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# The Young Americans

By Danny Cannon

- What's this?

- Hey! Off the car!

Kids!

I said get off the car!

No.

Mr. Harris?

Detective Carver.

- Brian Carver.

- How do you do?

- This is my partner, Lewis Carnegie.

- And how do you do?

- Nice to meet you.

- How was your flight?

- Long.

- I hate flying.

They pack you in like sardines  
and half starve you.

Upper class is usually okay.

The car's this way, sir.

- I'll put this in the back

for you, sir. - Thank you.

- First time in London?

- Yes.

I've been looking  
forward to it.

I hope we don't  
disappoint you.

Fucking animals.

- Not exactly Hollywood,  
is it, sir? - Not yet.

Todo hace lo mismo.

It's Spanish. It means

"Everything eventually becomes the same."

Well, they teach you that

at Police Academy, do they?

No. You pick it up

along the way. It helps.

Yeah? Fuck me, Brian.

We'd better learn to speak Chinese, eh?

Aw, paddy.

Bollocks.

- Thanks for the ride.

- No problem.

Be all right, will you?

Stupid question, I suppose.

If ever you want to change your life  
with mine while you're here, just ask.

It's the lobby. Hotels usually go  
downhill from here.

- I'll see you gentlemen in the morning.

- I'm looking forward to it.

Thank you very much, sir.

Hi, this is Sam Harris.

I can't get to the phone.

Leave a message, okay?

Thanks. Bye.

Right. George Fletcher, a string  
of previous convictions.

Mostly armed robbery.

Served seven years.

Came out in '87.

Teamed up with Curtis Payne.

Between them they controlled a chain of  
supply houses from Brixton to Greenwich.

Mostly designer drugs.

Ecstasy. Crack.

Probably one of the biggest  
drug rings we've uncovered.

Killed by automatic gunfire.

No known suspects.

Roy England.

Minor drug-related convictions.

Limehouse drug squad reckoned  
he was expanding his operation.

Died april the 12th.

Shot in the face, back and chest.

No suspects.

Frank Pierce. You all know him.

One of the old greats.

Mayfair safety deposit job  
back in '74.

Very powerful. No recent record.

Just legitimate imports.

Freight, trucking. No known  
involvement in the drugs trade.

Killed last wednesday with his  
bodyguard. Messy killing.

One shot to the head, five

to the body. Close range.  
No arrests, no leads, no sense.  
Obviously, there's a pattern.  
They're not random targets.  
They're specific. In fact, if they  
hadn't have been the victims,  
they'd have been  
our first suspects.  
Any prints found at the scene  
are new to us.  
- Maybe it's the Jamaicans moving in.  
- Yeah, that's what we thought...  
'til they come to us...  
for protection.  
The men are from all over  
really. Mainly C.I.D.  
Detectives already linked with  
the relevant investigations.  
The whole operation's being  
coordinated from here.  
This is going to belong to a foreign bank  
eventually. We've leased it for six months.  
They think we're with  
The Inland Revenue.  
- It's all a secret then?  
- Secret? No, it's not a secret.  
We just don't tell them what we're doing.  
Mr. Harris, detective Foster.  
Special branch.  
One of mine, actually.  
- Foster takes over when I'm not around.  
- Pleased to meet you, Mr. Harris.  
How was the flight?  
- What's wrong? - I just didn't expect  
everyone to be so polite.  
Well, I hope that doesn't have  
to change. We're just down here.  
Good morning, gentlemen.  
Just a few moments of your time.  
If I could have your attention...  
- Oh, good morning, Mr. Gray.  
- Good morning. - How are you?  
This won't take too long.  
This is John Harris, who just flew

in yesterday from Los Angeles...  
to help us with our  
investigation.  
Mr. Harris is a...  
group leader...  
with the drug enforcement  
administration.  
He has operational experience in New York  
and more recently in Los Angeles.  
Over here, his principal capacity  
is that of an... advisor.  
We're very lucky  
to have him with us.  
He's a highly  
decorated policeman.  
Would you like to say a  
few words to the troops?  
I'm not going to say much.  
Excuse me.  
I don't think I have to.  
As Mr. Donnelly said, I am here as an  
advisor. I'm not here to get in your way.  
The D.E.A. is extremely experienced at  
establishing a task-force environment.  
Getting everyone together like this,  
exchanging needs, ideas...  
It gives everyone the opportunity to  
focus clearly on the real problems.  
It also gives us a wider jurisdiction  
when it comes to the arrests.  
And who are we going  
to arrest exactly?  
Whoever's responsible for  
what's going on here.  
And who's that? All we've got at the moment  
is a bunch of dead villains. Nothing else.  
You're gonna have plenty of time to  
talk about it, Carnegie.  
You and Carver are going to be  
showing Mr. Harris around.  
Give me the keys.  
I'm driving.  
So, what do you want  
to see first, Mr. Harris?

Frank Pierce's funeral.  
That should be interesting.  
He won't be able  
to tell you much.  
I'm sure there'll be a lot of  
concerned friends present.  
Maybe not friends, just concerned.  
I'd like to hear why.  
"I am the resurrection and  
the life," said the Lord.  
"He that believeth in me,  
though he were dead, yet shall he live.  
"And whosoever liveth  
and believeth in me..."  
Well. Real celebrity  
turnout today.  
See the gray-haired geezer  
there, shaking hands?  
You've got a real star there.  
Sidney Callow. One of the last  
remaining good old boys.  
He was big in the 60's, early 70's.  
They treat him like  
fucking royalty.  
- Another drug man?  
- No, thanks.  
Callow's not into drugs  
and never has been.  
No, protection.  
A good, old-fashioned gangster.  
Made a fortune in prison.  
- Ran his own little empire, whitechapel  
to bow. - Thanks for coming with us.  
They loved him. Was probably drugs  
that put him out of business.  
It's a young man's poison.  
It's a whole new world.  
these old boys,  
I never could understand them.  
And now?  
- Moved out to the suburbs.  
Croydon somewhere. - Yeah, Surrey.  
Who's the guy with the glasses?  
Jack Doyle. Nightclub owner.

Last person to see Frank alive.

What did he have to say?

- Came in himself as soon as he heard.

- Couldn't tell us anything.

Sid!

Lewis is over there.

Hello, Lewis, Brian.

- Wouldn't have thought you'd have bothered.

- I had no problems with Frank.

Who's your friend?

One of our colleagues  
from across the Atlantic.

Haven't we got  
enough policemen?

You read the papers. We've got their crime,  
we may as well have their coppers.

John Harris, Sidney Callow.

I've been to the states  
a couple of times.

Disney World. I like it there.

The streets are spotless.

They hire a lot of people  
to pick up the garbage.

- Where are you from?

- New York. You ever been there?

No.

I think you'd like it there.

What's going on, Lewis?

I thought you could tell me.

Nobody knows a thing.

Believe me, I've asked.

All I know is, nobody's  
doing anything to stop it.

Was Frank getting  
into anything new?

I don't think so.

Maybe it was what he  
wasn't getting into.

If this goes on much longer, he's going  
to be coming to us for protection.

Come on, let's get out  
of here. I'm starving.

Don't worry, man.

Put your money away.

- I got enough of it... it's all right.

- Put your money away.

But this is what it's all about,  
isn't it, Lionel? Money.

Nothing else.

Look, man, we don't take shit  
anymore. We don't have to.

- What are you trying to say?

- What am I trying to say?

You don't get it, do ya?

You could have some of this.

We know somebody.

- Don't want to know, okay?

- Boy-oy-oy-oy!

We're giving you

a chance, boy.

What else have you got?

You got something better?

- Or are you better than us? - You ain't  
better. Same prick with a portable phone.

You better watch what  
you're saying, brother.

- I ain't your brother.

- You ain't nothing, fuck!

- Big man.

- Yes.

Yeah, that's right!

Now if you want some of this,  
you're not gonna be the first.

Let's go. Let's go, Lionel.

Come on.

- Watch your backs, boys.

- Fuck off!

Oh, something's going down.

We've gotta take a look.

This is our neighborhood.

Ah, it's just kids.

- Stop the car!

- What?

Oh, for Christ's sake!

Step back, step back.

- Leave him! Leave him!

- Who the hell are you?

It's all right.



He's with us.  
Anybody call an ambulance?  
Anybody call an ambulance?  
It'd be quicker to take him ourselves.  
Barts is just five minutes away.  
Hold on.  
Let's go.  
- Mr. Harris...  
- Open the door!  
- Mr. Harris?  
- What? Let him bleed to death?  
Watch your head.  
Bollocks.  
- What's your name?  
- Christian O'Neill.  
Okay, Christian.  
- Keep your hand on the wound.  
It'll stop... - Yeah, I know.  
What happened?  
You're Dermott's boy, aren't you?  
Whatever. You'll be spending  
the night in jail.  
Just a minute.  
- Who is it?  
- Carnegie.  
Don't tell me we woke  
you up, detective?  
- What time is it?  
- It's okay, we're early.  
Ohhh! Must be jet-lagged  
or something.  
We thought you might like  
to be on your own today.  
You know, take a look around.  
Do some shopping.  
- Shopping?  
- It's up to you, sir.  
We have to speak  
to Jack Doyle again.  
He's the guy that owns  
the nightclub, right?  
Yeah. Just a few loose  
ends to tie up.  
I'd like to go along. Frank Pierce

was killed just around the corner.

- I'd like to check out  
the murder scene. - Fine.

Sorry to rush you like this.

Well, you're early.

Computer wizard, are you, sir?

I don't understand  
them personally.

- I leave all that stuff to my  
six-year-old. - You have a son?

- Lewis here has four  
daughters. - Really?

- You a family man?

- Mmm.

- My daughter's 12 now.

- My son's 5.

- Beautiful boy.

- Thank you.

Oh, beautiful!

I bet they love it out  
there in California.

They live with their mother  
in New York.

- Is this where it happened?

- Yeah, it's, uh...

That's it. Just up there  
beyond the bridge.

See you later.

- Jack?

- Upstairs.

Bit early for that?

I hear you're getting  
married again, Dermott?

It's none of your  
fucking business.

- I bumped into your  
boy last night. - Where?

None of your fucking business.

- Busy, Jack?

- Business meeting.

- Anyone I know?

- I doubt it.

I hear you've, uh,  
been busy down there?

Just work, Jack.  
Just work.  
Good boy, Jack.  
Come on, let's go.  
Here, let me do the driving.  
Huh! Give me the keys,  
will you?  
Come on.  
- Do you think he's  
onto something? - Nah.  
I'll bet he earns a packet.  
More than us, that's for sure.  
Thank god for our friends  
in lowly pl...  
Oh, no.  
Hey!  
My god!  
Are you okay?  
They're not here, and  
none of these faces fit.  
- Can I get an artist's  
impression? - You'll get it.  
I have to talk to the press.  
What are you gonna tell them?  
I'll tell them that Carnegie and Carver  
were two of the best men I had.  
- Is that what you really think?  
- They were good policemen.  
You're two faggots!  
You're ugly!  
Let him go!  
Calm down.  
Cool. Cool.  
- What did they say?  
- Nothing.  
It's not them, is it?  
I don't know.  
I want to talk to the boy.  
- Carnegie's arrest from  
the nightclub. - Why?  
He probably knows more than  
all of us put together.  
As long as that's  
okay with you.

Mind if I show you something?  
Do I have any choice?  
You recognize him?  
- No. - I think he helped  
kill two police officers.  
He threw a fire bomb  
into their car.  
They burned to death.  
Why would he want to  
do that, Chris?  
All right, play it your way.  
I hear you haven't spoken to anyone  
since your arrest. Do you like it here?  
- I've seen worse. - If I were you,  
I'd get myself an attorney.  
Assault.  
Resisting arrest.  
Who's to say you didn't stick  
the knife into your pal?  
Who did then? Who?  
You know who did it,  
don't you?  
How's Lionel?  
Lionel's in very bad shape.  
He might not make it.  
I want to see him.  
Help me out, Chris, and I'll  
make sure that you see him.  
Check him out.  
Okay, he's clean.  
- What did he say? - He knows who they are.  
He's gonna point them out to me.  
- Really? - Yeah. I think  
I'll recognize them.  
I've got the boy's confidence,  
so why don't you let me run with it?  
- What do you say?  
- Okay.  
But we have to do it properly.  
I still need to do my job.  
- Fine. So do it.  
- Still an "advisor," Mr. Harris?  
You know what I mean?  
Who the fuck's this?

- You're both under arrest.

- We're fucking what?

Fuck!

Freddy, run!

I just don't believe this.

It's assault!

Oh, you want to press charges,  
do you? Right.

- Somebody hit you over the head with  
a bottle, did they? - Well, look at me!

Who was it?

The American?

Oh, come on now.

Who was it, your mate?

Oh, right! Your mate hit you over  
the head with a bottle, did he?

Nice mates.

That'll add grievous bodily harm  
to everything else.

Fuck off!

This is just going to go on  
and on until we're satisfied.

Are you listening?

Two of my policemen are dead, and we  
have people who saw you at the scene.

Bollocks! This ain't even  
a police station.

Look, either charge me  
or let me go.

How old are you? Eighteen, right?

Look it up.

Prison. your life's over.

Is that what you want?

- How long have you been doing this job, man?

- Who's your American friend?

I don't know any  
fucking Americans!

You're a terrible liar, Dwayne.

You know plenty of Americans.

What about Michael Jackson?

Mickey Mouse?

Thomas Nuefeld?

Joseph Hernandez?

Carl Fraser?

Is that the name  
he's using now?  
He's changed names more times than  
you've changed your underwear, Dwayne.  
Fuck off!  
You curse me or my friend one more time  
and I'll tear your fucking jaw off!  
Got it?  
He's using you.  
It's what he does.  
But you're so full of shit  
you can't even see it, can you?  
Can you?  
- They're just kids.  
- That's where it starts.  
We can't detain them any longer unless  
we can make a positive identification.  
What's all this  
about an American?  
Drop them back home in squad cars  
and make sure everyone sees them.  
I want the entire neighborhood  
to know we busted them.  
- Is that an order?  
- It's police work.  
Maybe we should just  
give you a gun...  
-and let you clear out this  
whole town for us. - Maybe.  
Who is it, Harris?  
Who are you after?  
I knew we couldn't have  
been paying for this.  
We can't even afford to convict  
half the criminals we do catch.  
American money buys you more.  
In case you didn't realize it,  
our aims are the same.  
Keeping things from me  
doesn't help.  
Can't you get enough of this place?  
I thought I'd pick up my wages.  
Fair enough. You look like shit.  
Haven't you been to bed all night?

See you monday. Do yourself a favor,  
get some sleep.

No!

You all right?

- Hi, stranger.

- How you doing, Rachael?

Just come to see

my favorite cousin.

- I've got to get back to work  
soon, all right? - Okay.

And how are you doing?

Good.

We'll be moving you down to surgery  
soon. Don't be long, please.

Surgery?

They're operating again?

Listen, it's no problem.

It'll be all right, man. Hear?

Come here.

She likes you.

You didn't tell me

she'd be here.

- Coincidence.

- Yeah, right.

You're a coward, O'Neill.

Talk about me when

I've gone, all right?

Okay, Lionel, how  
are you feeling?

- Fine.

- Good.

This is more like it, eh?

Wait a minute.

Wait, please.

Chris!

Lie down, please.

Hello?

- Who are you? - You must want Sam.

I'll... I'll go get her.

Hello?

John?

- Who was that? - It's Barnaby.

He lives across the street.

He looks after the kids

for me sometimes.

- Barnaby?

- The kids like him, okay?

- Barnaby. - Look, John,  
don't start, all right? Jesus.

- What time is it over there?

- It's late. Why?

- Why aren't the kids in bed?

- They are in bed.

Yeah? Well, if the kids are in bed,  
what's Barnaby doing there?

If you're gonna be like this, I'm just  
gonna hang up. I'm gonna go to bed.

Alone?

Come on, hit him!

Kenneth!

Through with it!

Points!

It's not exactly salubrious.

- Seat yourself down.

- Thanks.

I hope you're not going to ask me who  
blew up your friends, Mr. Harris.

What do you take me for, a cop?

- You'd tell me if you knew anything.

- Is that right?

I read your record.

You've had your fair share  
of enemies.

I'd rather just watch  
a good fight these days.

If the kids want to fight,  
then let them do it... properly.

Give them some rules.

Make it fair.

There's no respect these days.

The kids don't steal because they have to,  
they steal because they want to.

- Tell me about Jack Doyle. - What?

Did he kill Carnegie and Carver?

- I doubt it.

- Get into him!

Doyle's just an angry young man who  
believes everything he sees in movies.



- American movies.  
- Is that right?  
- Oh, for fuck's sake!  
- You see that young paddy there?  
Him in the blue.  
- Come on! - We have ourselves a little  
lightweight contender there.  
Stick him!  
Come on, stick him!  
- His trainer doesn't seem to think so.  
- No, that's his father.  
Come on, bring the glove down!  
At least he knows where his kid is at night.  
Might even make something out of him.  
Come on, move!  
Turn it!  
- You can reach me tomorrow.  
- Okay, good-bye.  
I'll see you tomorrow morning

**at 8:**

- You all right?  
- Jesus!  
- I thought you were going to  
mug me. - I was just passing.  
No, you weren't.  
I was. I've been doing  
some shopping.  
Mmm. How long have you  
been waiting over here?  
48 minutes. What were you  
talking about?  
Well, people like you give  
us a lot to talk about.  
Would you like to go  
to a wedding?  
Yeah.  
- All right. Whose is it?  
- My dad's.  
Lionel's right.  
You are weird.  
Look, the last time we went out I was  
the only one who showed up.  
It won't happen this time.

- How do I know that?

- I'm best man.

Oh.

- How ya doin', boys?

- All right, Mr. Fraser.

All right, Mr. Fraser.

We didn't say nothing. They didn't get a word out of us. That's the truth.

I wouldn't lie to you, man.

- I know.

- They didn't get nothin'.

- Nothin'.

- Of course they didn't.

You're good boys,

both of youse.

I used to live in a neighborhood

like this. A fucking sewer.

People treating you like shit.

Nothing but trouble.

- Isn't that right?

- Yeah.

Every city in the world's

got a place like this,

people like us.

I'll tell you one thing,

I'm not going back.

What about you fellows?

Huh? You want out

of this place?

- Yeah. - Want to really make something out of your lives?

Huh?

You want to be somebody?

- Yeah.

- Yeah, man.

Mm-hmm.

Of course you do.

Boys like you,

you deserve better.

The best.

You're special.

And that's why I trust you.

What do you say we

take a little spin?

Yeah, man.

The night's still young.

Let's do something!

Yeah.

Yeah?

Mr. Harris? There's a car  
waiting for you downstairs, sir.

Excuse me.

Are you a friend?

Sir? Sir?

Lionel?

- Lionel!

- Stay away!

- Stay away from my son!

You hear me? - Mrs. Stevens...

- You're evil, just like all the rest.

- I just want to talk to him.

Get away! He doesn't need  
friends like you!

Lionel!

This is him?

Carl Fraser?

- I could be wrong.

- Let's hope not.

He's been all over.

Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, Miami.

We almost got him once,  
smuggling into L.A. from Colombia.

Eight months surveillance,

40 D.E.A. videos,

tapes, everything.

He didn't show.

He was tipped off.

Turned out he bought

two of our guys.

They disappeared and turned up six weeks later  
in Mexico, their bodies dumped in a field.

One shot to the head,

five to the body, just like them.

I see.

You knew about this?

It was the kids

that gave him away.

He always recruits

kids of that age.  
Virgin hit men. No records.  
Clean, enthusiastic.  
Makes them feel like they're a part of  
something. Treats them like family.  
These kids killed Roy England,  
Curtis Payne and Frank Pierce?  
I think so.  
Well, he shouldn't be  
that difficult to find.  
Not if he's shipping  
stuff in on this scale.  
You should familiarize  
yourself with that.  
Familiarize myself? I should have known  
about this from the very beginning.  
Come on, Edward! We couldn't say anything  
until we were absolutely certain.  
We? A week ago I had 100 men  
on this case; now I've got 98.  
It's a bit late to start  
getting familiar.  
I'm not undermining your position, Edward,  
but John needs more time.  
He knows Fraser.  
That's why he's here.  
I thought he was here  
as an advisor.  
He is. And I feel confident we shall be  
seeing results, sooner rather than later.  
All right, all right!  
A bloody speech,  
for what it's worth.  
Well, I'd like to thank  
you all for coming.  
It means a lot to Katie and me.  
I'd, uh, I'd like to  
thank my son for...  
for the most bloody awful speech  
I've heard in my life.  
- Don't forget to thank them  
for the cards! - What?  
- The cards. - Oh, okay.  
- Hey, Dermott!

- She's bossing you around already! - Oh, no!

- We've only been married two hours.

- Listen to her, will you?

Thank you for the cards. Thank you for the presents. Yes, you know, but I...  
No, thank you again,  
thank you again. I'm...  
I suppose it's, uh,  
it's times like this...  
when you realize who  
your friends are, huh?

Well, we'll, uh, we'll miss you all when we get back to Dublin.  
And you better come and visit us, you bastards!  
Come on now, raise 'em again, and have one for yourselves!

- We're only just beginning.  
- Cheers.  
Cheers.

- What are you doing here? - I thought you might be able to help me.  
I did.  
And I'm not proud of it.  
Sorry. I've got to get back to my dad's wedding.  
Dwayne Henry and Robert Dean are dead.  
Their bodies were found in a ditch out in some field. They were both shot.  
You hear anything about it?  
No.  
What about Jack Doyle?  
What about him?  
You tell me.  
What is all of this to you, eh?  
- That's my business.  
- Yeah?  
Well, this is my business.  
this is where I live.  
These are all people I know.  
leave me alone.  
Your people keep dying, Chris.

Come all you maidens  
young and fair  
do you mind?  
You'll have to excuse me.  
All you that are young?  
And in your prime?  
Always beware oh,  
just a minute.  
Hello, Chris.  
Been a good day, has it?  
- Yeah. - Good, good, good.  
Who's this, you lucky boy?  
Rachael Stevens,  
Jack Doyle.  
Pleased to meet you.  
We all thought he was queer.  
Listen, you need anything,  
anything at all, you come and see me.  
All right.  
You're lovely.  
What was all that about?  
Nothin'.  
As time are you gonna dance  
with me then?  
Brings all things  
I can't dance.  
# To my mind #  
- You have to.  
# Time with all its flavors  
# Along with all  
# Its joys # - Look who's come  
to join us. - Hello, son.  
# Time brings all things #  
# To my mind # - You didn't tell  
me they were going to Dublin.  
I don't know a thing  
about you, do I?  
What do you want to know?  
What happened to  
your real mother?  
- She's around somewhere.  
- Mm-hmm.  
She got sick of him  
being away all the time.

He was either being banged up in  
prison or kicked out of pubs.

One day she gave me the family allowance book,  
told a neighbor to keep an eye on me and left.

- Mm-hmm.

- I was 12.

I'm sorry.

Oh, you!

It's all right.

It was a long time ago.

You get on with your life,  
mind your own business.

If you get happy along the way,  
then you're lucky.

I got a hold of a car for you.

It's there if you want it.

I've been trying to get this guy to say  
more than two words to me all afternoon.

Want a drink?

No, thanks.

- Oh, come on, have a drink.

- I'll have a coke.

Two cokes.

Put a double vodka  
in one of them.

I looked at the report.

It doesn't say how long  
you've been after him.

I mean, you, personally.

I put him away once  
a while back.

I mean, that's what I'm  
supposed to do, isn't it?

What's the difference how long?

That's what we do.

We chase bad guys.

And he's a fucking bad guy.

How old are you?

- Why?

- Go on.

- How old are you?

- Thirty-one.

- You sure?

- Yeah, I'm sure.

How'd you get here?

I served in the army for eight years, and I met  
Donnelly when I was working with intelligence.

He got you in the police force?

Not every policeman has to  
walk the beat, Mr. Harris.

Sure.

Sure, you can be ambitious.

Scotland Yard, Sherlock.

# From the port of old tralee  
to the Dublin City bar

# From the Cork and

Kerry Mountains to the sea

# With a porter in my hand

I be singing with the band

# And I'll drink

'til the party's over #

Oh, lads, ah,

no bloody respect, eh?

In our day there was dignity,  
but not anymore.

Now it's all drugs.

Crack? What is that?

- It sounds like a bloody firework.

- Same effect, so I hear.

The outsiders, Sid.

Bloody foreigners, Americans!

It's like the bloody war again.

They're all over the place!

You know, there's kids

younger than my son.

They're hanging on to this yank  
like he's some fucking pop star.

What's that, Dermott?

The yank. Oh, he's some  
friend of Jack's.

Something to do with the club.

I don't know.

But I tell you what, if I caught  
him using my boy, I'd kill him!

We don't need them anymore. We've done  
all right without them in the past.

Let them keep their crack. Kick their  
fucking asses back where they came from!



- Who are you talking about,  
Dermott? - Hey!  
How're you hanging, paddy?  
Ain't you fallen over yet?  
- He's all right. - Listen, don't  
neglect your missus tonight.  
- I said, he's all right.  
- Yeah? And who the fuck asked you?  
Oh, hey, listen!  
Hey, we're old friends.  
Since before you were born.  
There were none of your flash  
motorcars and discos then!  
We did it the hard way.  
Hard time!  
A stint in the  
fucking army, eh, Sid?  
We was just talking, Jack.  
Just talking.  
Ah, he's just tired.  
He's a good guy. He's all right.  
What am I doing here?  
Do you want to go?  
Are you gonna let me  
get to know you?  
Yeah, please.  
- Are you shaking?  
- Yeah. It's cold.  
I feel stupid.  
I think I'm falling for you,  
Christian O'Neill.  
- How long have you been here?  
- About an hour, sir.  
The coroner reckoned he'd had a  
lot to drink. Could have fallen in.  
- You've informed his wife?  
- She's under sedation.  
Woke up this morning,  
and he was missing.  
Open it up.  
Christ.  
Okay, then.  
- Morning.  
- Morning.

Don't get used to this.  
Rachael, would you stay  
for a while?  
Let me show you something.  
- Here we are.  
- Um, this is great.  
Do you come up here a lot?  
Yes.  
Thanks.  
Chris, what is it?  
Chris.  
Chris, what is it?  
Chris!  
No!  
No!  
Oh, no!  
Let us take leave  
of our brother.  
Trusting in God...  
Chris.  
Ice. Now. Go.  
You were gonna kill me, were ya?  
If I see you again, I'll kill ya!  
Both of ya!  
You understand?  
Now get out of here.  
Get out!  
Bastards!  
That-a-way!  
Sorry I'm late.  
I hate watching united.  
- No good, huh? - Too good.  
Too fucking good, mate.  
Keep this for yourself.  
I been coming here  
for fifty years.  
Have you got a team,  
Mr. Harris?  
The Giants.  
The New York Giants.  
My dad was nuts about them.  
- Took me to my first game when  
I was four. - What's he do, your father?  
- He was a cop.

- I thought so.  
Following in his footsteps, eh?  
No, no, no.  
He got shot in the  
back on the job.  
Killed by some 14-year-old punk.  
- I heard that kind of thing doesn't  
happen over here. - Things change.  
We always catch up with  
you yanks eventually.  
Skyscrapers, hot dogs,  
dishwashers,  
remote controls.  
Now this.  
What did you want to tell me?  
I'm next, Mr. Harris.  
Why?  
My living's become  
my undoing.  
I'm being hunted...  
by the sons of younger men,  
kids fighting somebody  
else's war...  
because they don't know  
any better.  
I'm a grandfather.  
Six-month-old baby boy.  
I'm...  
Scared for him.  
Sounds funny, doesn't it?  
Someone like me.  
But...  
What can I do, eh?  
It's not my town any more.  
I don't recognize it.  
I want to help you  
to get this scum.  
- Is Jack around?  
- Upstairs.  
- Who are you?  
- Chris. I work here.  
Hmm.  
Well, would you do me  
a favor, Chris?

Tell Jack Mr. Fraser  
has arrived.

Yeah. Sure.

- I'll take you up.

- Thank you.

Mr. Doyle.

- Excuse the Fr...

- Evenin', Mr. Doyle.

Carl. I wasn't expectin'  
you to drop by.

What's the matter,  
you don't like surprises?

- I got you a present  
and everything. - Great.

- Shall we go upstairs? Chris, get some  
drinks. You want a beer, Carl?

- Yeah. Make sure it's cold, Chris.

- Mm-hmm.

- Chris. You heard him.

- Yeah.

Jesus Christ.

That is beautiful. Thanks.

I know how hard it is to get hold  
of these things over here, so...

It's a good gun.

- Listen, I should be buying  
you something. - Aren't you?

- It's going fine. Don't worry. - I never  
worry, Jack. It makes me look ugly.

Like, you know, I don't wanna  
sit on this shit for too long.

It's... it's here?

Come on, Jack.

You know I don't talk...  
about stuff I ain't got.

Yeah, it's here.

40 K's.

That'll keep London talking  
shit for a long time.

- What, you bring it here?

- Yeah. It's up to you, Jack.

I just wanna see it move.

- What are you doing tonight?

- We're closed.

You're closed? Good.  
Come over to my place.  
We're gonna have a thing for some  
investors. We'll work it out there, okay?  
How about you, Chris?  
You about finished here?  
Is he almost...  
could you let him off early?  
I wanted to take a ride around town.  
He could show me stuff.  
Huh? Then we'll go over to my place,  
we'll party a little.  
Have a nice little steak, huh?  
Fine. Yeah. Great.  
Like my car?  
Yeah.  
What's not to like?  
You wanna drive?  
- I haven't got a license.  
- So, don't hit anything.  
# Go, go #  
These guys  
are so funny, man.  
Oh, man.  
I love this fuckin' town.  
You know?  
I love this country.  
It's so, uh...  
it's so...  
you know, so old.  
You know.  
People got no ambition, though.  
I mean, it's a shame.  
It's really fuckin' depressing.  
What about you, Chris? You gonna spend  
the rest of your life behind a bar?  
Guy like you, you could have  
anything you want.  
Any fuckin' thing you want.  
You know that?  
It's up to you.  
# Hypocrisy is the  
greatest luxury  
# Raise the double standard

hypocrisy  
# Is the greatest luxury  
# Raise the double standard  
hypocrisy  
# Is the greatest luxury  
raise the double standard  
# Go, go, go, go  
go, go, go, go  
# Go, go, go, go,  
go, go, go, go  
# The race, the trouble  
don't make a rebel  
# Havin' a life together does?  
# America has an image  
of a young boy  
# Backstabbin' not  
giving an expletive  
# No respect for his or the lives  
of those around him  
# Well, suicidal, homicidal  
# Or at very least  
extremely unbridled  
# How convenient for those who  
would like to destroy him  
# The problem has never been  
our political logic  
# But the way we enact it  
# We can imagine  
a perfect society  
# But can't maintain  
a decent relationship  
# The failure finding  
the luxuries # - What's up?  
You still worried about  
what happened?  
- Yeah. - Well, I'm upset too,  
you know.  
- We're hearin' one thing from you and  
one thing... - You're hearin', I'm hearin'.  
I'm hearin' all day about it.  
I told you what happened.  
All right? There's no  
secrets here. You know?  
Cops, I told you,

they kept him up all night.  
My boys didn't say nothin'.  
Next morning, bullet to the head.  
- But they can't do that. - Yeah,  
well, they did do it, all right?  
Why don't you fuckin' drop it? That's  
what they got planned for people like us.  
Just watch your back,  
keep your fuckin' mouth shut.  
- All right?  
# Hypocrisy is the greatest luxury #  
Come on, loosen up.  
You're makin' me look bad.  
It's a party. You want somethin',  
take it. It's free.  
- Jesus.  
# Raise the double standard  
# Hypocrisy is the  
greatest luxury #  
What the fuck do you  
think you're doing?  
I didn't bring you here to suck  
that shit up your nose all night.  
Ohh.  
Don't, please.  
Shut up! Do me a favor.  
Do me a favor.  
Mingle. Mingle.  
Come on, fuck somethin'. What  
do you think they're here for?  
Jesus Christ.  
- Fraser. Them lads I was  
telling you about. - Yeah.  
They're over there.  
- They good boys?  
- Yeah.  
Call me.  
Come forward, lads.  
This is Fraser. Fraser,  
this is quick, and that's James.  
Pleased to meet you,  
gentlemen.  
- So, you got everything you  
need here? - Yeah, man.

- Good to see you.  
- Nice party.  
- How'd you like to make some quick money?  
- I love to make money.  
Hey. Where you goin'?  
I've got to go.  
Got somewhere else to be.  
Oh. Well, you be good,  
All right?  
Hey, wait!  
- Got a cigarette?  
- Yeah.  
Good.  
- So, uh, you're leaving?  
- Yeah. Yeah.  
- What's the matter, aren't you having fun?  
- No, it's great. I'm tired.  
Oh, you're tired.  
- Okay, go. Go.  
- Yeah.  
- Hey, you want a ride? I'll give  
you a ride. - No. No, thanks.  
# Seriously it can't  
be like that  
# But before I put my foot  
in my mouth #  
- He's okay. - Yeah, he's  
one of the family.  
- You okay?  
- Yeah. Yeah.  
I-I was just puttin' me walkman  
away. It's knackered.  
- Where you headed?  
- Bethnal Green.  
- I'll come with ya.  
- Yeah. Sure.  
- This has to stop. - You know who it is.  
Just arrest him.  
- You've met him?  
- Yes, I've met him.  
What's wrong, Chris?  
One of the guys at the club... Mark Byrne...  
I think he suspects something.  
Who's he?



Jack's hardly ever there.  
Mark kinda runs things.  
He knows everything.  
He watches me.  
- I can feel him watching me.  
- Something's going to happen soon? Where?  
You don't care, do you?  
At the club, probably.  
It's all on the tape.  
Tell me about Mark Byrne.  
What are you doing?  
- I'm just trying to find out  
something about you. - Did you?  
What do you expect me to do?  
Look,  
you've been spending a lot  
of time here recently.  
I-I don't think it's,  
it's fair on, on you. I can't...  
You want me to leave?  
Fine.  
- Get off me!  
- Rachael. - Get off me!  
- Listen to me. - I'm trying, Chris,  
but you don't say anything.  
- Wait.  
- Don't touch me!  
You asked me to stay,  
now you want me to go!  
- You don't understand!  
- No, I don't understand!  
You disappear without a word,  
you come back,  
You won't even tell me  
where you've been!  
I mean, what am I supposed  
to think, Chris?  
What are you so scared of?  
How can you stand  
being so unhappy?  
How can I?  
Hello?  
- Hi.  
- John?

- How are you? - Christ, John, it's the middle of the night. I'm exhausted. Marty's been whining all day. He locked himself in his room. Is he okay? He lost a tooth. He's been crying all afternoon. Why'd he get so upset? Because the tooth fairy forgot to leave something under his pillow. I was busy. I forgot. Oh. You all right? Fine. Okay, I gotta go. The tooth fairy's beat. What's wrong? It'll be okay. Yeah, I know. John. What do you want, John? I, um... I, uh... Just wanted to talk. Oh, hi. How are ya? I'll get this and send somebody to pay for it. Who came up with the idea of sticking a slice of lime in a bottle of beer? Probably the geezer that first tasted the contents. Fizzy piss.

- Can I get you a girl, luv?  
- Don't beg.  
Toss off.  
You all right?  
Come on, spit it out.  
- I wanna ask you something.  
- What?  
- You wanna score something? - Yeah.  
- Something to liven me up. - Yeah.  
- Let's go down there.  
- Yeah, come on. No problem.

Let's see what we got here  
for you, then.

Listen, Christian, take it easy  
on this shit, all right?

- Promise me?
- Of course. Cheers.
- How much do I owe you?
- It's all done. - Take it.
- It's all right. - Please.
- I don't want it. - Go on.
- No. - Take it.
- No! - Take it!
- Fucking take it!
- Stop! Police!
- Hands up! Stand still!
- Hands in the air!

Cuff him!

Grass. Grass. Grass!

- Fucking grasses! Fucking grasses!
- Hold him! Stop it!

Shut your mouth!

Grass!

- All right!
- Cuff him!

Grass!

- Get off. Don't touch me.
- It's okay, Chris.

Bullshit, it's okay!

I can't do it.

Not like that.

Yes, you can. Yes, you can.

You can. You can do it.

I'll see you!

Grass!

Calm down. Everything's  
gonna be all right.

It's almost over.

You can trust me.

- You seen Mark?
  - No.
  - The last time I saw him he was in  
the market. - Where the fuck is he?
- I'm sorry, Jack.  
I can't find him anywhere.

- Where the fuck's he disappeared to?  
- Fucking nowhere!  
Did you ask Chris?  
Does he know where he is?  
Chris? Now listen, tonight you're  
gonna have your hands full.  
I'm gonna be busy with Mr. Fraser.  
Any problems at all,  
you're gonna have to  
sort it out yourself.  
- I do not want to be disturbed when  
I'm with him, understand? - Okay.  
Billy? Right.  
Listen, find him,  
And when you do, get him here  
or I'll chop his fucking dick off!  
Mr. Harris, it's for you.  
Christian O'Neill.  
Chris?  
Hey, how you doin'?  
- So, what do we do?  
- Wait.  
- Gum?  
- No.  
Don't say it. It's Mark Byrne.  
He's been released.  
- How? - Jesus Christ!  
- A technicality.  
The O'Neill boy didn't take the drugs.  
They didn't do the deal.  
We can only charge him  
with possession.  
This changes nothing.  
We're ready to move.  
Byrne would have gone  
straight to the club.  
- We gotta get Chris out. - If we pull the kid out,  
we could lose the whole thing.  
- Byrne could've phoned anyway. - To tell them  
he fucked up? He'll deal with it himself.  
You're guessing, Harris.  
I'm sorry for the kid,  
-but we do it as planned.  
- I agree.

This operation is far too important  
to jeopardize now, for any reason.

Tell me exactly what happened.

O'Neill dropped the drugs  
as he gave him the money.

- Nothing we could hold  
him with? - Harris!

Who are you calling?

Christian?

- I can't let you do that.

- I'm not calling him.

- Where have you been?

- I need to speak to you, Mr. Doyle.

In private.

Excuse me. Upstairs.

Where you goin'?

I'll be back.

- I gotta talk to you. now,  
Rachael, please. - Not now.

- No.

- You gotta get out.

Rachael, get out!

- Cut!

- Aaaaah!

Oh, for Christ's sake, Harris.

What's he doing here?

- One moving van on  
its way. - Okay.

A little late for a delivery.

What you looking for,

Chris, a gun?

What were you going to do,  
kill me, man?

What have you done, Chris?

Come on, what the fuck have you done?

What were you going to  
make it out of it?

Tell me, what were you  
going to gain?

Stand by.

Just fucking kill me, Jack.

You've destroyed everything else.

I took you in!

I gave you everything!

- You killed my dad! You fucking killed him!  
- Your dad was a fucking drunk!  
He was a fool! He'd have ruined  
everything I worked for!  
Ruined what? Another  
fucking drug deal, eh?  
Come on, kill me! I don't care  
anymore. Just fucking kill me!  
- Is that what you want?  
- Yeah! - Really?  
- That's him.  
- Go! Go!  
Move it!  
Police!  
Chris?  
Chris!  
Chr... aah!  
Is that your boyfriend?  
- Let her go.  
- John.  
Where's your gun?  
How do you like London?  
- Same shit, different town.  
- Let her go.  
Fuck you!  
Aaah!  
You okay?  
You okay?  
Satisfied?  
Put the gun down, Chris.  
- It was self-defense.  
- All right.  
- It's over. Put it down.  
- You arresting me?  
Put the gun down.  
Okay.  
We have to go.  
Hi, it's me.  
Hi. Where are you?  
London.  
I'm at the airport.  
I'm going back  
to Los Angeles.  
What, right now?

I've got a connecting flight.

I'll be stopping in New York.

- Yeah?

- I thought I'd...

I thought I'd come by.

Um, to see...

to see the kids.

Yeah. Okay.

They'd like to see you.

All right.

- Good. See you.

- All right. Call me when you get in.

Virgin Atlantic Airways

flight number V-S-0-0-1...

departing for Newark

is now boarding at gate 12.

# Darling

# Stop confusing me

# With your wishful thinking

# Hopeful embraces

# Don't you understand

# I have to go through this

# I belong to there

where no one cares

# And no one loves

# And I don't care

to live in

# A place called hate

# The city of hate

# Aaaaah

# Aah-aah-aah-aah

# Hate

# I play dead

# It starves the wanting in me

# I play dead

# And it hurts to start

# It's sometimes

just like sleepin'

# Curling up inside

# Crying crying in torture

# I must give in to pain

# And suffering

# Caress every name

# Ohhhh

# Yeah yah yah

# Aaaaaah #