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The Young Offenders

By Peter Foott

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Imagine if we had

a million euros.

What would you like to do?

Think of something.

Pick anything at all.

What would you like to do?

You've put me on the spot. Um...

Anything. Like, come on.

I don't know.

Like, what's the budget?

1 million. I just said it.

Uh... do you want me to choose

an activity or an object?

Whatever you wanna do,

just pick something!

I don't know! Like, skydiving?

Grand.

Not a bad idea, go skydiving.

I'll get you a plane

and a parachute

and you can skydive

whenever you want.

- Oh!

- Where'd you like to live?

Mansion.

Mansion, grand.

We living at City Hall?

The Lord Mayor lives there,

like.

Well, yeah, we won't actually

live IN the City Hall

but we'll make a gaff just like

City Hall, know what I mean?

And we put it... we put it there.

Yeah, yeah, build our home

right here.

- Looking over the city.

- Mansion looking over the city.

- We'd need a butler or...

- Yeah, to clean the house.

We'd get one of them

fellas like...

- Batman?

- Yeah, he could run the gaff.
With his English accent!
He'd be unbelievable.
Imagine waking up
to that every morning.
Yeah, right?
"Alright? What's happening?"
"Alright, alright?"
What you want for breakfast?"
"You want some tea, son?"
So cool, right?
We could have our own cave
as well, like the Batcave.
- We'd call it the Boys Cave.
- The Boys Cave.
We'd have pool tables,
pinball machines...
- Lava lamps.
- Loads of lava lamps.
- Big gold walls.
- Big gold walls.
- Furry curtains.
- Furry curtains.
Loads of girls with their
tits out lying across the couch.
Like... like Spanish girls?
Yeah, yeah! Spanish girls.
We'd look like legends
wherever we went.
Sounds amazing.
That handsome-looking fella
there is me, Conor MacSweeney.
And that's me best pal, Jock.
It's the summer of 2007.
We're both 15 and just after
finishing the junior cert.
For any of you not from Ireland,
all you need to know is
it's a load of bollocks.
I live on the north side
of Cork city with me mam.
Oh, fuck it.
I was, uh...
..having a bad dream.

No wonder you're always late.
We're leaving in five minutes.
Five minutes.
And give me two
for the wife as well.
- So four?
- Give me four.
Alright, love?
Mam's a fishmonger
in the English Market.
I'm in working with her
for the summer.
We're actually getting on
better than usual.
Conor, you fancy doing
a bit of work?
What are you getting paid for?
Come on. For fuck's sake.
Jock is sort of...
self-employed.
Let's just say if you leave
your bike locked to a lamppost
within five miles
of where he lives,
it's your own fault.
He's the kind of fella
who'd do anything for a friend.
Like that time I bumped into
Billy Murphy...
Hi, how's it going?
Give me your fuckin' phone!
..and he wanted to
borrow me phone.
Billy's the local nut job.
What school did you go to?
- St Pats.
- St Pats.
Did you go to St Pats as well?
Didn't go to school, huh?
Jock found this great site
on the internet
that can make masks
of anyone you want.
Alright, Billy?

He then went to nick the bike
from outside the Garda station
which belonged to
Sergeant Healy.

He's a bit like a shit Serpico.

- Fuck.
- Don't fucking move!
- Get down on the fucking ground!
- Healy hates bike thieves.

He treats them

like proper criminals.

..or you're going in the river!

Get the fuck off the bike.

- Get your Micky off my back.
- Shut the fuck up.

D'you understand the reason
for your arrest?

- I do, yeah.
- Ya prick.

When the shades raided
Billy Murphy's gaff looking
for Healy's bike, they ended up
finding hash plants instead.

Shitloads of 'em.

Turned into a bit of
a cat-and-mouse game
between Healy and Jock
after that.

I'm the only one who knows
it's him behind the mask.

To everyone else in the city,
he's a legend known only as
Fake Billy.

I fly like paper,

get high like planes

If you catch me at the border

I got visas in my name...

- Alright, lads?
- Alright, Fake Billy?

What the fuck is this?

Look at him!

Get fucked, ya cunt!

If you catch me at the border

I got visas in my name

If you come around here,
I make 'em all day...
Alright, Fake Billy?
How about a shift?
Alright, but make it quick.
Sometimes I think
sitting on trains
Every stop I get to
I'm clocking that game
Everyone's a winner,
we're making our fame...
- How do you cook these?
- How should I know?
- You work here.
- I don't eat any of this shit.
You serve in a fish shop
and you don't eat fish?
Everyone's a winner,
we're making our fame
Bona fide hustler
making my name
All I wanna do is...
And a...
And take your money
All I wanna do is...
- What do you eat?
- Chicken.
Chicken. And nothing else?
Chicken nuggets, chicken balls,
chicken burger,
deep-fried chicken,
chicken Kiev,
chicken wings, chicken legs,
chicken soup...
Come on, boy!
What are you waiting for?
And take your money
Pirate skulls and bones...
Scuse me!
Sticks and stones
and weed and bombs
Running when we hit 'em...
..stir-fried chicken,
chicken tikka masala...

Alright, alright, I get it.
- You like chicken.
- Fucking love it.
Sticks and stones
and weed and bombs...
Whoop!
Sorry, lads!
You're a barrel of laughs,
aren't you?
- Forget about it.
- Have a good day.
You could at least make
some kind of effort.
I could, yeah.
Hey, Conor! Slow this shithead
down, would you?
Get outta the way!
Move, will you?!
Get outta the way!
Already going to hell,
just pumping that gas
All I wanna do is...
And a...
And take your money
All I wanna do is...
And a...
And take your money
All I wanna do is...
And a...
Bollocks!
All I wanna do is...
And a...
And take your money.
- Conor, what the fuck?
- He was being a cock.
You're being a cock.
Mam had me when she was 16,
which was old for
our neighbourhood.
No-one showed her
how to be a mam,
and she's awful at it.
So she tries to make up for it
by doing things she thinks

a mam should do,
like stitching my name
in all my clothes.
I find another pair of
his jocks in her room,
I'll cut the balls off him,
do you hear me?
Do you seriously think I'm
riding that dopey-looking fella?
Come on!
You better be wearing johnnies
or I'll be the one
who cuts them off!
Jock got his nickname 'cause he
only has one pair of underwear.
He's forever borrowing mine.
Nice one.
He's saving up so me and him
can move out of home
and rent a flat in the city.
That is, if his old fella
would ever stop nicking
all his savings.
What are you doing in here?
My old man died when I was four.
He was on a building site
when it happened.
Some dickhead dropped a hammer
off the roof.
Jock's mam died only last year.
I think that's kind of why
we get each other, do you know?
You need to cut
closer to the bone.
I mean, how many times
do I have to tell you?
You're useless, you know that?
We both have shitty
one-parent families.
That's my money.
I need it.
It's my money.
You're watching

the 1:

And here are the main stories.

Police are searching
the coastline of West Cork
for an estimated 440 million
euros worth of cocaine
that went overboard in what is
the country's largest ever
drug seizure.

The floating bales of cocaine
have attracted
what the Gardai are referring
to as 'treasure hunters'
hoping to hit the jackpot.

- Where's that going on?
- Three Castle Head.

It's the biggest treasure hunt
in the history of the state.

Look at them lads.

Gardai warn that any of these
so-called 'treasure hunters'
will be serving
guaranteed jail time.

Are you gonna pay me this time?

Don't I always pay you?

I've never seen someone
so passionate about hating
as Mam is about hating Jock.

Oh, Christ.

There's loads of animals
in here, aren't there?

It's a market, Jock.

Jock, on the other hand,
loves me mam.

Ah, fuck it, Jock!

- Does it hurt?

- Yeah, it does hurt!

I tell him she's only joking
when she says mean things
so he doesn't get
his feelings hurt.

- See that?

- Yeah?

That's called a suckerfish.

That's gonna be
your nickname in prison.
That's a good one!
Your mam's hilarious!
Aye, she's always
having a craic with you.
I know, but it's brilliant,
isn't it?
If you're gonna mindlessly
mimic someone,
could you at least pick someone
who's got half a fucking brain?
Alright, mate?
Up yours, Mrs MacSweeney.
I hope you have a shit day.
Mam's always going on about
me mimicking Jock.
I mean, yeah, we have
similar haircuts,
but that's just the fashion.
Aside from that, we have our
own individual shit going on.
Jock's always coming up with
interesting things to do,
like...
Just got hold of
100 smoke bombs.
Wanna let 'em off in school?
And this was the best one yet.
That means that one bale
is worth 7 million euros.
- 7 million?!
- Each one, yeah!
Do you know how many zeros
that is after 7 million?
Hundreds!
Yeah, fucking thousands of
zeros! It's so much money!
Ah, but what if
we get caught, though?
Do you not know the rules
that govern this country?
What?
When the forefathers

founded our country.

- Who were they?

- The forefathers.

Uh, St Patrick, St Brigid...

I dunno. Why are you asking me these questions, like?

Ask the teacher that.

Basically, when our forefathers founded this country, yeah, they made rules, like if you're younger than 16, you're classified as a young offender which basically means you can't get in trouble.

- So, we're just off the hook?

- For some reason, they thought our brains weren't developed enough, that we wouldn't know what we were doing or something.

- I know, stupid, isn't it?

- Spastics!

It's basically like a get-out-of-jail-free card. I'm trying to find something wrong with your plan.

It's perfect. Think how easy it'd be to find a bale as well.

Think how good you are at finding stuff.

If I was looking for stuff... stuff'll be found.

This time tomorrow, we could be millionaires, like.

This is where we are, yeah?

That's you, that's me.

And this is where the cocaine went overboard.

Jeez, boy,

that's fucking miles away!

No, it's not, it's like that.

You do know it's not actually that far, like.

I know that.
I know how maps work.
I'll nick us a couple of bikes,
we leave first thing
in the morning.
Uh, can we go the day after?
No, it has to be tomorrow.
The guards'll have it found
if we leave any later.
I have to cover Mam in the shop.
She's getting her tooth pulled.
You're actually telling me that
you're not gonna go get
7 million euros
'cause you're gonna work
in the fish shop for the day?
You could have everything
you ever wanted.
Mansions, cars, caves and tits.
I know, right,
but I promised her.
What excuse am I meant to give?
"Me and Jock are heading
down to West Cork
"to find a bale of cocaine."
She thinks I'm stupid enough
as it is.
Boy, this is far more important
than your mam's gammy tooth.
This is monumental.
This could be
the difference between
us having an amazing life
or us having a really shit one.
I'm going either way.
If you wanna come, meet me at
the docks at six in the morning.
Did you ever get
an annoying splinter
in your finger?
The more you try and get it
out, the deeper it gets?
Well, Healy's the kind of guy
who'll cut off his own finger

just to teach
that splinter a lesson.
Unlocked bikes, trackers.
D'you know how much shit
we're getting because of this?
Stealing is stealing.
They're using trackers
on bikes in London.
Oh, we're London Met now,
are we?
Did you forget you're in Cork?
I took you off bike duty
three months ago.
Yeah, but Fake Billy
is still on the rampage
and it's only gonna get worse.
Starts off with a bike,
then a car, then a bus.
You gotta stop 'em
when they're young.
If that was the train
of thought, boy,
the thing after that would be
a tank, then a jumbo jet.
Now you see what
I'm talking about.
You think I give a shit
about Fake Billy stealing bikes?
Don't look like you give a shit
about anything except chocolate.
Be very fucking careful now,
kid. Very careful.
What's worrying me at the moment
is I've cells for a bike thief
you put in there, and murder's
on a waiting list to get in.
Enough with
the fucking bicycles.
You're a bit of a loner, Healy.
It's not healthy.
Do you want me to ask the lads
to take you out for drinks?
Maybe hook you up with somebody?
Would you like that?

If you wanna catch a big
fish, you gotta drop a big hook
right where he likes to feed.
Mam cooks like she hates food.
And the person
she's cooking it for.
What's wrong with ya?
Did you have this for dinner?
- Yeah, why?
- You enjoyed it?
It's dry, like.
Well, put some ketchup on it.
Jesus Christ.
Aren't you lucky I'm here
to cook your dry Kiev.
What would you do
if I wasn't around?
Wouldn't even know
how a microwave works.
- Eat takeaway.
- How you gonna pay for that?
Get a job.
Are you taking the piss?
Last I heard you were thinking
of quitting school.
- Yeah, I am quitting school.
- Yeah. 'Cause Jock is, is he?
Who's gonna hire you
without a leaving cert?
Dunno, like. Work on a trade
or be a builder or something.
Oh, yeah.
Like your old man, is it?
That turned out well, didn't it?
- Fuck's sake.
- Hang on, Mam.
No-one's gonna give you a job.
Only me.
I'm even thinking of firing you,
you're so fucking useless.
- Hey, clear that up.
- Fuck off!
Fuck's sake.
And that's how

most of our meals end.

Oh.

Oh!

There are two things
you need for a good adventure -
a treasure map and someone
dumb enough to go with ya.

- Oi, kid!

- Now Jock had both.

- Didn't think you'd come.

- Fucking course I'd come.

Thanks, boy.

Take a look around you.

When we get back,

this is gonna be ours.

- We own this place.

- 7 million euros.

- 7 million euros.

- What are we gonna do with it?

- Like, invest it in stuff.

- Invest the money?

- In a business or something.

- We won't think about that now.

Close your eyes. Got a surprise.

Alright.

What is it, Jock?

One second.

OK, open 'em.

Lethal, isn't it?

That's a girl's bike.

No, it's not. It's a cruiser.

It's a cruiser

with flowers on it.

Jock could convince you

that his shit tasted beautiful

if he wanted to.

I was around town for ages

looking for the perfect bike.

You ring that and I come to you.

It's got the fanny dip thing.

I don't want that.

Fanny dip thing, boy.

It's got three gears.

I thought I'd give this to you.

You don't have bike miles.
Jesus. Talk about
lack of appreciation.
I do appreciate it, boy.
No, seriously.
Fair play to ya.
Seriously,
I didn't realise it was good.
I was just judging it
by its colour.
- Did you get the same bike?
- Nah, slightly different.
Ooh!
It's slightly different alright.
Listen to this.
Wasn't even locked.
Dickhead.
As we headed out of the city,
we both knew that
we were never coming back.
Well, emotionally that is,
anyway.
We were gonna change, you know?
Grow up.
Learn how to be men.
That's a good strong bridge.
And stop doing childish things.
Imagine it.
61 bales of cocaine
washing up on the shore.
All we had to do
was find one of them.
Nothin' was gonna stop us.
My boys are killing me. I don't
think I can go any further.
Yeah, we're only in Bandon.
Not even 20 miles
outside the city, like.
Here, I got you this
to cool you down.
When an icepack is unavailable,
you gotta improvise.
Jesus, boy.
That's gonna be sticky.

I don't care.

That's nice now.

That's all that matters.

Stop, stop.

- Stop. Stop. Stop.

- What's wrong with ya?

God, my balls are sticking
to the inside of my leg.

- Didn't I warn ya?

- How much further do we have?

- About 50 miles. Yes!

- Are you serious?

I can't pedal like this
for 50 miles.

What are you getting angry at me
for, boy? It's your own fault.

I need to wash me plums off,
boy. Can we go for a swim?

Grand, alright.

We're literally in.

- Wash our balls, and we're gone.

- Alright.

Conor.

You busy?

I brought you some tea.

Sorry about last night.

Conor?

Conor?

Here, these jocks
are fucking terrible, boy.

They strangle my balls.

It's Mam.

You gonna answer it?

Have her call me a fucking
moron?

- No, thanks.

- Conor, you fucking moron.

Where are ya? You promised me.

Oh.

Call me back straightaway.

It's definitely deep enough.

- How d'you know?

- You can just tell.

But, like, I can see

the rocks, like.

Nah. Perspective is different
when water is on it.

The rocks are actually,
like, really far down.

Magnifies things, water does.

- OK, well, um...

- You go first, alright.

Can you swim, though?

Yeah.

I can swim, and I can swim
pretty well, boy.

- You can't swim at all.

- Who told you that?

It's going all over
the place, like.

"It's going all over the place?"

Everyone is saying I can't swim?

- Well, pretty much, yeah.

- That's bullshit, like.

Do you not know what people
call you in school?

- What?

- 'Finding Nemo'.

'Cause he's got
that fucking gammy fin, like.

They don't call me

'Finding Nemo'.

They call you Nemo. Like,
'Finding Nemo's the title.

- Fuck off. Do they actually?

- A little bit, like.

All I'm saying is if we go down
by the steps,

you can have a nice little
paddle, do your own thing.

No, we're not going
in the fucking steps.

The old man's gonna think we're
fucking pussies. Look at him.

We need to jump in from here.

Alright, if we're gonna
jump in, though,

we better do it together.

- OK?
- Together?
Yeah.
Fuck it. Alright.
- So, on three.
- Alright.
You ready?
One... two... three.
Hey! There's only 2ft of water.
You'll break your legs
if you jump in there.
In God's name.
Crime is sort of similar
to going for a swim in the sea.
First you dip your toe in
and it's a bit cold,
but before long you're in
up to your balls and...
- It's actually really warm.
- So warm.
That's it, boy. Come on. Oh!
- It's been a while since I swam.
- OK, just kick your feet.
Jock was always
the one teaching me things.
- Fuck off!
- How to smoke cigarettes.
How to shotgun a can of beer.
How to pick a lock.
It was nice
to be able to teach him
something for a change.
That's it, boy! You got it!
- I'm like a seal.
- Like a seal.
And I'm like a whale. Ah!
Argh!
Should we go back in?
Yeah, come on. Ah!
- What's the matter with you?
- It's Conor.
He's gone missing right when
I need to go to the dentist.
- You alright?

- Aye, typical shit with him.
I had a fight and he's gone.
He's just, you know...
What were you fighting about?
Do I ask you what you're doing
with all the fish heads?
- No.
- No.
'Cause it's none
of my business, is it?
No.
I learnt everything I know
about customer service
from me mam.
Ah, sorry. Here, look.
Have another fish head.
- A salmon one.
- It's on the house.
- Thanks very much.
- Alright. Go on.
Alright.
Why do you have
a little girl's bike?
Why do I what?
Why do you have a little girl's
bike with flowers and stuff?
I thought you said
it was a cruiser.
It is a cruiser.
A girl's cruiser.
Oh, you're such a liar.
Fuck's sake.
Ah, ignorance really is bliss.
And right then,
we had shitloads of it.
Can you see that bike
up there as well?
- Top of the hill?
- Yeah.
It's been behind us
for the last half-hour.
Now it's starting to get closer.
- What are you talking about?
- Just a bit paranoid, you know?

Mind if we take the scenic route
for the next while?

Yeah, sure.

Bollocks! He's there again!

- Who do you think it is?

- I don't know.

He's too far away. I can't see.

It's probably just someone
going for a bike ride, like.

A fast bike ride,
in our direction.

Look, let's not take
any chances, alright?

Time for you to use
your tall gear.

Wise guys

leave me tongue-tied

Make friend of your enemies
and keep you close

For a long time

Till you make them eat it...

- Hold up, hold up, hold up.

- What are you doing?

Jock?

Keep sketch, keep sketch.

Just hurry up.

We're losing time.

Jock... Jock, don't, boy!

There's a kid's toy in the back.

I don't wanna do it either,
but what choice do I have?

We could NOT do it.

If it doesn't break first time,
it wasn't meant to be
and I won't

do it again, alright?

OK, go on.

It was meant to be.

Sketch, sketch!

Oh, fuckin' prick.

Here. Have a look.

Fuckin' prick.

So what are we gonna do, Jock?

He's ruining our holiday.

I'm gonna talk to him.

What?

I saw 'Heat' the other day.

You know that film with
Robert De Niro and Al Pacino?

I can't say I do, no.

Action movie,
full of explosions, guns.

Oh, class.

Do you have it on DVD?

No, video. Wait.

It doesn't fuckin' matter.

Um, De Niro's the criminal
and Al Pacino's the cop.

Al Pacino spends the whole time
trying to get De Niro

'cause De Niro's unbelievable,
he can't get him.

- Like, cat and mouse?

- Yeah, exactly like that.

There's a scene

where they meet in a cafe
and set down some ground rules.

If I can go in there
and just talk to him,
like fuckin' De Niro and
Al Pacino does, like man to man,
maybe I can fuckin' say,

"Here, look. Give us a break.

"When we get back, we'll pick
it up and it'll be more fun."

You can't just walk in
and be like,

"Wanna have your head
smacked down, boy?"

I'll go up to the table and...

No, don't go up. Go down.

- Down?

- Like that.

"How's it going?"

"How's it going?"

- That's good.

- "How's it going?"

"Thought we should

have a little chat."

"Thought it'd be good to have a little chat. How's it going?"

- Yeah, "How's it going?"

- "How's it going?"

"Thought it'd be good to have a little chat."

Kinda like,

"I'm not scared of you."

- "But I respect you."

- Yeah, see?

"How's it going? Thought it'd be good to have a little chat."

- Yeah.

- Alright.

I suppose you do look a bit like De Niro.

Mmm!

How's it going?

Fuckin'... I told him to nod down, not up.

Thought it'd be good for us to have a little chat.

No, no!

- He's wanted by the guards.

- Fuck's sake!

I just wanted a chat!

That's all!

Oh, my gosh!

Any chance we could discuss some ground rules for this chase?

- What?

- I don't know.

You could give me a head start.

I'm gonna catch you

and lock you up

where you belong,

you thieving knacker!

- Watch who you callin' knacker.

- Knacker!

Oh, fuck!

Shouldn't you be spending your time chasing real criminals?

You are a real criminal,

you fuckin' moron!
Not I'm not!
I'm just having a bit of fun.
Fun? You're nothing but a
thieving little fuckin' knacker!
Yeah, well, chasing me
is your whole life, boy,
and that's pretty fuckin' sad.
You little fuckin' prick!
What happened?
I don't think he's seen
that movie 'Heat', boy.
It was around about then
when I started to miss
working in the fish shop.
There, sir, there you go.
And your change.
Lovely. Thank you very much.
Sure, I had to put up with
Mam giving me shit all day,
but there are a lot of benefits
to a steady job, like...
..not getting chased
by a crazy cop.
Is that your phone?
Yeah.
I bet that's how
he keeps finding us.
Come on. Get rid of it.
You know
you light me up inside
You know you turn me on
Girl, you got me burnin' up
Girl, you got it going on
You in the zone
Don't slow it down
Go ahead and roll one up
We gonna get high tonight
like we don't give a...
There's this fuckin' weirdo
trying to chase us.
Can we hide in your gaff?
That be alright?
Sorry! Thank you!

My name is Detective Tony Healy.

I'm with the guards.

Two lads coming through here,
where did they go?

- Fuck this, man.

- No! Wait, wait!

Must have been

a different driveway.

No-one came through here.

Look, I can see the tracks
leading right up to the door.

- I know they're inside.

- They're from my wheelchair.

- You use a wheelchair?

- Sometimes.

When I'm feelin' lazy. Great
for getting around the farm.

Look, I know you're lying to me.

And what are you
gonna do about it?

Radio for backup?

Those two little thieving pricks
you've got inside,
they're gonna rob you blind,
and you know what?

I hope they do.

Might teach you a lesson.

I have nothin' worth stealing,
but thanks for the concern.

Now fuck off.

Fuckin' hell, mate.

What's he doing?

He's just standing there,
looking at us.

Bet he can go days
without food or water.

Nice of you to drop by.

It's been a while.

Do you know him?

No.

You boys hungry?

I'm starving.

I'm thinking
of cooking a chicken.

I fuckin' love chicken.
Good. Go out back and kill
whichever one takes your fancy.
Kill?
Get him, get him, get him!
Aye! Jesus!
Oh, fuck!
Oh, God!
Hey-hey! Whoo-hoo!
Go on. Do it.
I can't.
It's looking right at me.
It's just a chicken.
Stop being a wuss.
It reminds me
a little bit of me.
What? How?
The way it's staring.
You know, sort of
a confused look, like...
..like it doesn't really know
what's going on half the time.
He's not dyin'!
- He's too strong.
- You need to pull it hard, like.
Then he'll start
bleeding out the front.
No, he won't.
Just pull his neck.
One, two, three.
- He's dead?
- He's dead.
- He's dead. Alright.
- Put him in the bucket.
Put him in the bucket.
That's it.
He's still alive, boy.
What if you hold his neck
and I pull his body backwards?
That sounds fair.
Ohh!
As soon as his legs
stop kicking, pluck him.
He did say "pluck him", right?

When you live in the city,
you don't see many animals die.
They're all dead
when they get there.
It didn't seem
to bother Jock much.
He had other things on his mind.
You know, when you've only got
one thing on your mind,
it can be kind of hard
to think clearly.
You can get tunnel vision.
But if you stop
and open your eyes
just for a moment...
..you'd be amazed
at what you might see.
The hell is that?
Look at that.
What is it?
And you made me
throw away my phone.
GPS?
I knew he had to be cheating!
I've got an idea.
That was rare enough for me
so I was delighted with meself.
The chicken is lovely,
isn't it, Conor?
Mm.
Oh...
It's alright. Leave it,
leave it. It's alright.
Hey, thanks
for helping us there earlier.
Yeah.
Yeah, nice that you let us in.
Could've been some other
cranky fucker, you know?
What are you staring at?
I'm not staring.
You're staring straight at me!
I'm not staring.
I'm just looking at you.

I'm having
a conversation with you.
Fucking hell, it'd be weird
if we didn't, like.
Do you think this is funny?
No, it's... No, sir.
Dopey little prick.
- Don't call him a dope.
- Don't you shout at me!
I'm not fuckin' shouting.
I said don't call him a dope!
Every time you come down here,
it is the same fuckin' shit.
We've never been here before.
I paid for everything.
I put you two through college.
We're 15! I didn't even
pass me junior cert.
- Who do you think we are?
- Oh, for fuck's...
You've had enough
of that now, alright?
Fuck you, I've had enough!
This is my fuckin' house.
- I'll drink whatever I like.
- Sit down and eat your dinner.
That's my fuckin' whiskey.
Give it to me.
- Get off me!
- Give me that fuckin' bottle!
Get away from us!
Stay back there.
Get out of the way,
you little prick.
- Alright, stop, stop!
- What?
- What are you saying?
- Relax, alright, boy?
OK, I'm gonna put the chair down
and we're gonna talk, alright?
Alright.
Stay back.
Fuckin' hell!
Don't touch it, ya cunt!

I went through
all the options in me head
and there was only
one logical thing for us to do.
Relax! Relax!

No, no!

I'm here! Look!

Look. Stop. Stop.

Isn't this a nice comfy chair?

- Do you like this? Yeah?

- Yeah.

You've just gotta talk
to him and he's grand.

- Give me the bottle.

- You can't have that, alright?

We'll give you something later,
like a beer or something.

- Alright, alright.

- See? He wants a beer, boy.

Oh, yeah.

That night sitting around
watching telly
was the closest we had all got
to a normal night in
for a long, long time.

Yeah, that show is very good.

I think sometimes

people do the opposite
of what they should do
when they're lonely.

The hide away at work,
fight with the people
they miss most,
and they turn to the bottle
instead of pickin' up the phone.

Imagine you've been
out all night,
no sleep, no food.

You're in the same wet clothes.
Same stupid face.

Oh, fuck...

You stuck in there
in spite of everything.

At least when it's all over,

you can take pleasure in
knowing it was all worthwhile.

No, no, no.

No, no, no, no, no...

FUC...!

Our treasure's waiting
for us around this corner,
but there's gonna be loads
of guards, drug squad,
special forces, helicopters,
probably even the army.

Should we use fake names?

Oh, would you stop
with the fake names?

Look, if anyone asks,
just say we're on holidays.

- Got it?

- Yeah, got it.

Nah, this... this
can't be the place.

Here, sorry.

Is this Three Castle Head?

- Yeah.

- We're just on our holidays.

You should've seen
the place yesterday.

You heard about
the cocaine seizure?

Uh, no... no. What was that?

Have you been
hiding under a rock?

The guards found
61 bales of cocaine.
440 million euro worth.

- They got it all?

- Yep, every last one.

There won't be any parties
in this country for a while.

Well, that's not good.

FUCK!

A full moon
Took the sky
Then a beast came
And stole the light

Now the ghouls are
Not far behind
Run with me...
Jock was taking the news
that our treasure was gone
better than I expected.
I'm not crying, boy.
It's just hay fever.
Weren't gonna say nothing.
There's so much grass
around here.
The pollen count is really
high as well at the moment.
What's wrong with ya?
I've just gotta take
a wilder-poo, like.
A 'wilder-poo'?
Yeah, boy, I haven't
gone since Cork.
What's a wilder-poo?
It's when you take
a shit outside, like.
You know, a wilderness poo.
- A poo in the wilderness?
- Yeah.
Well, just go, then.
There's no-one here.
But you're here, right?
I'm not gonna look.
I hardly wanna
see you taking a shit.
Alright.
That's not what I meant.
I just need a bit of privacy.
That's all.
I'll be back in a minute.
Oh...
Oh, Jesus. Fuck.
Jock! Come here.
I don't wanna look at your poo.
Just come here a second.
- What is it, boy?
- Shh! No!
Don't say a word.

Come on.
Be very quiet.
Holy shit!
He must be
one of them gang members.
Has he got what
I think he's got?
Our treasure.
Fuck, yeah!
You fucker!
Fuck.
- Yo.
- Psst!
He's alive, but he's passed out.
He's bate.
Look, he's got a gammy arm.
He's got a gammy leg too.
He's handicap.
Poor fella.
That'll make it easier.
So come on. Give me a hand.
I'm not stealing
from a handicapped fella.
He's a drug dealer.
What difference does it make
if he's handicapped?
It's like we're being faced
with Stephen Hawking.
This is his chair. You don't
say, "Let's take his chair."
Stephen Hawking?
Who's he again?
The smart guy who's so smart,
he can't walk or talk.
- Do you not know this fella?
- No.
"I am gonna invent
the universe."
He speaks like
he's, like, sucking in.
He's like, "I'm..." Like...
This is what we came for.
We're not leaving without it.
He's probably

holding onto it for warmth.
It's cocaine,
not a hot water bottle.
Shh!
If he wakes up, we're dead.
- He won't wake up.
- Why are you whispering then?
I'm not whispering.
For fuck's sake!
Shh, shh, shh!
Shh.
Shh.
He's freezing, boy.
We can't just leave him here.
When we're far enough away,
we'll leave an anonymous
phone call for the guards.
Shh! Jesus!
Stop yelling! You'll wake him!
He IS fuckin' awake!
- Arggh!
- Arggh! Oh, shit!
- Get off!
- Ugh!
No! Go... go back
to sleep, please! Oh, fuck!
Fuck! Give me my bag!
Go on! Please! Go!
I never really believed
we would find
that bale of cocaine.
For me, it was just one of them
adventures you go on,
like looking for your G-spot.
You don't really
believe it exists
and you're not sure what
to do with it if you find it.
We did it, kid. We did it!
We sure did, boy!
For Jock, it's different.
Finding that coke
is the only bit of hope he has.
Anyone in the world

could see
That everything's
gonna go right for me
I'm as happy
as I could ever be
'Cause everything's
gonna go right for me
L-U-C-K-Y
Lucky me
L-U-C-K-Y
Lucky me
L-U-C-K-Y
Lucky me.
Do you wanna have a gasp
and a drink?
I'd really love one. Thanks.
Mind the bike
while I'm doing this.
Oh... fuck! Shit!
- What the...
- What's going on?
It's gone. It must have
got cut on something.
What do you mean, it got cut?
- There's a hole in the bottom!
- There's a hole in it?
- Look...
- But it's all gone.
I don't know where.
I'm sorry, alright?
Seven million euros worth
of cocaine pour out this bag?
How didn't you notice
it getting lighter?!
How didn't you notice it
coming off the back of my bike?!
'Cause that wasn't
my fuckin' job!
- I gave it to you to look after!
- You have eyes, don't you?
You're some dopey prick,
you know that?
Alright, but don't call me that.
Why not? It's what you are.

I'd rather be a dopey prick
than a devious scumbag like you.
Gonna take
the best of me
Silent hand but you gotta see
Hey, hey
Alright
We're holding out
for better, please
My hands are tied
Baby, can't you see?
Oh, yeah
Hey, hey
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, my
Help me again
Bring me back from the end
Save yourself in the end
I tried to tell you
Watch out
Here comes trouble...
It's too fuckin' tight!
If it isn't Lance Armstrong!
Where the fuck have you been?
Here. Do some real police work.
Who's next there?
I want to report me son missing.
He's not answering his phone.
He's been gone since yesterday.
That's a photo of him there.
I'm gonna catch you
and lock you up
where you belong,
you thieving knacker!
Watch who you callin' knacker.
Watch out
Here comes trouble!
Do you remember
that prick Billy Murphy?
Well, his time
in the slammer was up
and while inside, he had
a cellmate with a big mouth.
Did I hear something

about a fella going around
wearing your face as a mask
or something?
According to this big mouth,
Jock was flah'ing his sister.
Halfway through, he put on
his fake Billy mask as a joke,
but she didn't
find it very funny.
I hear this screamin'
coming from upstairs
from me sister's room - "Arggh!"
It was just a joke!
"Arggh!"
How's it going?
- Who the fuck was that?!
- None of your business.
Big mouth put two and two
together and got five.
Fake Billy's real name
is Conor MacSweeney.
Billy Murphy's friends
consist of people
he has previously
beaten the shit out of
and they're too scared
not to be his friends.
Oh, shit.
I've been fuckin'
looking for you!
- You little fuckin' prick!
- Fuck off, will ya?
Come here!
Come here, you little shit!
- What are you doing, Billy?
- You're fuckin' dead!
You hear me?
You're fuckin' dead!
Why didn't you fuckin'
tell me it was him?
You're fuckin' useless.
Yeah, look at the ground.
Look at the fuckin' ground.
Sometimes people

People will get you down
But get back up
It's not the end of the world
Heh, although it may feel
like that sometimes
It's so simple
Simple as one, two, three
Back on your feet
You gotta
hold your head high...
Dad, are you home?
Let 'em know
we right here forever
We ain't going nowhere
till the end of the world...
Nice of you
to finally come home.
You're not gonna tell me
where you've been?
Back here
when I'm talking to you.
It's so simple
Simple as one, two, three
Back on your feet
You gotta hold
your head high...
The least you can do is offer me
some half-arsed excuse!
Just leave me alone!
What happened to your face?
Nothing.
End of the world
Ladies and gentlemen,
introducing the most impressive
I plan on shaking the planet
until I'm convalescent
I never count my blessings
I only count the cost of living
It's hard to buy everything
they sell on television...
Are you alright?
Look, I'm grand.
Alright?
I just wanna be left alone.

Sometimes people
People will get you down...
Fine.
Get back up, it's not the end
of the world, yeah
Although it may feel
like that sometimes
It's so simple
Simple as one, two, three
Back on your feet
You gotta hold your head high
Let 'em know
we right here forever
We ain't going nowhere
till the end of the world.
How are you, love? Is the
battery pre-charged in this?
Should be.
Stick in the gas canister
and you'll hear a pump if it is.
What are you making?
I'm not making anything.
What's the nail gun for?
For torturing people.
That's good.
"Torturing."
My husband actually had
one of them. They're great.
Yeah. I'll take that.
That's 375, all in.
Oh...
Fuck.
I don't have any money.
Fssh...
Sorry, love,
you can't have it, so.
Careful -
without that safety thing on
those nail guns are lethal.
Arggh!
Oh, don't do that.
It's stuck in the bone.
Arggh!
Took you long enough.

I'm here now, aren't I?
Are you alright?
Yeah. Fine.
It's actually good timing,
you know?
I was just thinking
about moving out.
Can I get dressed first
before we go, yeah?
Yeah. Sure.
Do you get off on that, yeah?
What goes on in this house
is none of your business.
Maybe not.
But I think I just found
my new hobby.
Calling all Gardai.
Be on the lookout for a male
armed with a nail gun.
Made you your favourite -
chicken nuggets.
No, I've
kind of gone off chicken.
Jesus, what the fuck
happened to you?
Nothing.
Are you gonna tell me where you
were for the last two days?
No.
Do you think I'm a shit mam?
Yeah.
Try having a shit son.
Go on,
tell me what I can do better.
No, you called me
fucking retarded last week,
and there's no need for it.
You can't call your son that
or he'll grow up with problems.
Alright. Stop being a retard
and I'll stop calling you one.
That's exactly
what I mean, like, wh...
I'm messing with you.

Fucking relax.
Yeah, but sometimes
you're not messing.
Just stop calling me
that kind of stuff.
Alright.
You have to trust me
a bit more as well.
It's not you I don't trust.
It's Jock I don't trust.
- Why not?
- Because Jock's a total fuck-up.
Oh, he's such a laugh, like.
He's the only fella in school
that, kind of,
makes me feel warm...
Not 'warm', like, but...
makes me feel nice, like.
Are you gay?
Is that what this is?
I mean, it's grand if you are.
Like, fuck,
it'll actually explain a lot.
No, Mam, I'm not gay.
But if I was, hypopharically...
..hypoth... hypothetical...
hypothetically...
- Hypothetically.
- Hypothetically.
He'd be the guy
I'd want to be gay with.
Who says that?
Jock, is that you?
- Alright, boy?
- It's alright.
There was this weird-looking
fella there came up to me
by about 15 minutes ago
by the garage.
Hang on a sec. Who's that?
He was kind of sloping down
and he was dragging his leg.
A zombie. A zombie.
That's what he looked like.

- Are you a guard, or what?
- Do I look like a guard? No.
- He had a picture in his hand.
- Do you know where he lives?
And he was, like,
"Conor MacSweeney."
- Conor MacSweeney.
- "Conor MacSweeney."
- "Where does he live?"
- He's a friend of yours.
He looks just like you. All
you little fuckers are the same.
- My friend Conor MacSweeney?
- I swear to fuck.
He has something
that belongs to me.
- Cocaine?
- He said nothing about cocaine.
So you didn't say nothing?
What about the rest of the boys?
Oh, one of them,
alright, no, said, um...
"We know
where he lives, actually."
He was like,
"I know where he lives."
What the fuck you doing, boy?
I nudged him. I was like,
"Are you fucking slow?"
- I said, "Shut the fuck up!"
- Just tell me where he lives!
Get the fuck...! Get...
- Come here. Come here!
- Get off me, you fucking...
Five minutes later, then,
I was thinking to myself,
"It's Conor MacSweeney
he's on about."
Everyone knows
where that dopey mog lives.
He's still around, play it wide?
Fuck's sake. Alright.
Cheers! Nice one.
- See you later.

- See you later.
Sorry,
I gotta do something important.
I'll be back later, I promise!
Look, I just don't want you to
be a total fuck-up, alright?
I'm not gonna be
a total fuck-up.
I'll fuck up along the way,
like, but I'm not gonna...
Do you promise?
..I'm not gonna fuck up
my whole life.
And if I'm being
brutally honest...
..you're not the shittiest mam
in town, so,
that's the only compliment
you're getting
at this point in time.
I'll take that. Thank you.
Well,
that's all you're getting, so...
You're not retarded.
Most of the time.
- Oh, come on, Mam.
I'm only messing with you.
- Say one thing good about me.
- I'm only...
Say one thing good about me
or I'm gonna cry!
You're a really, really good
son. You're a good son.
That's very vague.
What do you like about me?
You're really sweet.
Yeah. Now...
- And you're thoughtful.
- You're so vague!
Pr... what's... what's...
what's...
What do I do that... you like?
Do you remember that time
on my birthday last year?

- And I thought you forgot?
- Yeah?
And you bought me flowers,
and it was just...
..it was just really nice.
Cool.
It was just really nice.
Alright, but don't cry.
I'm not crying.
- It was a year ago.
- I know.
I know.
Eat your food, you weirdo.
- Fuckin' hell.
- You sure you don't want one?
No, I don't want one.
I don't either, actually.
It's disgusting.
Told you get the nice ones.
- What?
- Get the nice ones next time.
Yeah.
We're in major fucking shit!
But I got a plan!
Jock, my fucking mam's here.
- How are you, Mrs MacSweeney?
- How are you, Jock?
- Can we talk somewhere else?
- No. We haven't got time.
The dealer we stole the cocaine
off is coming. He's not happy.
- What?
- It's not as bad as it sounds.
Yeah, it IS as bad as it sounds.
You're un-fucking-believable,
do you know that?
We wouldn't be in this mess
if it weren't for you.
- And why's that?
- Who lost all the cocaine?
Whose bright idea was it
to steal it in the first place
from a dangerous fucking
drug dealer, Jock?

Quits?

Mam? Mam, what are you doing?

I'm calling the guards before
that drug dealer arrives.

- What?

- You can't! Think about it.

Do you really want
a convict for a son?

- What?

- Who's gonna cover your days off
in the shop

when I'm being raped in prison?

You're young offenders.

You'll end up in
a juvenile detention centre.

There's rapists there too.

They're just a bit younger.

- Here. Hold this.

- What are you planning on doing?

- Baking him a cake?

- Buy us some time.

Do you honestly think he's not
gonna know the difference
between self-raising flour
and uncut cocaine?

- He's a fucking drug dealer!

- Shake it!

Is he far away?

Well, fuck, I don't have
a GPS on him, do I?

Fuck!

Do drug dealers ring doorbells?

You two - stay out of sight.

I'm gonna see who's at the door.

Yeah. Use the spy hole.

Make sure he doesn't see you.

You think I'm fucking thick?

- Well, now that you mention...

- Shut the fuck up.

- Use a fake name.

- Shut the fuck up!

- Well, who is it?

- It's a guard.

It's Healy.

He knows we stole them bikes.

- You stole bikes?

- Jock stole bikes.

Oh, I didn't hear you
complaining

when you were sitting on one
on the way down to West Cork.

What are we gonna do?

I can hear everything you're
saying. Open the fucking door.

Bollocks.

Right.

What the fuck is going on?

Why don't we go inside
for a nice cup of tea, huh?

See if we can figure it all out.

How are ya?

You gonna invite me in
or what the fuck?

Fuck.

Good morning. No.

I just...

I just wanted to talk to you
and put things straight...

Fucking that.

You know it's a good tea party
when there's an unconscious
guard on the kitchen floor.

Say when.

When.

Sorry. F...

It's grand.

- Did I put too much milk in?

- No, it's grand.

- Will I make another one?

- No. It's... Leave it.

Sorry.

Hi, Conor.

Him? He's not Conor.

What do you mean,

"He's not Conor"?

This fella's name's Gary.

What are you doing?

It's your fake name.

Now, I've had a bad fucking day.
I fell over a fucking fence.
I got kicked by a young fella.
And I shot an old one.
I'm not in the mood for lies.
The only way
you're getting out of here
without your little pussies
being riddled with nails
is if you tell me the truth.
Conor Mac-fucking-Sweeney.
- Right?
- Yeah.
What's that shite
all over the floor?
- That's cocaine.
- That's cocaine?
No, it's not. It's flour.
- Flour?
- It's not. It's cocaine.
Didn't I just...
say 30 seconds ago
that we all need to be
100% honest?
- It's cocaine.
- It's flour.
Oh, my God.
Jesus! Take it easy!
It's flour.
You can taste it if you want.
Why is there flour
all over the floor?
We, like... We were gonna...
..put all the flour in that bag
and then just hope
you'd run off happy out
with a big bag of flour, but...
..you know, Mam came and said,
"Nah, that's stupid."
- She was right.
- Yeah, I know.
So. Where's the cocaine?
L-U-C-K-Y
Lucky me...

On a positive note, we
might've set the world record
for the longest line of cocaine.
Look, we were really pissed off
when it happened, like.

We had a huge row
and everything.

We were calling each other
awful names as well, like.

I'm actually really sorry
about that.

Nah, but I'm sorry too.

- Oh!

- Christ!

What the fuck

did you do that for? Why?

Do you seriously think I believe
you two are stupid enough
to lose - lose! - seven
million euros worth of coke?

We are that stupid!

I swear to God!

Arggh!

Would you stop shooting us
with that thing?!

Where's the cocaine?

Just tell me where the fuck
the cocaine is and

I'll go home. I wanna go home.

Would you leave them alone?

They're only young!

Oh, my God!

Now, see what's

have to happening?

All three have holes
in your legs.

There was no need for that.

There was no need for that.

Don't worry. You didn't miss
anything. Go on, get up. Get up!

- I'll ask you one more time.

- What?

And if you don't tell me,
I'm gonna shoot you

right through
the top of your cock.
Oh, no. Please.
Arggh! Arggh!
Jesus. Sorry. Are you alright?
Are youse expecting anyone?
Right, you go. Get that.
Bring 'em back here.
And no fucking
super-Gardai shit
or I'll shoot her in the face
loads of times.
Loads - 'Hellraiser' shit.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
- Yeah.
Hiya.
Hiya.
How's it going?
How's it going?
Sorry, you know,
for interrupting your tea,
but, um,
I was just wondering there
if your son could come out
for a game of ball.
Game of ball?
Where is it, Billy?
Where's what?
Look, you don't have to call it
'ball' anymore,
but... everyone knows, so...
What do they know?
You don't wanna be messing round
with this fella.
Arggh.
Ah!
Oh, don't shoot me, please!
Oh!
Classic, alright.
Our cocaine.
Cocaine, now, is it?
How much did you get for it?
I got millions for it.
Millions! What are you on about?

How many millions?
Those are my millions, Billy.
I don't know what he's on about!
Didn't you just
get out of prison?
Yeah.
What was it for again, Jock?
- Er, drugs, wasn't it?
- I think so.
What was it?
- No, it's drugs alright.
- Drugs. Yeah.
Whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Relax.
I'm gonna ask you once, Billy.
Where... is my fucking... cocaine?
What are you looking for?
A bit of coke, is it?
I can get coke.
Is that alright with you?
Yeah. There's no problem. What
do you want, a couple of grams?
Fuck! That really hurts!
Now, Billy, the coke -
where is it?!
I dunno!
- The clip.
- What clip?
Gotta pull the thing.
- Oh!
- It's not the clip!
Dancing in the disco
bumper to bumper
Wait a minute
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Dancing in the disco
bumper to bumper
Wait a minute
Where's me jumper?

Where's me jumper
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Oh, no!
Dancing in the disco
Oh, no, oh, no
Oh, my mother
will be so, so angry
And my brother
will be so, so angry
'Cause I was dancing
in the disco bumper to bumper
Wait a minute
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper...
That's enough. He's out cold.
They say if you wear
a mask for long enough
it can be hard to take off.
I'm not talking about
any stupid psychology shit.
It has something to do with
the glue going off.
It clings onto your skin.
Everything I just told you
is 100% true.
Well, most of it, anyway.
I did have to adjust the facts
a bit for the telly.
We are so lucky to have Gardai
like Sergeant Healy,
er, to protect us from dangerous
criminals. He's our hero.
Healy tried to get them facts
straightened out,
but his superintendent
didn't seem to give a shit.
The station needs the publicity.
It's a great story,
so shut the fuck up
and take the promotion.

And no more bicycles.
Jock had his day in court
for stealing bikes.
He was given
a suspended sentence
because of
his abusive upbringing
and was placed into foster care.
And guess who became
a foster parent -
with great reluctance,
I might add.

That's some useless bollocks.
Look.

You on the jammy rag or what?
It was nice
that she had someone else
to yell at other than me
for a change.

- I'm your son now.
- You're not my son!
- I am your son.
- I didn't adopt you.
- I love you.
- Oh, my God.

Billy Murphy
found himself back in prison.
- Did you find your man?
- This time for attempted murder
so we won't be seeing him
for a while.

Mam visited the local butcher
and finally got
her gammy tooth sorted.

Oh, I don't envy that fella.
As for me...

Alright, this mackerel here
came from over that hill
and only took 20 minutes
to get here.

- That's how fresh it is.
 - Alright. Go on. Give me four.
- So what else are you selling
that's local?

You're looking at it, but.
Sure I can get that for free.
Where one treasure hunt
ends, another one begins.
We've got other stuff too, like.
You interested?

- Alright. Go on.

- This is an oyster.

A delicacy really.

People call me the oyster
of the land because, you know,
my hard exterior and soft,
emotional interior, do you know?

Pulling that shit again?

"You're looking at it."

At least he's not
a fucking streak of misery.

A streak of misery?

Hrrrgh.

- Is that how I look?

- Yeah.

Excuse me.

You want a fish, dear? Hrrnggh?

- Is that what I'm like?

- Shut up.

My brother knows Karl Marx
He met him eating mushrooms
in the People's Park
He said, "What do you think
about my manifesto?"

I like a manifesto

Put it to the test-o

Took him straight down
to meet the Anarchist Party

I met a groovy guy

He was arty-farty

He said, "I know a little
Latin - manicus manicae"

I said,

"I don't know what it means"

He said, "Neither do I"

Eat natural food

Bathe twice daily

Fill your nostrils

up with gravy
Don't drink tea
and don't drink coffee
Cover your chin
in Yorkshire toffee
Dancing in the disco
bumper to bumper
Wait a minute
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Dancing in the disco
bumper to bumper
Wait a minute
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Oh, no
Dancing in the disco
Go, go, go
Dancing in the disco
Oh, no, oh, no, oh, no
Dancing in the disco
Go, go, go
Dancing in the disco
Oh, no, oh, no
It's alright to say,
"Things can only get better"
You haven't lost
your brand-new sweater
I know I had it on
when I had my tea
And I'm sure I had it on
in the lavatory
Oh, no
Dancing in the disco
Go, go, go
Dancing in the disco
Oh, no, oh, no
Dancing in the disco
bumper to bumper

Wait a minute
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
It's alright to say,
"Things can only get better"
You haven't lost
your brand-new sweater
Pure new wool
and perfect stitches
Not the type of jumper
that makes you itches
Oh, no
Dancing in the disco
Go, go, go
Dancing in the disco
Oh, no, oh, no
And my mother
will be so, so angry
And my brother
will be so, so angry
And my girlfriend
will be so, so angry
And my dog
will be so, so angry
'Cause I was dancing
at the disco, bumper to bumper
Wait a minute
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Where's me jumper?
Oh, no.