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# Rise Of The Footsoldier

By Julian Gilbey

Hello, mate. It's me again.  
Listen, mate, can you  
give me a call back, please?  
Well, I'm just getting  
a bit worried.  
So just give me a call back  
as soon as you get this message.  
All right, mate. Ta.  
It was the end of an era.  
But before the murders,  
the torture,  
the beatings and the Ecstasy...  
before all of that  
there was football.  
You see, football was  
where the spites  
and the hatred first came from.  
On those terraces...  
well, it's where it all began for me.  
I just turned 16, and I was  
already a naughty little fucker,  
working my way up  
through the ranks.  
I was West Ham, and for us,  
football, fighting and fucking  
was our way of life.  
And if you came down our manor,  
well, you're gonna get a slap.  
And if we went over to you,  
well, we'd fucking turn you over,  
'cause for us it was  
all about respect.  
It was the same  
all over the place.  
But you know what?  
We weren't trying to change the world.  
We were just looking  
for a fucking tear-up.  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
Bill Gardner.  
He was West Ham's top boy,  
an inspiration to us all.  
There's your Bovril, Bill...  
nice and hot.

Come on then, Gardner!  
I've waited all fucking year  
for you, you cunt!  
Come o... ah!  
Gonna need another one  
of those, lad.  
Get us a meat pie and all.  
Even though I was  
wrapped around violence,  
I always had time for the ladies.  
So I waltzed up to this bird  
and I just put it on her...  
"You all right, darling?  
Where you been all my life?"  
And that was how I met Karen.  
Beautiful Karen.  
We got married two days after  
I came out of Tottenham  
magistrate's court.  
I had been up on a threatening  
behavior charge.  
And I'd also gotten in a fight  
at my stag do the night before  
so, yeah, I looked  
a right fucking state.  
So I was a married man,  
but football was my mistress,  
and I played away  
every weekend.  
First round of the Cup  
when we played Fulham  
and believe it or not,  
it kicks off,  
and like fucking clockwork  
the Old Bill comes steaming in.  
But behave yourself  
and what are you going to do, eh?  
It's fucking war on the streets.  
We were all over  
the papers the next day,  
and they were going on  
about how we were  
the biggest menace  
since the IRA.

But I mean what  
the fuck did we care?  
We was just having a laugh.  
Oh, Carlton, she is beautiful.  
Yeah, of course she is...  
just like me.  
Do you hear that?  
Just like your dad.  
I'll fucking kill you!  
I'll fucking do you in!  
# There's gonna be  
a Borstal breakout #  
# There's gonna be a Borstal breakout #  
# There's gonna be  
a Borstal breakout #  
# There's gonna be a Borstal breakout. #  
We started calling  
ourselves the ICF...  
the InterCity Firm.  
and that's because we took  
the InterCity trains  
to all the away matches rather than  
jumping on the old football specials.  
And we dressed up smart,  
looked a little bit respectable.  
You see, that way  
the Old Blue don't spot you.  
Man U-fucking-nited  
and the bloody coach breaks down.  
And to be fair to the driver,  
he did try and offer up an explanation,  
but Paul wasn't having none of it.  
We just about get there in time  
for the second half,  
and then we go down 4-0  
without fucking fighting.  
- Screw you.  
- Speak English, you cunts.  
Fuck off back  
to your campsite, you little cunts.  
You saucy Northern cunts!  
Let's fucking do the bastards.  
Hey, come back here,  
you little punk!

I'll fucking kill you!  
Right!  
And there we go. Fuck me!  
Just fallen  
for the oldest trick in the book.  
Light it.  
Come on!  
Come on!  
ICF! ICF!  
ICF! ICF!  
All right, darling?  
You look a state, Carlton.  
Red Army?  
Don't make me laugh.  
Scruffy Manc cunts.  
You had a good time then?  
Yeah, we kicked their fucking heads in.  
It was classic.  
But I was a mug.  
Here I was with a girl  
who really loved me,  
and you know the last time  
I said the words "I love you"  
was to Eddie after five pints  
down at a boozier in Canning Town.  
And then suddenly  
I get this job offer out of the blue.  
Turns out that Smalls nightclub is  
looking for a new doorman.  
They've been having  
all kinds of trouble  
from some local firm  
and they wanted someone  
with a bit of weight  
to keep the peace.  
What I'm trying to create here is  
what they call an environment.  
Now you could usher the nice-looking  
birds to the front of the queue.  
That's always a good start.  
If you get the nice-looking birds,  
then the geezers wanna  
spend their money.  
You following me, Carlton?

Yeah yeah.  
So, what we talking about,  
say 40 nicker a night?  
Is that good with you?  
Yeah, people tried it on,  
but everybody got  
what they came for.  
If you turned up looking  
for a drink and a couple of birds,  
that's what you got.  
But if you came in  
for anything else,  
well, you'd end up  
with my fist in your face.  
And if you came back with  
your little army wrapped around you,  
well, I'd just have  
to get my metal bar out.  
And if I caught you  
noncing in the toilet, well,  
I won't think twice about stabbing you  
up the ass with a knife.  
You see, when someone's  
out to make a name for themselves,  
you have to rip 'em so hard  
that they never want to get up again.  
Now this may seem  
a little bit harsh,  
but in my world kindness is  
mistaken for weakness.  
I want to talk to you.  
I think there's a couple  
of doormen on the take.  
I'm losing  
over 200 quid a week  
and the only person who I know  
ain't on the fiddle is you.  
So what are you saying?  
Take control of the door.  
Get rid of this lot  
and bring in whoever you think  
is good for the job.  
More money...  
more responsibility.

What do you say?  
So I fucked off the regular boys  
and brought in a couple  
of my football mates.  
They knew how to look after themselves  
and it was nice dough for them.  
And now that no money  
was going missing,  
we could do  
whatever we liked.  
# I want you to know  
that I care #  
# I'm so happy with you,  
that found me #  
# That I'm sad  
that you're not there... #  
- There you go, sweetheart.  
- Ta, babe.  
You know what?  
I'd better get going.  
Well, how about...  
I jump into the back of your motor  
and suck your big cock?  
Well, what could I do?  
She put it on me,  
and I didn't want to hurt  
the girl's feelings.  
# Sweet sweet kissing,  
I want you to hold me tight #  
# And have you come  
whenever I call you #  
# And let me walk you  
home at night. #  
What's all that about, huh?  
- Where you going?  
- Where have you been?  
Well, I've been at work, ain't I?  
I called the club.  
They said you left two hours ago.  
- Yeah well, the car's playing up.  
- Again?  
- Yeah.  
- Jesus Christ. Carlton, make an effort.  
What you on about, eh?

Hey, I'm talking to you.  
You know, make an effort.  
Am I not worth it?  
You can't even spend five minutes  
trying to hide it from me, can you?  
Hide what?  
Well, the smell of her perfume  
might be a good start  
or the used condoms that  
I practically find daily  
at the bottom of our car.  
I have to take them out  
before I take  
Carly to nursery.  
That's dirty, Carlton.  
What are you bringing  
that up for, eh?  
I mean, why do you have to start as soon  
as I get through the fucking door?  
- We're over, Carlton.  
- What?  
I want a divorce.  
You can't, can you?  
You know what?  
No. You can either  
help me pack that car...  
or you can just fuck off back  
to one of your dolly birds.  
And so it went on.  
Match day. Arsenal away.  
My lot had gone up in front  
and for some reason  
I'm stuck with a load of stragglers.  
Now these cunts had been out  
on the piss the night before  
and they weren't exactly up  
for an early start.  
Fucking hell, it's Millwall!  
Get up! The fucking Treatment!  
Get up! Get up!  
Get up! Get up!  
We've got to do  
these cunts! Get up!  
Come on then,



you fucking wankers!  
Get up!  
Come on, move move!  
Life's all about moving forward.  
You learn what you can  
and you crack on.  
I've been running the terraces  
for over a decade.  
Maybe this is my time  
to bail out gracefully.  
The Old Bill were  
coming down hard anyway.  
They had surveillance  
and undercover units.  
It was getting fucking stupid...  
there was more Old Bill at the game  
than there were supporters.  
And they weren't slapping you  
on the wrist anymore.  
They were handing out  
heavy jail sentences.  
Yeah, I reckon  
I got out just in time.  
I've been hearing good things  
about you, Carlton.  
I got told this joint  
used to be a shithole.  
- Yeah, it did,  
- Well, look at it now, eh?  
Things seem to be  
ticking along nicely.  
Why don't you come  
and clean up my joint?  
Yeah? What's it like?  
It's a den of cunts.  
I'm hoping you can change all that.  
I want the '80s crowd...  
suits, briefcases,  
nice-looking birds.  
I'll be giving you  
carte blanche, son.  
But the only problem  
was I didn't have  
enough reliable

cool-headed mates from football  
to look after another door.  
I needed fresh blood, and I knew  
exactly where to get ahold of it...  
Talbot's gym.  
This ain't no place for showboaters,  
This is where  
the meanest, hardest lumps  
in East London  
come to workout.  
The reason I'm down here  
is I'm starting up a door firm  
and I need some lumps. If you want,  
I can sort you out five nights a week.  
Yeah. I'll have  
some of that, yeah.  
You fucking want some?!  
Get my money by next week.  
Oh yeah. Get in there!  
Watch it.  
You make me look like a cunt  
in front of the management!  
- Oh, fuck you!  
- Every time I get you a gig  
you're always fucking pissed!  
You're a total cunt!  
No, you're the cunt! I'm gonna bring  
the lads back in and sort you out!  
You're fucking dead!  
Get the fucking lot  
of them, you wanker!  
You want a proper job?  
Hello, girls.  
How are you doing?  
Fuck off.  
You know,  
someone once told me  
you're only as good  
as the people around you.  
And you didn't get  
to work on my door  
unless you could  
seriously handle yourself.  
- Put me down, you wankers!

- Watch him!  
Hey! What are you doing?!  
But I soon found out  
running doors weren't  
the only way to make money.  
There's more than one use  
for hired muscle...  
guarding packages,  
minding drug deals.  
Me and the lads got paid to make sure  
things went down as they should.  
People don't mind laying out  
It became bread  
and butter work for my firm,  
but there was more to do  
than just babysitting.  
People started coming  
to me for all sorts.  
Yo, you want to start off here?  
Oi!  
Fuck!  
Well, done, eh?  
Now the rave phenomenon  
will have to go down in history  
as being as important  
as the birth  
of rock 'n' roll, punk or metal.  
It all started with the acid house music  
in the late '80s.  
These kids started putting on  
massive parties all over the place...  
in factories, warehouses,  
whatever they could  
get ahold of.  
And if you was  
a farmer back then,  
you'd wake up to find  
a fucking spaceship's  
just landed in your field.  
What's all about here then?  
There's Millwall,  
Tottenham all over this place.  
I keep waiting for it to kick off.  
It's all the Ecstasy, Carl.

This lot will be doing nothing  
but loving each other all night long.  
Have you checked with John and Terry?  
How's the door getting on?  
They're all paying 20 to get in...  
with no bother.  
I tell you... it's a fucking license  
to print money, isn't it?  
You want to be a little more subtle  
about that, don't you?  
Yeah, but love  
ain't subtle, mate.  
Yeah well, neither am I, so you either  
put it out or I put you out.  
- Do you understand?  
- You should have one.  
You look like you need it.  
Don't worry, it's on me.  
You're some sort of cunt, ain't you?  
- I don't do drugs.  
- It's not a drug, mate.  
This is love.  
Don't tell me you don't do love.  
Yeah yeah yeah, love love love  
and all that fucking bollocks.  
All right, you mad cunt.  
Go on, give me one.  
But put the rest away!  
You understand what I'm saying to you?  
Fuck it. Why not?  
Everything all right, Carl?  
I've only gone and taken one  
of those pills, ain't I?  
Yeah, it was either that  
or give the kid a slap.  
But I'm in a good mood,  
so I thought I'd let him off.  
So what's it like?  
Oh, it's rubbish, mate.  
It must be a dud.  
I can't feel nothing.  
You know,  
I still can't feel nothing.  
Really?

Yeah, it's rubbish.  
We go way back,  
don't we, Eddie?  
Yeah, mate.  
I'll tell you what, mate:  
You're a fucking brother to me you are.  
Yeah, cheers, mate.  
I fucking love you, Eddie.  
Fucking love you.  
Oh, mate, I'm buzzing off  
my fucking nut here.  
I've got to go and dance.  
It was incredible...  
the first time  
I'd ever touched drugs  
and got as close to God  
as chemically possible.  
The biggest crowd I'd managed  
before this was 300 strong  
and 15 lumps just about managed  
to stop them from killing each other.  
But everybody in here  
was in love.  
I mean the drugs were  
breaking down social barriers.  
Peace by Ecstasy...  
even old Thatcher  
couldn't have dreamt that up.  
# Boy, if my needs  
cause a storm #  
# And your eyes say  
"Take me home" #  
# You and I could spend  
a night of romance, really alive #  
# But when  
the morning comes #  
# Will I still want you? #  
# Ooh, will I still  
want you? #  
# Will I still want you? #  
# Ooh, will I still  
want you? #  
# Uh-huh, you can dance  
into my heart #

# But I know that's not the part #  
# That you want to steal away #  
# So when the morning comes #  
# There'll be nothing left to say #  
# Baby, let me love you  
for tonight #  
# I've got to have your love #  
# I really need it now #  
# Baby, let me love you  
for tonight #  
# I know you want my love #  
# My love will treat you right #  
# You know I want you, boy #  
# We all need to love today #  
# But the heart will surely pay #  
# 'Cause the moment that our loving  
keeps from reaching the stars #  
# Just say goodbye to me #  
# And then nothing will remain. #  
This stuff really was  
going to change the world.  
I wanted to feel  
like that forever.  
We all did.  
Oh dear. A pint of your finest  
champagne, please, squire.  
Look at this flash cunt  
giving it the old Roger Moore.  
He feels he's right special,  
doesn't he?  
He's definitely got  
a fucking problem.  
Who, him? Looks like  
the fucking Honey Monster.  
I know you, don't I?  
- Do you?  
- Yeah.  
- You're Carlton Leach.  
- What's your name then?  
I'm Tony Tucker.  
We grew up near each other.  
You and your lot used to play football  
with my mate's brother.  
No, I don't remember that.

I've seen you about.  
You work out down at the gym, don't you?  
So how long you been  
going down to Talbot's for?  
Don't know.  
A couple of years.  
You follow any kind of program?  
Nah, I just lift when I feel like it.  
You should have some direction, mate.  
You want to lump up,  
then you've got to know a thing or two.  
Take me...  
I'm not going full-on right now,  
but I look after myself.  
I take the right supplements  
and I sell them too...  
the legal kind  
and the naughty stuff.  
What is this,  
some sort of sales pitch?  
Give over,  
I wouldn't charge you fuck-all.  
I'm just telling you  
what I do.  
I mean, I've heard of you.  
I know what you get up to.  
I'm into the same game.  
I feel it's always worth having  
something on the side, you know?  
Oh yeah,  
I can see that.  
- You want to join us?  
- Yeah, why not?  
You'll fucking love 'em.  
They're as thick as shit  
and fucking gagging for it.  
You start off on creatine,  
you increase protein  
and you work out hard.  
But it don't last that long, 'cause you  
look at the other lads in the gym  
and you think,  
"Hang on a fucking minute.  
What's his secret?"

Anabolic steroids.  
They help the body  
produce more protein  
which in turn  
increases muscle mass  
which means you can  
work out longer and harder.  
I started off injecting Anavar...  
fairly mild as steroids go.  
Nothing could last forever  
and club land was no different.  
With the kind of money  
that was floating about,  
it was only a matter of time  
before the dealers  
started turning each other over.  
Why go through all the effort and risk  
of importing the drugs yourself  
when you can just go  
and rob some cunt who has?  
- There he is!  
- Let's fucking do him!  
Drive!  
Now the dealers can  
hardly go to Old Bill,  
so they go to  
the next best thing...  
muscle for hire.  
We started doing punishment  
as well as protection.  
I mean, why not?  
This is good.  
You ever used one of these?  
It's a bone saw.  
Listen. I'm gonna go  
and make a cup of tea...  
and you can think  
about what you've done.  
Cycling, stacking...  
six weeks on,  
six weeks off,  
Work hard, lift big.  
Pure muscle...  
fucking packing it on.



You know,  
someone once told me  
the thing about being  
ripped off is,  
you have to be prepared to spend  
double what was stolen  
on catching and making  
an example of the thief.  
Please. Please.  
I've got kids.  
I've got a wife.  
I wouldn't worry  
about that for now.  
I mean, you're not exactly much  
of a catch, are you?  
She'll get over it.  
Yeah, she'll probably  
be sucking fresh cock by next week.  
Trust me, I know the sort.  
Please help me.  
Please help me.  
And that's what happened  
to the lucky ones.  
All right?  
Mmm.  
Are you forgetting something?  
What?  
Tonight... a special dinner?  
Our anniversary?  
Listen, darling,  
I'm tired, all right?  
It's been a hard day.  
I just wanna have something to eat  
and go have  
a lay down, all right?  
Can you get up?  
I need something to eat. Go on.  
For fuck's sake, Carlton,  
it's our anniversary tonight.  
Am I talking to myself?  
What did I just say to you?  
Get my dinner. Now. Move it.  
- What's that?  
- What's what?

What is that?  
It's seared chicken  
with Jersey Royals.  
I cooked it  
right from the book.  
Well, thanks for telling me,  
'cause I can't fucking see it.  
Take it away.  
All right? Just take it away.  
Go on, get it out of my sight.  
Listen, you lazy cunt, just...  
fuck you!  
You want to fucking hit me?  
Hey! You want to fucking hit me?  
You want to hit me, do you?  
I fucking hate you,  
you bastard!  
- You had to fucking start!  
- Get out!  
Eh? See what you done?  
How could you do this to me?  
- How could you do this to me?  
- Fucking stop!  
Who the fuck  
do you think you are?  
I put my fucking life  
on the line for you every night  
and you can't even cook me  
a fucking meal, you lazy cunt!  
Is that cunt banging?  
Is that fucking cunt banging again?  
- You old fucker!  
- Piss off! Just get out!  
Shut up, you horrible cunt!  
Shut up!  
Shut up! Just shut up!  
- Shut up. Shut up.  
- You fucking useless cow. Fuck off.  
You think you know me, eh?  
Go on, hurt me.  
Go on, bruise me.  
- Yeah yeah?  
- Go on, make a mark.  
Well, how about I bite

your fucking nose off?  
You want me to tear that  
fucking nose off of yours? Eh?  
Is that what you want?  
Don't you fucking dare!  
Like this, do you?  
Do you like this?  
Go on, Carlton.  
Go on, fuck me.  
Go on.  
Go on, fuck me then.  
Fuck me properly, go on.  
Come on, fuck me hard  
like you used to.  
Yeah, go on.  
Be a man for once in your life.  
- Fucking...  
- Go on. Go on.  
Come on.  
You disgust me.  
The steroids left  
my whole body shaking,  
crying out for food.  
I couldn't think straight.  
They don't just make  
your muscles big,  
they fuck your head up...  
roid rage.  
I left the Anavar behind  
and moved on  
to the heavier stuff.  
I was injecting myself  
with testosterone,  
Sustanon...  
anything I could lay me hands on.  
Baby, please come back.  
I took to carrying jars  
of baby food everywhere I went.  
My body was clucking  
for nutrients,  
and I'd guzzle down  
six jars at a time.  
How long have  
you been flogging your company for?

I ain't flogging it.  
It's doing all right.  
You're turning over some good money.  
You don't even have an accountant.  
Are you fucking listening  
to me, Carlton?  
- Yeah.  
- You sit there eating baby food,  
I'm trying to fucking give you  
some advice about your business.  
All right. I like it.  
It's all right.  
I know you fucking like it.  
I'm trying to help you out here...  
- All right, mate.  
...you stupid cunt.  
What you've got to do is, you've got  
to play the fucking game, mate.  
You run a company for a year,  
then you liquidate it,  
swap the directors around.  
Keep your money moving and  
those cunts won't know where to find it.  
Yeah, but I'm not good  
with all that paperwork bollocks.  
You've only got  
to fucking ask, mate.  
Tony ran security at some  
of the top nightclubs in Essex.  
I had some of the toughest doors  
in London.  
Joining forces seemed  
like a good idea.  
It's been confirmed  
that US forces  
are being sent to the area.  
The UN Security Council  
passed Resolution 660  
condemning the invasion  
and demanding a withdrawal.  
- Hello.  
- Carlton, it's Terry.  
I need to see you.  
It's urgent.

Have you ever heard  
of the Baran brothers?  
Turkish scag dealers.  
Yeah, go on.  
Well, Eddie was doing a bit  
of minding work for 'em...  
you know, babysitting  
the odd shipment and that...  
and we was helping him.  
Heroin. Mug's game.  
I told everybody in my firm  
to stay well clear.  
And? Come on, spit it out,  
you cunt. Who's involved?  
Andy Riot, Jason, Eddie and me.  
Well, it was Eddie  
that sorted it out.  
He said we'd do a bit of work  
for the Turks and get paid handsome,  
- but...  
- But?  
Some heroin went missing.  
How much?  
They're saying 10 million.  
But they think Eddie's took it.  
They've been making threats  
against me family.  
They've been saying  
my kids are gonna get it.  
Well, did you do it?  
- What?  
- What do you mean, "What?"  
I'm asking you a question.  
Did you have the gear away?  
I can't believe you asked me that.  
Of course I didn't.  
- Are you sure?  
- I swear on the life of my wife,  
I swear on the life of my babies,  
I ain't got nothing  
to do with this... nothing.  
All right.  
All right, I believe you.  
I know, but no one else does.

Everyone's against me.  
I ain't stupid, you know.  
If I had 10 million worth of smack,  
I'd be on my toes.  
They ain't letting this go, Carl.  
All right.  
I'll see what I can do.  
These Turks were a heavy outfit.  
I'd vouched for Eddie and the boys,  
but now it was up to them.  
I had to agree to an interrogation  
on their turf.  
I wasn't about to start  
a war if I could help it,  
but I had a little insurance,  
just in case.  
Barak.  
You're late.  
Sit down. Sit down.  
Down. Down.  
Look, we don't need  
to tie 'em up.  
This is supposed to be  
a fucking interrogation.  
Their hands will be tied.  
Search the exit.  
Look, is that really  
fucking necessary?  
We have already discussed this.  
Only the guilty will fear to take it.  
Truth serum...  
another condition they insisted on.  
I guess they weren't going  
to take my boys on their word.  
- Carlton? Carlton!  
- Jason, shut up.  
Show some respect.  
All right, let's get on with this.  
Do any of you guys know where  
this gentleman's missing heroin is?  
No. No.  
I haven't got a clue.  
Look, I swear on my kid's life...  
Terry, just answer

the fucking question.

Nuh-uh. No.

- Eddie?

- I know nothing about it.

What are these questions?

We know you took it,

so tell us where it is!

Yeah, all right.

Hold on, hold on.

All right,

I'll put it another way.

Do any of you know where the gear  
was before the robbery?

- No.

- No.

No.

Eddie?

I knew it was there.

How did you know the heroin  
was there before it was stolen?

You heard him, Eddie.

How did you know it was there?

I just heard about it.

These boys weren't  
exactly discreet.

Who told him?

I want a name.

I don't know who exactly.

I just heard it.

Everyone spoke about it.

There was no way

I could've worked there and not known.

I know where all of you live!

I know where some of you have  
chosen to hide your families!

I will bring them here  
and before I have them killed  
I will pay a crackhead nigger  
to rape each

and every one of them.

Maybe I'll give him

some Spanish fly

so he won't have a problem  
shooting them full

of his filthy AIDS  
in front of a crowd.  
Listen here, sunshine!  
Just keep their families out of this!  
Control yourself, Carlton.  
We know where your little girls are.  
Your family matters to you, yes?  
Not to us.  
To us they're just flesh.  
Are you finished?  
I'm finished when I bend you over  
and fuck you in the ass.  
That's when  
I'm fucking finished.  
Look, he's choking for fuck's sake!  
You're fucking poisoning him!  
What you want me to do, eh?  
Stand here and watch  
my mate fucking die?  
Is that what you fucking want?  
Lay him on his side.  
Where's the fucking heroin?  
Where's the fucking heroin?  
Tell me!  
Don't touch me, you cunt.  
My boss is satisfied.  
We leave them to you.  
Now get this scum  
out of my warehouse.  
Well, I knew they weren't satisfied.  
I told the lads  
to make themselves scarce  
and I got Eddie and his family  
to move in with me  
just until things settled down.  
- Hello, mate. All right?  
- Yeah, I'm all right.  
Hello. All right?  
Got your family of young kids.  
Yeah, take them straight through.  
Hello, darling.  
You all right?  
Come in.  
Yeah, Mom's gonna



get you a drink.

You never said nothing  
about the kids.

Yeah well, they're here now,  
aren't they?

- You gonna tell me what's going on?

- No.

- Where am I gonna put 'em?

- Look, I don't need you moaning.

All I need is a gun.

What you want?

Some bloke told me  
to give this to you.

- Who?

- A bubble just down there.

Bubble?

Go on now. Fuck off.

We're leaving.

You just look after

Suzy and the kids,

- make sure nothing happens to them.

- Yeah, all right.

Give me a bell tomorrow,

let me know what's happening.

- All right.

- Yeah, it's clear.

Go on. Go.

Three days went by,

and still Eddie hadn't called.

I was starting to get worried.

Listen, John, I need you

to stay here, all right?

Just keep an eye

on the house, will you?

Make sure Denny's all right.

Yeah.

Oh my God! No!

- Yeah?

- Carlton, it's Rick here.

John told me to give you a call.

He said you're looking

for the Turkish fellows.

- Yeah, that's right.

- Well, I'm down at The Den,

and one of 'em is right here  
drinking raki with his mates.  
Right, you just keep them there.  
I'm gonna come over  
and put that cunt to sleep.  
Listen, if I was you,  
I'd get those punters out of there  
'cause the moment  
those Turks walk out that door,  
I'm gonna go  
fucking Schwarzenegger on the cunt.  
- Do you hear me?  
- All right, mate.  
- Speak.  
- Carlton, it's John.  
Whatever you're planning,  
just stop now. We found 'em.  
Found who?  
They didn't bother  
with truth serum  
the second time around.  
No, this was torture, Turkish style.  
They cut 'em, beat 'em,  
jammed cattle prods in their balls,  
The cunts stuck butcher's knives  
straight through Eddie's leg.  
Three days...  
they didn't figure it out.  
If we'd have known  
anything about the heroin,  
we would've fucking told them.  
Oh fuck.  
Where are the others?  
You're gonna be all right?  
- Yeah.  
- You sure?  
Okay, darling.  
Big brave, yeah?  
Get away from me!  
Honey, don't be afraid.  
Stop! Get away!  
Get away from me!  
It's over. It's over.  
But it weren't over, not for Eddie.

Those Turks had killed him  
in that warehouse.  
They may have left him breathing,  
but he died there all the same.  
One of my boys was dead,  
and those Turks were  
about to find out  
what it felt like to be  
on the wrong end of a kebab knife.  
- Who is it?  
- It's Tony.  
Can I have a word with you?  
Having another crack  
at the Falklands, are you?  
I think it's best  
you don't know about this one.  
It's best I don't know about it?  
Everybody knows  
about it, Carlton.  
Word is those Turks  
cut some of your boys up.  
Yeah, that's right.  
So now what?  
You're gonna pop them?  
They want a war,  
I'll give them a fucking war.  
Really, you think  
that's what they want?  
I think it's what you want.  
Take a little risk assessment,  
why don't you?  
You're thinking of taking on  
the Turkish mafia.  
Have you completely lost  
your fucking mind?  
No, I ain't lost my fucking mind.  
I've lost a mate...  
a very good mate...  
to a load of fucking Turks,  
all right?  
And I ain't gonna just stand here  
and do fuck-all about it.  
This ain't about you.  
This ain't about your pride.

This is about your family.  
And trust me,  
they will fucking kill 'em.  
Not if I kill 'em first,  
which is exactly what I plan to do  
if you get out of my fucking way.  
So what, you put a few  
of them down and that's it?  
They will not stop until  
they fucking destroy you.  
Not before they kill Karen, Denny,  
your babies,  
anyone you've ever fucking loved!  
- Shut up, you sick fuck!  
- Fucking cunt!  
Get your fucking hands  
off me, you cunt!  
- Calm yourself down!  
- Fuck off!  
- Calm yourself down!  
- Fuck off! You really going to  
throw all this away 'cause that  
fucking idiot didn't take your advice?  
All right, just get  
your hands off me, Tony.  
- Are you going to calm down?  
- All right, I'm calm.  
Yeah, you sound fucking calm!  
Tony, get your hands off me.  
I could've saved him.  
He was dead the moment  
the gear went missing.  
Swallow your pride, Carlton.  
It's a painful pill to take  
and I know it hurts,  
but you've just got  
to walk away, mate.  
Sometimes you've got  
to listen to your mates.  
I took his advice  
and I backed down.  
An all-out war with the Turks would've  
been a drawn-out bloody affair.  
Andy, Terry and Jason

were broken men  
and they left the firm soon after.  
We never did find out  
who took the heroin,  
and I guess there's  
some cunt still out there  
praying that we never do.  
So who else is going?  
Just having a drink with one  
of Tony's mates. He's just got out.  
What's his name?  
Pat Tate.  
You don't know him.  
Is Emma going?  
No, she's staying at home  
like a good little girl.  
What, is it full of tarts then?  
Darling, you know  
I've only got eyes for you.  
Fucking glad you made it, mate.  
Didn't think you was coming.  
Well, I had to service  
the old woman.  
I had to give her an oil change.  
What you want me to say?  
You don't have to  
say nothing, Carlton.  
I just hope she didn't  
wear you out, mate,  
'cause this place is  
wall-to-wall fanny.  
Yeah, I can see that.  
- Hey, Tony boy!  
- Hey!  
Carlton, this here  
is Jim Gerenuk.  
- How you doing, mate?  
- We call him Jimmy G.  
Hey, it's a fucking  
great party, Tony.  
- You're enjoying it?  
- Yeah, I'm doing all right.  
- See you.  
- See you, man. Nice to meet you.

- Fucking Welsh cunt.

- Yeah.

First thing first, mate.

Get this up your hooter.

Yeah.

- Oi oi!

- Oi, Tony!

This is Carlton.

He's like my fucking brother.

Carl, this is Pat.

- Hello, mate. You all right?

- Yeah, nice to meet you.

Don't mind us,

we're just having a little reunion.

I was in the nick with these two...

Darren, Mickey.

- Carlton.

- You all right?

Hello, pal.

Everybody knew who

Pat Tate was.

He was a legend

in the Essex underworld.

After a "quiet meal"

down the Happy Eater

in Basildon...

Pass the salt.

Now cradle my balls.

- You mean like that?

- Yeah, but slow down a little.

Don't fucking rush it.

Oi. What's that?

- It's the bill, sir.

- Yeah, I can see it's the fucking bill,  
but I didn't ask for it, did I?

I just assumed that since  
you hadn't ordered anything  
for the last 20 minutes  
that you didn't want anything else.

Who are you to assume  
you know anything about me?

Take it away.

What are you fucking looking at,  
nose ointment?

- What's this they've charged us for?  
- Show us.  
- What's that?  
- It's the service charge.  
That's very comical, son.  
I thought only proper restaurants  
charged that.  
You had the sit-down menus...  
Oh, right. So if I stood up and ate,  
- you'd have charged me less.  
- Well, it's policy.  
Listen to me,  
you fucking lowlife jobsworth cunt.  
For the last 20 minutes she's had  
her hand wrapped around my cock,  
and every time  
I get into a rhythm  
one of you fucking mugs  
walks over and puts me off.  
Now maybe if I'd  
have shot my bolt,  
I'd have paid the service,  
but you keep coming over here  
- and interrupting me.  
- Sir, if you don't calm down,  
- I'm going to have to ask you to leave.  
- Get your coat.  
Oh, well done, babe.  
Shut your fucking mouth!  
You, fuck off... now.  
How much money you got in there?  
- What?  
- How much money you got in there?!  
- Pat, don't do that.  
- How much money you got in there, cunt?  
Oh my God!  
Shut your fucking noise  
and get in the car now.  
Move!  
I'm fucking warning you...  
you say a fucking word,  
all of you get what that cunt got.  
Would you mind stopping all that  
and stepping outside the car, sir?

Fucking hell.

Hiya.

He was gonna get 10 years for it.

That's less than 100 quid a year.

But you know what?

Pat had other plans.

Go! Go go!

The police tried

to set up a roadblock,

but Pat was too quick.

He slipped off to Spain

but was rearrested

in Gibraltar visiting friends.

Cor! Fuck me,

it's only Tom Cruise.

Mate, let me get a pen and paper,

I want to get your autograph.

My fucking bird would love that.

Hey, Craig, say hello

to my man Carlton.

We've met.

You want to tell me something?

No. I'm sorry.

Tony, I didn't know

he was a friend of yours.

- If I'd known...

- Let me just say to you, fellow,

it ain't a good idea to go out drinking

on an empty head, all right?

Are you looking to get hurt?

You've fucked up now, son.

Get the fuck out of here,

you fucking useless

muggy cunt!

Fuck's sake!

You ever mouth off

to Carlton Leach like that again,

and I swear I'll leave you

where I fucking find you.

Now fuck off, cunt!

The thing about Craig was

he didn't exactly have

the best start in life.

His mom had been knocking off



some toy boy called John,  
but she had to put a stop to it  
when her old man got her up the duff.  
It would be an understatement  
to say the lad took it badly.  
I did this to prove  
how much I love you.  
I love you, baby.  
I done this for both of us.  
Poor bastard  
never stood a chance.  
He was a fuck up  
before he was even born.  
Tony paid his mortgage,  
and in return Craig was his runner.  
He took all the risks.  
If Tony needed a couple  
of kilos of puff picked up  
or a few hundred pills dropped off,  
well, he'd just give him a call.  
What the fuck are  
you cunts looking at?  
Tony brought Pat into the firm  
and gave him control  
over a couple of doors  
and a legitimate job title to keep  
his probation officer sweet.  
You know, Tony,  
you've got to forget charging  
those scumbags  
to deal in your clubs.  
I mean they pay you  
a poxy fucking grand a week  
and they're nicking 12,  
- That's the way it goes, mate.  
- No, it ain't. Fuck 'em.  
You've got to get into  
this business proper, mate.  
You've got to get them dealers  
to buy wholesale from you.  
Listen. I've got all  
the contacts sorted out.  
You buy the pills  
at a fraction of the selling price

and you knock them out  
to the dealers at 6 a pop.  
I'm saying we can smash  
the life out of this and earn a fortune.  
Rolfe, you mother's cunt!  
- Where the fuck is he?  
- He's not here, Tucker.  
It's truth or violence...  
your fucking choice.  
He's not fucking here.  
I swear it.  
Why not be original and be the first  
bitch in history to tell the truth?  
You lying cunt!  
Fucking cunt!  
Come here, wanker!  
Come here!  
What are you doing, Tony?  
You could've fucking killed me!  
I wish I had,  
you unreliable little cunt!  
I've been calling you  
all fucking day  
- and you don't answer!  
- I was fucked up...  
- in bed!  
- I've had to make two handoffs myself.  
Now what if I'd gotten  
fucking nicked?  
I'm sorry, Tony.  
I'm sorry.  
"I'm sorry."  
You're a fucking waste  
of space, Craig.  
You're off the fucking firm!  
If you want  
your mortgage paid,  
you can whistle out  
of your ass for it,  
you fucking useless cunt!  
The firm was Craig's life,  
and without it he had no direction,  
no purpose.  
He wanted to be back inside,

no matter what.  
Have a seat, sir.  
Fancy a puff of that?  
No, have you got  
anything stronger?  
I thought you were  
off the heavy stuff.  
Yeah, I am. I have  
a little dabble now and again,  
but basically I'm clean.  
Are you sure?  
It's good stuff, pretty boy.  
Don't call him pretty boy.  
Why not? He's pretty.  
Why don't you  
just fuck him then?  
Look, mate. I don't want to get  
in the middle of some domestic, do I?  
Oh, she's been  
on my case all day.  
Just ignore her,  
then she might fuck off.  
That's fucking charming.  
Look at the state of her.  
All right, mate. Just get over it  
and let's do some business, yeah?  
Right, here's your 20 kilos.  
So where's the money?  
I ain't got no money.  
Now why would I bother paying  
a fucking insect like you?  
Who you calling a fucking insect?  
What would you prefer?  
Ex-scaghead two-bob junkie cunt?  
Fucking cunt!  
So fucking easy.  
Fuck. Come here.  
You ain't gonna get far  
with 50 mils of Largactil  
in your beer.  
I know you like drugs, Chris.  
You've had a right touch.  
'Cause tonight...  
I'm gonna give you all the drugs

you'll ever need.  
Don't look so upset, mate.  
It's a freebie.  
I know you're  
a little skint at the moment,  
what with you owing  
Tony two grand.  
What are you talking about?  
What are  
you talking about?  
You thought you were  
gonna swerve him,  
but I'm here to fucking collect.  
What have you given him?  
Ketamine.  
Hey, babe, get me a beer.  
Yeah, sure.  
Does Chris want one?  
Nah. He's had enough tonight.  
Why are we stopping?  
Just dropping Chris off, babe.  
Yeah, but he doesn't  
live here, does he?  
Get out there, you fat cunt.  
You ain't gonna  
fucking believe this.  
He's only gone and killed Chris.  
You can say he's a fucking useless  
spastic shit-cunt,  
but if that's not dedication,  
I don't know what fucking is.  
He's a fucking liability, isn't he?  
What's he doing going around murdering  
some kid for two grand?  
Tony, it's unnecessary.  
No, he's all right, Carl.  
Anyway, I already told him  
he's back in the firm, mate.  
# Baby, I need you here with me #  
# because I'm trying... #  
Along with working together,  
me and Tony did a couple  
of little earners on the side.  
Jimmy G had set up a deal

for some stolen traveler's checks,  
but after four canceled meets,  
Tony had got the hump.  
My time ain't fucking free.  
I've been up and down  
the A13 nine times for that cunt,  
and he gobbed off to Emma  
about me fucking that Chinky bird.  
She's been at me all fucking week.  
Me and Craig are  
gonna punish the cunt.  
You wanna come?  
Look, if you're gonna slap  
the geezer, just fucking slap him.  
What do you need  
me and Craig for?  
'Cause we're gonna do a demolition job  
on the cunt, that's why.  
Oh, look, leave it out, all right?  
- You need to calm down, don't you?  
- You don't want in?  
No. No, I don't want in.  
- Oi, Jimmy. Hurry up, will you?  
- What's happening, Jim?  
- All right, boys?  
- How are you, mate? You all right?  
- Fuck.  
- Get the fuck back, Tony!  
- I'll fucking kill you.  
- I'm fucking doing it! I swear to God!  
Calm down!  
I'll fucking hit you!  
Come on...  
Get off me!  
Tony, I fucking love you.  
Please don't hurt me.  
Don't listen to him, Tony!  
Think of all the agg  
he's cause you!  
Yeah, all the agg you've caused me,  
you fucking shit-cunt!  
What do you think, Jimmy?  
Craig, take the TV, video and hi-fi  
and shove it

in the back of the motor.

I'm fining you, Jimmy.

Is that fair enough?

- Get off!

- Burn him, Tone.

- Burn him.

- No, don't burn me!

- Burn the cunt! Burn him, Tone!

- No, please.

Tony, no!

Tony! Fuck you! Please! Oh God!

Oh, fuck.

Fuck you!

- No more, Tony.

- "No more"? We've hardly even started.

Fuck you! Fuck you!

You cunt!

You bastard!

Craig, what you fucking

let him get away for?

I had the CD player

in me hands.

Fucking sappy cunt.

You're rolling around

on the floor for two minutes,

you fucking idiot.

Now get in

the fucking motor.

- Yes?

- Are you Jimmy's dad?

Yeah, why?

What's this about?

- Is he in?

- No, why? What's this about?

'Cause we're looking for him,

you fucking Welsh cunt.

You fucking tell him

to meet us face to face

or I'm gonna come in there

and start cutting your daughter's

fingers off one at a time.

- You got that?

- Yeah.

I said have you got that?

Have you fucking got that?  
Yeah, I got it.  
Jimmy, don't! Please don't!  
You fucking... you fucking cunt!  
Oh my God! Oh my God!  
Are you all right?  
Is the baby all right?  
- Fucking Jimmy!  
- Pat!  
You fucking cunt!  
Come back!  
You fucking mug!  
I'm gonna kill you, you cunt!  
- I'm gonna kill you!  
- Pat! Come back!  
Yo, Jimmy!  
Where the fuck are you?  
- Jimmy.  
- Jimmy!  
Jimmy's fucking gone.  
Jimmy's fucking dead!  
Fucking hell! Run!  
Fucking...  
Fuck you! Come on!  
Who's laughing now?  
Welcome to  
the fucking neighborhood!  
Evening.  
This is supposed to be  
a hospital, isn't it?  
What's the matter with you?  
Do you want a line, Carlton?  
You lads are taking the piss, huh?  
Yeah, fucking right we are, mate.  
Here, have a go with Sadie.  
- That's Sandy.  
- Yeah, whatever.  
I'm paying her  
a fucking three-a a day  
and she likes to earn her money.  
Don't you, babe?  
- Sucks a fucking blinding cock.  
- I sure do.  
- No, you're all right, love.

- Are you sure?

- It's no bother.

- No thanks.

You remember Darren, don't you?

- Yeah, we met at your party.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, I was with Mickey.

- Yeah, the old geezer.

We was all

in the nick together.

Yeah well, you'll be back in there

if Old Bill turn up here,

see this place.

Look at the state you're in.

There's fucking cocaine

all over the bed, Tony.

Who in this hospital

is gonna grass us up?

I still can't believe

it was Jimmy that put you in here.

Yeah? Well, that no-good cunt's

gonna end up in a box

when I get ahold of him.

Craig, visiting time is over.

Get these others out of here.

- But we've been having so much fun.

- Fuck off.

I'll see you later, Pat.

I'll give your best to Mickey.

Come on, babe.

Come on, babe.

Here, Darren.

Don't forget to tell Mickey

about that little bit of business.

Oh, yeah yeah yeah. Sweet.

Here, Carlton.

I need you

to get Jimmy down here.

Tell him I want to sort things out

and put an end to this,

but I need you to get him

down here and we'll do the rest.

Meaning?

Meaning I'm gonna



do him with this.  
And I'll get rid  
of the gun and the body.  
Oh, that's a fucking cracking idea.  
You're just gonna go  
and shoot someone in a hospital?  
Behave yourself, will you?  
You're on parole, Pat.  
Yeah well, fuck all that.  
That wrong'un has gotta go  
because he's made me and him look  
like a right pair of cunts.  
All right.  
Well, you just get well  
and I'll come see you  
in Chelmsford nick,  
all right?  
- Hello?  
- Carlton, it's Jimmy.  
He said they'd rape my sister.  
They threatened my dad.  
They smashed up my house.  
They call me 10 times a day,  
leaving threats on my answerphone.  
Don't cry, son.  
All right?  
It's not gonna help.  
I can't believe  
they turned on me like that.  
I shot at Pat because I knew...  
I knew there was no other way.  
They'll never stop now.  
Never.  
Until I'm dead.  
Let me speak to Tony  
and I'll see what I can do.  
It's too late for that.  
It's too fucking late for that.  
There's only one way to make sure  
my family stays safe.  
I wanna die.  
You just slow down.  
No, listen. I know you're  
as harsh as they are, Carlton,

but at least you're always fair.  
At least you're always fucking fair.  
Tony doesn't have  
a set of rules you can live by.  
I need you...  
I need you to kill me.  
You what?  
I'm too scared  
to do it by myself.  
Please...  
protect my family...  
and shoot me.  
You can't ask me that.  
You can't ask anybody...  
I don't know what else to do.  
I don't know what else to do.  
Well, you can start  
by putting the gun down.  
And then you get  
yourself out of Essex  
and you lay low for awhile.  
You keep yourself out  
of fucking trouble  
and I'll see what I can do.  
Do you hear me?  
Well, it was bound  
to fucking happen.  
The nurse came in  
and changed Pat's bed  
while he was in surgery  
and found his gun.  
Pat went straight back  
to prison on violation of his parole.  
Couple of days later, Jimmy was  
picked up with an unlicensed firearm.  
Although it wasn't  
the gun that shot Pat,  
it was still enough to put him  
behind bars for a stretch.  
Best place for him, really.  
He'd be safer on the inside.  
All right, Carlton?  
Fuck me. What's this?  
You ain't on brown as well, are you?

- It's Nubain.  
- Looks like heroin to me.  
- Well, it fucking ain't.  
- I can vouch for that, Carlton.  
You? Don't make me laugh.  
I think we'd better have a talk.  
What's him and that  
walking clap doing here?  
They make me fucking itch  
just looking at them.  
Can't you just get along  
with them for me, Carl?  
I put up with the cunt.  
That's about it.  
Anyway, I thought you was knocking it  
on the head now that Pat's inside.  
When was the last time  
you were clean, for fuck's sake?  
Fuck clean.  
I can work 22 hours a day like this.  
Yeah, but for how long?  
You'll be fucking dead  
carrying on like that.  
What's the story with this kitchen?  
I thought you said that geezer would  
have it done by now.  
- So did I.  
- He's taking a fucking piss, isn't he?  
Come and check this out.  
I had to teach him not  
to fuck with me, Carlton.  
Definitely something  
wrong with you.  
- Come on!  
- It had been almost a year  
since Pat had  
gone back to prison.  
Tony and Craig were becoming  
increasingly powerful  
in the drug world  
while he was inside.  
Pat wanted to get  
right back in with them.  
You all right, son?

You look a bit long in the boat.  
Who fucked your mother?  
Tell us, we'll sort him out.  
He's a cunt, ain't he?  
How would you like to come  
on a little deal with us?  
Be a good little earner.  
Tell him, Pat.  
Mickey Steele's got  
a shipment coming in from Holland.  
300 a kilo.  
Not cheap, I know,  
but he reckons  
there's no fucking chance  
- of anybody getting pulled by customs.  
- And how do you know that?  
Because they don't get some fucking mug  
to bring it in on the ferry.  
They bring it  
across the channel on a powerboat.  
They've done it  
fucking 100 times.  
Now Mickey needs 80 large  
up front to get the gear.  
He's in for 15,000.  
I'm in for 40,000.  
Fucking 40,000?  
You ain't got 40 large, Pat.  
Yeah, but I will  
in a couple of days, won't I?  
- How's that then?  
- Tone, I told you twice.  
I've got all these  
contacts sorted out.  
You make me laugh. I didn't spend  
all my time in the nick wanking.  
- Yes, you fucking did.  
- Yeah, you're right.  
"Fucking let me out!"  
I don't know. We'll see, all right?  
Shut up.  
What's the matter with you?  
Even the fucking  
dancing monkey's in for 6,000.

Tony, will you fill  
him in on the rest,  
'cause I've got to try my luck  
with that little blonde tart over there.

- What do you reckon?

- Filth, mate.

No, utter fucking filth.

With a little bit of luck,  
I might get a golden shower tonight.

So what do you reckon, mate?

No, I ain't got  
the dough, all right?

I've got nothing put aside.

You heard what Pat said,  
you're guaranteed

to double up your money on this.

Yeah well, his idea of a guarantee  
and mine are two different things.

I'm just trying  
to help you out, mate.

Yeah, I know. I appreciate it.

I don't want to fall out over this.

You're my brother, Carlton,  
and I fucking love you.

It's good to know someone  
is looking out for me.

Yeah, always. You know that.

Do me a favor.

just be careful of him.

- Get off me!

- Go! Go!

- Get off me!

- Go! Go!

Pat was at it again,  
and even Tony could see  
he had become a liability.

In a drug-fueled rage,  
he threw the one person  
who still stuck by him,  
Kate Carter, out of his house.

She ran straight to Mickey Steele,  
her closest friend while Pat was inside.

Then the dope deal went tits up  
when it turned out

the gear was moody.  
You couldn't even burn it,  
let alone smoke it.  
Mick, listen to me.  
You couldn't con  
a 12-year-old with that gear.  
It's shit and I'm down 40,000.  
- I'll sort it out.  
- You fucking will, you slippery cunt,  
or I'm gonna come around there  
and sort you out.  
- Jesus Christ, Pat.  
- Jesus Christ?  
Jesus fucking Christ?  
You'll be screaming that, you mug,  
when I come around there  
and do you with this blade,  
you fucking no-good cunt!  
Pat may have been  
a fucking loon,  
but this time he was ranting  
for a good reason.  
He'd only gone  
and borrowed 40,000 off  
the most feared criminals in Essex...  
the Hexell brothers.  
The deal was that  
in two weeks time  
he'd pay them back 50,000.  
Look, he's been  
to Amsterdam two or three times,  
this time he lost the gear.  
I swear on my fucking life I wouldn't  
dream about having you two over.  
Mickey Steele's  
done this to all of us.  
Mickey Steele's your fucking mate.  
Why would he do that?  
Let me get ahold of him,  
I'll bring him in front of you,  
I'll put a blade to his throat  
and when you're satisfied, I'll do him.  
They gave him a month  
to come up with the goods.

And after a lot of agg,  
Darren Nicholls and Mickey Steele  
went to Amsterdam  
and recovered the money.  
Pat and the boys may have  
got their dough back,  
but that was it.  
They hadn't made a bean.  
They'd had their time wasted,  
and Pat, he was still 10,000 short  
of what he owed the brothers.  
It's fucking lovely.  
Yeah, a nice bit of kit.  
Are you gonna help  
a girl in trouble, Mickey?  
You can stay here  
as long as you need.  
Don't worry about it.  
Pat is shouting his mouth off  
about you to anyone who'll listen.  
He said your operation's a joke  
and that you ripped him off.  
He's a junkie.  
He's a fucking steroid freak.  
And that don't worry you?  
He's out of control.  
He says he's gonna kill you.  
He's all mouth.  
He's a fucking idiot.  
I don't know, Mickey.  
His threats seem pretty thorough to me.  
Look at me.  
I don't have a home to go to  
and my child  
is staying at my mom's.  
What sort of a situation  
is that, Mickey?  
- Do you trust me, Kate?  
- Of course I do.  
Then listen to me.  
I'm old school,  
been around  
the block a few times.  
Mugs like Pat Tate come around

every once in a while.

But you know something?

What?

The loud ones never last, Kate.

He'll get what's coming to him.

# Move your body #

Yeah, can I have a 12", please?

What? What do you mean

you don't do four toppings?

- It's a pizza shop.

- Give me the phone.

What's your problem, mate?

Well, why can't we have

all four fucking toppings?

Because it's not

on the menu, sir.

What are you talking about,

"on the menu"?

We're talking about cheese, you cunt.

Listen. Deliver the fucking

pizza she wants,

or I'll come down there

and fucking open you up.

Sir, this phone delivery line

is actually only for people

over the age of 12.

Now if you'd like to calm down

and get your mommy

or dad to phone back,

I'll be happy

to send you a pizza.

- Who am I talking to?

- My name is Roger Spooner, sir.

- I'm the manager.

- Well, Rog,

you do yourself a favor, mate,

'cause this is your last chance

for a peaceful night.

Deliver the fucking pizza

she wants

or your mom and dad will be down

at the morgue at 4:00 in the morning

identifying your body.

Do you got me, cunt?



Where's Roger fucking Spooner?

- Where is he?

- That's me. Can I help you?

Fucking mug me off down  
the phone line, you cunt?

If I asked you now  
for four toppings,  
you'd give them to me,  
you cunt, wouldn't you?

- Yeah yeah.

- You'd give them to me, wouldn't you?

- Yes!

- Okay.

Anyone got a fucking problem  
with what I just done? Eh?

You've got a fucking problem?

Fat bollocks, you've got  
a fucking problem?

Eh?

Pat's continuing war  
with the fast-food industry  
resulted in the geezer giving  
a detailed statement to the police.

Come morning,  
he found out who Pat was  
and suddenly pizza boy had  
a bad case of amnesia.

Pat, Tony and Craig  
were out of control.

They just did whatever  
they fucking liked.

They robbed who they wanted  
and destroyed any cunt  
that got in their way.

While you're doing that,  
I'm gonna take the vegetables.

I've peeled them  
and I'm roughly chopping  
the swede, the carrots  
and the parsnips.

Of course everything's going to be  
blended up in the mixer at the end.

If you prefer a chunky soup...  
That will be your boyfriend.

...and then you can still  
have the chunky vegetables  
left in your soup.  
It ain't for me.  
- Hello?  
- Carlton.  
Sledge, what do you want?  
Have you seen  
the telly this morning?  
Not much.  
She's got some bollocks on here.  
Well, try the news.  
I'm serious, mate.  
I think something might have  
happened to Tony and the boys.  
The bodies of three men  
have been discovered  
in a Range Rover  
on a farm in Rettendon in Essex.  
It's thought that these were victims  
of a brutal gangland slaying.  
The police are not divulging  
much information at present,  
but we do know that  
all three men were gunned down  
somewhere between 6:00 p.m.

**and 12:**

We hope to come back  
to this later in the bulletin.  
There were serious clashes  
between the prime minister  
and the leader of the opposition...  
- Hello, Paul. It's Carl.  
- Hello, Carl.  
- Have you seen the news?  
- No, not yet. Why?  
Can you pop around Emma's?  
I've been trying to get ahold  
of them all morning.  
No one's answering. It's just engaged.  
- What's going on?  
- Well, I don't know, mate.  
Just do me a favor.

Just go around there and give me a call.

- On me way.

- All right, mate. Ta.

This is giving me  
the fucking creeps, this is.

Hello, mate.

It's me again.

Listen, mate, can you  
give me a call back, please?

Well, I'm just getting  
a bit worried.

So just give me a call back  
as soon as you get this message.

All right, mate. Ta.

Hey.

- Are you all right?

- No, I'm no all right.

I can't get ahold of no cunt.

Something's happened.

Babe, you're scaring me.

Back to the murders in Rettendon.

The police have announced  
that there will be a news conference  
later this evening,  
when it's expected that the names  
of those murdered will be released.

Carlton. Carl?

- Yeah, go on. What's happening?

- Emma's fine.

Tony didn't come back last night,  
but she ain't worried.

- Hold on, mate.

- Paul?

Fucking hell,  
the Old Bill's just turned up.

Emma!

- Paul, talk to me.

- Emma!

I'm gonna have to go.

I don't know what's going on down there.

Everything's fine  
as far as I know, but not here.

I'm gonna have to go.

Later, mate.

Police have tonight  
released the names  
of the three men murdered  
in Rettendon  
on the night  
of the 6th of December.  
The victims were  
and 26-year-old Craig Rolfe.  
It's believed that all three men had  
gangland connections.  
When the police informed  
Tony's dad of his son's death,  
he dropped dead  
of a heart attack  
right there in front of them.  
After the tears  
came the questions:  
Who murdered Tony,  
Pat and Craig that night?  
- Evening, lads.  
- Before you start, he wasn't speeding,  
the car's not stolen, the fucking  
tax disc is in date, all right?  
I've got some information  
I'd like to share with you,  
ask you a few questions...  
very informal.  
What, now? We're in kind of a hurry...  
big family dinner.  
This won't take long,  
but it's dangerous  
out on these main roads  
with this weather. Follow the car.  
Whoa whoa whoa.  
We ain't got to do nothing for you.  
No, you don't, but I could always  
get a search warrant,  
search the three of your houses tonight.  
Really fuck your evenings up.  
You'll be on your way  
in 15 minutes.  
- No, Office...  
- Shut up, shithead. Lead the way.  
Sorry about this, lads.

Thanks for the cooperation.  
Yeah, blah blah, fucking blah.  
What's so important  
that you had to speak to us tonight?  
Trust me, you'll like this.  
Why'd you have to fucking bring us  
all the way down here for?  
The traffic... it's dangerous.  
Oi. You on fucking drugs?  
You got any?  
The way we saw it,  
the police had  
stronger motives than anyone.  
The rumor was we were  
all under observation,  
so how the fuck could a hit  
go down right under their nose?  
It could have been revenge  
for several high-profile Ecstasy deaths,  
or it could've been  
they were just getting rid  
of three of the most dangerous  
drug dealers from the southeast.  
Either way, it was  
a paranoid first few days.  
for anyone who knew  
the three was a suspect.  
Over the next few days,  
silence fell on gangland  
as hundreds of people  
were questioned.  
One theory was gaining  
in credibility.  
Two names  
just kept coming up.  
- Fucking hell.  
- Put your hands on the fucking dash!  
Whoa!  
What's this about?  
The brothers want  
a word with you, Pat.  
- Tell your bloke to follow that car.  
- I ain't going...  
Makes no difference

whether you drive or I drive.  
- Do you get the picture?  
- It's a pretty gory picture at that.  
You boys have become  
a fucking nuisance.  
We heard about your little fit down  
at the pizza parlor, Pat.  
We spunked in our pants.  
Then we remembered how much  
money you owe us.  
Listen. I'm trying to get  
all your dough back now.  
Whatever problem you've got with Pat  
has got fuck-all to do with me.  
Fuck off, Tucker.  
It's got everything to do with you.  
You're all involved.  
All fucking out of control,  
ripping off every cunt  
from here to Hounslow.  
Well, it stops tonight.  
Shoot that cunt.  
Please don't shoot me.  
Come on,  
take it like a man, son.  
Ain't that bad.  
All be over in a moment.  
- Fuck you, you fucking cunt!  
- You next, Tucker.  
But these were just paranoid theories  
being handed out left, right and center.  
The newspapers started  
printing any old shit  
from small-time crooks  
and wannabes.  
Apparently half of Essex was  
an expert on the subject.  
And what's this then?  
- I have a lot of young lads...  
- Six months later  
Darren Nicholls was nicked  
with 10 kilos of puff in his boot.  
Before anyone  
thought much about it,

he was busy grassing to  
the Old Bill about the triple murders.

# Walk away, walk away #

# Walk away now #

# Walk away, walk away #

# Walk away now... #

Mickey Steel has  
fucked up everything.

I've spent years sweetening up  
these fucking contacts.

He's made me  
look like a right mug  
and us look like we don't know  
what we're doing.

I've told everyone I know  
what a fucking cunt he is.

Okay, shut the fuck up.

He's heading towards  
our table right now.

Tony, Pat, how's it going?  
So what have you got to tell us  
that's so fucking important?

I've got  
something coming up...  
something big...  
so big it's gonna make  
that last deal look like  
pocket money by comparison.

Yeah? I hope by that  
you mean pocket money  
and not pocketing  
our fucking money.

- What's happening, chaps?  
- Sit down, shut your mouth and listen.

I've been hired  
by this Dutch firm to do a job,  
a job that involves my plane  
and a shitload of white.

How much?

I'm meant to be bringing  
over 30 kilos of Columbian pure,  
land my plane  
in a field near Rettendon.

- How much is that worth?

- It depends on the quality.  
It's the bollocks. They've already  
paid me 50,000 up front.  
The drugs are  
standing by in Holland.  
They're all set to go.  
I'm meant to be bringing it over  
in the next few days  
when the weather improves.

- So what's the plan, mate?  
- Do what you two do best...  
rob the cunts.  
I'll tell you where and when  
I'll be landing the plane.  
There'll be two others  
on board with me.  
You steam in really strong,  
stick guns in our faces...  
bish bash... pinch the gear.  
Simple as that.  
What do you reckon?  
Well, I won't kid you...  
if that gear is proper,  
we've got to be talking  
about 100 mill.

- Exactly.  
- So what do you want out of it?  
Bust it up three ways.  
A third? You're having  
a fucking laugh, ain't you?  
That's fine.  
That's a fair deal.  
# And did you think  
that I'd stay #  
# In your destructive life? #  
# And did you think I'd be okay #  
# And someday be your wife? #  
# And if I'm here, I live in fear #  
# Why'd you go so far? #  
# You can see that it's me... #  
We'll have to make this  
look convincing though.  
They can't know  
you're in on it, Mickey.



We'll have to fuck you up a bit,  
maybe knock a few teeth out.  
I can handle a couple  
of broken teeth for 10 kilos.  
This is the big time, Carl.  
We're talking numbers  
with shitloads of zeros on the end.  
You're talking like  
it's already in the bag.  
Mickey's assured us  
it's all going ahead.  
- He's already been paid.  
- Yeah, he's been paid, you ain't.  
- Trust me, it's on.  
- Just be careful, will you?  
Pat's running around the whole  
of fucking Essex shouting his mouth off  
and if this gets back  
to you, you're fucked.  
Relax, mate.  
You worry too much.  
It's all good.  
I want to tell you something.  
I'm surrounded  
by a lot of people,  
but I know they  
just want a piece of me.  
With you it's different.  
You just want to be my friend.  
You know,  
you're the only one I fully trust.  
- Same.  
- I want to do something for you.  
I'm gonna give you  
30,000 out of this.  
Don't be silly.  
You don't owe me nothing.  
I know, mate. I also know you'd do  
the same for me if you had a deal  
- like this going down.  
- Yeah, of course. You know that.  
I'm gonna give you money  
for two reasons, Carlton.  
Firstly, you're broke.

All right.

What's the other reason?

You never asked me

for a fucking thing.

Things are gonna quiet down

a lot in the new year.

When this deal goes down,

I'm going into semiretirement.

Do you know what?

That's not such a bad idea.

I'm gonna slip off, all right?

I promised Denny I'd have

a family dinner tonight.

- Sounds good, mate.

- Yeah.

Yeah, I just fancy

a quiet one for a change.

- And thanks.

- No worries, mate.

- All right.

- Love you. See you, mate.

- Hello?

- Hey, Darren.

What are you

up to this evening?

- Why? What's up?

- Me and Jack need a favor.

Tony, it's Pat. I just got

off the phone with our pal Mickey.

- Are we on for it?

- No, too much snow on the ground,

but he reckons we're on

for the day after tomorrow.

- I can't fucking wait.

- Tone, listen up.

Mickey wants to show us exactly

where he wants to land his plane.

So are you and Rolfe up

for a little meet later?

It's cold, isn't it?

You should've put a coat on then.

Well, I didn't realize the plan was

to sit in the motor

and freeze to death.

The plan is we wait  
for Pat to turn up,  
then we drive to where Mickey is  
landing the plane.  
Tell me why again.  
Mickey wants you there  
in the background,  
just to make sure  
everything's all right.  
Pat's been unpredictable lately,  
in case you haven't  
fucking noticed.  
Listen. I've been doing  
a lot of thinking about all this.  
Why don't we nick all the gear  
and do Mickey with the others?  
I thought he was your pal.  
That was before  
he fucked us over, monkey boy.  
I got no loyalty  
to that cunt no more.  
He's the only one  
who can link us to this robbery.  
I'm game.  
Okay, let's go.  
Right. Drive down  
the road about half a mile.  
You sit tight  
and wait for my call.  
- Where's your phone?  
- It's in me pocket.  
You won't hear the fucking thing  
ring in there, will you?  
Put it on the dashboard.  
I ain't gotta ask you  
if that thing is turned on, have I?  
Of course it's turned on.  
What do you think I am?  
Are you sure?  
I thought it was on.  
Darren,  
I'm fucking speechless.  
I don't know why  
Mickey puts up with you.

You're a useless cunt.

- Fat cunt.

- What?

- What did you say?

- Nothing.

And don't go playing  
that fucking radio either.

It's vital you hear that phone ring.

Can I stick the tape on?

Tape deck, radio...

what is the difference?

What's the long-range  
forecast looking like, mate?

Well, the weather seems  
to be improving at last,  
so I reckon we'll be up for it  
in the next couple of days.

- 48 hours.

- Uh-huh.

and then our lives are changing!

Craig, you're gonna have  
to chuck a left up here, all right?

Mick... I've got to say it, son...

I fucking love you.

No, I swear,

I fucking love you.

You know, that's not what  
I've been hearing around town, Patrick.

Well, forget all that  
fucking bollocks now,

'cause we're going  
to hit the big time.

We are gonna be fucking caked.

Left up here, is it, Mick?

Yeah, that's right, Craig... a left.

Hello?

Hello, babe.

No. Of course I miss you.

You are such a lovely girl  
and I don't deserve you.

You know that. Do me a favor,  
give me a bell back later.

I'm with some people.

What?

No, I'm just with Tony  
and the boys.  
Yeah.  
Listen. Of course I do.  
I love you.  
Is that good enough?  
I love you.  
Call me later. Bye.  
There's a gate up ahead, Mick.  
Do you want me to open it?  
No, it's okay, son.  
I'll get it.  
- Shut up, Pat.  
- No, please!  
Mickey! Please, no!  
Mate... please, mate.  
Please, we're mates.  
We've worked far too hard to let  
a cunt like you fuck everything up.  
You take it. Take it all.  
What? The 30 kilos  
of Columbian pure?  
You sippy cunt.  
You sippy, greedy,  
gullible cunt.  
I'm out, Jack.  
- Yup?  
- Come and get us.  
That didn't take long.  
Pat squealed like a pig.  
Let's fuck off.  
Where's Mick?  
He's coming.  
Turn that fucking light out now.  
All right, Darren.  
Let's go.  
This was Darren Nicholl's  
testimony of what happened.  
The only people  
who really know are in the ground.  
It may be that  
the shooting has occurred  
over higher drug dealers  
trying to find

a greater position of power.  
Daddy!  
# Heaven knows  
what life may bring #  
# There could be blue skies  
through the rain #  
# And I know  
I must find my way... #  
- Don't listen to him, baby.  
- # Come on, help me #  
# Release my soul today #  
# Won't you help me,  
help me through this pain? #  
# It cuts like a knife #  
# Burns like acid rain #  
# Come on, help me #  
# Help me release  
my soul #  
# But nobody knows  
which way #  
# Or which road to go #  
# Heaven knows  
what life may bring #  
# Never feel it  
till you feel the acid sting #  
# Help me to release  
my soul today #  
# Help me, help me #  
# Help me, Lord, Lord #  
# Help me, Lord, Lord... #  
There's not a lot  
of old men in my game.  
Paranoia is  
what keeps me alive.  
I'm taking no chances.  
Every room  
in my house is armed.  
You break in and I'll bathe  
in your fucking blood.  
And if one day my time is up  
let me say to you:  
If you think  
I'm just gonna sit  
and beg for my life...

well, then you're some sort of cunt.

# Heaven knows  
what life may bring #  
# There could be blue skies  
through the rain #  
# And I know  
I must find my way... #  
# So come on, help me #  
# To release  
my soul today #  
# Won't you help me,  
help me through this pain? #  
# It cuts like a knife #  
# It feels like acid rain #  
# Help me, help me #  
# To release my soul #  
# But nobody knows which way #  
# Or which road to go #  
# Heaven knows what life may bring #  
# Never feel it till you feel  
the acid sting #  
# Help me to release my soul today #  
# Help me, help me #  
# Help me, Lord, Lord #  
# Help me, Lord, Lord #  
# Help me, Lord, Lord. #  
# Hold on, hear what I say #  
# Is a man on a mission #  
# Just a man in a cage? #  
# If we can hold on #  
# To what we believe #  
# All stick together #  
# Be there for each other #  
# Hold on #  
# Hold on, hear what I say #  
# Is a man on a mission #  
# Just a man in a cage? #  
# If we can hold on #  
# To what we believe #  
# All stick together #  
# Be there for each other #  
# Hold on. #