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RocknRolla

By Guy Ritchie

People ask a question.
What's a RocknRolla?
And I tell them it's not about drums,
drugs and hospital drips.
Oh, no.
There's more there than that,
my friend.
We all like a bit of the good life.
Some, the money.
Some, the drugs.
Others the sex game,
the glamour or the fame.
But a RocknRolla,
oh, he's different.
Why?
Because a real RocknRolla
wants the fucking lot.
My name's Archy,
formerly known as Archibald.
I work for a man called Lenny Cole.
And Lenny Cole has the keys
to the back door of this booming city.
Let me give you an example
of how Lenny works his magic.
Two years ago,
this property cost 1 million pounds.
Today, it costs 5 million.
How did this happen?
Attractive tax opportunities
for foreign investment...
...restrictive building consent
and massive hedge-fund bonuses.
London, my good man...
...is fast becoming the financial
and cultural capital of the world.
London is on the rise.
Property value has gone one way: up.
And this has left the natives struggling
to keep a foothold in the property ladder.
I can't teach you how to skin a cat...
...but I can tell you a lot
about the money in bricks and mortar.
Like he said, it's going one way.
You need to see a lawyer.

We do need to see a lawyer.
Well, it looks like a great deal.
These are the plans.
It'll cost 10,
and it'll be worth 20 with planning.
But, first, you gotta give
the Councillor a drink.
Same deal as before.
I'll tell them they've got the planning.
Thank you, Councillor.
You'll get the planning.
Take care of the Councillor,
and it'll move like shit through a goose.
We need help.
Lenny Cole.
Dog number one.
Bet he moves fast
and likes bricks and mortar.
I do move fast,
and I love bricks and mortar.
Property's always a safe bet...
...but you gotta know what you're doing,
this ain't soft money.
Because of these boys'
criminal records...
...the bank won't lend them
the money they need.
Enter Mr. Lenny Cole...
...London's money-loaning
and fast-moving property magician.
Don't let me down, boys.
Come on, give me your hand.
And this is where he waves
his black magic wand.
Can't talk now,
but there's been a problem.
I can't get you the planning.
Sorry, boys, can't get the planning.
Oh, isn't that an unpleasant surprise.
Because they don't wanna owe Lenny.
He can't get the planning.
That's right, sweetheart.
Can't get the planning?
You've been fucked.

What do you mean
you can't get the fucking planning?
You owe me.
Right, I get the building,
you lose your share...
...and I'm still out of pocket
two large ones.
Find it.
They know they'll have to pay Lenny
before the month is out.
Because Mr. Cole has ways of making life
very, very uncomfortable.
We better find it.
What they don't know
is that Lenny controls the councilors...
...the judges and the lawyers.
No planning permission will be given
until Lenny wants it.
And now that he owns the building,
he wants the permission.
Hello, Councillor?
Yeah.
Yeah, I hear you got that car
you wanted.
You're very generous, Len.
Right, now, sort that planning out,
will you?
- Sorted, Lenny.
- Good.
What's wrong with you, Archy?
Was that not a bit strong, Len?
They come from the same place as you.
You're gonna clean them out.
The same place as me?
Do I look like a fucking immigrant?
No one gave me a leg up.
They need a little bit of fear,
otherwise, they'll come up against me.
They need a little lesson, don't they?
And that is an example
of how Lenny works.
Now, today is Lenny's big day.
He's hit the big time...
...because a new Russian billionaire

desires Lenny's property contacts.
He wants planning permission
where the law won't allow.
Lenny Cole is here.
Lenny will come through...
...but he will rape that Russian
for every ruble he can get.
Nice to see you, Uri.
Good. Come and take a seat.
Excuse me if I am hasty,
but I have a busy day.
- Oh, that's all right.
- Sit.
I can see we are very much alike,
you and I, Lenny.
We like to get things done.
What's it going to cost me?
First, let me make it clear exactly
how we can help you benefit from this deal.
Without me,
you'd be waiting five to 10 years...
...before you got permission
to erect your arena.
Secondly, with British law
as it so stands...
Lenny, how much?
Seven million euros.
I expect the guarantee that I have consent
within six months and no red tape.
Oh, you got it.
Consider it done.
- Drink?
- Yeah.
That's a nice painting, Uri.
It's got depth, you know.
That picture has brought me nothing
but luck, Lenny.
It's my lucky picture.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
You like?
Yeah.
Take it for a while.
Maybe it will give you luck.

Oh, no, Uri, I... You know, I couldn't.
We are partners now, I insist.
I will get it sent around to your house.
You can give it back to me
when our deal's finalized.
Hm?
Well, I thought you lot drank vodka.
Whiskey is the new vodka.
You're not joining me?
I don't drink.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
- You all right, Len?
- Yeah.
Because you're looking a bit pink.
Get us some water
and a wet wipe live-o, will you, Turbo?
Right away, Len.
He tried to poison me, the dirty Cossack.
Look, stop messing about,
just give me the bottle.
Sorry, Len.
How is the billionaires club?
Well, I tell you what, this Communism
didn't slow him down, did it?
I'll tell you what, Arch.
We've hit the big time here.
Well, what's wrong?
Where's the famous Archy smile?
You gotta watch yourself with this lot.
I mean, times are changing.
- They ain't no respecters of the old school.
- Oh, bollocks.
There's no school like the old school,
and I'm the fucking headmaster.
That's why he come to me.
Got it?
Yeah, got it.
You think you should have lent him
your lucky picture?
It makes the peasant feel royal.
Don't spoil it,
we need him at the moment.
I want that consent.

Call the accountant
and get her to clear the money.
If Uri's gonna turn over seven large ones
to grease Lenny's contacts...
...he's gonna need it in cash.
And for that,
he needs his personal accountant.
Meet the very gifted
and the financially creative Stella.
You know why you get deals?
Because those sad, fat, old men like it
when you swear at them.
They shake like cocktails
and sweat like Sementex...
...when you raise that posh, little voice.
You, my love, are a rare commodity.
Now, come on, give your Bertie a smile.
I don't feel like smiling.
I'm a 30-year-old accountant
married to a homosexual lawyer.
I'm a beard without kids, Bertie.
For a marriage of convenience,
this can be quite inconvenient.
Stella, we need to talk.
Yes, she's right here.
It's Omovich.
You sure he isn't gay?
But what the Russian doesn't know...
...is that his accountant
has got bored of the safe life...
...and is looking for excitement
in all the wrong places.
Welcome to the Speeler.
This hot little house of crime is home
to a particularly nefarious group...
...of individuals known locally
as the Wild Bunch.
There's no way you're gonna get a five,
understand, Bob?
- They've got nothing on you, son.
- What are you talking about?
Fred, they've got a grass.
They've got an informer.
Got a rat with a roach smoking a canary.

Got more information than the Internet.
All right, ladies.
Cookie, how you doing, son?
Cookie, do you want in?
I did promise the twins
I'd take them fishing, but fuck it.
- Throw us in for a quick spin.
- Hey, Mumbles, can I have a word?
No.
Mumbles, I'll make it worth your while.
Coming, dear.
But in the world of crime,
there's always coincidence.
And the very men she needs
to fuel her thrills...
...are the very men
that owe Lenny two large ones.
What's happening?
You know that lady, the posh pup?
The one that likes a bit of the rough life?
The little dangerous accountant.
You haven't heard from her in a little while.
- I know.
- Well?
Well, she's offered us
a bit of work, right?
But, I mean, like, proper work.
Now, normally, I would just turn her down,
but considering our current situation...
Let's have a meet.
I've got one just like that at home,
but with a little boy fishing.
Is that what they call humor
where you come from?
Is that what they call art
where you come from?
You are quite the entertainer,
Mr. One Two.
And you're also late.
Please, don't be late.
I've got some work,
thought you might be interested.
Go on.
There are two accountants taking out

And it won't be protected.
Twenty percent for me, as normal.
The details are in here.
Anything else?
Yeah.
I don't want this coming back to me,
so you could give them a black eye.
It might help.
Just a black eye, nothing more.
Very well, Mrs. Baxter.
A black eye it is, then.
Nice shoes, by the way.
Thank you.
You'll be able to afford a pair of your own
in a couple of days.
"Troubled rock star, Johnny Quid,
is missing, presumed dead yesterday...
...when he fell from the side of a yacht
thought to be owned...
...by a prominent high-street
fashion magnate. "
Sorry, I don't know what to say.
Yeah, well, I bet he took a few people
with him in his hot little crack pipe.
We will never mention this again,
all right, Arch?
Look, tell the Councillor
to stop fucking about...
...with his little bat and balls
and send him inside.
Oh, that is sensational, Councillor.
Did you have lessons as a boy?
Fancy a cool down?
Bit of a chat with Lenny?
- You know Jackie?
- No.
No, Archy, please, don't say anything.
Don't you worry about her.
She's a very good friend of mine.
And a member.
Oi, Jackie.
You fancy a runaround
with the Councillor?
Only if he's wicked.

What does she mean by that?
What would you like her to mean by that,
Councillor?
Come on.
There we are, plans and papers.
When you're in bed with Len,
he likes to sweeten a cash deal.
Would you like a cigar?
I don't mind if I do.
He wants you sitting in the front row
with a new car sitting in your driveway.
Len's skill lies in his ability
to know where your back needs scratching.
That's a nice lighter.
Eight grand they wanted for it,
the greedy toads.
And I paid it.
You know why?
Tell me, Lenny.
It's all about the details.
Is our little deal in there too?
Look at Lenny.
Fucking playing with himself,
he's so proud.
He only paid a hundred pounds
for that lighter...
...he's making the Councillor sweat
like he stole it himself.
I wouldn't forget about that.
The important things first.
You got to hand it to Len,
because he ain't half a naughty bastard.
I'll leave that with you.
Now, the Councillor just needs a few hours
with a right rotten tart...
Can't stay here chewing the fat all day.
Man's got a living to make.
I'll phone you in tomorrow.
and he'll be in there like swimwear.
Take care of him, Jackie.
Lenny, you forgot your lighter.
No, it can't be mine.
It's got your name on it.
All right.

Nothing's gonna stop Lenny
from his big Russian deal.
Yeah, I knew he'd like the lighter.
It was a nice touch, wasn't it?
Yeah, she's a good girl, Jackie.
You give her another drink.
Yeah, you're right.
He wouldn't give me
his favorite painting, would he...
...if he didn't mean business?
Yeah, I've took it off the easel,
and I've put it on the wall.
Yeah, it looks mag...
Archy, I've been... Fuck.
Oh, fuck.
Archy?
Archy, I've been robbed.
What?
Hello?
I said, I've been robbed.
Yeah... I don't know when.
It's the painting.
Yeah, it's the one that Uri gave me.
All right, loaned, for fuck's sake.
Archy, this is not good.
That's his favorite painting.
His lucky painting.
Yeah, all right.
Come around here and bring the troops.
Yeah.
Oh, fuck it,
this isn't what I want to hear.
When Lenny's wheels come off,
he's no good to anyone.
Now, he's gonna stick it
straight on my lap.
And Archy is gonna have to go to work.
Where was it, Len?
Well, let's just take a wild stab in the dark,
shall we, Bandy?
Archy, slap him, send him to school
because I can't take no more of this.
Now, you sort this out.
Get that painting back, bring me a body,

because I'm going to back to bed.
Bandy, you ever ask a stupid question
like that again, you see Danny there?
He's gonna slap you.
I'm sorry, Arch.
I was just trying to use initiative.
Danny, slap him.
With the right, Danny, properly.
No, no, no, come on, do it properly
with the back of the right hand.
- What is this, a tennis match, Arch?
Slap him.
Oh, for fuck...
Like this.
Now, if you can master a slap like that...
...there's no need for your clients
to hold back.
They will open up
like a fountain full of words.
No need for strong violence, no, no.
They're transported
back to their childhood.
Putty in your hands.
Ask Bandy.
Look, thinks he's back at school.
But he never went to school, Arch.
You want a slap as well, Daniel, eh?
Now, if the slap don't work,
you cut them or you pay them...
...but keep your receipts
because this ain't the Mafia.
Now, get out there, look for the painting.
- Hello.
- Hi.
Bye.
If you just put the bags in the car,
close the door, walk away.
Ahem. Now, now, boys, do as you're told.
Put the bags in the car,
walk away and keep smiling.
Sorry, is this a robbery?
Yes, it is a robbery. Now, fuck off.
Thank you.
- Very good, Mr. One Two.

- Thank you very much, Mr. Mumbles.
Yeah, give me the keys.
Thanks.
Yeah, very funny.
Oi.
Where's reverse?
You have to lift up the knob
under the...
- Gear stick.
- Ah.
Oh, yeah. Now, fuck off.
I know an electrician
that could copy one of those for you.
Might take him
a couple of minutes, mind.
Welcome to the nouveau riche,
Mr. One Two.
Here's one for you too, Mrs. Baxter.
Mm, trs chic.
It's a little bit heavier
than it looks on a calculator, isn't it?
I see you didn't think
much of the black eye.
I would like to have obliged.
But from a professional point of view,
just didn't seem natural.
- Mm.
- Until the next time?
Maybe.

URL:

for four years...
...and will be completed
within another two.
The area covers 12 acres...
...and it will become one
of London's premier residences.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
What is it?
Victor, Victor.
- Yo, Archy.
One Two.
Hey, I got Lenny's bit of scratch.
What, you got all of it?

Yes, it's burning a hole in the floor,
so come get it before it melts my boots.
I'll come down to Speeler.
Hold on.
Gotta go, got another call. Len?
Archy, the Russian didn't come through
with the money.
Don't worry about that,
the Councillor can wait.
I got some good news for you.
One Two and Co. have
come through with the scratch.
- What, all of it?
- So they say.
Where'd they get that from, then?
No idea.
Ask no questions, you'd hear no lies.
Listen, all I gotta do now
is find your painting.
Yeah, well, make sure you do find it.
Oh, look, I've gotta go.
There's another call.
Hello?
I have all my people waiting, Lenny.
You can't let me down.
It's a delay.
That's all, Councillor, just a delay.
Well, get back to me soon.
Yeah, of course.
Wanker.
I shook your hand, I've nicked your
rings. You didn't know that, did you?
Yes, that's right.
- I can't. Tell you what I'll do, I give you 50.
Gary.
See you.
Hello, Archy.
Hello.
Come over here.
Hello, Arch.
What brings you down here?
What do you want, tickets?
I want the Tank.
Right. Well, you won't see him

on the cobbles, not this time of night.
He don't like the cold, see?
He's at the end of that street there.
Tank runs
the biggest ticket-tout organization...
...in the West End of London.
He knows more about what moves
on the streets than the rats themselves.
Tank is a fortified world
of disgusting information.
A word.
- Hello, Arch, what are you doing here?
I need a word.
Don't stand out there
on the cobbles.
Step into my world.
Well, perhaps the birds and the...
Great movie this, Arch.
They've had it redone.
Glorious picture.
And the sound, well, it's exquisite.
Could you turn it down a bit
so we could have a word?
Oh, where are my manners?
Sorry, Arch.
What do you want, tickets?
Don't want tickets.
I'm looking for a painting.
A classic painting,
been nicked out of Lenny's house.
You got more feet on the street than
coppers on the beat, so I want you to help.
I'll tell you what,
I'll leave you a little livener.
Here's a couple of large
to get some tongues wagging.
- Yeah.
Master, are you Fred?
It is Fred.
For years,
there's been a well-hidden informer...
...that's sent us all down
at one point or another.
And now Bob is looking

at a five-stretch due to this grass.
So, tell me, Handsome,
your mom can't be very happy.
Not with you getting a five-stretch.
Please, Fred, please, not again, yeah?
I'm sorry, Bob.
You know I don't mean to offend.
But what makes the situation worse...
...is everybody knows this dirty fucking rat
is still lurking somewhere among us.
Evening, gentlemen.
Oh, lovely hat, Fred, lovely.
Who gives a fuck what you think?
Okay, gentlemen, let's go.
First, my colleague Paul
will be modeling the gray wolf.
I must apologize
for my assistant's handicaps.
He has unusually long arms
and an alarmingly small neck.
I agree it doesn't seem
the right time of year...
...to be acquiring a coat
with such thermal efficiency.
It is the middle of fucking summer.
However,
Christmas is always around the corner.
Where did you get these junkies, eh?
What's this, a fucking double act?
Get on with it,
give us the price and then leave.
All in good time, gentlemen,
all in good time.
Next up,
we have a very much sought-after affair...
...seen in very, very glossy magazines.
Junkies, as any junkie will tell you,
are not to be trusted.
They take what doesn't belong to them,
not because they're thinking...
...but because they're junkies.
What? It's only fire.
Selling stolen fur coats
in the middle of summer...

...would not seem peculiar
to the average junkie mind.
The famous but rare black bear.
Found in the dark mountains
of Siberian Calcutta.
Get an eyeful of that stripe,
gentlemen, eh?
Oh, have a look,
it's a 6-foot skunk, isn't it?
And all of this could be yours
for the staggeringly low...
- Yeah, hello.
It's Archy.
- Hello, Arch, come up.
- Open up.
Come up, son.
Right, you two, out of here, live-o.
Come on, back door, fuck off.
The Wild Bunch have had to put
extra money on top...
...to ignite Lenny's contacts.
And maybe, just maybe,
Lenny's magic wand...
...can make Bob's legal paperwork
mysteriously disappear.
You all right, Fred?
Arch.
Mumbles.
Arch.
- Bob.
Yeah, Archy.
One Two.
Arch.
I see you brought
your biggest gorilla with you.
That's very unkind.
You wanna be careful, One Two.
You don't wanna catch another cold,
do you?
Speeler's a bit quiet today, Fred.
Everything all right?
It's good as gold, thanks, good as gold.
Good.
So come on, where is it?

What, can't you smell it?
No, I can't.
Look at that, we could make a team.
Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you, Arch?
Oh, by the way, this is for you.
You buy yourself a new pair
of football boots or something.
Really?
You ain't half a funny bastard, ain't you?
Good night, ladies.

URL:

you enjoy a boat.
The day you buy it
and the day you sell it.
According to my figures,
that sounds about right.
What are you gonna do?
Beauty is a cruel mistress.
I must remember that line.
Be my guest.
- Can I pour you a glass?
- No.
Thank you.
You know, I like you.
I like the way you are.
Always thinking about business,
very professional.
Well, that's what you pay me to be,
isn't it?
Tell me about your husband.
My husband is a lawyer.
I hear he's very good at what he does.
Maybe we can have some work for him.
Tell me, what do you do for fun?
Have I offended you in some way?
As you said, I'm a professional,
you're my employer.
So as long as it stays that way,
why would I be offended?
You see, Victor?
This is what I am talking about.
This is what I like about this country.
They understand hierarchy.

You do your job, I do mine,
and everyone gets along.
Now, back to business.
We have had security problems.
And to cut a long story short...
...I need another 7 million euros
lost in the books.
Mr. Omovich, I'm the best at what I do.
I could certainly cover
some of that money...
Tsk, tsk, tsk.
...but even I can't hide 7 million
from the tax man.
But if you are so good...
You devil.
Let me think about it.
There are some options
I've tried to leave open.
Thank you.
- Come on, Bobby boy, cheer up.
- What have I got to cheer up about?
I'll be locked up in an 8-by-10
tomorrow night.
Bob, that's tomorrow night, okay?
So tonight is takeoff time.
And we have got a party
planned for you, my man.
We got a couple of grams of hurry up
and four Jack the Rippers.
We've got the Harris twins.
Probably the most expensive escort girls
ever to have escorted.
Got the night off from the Russians...
...and they have been greased down
just for the Bobski.
- Okay, well, I see that cheered you up.
- It's not that I'm not grateful, it's just...
What? It's just what?
You wouldn't understand.
Come on, Bobby boy, that's not fair.
I'd understand anything
coming from you.
Would you?
Bob, you're my best mate.

You see, I don't want the strippers,
One Two.
Okay.
I want you.
Dirty bastard.
You dirty bastard.
Bob, I know all your girlfriends,
all of them.
I told you, you wouldn't understand.
What, I wouldn't understand
that you're a fucking homo?
You're Handsome Bob.
You're Handsome Bob,
the fucking lady-killer, that's who you are.
Do you hear me, Bob?
I mean, I've had showers with you, man.
You've seen my fucking cock.
I should have just kept my mouth shut.
Right, you should have kept
your mouth shut.
We should've just gone
and done the strippers...
...like Handsome Bob would've done.
You should drown the cat
instead of letting it out.
No, no, not you. Not fag Bob.
I am so sorry.
Well, I'm sorry.
No, I'm sorry.
- No, I'm sorry.
- No, no, I'm sorry.
No, I'm fucking sorry, Bob, all right?
I went over the top a bit.
And it was a bit
of a fucking surprise, Bob.
It was a bit of a broadside.
It's fine. It's fine.
Five years, you know.
I don't know if I can handle it.
I don't know what I was thinking, Bob.
I mean, there's nothing wrong
with being a poof or being a gay...
...or whatever it is you call it,
I don't know.

I mean, there's gonna be plenty
of your lot in there.
You'll probably love it.
Oh, God.
What...?
What exactly is it that you?
That you wanna do to me, then, Bob?
Tank, come in.
You want a drink?
No, thanks, Archy.
Not till the sun's past the yard hour.
Ooh. Nice office Lenny's got here, isn't it?
Like that,
Scandinavian pine posing as English oak.
Nice touch, that.
Ooh.
- Whistler.
- Come again?
Nineteenth century,
Beaufort Hunt, master of hounds.
Is that right?
You know a man's cultured
when he's got a Whistler on the wall.
Go on.
Now, you know why they call me Tank,
don't you, Archy?
It's because you're a dirty,
big black bastard.
Think tank, Arch.
Nothing gets past the old think tank.
Nothing.
So I thought I'd fire a few questions
into the right direction.
Thought I'd come see you because it looks
like I got news about your painting.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah.
Right, let me tell you how this works.
You're going in the drink,
and I'm gonna have a cup of tea.
Beneath your feet
is the famous river Thames.
I just hope for your sakes
you can hold your breath...

...for as long as it takes
my kettle to boil.
After that, I'm gonna ask you a question,
just one question.
You're gonna give me a name.
And if it's the right name...
...I'm gonna send you home warm and dry
in a fresh set of clothes.
If it's the wrong name,
you'll be fed to the crayfish.
They're American, these crayfish.
Big, hungry bastards.
And like most things American,
they've eaten the natives...
...but they've still got room for more.
Show him one, Charlie.
All right, see you, enjoy.
No, no, no. They got money.
They stole the fucking money.
I swear, I wouldn't fucking lie to you,
please.
No, no, no.
Oh, stop, stop.
No, don't.
The American crayfish
was introduced in the '20s.
A guest, if you like.
And like most guests having a good time,
they didn't wanna leave.
Next 50 years...
...they consumed all the local crayfish,
wiped them out.
And then, they started eating each other.
That's the thing about greed, Arch.
It's blind.
And it doesn't know when to stop.
That's why I'm here.
To keep order.
Danny, hose him down.
Right, who's got that painting?
One name.
Johnny.
Johnny Quid.
The singer from the group,

the Quid Lickers.

This hasn't worked, has it?

- How can a dead man sell you a painting?

- No, he's not dead.

He's not dead, he just tried selling us that painting and he changed his mind.

- He's got, like, an obsession with it.

- Oh, for fuck's sake.

Archy, put him back in before I shoot him.

No, please, I know who he is.

We went to school together.

I wouldn't lie to you.

I don't lie.

I've never lied in my life.

Now, please just let me go.

I don't wanna get...

Len, can I have a word?

I really wouldn't lie to you.

- Your boy ain't dead, is he?

- Don't you dare call him my boy.

Oh, you know what I mean.

Your ex's boy, your stepson.

He had a set of keys to the house, didn't he?

He just won't fucking die, that cockroach.

That junkie's seen more funerals than a fucking undertaker, he's poison.

I tell you, the next world war will have his name written all over it.

Look, you go see...

...if you can find them two flash idiots that used to be his manager.

What are they called?

Greek and Minnie?

- Roman and Mickey.

- Yeah, whatever.

Because if anybody can find that smoking crack pipe, they can.

No, you're not listening to what I'm saying.

That's exactly what I do.

The dry ice, Mickey.

I need the fucking dry ice.

My show just doesn't work without it.
Hold on a second.
If you would've asked me yesterday
for dry ice...
...I would've got the driest ice
the world could find...
...but you didn't ask me.
You asked me for two cases
of Johnnie Walker Black Label...
...and four ladies of the pole,
and I got them for you, didn't I?
Yes.
Yes, you did, I do confess.
But, Mickey, you are the manager,
I'm the rocker.
You got on the hat.
Why don't you just pull something out of it?
My hat is deep and full of magic.
I got rabbits, handkerchiefs
and ladies of the pole drinking Black Label.
I got smoke machines,
bubble machines...
...I even got love marines,
and still the hat goes deeper.
All right?
But there ain't no motherfucking dry ice.
Okay.
You made your point.
But tomorrow,
might be quite nice to have some dry ice.
- You read this?
- What?
"Singer extraordinaire, Johnny Quid
fell off a boat," they said.
"Missing, assumed dead," they say.
Our Johnny?
How many rock stars by the name Johnny
Quid do you think there are in the universe?
Only thing he fell off is his junkie spoon.
He's no deader
than them shoes you got on.
He'll be gearing himself up,
happy as a clam in a fisherman's net.
June, how dead is Johnny?

If he's dead,
that's the third time this year.
Rockers like that never die.
They just wither and give me pain.
Now, listen to me, boy. Listen.
I never did like you,
neither did your real dad.
You're a reject.
A wrong and a fucking fairy in the mirror
that I inherited from your mom.
But she ain't with us no more,
so it's just you and me.
Now, next week,
you're going back to school.
The most expensive fucking school
in this country, I might add.
And then you'll be gone
for a whole term.
In the meantime, show some gratitude
and keep the fucking music down.
Go on, John.
Jog it on.
I can't, Pete.
The painting's got me.
That's what art does to you, Pete.
It gets you.
You'd get a good few notes for that.
- You wouldn't understand.
- Why not?
Because you are street scum, Pete.
You're in need of a good education.
That's what you need.
But your dad
didn't give a shit about you, did he?
And that's why you're on the gear.
The gear is your surrogate father.
Leave off, John.
What, is this shrink time?
Come on, Pedro.
I'm your sponsor, doctor.
I'll be your dad if you feel
a bit of regression coming on.
But first, we need a drink in our hands.
My dad used to make me watch Bonanza

every Sunday after church.
Well, that's got
to have done some damage.
- All those guns, nuns and cowboys.
- You think?
It wasn't all bad.
He sometimes made me laugh too.
Well, now we're onto something.
Did he ever interfere with you?
You know, touch you inappropriate-like.
He tickled me, if that's what you mean.
In psychological circles,
there's a technical term for that scenario.
There is?
Monsteroustickalotis.
You what?
Your dad was a tickling monster.
Oi, that's my drink.
Fuck you, sing-along.
You're no help,
and stop calling me Pedro.
Oi.
Come on then, boy.
I'll have you and your girlfriends.
I'll do the lot of youse.
Do I not look like a pothouse?
Six foot down the bar.
Go on, jog on, walk on,
goodbye, bon voyage, fuck off.
- Was I good or what, Pete?
- Yeah.
It's all in the eyes.
Junkies, I shit them.
Roman, Mickey.
I tried to stop them,
but they couldn't be stopped.
- I think they just wanted...
- Just wanted to have a chat.
I'm sorry, Mickey.
Yeah, don't worry about it, June.
Why don't you go have another lunch?
Come over here, babe.
We can have it together.
Yeah, sorry to intrude.

They call this a litchi, don't they?
Litchi.
Litchi, litchi.
Mm.
It's tasty and exotic.
A bit like your June.
Thanks.
Can we help you?
Yeah. You got an act
called the Quid Lickers.
We did, yeah.
And there's a singer called Johnny Quid.
There was.
Well, I'd like to see Mr. Quid.
I'd like to see him too,
but that's gonna be tricky.
According to the papers...
...the only songs Mr. Quid's
gonna be singing are hymns.
And I shed a tear.
I shed a tear for all those bone tops
that read the papers and believe that shit.
But did you see his body?
Did you see him smacked up
and cracked up...
...with his tongue on his chin
and his cock in his hand...
...swinging from the rafters
like a real RocknRolla?
No, you didn't, did you?
And nobody else
fucking did either, did they?
Because he ain't dead.
He's alive, alive-o somewhere,
selling cockles and mussels...
...and a very important painting
that doesn't belong to him.
I'm sorry,
what does this have to do with us?
You have 12 licenses
within a jurisdiction which I control.
So if you wanna play on,
do what I tell you.
I can tell what you're thinking now.

Well, there's not much you can't do.
Slow down, Tinkerbell.
You'll never sing the same
If your teeth ain't your own
Wait, so you guys
are gonna take care of him?
What do you think we are, gangsters?
That's not my style.
So do us all a favor
before you catch a cold.
There he is.
You were missed in court this morning.
Not very compassionate, is it?
Not turning up to your amigo's funeral.
Yeah, everyone else was there,
except you.
And I got the feeling
that the only person...
...that Handsome
really wanted to see there was you.
All right, well,
what are you saying, Fred?
What the fuck are you getting at?
Come on, out with it.
Whoa, leave it.
We all know how much you loved Bob.
What exactly do you mean, loved Bob?
Guess who.
Prosecution lost the paperwork.
I'm offski.
Case is closed.
Five years.
You're supposed to be in fucking...
One Two, phone for you.
Someone lose a bit of paperwork,
did they, One Two?
- Very clever.
- Yeah, well, next time, you remember.
That's exactly why you pay Lenny,
understood?
- All right.
- Good.
How did you get this number?
Oh, I can get any number.

I work with numbers, don't I?
One point for initiative,
and two to tell me what's on your mind.
My old man's having a party tonight,
and he needs some smarties.
It's a liberty,
but I thought you might know someone.
- Sorry, not my thing.
- And I've got a bit of work for you.
You can bring your friends.
Lots of interesting people there.
- Rich and famous, great and the good.
- All right.
Let me see what I can do.
Okay?
Yeah, a nice drop of whiskey.
That, I must say.
I suppose you're wondering
why you are here.
Well, I assume you just wanted to check
that everything was kosher my end.
I was surprised
when you didn't come through...
...at the appropriate time.
But then,
I reckon you must have your reasons.
I understand that.
And I wouldn't like things
to go wrong either...
...which brings me conveniently
to my next point.
Ever since the painting,
you know, my lucky painting...
...hasn't been hanging on my wall,
things have not been so lucky.
I know this is a rude request because
we have not concluded our business...
...but I feel as though I need it.
Yeah.
Fucking hell.
He's given you that bar tan again.
- You wanna lay off that vodka.
- Shut up, Arch.
Everything all right?

- No, it fucking ain't all right.
He wants his painting back.
His lucky painting.
Painting?
- That is a bit of a problem.
- You should've seen his eyes.
I swear, they changed color.
They went fucking red.
They don't care
whose soil they're on, this lot.
They could buy up half of London
without breaking a sweat.
You're small-time.
They click their fingers,
we'd be ether.
You speak to me like that again,
I'll cut your fucking tongue out.
I run this town. You got that?
Me.
Anyone who thinks he's rude enough,
let him raise a finger...
...because I'll tear his fucking arm off.
Do you understand that, Archy, do you?
Yeah, yeah, I understand that.
How about that?
Johnny Quid's daddy. Mm.
How did that go under the radar?
Why doesn't anybody know?
Would you want anyone to know
if that was your dad?
Would we have signed him
if we would've known?
I know what.
We better give
that man something, anything.
A bed that's been slept in,
a bone for his dog, some token of effort.
If you want to find Johnny,
you have to see Cookie.
Who are you?
My name's Cookie.
You must be with Stella.
No, we're the SWAT team.
Well, you better get swatting.

This is gonna be a scream.
Tallyho.
Fred, get them in.
Come here.
Why me?
- Because you look like one of them.
Take that chewing gum off your feet
before you start dancing.
Follow me, boys.
So who the man?
- Cookie, I think that's your cue.
Who's got the gear?
Think I'll have a little dance first.
- Fred, you fancy it?
Yeah, go on.
Look at the girls.
Excuse me, darling.
What the fuck are you doing here, Bob?
Well, all the boys were coming,
and I didn't have any plans.
I thought I was gonna be locked up.
So I thought I'd come and celebrate.
- Do you fucking mind?
- Of course I fucking mind, Bob.
What happened last night, okay,
between you and I...
...that's our little secret, all right?
It happened because you're
supposed to be going to prison today.
If you tell anybody
about what happened last night, anybody...
- Oh, good evening, gentlemen.
Hi.
- Fuck...
- Help yourselves to drinks.
Okay, definitely, yeah.
- Go that way.
- She's nice.
Go that way.
Then I'm like, "Bertie, take a Quaalude,"
you know what I mean?
All right.
Drink?
- Dance?

- You're a dancer?
Am I a dancer?
Shall we set the record straight?
See, my dad was a dancer,
and his dad before him.
So finally, it percolated
through the old DNA.
You're not joining me?
Sure.
I like to dance.
No.
I'm Bertie. It's my party.
So you're part of the Wild Bunch?
Stella says you're dangerous.
I am dangerous.
Is your friend part of the Wild Bunch?
No.
He is the Wild Bunch.
- I know all about your type.
- Oh, yeah?
- How's that, then?
- I'm a criminal lawyer.
And I know a secret
about your part of town.
What's that, then, Bertie?
You have an informer
in your neck of the woods.
What's his name?
You have to pay for secrets.
Now, now, that's not very nice, is it?
What's your price?
And remember, I am dangerous.
I want to meet the Wild Bunch.
See that man sitting on the sofa?
Oh, the queen who's screwing me out.
- Yeah.
- It's a bit hard to miss him.
- Do me a favor.
- Go and chat him up, will you?
- Fuck off, who do you think I am?
No, no, he's a bigtime lawyer
who reckons he knows about an informer...
...in our part of town.
Now, you were facing a five-stretch.

And I figured
you might be interested, ain't it?
Mm-hm.
- Hey.
- How you doing?
All right.
- So we got another job on again.
- Yeah?
Same one as before.
Cor, it's all going down in here.
It's the den of iniquity, I tell you.
I hear you have a secret.
And by the looks of you,
you have more than one.
I don't want to talk about work.
If you tell me who this informer is,
then we can talk about anything you want.
I gotta get myself a breath of fresh air.
Catch you...
Oi, One Two, I owe you one.
This lot are doing more bugle
than a brass section.
- I'm happy for you, Cookie.
- Yeah.
If he's an informer,
you'll have his depositions, poems.
My, my, not just a pretty face.
How'd you know
about those sort of things?
Give me your mobile.
- What?
- You heard me.
Do as you're told.
Ooh.
That's nice.
Here, we'll go for a drink next week,
and I'll tell you all about it.
All I need is some paperwork.
Wait up, sing-along.
Where's the rush?
All right.
- What's wrong?
- Get that Archy on the phone.
- I think we got a problem.

- What?

How much is it gonna cost
if we shut down tonight?

- Eleven thousand, three hundred...

- All right.

Go out there
and see what's going down.

You, what do you think
you're doing?

What do you think?

We're trying to get in.

Go home, wasters.

- It costs money to get in here.

- Yes, I'm aware of that, my good man.

Mr. Archy.

No, you can't shut us down.

We got an act on.

- And I'm interested?

- We got a band on-stage right now.

- Find him.

- I understand.

Listen, but I have to keep the club open.

You hear that shit?

Run along, junkies.

Oi, lookie but no touchy.

Get off of him, you slag.

He is absolute class.

I gotta keep the club open.

We got 400 people in here.

Leave it, John. I'm happy.

I'm all right down here, mate.

Let's call it a night, eh?

- I'll fucking show him happy.

- Oh, no.

Fancy some more talent, boy?

I'd like to make a complaint.

What's your name?

Jog on, boy,

before I grind your bones to make my bread.

Night, night.

- Fucking mutt.

Look at this, man.

- It's a damn revolution going on outside.

- No shit.

If we wanna keep our license
and the lights on, we gotta go find Cookie.
We'll put rock salt in the shells,
stick them in the revolver.
If they get large, we'll bang a couple
into them, should slow them down.
And they won't know the difference.
And then Bob's our driver, and...

- I don't wanna use Bob.

- What?

- I don't want to use Bob.

- He's our driver.

The Wild Bunch is not complete
without the driver.

No.

What's happened

between you and Bob, then?

Mumbles, there is something about Bob
that I don't think you know.

What's that, then? That he's a poof?

- How the fuck did you know that?

- Come on, everyone knows he's a flamer.

You're the only one that doesn't.

No. He likes the boys.

It's sausage and beans
all day long, mate.

What the fuck are you talking about?

- Did he make a pass at you?

- Yes, he fucking did.

So, what's the problem?

It was supposed to be his last night.

You took care of him.

That's what friends do for one another.

Well done.

And I won't tell the chaps.

What the fuck do you mean?

You won't tell the chaps what?

So, what did you do? Did you suck his...?

Hey, hey, that's enough, all right?

What the fuck is going on here?

What? Did you suck his...?

- You must have touched him.

- No.

Hold on.

I'm not gay, all right, Mumbles?
He just asked
if I wanted a dance, that's all.
Was it a slow dance?
What has he done to me?
Mr. One Two, I think there is something
you should know about our Bob.
Who do you think looked after your mom
before she died...
...when you was doing a two-stretch?
Because it wasn't me,
and I'm your best fucking pal.
No, it was Bob.
Bob was around there six times a week
making sure she was looked after.
You tore your mom's heart out when you
went away. Bob did his best to put it back.
I tell you something, Mr. One Two.
If I could be half the human that Bob is
at the price of being a poof...
...I'd think about it.
Not for too long,
but I'd have to pause, you know?
And the kid looks up and goes,
"Well, what do you fucking think?"
That joke was a lot funnier
when I told it to you last week.
Can I have a word with you, Cookie?
Treachles, would you mind?
On your toes. Five minutes.
Hey.
We need to know where Johnny Quid is.
You should probably be the first
to know, but isn't he...?
I know. Come on, you know
and I know that nothing killed Johnny.
Come on, Cookie, you've been fucking
his life up for the past five years.
Come on, show our boy a little love.
You ever bought a ticket
to the junkies' boneyard, Roman?
It's an unpleasant place
called curl up and die.
Might sound like a hair salon...

...but it don't fucking look like one,
I can tell you.
It's a terrible sight,
and a horrible sound listening to a man...
...sucking his soul
through the hole in the pipe.
And even worse
when he tries to tear it back.
I've been there, and I've done that.
He has been here, and he has done that.
And then I nailed that demon
in a smoke-proof coffin.
And I did it all with Johnny.
I love that man.
He's what you call class.
If you had any brains, Roman,
you'd love him too.
You know, his music sales have gone up
a thousand percent in two weeks.
You see, Johnny, the crackhead knows...
...that a rocker
is worth more dead than alive.
Silly world, isn't it?
Mr. Quid does not get his gear from me.
He has to travel far and wide.
But do leave me your number.
And if the dead feels like calling...
...you'll be the first to know.
I'll have the painting for you
in a couple of days.
I had it locked up with some other goods.
You know, I was keeping it safe.
And then Archy goes and loses the key.
Don't you, Arch?
So I'm not trying to be funny,
but I've got this payment tonight...
...and if there's any chance
of having the money...
Where the fuck has he gone, then?
I don't know. But I don't think
he was too impressed with that story, Len.
Something wrong with these immigrants.
I don't trust them.
I think we're being set up.

I don't know how,
but something is wrong.
I can smell it with my sniffer.
He doesn't have the balls or the brains.
He's a crook.
Small-time, backhanding crook.
I think he's trying
to make fool out of you.
Adjourn the meeting.
Oh, my God, you're a mess.
There you go.
Are you all right?
That is a rhetorical question, I hope.
I'll have a water, please,
with a big, long straw.
Thank you.
So you don't wanna know
what happened?
Put it, put it. Cut it.
I know what happened.
Don't go in there.
Mumbles.
Mace him.
Hollandaise?
I see you ordered already.
You were late.
The bastard's gonna hit me.
Mace him, Mumbles.
What?
Not me, you idiot.
What?
I can't move my...
- What?
This way, this way, this way.
Shouldn't you have taken precautions?
Precautions?
Did you see that?
What happened?
God.
Well, it's your job, isn't it?
What are these guys made of?
I didn't realize.
Realize?
You didn't realize that they had guns?

Big, long, dangerous machine guns.
With war criminals
attached to the trigger.
Please, stay down.
Just fuck off.
Get out of the fucking way now.
You know what, darling?
I'm just gonna leave this laundry bag here
under the table for you, okay?
Fucking hell.
Shit.
Hold up.
Oh, my...
Oh, fucking hell.
Abandon ship.
Run for your lives.
Come on. Come on.
Come back with my bike,
you dirty bastard.
Goodbye, sweetheart.
You're way too dangerous for me.
- Did I overdo it with the limp?
- No, the limp was good.
She's a wild one.
She likes you, boy-o.
Rather her than you, Bob.
I don't care if he is fucking busy, Archy.
If we call, he answers. That's the deal.
Oh, there he is.
Oi, Councillor.
Councillor.
I'll see you at lunch.
Something wrong with your telephone?
Oh, I'm sorry. Shouldn't I be here?
I go wherever I fucking like
because this is my town, not yours...
...no matter what you and your pen-pushing
immigrant boy scouts might think.
So, what's going on?
Step in here.
I can't do it.
You've left it too long. You want
something the city has a ruling against.
They wouldn't give permission to build.

Don't give me that shit.
I look out my window,
I see 20 buildings...
...this city said they'd never build.
How did that happen? The termites
got together for a building party, did they?
No, sunshine.
It was backhanders putting them up.
Backhanders like mine.
Lenny's good for the money,
Councillor. He always has been.
- So don't go getting cold feet.
- I can't do it this time.
It's not fucking Zaire, Lenny.
Get off my bollocks, Lenny.
Don't you ever swear at me,
you yellow puddle of immigrant piss...
...or I'll drown you in it.
You feel that, do you, Councillor?
You don't think there's a paper trail
for all those gifts?
The cars, the holidays,
the tennis courts, the swimming pools.
I own these bollocks.
And right now, they're more fragile
than a pair of quail's eggs.
Now, get it done.
Pedro?
Come back here.
Where do you think you're going
with that painting?
You never said it was your dad's,
or whatever you wanna call him.
You've gotta give it back, John.
People are looking for it, bad people.
The streets are alive
with the sound of pain.
You may have a point, Pete,
but I can't give it up.
- You know why?
- No. Why?
Meet me in the pub in two minutes.
I'll have that painting
in a couple of days.

- You can trust me on that.

URI:

That's nice. I love a clear fairway.

That's a bit of me. That is...

URI:

So you like it out here, Lenny, don't you?

Oh, yeah.

You can't beat the great outdoors, Uri.

But I don't understand it.

There's no one here.

URI:

cleared for us.

We are not going to be disturbed.

Victor, please, come to join us.

You see that pack of Virginia killing sticks
on the end of the piano?

Yes.

All you need to know about life
is retained within those four walls.

URI:

What are we going to do, Lenny?

Every time I am about
to make my payment...

...something dishonest happens.

You wouldn't know anything, would you?

You will notice that one of your personalities
is seduced by the illusions of grandeur.

A gold packet of king size
with a regal insignia.

An attractive implication
toward glamour and wealth.

A subtle suggestion that cigarettes
are indeed your royal and loyal friends.

And that, Pete, is a lie.

Excuse me?

Are you trying to say something?

I'm not trying.

I am saying something.

Your other personality is trying to draw your
attention to the flip side of the discussion.

Written in boring, bold,
black and white, is the statement...
...that these neat little soldiers of death,
are, in fact, trying to kill you.
And that, Pete, is the truth.
I think you forget who you're talking to,
you insolent bastard.
I think you forget where you are,
you fucking immigrant.
Oh, beauty is a beguiling call to death and
I'm addicted to the sweet pitch of its siren.
This is my land. It's my fucking show.
I run this town.
Ah! Fuck!
Ah! God! Ah!
That that starts sweet ends bitter.
And that which starts bitter ends sweet.

URL:

I have to go now, Lenny.
I am having lunch
with the Councillor, your councilor.

URL:

This, as you know, is the ninth hole.
And it's a long crawl back to your car.
You should make it by sunrise,
just in time to bring me my lucky picture.

URL:

I want it back.
Do you hear me?
- Yes, yes, oh, God.

URL:

Goodbye, Lenny.
That is why you and I love the drugs...
...and that is also why
I cannot give that painting back.
Now, please, pass me a light.
Oh, you are something special,
Mr. Johnny Quid.
Fucking junkies. You're fucking useless.
I don't want your sort in here.

Get up out of here. Fuck off.
- Go piss off out the door.
Get off.
- Go on, fuck off.
I'll buy this place.
Fuck off, you junkie.
- You won't be able to catch me, fat boy.
- Stay out and fuck off.
Ooh.
Is that you, Bertie?
What's happening about that drink?
What's happening about that paperwork?
Well, I'm busy tonight,
but Monday looks good.
I'll leave the papers
at my reception under your name.
Text you the address.
Well, I'll pop around in a jiffy,
and I'll see you on Monday.
You are scary good at that.
- Do you miss it?
- Shut up, Bob, or I'll slap you.
All right, let's go pick up the paperwork
from your boyfriend.
And drop me off on the way, huh?
I'm going back to bed.
Can I come?
- Moron, what do you think you're doing?
- What, John?
Letting creatures in my yard
without my consent.
John, they're good stuff.
Scotch and Cockney.
Like the drink and the sparrow.
I am Malcolm, and this is my friend
and colleague Paul.
You know, like the Christian saint.
Paul doesn't say much.
He's too busy thinking deep thoughts.
Come on, John. We know you.
We're big fans.
You're what they call a real RocknRolla.
Out, on your way.
Bon voyage and fuck off.

What is this, a sit-down?
A fucking demo?
This is a demonstration,
a demonstration of peace.
Where the fuck did you find
these two junkies?
Conference, kazi, now.
That's the last time
I'm having you take the piss, Pete.
Next time, you're on your own.
I'm sorry.
I just thought that you might've liked
a bit of company.
I'm dead, Pete. What does that tell you?
It tells you that dead people
don't like company.
- Now, jog them on.
- All right, I'll tell them to leave.
Yes, you fucking well will.
Smelly junkies.
Meeting adjourned.
You've scared them off, sing-along.
But with a welcome like that,
it's not all that shocking.
Lucky you're not following them, Pete.
Pete, where's the painting?
Good shot. Good shot.
It's the werewolf brothers.
What you got for us today, boys?
Anything good?
Paul, please exhibit to the audience
the fine artifact.
Gentlemen, we are entering the realm...
...of the ancient art form
of paint on canvas.
I'll have it. How much?
One moment, sir. There's a pitch
which comes with this painting.
I don't want the pitch. I said I'll have it.
It's a very rare
and expensive painting, sir.
Is it?
There you go, boys.
Have a week in the snow.

Good afternoon, gentlemen.
It's been a pleasure.
Come on, me man. Hey.
Tank, what is it? I'm in a bit of a rush.
You owe me, Arch.
- Oh, yeah?
First, I found your painting. Now I found
out who's been taking Lenny's money.
Mr. Darcy.
Well, don't fuck about. Who is it?
"Let myself in. Thought your lady
might like the painting.
Love, Cookie. "
- Hello?
- It's me.
- Who's me?
- Me.
Ah.
Well, what do you want?
You.
Oh.
Well, you better come in, then.
- Yup?
We found out about our informer.
I've got it in my hand right now.
The informer, the one who's responsible
for all the time we've been seeing.
- All of them, including mine.
- Well, who is it, then?
Who the fuck is Sidney Shaw?
No, Sidney Shaw
is a pseudonym, you idiot.
They never use their real name.
Look, get around here
and let me have a look, okay?
All right.
Where did he learn
a word like pseudonym?
Look at you, huh? Good as new.
I have to go now.
So you fancy sharing some dancing lessons
with me later on in the week?
A bit of the old salsa?
I'll take you up on that.

- Oh, I have something for you.

- Uh-huh.

Thought you might like it because

I know how much you like paintings and all.

So you like it?

You've got very good taste,

Mr. One Two.

Oh...

- What's happened, Len?

- Well, they broke my leg in four places.

Didn't you hear?

That bastard's made me limp

for the rest of my days.

What do you want me to do?

Well, I need that painting, Arch.

- I need it real bad.

- I'll get that for you, don't you worry.

- I think I can do better than that.

- What?

Someone has been at the Russian's money.

Couple of silly gunslingers.

- Well, who?

- You know them.

- You don't like them either.

- I'm not playing fucking games here, Arch.

Who is it?

Mumbles, Bob and One Two.

So why did you call, Johnny?

Sorry, Johnny's not here.

But the pipe is.

And the pipe says

Johnny heard you were in trouble, boys.

Whoever we're talking to, will you

please relay the message to Johnny?

Tell him that his dad, his jack-in-the-box-
surprise, gangster daddy, paid us a visit.

Shut down a few of our venues.

Intends to shut down a few more

unless Mr. Quid puts in an appearance.

Why are you talking to the pipe, Roman?

You're madder than I am.

Come back, Johnny. Come back home.

Now, Johnny will come quietly...

...but you may have a couple of problems

with the pipe.
Buy us both a cup of tea.
No need for any noise,
we'll let Pete sleep on.
Is this a bad time, One Two?
I mean, we can always
come back a bit later.
You wanna take the stairs
or the elevator, Mr. Cole?
Bandy, come here.
- You been drinking?
- No, Mr. Cole.
Think before you drink,
before you drive me mad.
Hello, Len, it's me.
Archy.
I've got the boys
wrapping up One Two in a carpet now.
Get over here.
- Yeah, I'll be around in a little bit.
- Good.
Hold on.
- Who's there?
- One Two, it's us.
Come up.
And it looks like
I'll be bringing the others and all.
Not too bright this lot, are they?
Hold on.
Look, I gotta go, got another call.
Fucking hell, it's all go on this job.
- Hello?
- Archy, we got your boy.
What's left of him.
You might wanna hose him down.
He smells like a rotten goat.
Uri.
Da, Uri, I'm sorry.
- But I still don't like it.
- I don't care what you like, Victor.
I'm in charge. Now, wait here.
Your last girl cost us 20 million.
One before, even more.
God knows how much

this one will cost us.
Victor, you're so cheap.
Can I come in?
Sorry to surprise you,
but I have something for you.
A token of my appreciation.
What's this for?
Please do not be insulted
but you have come to mean a lot to me...
...and I value much more
than just your service.
This is simply just a reflection
of my appreciation.
I would like to ask you
something personal.
Would you marry me?
Well, I think I might need
a couple of days.
Just to think about it.
Well, sure. Of course.
Sorry.
Not now, Victor, I'm busy.
A very nice painting.
How long have you had it?
Years. Do you like it?
Beauty's a cruel mistress, is it not?
Victor, please come to join us.
Hello, Arch.
Shrouded and tied, just like the old days.
What is it today? The rack?
The garrote? Or is it the old
drowning-in-crayfish trick?
You're still full of hot air, Johnny.
You're looking a bit down.
Has that old clown
been working you long hours?
You always were loyal.
There's no dog like a loyal dog.
- Watch your mouth, John.
- Look at him, boys.
Scary, ain't he?
Well, that's what four years inside
does to a man.
It eats away at his soul...

...and when it's all gone,
it makes a man quite scary.
You ever wonder how you got in there?
What grass informed on you?
Hello, Archy.
Hey, Johnny boy. Look at you.
Look at this, Dave.
Don't you look the part.
Show us your guns, Uncle Arch.
I told the boys all about it.
Don't be cheeky. Get in the car.
Give us your money.
Give us that, in the car.
Be good boys...
...because you never know
who's watching.
So who we got in there, then?
Anyone I know?
Anyone famous?
Handsome Bob.
Mumbles, One Two.
I bet you could operate
a nice gas shower.
I could see you
with a couple of S's on your collar.
- Stiff goose in your step.
- Shut it, or you will get hurt.
That, Roman and Mickey,
is the famous Archy slap.
You shut it.
Or I'll do you myself,
you poisonous little toad.
Don't hurt me, Arch. I'm only little.
Get out.
- Roll them out.
- Daddy.
Nice wheels.
Sorry about the painting.
I needed the cash
for a bit of the old dusty show biz.
So it's gone now.
Lost to the world
of degenerate, stoned no-hopers.
Never to be seen again

by the eye of a clean soul.
What are you, boy, if you are not poison?
Your dad couldn't even bear
to look at you.
So no wonder he fucked off
and left me to pick up the pieces.
But that wasn't enough for you.
You had to push your mom
into a bottle of pills...
...and a house full of nutters.
And all she got there
was a hot bath and a cold razor.
Why?
Because you're poison, John, that's why.
What can I say?
I'm a junkie, crackhead, no-gooder.
You should never have wasted
your money on that school.
Archy, get him out of here.
I've had enough of him.
I don't trust myself. Use someone else.
It's a gathering. I love a gathering.
Look. It's Mumbles, One Two.
Handsome Bob, all the old faces today.
And it was all going so well.
Except for Archy.
Had to ruin the day.
I was gonna tell him
a story about you, Daddy.
I thought I'd tell him the story
about how you grassed him up.
Whoa, fuck!
Fucking hell, Len. Calm down.
Now, give us that.
That wasn't one of your best shots,
was it now, Daddy?
If you wanted to shut me up,
it should've been higher.
- Danny, come here.
You're only 6 feet away.
Come here.
You get rid of him, Danny,
you understand?
Get rid of him.

You don't know
how much trouble you've caused...
...but please understand
that I will kill you very slowly...
...if you don't tell me where my...
Hey, Archy.
The address is in my jacket.
I wouldn't mess you around, Archy,
it's in my jacket.
What does it say?
You want to know what it says, Len?
Funny thing about the law,
it can be quite flexible.
Because every time an informer...
...finds himself in front of a judge,
a secret letter...
- stands witness
as to the cooperation and efficiency...
- of that informer.
And if that informer
provides adequate information...
...then that dog of dogs
is magically released.
A sort of get-out-of-jail-free card.
And it comes with a very good alibi.
Now, you give us the names
of the people you want put down...
...and we'll get them the long sentences.
You can appear to reduce those terms
through your contacts.
We'll make you look like a fucking
guardian angel to the underworld.
Trusted throughout.
The only evidence
that will ever remain of this deal...
...comes in the form
of a very exclusive...
...and hard-to-come-by legal document
called a secret dept.
As in deposition or handlers sheet.
Of course, the informer
always uses a false name.
What name do you like?
- Johnny?

- Tommy?
You can have
Elvis fucking Presley if you fancy.
But I've seen this name
many times over the last 20 years.
And I always wondered...
Who is this Sidney Shaw, Len?
Nothing to do with you.
What name do you like the sound of?
I like Sidney.
I like the sound of that.
Sidney Shaw. Sounds a bit like an actor.
You're free to go, Mr. Sidney Shaw.
No, they're setting me up, Archy.
You are a very dirty bastard, Sidney.
You are a very dirty bastard indeed.
Cut that lot free,
get them out of here now.
No need to worry just yet, fellas.
Nothing's gonna happen
while we're standing in the lift.
They'd have to carry
the corpses over to the cars...
...and that's too much like hard work.
In about two minutes from now,
when we're all walking along happily...
...Danny boy over there is gonna turn
and pop me two in the head.
Then one in the throat just to be sure.
You shouldn't have
brought me here, fellas.
You're just gonna end up as witnesses.
Once they've "dealt" with us...
...they're gonna put our corpses
in the boot of a stolen car...
...and pour 6 gallons of petrol on top.
I can let your imagination fill in the rest.
But see now, Danny boy is rattled.
Because he knows that you know.
So he's gonna fire.
Mickey, pass me the gun.
Quickly. Quickly, Mickey.
Don't worry, he can't defend himself,
he's got no head.

May I please have some help, fellas?
Put your fucking hands up.
I think we should get out of here,
don't you, John?
Make the deal, come on.
Turn them in. It's not like
the first time you done it, is it?
Michael Finny, 10 years.
Fred the Head.
- Fred the Head.
Give him a five,
for a bank job he's about to pull.
Here's the time and here's the place.
Frazier Nash, 15 years.
One Two, just a two-stretch
to calm the flash fucker down.
Cousin Ronnie got six years
because of you, you bastard.
Mumbles thinks he's a clever boy,
so give him a three.
Byron Dexter, eight years.
The Jew twins, 14 years.
The Jew twins, 14 years.
Archy, he's as loyal as a dog,
but he's getting a bit greedy. Four years.
Four years for Archy.
And of course me, Archy,
four long fucking years.
There is no spring without a winter.
No life without death.
And the demise of Lenny
has blown a new season...
...into the lungs of young Johnny.
Goodbye, Mr. Sidney Shaw.
Well, it looks like that clinic
sorted you right out, Johnny boy.
You feeling better?
Well, I was. Until I saw youse twos.
I'm clean now. Straight, I gave it all up.
All but these little bastards.
Come on, give us a cuddle.
Welcome home.
- Give us your money, Arch.
- No, I can do better than that.

Turbo, show him
his welcome-home present.
What, you got me another coffin?
Goodbye, cruel world.
Now, I know how much you like the art, I
thought that would look good on your wall.
Someone's been telling you stories, Arch.
Now, that must've been expensive.
As it happens, it did cost
a very wealthy Russian an arm and a leg.
I see your music's back in the charts.
Well, that was when I was a RocknRolla.
Why, what you gonna be now, John?
You wanna watch out...
...because I'm gonna be
just like you, uncle.
Now I'm gonna be a real RocknRolla.