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# **Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll**

By Paul Viragh

Good evening.

I'm from Essex,  
in case you couldn't tell.  
My given name is Dickie,  
I come from Billericay, and I'm doing. ..  
.. .very well!

# Had a love affair with Nina  
in the back of my Cortina  
# A seasoned up hyena  
could not have been more obscener  
# She took me to the cleaners  
and other misdemeanours  
# But I got right up between her  
Rum and her Ribena  
# Well, you ask Joyce and Vicky  
# If candy-floss is sticky  
# I ain't a blinking thicky  
# I'm Billericay Dickie  
# And I'm doing very well  
# I bought a lot of brandy  
# When I was courting Sandy  
# Took eight to make her randy  
# And all I had was shandy  
# Another thing with Sandy  
# What often came in handy  
# Was passing her a mandy  
# She didn't half go bandy  
# Well, you ask Joyce and Vicky  
# If I ever took the mickey  
# I ain't a common thicky  
# I'm Billericay Dickie  
# And I'm doing very well  
# I rendezvous with Janet  
# Quite near the Isle of Thanet  
# She looked more like a gannet  
# She wasn't half a prannet  
# Her mother tried to ban it  
# Her father helped me plan it  
"Go on, son"  
# And when I captured Janet  
# She bruised her pomegranate  
# Oh, you ask Joyce and Vicky  
# If I ever shaped up tricky  
Tell him to shut that racket up!

# And I'm doing very well!  
# You should never hold a candle  
# If you don't know where it's been  
# The jackpot is in the handle  
# On a normal fruit machine  
# So, you ask Joyce and Vicky  
# Who's their favourite brickie  
# I ain't a common thicky  
# I'm Billericay Dickie  
# And I'm doing very well  
# So, you ask Joyce and Vicky  
# About Billericay Dickie  
# I ain't a fucking thicky  
I'm Billericay Dickie  
# And I'm doing very well #  
One, two, one. . .  
Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
No, hold on, hold on.  
-Your timing's off, mate.  
-Well, you're out of tune.  
This ain't jazz. Learn to play  
drums and I'll learn to sing in tune.  
Let's be nice, lads.  
How can you tell  
if a stage is level?  
'Cause the drummer dribbles  
out of both sides of his mouth!  
-Yeah, very bleedin' funny.  
-Not as funny as this, mate.  
-You're fucking fired!  
-What?  
-Oh, not again!  
Oh, yes!  
-Oh, I'll take the equipment, then.  
-All right.  
Your body odour smells  
like a fucking orang-utan on heat.  
You smell like  
your mother's cock and balls.  
Two fucking cymbals, mate.  
-Come on, then.  
Who wants him out?  
I've just given birth. Any chance  
you could keep the noise down?

Oh!  
It's a boy.  
You are so clever.  
I'll be in the kitchen, all right?  
Now look what you done.  
We're all on our own now, son.  
Now listen, you monkeys.  
Stories are what we tell ourselves  
to make ourselves feel better  
about ourselves.  
So, never let the truth  
get in the way of a good story.  
Once upon a time,  
in a mystical land far, far away,  
weIl, Southend-on-Sea,  
a young prince holidayed.  
His name was Ian Dury.  
He was handsome, healthy,  
highly intelligent.  
And brilliant at swimming.  
Oh!  
Look at me.  
Weren't I a lovely little chap?  
But in the pool, evil lurked.  
Its name was polio.  
A water-borne contamination.  
A virus, and when it gets  
into your system, you've had it.  
Pay attention, chaps!  
The polio virus, a.k.a. the crippler.  
It attacks the nervous system  
here, here and here.  
Makes you bloody nervous  
'cause it can bloody well kill you!  
It inflames the brainstem,  
fucks with the spinal cord,  
leading to paralysis  
and muscular wasting.  
Lock up your children. No one is safe!  
A monstrous epidemic.  
Daddy!  
Bloody hell. It's the Muppets!  
We are the band.  
You've got to be joking?

We was going to call ourselves  
Cripple, Nigger, Yid,  
Chink and Dead Fish,  
but we didn't get any bookings.  
Could you direct us  
to the artistes' dressing rooms?  
Oh, you are so gonna miss all of this.  
When we've made our millions and  
we're playing Hammersmith Odeon.. .  
Why, don't they have three inches  
of piss in the dressing rooms?  
Nah, it's all shag pile carpets  
and extraordinary acoustics.  
# For he's a jolly good fellow  
For he's a jolly good fellow.. . #  
Oi. Did you hear the one  
about the dyslexic pimp  
who set up a warehouse?  
Go on, my son!  
# And so say all of us #  
Yay!  
Is Dad coming?  
Hey, what do you call a man  
with paper trousers?  
Russell.  
Hope you don't mind me  
saying so, Russell,  
but you are being  
a rather miserable old cunt.  
What do you think  
we should spend our money on?  
I don't know. Birthday presents?  
Birthday hats? Birthday cards?  
Hey, everyone!  
Let's give him the bumps!  
Let's give him the bumps!  
Well, I'd just like to say  
that you've been a monumentally  
atrocious audience tonight,  
apart from the faithful few  
at the front, it's the worst gig.. .  
Yes, a big hand for you lot.  
It's the worst gig we've ever played  
since Sidcup Crematorium.

But we'd like to finish anyway  
with a song called Blackmail Man.  
- One! Two!  
- One, two. One, two, three, four!  
Three! Four!  
# I'm an Irish cripple, a Scottish Jew  
I'm the blackmail man  
# A raspberry ripple, a buckle my shoe  
I'm the blackmail man  
# A silvery spoon,  
a bubble and squeak  
# I'm the blackmail man  
# Well, I'm the blackmail man and  
I know what you do, every one of you  
# I'm the blackmail man  
# You make me sick,  
make me Tom and Dick  
# Blackmail man, blackmail man  
I wouldn't have booked 'em if I'd known.  
What a load of shite.  
Can't hold a tune.  
Come on, Russell, get it right,  
you doughnut.  
- You're fucking shit! Get off!  
- Fuck off!  
Russ! Where are you going?  
Russell, wait. Wait!  
# Fraser and Nash pony and trap  
# Up your 'arris, in your mince  
# Hamptons don't leave fingerprints  
I'm the blackmail man  
Call that singing? You're shit.  
Fuck off!  
I'm more of an Emerson, Lake  
and Palmer man myself.  
I thought you were fucking great.  
Really?  
Great as in celebrated,  
illustrious, famous?  
Or great as in large, fat, bloated?  
Something you do  
to a nutmeg, perhaps?  
Great as in great!  
And I should know.

I saw Jimi Hendrix before anyone.  
-Really?  
-Mmm-hmm.  
Tell me. Was Jimi. ..nice?  
Yeah. He was extremely polite.  
So, do you always wear those glasses?  
For your protection, my dear.  
I am very, very good with women.  
I used to live with me mum  
and her two sisters.  
I like women so much,  
I used to think  
I was a repressed homosexual.  
But I'm not.  
Fortuitously, I am gorgeous to look at.  
Can I tickle your tonsils, please, miss?  
-Maybe.  
-Mmm.  
You have to be extremely polite.  
Oi, sling your hook.  
Just pay up what was agreed.  
I didn't agree to a bunch of spazzers  
from the mental home.  
You see, that's just not  
a very spiritual thing to say!  
Well, have a look at your drummer!  
What's the problem?  
He can't leave the stage  
at the interval.  
So?  
Well, it don't happen  
to fuckin' Pink Floyd, does it?  
And as for Long John Silver...  
Oi, mate, you puttin' it on?  
You didn't limp like that on stage.  
Oh, no. On stage I try to hover.  
Look, I'm sure we can come  
to some friendly agreement.  
Yeah, we can agree you can't sing,  
you're past it  
and you look like a Potato Jesus.  
-No offence.  
-None taken,  
you fat-ankled fucker.

Fat ankles?  
I might be a fucking cripple, mate,  
but I'm dangerous, all right?  
You wanna sort out your inner calm.  
Nice one, Davey, go on.  
Go on, my son, get in there!  
Russell. Russ,  
we need to talk about this.  
There you are. There's your millions.  
Joke money, joke life.  
It's over, mate. We're going nowhere.  
Russ, why you got to say  
things like that?  
I quit.  
Nobody quits.  
Quitting is not in the vocabulary.  
Yeah? What about "Fuck you, Ian"?  
Is that in the vocabulary?  
-What did you say?  
-Nothing.  
Go on, then. Go on.  
I don't fucking need you.  
What do you mean?  
I write the music, I drive the van.  
I carry you up the stairs  
when you're pissed.  
I make the fucking sandwiches.  
Can you drive?  
Yeah, see, she can drive.  
And I bet she can make fucking  
sandwiches and all.  
Russell, come on. Look, we're talking,  
mate. We're trying to talk!  
Russell!  
Right, you're fucking fired.  
You are, you're fired.  
You didn't quit, you were fired!  
-Yes? Do I know you?  
-No.  
Well, do us a favour  
and fuck off, will you?  
Hey, Ian, you know that geezer's  
a keys player.  
-That's not very polite, is it?



It's like being back at school.

-Are you a groupie?

-No, musician.

-What do you play?

-Oi.

Sorry about that. Where you  
think you're going, you little monkey?

That was out of order back there.

It's the drink, you know, so. ..

It's like bad breath for the mind.

Someone said that you play keyboards.

Yeah. I play a little piano and guitar.

Oh, wow. Well, we don't have  
any little ones, only the big sort.

-What's your name?

-Chaz.

-Chaz.

-Chaz Jankel.

Chaz Jankel? Very avant-garde.

Tell you what. Why don't you  
come over tomorrow, hey?

After all, you know what they say.

"The more interesting a man,  
the greyer his trousers."

But they also say, "You're never alone  
with schizophrenia."

So what the fuck do they know?

But it's true,  
we are all on our own, aren't we?

Oh, no, you're not!

- Oh, yes, I am!

- Oh, no, you're not!

The young prince was.

He was gonna die.

Death was his bedfellow.

Some whispered,

"Oh, it might be better after all.

"I mean, what sort of quality of life?"

A cripple? A raspberry ripple?

But in the morning, he was still there!

You see, it's not the size  
of the dog in the fight,  
but the size of the fight in the dog!

Magnificent!

Trouble is, there's no cure for it.  
Just like love.  
There's no cure for that, neither.  
Oi! Oi! Daddy's home!  
Your dad's here.  
And now, then, let's see  
what the old clot has got.  
For you, Jemima darling.. .  
Boing!  
And for you, my son. .. For your  
birthday. Better late than never.  
So powerful no man could stop him.  
Rubbish.  
Don't make me angry.  
You won't like it when I'm angry!  
Dr Banner, you're changing!  
But with pain comes power!  
Hulk is strong!  
. . .he doesn't need you turning  
up out of the blue bringing gifts.  
He needs a father!  
He's got a father. I'm his father.  
He needs a father who's around!  
I'm around!  
I mean, well, I come around.  
I was here when he was born, wasn't I?  
Just downstairs, I mean,  
not a lot of fathers can say that!  
Found a couple that survived.  
There's only two left.  
He's been missing school.  
And stealing.  
Well, that's all right.  
All boys do that.  
It's a boy thing, isn't it?  
A packet of fags, dirty magazine.  
In fact, it's good.  
A sign of intelligence.  
Shows a sensitivity about the world.  
-And he's being bullied.  
-By who?  
I told him not to retaliate.  
You don't wanna do that. He wants to  
give 'em a bloody good smacking.

Yeah, well, that's why he needs to come and stay with you for a while.

No, no, no.

He needs you at the moment.

Look, I'm on the verge of something, things are happening.

I've been offered some work at the Academy.

Good.

One of us needs to earn and I can't do it stuck out here in the country.

I've always encouraged you, Ian.

Now it's your turn.

-Is Dad gone?

-Left about an hour ago.

Looks all right.

Blimey! How many more steps?

I'm not Sherpa bloody Tenzing.

It's Oval Mansions.

We get to live in a mansion together.

Catshit Mansions more like.

All right.

What colour for the walls?

Would you say white?

Nah, that's too institutional.

-Blue, then?

-No, too constitutional.

It should be. ..claret. Yeah.

Yeah, the colour of blood. Passion.

And a sort of booze.

-You up for it?

-Mmm-hmm.

I. ..

I can do anything. If you teach me.

What's wrong?

We're going to have to switch places

'cause I'm struggling to undo your

buttons here with my dodgy left hand.

Or you can do it, I don't mind.

# I come awake

# With a gift for womankind

# You're still asleep

# But the gift don't seem to mind

# Rise on this occasion

Not too bad.  
Have you done this before?  
# Halfway up your back  
# Sliding down your body  
# Touching your behind  
# You look so self-possessed  
Aw!  
# I won't disturb your rest  
# It's lovely when you're sleeping  
# But wide awake is best  
# Wake up and make love with me  
# Wake up and make love  
# Wake up and make love with me  
# I don't want to make you  
# I'll let the fancy take you  
# And you'll wake up and make love  
# You come awake  
# In a horny morning mood  
# And have a proper wriggle  
# In the naughty naked nude  
# Roll against my body  
# Get me where you want me  
# What happens next is private  
What are you doing?  
This is Denise.  
-Hello, Denise.  
-That's Baxter.  
Hello, Baxter.  
Your door's unlocked.  
Mum's putting the kettle on.  
Nice.  
Go on then, off you pop.  
Thanks so much for this. So kind.  
-Takes quite a lot to make a home.  
-Yeah.  
"Home is the place, no matter what  
you've done, they have to let you in."  
That's what Ian says.  
-So you're a bass player?  
-Bass player,  
sandwich-maker, personal manager.  
Sole driver of a van full of nutters.  
We're looking forward  
to having Baxter stay.

Any time you need help we're here.

Yeah, um.. .

He's a little fussy,

he doesn't like tomatoes,

-fruit of any kind, potatoes. ..

-Like father like son, eh?

-How old are you, Denise?

-I'm almost 20.

Oh!

-I'm sorry about that.

-It was always heavy for me, too.

Is that Elvis Presley?

Don't they teach you any

classical history at school these days?

That's Gene Vincent.

Scramble-egged his leg

in a bike accident.

Him and Eddie Cochran

were the brightest stars

in the firmament

when they climbed into a cab

outside the Savoy, April 1 6th, 1 960.

Two hours later,

they hit a hairpin bend.

Crash!

Eddie Cochran is lying

dying in his own blood.

And who hands Sweet Gene

his guitar that night outside the hotel?

A 1 4-year-old Marc Bolan,

who marries Pink Floyd's

management secretary,

who signs me to Stiff Records.

Shake my hand.

You're only five steps away

from greatness.

-Stiff?

-Stiff, yeah.

Their motto is "If it ain't Stiff,

it ain't worth a fuck!"

How's school?

Headmistress is a bit of

a stuck-up old cow.

Oi, language, bit of respect.

Education's important.  
Delacroix, French, Frenchman he was,  
painter, he said,  
"Inspiration is getting to our studies  
at 9 a.m."  
Go on, hit it.  
You know  
what I'm talking about,  
you barely said two words  
to the woman.  
-You can't treat people like that.  
-Don't give me that load of old bollock.  
Bet and I have got  
a special relationship.  
Exactly, she's your wife.  
Yeah, based on love and trust  
and understanding.  
What, and taking the piss?  
You were really fucking rude, Ian.  
It was the past, all right?  
It's a separate existence.  
Anyway, I asked you to marry me,  
you keep saying no.  
This isn't a joke.  
You've got children.  
You are never gonna be separate.  
Do you understand that?  
Excuse me,  
I'm trying to sleep.  
# My old man  
was fairly handsome  
# Later on he drove a Roller  
# Chauffeuring for foreign men  
Daddy!  
# Perhaps he had to keep his distance  
# My old man was fairly handsome  
You all right, boy?  
Come on.  
Boxers always touch themselves  
on the side of the face to remind them  
to keep their guard up.  
That's it. Move your feet, come on.  
Move your feet, move about.  
That's it. Keep moving about.

You're too square on.  
Move around the side.  
Good, orthodox, lovely.  
All them southpaws  
should be buried at birth.  
Where are you going?  
That's it, stand up. All right.  
Now move about, on the balls  
of your feet if you can.  
That's it. Plenty of that.  
Plenty of leg movement.  
When you're ready,  
I want you to take a swing at me.  
All right? Give me your best shot.  
Come on.  
All the best, mate, from your son.  
Turtle! Turtle! Turtle! Turtle!  
What's all this?  
You have to get up on your own.  
That's the rule here, isn't it,  
children?  
Yes, Mr Hargreaves.  
I'm not staying here.  
My daddy's coming to take me away.  
Oh, your daddy, eh? Good for you.  
Shape up.  
You got to be brave, all right?  
No one's taking liberties with you, boy.  
Give me your best shot, come on.  
All right?  
No, you gotta stand on your own.  
All right.  
All right. Well done, son. You did good.  
But no one out there is gonna help you.  
Now that's seems harsh, I know,  
but you're born on your own,  
you die on your own.  
And in between,  
you earn your own respect.  
Never give up, never.  
And never step into a dead man's  
shoes. You know what that means?  
It means you gotta do it for yourself.  
Being the underdog with nothing to lose

is the best place to start.  
I'm doing pretty good at the moment,  
you know. Yeah?  
I got one or two proper deals  
on the go. Money owed.  
I got a nice penthouse in Old Victoria,  
I'm happy with me digs.  
You should come and see me.  
Would you like that?  
Would you? Yeah, I'd like that.  
# My old man #  
Dad? Dad?  
-What time is it?  
-Lunchtime.  
-Is that your mum?  
-It's the school on the phone.  
It's the headmistress.  
Hello? Hello?  
Hello?  
This is Baxter's headmistress.  
Is that Mr Dury?  
Yes. Mr Dury speaking. Yes.  
Are you aware  
that Baxter had school today?  
-Mmm-hmm.  
-Do you understand?  
Yeah. No, no, I do understand, yes.  
Yeah, of course.  
I'm sure I don't need to tell you  
how important it is.. .  
Yeah, no, I do understand, yes.  
Yes. Okey dokey, yes.  
Well, it's all very well  
saying you understand,  
but this is your son's future  
we're talking about.  
Mmm-hmm.  
-Your wife told me about.. .  
-Mmm-hmm. Well.. .  
And I want you to know that I'm not. ..  
You know what? He was right.  
You are a bit of a stuck-up old cow.  
-I beg your pardon? How dare you?  
-Tiddley poo, madam.



Snotty old maggot, she is.  
Put on the kettle, will you?  
Ta.  
-Where's Denise?  
-She's gone out.  
You're gonna have to help me  
put me leg on, then.  
Right, if you could. .. Come here.  
Let me swing round, I'll put my arm  
round you. After three. One,  
two, three.  
That's it.  
See me new leg? Look at that.  
Phwoar.  
Been waiting for that for ages.  
Beautiful.  
You do that one, I'll do this one.  
Get this underneath.  
I'm still getting used to it  
myself, actually.  
See what your old man has to go  
through every day? What a palaver.  
Dear Jemima, I've been working  
with a man called Chaz.  
If we do well, we will have  
disgusting ice cream.  
If we don't, we will cry.  
Boo-hoo! I can't wait for you  
to meet Denise.  
You should come up  
and visit sometime.  
Baxter's turning into  
a right little geezer.  
Always keep a strong heart  
in case of sadness.  
Love, your charming father,  
Dad, Nebbish, Clot.  
I'm going  
to disagree with Nigel.  
The real shock here  
is the whole Sex Pistols  
swearing on television,  
Bill Grundy being sacked,  
it all turning into some sort

of moral panic.  
I mean, these boys are the future.  
They're the voice  
of a young generation.  
Fucking Sex Pistols. Bollocks.  
And he nicked my razorblade-earring  
idea and all, didn't he?  
Turn it off, Den, will you?  
I'm sorry, Nigel, I'm sorry.  
If you get bitter,  
you have a strong heart. Remember?  
Never let it be said  
that my failure went to me head.  
"Swearing on the television  
"is not funny and not fucking clever!"  
Language.  
First words my sister ever said  
were, "Fuck off, Dad."  
Must be inherited.  
Does she sack drummers, too?  
Incredible Hulk doesn't swear,  
does he?  
-He's got a moral compass.  
-That's right.  
Moral compass? I'm an entertainer,  
not Christopher bleeding Columbus.  
Oi, what do you think of that?  
Nah, that's too, uh, too romantic.  
Here you go.  
Is that all?  
It's been a slow week.  
-Ian?  
Uh, too satanic.  
Oi, oi, what's wrong with that one?  
-You're always giving me that one.  
-Yeah, and?  
We know all about that, Ian.  
Oh, no, no, Chaz, Chaz, Chaz. That,  
that is a riddle. It's a love song.  
It's a questioning.  
It's a striving of the human soul.  
It's just.. .  
It's called Sex, Drugs & Rock & Roll.  
That's good.

-Mmm-mmm, it's too obvious.  
Tell him, Denny.  
Look, it's a celebration. It's. . .  
It's an anthem for all the outsiders,  
for all the uglies,  
for all the freaks, you know,  
who are slaving away every day  
in their shit shirts  
and their shit shoes,  
trying to fit in.  
"Is that all there is to life?"  
they ask.  
And then, lo and behold.. .  
-Can you dance to that, Denny?  
-Yeah, if you dance with me.  
You nicked that.  
God, everyone's a critic these days,  
aren't they?  
The immature artist plagiarises  
and the mature artist steals.  
And I am about to grow up.  
Sex, drugs and rock and roll.  
Okay, how about.. .  
See? Blue's your colour,  
you know that?  
That's it. That's it.  
# Grey is such a pity  
Yeah! Look at you all! Look, look.  
-You're magnificent!  
You are gonna be  
-just like your dad.  
-No, no.  
-A proper little geezer.  
-No.  
-Baxter, come on.  
-Don't.  
Baxter, stop fidgeting.  
-Bax. . .  
Stop it.  
-Don't be such a baby.  
-Get off.  
Who did that?  
Boys. Bigger boys.  
They said I was posh.

Are we posh?  
No, we're arts and crafts.  
That's what we are.  
We're arts and crafts.  
There. That's handsome, isn't it?  
Baxter!  
There he is, here's my son.  
These are all my friends.  
Say hi to Baxter, everybody.  
Big round of applause for my son.  
Baxter Front, I like to call him.  
Listen, we haven't tried  
this one before.  
It's a little experimentation.  
Oi, Chaz, let's start this up.  
We'll go for the rock. We'll have  
white face, black shirt, white socks.  
One, two, three, four.  
# Who, who, who slapped John?  
# White face, black shirt  
# White socks, black shoes  
# Black hair, white Strat,  
bled white, died black  
# Sweet Gene Vincent  
# There's one in every town  
# And the devil drives  
# Till the hearse arrives  
# And you lay that pistol down  
Just keep singing that last verse.  
# Sweet Gene Vincent  
# There's one in every town  
# And the devil drives  
till the hearse.. .  
Keep singing!  
# Sweet Gene Vincent  
I hope you don't mind me saying,  
but you are being a bit  
of a right old moody.  
We said we'd look after him, Ian.  
Yeah, I know. He's my son.  
-I've got him a driver and everything.  
-What, someone reliable?  
Yeah, yeah, of course.  
-Really?

-I mean, the man was  
a roadie with Led zepelin,  
for fuck's sake.  
All right, Baxter?  
I've got a little surprise for you.  
Ooh, speak of the devil,  
and he will appear.  
Can you feel him slouching  
ever nearer?  
Ooh, has Santa Claus come  
early this year? No.. .  
It's the Sulphate Strangler!  
# The sons of the prophet  
were brave men and bold  
# And quite unaccustomed to fear  
# But the bravest by far  
in the ranks of the Shah  
# Was Abdulla Bulbul Ameer  
# One day, this bold Russian  
# He shouldered his gun  
# And donned his most truculent sneer  
# Downtown he did go,  
where he trod on the toe  
# Of Abdulla Bulbul Ameer  
-Watch it!  
-Oh, shit! Oh, sorry.  
Lovely.  
You all right, Dad?  
I'm doing pretty good  
at the moment, you know.  
You should come and see me.  
Would you like that?  
# The sons of the  
prophet were brave men and bold  
# And quite unaccustomed to fear  
Your mum told your dad to tell me  
to make sure you went in. Now, go on.  
I look like a prick.  
Well, that went well, then.  
Come on.  
Did you?  
-Don't shout at me!  
I'm not shouting. Who's shouting?  
Did you or did you not

try and sell my typewriter?

-How would you know?

-'Cause it says in here,

"For sale, Ian Dury's  
fucking typewriter"!

All right, I did it.

I admit it, all right?

-Hello?

Ian, we need to work.

But you know what, Ian?

No one fucking wanted it.

I am not your fucking pet, all right?

I'm as hungry for this as you are.

Oh, boo. The green-eyed  
monster's coming out, is it?

The world doesn't revolve  
around you!

Oh, I think you'll find  
it fucking does.

-How was school?

-Okay.

-Fuck you!

-Feeling left out, are you?

-Double fuck you.

-Oh, fucking hell, that hurt.

Write some lines!

I will show more respect!

And I'm doing all this fucking work,  
all this work

for the family, right?

You and me. You and me, it's for us.

Oh, God.

You fight like a bloke, Denny.

Oh, great. Broke me new leg.

Can you help me take it off, please?

Ian? Hello?

Everything you do is  
for the family, is it, Ian?

-Yeah, yeah.

-Right, that's fucking bollocks.

Everything you do is for you,  
on your terms.

And if the rest of us happen  
to fit along,

-then that is a fucking bonus.  
-Is that what you think, is it?  
-Yeah, that's what I think.  
-Yeah? Is that what you really think?  
'Cause if that's right,  
well, you better fuck off, then,  
because do you know what?  
I can't handle this.  
I can't handle this.  
I'm on a flow at the moment, right?  
I'm right in it. I'm right inside it.  
And you're getting  
right inside my brain,  
when I'm on one,  
and I won't have it, all right?  
So if you can't handle it,  
then fuck off.  
You think you can do without me,  
do you, Ian?  
-Yeah.  
-Really?  
Oi. Can I have me leg back?  
Oi, don't leave me on the floor.  
I'm a raspberry.  
Nice throw.  
Just easy.  
Got it!  
Fuck! Fuck!  
We can rebuild him.  
He just needs a bit of distance.  
I'm either too close  
or not far enough away.  
Denise, what.. .  
What happened to him  
happened a long time ago.  
There's nothing we can do  
about it now.  
Everyone has their weakness.  
It's just that his weakness  
is so obvious  
he doesn't need to worry about it.  
But what about me?  
What am I supposed to do?  
My weakness is loving him.

Dad's home.  
I'm knocking 40.  
I'm a bit of a shorty.  
Little bit haughty,  
a bit nutty, a bit naughty.. .  
Enough with the rhyming couplets.  
Look, I will pay front money  
for the room,  
proper wedge.  
You can be the stern landlady,  
with the surgical stockings  
and the twinkle in her eye.. .  
-This is serious.  
-I will be  
generally a domestic god  
for the duration.  
I promise. Please.  
Oh, come on, Bet, just this once.  
I've got work.  
All right?  
Faster. Cured.  
Healthy.  
Up, up, up!  
Sliders out first, then walkers.  
All hands on!  
Come on! Come on,  
let's be having you.  
Oi, get a move on.  
Up, up, up!  
Oi, Dury, get on with it.  
Shitter!  
Shitter, shitter, shitter!  
-Faster. Cured.  
-Shitter, shitter.  
Shitter, shitter.  
-Faster.  
-Shitter, shitter.  
Cured.  
-Shitter, shitter.  
-Shitter, shitter.  
-All right, all right!  
Get a move on!  
Where's your daddy now?  
Healthier. Improving.



Greenness, cured.  
Frustration, stagger.  
Stun!  
Knock one down  
with a feather, clever.. .  
Clever Trevor.  
See, the English language  
is a gloriously sophisticated  
smorgasbord of words and phrases.  
Songwriting's really not  
that complicated.  
It's all about the verbals.  
I'll go first.  
Cock.  
Your turn.  
-Willy.  
-Dick.  
-Knob.  
-Love truncheon.  
-Dong.  
-Meat and two veg.  
Um. ..  
Come on,  
keep them coming.  
-Rhythm stick.  
-Chopper.  
-Old man.  
-Pork sword.  
One-eyed trouser snake.  
Ah!  
Look at you all, look.  
Bloody marvellous.  
I love being  
in the warm bosoms of my family.  
You know why?  
Because I love warm bosoms.  
Dad.. .  
Come on, dinner's on the table.  
Come on, then. Touch me again  
and I'll punch your head in.  
Kick your head in. Kick your head in!  
Touch me again  
and I'll kick your fucking teeth  
so far down your Gregory Peck,

you'll be able to eat  
out of your Khyber Pass!  
-Fuck me, look who it is.  
-Fuck off!  
Dreary Dury, the Dancing Durex.  
-Don't get snotty on me, posh boy.  
-Leave me alone.  
Yeah, walk away! Fuck off!  
Gonna get your Spazzy Joe dad  
to come and save you?  
'Cause guess what?  
We don't give a shit who he is.  
-Fucking spaz.  
-What's his name again?  
-Captain Cripple the Raspberry Ripple!  
-Fuck off.  
Who the fuck do you think you are?  
You learnt some words, have you?  
Proper little villain.  
-All right, Bax?  
-All right, Strang?  
You know you've got blood  
coming out of your nose?  
"Who awoke the sleeping tiger?  
"It was thee.  
"The dormant devil did no harm,  
"except to me.  
"The writer sat, scratching his arse,  
"wishing he wasn't middle class.. ."  
I've met someone else.  
What, around here?  
You wanna be careful.  
He's Welsh. He does ceramics.  
Oh, pottery sheep?  
We should think about  
getting a divorce.  
No. No.  
It would be better for you,  
better for the kids, better for Denise.  
That's far too logical.  
No, Bet, that would be  
just like tossing everything away.  
-Don't do this, Ian.  
-I love you.

I know you love me.  
But you don't need me.  
There's someone else who needs me.  
Hello. Welcome home.  
-I missed you.  
-Oh, I missed you, too.  
You have painted.  
Mmm-hmm. Freshen it up.  
I thought it was looking a bit jaded.  
-You don't like it, do you?  
-I didn't say that.  
But you don't.  
It's all very. ..  
white.  
Knock-knock.  
Who's there?  
We got some great tunes.  
Now all we need is a band  
with a drummer I can't sack. Hit me!  
-One, two!  
-Three, four!  
# You must have seen  
parties of Blockheads  
# With blotched and lagered skin  
# Blockheads with food particles  
in their teeth  
# What a horrible state they're in  
# They've got womanly breasts  
under pale mauve vests  
# Shoes like dead pigs' noses  
# Cornflake packet jacket  
Catalogue trousers  
# A mouth what never closes  
# You must have seen Blockheads  
in raucous teams  
# Dressed up after work  
# Who screw their poor old Eileens  
# Get sloshed and go berserk  
# Rotary accessory watches  
# Hire-purchase signet rings  
# A beauty to the bully boys  
# No lonely vestige clings  
-# Blockheads, Blockheads  
-Oi, oi!

# Blockheads, Blockheads  
# Blockhead, Blockhead, Blockhead,  
Blockhead, Blockhead! #  
Ian! Ian! Ian!  
Oh, this is it. Just on the right.  
Pull in here.  
Oh, my life!  
God, it hasn't changed one little iota.  
Right, then, Chris. Let's get this done  
-before we attract too much attention.  
-Okay, Ian.  
-Nice.  
-Oi! What are you doing?  
-I'm bored.  
-Only boring people get bored.  
Go on, off you go.  
Baxter, I'm not gonna tell you again.  
Couple of more poses.  
Come on, Baxter, I'm working.  
Hold it. Hold it there.  
Got it.  
Go on, off you go, son.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
please welcome the jewel  
in the English crown,  
Mr Ian Dury!  
One, two, three, four!  
# Sex & drugs & rock & roll  
# Are all my brain and body need  
# Sex & drugs & rock & roll  
# Is very good indeed  
# Every bit of clothing  
ought to make you pretty  
# You can cut the clothing  
Grey is such a pity  
# I should wear the clothing  
of Mr Walter Mitty  
# See my tailor, he's called Simon  
I know it's going to fit  
# Here's a little bit of advice  
# You're quite welcome, it is free  
# Don't do nothing that is cut price  
# You know what it'll make you be  
# They will try their tricky device

# Trap you with the ordinary  
# Get your teeth into a small slice  
# The cake of liberty!  
# Sex & drugs & rock & roll  
# Sex & drugs & rock & roll  
# Sex, drugs, rock & roll!  
# Sex, drugs, rock & roll #  
Ian! Ian! Ian!  
Ian! Ian!  
See, people imagine  
people like me want all of that,  
to be popular and famous, but I don't.  
I prefer being a lurker,  
'cause I like being naughty.  
Paul McCartney says  
when he gets recognised,  
he just walks brusquely away.  
Well, if I walk brusquely away,  
I fall over and down I go a-tumble.  
Did I say you could laugh?  
-Touch me, Ian! Touch me!  
-I ain't the fucking Pope, am I?  
Now you can laugh.  
Ian! Ian!  
So, how's the new gaff?  
Is it keeping all you guys productive?  
Well, you've got to pace  
your life, lie fallow for stages,  
so that's what I'm doing.  
Biding me time till I'm ready to pounce.  
Bax? Bax? Don't you want to swim?  
-You sure?  
-Yeah.  
You yourself, have you lost that  
common touch people said you had?  
Oh, well, that all depends on  
where I'm touching them, doesn't it?  
Well, is it possible to  
maintain a uniqueness, do you think?  
Well, we're all unique,  
aren't we? Eh?  
Yeah, but if you wish to package  
that uniqueness,  
well, then you take risks.

Don't we, Denise? Eh?  
Even with things in love?  
Love. Mmm.  
Well, there are people in this world  
who act purely out of love.  
Whereas, me, I'm a wanker being  
interviewed by a cunt and I love it.  
Am I making a bit of a kipper  
of meself, Denny?  
I think this little squirt wants to know  
how we're getting on.  
Well, I'd like to be at home.  
Oh, would you? Well, this is home.  
No, this is rented  
for a small fortune, actually.  
Oh, well, you know, we've gotta be here  
'cause we've got to work, haven't we?  
It's industrial relations now.  
No time for real relations.  
Yeah, I'd noticed.  
All right, goose?  
Amphetamines. Speed, Billy Whizz,  
Black Beauties, sulphate.  
Righteous stuff.  
Originally a nasal decongestant.  
Used during the war.  
It keeps you awake.  
Basically, speed won  
the Battle of Britain.  
They were flying very high,  
those boys. Literally.  
-That's a lot.  
-Don't want to withdraw. Here you go.  
Go on, son. Give it here.  
Your lives are to be spared.  
The terrible penalty of crucifixion  
has been set aside. ..  
What's this?  
-.. .on the single condition  
that you identify the body  
or the living person  
of the slave called Spartacus.  
-I'm Spartacus!  
-I'm Spartacus!

Ow!  
-You spilled me nuts.  
-Oh, sorry.  
Don't look for it now.  
-I'm Spartacus!  
-I'm Spartacus!  
We should work.  
Kirk Douglas is  
just about to get crucified.  
Yeah, I know, but I've just written  
a brilliant riff, right?  
-I promise you, it's a brilliant. ..  
-Just relax, will you? You doughnut.  
Ian, listen, it's fantastic.  
We should go and work on it.  
What are you?  
Some kind of mad nutty professor?  
Will you shut up?  
I'm trying to watch a movie.  
-Chaz, you're standing in my way.  
-I've got to get the guitar.  
Will you get me some more nuts?  
Actually, can you get me some olives  
as well? Stoned.  
Take a month.  
Come on, Baxter,  
what's wrong with you?  
-Scared of a bit of water?  
Leave him alone, Ian.  
-Just jump in, it's the only way.  
-No, I don't wanna.  
-Look, he doesn't want to, Ian.  
-Go on, I dare you.  
-It's bloody freezing.  
-Go on.  
-Let him off. Go on, Bax.  
-No, no.  
It's a very dangerous place.  
-Go on, Bax. Go on.  
-Where are you going?  
-Oi!  
Why don't you jump in?  
Actually, I was a brilliant swimmer.  
Don't you think how lucky we are?

Very big house and a pool  
and a record at number one  
in the hit parade.

-Don't that make you happy?

-You need sleep, Ian.

Yeah, plenty of time for sleeping  
when you're dead.

The last chicken in the shop,  
the juicy golden goosey  
and I am cooked.

# In the deserts of Sudan

# And the gardens of Japan

# From Milan to Yucatn

# Every womans' every man

# Hit me with your rhythm stick

# Hit me

Hit me

# lst gut, c'est fantastique

# Hit me, hit me, hit me!

# Hit me with your rhythm stick

# It's nice to be a lunatic

# Hit me!

Hit me!

# Hit me!

Turn your fucking mike down!

I can't hear myself think.

-# Hit me!

-Stop fucking me around!

-Oh, come on, man.

-I already told you once.

Get him off me, I'll fucking kill him!

You're fucking up everything!

Oh, yeah? Forget it!

# Jingle bells

# Rudolph smells

# Santa shagged an elf

# Tiny Tim plays with his crutch

and thinks it is himself

Happy Christmas!

I'm.. .the husband.

So, where'd you get

your black eye from?

Well, it's funny you

should say that, actually, because.. .



-Sorry, what's your name again?  
-Clive.  
Anyway, so we were at this posh  
restaurant. .. Where were we, Strang?  
-Oh, Caprice.  
-Caprice.  
Fucking I look over, right?  
And I say,  
"Look, it's Omar fucking Sharif. It is!"  
So I go all the way over.  
And I go over and I says to him,  
"Your first film was great  
and the rest were shit."  
And he said,  
"I don't give a fuck what you think."  
And I said, "Oh, you're a cunt."  
And he said, "Fucking come on, then"  
and then he fucking smacked me  
right in the face.  
I mean, talk about overreacting.  
Fucking nice fighter.  
That's the most expensive fist  
you'll ever have in your mouth.  
Do you want stuffing with that?  
Ooh.  
Not too much for me, darling.  
That's too much. Thanks.  
"Home improvement expert  
"Harold Hill of Harold Hill  
"Came home to find another  
gentleman's kippers in his grill  
"So he sanded the geezer's winkle off  
with a Black & Decker drill."  
You're all right, Clive.  
You know that?  
Merry Christmas.  
Go on, finish now.  
Get on with the fucking thing.  
Something wrong with you, man?  
"Stand up, sit down."  
-I can't keep up with you.  
-Oh, whinge, whinge, whinge.  
I'm gonna be keeping my eyes on you.  
Come out of my face

with that thing, man.  
And my name is Desmond, not Sparky.  
Desi. Desir. Desir.. .  
-Desmond.  
-All right, Desir.  
Like your shirt, by the way.  
I used to have one like that  
in the 1 970s, you know.  
Oi, come on, give us a smile.  
What's wrong with that?  
Come inside  
and close the blood claat door, man.  
Fucking Strang, Strang.  
Now we get on with the show.  
Right. Time is money. Money is time.  
This is expensive equipment.  
Can we do this?  
Come on, then.  
# Nol Coward  
was a charmer  
# As a writer he was Brahma  
-# With. ..  
I can't be dealing with this thing, man.  
What was wrong with that?  
That was perfect.  
Do it again. Do it again.  
Sorry. Sorry, guys.  
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.  
Please forgive me.  
Please, please, please. All right.  
They've got no fucking sense  
of humour, that lot, I tell you.  
# Nol Coward  
was a charmer.. . #  
- Try pitching it up a little bit.  
- What?  
Pitch it. Pitch it.  
Listen to the white boy and add pitch.  
-Pitching? They want pitching.  
-Okay, we're gonna do one more.  
Fuck 'em.  
-This is ridiculous, man.  
It sound like a bad version  
of Barry White.

-What the fuck did he just say?

-You better. ..

Chaz. What did he say?

All right. One more time.

Just. ..

Just cool the fuck down, man.

Get me up! Get me fucking up.

You cunt!

Look at my drums! Look at my drums!

You don't touch

one of my instruments, you. ..

That's it.

-Get out of my studio.

-Look, look. Look.

See, I've got egg all over

my fucking face and I'm all right.

Jesus. I'll kill you!

-Just calm down.

-Fuck off, mate.

-You is a dead man.

-Where's my fucking manager?

You're a dead man. You're a dead man.

-Here are your eggs.

-You're a dead man.

The only thing a manager is good for  
is doing up your fly

after a good fucking wank.

Barry White. I'll give you

Barry fucking White, you cunt.

.. .never try to teach a pig to sing

because it wastes time

and it annoys the pig!

# Do re mi so far so good!

Police brutality!

I'm sorry.

I know. We all want to

escape ourselves.

Best to learn your place.

Accept your crippage.

Denny.

It's good to see you.

I think I need a bit of saving.

Where you been?

Coming and going.

-Oi, oi.  
-Oi, oi.  
Ian, I, um. ..  
-I need some time off.  
-Yeah, don't we all?  
Yeah, I need to, um, get away  
and do my own stuff.  
Don't be a doughnut.  
There's plenty of time for all that  
-when you've had a proper shave.  
-I'm serious.  
-Is there a boozier round here?  
-Yeah, round the corner. The Feathers.  
So, Baxter.  
I understand you've found it difficult  
to fit in at other schools.  
Well, our motto here is ex corde vita.  
Out of the heart springs life.  
Baxter. Baxter.  
Tell me,  
what would you like to achieve here?  
What would you like to do?  
Hmm?  
Baxter?  
I'll tell you what.  
I'll leave you alone for a moment,  
just to have a little think.  
# Arseholes, bastards,  
fucking cunts and pricks  
# Aerosol the bricks  
# A lawless brat from a council flat  
Oh, oh  
Come on, Baxter.  
That's it. Come on, sit up straight.  
It's all right. It's okay.  
Big, deep breaths. Big, deep breaths.  
That's a good boy.  
Come on, you can do it.  
Fatten your lungs up.  
In and out. In and out.  
That's it. That's it.  
I'm sorry.  
-You're always saying you're sorry.  
-Am I?

Yeah.

Well, that's 'cause.. .

Well, that's 'cause I am.

Okay.

You don't want to be like me, Baxter.

Please don't try and be like me.

You want to be like you.

We're all on our own, remember?

No, Dad. I'm here.

What's been going on?

Just the same, you know.

How are you?

Sometimes it doesn't work out, okay?

Sometimes you have to save yourself.

Did you have a nice time, Bax?

How's your dad?

"I'm fine, Mummy. Thanks for asking."

Mum? Mum? Mum!

Christ almighty.

Language.

You look terrible.

Thanks.

Grapes.

-I blame myself.

-For the grapes?

I've not been particularly full  
of the joie de vivre.

All the colours have gone.

Wanted the world to go away, too.

It almost did.

Count the blessings

in the here and now, eh?

Tired, Ian.

Will you stay?

Of course I will.

-Okay, everyone. So this is Ian.

-Hello.

Ian used to be a student here  
a few years back.

And everyone's very excited  
about you being here, aren't we?

Well, thank you very much.

It's nice to be here.

Ian, I think you said it's okay

if people ask you questions.  
Yeah, go on, pile them in.  
Don't all rush at once.  
-Okay, so...  
-Who'll go first?  
Finished? Is that it? Right.  
Well, I'm off, then.  
Oh, I don't know why they got so quiet  
now. They were really noisy before.  
Oh, yeah. Cortez, you wanted  
to talk to Ian, didn't you?  
-Hello.  
-He says hello.  
Oh, hello, mate. Hello. How you going?  
You all right? What you been up to?  
Did you always  
want to be a singer?  
-Did you always want to be a...  
-Singer.  
Well, I don't really think  
of myself as a singer,  
as it happens, I think of myself  
as more of an entertainer, really.  
You know,  
I always wanted to get up on a stage.  
Give it all that, you know.  
I don't know how much longer  
I can get away with it, really,  
'cause I'm a bit of an old chap.  
Anybody else?  
-Do you believe in God?  
-What's that?  
Do you believe in almighty God  
who created us in His image?  
I believe in good,  
which I think is the same thing.  
But do you believe in God?  
Up in heaven?  
Oh, I used to, but, erm. ..  
-But not any more.  
-Why not?  
Because I think that down here  
on Earth, I think that's. ..  
that's where you got

to get your nut together.

-Typical.

-Did you just say "typical"?

He's a cheeky

little bugger, isn't he?

You're gonna help me

write a song, okay?

You're going to help me

with the rhythm, right?

Now, rhythm.

Who's tricky with rhythm? Eh?

Right. Rhythm, I'll have you know,

is the longest word

in the English dictionary

without any vowels in it, right?

It's very, very special

because you can feel it right here.

I'm gonna give you a rhythm, all right?

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four. Wait for it.

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three.. .

All right, louder. Everybody louder.

Louder! Louder!

Go crazy! Go crazy with it! Come on.

Louder!

I think that went really well.

Thank you so much.

I had a fight with a guy

called Jimmy Coghill behind that tree.

Did you really?

Did you win?

No, he knocked

seven tons of shit out of me.

There was an orderly here by the name

of Hargreaves. Is he still going?

I'm sorry, Ian. It was a while ago,

but Mr Hargreaves took his own life.

He hanged himself

up in one of the attics.

Yeah, it's very sad.

That has made my day, that has.

-See you.

-Yeah, thanks again.  
I don't know who you are any more.  
But you know what I really can't take?  
It's the hope.  
The hope that it's gonna get better.  
It's not, is it?  
Everything's out of joint.  
I don't really know  
if I've got the bollocks to stop it.  
You've got to get out of here, Denny.  
Run away.  
And you got to do it all by yourself.  
You'll still be my gracious, my family.  
And if you ever forget that,  
act sorry for yourself,  
I'll come back  
and I'll bleedin' well haunt you.  
You understand?  
Hello, it's Graham,  
from the Spastics Society.  
We spoke on the phone.  
"Full participation and equality  
for all." That's the motto.  
This United Nations  
Year of the Disabled  
is a tremendous opportunity, you know,  
to make people really sit up and think.  
Of course, we're going to need  
all the help we can get, so. ..  
Wouldn't it be wonderful  
if you could get back on top again?  
Maybe you get a new song,  
maybe another hit single. Who knows?  
-The UN are very keen.  
-Are they?  
I understand you've been dabbling  
in a spot of acting.  
Oh, yeah, I've played a few villains  
in me time. Typecast.  
Well, here's an opportunity  
to introduce yourself all over again.  
You know, a new fan base,  
new beginnings.  
Oh, dear.



Your friend seems to have gone.  
Well, look, you seem to be  
in a spot of trouble.  
May I give you a lift?  
Yeah. That'd be great.  
It's really. ..  
It's really great to have you back.  
The prodigal son returns.  
To be a geezer like me, you got to be  
a bit of a selfish loony, really.  
Can't bother too much  
about day and night  
and right and wrong and so forth.  
And occasionally one's behaviour  
makes one ashamed of oneself.  
Well, I'm glad to hear it.  
Anyway, this Year of the Disabled. ..  
Got a chance now to get back on top.  
Proper deals going down, so. ..  
So, what have you got?  
# When Tessie Trouble's on patrol  
# And Suzie Sadness makes you blue  
# When Lennie Love  
come through the door  
Well, it's not  
Sex, Drugs & Rock & Roll, is it?  
Bollocks,  
bollocks, bollocks.  
Fucking Year of Disabled.  
I mean, it's like, what?  
Like, last year we was fine  
and next year is going to be great,  
but this year, just this year,  
oh, we're all gonna be a right bunch  
of fucking cripples, aren't we, eh?  
Why don't we just form a band?  
I know, I know, we can call ourselves  
Spastic and the Autistics.  
Oi, oi! You dribblin', wibblin',  
scribblin', cripplin' little  
fucking hobblin', wobblin', bobblin'  
fantastic spastic!  
I like it.  
And welcome back.

Well, we all like a bit of jazz, don't we?  
And so, turning to our next item  
and that's the continuing controversy  
surrounding the United Nations  
Year of the Disabled.

We're going to hear from Ian Drury,  
the housewife's favourite punk rocker,  
the man who put the phrase  
"sex & drugs & rock & roll"  
into the English language,  
and whose new song  
Spasticus Autisticus  
has been labelled outrageous  
and offensive.

We also have with us Graham Hart  
from the Spastics Society  
to talk about full participation  
in the Year of the Disabled.

-Hello, there.

-So, turning to you first, Ian Drury. ..

First of all, it's not Drury  
or Dreary or Doory, it's Dury.

But I would like to say that, yeah,  
I think we should all fully participate  
in holding Graham down and  
chopping off his tiny little bollocks  
-for being a spineless little shit.

-Right, Ian, thank you.

I don't think this is the time  
or the place.

No, it's not the time or the  
place. You're right. It never is, is it?  
I'm terribly sorry.

Will you excuse me, please?

-Bandit!

-No, nobody has banned anything.

No, you. You're a bandit.

You're a chiseller.

Well, they don't ban cripples, either,  
do they, eh?

They just make it difficult for them  
to function.

The song is still being played  
on current affairs programmes.

Great! Yeah, that's great!  
Late at night when all the raspberries  
are tucked up in bed,  
oh, not doing any harm to anybody.  
Yes, well, it was found offensive.  
How could I go up to somebody, right,  
who's got the same disabilities as me  
and be offensive?  
No, not disabled people so much, no.  
Well, it wasn't written for you, was it?  
Eh? The walkie-talkies!  
It's a war cry type of item,  
like "Spartacus!"  
Yes, well, if I remember correctly,  
Spartacus was crucified.  
Yeah, I'll be in good company, then,  
won't I?  
Look, it was felt that what you've  
written just isn't very sympathetic.  
Sympathetic?  
Life ain't sympathetic, right?  
I'm not Tiny Tim. I am Ian Dury.  
People like me do not want sympathy.  
They want respect.  
It's a waste. Okay?  
People felt you had the opportunity  
to do something remarkable.  
Your crowning glory, to be remembered  
after you've long gone.  
I do not give a shit.  
I don't care if I'm as popular  
as a Chinese pig in a synagogue.  
I am not here to be remembered,  
I'm here to be alive!  
So you take your Dis-United Nations,  
right,  
and your Year of Dissembling and  
stick it right up your fucking 'arris.  
Cunt.  
Keep your body strong,  
keep your guard up.  
Ian, I need a rest. Ow.  
Clive and I want to be together.  
We don't wanna rush into that.

Look what happened last time.  
Some blokes turn out to be  
an absolute nightmare.  
I want a divorce, Ian.  
I still love you.  
It's not about love, silly.  
It's not your choice.  
Let me go.  
Go on, you're fired.  
Darling.  
Getting better.  
You're not gonna shout at me again,  
are you?  
You actually been in yet?  
Oh, easy, tiger.  
-How's Mum?  
-She's fine. She's gonna be fine.  
Look, it's done.  
We had to let Strangler go,  
'cause, well, the dramas backstage  
were getting better  
than the actual show.  
Son, I'm sorry.  
Close your eyes.  
Go on. Go on. Close your eyes.  
Can you feel that?  
Well, that's my hand.  
From now until forever,  
I will always be there.  
Just above your shoulder.  
All right?  
I'll tell you what, though.  
I've just been offered a part in a film.  
To play an undernourished villain  
who wins in the end through love.  
You could come with.  
Be my assistant. If you like.  
-Don't you wanna watch me swim?  
-Nah. You'll be all right.  
Just remember, keep your head up,  
keep kicking, try not to drown.  
"When a free man dies,  
he loses the pleasure of life.  
"A slave loses his pain.

"Death is the only freedom  
a slave knows.  
"That's why he's not afraid of it.  
"That's why we'll win. .."  
Sit properly.  
-Eat your fish.  
-No! It's horrible.  
What did you say?  
You do as you're told.  
I said, I ain't eating that,  
it's fucking horrible!  
One, two, three.. .  
# I'm Spasticus, Spasticus  
Spasticus Autisticus  
# I wiggle when I piddle  
'Cause my middle is a riddle  
# Swim!  
# Get up! Get up!  
Get up that dive board! Over!  
# Whooh!  
# So place your hard-earned peanuts  
in my tin  
# And thank the Creator  
you're not in the state I'm in  
# So long have I been languished  
on the shelf  
# I must give all proceedings to myself  
# I'm Spasticus, Spasticus  
Spasticus Autisticus  
# 54 appliances in leather and elastic  
# I 00,000 thank-yous from 27 spastics  
# Spasticus  
Spasticus Autisticus  
# I'm Spasticus, Spasticus  
Spasticus Autisticus  
# Dribbling, wiggling,  
fiddling, nibbling  
# Fiddling, diddling,  
widdling, diddling Spasticus  
-I'm Spasticus!  
-I'm Spasticus!  
# I'm Spasticus!  
-Dad!  
-I'm Spasticus!

I'm Spasticus!  
# One, two, three, four  
Spasticus!  
Ian! Ian! Ian!  
And the moral of the story is  
don't go looking for morals in stories.  
If you want a message,  
fuck off down the post office.  
Someone once asked me  
if I'd missed anything.  
Well.. .  
If I'd never had a good-looking girl,  
a great job, great haircut,  
then I could complain,  
but the only thing I've ever missed  
is a few buses.  
One last time, Chazanova.  
# Blue Gene baby  
Now, there are a couple of ways  
to avoid death.  
And one of them is to be magnificent.  
And this is my favourite way.  
# Skinny white sailor  
The chances were slender  
# The beauties were brief  
# Shall I mourn your decline  
with some Thunderbird wine  
# And a black handkerchief?  
# I miss your sad  
# Virginia whisper  
# I miss the voice  
# That called my heart  
# Sweet Gene Vincent  
# Young and old  
# And gone #  
# Why don't you get back into bed?  
# Reasons to be cheerful, part three  
# Some of Buddy Holly,  
the working folly  
# Good Golly Miss Molly and boats  
# Hammersmith Palais,  
the Bolshoi Ballet  
# Jump back in the alley  
add nanny goats

# 1 8-wheeler Scammells,  
Domineker camels  
# All other mammals plus equal votes  
# Seeing Piccadilly,  
Fanny Smith and Willy  
# Being rather silly and porridge oats  
# A bit of grin and bear it,  
a bit of come and share it  
# You're welcome, we can spare it  
yellow socks  
# Too short to be haughty,  
too nutty to be naughty  
# Going on 40, no electric shocks  
# The juice of the carrot,  
the smile of the parrot  
# A little drop of claret,  
anything that rocks  
# Elvis and Scotty  
days when I ain't spotty  
# Sitting on the potty, curing smallpox  
# Reasons to be cheerful, part three  
# Reasons to be cheerful  
One, two, three  
# One, two, three  
# Health service glasses  
Gigolos and brasses  
# Round or skinny bottoms  
# Take your mum to Paris  
lighting up the chalice  
# Wee Willie Harris  
# Bantu Stephen Biko, listening to Rico  
Harpo, Groucho, Chico  
# Cheddar cheese and pickle  
the Vincent motorsickle  
# Slap and tickle  
# Woody Allen, Dal,  
Dimitri and Pasquale  
# Balabalabala and Volare  
# Something nice to study  
phoning up a buddy  
# Being in my nuddy  
# Saying okey-dokey,  
singalong-a-Smokie  
# Coming out of chokey

# John Coltrane's soprano,  
Adi Celentano  
# Bonar Colleano  
# Reasons to be cheerful, part three  
# Reasons to be cheerful  
One, two, three  
# Yes, yes, dear, dear  
# Perhaps next year  
or maybe even never  
# In which case  
# Reasons to be cheerful, part three  
# Reasons to be cheerful  
One, two, three  
# Reasons to be cheerful, part three  
# Reasons to be cheerful  
One, two, three  
Johnny!  
# Reasons to be cheerful  
One, two, three  
# Oi, oi, oi!  
# One, two, three  
Oi, oi. Oi. Oi. Oi. Oi. Oi. Oi.  
Now, fuck off all of you. You're fired!  
And go and be magnificent!