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The Security Men

By Caroline Aherne

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This is Red Leader. Over.
Repeat. This is Red Leader. Over.
'Go ahead, Red Leader .'
I'm approaching incident. Over.
'Copy that, Red Leader.
Be careful down there.'
We have a Code 3. Repeat. Code 3.
'Code 3. What do you see down there,
Red Leader?
Please report status.'
Copy that. I'm going in.
Yes... we have a definite spillage.
Looks to me like coke.
Possibly Dr Pepper.
I'm effecting contingency plan.
Look at him. Milking it.
What do you reckon, Jimmy?
Five coner?
No, no. Six.
This is a big job.
Nah. I'm sticking with five.
One... two...
..three...
..four... five!
Yes!
Hey.
Oh, bollocks.
I knew there'd be six.
There was five for the McFlurry.
Yes!
This is Red Leader.
Spillage contained.
Nice work, Red Leader.
Excellent security control.
He's an arsehole.
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Careful, Madam.
I don't want any casualties.
Not on my watch.
Control, this is Red Leader.
Activate Eunice.
Repeat. Activate Eunice.
Kenneth wants you activated, Eunice.
I'd activate his bollocks,

that's what I'd activate.
How many cones?
Six.
That's never six cones.
That's a two-coner, if that.
If he thinks I'm mopping that up
at three minutes to six,
he can shove it
right up his ringpiece.
Having trouble locating Eunice
at the moment, Red Leader.
Last known whereabouts,
just outside Hallmark Cards.
'Give you a status update
when we locate her.'
Copy that.
He's only sent me a memo
about changing my water.
No way?!
No?!
It said, 'From Kenneth to Eunice'
at the top,
then subject, 'Water in Bucket'
then at the bottom it said,
'Formal warning.'
I wouldn't stand for that.
No, you're the boss
of your own water, Eunice.
Why should Kenneth interfere
with your water?
You tell Kenneth it's your water and
you do whatever you like with it.
Fourteen years I've worked here
and I've never once had a memo.
Shown it t'my Cliff.
What did he say?
He said Kenneth's a twat.
You're right, there.
How is Cliff?
Oh, he's driving me mad.
I'm hoping he'll re-offend,
get him out from under my feet.
- Hey, is Duckers back tonight?
- Yeah.

Right, well, I'll get going,
cos he can be a very boring man.
'Night, Eunice. 'Night, love.
'Night, Jimmy. Good night, Eunice.
Eunice, don't forget your bucket.
Righto.
Good night, sweetheart.
She's a dirty cow. That water
hasn't been changed since February.
I know. Could smell it from here.
Pure shit.
Sailing
I am sailing
Home again
Across the sea
Duckers.
'Ey up, Duckers. How was it?
We'll never have another holiday
on dry land, me and Linda.
Best holiday we've ever had.
Linda wants a porthole
put in the downstairs loo now.
So, did you miss me?
No.
Yeah.
Of course we did.
Where's Kenneth? Ooh.
Bloody hell. Six cones?
That's a four-coner, tops.
Anyway, I've not come home
empty-handed.
Here you are, lads. Are you ready?
Ocean Conqueror... shower gel.
Ooh.
Wait.
Ocean Conqueror... shampoo.
Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
Whoo-hoo.
Ocean Conqueror...
..shower cap.
Hoo-hoo-hoo!
Duckers, it's like we've been
on that cruise with you.
You've really pushed the boat out

there, mate. Boat out.
Good 'un, that.
I don't want this shower cap.
And I don't want the shampoo.
I'll have the shower gel.
You haven't got a shower.
Fair play. I'll have the shampoo.
I'll have the shower gel, then.
Now, form an orderly queue.
Got all my photos in here,
printed off.
Here she is in all her glory.
What, the Ocean Conqueror?
No, my Linda.
She seems to be the only one
topless.
She was. There's a better one in
here of 'em resting in the soup.
They came from t'top deck
just to have a look.
Oh, she's doing a handstand!
Oh, no.
Hey, how's she doing that
with the ping-pong ball?
That's my Linda.
All right, there, Kenneth.
Duckers. Good to have you back.
Well done on the Code 3 down there,
Red Leader.
Yeah, you did a mighty job.
I had to improvise with some paper
towels but I managed to contain
the spillage.
Yeah, it were a cracking holiday,
Kenneth.
There's an Ocean Conqueror
shower cap there for you.
Oh, thank you. I were showing t'lads
some of my photos. Wanna skeg?
No.
Have you ever thought about
cruising, Kenneth?
I've never been a Navy man.
Not good with water.

Like Eunice.

Could you pass me an Incident Report form, please, Ray.

Kenneth, have you ever noticed how filthy black Eunice's water is?

You should send her a memo.

Already taken care of.

Oh, er... I've rejigged the rota a bit tonight, Kenneth.

Got you down for

a 12 o'clock break, OK? Righto.

So, how are things with your old mum since I've been away, Kenneth?

Not good.

I've had to let Theresa the carer go.

Oh. Why's that, then?

Well, I got home the other night and there was mother lying in the bed

lightly soiled

and Theresa was out the back with a Benson and a can of Stella.

That's disgraceful.

Imagine your mother lying there lightly soiled.

She was already on her fourth memo.

Your mother? No, Theresa.

I've told her time and time again, you can't turn your back on my mother for a moment.

It's like Russian Roulette.

She's a lazy cow, is Eunice.

Look where she's left

that bloody bucket.

Ask yourself this -

Theresa the carer's fired. Gone.

No longer in the picture.

Completely off the scene.

And Kenneth's mammy is lying there lightly soiled.

Ask yourself this -

Who's washing her now?

Well, it must be Kenneth.

That's exactly what I was thinking.

Would you wash your mammy?

Would you, Duckers?
Come on, you come home from work,
your mammy's laying there
lightly soiled.
Would you wash her?
Would you, Duckers,
would you wash her?
What sort of a question's that?
What if it was with a flannel?
'Risk of serious injury?'
Grave.
'Reaction time to incident?'
What would you say, Ray?
Four minutes?
Oh, I think you'll find
it was a lot less than that.
Three?
Two.
I'm gonna put down 1.40.
'Number of cones?'
Six.
Just give me an honest answer,
Duckers. Would you wash your mammy?
I don't know.
I don't wanna even think about it.
Would you say, 'Feck it, she's
washed my own shitty arse a thousand
times, so I'll wash hers.'
Come on.
I'll tell you, hand on the Bible,
fecking seven of us and not
one of us ever washed my mammy.
Ninety-two she was when she died.
And even when he was giving her
the Last Rites,
Father Murphy commented
about the... smell of...
..baked-in shite.
Baked-in shite.
I love that.
Who are all those Incident Report
forms for, Kenneth?
For myself, Ray.
I like to keep a record.

And you can tell Jimmy I don't appreciate him drawing an erect member on my folder again. You two, get off them bloody scooters! Yeah, stop titting about, lads. I'm even jealous of myself looking at these. That's my Linda bladdered, playing mini golf. What's that? It's just a little bit of piss. She's quite leaky, my Linda. They all end up leaky. That's my Linda at the captain's table. She got invited to the captain's table? She invited herself. I think he were quite taken with her. He said he'd never met a woman over 60 with piercings. Fair play to her. Whoa, hold on. Typical bloody hoodie. Spit it out. Doesn't matter who has to clear it up. Look at that mammy washer. We're cutting it fine. We'll miss it if we're not careful. Now... ..little tip I've picked up along the way. From the Army? Kim and Aggie. I've put them on Series Link. For Mother. Isn't it time for your break now, Kenneth? In one minute, 40 seconds, yes. There we are, Ray. Target eliminated. You have to take a strong line on these things. Absolutely.

I'd never seen a woman's knockers
until I came to this country.
And then it was Helen Mirren's.
Both of them, left and right.
Yeah. Bob Hoskins was munching on
them as I remember. Lucky bugger.
That's Linda doing the conga.
On her own?
Oh, yeah.
Everyone on the ship knew her name.
Most nights we didn't even make it
back to the cabin.
Used to sleep in the gift shop.
I think they thought, 'That's
a couple that likes to have fun.'
Yeah.
That's a waxing rash, that is.
Oh.
Ah, Kenneth.
Isn't it time for your break,
Kenneth?
Zero hundred hours precisely.
I'll be out the back if you need me.
Enjoy your break, Kenneth.
Ssh!
Right, let's get cracking.
You, on the main alarm system.
You, Duckers, get the keys.
I'll put this on auto.
Done.
Got 'em.
Let's do this.
..three... four... five...
Get a move on, will yer?
Jesus, Duckers,
you've brought the wrong keys.
Yes!
Yes.
We're in.
Kenneth.
Kenneth.
K-E-N-N-E-T-H.
It's Kenneth, Mother.
I tell you what, lads.

This'll last 15 minutes tops.
Kenneth will still be on the phone
to his mum.
It's the white tablets.
The white ones.
White.
That's it.
They're on your bedside table.
That's right. By the bed.
In the saucer. White.
Why would I be trying
to poison you, Mother?
You what?
Well, don't lie on the damp patch.
Ray... can I ask you a question?
And-and-and tell the truth now,
shame the devil.
Would you wash your mammy?
My mother's dead.
You were at the funeral, Jimmy.
Well, let's pretend she's not dead.
Let's say she's lying there,
lightly soiled.
Would you wash her then, Ray,
would you?
Say it was with a flannel?
I don't think Kenneth's
got a mother.
I think he's doing a Norman Bates
and he just dresses up like her.
This is the fight
we've been waiting for.
The big fight and a real test,
this one, for Amir Khan.
The place, you can see,
the MEN arena, absolutely packed out.
20,000 fans here, most of them
supporting Amir Khan.
Right. Sweepstake.
Closest round, tenner each.
I say it ends in five.
Give me round seven.
Five? Seven? Get a life.
Give me round two.

Amir Khan.
It's absolutely...
Amir!
I know you're here.
Come on, Khan, come on!
A good right hand from Khan.
Go on, smack him one!
Come on, Khan, come on.
Khan right on top
here in the second.
..and putting together some lovely
flourishes... Bite him!
This is turning...
- Starting to pile on the pressure.
- That's a great shot.
What a prat! What a prat!
It's one-way traffic
once again.
Khan piling on the pressure.
And that's five rounds gone.
One more round. Just one more!
- And he's been caught.
- And that's the first time...
Yeah-ha-ha!
He's not having it all his own way.
There's going to be some thinking
going on in that Khan corner.
He's got a little bit of a problem.
Right, lads, let's...
Come on, Khan! 'Great right hand
and Khan felt the weight of that.'
'Khan's going to have to really
dig deep and he's doing that.'
Don't let him off the hook, Khan!
Oh, bollocks.
Don't let him off the hook!
'And he produced
a grandstand finish...'
It's a sad day when an officer
can't rely on his men
when his back is turned.
It wasn't my idea. I just went
along with it. A very sad day.
Sorry, Kenneth. We just wanted to

watch Amir Khan. Bite him!
Come on, Khan, come on!
He's knocking the shite out of him,
Kenneth.
Come on, come on!
What round is it? It's the last
round. It's nearly over.
He's got him, he's got him.
Come on! Use your left!
Cracking fight, that.
Cheers, Kenneth.
Thanks, Kenneth.
Yeah, thanks, Kenneth.
Well, you have to know when to bend
the rules sometimes.
I used to do a bit of boxing myself
as a young man. Yeah?
Were you a biter, Kenneth?
I were a biter.
No, jab man.
Keep 'em back with a jab.
Now then, we'd better get
those alarms back on.
Hey, I didn't hear that!
You didn't set the alarm
properly down there, you clown.
I did. I definitely did.
Hang on a minute, that's not
Electrical Land. That's Denbys.
Denbys High Class Jewellery
and Precision Watches.
Rewind the tape.
Oh, Jesus Christ.
The robbing whores.
Why did we leave our posts?
Jimmy, go down there
and check it out.
Twenty-five years unblemished service
up in smoke.
Come on, Kenneth,
this wasn't down to you.
Yes, I suppose we're partly
to blame, too. In a way.
I'm just glad my mother's senile.

We'd never have caught them.
There's two of them.
There's only four of us.
'I'm down here now.'
What can you see, Jim?
'I'm just going inside.
Over. Roger.
I'm in the shop now.'
And?
'There's been a robbery.'
Bloody hell, Jim!
What have they taken?
'Every fecking thing
by the looks of it.'
OK, come back up here and we'll work
out what to do next.
'Copy that.
Wait. What's this?
There's a lovely looking watch
they've dropped on the floor.
It's a... rol... dex.'
Don't even think about it, Jimmy.
We can draw straws for that later.
We certainly will not.
Well, there's nothing else for it.
I shall have to send Mr Lomas a memo
tendering my immediate resignation.
No, there's got to be a way
out of this, Kenneth.
Yes, with all due respect,
with the best will in the world,
it's no good YOU just resigning.
We're all in this shit.
And where are we gonna find another
job that's mainly sleeping?
The only way out of this
is for me to fall on my sword.
Look, let's think about this
logically.
What we need is a reason
why we never tried to stop 'em.
Because we were watching the boxing.
We know that.
Hey, why don't we blindfold

ourselves and tie ourselves up?

Grow up.

They've cleaned the place out.

There's nothing left there.

What time is it now?

Put that back.

Yeah, put that back.

I'm just minding it until the police get here. Keeping it safe.

Why don't we wipe the video tape and they'll never know what happened.

Actually, that's not a bad idea.

Oh, that's convenient, isn't it?

The one night there's a robbery the cameras are mysteriously not working.

Come on, let's all have a good think.

We won't let Kenneth take the blame.

We're a team.

Yeah, but if he wants to -

Think.

Jimmy?

Well, I was waiting for you lot to come up with something.

I was just gonna agree.

Duckers?

No, nothing, nothing.

Look, the robbery's happened, it's a fact.

There's no getting away from it, there's no denying it.

Honesty is the best policy, that's what my mother always taught me.

Lying is the best policy.

When they said I took that money out of the church collection, I lied.

And when I went to confession, I lied again. Hmm!

Pass me a resignation form, please.

They don't have one, Kenneth. Well, I'll adapt an Incident Report form.

Hang on.

What about if we make it look like we DID do our job?

How do you mean?

Well, we could rewind the tape,
somehow re-stage the robbery,
only this time with us doing our job
properly.

How would that work?

Well, two of us
could play the robbers.

The other two could chase them down
and have a bit of a scuffle -

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Make it look like a real scrap.

Make it look like
we nearly caught 'em.

I could chuck my karate in.

That's it, that's it!

Do you know, we can come out of this
looking like real heroes. Exactly.

No. No. No!

Kenneth, I need this job.

My Linda can't get work
with her police record.

We all need our jobs, Kenneth. I'm
having my drive flagged next week.
You're having your drive flagged?

Hmm.

Look, the whole system
is security encoded.

If we start tampering with it,
Head Office will know.

Yeah, but you know our Clare's son,
asbo Rhys,
they took his tag off last week.

He's a genius with computers,
an absolute whizzkid.

I bet you he could reset it for us.

Come on, Kenneth.

Just give it a go.

Yeah, that's it. Just give it a go.

We've got nothing to lose.

If anyone can pull this off,

Kenneth...

..it's you.

Come on, Kenneth.

Right. Gentlemen, gather round.

Now then, this is the plan

I've formulated.

To begin with, whoever we choose
to be robbers, enter by aisle four.

It's by the Pound Shop.

They will then proceed
in a north-westerly direction,
passing Greggs the bakers, Shoe Tree,
Spoilt for Choice,
arriving at Denbys, whereupon they
gain entry using a crowbar
to 'break the padlock'
on the shutter.

Who's playing the robbers?

Well, two of us will be the robbers,
two of us will play ourselves.

I don't fancy playing myself.

I couldn't pull it off.

I've got a brother who looks like me
but he lives in County Clare.

What's that got to do with anything?

I'm just saying,

if anybody was looking for
a look-a-likey to play me,
you should talk to him.

I'm not gonna be a robber.

That's all I have to say.

Myself and Ray will be the guards.

You two the robbers.

Why am I a robber? I went through
all this on the cruise.

A woman's bag went missing and mine
were the first cabin they came to.

Mind you, turns out Linda
HAD taken it.

Now then, camera three will pick up
two security guards in aisle six.

They will spring into action, racing
past Quality Save and Superdrug,
arriving at Denbys just as said
robbers emerge with a holdall.

A scuffle ensues and the robbers
manage to break way.

Hello? OK, mate, I'll buzz you in.
That's our Rhys on his way up.
Oh, good.
The robbers break away -
You know what this is like?
A remake of The Great Escape.
Different characters all working
together on the big plan.
Which one will you be, then?
Do you need to ask?
Steve McQueen, of course.
I wanna be Steve McQueen.
You can't. I am.
Anyway, it's Steve Mc-Queen,
not Steve O'Queen.
He weren't a Paddy. He wasn't
a Chuckle Brother, either.
All right, Uncle Ray?
Oh, good boy. Come in.
Meet the lads.
Pleased to meet you, Rhys.
How are you, son?
Bloody hell. I've underpants older
than him. And he's wearing 'em.
You weren't busy, were you?
Not really. Just watching porn.
Fair play to you, son.
So, Rhys, can you do this?
It'll be encrypted.
I'll have to override it.
And a firewall to get through.
I'll bounce it off a remote i-drive.
Fecking bounce away, son.
I'll have to shut down,
reboot, re-route everything
through a remote server.
Was that a yes or a no?
- Well, I'll give it a go.
- Good boy.
Hey, Jim.
See them, there?
My Linda's used to be like that.
Always very perky, they were.
Then suddenly the springs

went in 'em. Yeah, they do go.
My missus can make balloon animals
out of them now.
Good one, good one.
Hey, what do you think?
These ones... or...
..these ones?
These are...60 denier
and these are 40 denier.
I-I don't know. I'm in two minds.
Look again.
These ones...
..or...
..these ones?
I think the first ones.
Good. I can see feck all
out through them ones.
This is an old system.
I'm not sure if it can read
the programme.
Come on, download will you, crap
remote hard drive.
Sorted. Right, it's all ready.
Oh, excellent. Well done, Rhys!
Good boy.
I'lll tell your mum.
She'll be very proud.
She's took a restraining order
out on me. What, again? Yeah.
Right, Ray -
Say hello to my little friend.
Go ahead, punk,
make my fecking day.
Are you talkin' to me?
You talkin' to me?
Yes, I am talking to you, Ray.
We need to get on.
Yeah, stop titting about, lads.
We haven't got much time.
Hands up who thinks
I should be a guard?
You're not being a guard
and you're not having guns.
Ready?

Red Leader to all units.
'Stand by.'
In position, Red Leader.
Hey, I bet you wish these
were used, eh, Jim?
'Red Leader to all units.'
And... three... two... one.
Action!
Aaaaagh!
Cut!
- Action!
- Aaaaaaagh!
Cut!
What?
Stop titting about, Duckers.
And... three..two... one. Action!
Aaaaagh!
Leave it!
Cut!
- Action!
- Aaaagh!
What?!
Cut!
Action!
Cut!
Action!
Aaaaagh!
Go on, run!
Get in there!
Right, here we go.
Looking good, Kenneth.
Thank you very much.
Oh, look, here we go.
See that bag? That's heavy,
but I'm carrying it so casual.
Here we go.
I couldn't get into a packet of
cigarettes. You could get in there.
Here they are. Cagney and Lacey.
This is it.
You're gonna get it, boys.
Lads, you are having it.
Here they come.
Ooh, look at that!

Look at me. I look like Bruce Willis
in Die Hard 2.

Hey, you can run!

Still got it, kidda.

Eh?

- Look at that. Eunice's water.

- Oooh!

That's where I cracked my head.

Oh, look at that.

Oh, I'm glad they got away.

Classy touch, that.

Kenneth, look at you.

You look like you've pissed
yourself. Brilliant.

Right, that's it. I've dropped
it onto the main tape.

Well done, kidda, well done!

Fair play to you, son.

Here... have an Ocean Conqueror
shower cap.

That's from all of us.

Ah, feck it. Here.

Have the Ocean Conqueror shampoo
as well.

Ray, give him the Ocean Conqueror
shower gel. Go on. Come on.

Nice little bit on the end,
you slipping on the water.

Who'd have thought Eunice's water
would have saved the day?

Yeah. Good old Eunice.

I must remember to send her a memo
thanking her for her water.

So what happens now, then?

Well, gentlemen...

..I think it's time we called the
police and reported a robbery.

Right.

The thing is to stay calm
and act normal.

Good evening, officers.

Evening, lads. I'm PC Greaves,
this is PC Clarke. Chaps.

I'm Kenneth Brennan,

head of security.
This is my unit. Mr Duckworth...
Hello. Mr O'Neill... How are you?
..and you've already met Mr Caytor.
OK, we'll start by looking
at the security footage.
Yes, of course.
The whole mall is covered
by security cameras
which can be rotated 365 degrees.
Ray.
Bloody hell. They're standing proud.
That's Linda, my wife.
Oh! The old ping-pong ball trick.
Are those piercings?
Oh, yeah.
She paid for the left one,
I've treated her to the right one.
A gentleman.
Hey, if you want a copy for the lads
at the station, just ask.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Here it is.
12.07, they enter the jewellers.
What were you lot doing?
One man in the control room,
one man on his break,
two men patrolling the mall.
What is that?
Oil?
No, that's Eunice's water.
She hasn't changed it
since February.
She's a filthy cow.
Well, we're looking at two
right little short arses
or just a couple of kids.
We'd have a better look at their
faces if they weren't covered with
the stocking.
40 denier, I reckon.
I'd like to go and visit
the crime scene now, please.
Yes, of course.

It must have been a busy night
for you lads.

No, it were dead quiet before this.

We were watching the Amir Khan
fight. The Muslim Marauder.

It were a belter. Hey, he nearly
had him in the tenth, you know.

As you can see, they levered
the lock off with a crowbar
to gain entry.

The fellow who owns this shop,
his mother's from Kilkenny.

In Ireland.

According to your log,
at 11 .58, Mr Duckworth
was patrolling the perimeter.

That's correct.

What, and he saw nothing?

I mean, nine minutes later,
the robbers are breaking in here.

From the timings

of your security footage...

..the robbers left here at 12.11.

And spent only four minutes
to do all this?

They didn't hang about, did they?

Bloody hell, he's off on one,
is old Greavsie.

Thinks he's bloody Wallander.

What's he like?

A twat.

That's what he's like.

I hate working nights with him.

Never lets me have any birds back at
the station for a little look round,
feeling the truncheon.

And that's a perk of the job.

See that fella, Kenneth?

Head of security.

He washes his own mammy.

He's a mammy washer.

They know we're lying.

You can see it in their eyes.

What did you say that about the

fight for, you knobhead?
It were an accident.
They're gonna find us out,
I know they are.
Do you want to see some more
topless pictures of my Linda?
Grow up, will yer?
Can I ask you a question?
And give me your god's honest
answer.
Would you ever wash your mammy?
I mean, if she was lightly soiled.
Lightly soiled?
Not a problem. I've even washed
a few nannas in my time.
Hey, don't knock it
till you've tried it.
I tell you who I wouldn't mind
washing. Her in them photographs.
That Linda.
Yeah, yeah.
She could do with a good wash.
I'd like to take another look
at this security footage.
Officer Clarke.
Do you have a moment?
Something I want to show you.
Pause.
Right.
Pause.
Can you rewind it back to the
beginning again?
Right, come on, we're off.
I've already radioed the report in.
Bloody hell, that's a first!
You'll do all the paperwork?
Pretty straightforward, really.
Perpetrators nearly apprehended,
extreme violence used,
hazardous floor surfaces,
yada yada yada, job done.
Like you say,
it's probably just kids.
Come on, let's go down

the red light district, eh?
Do a few stop and searches.
Come on, Greavsie.
I'll treat you to a korma.
Bollocks. Come on, then.
Good man.
Good night, lads. See ya.
Cheers, lads. Hey, and well done.
Thank you.
Thanks.
Hey, nice to meet you, pal.
Nice to meet you.
Whoo-hoo. Is that the time?
Magic.
You've only pulled it off, Kenneth.
You've pulled it off!
Ole, ole, ole, ole
Ole...
Well done, Jimmy.
Kenneth, I just wanna say
that I have the height of respect
for anybody who'd wash their own
parent. Fair play to you.
Oh...
Do you know what, Duckers?
I think I will have a look
at them photos now.
Here you are, Kenneth.
They're not all stuck together yet.
What a magnificent boat.
Is that a waxing rash?