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The Filth and the Fury

By Julien Temple

Well, now, as we come towards | the end of this evening on BBC 1 ,
Michael Fish takes a late | look at the weather.
Again, a good deal of cloud.
A little rain from time to time | for much of the day,
but later on that rain is going | to become ever more persistent
and eventually, | I think that rain
will probably turn out to be | fairly heavy.
What you've seen in any | documentary about any band,
before or since, is how great | and wonderful everything is.
It's not the truth of it. | It's hell, it's hard.
It's horrible. | It's enjoyable to a small degree
but if you know what you're | doing it for,
you'll tolerate all that
because the work, at the end | of the day, is what matters.
We managed to offend
all the people we were | fucking fed up with.
The Labour Party, who'd promised | so much after the war
had done so little | for the working class
that the working class were | confused about even themselves
and didn't even understand what | working class meant anymore.
It was cold and miserable.
No one had anyjobs. | You couldn't get a job.
Everyone was on the dole.
If you weren't born | into money,
then you might as well have kissed | your fucking life goodbye,
you weren't gonna amount | to anything.
The germ, the seed | of the Sex Pistols
generated from that.
Now is the winter | of our discontent
made glorious summer -- | by this sun of York.
England was in a state | of social upheaval.
It was a very, very | different time.
Total social chaos.
There was rioting | all over the place.
You have to join | the picket line.
There were strikes on every kind | of amenity you could think of.
Pound power.
The TV channels would | go on and off randomly.
People were fed up | with the old way.
The old way was clearly | not working.
There's a little bit | sticking up there.
You can see it | in the reflection.
Ultra Bright | gets you noticed.
You're told at school, | you're told at the job center,

you're told by everyone | that you don't stand a chance.
And you should just accept | your lot, and get on with it.
That's where you're gonna get | the social strife.
Hate and war... | and race hate.
When you feel powerless...
you will grab any power | you can...
to retain some kind | of self-respect.
Want something on how many | people have been mugged?
Don't lay your hand on me... | I'll break your fucking jaw!
That man is sad | 'cause he's misinformed,
and he's misled, | and he's used.
Yes -- I am a racialist. | And why?
Who's made me a racialist?
This government -- | the conservatives,
and every stingy, | stinking councillor
who sticks up for the nigger.
And I'll stand by my words,
'cause I don't like these people, | never will do!
Words are my weapons.
Violence is something | I'm not very good at.
I don't think you can explain | how things happen,
other than sometimes | they just should,
and the Sex Pistols | should have happened, and did.
We went out in the garden.
Get off your arse!
I was born | in Queen Charlotte's Hospital
on September 3rd, 1955...
And I lived with my mother | and my stepfather
who I thought was my dad, | in the basement
in Shepherd's Bush.
And I slept at the edge | of their bed on a camp bed.
My real dad, he bailed | when I was two.
His name was Don Jarvis. | He was an amateur boxer.
I definitely didn't feel | wanted as a child.
Well, I was born and raised | around West London,
the Shepherd's Bush | and Hammersmith area.
It was typically | working class.
I met Steve 'cause we lived around | the corner from each other.
I went to school | near Paul and Steve,
next to Wormwood Scrubs | Prison.
Me dad was a factory worker,
and mum worked at | a powder puff factory.
If you were to look back at me | as a school kid,
you'd see a very shy, quiet,

Little church mouse kind of | character in North London.
Irish immigrant parents.
My mum taught me | to read and write
after meningitis, a serious | illness I had at seven,
when I was in a coma | for a year.
When I came out of hospital, | I was completely brain wiped...
Old memories had been erased... | Didn't remember anything at all.
Just backwards in everything.
It was like having to start | all over again.
Pictures of Lily... #
How does it get from the man | to the egg?
I actually got put back a year | 'cause I was so stupid.
And I would never pay | any attention in class,
I was just always | daydreaming.
Steve was quite wild at 1 0, | 1 1 years old.
I think he was always getting | into trouble then.
You should make sure that you've | got the thing around the right way.
On the other hand -- | I got four fingers and a thumb.
I question everything, | I always have done.
If we were doing Shakespeare,
a teacher would give me | a hard time,
and he wouldn't tell me | what I wanted to know.
I'd ask outright questions,
and you're not supposed | to do that.
You're just supposed | to accept,
"It's Shakespeare. | It's great, you're not."
That's not good enough | for me.
I would steal. I mean, | that's all I knew how to do.
I used to watch my parents steal | at Tesco's when I was six.
And I was always | getting in trouble.
And so that's all | there was -- music.
Flavors of the | mountain streamline... #
I was totally into music -- | Roxy Music and Bowie.
I thought that musicians fell | from the sky at that point.
I didn't think anyone | could be a musician.
School's out forever! #
I was very quiet at school | up until about 14 or 15,
when I decided | I'd had enough.
I knew we were being | fobbed off...
and basically given a shoddy | third-rate version of reality.
So you would not be capable | of questioning your future,
because you didn't have one.
My mother loved Alice Cooper | as much as I did.
She had an extremely | varied taste for everything

from Irish folk music | to T. Rex...
To some early Bowie.
Lots of the heavy metal | that was around at the time,
everything. | Extremely Catholic taste.
I want all you skinheads | to get up on your feet #
Put your braces together | and your boots on your feet #
There was a lot of black kids | down Shepherd's Bush,
and we used to go | to their parties
and listen to ska music.
It sort of developed | from there really,
I think, our interest | in music.
I think it was Wally... | the famous Wally Nightingale,
who said, | "Well, let's start a band."
At the time, Wally said | Steve would be the singer,
and I would be on drums.
Wally actually played guitar, | and so it was up to each of us
to go off and learn | our instruments.
We used to rehearse | and rehearse,
and just kind of like, | fantasize, really.
If I wanted to wear something
that T. Rex was wearing | the week before,
I'd go down King's Road | and fucking steal it.
I always used to end up | at "Let It Rock" which was owned
by Malcolm McLaren | and Vivienne Westwood.
All the other shops we went in | down King's Road,
you'd walk in and you'd get | 10 poofs on you,
asking you what you want, | "Can I help you?"
That's why we'd always | end up at Vivienne's,
because it was | like a hang-out.
I liked the clothes, | they were different.
It weren't all flares | and kipper ties.
It was Teddy Boy clothes. | It was a lot more rebellious,
and obviously | I was drawn to that.
The Teddy Boy thing, for me,
was all about the idea | of being a peacock,
and standing out in the crowd, | but at the same time
feeling a sense that you are | part of the dispossessed,
which -- at the end | of my art school term,
I thought I could make | a profit by.
I became friends with Malcolm
because he had a lot | of contacts in music.
He seemed to know everybody.
He finds a way in | with his blague,
which is perfect | for a manager.

I walked up and down | the King's Road
with complete anger | and resentment.
People were extremely absurd,
and still stuck into flares | and platform shoes
and neatly coiffured | longish hair,
and pretending the world | wasn't really happening.
It was an escapism | that I resented.
There was also | a garbage strike
going on for years | and years and years,
and there was trash piled | 10 foot high.
They seem to have | missed that.
Wear the garbage bag, | for God's sake --
and then you're dealing | with it.
And that's what I | would be doing...
I would wrap myself | basically in trash.
...and that so lamely | and unfashionable...
that dogs bark at me | as I halt by them.
I've got news for you. | Dogs bark at me.
In a weird way, that whole | persona of, say, "Richard III"
helped when I joined | the Sex Pistols.
Deformed, hilarious, | grotesque --
and the "Hunchback | of Notre Dame" is in there,
and just bizarre characters
that somehow or other, | through all of their deformities
managed to achieve something.
...Just for a short while #
She'll scratch in the sand #
Won't let go of his hand... #
Steve was a kind | of a kleptomaniac, really.
I'm sure he would be | diagnosed as that, you know,
because he couldn't keep | his hands in his pockets...
which was quite handy, | really.
We'd always know a way in round | the back of Hammersmith Odeon,
being our local area.
The Jean Genie... #
David Bowie was playing | the Ziggy farewell thing,
and while the roadies | was asleep in the front row,
he'd be going around on stage | snipping all the microphones off.
We had great guitars, | amplifiers,
great drum kits, | PA system, everything,
but, you know, we couldn't | play it properly.
To prevent myself | from being beaten up
by what were Uxbridge | Teddy Boys
coming in, | pilfering in the store,

I decided to go down | another route --
rubber and leather | fetish wear.
I felt that...
that would look fun and exciting | on the King's Road
because it would have | a similar effrontery
that Teddy Boy clothes had, | except it would be new.
Malcolm's shop interested me
because of the rubber wear.
Fascinating that people can get | themselves into such a predicament
that the only way they can | have sex is in a face mask
and a rubber T-shirt.
With a bollock weight.
How does it become that way? | It becomes like that for you
because you just cannot | face reality.
Steve just came back one day, | and said,
"I found a bass player." | I said, "Who's that?"
He said, "This guy, Glen, | who works in Malcolm's shop."
Lo and behold, I started | rehearsing with them.
They had so much equipment that | Steve had "assembled," shall we say?
We were always pestering | Malcolm to manage us,
and he said he'd be interested | if we got rid of Wally.
He came down once, he said, | "You shouldn't sing,
you should play guitar. | You should get a singer."
We realized wally was gonna | have to go.
Alas, poor [Wally]...
I knew him, Horatio.
Round this time | there was a group of guys
who came from the north side | of London,
who used to come | into the shop
probably for the same reasons | we did,
you know, on a Saturday, | whatever...
there was the group of them, | apparently all called "John."
Steve and Paul never believed | we were all called John...
They could never take that.
Sid's real name is John.
They just thought we were
like a "Clockwork Orange" gang, | you know -- "The Johns."
I've no idea why | they picked me out...
other than they thought I looked | well different from the pack.
We arranged to meet John | one night...
in a pub just down the road.
We had a few pints, and then | we came back to the shop.
We gave the singer | an audition
in my shop, later on, | after the pub had closed,

for him to imitate,
and for him | to try to sing along
with an Alice Cooper track | on the jukebox
called "Eighteen", | which I adored.
And he sung it like | "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."
I'm eighteen #
And I don't know | what I want #
I always did view myself
as one damn ugly fucker.
I certainly weren't | no belle of the ball.
John just started...
going into spasms | in front of the jukebox,
and singing, | and doing his act,
what later became what everyone | knows and loves, you know.
And I knew right away then | that he was the singer.
He was... gonna be the one, | really.
I personally wouldn't | have got him in the band,
even though he looked | like a star.
I thought he was a wanker for taking | the piss, and he wasn't serious...
But then, after speaking to him | for a while,
I realize that | that was his own insecurity
to take the piss because | he wasn't really a singer.
John was from a different world | from me and Cookie.
He's more of an intellectual, | John.
I knew what Steve was.
I knew he had potential | to be a great person.
There's something in him | that's genuine.
I can see that there's a tragedy | in him, just like in me.
Deep down inside, | they're wounded people.
And then there's Glen...
waffling on about nice things | like the Beatles.
We're the very first people | to call each other cunts
outright --
face on -- | and know it.
And we are. We all are... | All in our way.
You put all this | together, and it...
it makes for high drama, | a bit like a Harold Pinter play.
It shouldn't work, | but it does.
All our first rehearsals | were a nightmare.
I couldn't hold | a damn note,
Paul couldn't really keep time, | I couldn't play guitar.
I fucking hated it. | It was just a fucking noise,
but I just stuck in there, | because that's all I had.
...no lip, child

And I mean what I say #
Don't give me | no lip, child #
You'll be sorry one day #
Oh, fuck, it's awful. | I hate songs like that.
Right from the start, | we'd argue --
bitterly, bitterly, | from day one rehearsal,
pure, full-on row.
It would be constantly,
"You know, you've gotta | learn to sing."
And it's like, "Why?"
"Says who? | Who wrote the rules here?"
But that's all right, you need | that difference of character.
I didn't think, | if I could be a sculptor,
I necessarily needed clay...
I suddenly thought, | "You can use people!"
And it's people that I used, | like an artist.
I manipulated.
So, creating something | called the "Sex Pistols"
was my painting, | my sculpture,
my little "Artful Dodgers."
Humph -- | you don't create me...
I am me.
There is a difference.
Everyone on the planet | knows Malcolm's full of shit.
He's convinced people now | that he's full of shit,
by all the shit that he says, | it gets worse and worse.
And the idea of the name | "Sex Pistols"
was sexy young assassins. | "Pistol" meaning a gun --
and then "pistol" meaning | a kind of penis.
There was never a relationship | with the manager -- for me,
other than he would always try | to steal my ideas,
and claim them | to be his own.
I had to accept | that he was the manager
because he was their manager | before I joined the band.
I think they're the same | fucking star sign.
They're the same kind | of personality.
They were always | butting heads.
It was definitely John | who steered the ship
into the way we looked.
Torn, safety pin, | zips all over the gaff,
third rate tramp thing.
That was poverty, really. | Lack of money.
The arse of your | pants falls out,
you just use safety pins.

And I always used | to call him "rotten,"
'cause his fucking teeth | were like, dreadful,
they looked like dog-ends,
and -- it just stuck.
Steve always looked like | a hairdresser on the high road.
He had a perm,
and unfortunately, | it became permanent.
I don't have any heroes.
They're all useless.
I mean, there's no bands around, | is there?
None.
None that are accessible.
It's Emerson, Lake and Palmer.
All those super bands | at that time --
Emerson, Lake and Palmer, | Yes -- they were dinosaurs,
They were dreadful, because | they were fucking boring.
Uriah Heep... | Fucking, you know... Gong!
I wanted the Sex Pistols | to compete
with the Bay City Rollers!
Can you imagine Johnny Rotten | singing "Shang-a-Lang"?
Shang-a-lang #
Shang-a-lang #
Shang-a-lang, | shang-a-lang #
Ugh-hh!
Stradivarius -- | was a terrible painter...
and Rembrandt -- | made rotten violins.
I got interested in the arts,
and ended up going | to St. Martin's for a year.
I walked in there and asked | to see the social secretary,
and this guy said, | "Well, I am."
And it was Sebastian Conran.
And he said, "Well, what's | the name of your band?"
And I said, "The Sex Pistols," | and Sebastian went --
"The Sex Pistols? | Oh, we must have them."
I remembered being | just fucking terrified,
and I had to take a Mandrax | to calm down.
Hello.
Hello, | I'm pissed again.
I think I took two Mandrax. | We went up there,
and it was all these arty-farty | fuckers in this one room.
There was no stage,
and there was another band | called "Bazooka Joe"
that Adam Ant | was the bass player in,
and we were all | knocking the pints back --

and it was time to go on, | and the Mandrax were kicking in,
and we started playing...

...you to know | that I ain't your baby

I want you to know | I don't care

I remembered looking | at John, and thinking,

"This is fucking fantastic. | I love this."

It was like one of them | magical moments.

Everything in the universe | fucking clicked.

What'cha gonna do | about it...

Glen definitely wanted to be | on "Top of the Pops."

I want you to know | I don't care...

I want you to know | that I love you baby...

To me, that's really naff.

It's saying, "I want you to know | I don't care"

Comes quite naturally.

If I take other people's songs, | I put a twist on them.

Finally -- we're actually | playing in a band,

I ain't the singer, | I'm comfortable playing the guitar --

mind you, | I was fucked up --

and next thing I know, | they've pulled the plug on us,

and it was all over. | We're just like out of it,

and wandering around | down Piccadilly Circus.

I die of nerves | before I go on stage,

cause I don't know | what I'm gonna do.

And because of that, | I'd have to just pull things out

from deep down inside.

Hello -- # 76 trombones | to the hit parade #

Look, there's Arthur Askey | in there.

There's Ken Dodd -- | # We are the Daddymen... #

We come from Notty Ash

There's even...

"There's nothing wrong | with me."

- Do we know any... | - Oi...

Do we know any other | fucking songs that we could do?

What England didn't understand | about the Sex Pistols

is that we are music hall.

Shall we do "Roadrunner"?

I hate that. | It's fucking awful. Stop it.

Stop it, | it's fucking awful!

There was always a sense | of piss take, and fun to it.

Shout out what -- how it starts. | What's the first line?

There's a sense of comedy | in the English,

even in your grimmest moment.

Right-- can you start | at the beginning?

I can't hear you, Paul.
You laugh.
Who wants a bunk-up?
Who wants a bunk-up?
Who wants a bunk-up?
With the radio on... #
"...Deform'd, unfinish'd..."
Roadrunner, roadrunner...
"Deform'd, unfinish'd..."
Deform'd, unfinish'd...
One week we'd be | playing up in high Wycombe
opening up | for Screaming Lord Sutch,
and I remember seeing | some faces, guys with long hair.
"When all other indications | suggest..."
When all other indications | suggest...
Then, a week later, | we'd be playing at "The Nashville,"
...that we're in | for a dirty night.
"...a dirty night."
And I'd see the same people | with their hair cut short,
and wearing a ripped-up | t-shirt.
Goin' a thousand miles | an hour #
Every gig you'd see a few more, | and a few more, and a few more,
people who just got converted.
The Sex Pistols definitely | created new environments.
It was incredible good to see | the audience being individual.
...radio on... #
Roadrunner, roadrunner... #
"Ain't nothing wrong with me."
Oh, God, I don't know it. | Fucking ridiculous.
There was some absolutely stunning | original people out there.
"There's nothing wrong with me."
Sioux cat woman...
That woman required a lot | of skill, style and bravery...
to look like a cat.
There was a couple | of years there
where it was stunning.
People that had no self-respect | suddenly started to view themselves
as beautiful in | not being beautiful.
Women started | to appreciate themselves
as not second class citizens.
Punk made that clear.
I've always talked | to the audience
in a one-to-one way | after gigs.
"Where do you live? | What's life like for you?"

Absolute basics.

She put her bicycle

under a tree

I think that girl took | a fancy to me...

But it was fun, I guess, | talking to them.

Actually, I didn't give a | fuck about talking about the band,

I just wanted to get | me dick sucked, really.

That was always the first thing | on my mind.

I wasn't interested in talking | about politics after the show,

I didn't even know who the fucking | Prime Minister was at the time.

Let's have a ride | on your bike

I pretty much just wanted | to have a bunk-up,

Like any good teenager does.

I was born with a plastic | spoon in my mouth...

You didn't look me | in the eye

Crocodile tears | are what you cry

"Substitute" I liked...

but I only liked | certain phrases in it.

So I'd twist them about.

You're so fat, | I see right through...

"Oh, no you can't do that, | it's a classic,"

says Glen.

Fuck off!

I think when we started | writing our own stuff...

is when it got | more interesting.

Because that's when it became | our own musical force.

Glen was coming up with most | of the ideas for songs,

and John would just be | sitting in the corner,

scribbling his lyrics out, | there and then,

while we were playing along | to it.

We had something, | we had a spirit.

But what we didn't have, | we didn't have a way

of putting that into words...

which is what John had.

The first line I wrote, | was "I am an antichrist,"

and I couldn't think of a damn | thing that rhymed with it,

and "anarchist" just fitted | really nicely.

The only thing I didn't like | about "Anarchy"

was the dreadful rhyme --

"antichrist -- anarchist," | it used to always make me wince.

Oh, some decent fucking music | at last!

Right...

Now

I am an antichrist

I am an anarchist #
Don't know what I want, | but I know how to get it #
I wanna destroy passerby #
'Cause I... #
Wanna be... #
Anarchy #
This band wasn't about | making people happy,
it was attack --
attack, attack, attack.
Anarchy for the UK #
It's coming sometime | maybe #
I give a wrong time, | stop a traffic line #
Your future dream | is a shopping scheme #
'Cause I... #
I wanna be... #
Anarchy #
Sid, he was the total | Pistols fan, really.
I fucking loved that band.
Along with a couple | of other kids that knew John,
I think I was about the biggest | fan they ever had.
How many ways to get | what you want #
I use the best | I use the rest... #
Rotten was like, incredible.
Just like unbelievable.
And Steve was fucking great | as well.
Glen was a cunt, as always.
Wanna be... #
Anarchy #
What made the Sex Pistols | different was John Rotten,
'cause he was a total | anti-star.
He didn't like wiggle his bum | or shake his hips,
he did robot dances, | and just fucked around,
and took the piss | out of everybody
in a real nasty, snidy way.
Is this the MPLA #
Or is this the UDA #
Or is this the IRA #
I thought it was the UK... #
The Bromley Contingent | all the front row lot,
they all ended up in bands,
hence you got | the punk movement.
I am an antichrist #
I am an anarchist #
To see us playing like, | just three chords

gave the message that anybody | could do this.
Which was great -- | all these other bands started --
I enjoyed watching the Clash, | I enjoyed the Damned.
It just happened so quick, | and it was so exciting,
you'd think, "Wow, there's | really a movement starting here."
One chick came down | one night
wearing a polka dot | see-through mac --
and nothing else.
I actually saw one tourist | stagger as she came into the club.
He was so amazed | by her appearance.
Sid was amazing, | because he was
a stand out character | in the crowd,
because he wasn't | in the band then.
He invented the pogo | all by himself.
He'd just sort of jump on | the shoulders of some people
to get a better look.
In the end he just started | jumping up and down anyway.
Yeah, I started it 'cause | I hated the Bromley Contingent,
and I invented a dance | that would involve
being able to knock them | all over the fucking "1 00 Club,"
so I just used to | throw myself about.
Leap up like horizontal, | and sideways,
just like boing...
Boing, boing, boing.
You'd like land on them, | and smash them into the floor.
Yeah...
My name is Nick Kent.
I'm a...
A once-renowned journalist | for "The New Musical Express."
Well, Sid, | as he was known then,
who I'd encountered once before, | I'd not actually met him --
was obviously under | the influence
of some sort of amphetamines
or extreme adrenaline | propulsing stimulants.
Sid Vicious was looking | for a fight.
Just fucking watch out, pal, | all right?
Or otherwise I'll fucking | slice you open.
He hit me over the head | a few times with a chain,
which didn't require | any stitches, fortunately.
I sort of wandered upstairs | in a complete...
further of blood | and confusion.
I truly admire | their attitude,
I thought it was... | very brave.
Immediately before this attack | occurred,

John Rotten was deep | in discussion with Sid.
I figure that John was -- | "Johnny" -- as he's known,
was setting me up, | 'cause this is all true.
In fact, Sid got the name | "Vicious" from that fight.
John Rotten christened him | "Vicious" from that fight.
Said he, falling | against the door.
Sid Vicious got the name | after my pet hamster,
that bit him one day...
when he was trying | to be sweet to it.
And its name was Sid, | and he really liked that.
"Your Sid was vicious."
The group were doing a very | private, I think, secret show,
at "The Screen on the Green," | Islington.
I went along with a couple | of our A&R people,
and Chris Wright, | the chairman.
Knocked on the door, somebody opened | the door, and said, "Fuck off!"
Well we weren't gonna be | dissuaded,
so we sort of tapped on the door | again and said, "We're invited."
And a head popped 'round again, | and said, "Fuck Off!"
They were a particularly | ugly band.
We're so pretty, | oh, so pretty #
We're vacant #
We're so pretty, | oh, so pretty #
Vacant #
Don't ask us to attend | 'cause we're not all there #
Don't pretend, | 'cause I don't care #
And there was only a little bit | of a scuffle, nothing much.
I've known musicians | to defend themselves
if the thing goes | onto the stage,
But I've never seen musicians | drop their instruments
And sort of dive in | at a small scrap
And extend it, | and forget about the music.
And I found that a bit much.
I went back two or three times | after that,
just to make sure that... | you know, they were as bad
as I thought they were | the first time.
...and we don't care! #
Ever!
Why all the infamous | language?
"Infamous language"? | You're joking.
I speak nothing but the fucking | English language.
And if that's "Infamous," | Then, huh-huh-huh, tough titters.
Basically, the Pistols' | attitude to the press
was one of completely | like "Fuck you," you know?

I mean, just absolutely | "Fuck you."
Which was great -- I mean, | it was the perfect antidote
to all the 99% of other | stupid rock groups
who like, licked the arse | of the press,
and, I mean, it worked | perfectly for them.
Mostjournalists | are masochists.
They're just toss pots, | most of them.
Don't accept the old order. | Get rid of it.
We've been there | for five years or more,
just waiting for this to happen, | and now it's happened.
It had to, it was the only thing | that could happen.
It was the only thing that | didn't come from the industry --
it came from the kids themselves. | Something had to come from the kids.
Come on and join us #
We're the young nation #
Come on and join us #
Nationwide... #
Right... #
Now #
I am an antichrist #
I am an anarchist... #
This group are leaders | of a whole new teenage cult
that seems to be on the way | to being as big
as mods and rockers were | in the '60s.
The cult is called "punk," | the music, "punk rock."
Basic rock music -- | raw, outrageous and crude,
like their fan magazine, | "Sniffing Glue."
I think our music | is very honest.
It's the most honest thing that's | been happening in the last 15 years.
Nothing to beat it.
Finding places to play | is becoming harder,
thanks to the reputation punks | are getting as troublemakers,
and the Sex Pistols themselves | even had to hire a strip club
to get their music heard. | Nowhere else would take them.
Anarchy #
From the street.
I find the Pistols | very believable,
I find it's all related | to violence...
in the mind, | not in the body.
Malcolm began to get | a little bit serious about it,
and he brought in a lawyer | by the name of Fisher...
That dreadful lawyer whose name | I refuse to speak --
There was...
basically an auction | between Polydor and EMI.

We came up with a contract | which gave the Pistols
total creative control.
Malcolm decided | to go with EMI.
I went into the A&R department, | I said,
"Who are these crazy guys?"
They said, "It's the Sex Pistols, | we just signed them.
They're tremendous."
And my first actual plug | for them was, after all this,
was by phoning up | the "Today" program.
They phoned back, | said, "Yes...
We'd like to use | the Sex Pistols," you know,
"Will that be okay?" I said, | "I'm sure it'll be all right."
They slung us in the green room, | with a fridge,
and I remember downing
about fucking four bottles | of "Blue Nun,"
and I was fucking just -- | having a good old time,
pissed at this point, | by the time we went out there.
And that's all I remember.
They are "punk rockers." | the new craze, they tell me.
They are heroes --
not the nice, clean, | Rolling Stones.
They are as drunk as I am. | They are clean by comparison,
they are a group | called "the Sex Pistols,"
I am told that that group...
have received 40,000 | from a record company.
Doesn't that seem to be | slightly opposed
to their anti-materialistic | view of life?
- No, the more, the merrier. | - Really?
- Oh, yeah. | - Tell me more about it.
We've fucking spent it.
- I don't know. Have you? | - Yeah, it's all gone.
No one even heard that one, | 'cause he was drunk himself,
and he wasn't paying attention | when he asked,
"What did you do with the money?" | and I said, "We fucking spent it."
- Tell me more about it. | - We've fucking spent it.
- I don't know. Have you? | - Yeah, it's all gone.
- Really? | - Down the boozier.
Really? | Good Lord!
Now, I want to know | one thing:
Beethoven, Mozart, Bach | and Brahms have all died...
- They're all heroes of ours. | - Really? What were you saying?
- They're wonderful people. | - Are they?
- Yes, they really turn us on. | - But they're dead.
Suppose they turn | other people on?

That's just | their tough shit.
Rotten, he slipped up and said | "shit" under his breath.
- It's what? | - Nothing, a rude word.
- Next question. | - No, no...
What was the rude word?
- Shit. | - Was it really? Good heavens.
- You frighten me to death. | - All right, so you play games...
He's like your dad, | ain't he, this geezer?
Or your granddad.
Are you worried, or are you just | enjoying yourself?
- Enjoying myself. | - Are you?
That's what I thought.
- I always wanted to meet you. | - Did you really?
Siouxie, she was just being | coy with him,
And he said, | "Oh, maybe we'll meet after?"
We'll meet afterwards, | shall we?
You dirty sod. | You dirty old man.
Steve completely understood
that he was talking | to a drunk
as you would a drunk | in a pub,
and he just topped him.
Go on, you've got | another five seconds,
- say something outrageous. | - You dirty bastard.
I just remember | this fucking cunt
just started provoking us, | and we coated him off.
- Go on -- again. | - You dirty fucker.
- What a clever boy. | - What a fucking rotter.
That's it for tonight. | The other rocker, Eamonn,
and I'm saying nothing else about | him, will be back tomorrow.
I'll be seeing you soon. | I hope I'm not seeing you again.
From me, though, | goodnight.
McLaren was there. | He was terrified.
He was shitting himself.
He was death-white, | you know, going
"We'd fucking better | get out of here, quick!"
But the very next day, | it was all his big idea.
It was perfect stand-up comedy. | It was Arthur Askey.
Well, I don't mind | the things that you say #
I don't even mind | goin' out of my way #
I try and do | these things for you #
Why should I do it? | I'm always untrue #
That's all, a four letter word | done everything.
Goin' outta my head #
I loved it...

I fucking loved it. | It was like finally, I've arrived.
Let the circus begin.
The bog is no place | to see your face... #
The committee have decided,
that in fairness | to the public of Derby,
the Sex Pistols will not | perform here tonight,
but we are quite agreeable | that the three other groups
that have already been booked | will go on.
For the last 1 2 months, | punk rock has become
almost a battle cry | in British society.
For many people, it's a bigger | threat to our way of life
than Russian Communism | or hyper-inflation,
and it generates more popular | excitement than either of those.
We hope tonight, | by this protest
to make Wales know, and to let | the people of this town know,
that we do protest | and it is by no fault of ours,
that this thing | has come to Caerphilly.
When your local council | didn't ban the punk rock concert,
you actually went down there | and tried to stop it yourself?
No, we never went | to stop it at any time.
We went there with a very | positive Gospel message.
We have done everything | humanly possible
to ban this thing | and to stop it.
Sir, can I ask you why | you're here tonight?
Because I am... | recognized as a Christian.
If I thought one of mine was | in there, I'd go drag them out.
They're outside, freezing. | We're in here, we're all right.
This one's about | Harold Wilson --
It's called "Liar."
You lie, lie, lie, | lie lie... #
Sleep in heavenly peace #
Should have realized... #
On the "Anarchy" tour | we was actually followed
everywhere across the country, | from gig to gig,
and we had to turn up | to show willingness to play,
so presumably we would get | the money,
although it looked pound to a penny | that they wasn't gonna let us play.
Mr. Stabler, you can't watch | punk concerts in Newcastle either?
The decision was made when | we discovered it was mere children
that would be watching | the performance.
The average adult will go see | a strip show, or a blue film.
Banned in this town, and being | banned in that town.
And it really wasn't | about us playing any more,
it was about this controversy | that we were like,

throwing up on stage, | and spitting.
And I remember going | across the Pennines,
being followed by a fleet | of press people,
and we went to stop | to get coffee and a sandwich,
and we could hear what these | press people were saying.
One press guy | said to the other,
"Did you get anything?" | and the other one said,
"I got two 'fucks' and a 'shit' | from Johnny Rotten."
Can I now turn to Bernard | Brook-Partridge in London...
Most of these groups would be | vastly improved by sudden death.
The worst, currently, | are the Sex Pistols.
They are the antithesis | of humankind...
And the whole world | would be vastly improved
by their total and utter | non-existence.
You're a liar #
Lie, lie, lie, lie... #
The day Johnny Rotten goes back on | the words he writes in his songs,
is the day he dies. | I know that for a fact.
I think people did feel | that this was...
this was a sort of | a downhill thing,
and was a monster in our | presence, and actually would,
cause problems of image | for the record industry.
At that point, someone at EMI | took the decision
that they no longer wished | to have the act on the label.
This is about EMI.
They're major labels | with major attitudes,
and they want everything to be | fake and easily manipulative.
And you can't be having that | with people like us.
- Let's call it chaos! | - It just doesn't happen.
An unlimited supply #
And there is no reason why #
They told us | that they were unable
to continue | to promote the act --
and would we kindly leave.
E-M-I #
"Let's call it chaos!"
E-M-I #
"Let's call it chaos!"
E-M-I #
"Let's call it chaos!"
Ouch.
...With an unlimited | supply #
That was the only reason #
We all had to say goodbye

Unlimited supply -- | E-M-1 #
There is no reason why -- | E-M-1 #
Unlimited supply #
E-M-1 #
Hello, EMI #
Good -- bye! #
It started with John and Glen | falling out, really.
Over what, | I don't really know,
just a clash of personalities, | et cetera.
When you talk | like an asshole...
and look like an asshole, | you're an asshole.
There was obviously a big | problem between me and John.
I felt that once John | got his face in the papers,
he'd become | a different person --
which I didn't | particularly like.
When we went to Holland, my last | gig with them was at the Paradiso.
I felt everybody | was on my case.
He was always complaining | that we were too outrageous,
and it's a funny thing, | but he was always washing himself.
Whenever we'd get | into a hotel,
he'd be washing his | fucking feet in the sink.
Me and Steve were like that, | I suppose,
and John always felt | on the outside.
He thought by bringing Sid in, | he would have someone there,
like a partner, you know?
Someone a bit closer to him.
I'd heard that they'd been | rehearsing with Sid.
Nobody had the courtesy | to tell me.
I've seen you in the mirror | when the story began #
And I fell in love with you | I love your mortal sin... #
It had become like | a cartoon strip band,
as opposed to a rock and roll | band that actually plays
and does something for real.
I got no emotions | for anybody else #
You better understand | I'm in love with myself #
Glen had reached a point | where he decided
that the band's direction | was absolutely alien
to anything he wanted | to be associated with.
That's absolute bollocks.
I think one of Malcolm's games | was, sort of divide and conquer.
Malcolm had told John | I'd said a lot of stuff
which I hadn't said, | and Malcolm had told me
John had said a lot | of stuff that he hadn't said.
I respect him. | I always did.

He taught them to play.
I kind of regretted | him leaving...
because Sid couldn't play | a fucking note.
...see his picture hanging | on your wall #
I feel guilty about Sid,
because I wish I could have | told him more...
about what to expect.
Well... I was getting | my own group together,
"The Flowers of Romance,"
and Rotten asked me | if I wanted to join the --
there was this big hoo-ha, | and Malcolm said,
"It's all a big secret, man," | you know...
"Come down to this pub | at such and such and that,"
and I thought they were | gonna do me over
'cause I didn't turn up to one | of Rotten's parties or something.
He gets touchy | over things like that.
And... I went down there | and he said,
"Do you wanna play bass | for the Sex Pistols?"
Turn the page and it's | the scoop of the century #
Don't wanna be I seven | I've had enough of this #
This is brainwash | and this is a clue #
To the stars | who fooled you #
Sid was my mate.
Very, very close mate.
He'd just -- | laugh at everything.
Genius in that way, | and his name was John.
I got you in the camera, | I got you in my camera #
A second of your life | ruined for life #
We'd do lots of mad things | together, me and Sid.
We used to busk too, | for money...
Me with a violin, | Sid with a tambourine,
maybe a broken guitar, | doing Alice Cooper songs.
"I Love the Dead" | was our favorite.
That would get us | the most money.
"Just please shut up."
"Here -- take the money, | go somewhere else."
Why dost thou spit -- | at me?
The best time of the band of all | was when Sid first joined,
and he was really determined | to learn the bass
and fit in and be part | of the band.
He definitely looked great, | Sid...
Yeah, he definitely was a face. | A real laugh.
He used to take the piss | out of Rotten.
All I did was cash in | on the fact

that I'm good-looking, | and I have a good figure,
and girls like me.

What do they want, a fucking | angel in flares and an anorak?
'Cause if they want that...

that ain't me, baby.

Found myself in this rather | curious little shop,
in the company of Johnny Rotten, | Sid Vicious,
and other assorted | Sex Pistols.

Hello, Mr. Nimmo.

And the last they heard, | a donkey had him cornered
up a back alley in Fulham.

After EMI dumped | the Sex Pistols,
A&M Records picked them up,
and staged a contract signing | ceremony
in front of Buckingham Palace.

Malcolm was honest | in one respect...

That he always said | he had no control over us.
And he didn't.

And a bloody good punch-up, | in a limo,
before a signing | was not really unusual.

It was a good fight, too.

"No, you're the biggest cunt,"

"No, you're the worst cunt,"

"No, you're the cunt," | et cetera, et cetera.

There was only one cunt | I wanted to smack,
and that was Malcolm. | Then the door opened,
and then we had to do | the signing.

At this point, | the Sex Pistols,
despite having been fired, | were not exactly suffering.

Here they were, | signing a new contract
that could make them | a lot of money,
and they already had a song | to record for A&M
in honor of the Queen's | jubilee.

Sid's father | was a Grenadier guard.

Imagine that -- Sid signing | a very, very expensive contract,
while his old man's on guard | inside the fence.

It was genius.

According to the story, | after this happy signing ceremony,
everyone went back to | the A&M offices to celebrate.

The four Sex Pistols | apparently overcelebrated,
and lived up to | their public image
of thorough obnoxiousness.

- How are you doing? | - Get away.

When we got to A&M records,

total bedlam broke out there | as well.
I can't remember | what happened,
but the secretaries | were terrified,
and Sid's foot | was bleeding.
I had a black eye, | Malcolm was running around,
Steve was flirting | with all the secretaries,
and then we got in the car, | then went to the studio,
where we were recording "God Save | the Queen" with Chris Thomas,
and there's this school next door, | and all the kids come running out
'cause we were there. | And they called the police as well.
It was just total mad day.
The next day we woke up, | Malcolm said,
"Well, A&M have fired you."
The anti-establishment | Sex Pistols
called in | the establishment press
to protest | what had happened to them.
We feel that we're like | some contagious disease.
When you walk | in and out of a company,
and the guy just gives you -- | "Look... Take this money
and don't come back."
What are you supposed | to think about that?
Have you had the money?
Yes, they gave us the check | last night.
Makes it very clear | where their heads are at...
Nowhere.
We weren't the nice boys | they thought we were.
We aren't nice boys.
We were fucking | nasty little bastards.
And we still are.
Virgin Records signed them,
and Johnny Rotten | got to record
his Queen's jubilee | memorial song --
"God Save the Queen."
You don't write | "God Save the Queen"
because you hate | the English race.
You write a song like that | because you love them,
and you're fed up | with them being mistreated.
God save the Queen #
The fascist regime #
They made you a moron #
Potential H-bomb #
God save the Queen #
She ain't no human being #
There is no future

In England's dreamin' #
Don't be told | what you want #
Don't be told | what you need #
There's no future, | no future #
No future for you #
God save the Queen #
We mean it, man #
We love our Queen #
God saves #
God save the Queen #
'Cause tourists are money #
Our figurehead... #
Shall I be plain? | I wish the bastards dead.
Oh, God save history #
God save the mad parade #
Oh, Lord God have mercy #
All crimes are paid #
When there's no future | how can there be sin #
We're the flowers | in your dustbin #
We're the poison | in your human machine #
We're the future -- | your future #
God save the Queen #
We mean it, man #
We love our Queen #
God saves #
I really don't think what he | was singing about was outrageous.
He's not saying "Let's kill her," | or "Let's fuck her."
He was pointing out | what the truth was.
God save the Queen #
We mean it, man #
There is no future #
In England's dreaming #
No future #
No future #
No future for you #
No future #
No future #
No future for me #
Chop off his head, man.
No future #
No future #
No future for you #
No future #
No future for you

It alienated | the entire country.
If they'd have hung us | at traitor's gate,
it would have been applauded | by 56 million.
You can't beat that, man. | That's National Gallery status.
It's raining silver | in "The Sun" this week.
"God Save the Queen"
was the alternative | national anthem.
What we offered to England...
was...
a pivotal point. | We were the maypole
that they danced around.
Go away, I hate you, | hate you, hate you #
Go away, I hate you, | far across the sea #
Where better to celebrate | the release of "God Save the Queen"
than down the Thames, | and start playing
outside the Houses | of Parliament?
"God Save the Queen," and | "Anarchy in the UK" on Jubilee Day.
I just wanted out | of the country --
and there was no way out.
Ever get the feeling | you've been trapped?
This is obscene, | the whole thing.
All of this, | it's bullshit.
Well, I've had enough | of your bullshit.
I'm too cold now. | I'm going back downstairs.
I loved it. I was getting | my 20 quid a week,
thinking everything | was great.
I didn't wanna fucking deal | with the business side of it,
I didn't really question it.
I was McLaren's friend | before the band,
so I trusted McLaren | like a friend.
Too many problems | why am I here #
Don't need to be me | 'cause you're all too clear #
I can see there's something | wrong with you #
But what do you | expect me to do? #
At least I gotta know | what I wanna be #
Don't come to me | if you need pity #
Are you lonely | you got no one #
You get your body | in suspension #
That's no problem #
Problems #
Problems | the problem is you #
The reason we're here | is because it's the Sex Pistols.
If it wasn't the Sex Pistols | there'd be no interest in this,
in this... boat tonight.

Look, we've got Richard Branson | looking like "Catweazel."

They know a doctor | gonna take you away

They take you away | and throw away the key

They don't want you | and they don't want me

You got a problem...

What happened to Malcolm?

Problems, problems

Problems, problems

Problems, problems...

Problems... problems...

Problems... problems.

We declared war on England...

without meaning to.

At eight, the Muppets' | "Halfway Down the Stairs,"

at seven, the Alessi Brothers | and "O, Lori,"

at number six, | Emerson, Lake and Palmer

and "Fanfare | for the Common Man,"

at five, The Electric Light | Orchestra, "Phone Line,"

four -- | Stranglers and "Peaches,"

three -- | Queen, "Lover Boy,"

and two, | Eagles, "Hotel California,"

the Sex Pistols' current record | "God Save the Queen"

is at number one | in the Capital Hit Line today.

But the IBA, which administers | the broadcasting act

has advised us that | particularly at this time,

this record is likely | to cause offense

to a number | of our listeners,

and have asked us not to play it | in our normal programming.

"God Save the Queen" | was never number one.

There was no number one | that week.

Whatever we were saying | and doing

really hit a nerve, | a raw nerve.

It was fucked up.

I still had to bunk | on the subways,

couldn't afford a cab,

and all of that the management | didn't want to deal with.

Completely | from there on in,

walking around | the streets of London

on my own, | was impossible.

I would be attacked | on sight.

You felt like a werewolf | being, like hounded.

Constantly in fear | of your life, really.

"God Save the Queen", | eh, John?

I got a machete blade | ripped down this leg,

and the blade stuck | in my kneecap...
and they couldn't | pull it out,
so I had to like, | walk off with that.
I got a stiletto blade | through my wrist here,
Lucky not to have had | one of my eyes gouged out,
'cause a bottle | was shoved in here.
Got to the hospital...
first thing they do | is call the police.
And I get arrested for | "suspicion of causing an affray."
And the telephone call | from the editor...
who would say, "Malcolm, | we'll print anything,
'cause you sell more papers
than we ever did | on Armistice Day."

It's 7:

Elvis Presley, at one time | known to millions
as "The King | of Rock and Roll,"
has died suddenly | at the age of 42.
The king of rock and roll | died yesterday.
He was found face down | on a bathroom floor.
There had been | numerous reports
that Presley | was a heavy drug user.
All that time | when Malcolm was saying,
"We can't get gigs in the UK," | we could have played abroad.
We could have fucking done that, | couldn't we, Julien?
Who needs the fucking UK? | It's a load offucking shit.
Got a lot of wax | in my ears today.
So we were left doing nothing. | I was just sitting there,
with -- Iike, we didn't even | fucking rehearse,
nobody wanted to fucking | rehearse or do anything.
So, like, you know -- | it's a logical conclusion,
d'you know what I mean? | Boredom...
And, like, I'm that way inclined | so what do I turn to?
No, I couldn't take them off.
My nose is broken, | I'm keeping them on.
And she showed up with Sid, | and I was thinking,
"Who the fuck is this cunt? | This is an 'orrible person."
It was like, | the weirdest thing...
I'd never felt such | a negative energy from someone.
There was just a dark cloud...
Over this bird, | and I fucking hated her.
The first time | I came across Nancy,
I think Steve was shagging her | in the toilet.
I didn't like her.

Nancy was a hooker...

That was on the coattails | of the "New York Dolls."

And I actually introduced her | to Sid.

Shame on me.

In New York I was dancing | without any clothes on.

I used to go down to the guys | and dance in front of them,

and then get | tips off them,

and you'd do | a little hand job, you know,

for... ten bucks, | or they wanted to fuck.

I just -- you know...

did it, you know, I just --

there wasn't really | anything to it,

I just give good blowjobs.

"It'll rip your balls off."

I read the first Sex Pistols | review,

which was shit, and I said, | "I gotta get over there."

I wanted to see | something exciting.

Nancy, as his heroin dealer/ | girlfriend...

Was pumping him up with gear | every chance she could get.

He didn't like me | 'cause I was a junkie.

He tried to keep me and Sid | apart for months,

months, months.

Everyone knows when a bird | starts poking her nose

into a rock and roll band, | that it's suicidal.

'Cause that's when he really | started getting fucked up,

and not caring about playing.

And I didn't want | anything to do with her.

We did everything | to get rid of Nancy

that was physically | possible.

I even dangled her

out of a window one night, | by her ankles.

And the rest of the band | hated me...

'cause I was with | the New York Dolls --

Johnny and Jerry, | and they were junkies.

Fix

My baby...

They definitely brought | a lot of heroin around, too.

And I know Sid was totally into | Johnny Thunders.

I like the New York Dolls,

'cause they were nasty and mean, | and they wore makeup,

and they didn't | give a shit.

And they played | godawful rock and roll.

And they had good names, | and good hairdos.

It definitely had | a big effect on me.

I thought he was | the coolest thing ever --
Thunders, at that time.
I started stealing | some of his stances,
and his looks, and, you know, | his moves on stage.
I look back at it now, | and I'm embarrassed
at how much I fucking was trying | to copy him.
I didn't need to do that. | I had my own thing already.
My invention | to the Sex Pistols
was the hanky on the head.
It was kind offunny, actually, | when I used to see fans doing it,
I thought, "Oh, look, they're | doing something I invented."
Cunt, shit, bollocks.
Bill Grundy's a poof!
Because I've made my self-esteem | rise an inch.
Leatherjackets | came with the heroin.
Vampirish goth look | came with the heroin.
This ruined Sid...
Here, want one of these?
Because he was a complete | gullible fashion victim.
Sid went straight into the worst | kind of rock and roll idiot
you could ever hope to have | a nightmare about.
He didn't get that | what we were doing was --
Who wants | some safety pins?
Our culture, | our life.
Who else wants | something?
Come on if you want | something, you cunts!
Alls I can tell you is yes, | I can take on England,
but I couldn't take on | one heroin addict.
Oh, look, Sid.
At a time where we should have | been the tightest,
it couldn't be looser.
There's no point in asking, | you'll get no reply #
Oh, just remember | I don't decide #
I got no reason, | it's all too much #
You'll always find us #
Out to lunch #
We're so pretty, | oh, so pretty #
We're vacant #
It's a pity in a way. | All these rich kids...
Becoming punks. | I find that revolting.
It's like an army now,
a faction -- chic.
I'm not chic.
I could never be chic.

I was in it | from its inception.
There's no point in asking, | you'll get no reply #
Just remember | I don't decide #
The punks ruined it...
They adopted a uniform image | in attitude,
and the whole thing | was about being yourself.
We're so pretty, | oh, so pretty... #
Ah... vacant #
The cliché punk look | which became the postcard punk
with a Mohican, and all black, | with spiky hair and all that.
It was never like that | to start with.
They didn't have | the money
to go out and buy | a 50 quid leatherjacket
it was very much a do-it-yourself | kind of thing, you know?
...and we don't care #
And all those garbage, | trashy bands --
basically all saying, | "Yeah, we're a punk band,"
wrecked it outright. | It became acceptable --
absorbed back into | the system.
The shitstem.
We're pretty... #
Pretty vacant #
I'm a punk!
And we don't care! #
Mummy, mummy, come quick!
They've killed Bambi!
"Who killed Bambi" | was Malcolm's idea.
We were musicians. | We didn't want to make a film.
Malcolm was very good at | spending other people's money.
But there was a load | being put into the film
from the band's royalties, | which we didn't know about.
I remember just turning up | to do a scene...
there was this guy there, I thought, | "Oh, he looks familiar..."
Do you know the way | to Hindley Airfield, mate?
And I said, | "I know you from somewhere,"
and it was Sting.
It was his motion picture debut, | I believe.
So it's flying lessons | you're after, is it?
Well, you've come | to the right place, Sex Pistol.
Be advised, | drummer boy...
We're the sensational | new Blow Waves,
and we know how to sell | more records
than Malcolm McLaren.
And I knew | that it was just trash,

rubbishing | the whole point and purpose.
We believe | in rock and roll,
and we don't need you, | Sex Pistol.
The record companies know
that our music | means more to them
than your sick anarchy | ever did.
Get out of my car, | you cunts!
He used to really | get the hump, McLaren,
when we started asking | for money,
so I stopped asking for it.
We never had our own lawyer, | which is insanity.
That's the closest thing to being | in one of these boy bands --
is that they all get reamed,
and we were getting reamed | in that department.
How can you be a Sex Pistol | with no money?
You ring the office, | you get zero response,
your checks weren't paid,
no rent, no earnings, | a complete disaster.
It was wonderful. | "God Save the Queen"!
It was a monkey's tea party.
What the fuck | was the manager doing?
The one that claimed that | he was manipulating everything --
manipulated nothing.
He was clueless at that point.
Once we said, | "We're fucking leaving the group
unless you fucking get us some gigs, | you stupid little cunt,"
he got something together | the next day.
Well, he could have done that | all the time.
"Spots" was a good one -- | Sex Pistols on tour.
But I thought it was dreadful | that we had to, like,
not be ourselves, and go | under secret monikers.
I'm a Sex Pistol, | and that's it.
And we just did these secret | gigs in the small clubs,
and it was just packed with fans | who'd never seen us.
And they were like | the best shows, man.
They were fucking great.
A cheap holiday | in other people's misery #
I don't want a holiday | in the sun #
I wanna go | to the new Belsen #
I wanna see some history #
'Cause now I got | a reasonable economy #
Now I got a reason, | now I got a reason #
Now I got a reason, | and I'm still waiting #
Now I got a reason, | now I got a reason

To be waiting #
The berlin wall #
I thought "Holidays in the Sun" | was our crowning glory.
Sensurround sound | in a two-inch wall #
I was waiting | for the communist call #
I didn't ask for sunshine | and I got World War Ill #
I'm looking over the wall | and they're looking at me #
Now I got a reason, | now I got a reason #
Now I got a reason, | and I'm still waiting #
Now I got a reason, | now I got a reason #
To be waiting #
The Berlin Wall #
Huddersfield, I remember | very fondly.
Two concerts, a matinee,
with children | throwing pies at me,
and later on that night, | striking union members.
It was heaven.
He wants dad back at work,
which I think | is a very good idea, indeed.
It was like | our Christmas party, really.
I remember everyone being | really relaxed that day.
Everyone was getting on | really well,
and everyone | was in such a great mood.
'Cause it was a benefit | for the kids
offiremen who were on strike | around that time,
and who'd been on strike | for a long time.
And I've written | to Santa Claus today,
and I have got you | a skateboard.
Lot of love in the house,
and Sid was great that day.
Everything about it | was just wonderful.
Okay, gang, this party | is given to you absolutely free
and at the expense | of the Sex Pistols,
so let's have a big cheer | for the Sex Pistols.
Come on, let's hear you!
She was a girl | from Birmingham #
She just had an abortion #
She was a case | of insanity #
Her name was pauline, | she lived in a tree #
She was a no one | who killed her baby #
She sent her letter | from the country #
She was an animal #
She was a bloody disgrace #
Body

I'm not an animal #
Body #
I'm not an animal #
It's not a question | of an M15 blacklist,
there are certain groups | whom we do not regard with favor,
and whom I personally will do | everything I can
within the law to prevent | ever coming to London again.
Fuck this and fuck that #
Fuck it all | and fuck the fucking brat #
She don't want a baby | who looks like that #
I don't want a baby | who looks like that #
Body #
I'm not an animal #
Body #
An unborn kid #
An animal #
I'm not an animal #
I'm not an animal, | an animal #
I'm not an animal | I ain't no animal #
I'm not a body #
I'm not an animal, | an animal #
I ain't no an animal | I'm not an animal #
I'm not an animal... #
Mommy! #
I think that was | our last gig in England.
- Who's this? | - Sex Pistols.
Sid Vicious?
Yes.
This is Rodney Bingenheimer | from "Rodney on the Roq" show.
Oh, hi, man. | No future.
Is Johnny Rotten there?
- Yeah. | - Hey, how are you doing?
I'm doing all right.
You'll be coming to America | soon, won't you?
Get work, | move to California.
- Come to California | - It's the best.
Oh, I don't know...
Can you get egg and chips?
You can do anything | you want here, man.
No one is repressed in L.A.
Oh, yes you are. | Mentally repressed, dear.
Right -- that's true.
This week on Don Kirshner's | Rock Concert...
The incredible Kansas...

Family Funk | from the Sylvers...
The outrageousness | of the Sex Pistols.
Some slick dealing | from Ricky Jay,
and funnyman | Robert Aguayo.
We had trouble | getting our visas
'cause we had criminal records, | all of us.
They strip-searched us | at the airport,
and thank god Sid was | the first one they strip-searched,
'Cause as soon as they've seen | his underwear...
That was it, | we were safe.
They had no wish to play
with the rest of our willies | after that point.
Across the globe
they achieved a notoriety | in 19 languages.
In the city, voted | "Young businessmen of the year"
by the Investors' Review.
On Fleet Street, | they sold more papers
than the Armistice.
They didn't care | about the music --
they were purely into chaos.
Security was tight | for the arrival
of the infamous punk rock group | known as the Sex Pistols,
that naughty bunch | of counter-culture radicals.
Warner records had warned
that the group might attack | members of the American Press,
but when Steve Jones, | Paul Cook,
Johnny Rotten, | and Sid Vicious arrived,
this is | what they had to say...
Nothing.
Well, coming to America...
was definitely | a strange experience.
Ow-ww! Fucking kick me | in the fucking balls?
We had, like, | these bodyguards...
With walkie-talkies, | and that...
Continually followed by, | like, FBI
and fucking CIA, | and 50 journalists.
It was kinda scary.
And here they are -- | at least two of them --
in a hotel room in Atlanta,
waiting for the other two | to do a promised interview.
But they're in | a strange mood...
Flaky -- demanding they be paid | ten bucks
before they'll do any | "bleep-bleep" interview.
Denied that, | they stomp off.

"Bleep," they say.
When the four young men left, | their spit was on the carpet,
their butts on the floor.
The dregs of an afternoon's | beer and booze,
and a couple of empty boxes | of Clearasil.
They left the hotel | to go to a sex devices store,
and then to their first concert | in America.
We didn't come from America, | we didn't understand America,
so how the fuck | could they understand us?
Okay, all you cowboys.
You faggots!
And I said, "You fucking | motherfucking faggot cowboys."
They were throwing | a rain of bottles and beer cans,
and pigs' noses, | and fuck knows what.
Anarchy in...
I got a full can of beer | smashed right on my lip.
The U-S of A.
Fucking big fat lip | with blood dripping down it.
The gigs were | pretty frightening,
'cause of all the publicity | that had preceded us.
People were coming there | just to see this freak show.
They thought we were gonna be | sick on stage,
crap on stage, | beat each other up,
kill each other -- | well, it was partly true.
I am an antichrist #
I am an anarchist... #
Then Sid started | beating himself,
cutting himself on stage, | and totally being out to lunch.
l... #
Wanna be #
Birds were better looking | in America, that's for sure.
I really enjoyed | that part of it,
and they knew | how to suck dick.
They learn at an early | age here.
Sid loved the Pistols --
as a fan...
but being on stage with us, | he couldn't cope.
He wasn't being himself | anymore,
he was trying to be | Johnny Rotten...
with the drugs.
And that showed, I think, | to my mind, very bad.
The fucking Texas patrolmen | took me...
and threw me out the door.
And they have the authority | 'cause they have a badge,

and they have a fucking | billy club and a gun.
Malcolm, he liked the idea | of Sid being outrageous,
however much it | fucked things up for the band.
I think he encouraged him. | I remember Sid saying once...
"He could never be | outrageous enough."
And Malcolm's going, | "Yes, yes, I agree."
"You can go mad, | go all the way."
It says to me that I should do | what I wanna do, you know?
And just fuck everybody else.
Just fuck everybody else, | you know? Just fuck 'em.
They moved me, | they made me shake
more than I've ever | shook before,
and that's what... | what makes them the best.
I think I heard one time | that they...
urinated on the audience | one time.
Why, I don't know. | It just sounds goofy.
- Get outta here! | - What are they saying?
Get outta here!
It's better than homework.
Get the fuck outta here!
You faggot fucker!
Yeah, the guy fucking tried | to climb up on stage
and fucking attack me,
so I smashed his fucking brains | in with my guitar.
He knew that I meant | physical harm,
and I have to say | I was ugly about it.
But he came out and hit us | over the head with the bass.
They were great.
If I could only make out | the words, they'd be greater.
That was my first time | in America.
Sid would sit next to me, | and we'd look out the window,
and we'd stare | at that endless scenery,
and imagine John Wayne | and the indians.
You wouldn't sleep. | You wouldn't want to,
because it was | so first time.
Steve and paul flew | around America with Malcolm.
Steven, | what kind of badge you got?
I don't know. | Safety department.
Safety department. | That's very good.
Say goodbye. | Say goodbye.
They didn't want to be | on the tour bus,
'cause they were "really bored | with that reggae, man."
Steve and Paul | are a pair of sheep.
They do what Malcolm says.

Sid was just | looking for smack,
and being an idiot. | Rotten got into his ego...
it just got really depressing, | really quick.
But the point is, | Sid's my mate,
and I don't want him | to be a junkie.
This is why we traveled | on the bus,
this is why Sid was to stick | with me,
and like, the others | just didn't understand.
They thought, | "Oh, you can handle it, man."
But, like, dope sickness | isn't like that.
It's not something | that you can just blow away.
It's the worst sickness | you could ever imagine.
He was far too young | for that shit,
and un-american | for that shit.
I can drink, | and I can drink a druggie
out of being a druggie.
And I will do that | for my friends,
every time, any time.
You can't get comfortable, | and you sweat...
and you're boiling hot | and you pour with sweat.
And your nose dribbles and...
and all of a sudden | you get the colds,
and the sweat turns | to fucking ice on you,
and you put a jumper on.
Then you're boiling hot again, | and you take it off, and, like,
you get cold again and, like, | you just can't win.
And you lie down, | and that's not comfortable,
you sit up, that's not comfortable. | It drives you insane.
I despise Sid for it,
and I'll despise anyone | for messing with it ever since.
It is the only drug that really | cancels out all creativity.
It is about self-pity.
It is the lowest, | worst form of life.
Well, he wasn't even playing | at the end.
You know, he could barely | play it anyway.
Half the time he wasn't even | plugged in.
It was like a joke. | It was like...
"What the fuck | am I up here for?
What am I doing with this fucking, | like, kind of circus?"
I just didn't want | any part of it.
In the end, like, | I was the only one
who had any anarchy left in me.
The rest of the band, | they couldn't fucking take it.
And then we got to, like... | Like I said, San Francisco,

and Malcolm's in town,
and Sid goes off | with Malcolm,
suddenly Sid comes back | smacked up.
Winterland -- | the final countdown.
It wasn't | a rock and roll party.
It was more | like a dying horse
that needed putting | out of its misery.
But Malcolm saw it more | as a media circus.
He didn't realize | what a great band we were.
This is KSAM | in San Francisco,
with the Sex Pistols, | live from Winterland.
Throughout the show, people | were hurling things at them.
From all over -- | from above, from the sides,
from right down below -- | and there were people
jumping up on stage | and being carried off.
The stage is...
Here they come.
It's not really impossible | in San Francisco
to have monitors that work.
...is it?
Is it impossible | to have a sound check?
No.
Here's the encore | of the Sex Pistols.
Malcolm would set it up | to look ridiculous.
We were all cheated --
audience... | and lead singer alike.
You'll get one number | and one number only,
'cause I'm a lazy bastard.
You have to understand, | they stayed in a very nice hotel.
This is "no fun."
Me and Sid were not allowed | in that very nice hotel.
We had to stay with | the road crew in a motel.
The sheer lack of respect... | for Malcolm --
and him not returning a call --
that was it for me.
It wasn't connived at all.
We got to our hotel | and booked in.
I wasn't aware that he didn't | get a room there.
So he ended up staying | somewhere else.
No fun, my babe #
No fun #
Malcolm was fucking | with me.
I had no credit card, | and no money, no ticket.
He was trying to wreck

the very thing that made | the Sex Pistols great,
and he managed to achieve it | that night.

...fun to be alone #
In love #
With nobody else

John came over, | and we tried to have
a "clear the air" talk, | and we said to him,
"I don't wanna carry on, | really much longer
the way this is going. | It's, like, just totally pointless.
Someone's gonna get killed, | you know?"

John said he thought | the problem was Malcolm,
and we should get rid | of Malcolm and carry on,
and try and work | it out that way.

Fun to be alone #
Walkin' by myself #
Fun to be alone #
In love #
With nobody else

I didn't really | hang out with John.
He was always draining to me. | Took up a lot of energy.
Malcolm I got along with, so | I kinda went on to McLaren's side.
Another thing I regret.

Maybe call somebody | on the telephone #
Well come on, | my babe #
Come on

I'd have dropped Sid | in a second
at that particular point | for the band,
because I knew | he was fucking up.

No fun...

That's a load | of cobblers.
I was just playing bass, | and going crazy,
and leaping up and down. | And he thought I was trying
to take over his position | as the "New Johnny Rotten."

No fun #
No fun

I don't wanna be ajunkie | for the rest of my life.
I don't wanna be | ajunkie at all.
I knew the second | Sid would smack himself up again
that was the end.

No -- no fun #
No fun #
Alone -- no fun #
By myself, it's no fun... #
I was the one who said | "I've had enough."

I couldn't | handle it any more.
I didn't want nothing to do | with Rotten and Vicious.
Oh, bollocks, | why should I carry on?
I regret saying | that I wanted out, and leaving.
I regret it, | I really do.
And I apologized to John | that I fucking bailed.
No fun #
We might have continued | if we'd have got rid of Malcolm.
No fun... #
But that's just | the way I felt.
And I couldn't get away | from my feelings at the time.
I knew it had to end.
I didn't think it would end...
with them being | total wanker cowards.
Steve and Paul | fanned out on me.
The last show was the worst show | I think we've ever played.
It was just like, | this ain't going nowhere.
This ain't going anywhere, | it's fucking over.
Cookie agreed, | and we just fucked off.
The night the group split up,
Vicious was pulled off a plane | at Kennedy Airport,
the victim of a drug overdose.
Despite all the hassles, | what was it that you thought
the Pistols were really | trying to do?
Was it just like really kick | the establishment up the arse?
Sid?
Sid, he's not interviewing me. | Please try and wake up.
Ow-ww!
Sid, damn you!
Fuck.
Everybody was for Sid -- | I mean, Sid was like...
I don't know if you saw | any of the gigs,
but Sid was like, | really shining out.
And John was being | like, nothing.
The only people... the only | two people that I can think of...
that I would like | to play with...
Sid...?
Oh, my God...
I feel nothing but grief, | sorrow and sadness for Sid.
To the point, like,
if I really like, | talk about it,
I just fucking burst out | in tears.
He was someone | I really cared for.
You see? | He's one of the Johns.

I care about every single one | of the Johns.
The gang of Johns | should have been the band.
- Wake up, Sid. | - Yeah, okay. I'm waking up.
Now what's | the next question?
I can't be more | honest than that.
Don't drop it | on me again.
Well, the room was... | very bloody.
There was blood on the sheets, | and blood on the mattress
there was tracks of blood | leading into the bathroom,
where the body of the female | was found lying under the sink.
She was stabbed | in the stomach.
The whole thing lasted | no more than three minutes,
and out they went. | Vicious made no attempt
to duck the cameras waiting | outside the courtroom,
but he refused to respond to any | of the reporters' questions,
and shoved persistent | microphones out of his path.
The grand jury will decide whether | or not to indict Vicious for murder.
If indicted, the case moves to the | Supreme Court for further action.
Vicious was ordered | to Ryker's Island.
If convicted of the stabbing | death of Miss Spungen,
Vicious faces 15 years | to life in prison.
No fun... #
Are you having fun | at the moment?
Are you kidding?
No, I'm not | having fun at all.
Where would you | like to be?
Under the ground.
Are you serious?
Oh, yeah.
I've lost my friend.
I couldn't have changed it. | I was too young.
God, I wish | I was smarter.
You can look back on it, | and go,
"I could have done | something."
He died, | for fuck's sake.
They just turned it | into making money.
"Ha, ha, ha, ha..."
How hilarious for them.
Fucking cheek.
I'll hate them forever | for doing that.
You can't get more evil than that. | Can you, Julien? You know?
No respect.
Vicious... poor sod.
No fun...

No fun! #
No fun -- no fun #
No fun... #
No fun -- my babe #
No fun #
Fun to be alone #
Walkin' by myself #
Fun to be alone #
In love... #
And I said, "You fucking | motherfucking faggot cowboys,
you can throw any fucking thing | in the world at us,
and you won't get us | off this stage."
Maybe goin' out | maybe stay at home #
Maybe call somebody | on the telephone #
Come on #
No fun #
We gave it fucking 200 percent
for, like two years, | and that was it.
I think we run out | of steam.
You dirty fucker.
I loved being | a Sex Pistol.
I'll always be | a Sex Pistol.
But at least, you know, | when I die
at least I can say | I've done something.
No fun... #
Press the self-destruct button, | and start again.
Which is what it | was all about.
No fun... #
So creating something | called the Sex Pistols
was my painting, | my sculpture,
my little artful dodgers.
Are you still waffling, | Malcolm?
The Sex Pistols ended
at exactly the right time | for all the wrong reasons,
but the wrong reasons | were continued,
and people continued | to perpetrate lies --
about a reality.
Ah, ha, ha...
Ever get the feeling | you've been cheated?
Goodnight.
We did what we had to do...
and that's why | we didn't survive.
Only the fakes survive.
All I want is for | future generations

to just go, | "Fuck it, I've had enough,
here's the truth."

Infamy, infamy!

They've all got it | in for me.

I'm on a submarine mission | for you, baby

I feel the way | you were goin'

Picked you up | on my TV screen

Feel your undercurrent | flowing

Submission

Goin' down, down | draggin' me down

Submission

I can't tell ya | what I've found

You've got me | pretty deep, baby

I can't figure out | your watery love

I gotta solve | your mystery

You're sitting it out | in heaven above

Submission

Goin' down, down | draggin' me down

Submission

I can't tell ya | what I've found

The mystery

Under the water

In the sea

Submission

Goin' down, down | draggin' me down

Submission

I wanna drown... | # I can't tell ya what I've found #

In the water

In the sea

A submarine mission | for you, baby

Feel the way | you were goin'

Picked you up | on my TV screen

Feel your undercurrent | flowing

Submission

I'm goin down, down | draggin' me down

Submission

I can't tell ya | what I've found

Sub - miss - ion

Sub - miss - ion

Sub - miss - ion