doing a feature...
...on an eIephant being washed by a midget.
It was a dwarf.
-That doesn't matter.
-It matters to him.
Look, I'm a serious journaIist. I've got a degree.
Get me a proper gig, or Iet's forget we ever met.
Tony, Iisten.
''Shy shy, hush hush, eye to eye.''
What do you reckon?
Very good. I'II make you a big star.
Sign you up tomorrow.
-Catch you Iater.
-Right. Don't caII me.
You know your probIem?
You take yourseIf too seriousIy.
I do. I take myseIf very fucking seriousIy.
What about a feature
on the Northwest's taIIest man?
Fuck off.
No band ever survives
the death of their lead singer.
So, when Joy Division became New Order...
...no one expected them to succeed.
As you've no visuaI imagination,
I've done you a mock-up.
-It's Iike a flIoppy disk.
-FlIoppy disk.
It's fucking brillIiant.
-It's pure, it's workmanIike, it's poetic.
-It's expensive.
Four-coIor printing. Cut out and gatefoId.
It's fucking beautiful.
I never count the cost of beauty,
you should know that.
Can I taIk to you about these sIeeves?
Sure.
Have you costed it? Because I have.
We Iose five pence on every singIe one
of these records that we seII.
We're gonna seII fuck-aII, so it doesn't matter.
Blue Monday became
the biggest selling 12-inch single ever...
...which made loads of money for New Order.
Not that they saw any of it.
Because every penny they earned...
...was swallowed up
by the debts of the Hacienda.
Thank you.
Bravo.
Vini....
What do you want?
I'll have a coke, please. Thank you.
A coke and a gin and tonic, please.
-How was that?
-It was great.
It was wonderful.
Great, it was just...
...I love it.
Tuesday night.
We need to have a rethink of our strategy.
You know, whatever we achieve,
the important thing to remember is that...
...you make wonderful music.
Great.
Can you spare 20 pence, mate,
please, for a cuppa tea?
-There you go, keep that.
-Ta, mate.
I'm Boethius,
author of The Consolation of Philosophy.
It's my belief that history is a wheel.
'''Inconstancy is my very essence,'" says the wheel.
'''Rise up on my spokes if you like...
'''...but don't complain
when you're cast back down into the depths.
'''Good times pass away, but then so do the bad.
'''Mutability is our tragedy,
but it's also our hope.
'''The worst of times, I like the best...
'''...are always passing away.'" I know.
There were several sightings, last night,
of an unidentified flying object...
over the Little Hallton district of Manchester. Apparently the aliens flew low over the district... and then disappeared, which is kind of understandable. If you're listening, spacemen, next time you might wanna try Marple instead. Just don't land on my house. Good night. Fucking hell!

Every great band needs its own special chemistry... and Bez was a great chemist. Can I offer anybody, Iike, the best drug experience they've ever had? His favorite chemical was ecstasy. Stop! Shut the fuck up!
i first saw them at the Battle of the Bands at the Hacienda. They came last, but i signed them anyway. -I'm getting in the front. -You're not. Get the gear in the back first. It's dance music, and it's rock music. It's got a kind of.... It's got that indie guitar sound... ...and it's got the kind of whacka-whacka, wah-wah thing. It's soulful and it's rocky. It's got the rawness of rock and this sort of soulful feel to it. Give him an example of some of your lyrics. Go on, anything. ''Good, good, good. Good, good, double good.'' That is fucking horrible. Shaun's lyrics, on a good day, are on par with... ...W.B. Yeats on an average day. I've got some sweet-and-sour over there you can have. -Shall we do a song, then? -Let's do it, man. Come on, Horse. -Right now? -Now? We've got to go. Come on, Bez coming in? -Stay here. What's the point?
-Why not? He adds to the fucking vibe. He's not in the fucking band, is he?
''You don't want that face, because the bones stick out''
I think it's top.
-Sort of out of tune, isn't it?
-Something's not right.
''My freaky dancing is cooIing your thing''
Can you stop?
What are you stopping for?
Somebody's out of tune. Can you check your tuning?
Who's out of tune?
-Fucking not me.
-Barney's out of tune.
-Mark, can you give me an E?
-Yeah. Bez is your man, mate. He'II sort you out.
He wants an E. That'II tune you in, Barney. That'II take you right in, mate. On the stage, Bez. Come on.
What are you fucking doing?
-To me, that is dance music.
-No one's dancing. Come on, man.
-What the fuck are you doing, man? Play your banjo, man.
This is Bez.
Four thousand years ago, the Egyptians buiIt the very first canaI. The first canaI in Britain was buiIt by the Romans. The Fossldeke in LincoIn.
This is the RochdaIe CanaI, buiIt in 1804...
...when Manchester was the worId's greatest industriaI city. Their negIect mirrors the decIine...
...of post-war IndustriaI Britain. Suddenly, everything came together. The music, the dancing, the drugs, the venue, the city. i was proved right. Manchester was like Renaissance Florence.
Mike Pickering was right. 
You don't need bands in a club. 
Shaun Ryder was right. 
New Order were right. We all came together. 
Everyone came to the Hacienda. 
it was our cathedral. 
Manchester, birthplace to the railways... 
...the computer... 
...the bouncing bomb. 
And tonight, something equally 
as epoch-making is taking place. 
See? 
They're applauding the DJ. 
Not the music, not the musician, 
not the creator... 
...but the medium. 
This is it... 
...the birth of rave culture. 
The beatification of the beat. 
The dance age. This is the moment 
when even the White man starts dancing. 
Welcome to Manchester. 
I have with me 
a very special new friend of mine... 
...Mr. Peter Duff... 
...who worked on the canals, 
not just in this century, but in the last one. 
Peter. 
The canals, how many years ago.... 
What year was it 
that you started working on the canals? 
On the cusp of a new age. 
What do you remember 
about the canals in those days? 
Very little. 
-Very little. 
-Peaceful. 
-Peaceful? 
-Yes. 
I don't think we're gonna be able 
to use much of that. 
Do you want.... 
I mean, the chap's barely standing. 
-Hi, Tony.
Hi.
-Tony, how's it going?
-Great. Wonderful.
Thought we'd get the kids--
-This'll be in the Mondays' video?
-This is gonna be it.
-But that's Brian and Michael.
-I know, but the single's not finished.
It was supposed to be done two weeks ago.
You know what he's like. He's always a bit slow.
-Why? Who's producing this?
-Martin Hannett.
For fuck's sake.
Did you not know?
No, I didn't know.
-Anyway, must crack on.
-These are great. The kids are great.
Hello.
The last time I'd seen Martin
was five years earlier.
The Hacienda was costing New Order
$10,000 a month...
...and none of us had a clue what to do.
You know broccoli?
Broccoli, the vegetable?
Yeah.
That was invented by Cubby Broccoli,
the producer of the James Bond films.
Little-known fact. It's true.
It's a crossbred vegetable.
It's half cauliflower, half--
-What?
-Half something. A green.
It's half a green thing that I don't know.
Half a cauliflower.
And the Broccoli... Cubby Broccoli's family....
Was inventing vegetables
before they started making movies?
-That's what bankrupted the Bond films.
-I don't believe you.
-That is a fact.
-I don't believe you.
It's fact. Look it up in Encyclopedia Britannica.
-Where am I gonna look that up?
-It's absoIute fact, that.
Thanks, Martin.
-i'm still waiting.
-So are we.
Hi, guys.
Where is the Mad Professor?
Fucking crying in there.
We need to get him a teat.
We can't get fuck-aII done.
-i'm still waiting...
-He's fucking enormous.
...and it's very fucking boring.
-He's a mess.
-He's been Iike this all day.
i'm gonna stick Bez's maracas
up my fucking jacksie.
He's back in his closet.
HiIo, Hannett, you wanker.
Hello, Wilson, wanker.
I'm trying to get these shower of cunts
that masquerade as a band...
...to play some fucking music,
which seems to be the greatest...
...and most difficuIt thing
I've ever had to do in my fucking Iife.
-Take it down, Mart.
-Sorry, come on.
He's calmed down a Iot
since I last worked with him.
-Martin--
-Fuck off!
You can't threaten me any more.
You're a big man, but you're out of shape.
AIthough you could sit on me.
I've got something for you.
There you go, mate.
Can you turn that porn off?
We've got a Iady on the bus.
Leave it on. I think I'm in this one.
Go on, Roe.
Pull those curtains to.
What's up with you?
What are you Iooking at me Iike that for?
I'm not Iooking at you.
You are.
-I was looking at Bez.
You are looking at me.
What's up with you? Are you jealous?
Jealous of what? I'm not jealous.
If I wanted you, I could have you right now.
I'm not jealous of nobody.
Tony. Sir Anthony, sir.
Can I interest you in some Charleston, sir?
No, I think cocaine's a suits' drug.
It's a destroyer of talent.
We haven't got any fucking talent.
Roe, chop him one out.
That's why it's fine for you to use it.
-You're a very giving person, sir.
-Go on, Tone.
One of us!
Never judge a book by its cover,
that's what I say.
And you've got a very nice cover, by the way.
-Thank you.
-Hi, Tony.
-Hello, Iove.
This is Yvette.
She's actually Miss United Kingdom.
But that's not what attracted me to her.
That's where they do Stars in Their Eyes,
interiors of Coronation Street.
Hello, Iove. You all right?
-It's nice to see you again.
-And you, as ever.
-And what do you do?
-How do you mean?
You know, your job. Here.
I'm Tony Wilson.
-It's a bit chilly.
-Pop this. Have this.
-Put that on.
-Thank you.
You can keep it. It's cashmere.
-Are you sure?
-Of course.
-Thank you.
Least I can do for Miss UK.
I haven't got a tiara, so that's II have to do.
I mean, Granada really is just sort of my hobby.
My proper job....
Do you know the Happy Mondays?
I love them.
I look after them. Factory Records.
That's my label. New Order?
Yeah.
Heard of them? There you go.
Do you know the Hacienda?
It's fantastic.
I own that nightclub. Part owner.
If you ever want reduced admission, see me.
Better still, you get in free if you escort me.
I'm flirting, by the way.
You are.
It's that obvious?
Don't judge. Piety's a very unattractive quality.
Flirting is a very natural process,
she's aware of it...
...I'm being post-modern
before it was fashionable.
Being at the Hacienda
was like being at the French Revolution.
"Bliss it was, that dawn, to be alive
"But to be young was very heaven"
Okay, so I was nearly 40,
which isn't really young.
But these days it isn't that old, either.
And Yvette said
the age difference didn't bother her.
Story of my life.
And by the way, we're still together.
So, whatever you're thinking, you're wrong.
Do you know, I think that Shaun Ryder is...
...on par with W.B. Yeats, as a poet.
Absoiutely. Totally.
That's amazing,
since everyone else thinks he's an idiot.
Shaun, where the fuck are you, son?
We can't do anything without the singer. Listen, one of you fuckers is gonna have to do it. Get busy, man. I'll sing.

Horse, man. Step in, mate. You'll have to do it. All right, I'll do it.

Factory believes in artistic freedom. And Shaun is an artist, but he's also an addict. So I knew, even then, that choosing Nathan...

...as the new manager of the Mondays was not necessarily a good idea.

-Nathan's gonna be our new manager.

-I'm gonna look after them.

He does it very well.

But I wanted Shaun to be happy, so I indulged him.

What are you doing?

My God, you're not that out of it, are you?

I'm not a lump of hash.

I'm in charge of Factory Records.

I think.

They're living legends. Here we go.

It's an adventure.

It's the Magical Mystery Tour.

It's the Merry Pranksters.

-It's like Scooby Doo because they had a bus.

-It is a little bit like Scooby Doo.

Manchester became the center of the universe.

The best drugs, the best clothes...

...the best women, the best music...

...the best bands, the best club.

Suddenly, everyone wanted to be from Manchester.

And if you were a Manc, everyone wanted a part of you.

-Tone.

-Yes?

-Coming back for a wabosh, mate? Come on.

-I've eaten, thanks.

-You're looking very beautiful.

-He owns the Hacienda.

-I'm the big guy.

-He's the big one. He's the big boss.

Metaphorically speaking.
it was like being on a fantastic fairground ride...
...centrifugal forces
throwing us wider and wider.
And there's this brilliant machine at the center...
...that's gonna bring us back to earth.
That was Manchester. That was the Hacienda.
Now imagine the machine breaks.
For a while it's better,
because you're really flying...
...but then you're fucked,
because nobody beats gravity.
I'm back.
What are you doing here? I thought
you were in glamorous fucking London.
I went to interview Sir Keith Joseph.
It's very important.
He likes to be called Sir Keith.
His knighthood's very important to him.
They call him the Mad Monk.
That's important at the end of the story.
i was supposed to get the train, right?
But i didn't, i drove.
i'm driving along, really well...
...and i end up on this fucking Pennine.
There you go. A mobile phone.
Do you know how it works?
Yeah. I've used them before.
And i make a phone call
on this mobile phone thing.
it's like listening to a fucking headache.
And then I was walking along a railway line...
...and a train goes roaring past.
And i climbed onto the train.
You can't come in here, son.
I'm sorry, do you know who I am?
Ernie, we've got one here
doesn't know who he is.
Timing is everything.
When we built the Hacienda, it was too soon.
When we built the Factory office, it was too late.
it did, however, have a zinc roof,
which was very cool.
Even though you could only see it
if you were in a helicopter.
At last, Factory has...
...a proper office.
It's made of MDF.
What are all these about?
How much was it?
It's not the material, Hooky.
You're paying for design.
I didn't ask about the material.
I asked how much it was.
-It was Pou30,000. But--
-Did you pick the shape?
-It was what?
-No, the shape is something that....
-Pou30,000?
-The point is, if you go to any London--
For a fucking table?
If you go to any London record company....
Are you out of your mind, you dozy prick?
Shall we let go of him,
and shall we not fucking do that?
-You all right?
-Yeah, fine.
-No, it's all right.
-Are you okay?
-I'm absolutely fine.
-Okay.
-Rob, sit down.
-I'm all right, honestly.
Pou30,000 for a fucking table, you cunt!
Will you stop? For God's sake.
There was only one problem with the Hacienda.
it never made any money.
There were huge crowds
and a great atmosphere.
But it was all fueled by ecstasy, not alcohol.
And we didn't sell E at the bar.
Although we did talk about it.
We were spending money on the building,
the staff, the DJs, the sound system...
...but most of the money
went to the drug dealers.
And guess what?
They didn't give the money to us.
They spent it on clothes
or cars or restaurants or houses...
...or girls or guns.
Especially guns.
All right, man?
Drug dealers are like any other businessmen.
They like to increase their market share.
You little fucking pricks,
tell your mum I give you this.
Only, suppliers don't tend
to undercut each other on prices...
...just try to get rid of the competition.
Soon, the violence spread to the Hacienda.
-Hi, big fella.
-What can I do for you?
-Everybody pays, even gang members.
-Give him a slap, Pete.
He shot him!
This is bad in itself,
but it's also bad for business.
And when someone's carrying a gun,
it's hard to turn them away.
Pretty soon there's shootings inside the club
as well as on the door.
if you've got a lot of drugs and guns
in your club...
...you're gonna get shut down.
So, you have to try and control it.
i took advice from Plutarch's Life of Caesar...
...where it says, "Keep your friends close,
but your enemies closer."
The problem is often the solution
in a different set of clothes.
Come on in.
in this case, we gave the drug dealers
the doorman's uniform.
Now we didn't control the door or the drugs.
You as well, love, come on.
I'm sorry, it's not your scene tonight, mate.
Come on.
I pay your fucking wages, mate.
-You're on a wind-up, aren't you?
-Just fucking do one.
According to William Blake:
"The road of excess
leads to the palace of wisdom.'
i was on my way there, in a Jag.
-Hello.
-Hiya.
Hello. Are you all right, Iad?
Kiss.
There's some very
unspectacular flowers and grapes.
Nice views.
Beautiful.
Trois.
I used to have Trois when I was little.
Do you still call them Trois?
Yeah.
-I've got you a mobile phone.
-Thanks.
Mummy's got a phone,
and I've got one, too. See?
So, it's like tin cans with string.
-Remember when we made tin cans with string?
-Yeah.
Talked down the end of it?
I've got to go to Martin Hannett's...
...funeral.
-Who?
-Martin Hannett.
Had a heart attack.
Okay...
...I should have found time to tell you earlier,
I did have children with my second wife, Hilary.
And there was a time with Lindsay
when that was all I wanted.
And, no, I've not been
the best father in the world.
Yes, I could have been there more than I have.
And obviously I've got regrets about that,
but this is not a film about me.
I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be.
I'm a minor character in my own story.
This is a film about the music...
...and the people who made the music.
Ian Curtis, Shaun Ryder...
...and Martin Hannett.
Take your time, gentlemen, it's very heavy.
This coffin's not going to go down, so we're going to leave it on top, okay? Gentlemen, leave the straps, please. Thank you very much. Death puts things in perspective. We're all equal in the grave. Except Martin, obviously, who was a huge character. So huge, his coffin wouldn't fit in his grave. I remember thinking, "Martin Hannett, too big for death." "...the hope of resurrection..." "...in those whose bodies are subject to decay." We'd been running on empty for months. We shuffled cash from the club to the record company... ...and back again. -How are you doing? -Good. -What can I get you? -I'm right, thanks. You know, we do have to restock the bar occasionally. You might wanna pass that on... ...to the guys. We're thinking of having a temperance night. That's lovely. And I'll see you next week, then. We had to make some money. So we had to release records. New Order want to record another album. Thank Christ for that. In Ibiza. -Why Ibiza? -Why not Ibiza? It's gonna be monsoon season when we get there. -It's sunny, actually. -Not all the time. New Order went off to Ibiza, and took two fucking years to make the album. -The Mondays want to make another album. -That's fantastic news. And the great thing is, we can do it in Manchester.
You know Shaun's had a bit of trouble with... 
...heroin recently?
Yeah.
I tried to get him off smack 
and on to methadone, but now he's doing both. 
Both bars.
So, I've been reading about this place 
where there isn't any. It's an island. 
Wouldn't be the Isle of Man, would it?
No.
Barbados.
Look, they're all mine, they're all in my name. 
It's my bag, it's mine, it's my methadone. 
I need it, I'm a sick man.
Nathan had supplied enough methadone 
to keep Shaun going for four weeks. 
That's how long 
they were supposed to stay in Barbados.
You fucking wankers!
Sorry, man.
It's fucking coming out of your wages! 
it was just bad luck that the methadone 
didn't even make it onto the plane. 
-He, just snort it, man. 
-Nathan!
There was no heroin on the island. 
But there was plenty of crack. 
Every week, we sent over 
all the cash we had to pay for the studio... 
...and Nathan used it for drugs instead. 
When the cash ran out, 
they stole the recording gear... 
...then they stole the furniture... 
...and then they sold their clothes. 
i was stranded on a desert island... 
...with no shelter nor companionship. 
Every day i kept watch for rescue, 
but no one came. 
My only distraction was to write lyrics 
for my forthcoming album. 
But then i thought: 
"Why the fuck should i?''
Very good.
So, Nathan, the tape, the music, where is it?
Shaun's kidnapped it.

- Come again?

Shaun's kidnapped the tape.

- What are you doing? It's nothing--

We spent Pou200,000 on that recording.

At least. That was before mixing it.

- And now Shaun wants you to buy it off us.

- You cheeky.... Wait.

Don't, Rob, he's a fucking kid.

- Let's caIm down. How do we buy it?

- He wants you to meet him tomorrow.

Dry Bar, 10:

- This is your fauIt for Ietting them go out there.

- Why is it my fauIt?

- But what if he asks for, Iike, Pou100,000?

- If he says Pou100,000, he won't back down.

If we mention a figure, we'II be aII right.

He just wants a gesture.

- Hi, Tone, how are you? AII right?

- Yeah, how are you doing?

Jesus Christ, what the fuck are you doing?

- What are you doing?

- Fuck's sake!

Shit!

Fuck.

You ought to be carefuI with that, Shaun.

You couId take someone's eye out.

Have you got a new toy, mate?

Are you man enough for that?

- It's great to see you.

- You, too.

It's great to see you, despite that incident.

- Right. I've got....

I'm gonna make you an offer. GIad you came.

The sum totaI in my waIIet....

...is, if I'm not mistaken....

...40, that's 50 quid. That's aII I've got.

Thanks, Tone. There you go.

- Master tapes and DATs.

- Thanks very much.

- Pleasure doing business with you.

- Put that away!

- Seven years bad Iuck, that.
-I know.
Come on. Fucking get out of here.
Don't talk to any strange men.
Twats.
Fucking Tony Wilson. Martin Hannett revisited.
Pou50.
You wouldn't get that in the January sales.
I have in my hand a DAT...
...which my beautiful assistant Yvette
will put on.
-The Mondays. It's here.
-Hope it was fucking worth it.
A total fucking nightmare.
Thank you, Barney.
At least there's something
on the fucking thing, anyway.
So far, so-so.
It's good. It's got a good groove.
When are the vocals gonna kick in on it?
Next break.
-There's no fucking vocals on it, is there?
-Apparently not.
Does that mean
you'll have to go back into the studio?
-No.
-We're not going back in the studio.
We've got no money.
And we can't get any credit,
and we are shellacking out...
...bucket loads, thousands, on this stupid office.
We have to...
...release a record.
New Order, with respect, have done fuck-all,
so we have to finish the Mondays.
We just need someone...
-...to pay for the studio, distribute the record--
-Who?
-Then we'll share in the profits.
-Who?
-Lots, it's the Mondays. Lots of people.
-Who?
-Who's gonna pay for that?
-A number of people.
Principally, London Records.
-Fucking--
-What's wrong with London Records?
-The name, for a start.
-It's just a fucking name.
-You've dropped a boIIock, haven't you?
-I've dropped a boIIock.
You've dropped one massive boIIock.
I've dropped a big,
fucking massive, hairy boIIock.
WheeI of Fortune.
With Anthony Wilson...
...and Teri Seymour.
Welcome to the Wheel of Fortune.
There it is, the wheeI that,
throughout the centuries...
...has been used as a symboI
for the vicissitudes of Iife.
Boethius himseIf, in his great work,
The Consolation of Philosophy...
...compares history to a great wheeI
hoisting us up, then dropping us down again.
''Inconsistency is my very essence,'
says the wheeI.
''Raise yourseIf up on my spokes if you wish...
''...but don't compIain
when you're pIunged back down.''
Let's spin the wheel.
What a Ioad of buIIishit.
We'II remove that in editing.
Just go straight from ''WheeI of Fortune,''
cut to ''Spin the wheeI.''
The guy over there, pIaying the director,
that's the reaI Tony WiIson. Okay?
There's pIenty of other reaI peopIe in the fiIm.
There's PauI Ryder.
-How are you doing?
-Good.
-Mark E. Smith from The Fall.
-What are you doing, opening this cIub?
-Mani from The Stone Roses.
-Right, where's Shaun?
-InspiraI Carpets' CIint Boon.
-There's one with a tabIe there.
Mike Pickering.
Dave Haslam.
And Vini Reilly.
Although, this scene
didn't actually make it to the final cut.
I'm sure it'll be on the DVD.
I'm in security now, Tone, and repossession.
That's where the money is.
-You still keeping the club going, are you?
-Yeah, got to.
Boys.
Hi, Tony. Have a listen to this.
It's an old Joy Division song with a soul singer.
I know what it is.
I've got a big repossession number next week.
Next Tuesday.
Massive.
Whitworth Street. Hacienda.
I'm saying fuck-all.
Can you tell them I've had enough?
Thanks, great! Well done, Iads. Fantastic.
I'll call you.
-What's the crack with this spread, Tony?
-This is sophisticated food for Londoners.
It's fucking leaves, man.
You've given us fucking leaves.
It's stuffed vine leaves. You should try them.
Broaden your horizons.
It's fucking southern food for southern cunts.
-Hello, Roger. Is it Roger?
-How are you doing?
-Very pleased to meet you.
-Tony.
-This is Terry, yeah.
-Nice to meet you, Terry.
-Can I just see the band?
-These are the guys.
-How are you doing? Okay?
-That's Roger.
What you've done is brilliant,
and if you don't mind me saying...
...what a table.
And there's food on it, too, help yourselves.
I wouldn't eat it if I were you.
It's rabbit food, man.
We Iike shagging Iike them,
but we don't want to fucking eat Iike them.
If music be the food of deaIs,
why don't we eat that?
AbsoIuteIy. Yvette?
Do you wanna do the honors?
Terry, have you met Tony?
-We said ''hiIo.''
-Fine. What's the tune caIIed?
-Nice to meet you.
-And you, Iad.
We're gonna do a cover of Silence is Golden.
-Turn it up.
-This is briIIiant.
-Turn it up.
-I Iike that.
-Play some more.
-I was reaIIy into that.
-Let's hear some Iyrics.
-Very funny.
You'll hear the vocaIs when we hear the offer.
-That's the way we do things here.
-Where are you going?
I'm not eating fucking bunny-rabbit food.
I'm going for a Kentucky.
-Are you coming?
-We'll get you a Kentucky.
-See you Iater, Tone.
-AII right, mate, see you Iater.
Yvette, do you wanna go
and just keep an eye on them?
Why don't we Iisten to the tune
while they're out?
Come on.
I do understand that Shaun can be...
...a Iittle bit of a handful.
He's a genius, though.
You're right, he is a genius.
And, I've got to say, if I owned a record IabeI...
...and I'd sign Shaun to it...
...then I would not be selling him on for a fee.
I'm gonna make you an offer.
Can I lean on this?
Yes, you've gotta be a bit.... It's fine.  
I'm gonna make you an offer 
for the whole company.  
Okay.  
{5,000,000.}  
What do you want for that?  
What do I want?  
I want everything.  
I want everything. I want the back catalogue.  
I want this table, this food, these windows.  
-I want it all.  
-You want Factory?  
Quite right.  
Okay, right, we're very flattered...  
...terribly flattered  
that you think we're worth such a princely sum.  
However, what I have to explain to you is that...  
...Factory Records are not actually a company.  
We are an experiment in human nature.  
You're laboring under the misapprehension...  
...that we actually have...  
...a deal...  
...with our bands,  
that we have any kind of a contract at all...  
...and I'm afraid we don't.  
Because that's the sum total of the paperwork...  
...to do with Factory Records' deal  
with their various bands.  
''The artists own all their own work.  
The label owns nothing.  
''Our bands have the freedom....''  
''To fuck off.''  
Quite right.  
''...the freedom to fuck off.''  
-I don't have to deal with you at all.  
-Correct. But my epitaph will be...  
...that I...  
...never, literally nor metaphorically...  
...sold out.  
I protected myself from ever having to have...  
...the dilemma of having to sell out...  
...by having nothing to sell out.  
You're fucking mad.  
That's a point of view.
Most of all, I love Manchester.
The crumbling warehouses, the railway arches...
...the cheap, abundant drugs.
That's what did it in the end.
Not the money, not the music,
not even the guns.
That is my heroic flaw...
...my excess of civic pride.
Ryan.
Tony Wilson, is it true
the Hacienda is closing down?
Yes, it is.
How does it feel
now that it's fucked up in your face?
Glorious. The Hacienda is dead.
It will never grow old.
-Unlike your good self.
-I feel like a big dandelion cock....
-What?
-Cock.
Cock or clock. It doesn't matter.
Whose seed is catching the wind,
is gonna fly off, land, take root and spawn...
...dozens, thousands of little baby dandelions.
Like the biggest ever fuck.
And now she wants one, so I've gotta go.
I've got the horn, Ryan.
Tony, how are you doing?
Vini, go on in.
Let him in.
You couldn't just give us 10 minutes,
could you?
-Fucking hell. I'm full of flu.
-Just 10.
Ladies and gentlemen...
...the hour is upon us.
i'd like now to ask you to leave...
...in a disorderly fashion.
Before you do...
...I want you to invade the offices...
...which are over there in the corner...
...through that door, and as far as you can...
...loot them.
Office equipment, computers,
musical equipment...
...take it all, use it wisely.
Let a thousand Mancunians bloom.
Good night, God bless.
Morning.
AII right, Tone, how are you doing, mate?
Very good.
I'm realIy sorry about what happened.
Don't worry about it, mate.
It's just, you know....
This is fucking great. This is briIIiant stuff.
Shaun brought it back from Barbados.
Well done, Shaun.
-Don't mention it.
-So, it wasn't a compIete waste of time, then?
I had a great time, what I can remember.
Tony. You did a good job.
Basically, you were right.
Shaun is the greatest poet since Yeats.
This is amazing. Can I have it in writing?
it is already written in the sinews of history
and the hearts of men.
it's a pity you didn't sign The Smiths,
but you were right about Mick Hucknall.
His music's rubbish, and he's a ginger.
Vini Reilly, by the way...
...is way overdue a revival.
You might think about a greatest hits.
It's a good idea.
it's good music to chill out to.
-You're right.
-i usually am.
Are you aII right there, Tony?
Yeah, I've just seen God.
-You did what?
-I've just seen God.
-Did you?
-Yeah.
What did he Iook Iike?
He Iooked Iike me.
How do you mean?
He was the doubIe of me.
It's written in the BibIe, isn't it?
God made man in his own image.
But not a specific man.
No, but...
...if you'd have spoken to him,
he would have looked like you.
But you didn't. I did.
And he looked like me.
It's fucking top gear, man.