This Is England

By Shane Meadows
Testing, testing. One, two, three.
Is it working, Kev?
# Stick it up, mister!
# TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS:
# Hear what I say, sir, yeah
# No, no, no, no, no
# Yeah
# Get your hands in the air, sir!
# Woo-hoo, yeah
# And you will get no hurt, mister
# No, no, no
# I said, yeah
# I said, yeah
# What did I say?
# What did I say?
# Don't you hear? I said, yeah
# Yeah, yeah
# Listen to what I say
# To what I say
# Do you believe I would take something
with me
# And give it to the policeman?
# I wouldn't do that
# And if I do that, I would say
# Sir, come on
and put the charge on me
# I wouldn't do that
# No, I wouldn't do that
# Huh
# I'm not a fool to hurt myself
# So I was innocent of what they done to me
# They was wrong
# Ah, listen to me one more time,
they were wrong, huh
# Oh, yeah
# Give it to me one time
# Huh
# Give it to me two time
# Huh, huh
# Give it to me three time, yeah
# Huh, huh, huh
# Give it to me four time
# Huh, huh, huh, huh
# 54-46 was my number
Oh, yeah
Right now, someone has that number
One more time, baby
54-46
Was my number
Was my number
Right now,
someone has got that number
All right
I said, yeah
I said, yeah
Listen to what I say
Listen to what I say
Oh, I said, hear me now
Yeah, yeah
Listen to what I say
Listen to what I say
(Singer toasts)
Oh, give it to me one time
Huh
Give it to me two time
Huh, huh
Give it, give it, give it, give it, give it,
Give it, give it, give it, give it
No, no, no, no
Whoa
(Singer toasts)
54-46
Was my number
Was my number
Right now,
someone has got that number
All right
I said, yeah
I said, yeah
Listen to what I say
Listen to what I say
Oh, I said hear me now
Yeah, yeah...
(Radio switches on)
MARGARET THATCHER:
...they think it's attractive
to offer to the young
a future wholly controlled
by the operation of the socialist state...

(Chatter)
...two days for me, I think.
- Next Tuesday?
Yeah.
Wa-hey, nice flares, matey!
Piss off.
(Boy giggles)
- Are you gonna buy that?
- Yeah. Yeah, one sec, mate.
Come on. Bring it over.
(Giggles again)
Just give me a minute.

BO Y:
- It's not a library, you know.
- I was fricking reading that.
- You what?
- I said, I was fricking reading it.
- Just go.
- What?
Just go.

What about my Cola Cubes?
You're not gonna get any.
Now, just go, all right?
Cola Cubes.
I know who you are
and I know your mum. Go. Now.
- Cola Cubes.
- Are you gonna go or not?
- No.
- Right, OK, I'll call the police.
- Go on, then.
- I mean it, I'm gonna call 'em.
- Go on, then.
- I mean it.
- Go on, then.
- We'll see.

All right. I'm going.
Oh, and you're banned.
Oh, and you're a mong.
Hey, see you, Janice!
Oh, God, what a loser.
Loser!
- Look at that twat.
- There?
Fucking hell, look at them flares. Goof!
Goofy.
Oi, oi.
Talking to me?
What?
Never knew Keith Chegwin had a son.
Piss off.
- What the fuck are they?
- These? I'm wearing 'em for a bet.
- What's your excuse?
- Cheeky bastard.
- Woodstock's that way, pal.
- Fuck off.
At least I don't look like Count Dracula.
- Think you're funny, you little spaz?
- Yeah. Yeah.
- Wanna hear a fucking joke, yeah?
- Yeah, go on, then.
How many people can you fit in a Mini?
I don't fucking know.
Three in the back, two in the front
and your fucking dad in the ashtray.
You fucker!

(Chanting):
- I'll fucking murder you.
- Get off!
- You fucking...
- Get up!
- Fucking...
- Shut up!
You fucking bastard.
What the fuck are you bothered about?
You fucking...
Do not use that language.
Headmaster's office now.
- (Jeering)
- I'm fed up with you.
(Thwack of cane)

BULLY:
- (Thwack of cane)
- Aargh!
- (Thwack of cane)
- Argh!
(Thwack of cane, bully whimpers)
(Thwack of cane)

**HEADMASTER:**
But you won't be going.
Now get out!
Come in, Field.

**# SOFT CELL:**
# For I toss and turn
I can't sleep at night...
# This tainted love you've given
I give you all a boy...

**YOUTH:**
- Make it smooth.
- That's nice.
That were nice. Oh, yeah.
- Now we got a rhythm going.
- Piss off. I just wanna light my fag.
For God's sake.
- All right, mate?
- All right.
'Ey up, what's the matter?
Nothing.
What's with t'face ache?
You look upset. What's to do?
It's people picking on me,
taking the mick out of me.
Oh, mate, you're breaking my heart.
Sit down for five minutes.
- Why?
- Woody, look at them flares.
See what I mean?
That's what I fucking mean, there.
You can see he's upset.
Will you behave with the flare comments?
- They're bad...
- Come on. Five minutes.
- Just come and sit down, mate.
- But you'll all just pick on me.
- Everyone does.
- Oh, come and sit down, mate.
I feel bloody sorry for you.
Just five minutes.
Just give me five minutes
to make you feel better.
Come on, mate. Bloody hell!
It can't be that bad, eh?
So what's this?
Who's picking on you, lad?
Some lad at school.
- What's his name?
- Harvey.
Harvey?
(Sniggering)
What sort of a bloody girl's name
is Harvey?

(In posh voice):
And I've come to give you gyp.
(Laughter)
I've got one of these for you,
Sonny Jim.
I've got one of those for you.
My name is Harvey.
You're drawing a fine line.
You're drawing a fine line. Eh?
Bloody hell!
- Where the frig have you been?
- Bloody Ada!
Took me an hour
to get someone to go in for me.
You had to wait a bloody hour for that pie?
Give me that shit.
For God's sake.
- Who the fuck's he?
- What is your name?
I'm Shaun.
Shaun, I'm Woody, mate.
Nice to meet you.
That there's Milky, my main man.
Pukey's a nutcase. Don't wind him up.
That's Kez. He's pretty chilled out.
- And this fat idiot's Gadget.
You are, Gadget, you are.
Anyway, Shaun, move.
You're in my seat.
What?
Move.
Gadget, mate, out of all the places to sit, you want to sit there?
- Yeah, I do.

**SHAUN:**
What are you asking him for?
Move, now.
- He don't have to bloody move.
- Fucking does. Get out.
Oi, it's a free country.
You sit there if you want to sit there.
- Have you seen these?
- Woody, tell him.
Woody, tell 'em.
Get the fuck...
Calm down.
Will you just calm down?
Fucking behave.
You need to learn when to chill out.
What...
Get the fuck out of my seat now!
Out of this tunnel
or I'll make your life a living fucking hell.
- Fuck off!
- Fuck out!
- You're a pain in my arse.
- You're all a bunch of bastards!
Oh, fuck off!
You prick!
Shaun, come back, mate.
- Sit down.
- Oh, bloody hell.
Shaun! Sh...
Oh, I feel bad. I feel bad now.
Well done, well done. Are you happy with your fucking pie now, you prick?
You're a frigging bully, Gadget.
TV:
What C is a fodder plant...
(Door closes)
- Hiya, love.
- Hello.
- You all right?
- Yeah.
Had a good day at school?
Shaun?
What's wrong, love?
Shaun, come here.
What?
Sit down.
I want to have a word with you.
Why?
Please, son, I want to talk to you.
What?
What have you done to your face?
Nothing.
You've got all scratches all over your face.
Have you been fighting?
No, I did it on the way home from school.
You didn't. You're lying to me.
How have you done it?
It was a boy at school.
He made a joke about Dad, so I hit him.
Well, what did he say about Dad?
I don't wanna say it, Mum.
It's disgusting.
Shaun, I want to know what he said.
I've been picked on three times today.
All because of my trousers.
What's wrong with your trousers?
Look at the fucking size of them!
Stop swearing.
There's nothing wrong with them.
- Your dad bought you them.
- They're too big for me!
If you didn't want to wear them,
you should have put your school ones on.
It's non-uniform day, Mum.
What do you want me to do, Shaun?
I don't know what to do.
- We could move away.
- We can't move away.
We're not moving from anywhere.
We live here and we're staying here.
I don't like it here, Mum.
I liked it better when we were with Dad.
Well, I liked it better when we was with Dad,
but Dad's gone now.
(Leisurely guitar instrumental)
(Seagulls cry)
Yes!
(Ship's hooter)

RADIO:
very close to two key events
in the War, for the ship.
Just over there,
in the Falklands Sound,
she was hit aft by a 1,000lb bomb,
which, fortunately, didn't explode,
and there, on Fanning Head,
heavy bombardment from The Antrim
took out a key Argentine position.
Like the Army, the Navy is still taking
the threat of another Argentine attack
very seriously...
(Dog barks)
(Clattering and rattling)
...as well as these Oerlikon guns,
the destroyer is armed...
...sea slug, sea cat...
(Thud)
What the fuck?
What do you want, Gadget?
You've just nearly put my window through.

(Breathlessly):
if you're coming hunting.
Hunting? Why?
Because he feels sorry
for what happened the other day.
And he just wants to know
if you're coming out.
If I come, you're just gonna kick my head in
in the middle of a field.
Woody said if I come within five feet of you, he's gonna kick the shit out of me.
And why on earth are you dressed like that?
We always dress like this.
You look stupid.
I know, but it's just a laugh that we have.
I've got you some stuff. Come on.
It's not a trick, is it, Gadget?
Woody really wants me to come?
It's no trick, honest. Please?
- All right. I'll be down in a minute.
- Hurry up!
(Giggles)

WOOD Y:

GADGET:
- Fuck it.
- Come on, Tubs!
Hurry up,
cos Gadget won't get over it, will he?
(Laughter)
- Come on.
- Come on. Get up.
Here you are.
Gadget, have that. Have this.
- Gadget!
- Gadget, have this.
I'll have that there, mate.
No, I'm all right.
- Oh, man. Woo!
- I wanted that!
Woo! Woo! Woo-oo!
Come on!
- Where are you going, Gadge?

SHAUN:

WOOD Y:
Woo-hoo! Woo!
Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
(Glass shatters)
(Shaun yells)
WOOD Y:
Woo!

SHAUN:

WOOD Y:
Do it again and again!
- You fucking daft bastard.
- You fat bastard.
(Laughter)
Go on!
Hey!
(AII shout at once)
Fucking do it! Do it!
- (Fires catapult)
- Aah!
Shaun!
- (Fires catapult)
- Aah!
Come on!
Come on, Shauny! Come on, Shaun!
Come on, Shaun!
Where are we going?
I'll get you a good seat.
Woo!
- Get up them stairs.
(Shaun laughs)
Shaun! Shaun, Shaun, Shaun!
Quick!
Come on. Quickly. Quickly. Ssh!
Where the fuck have yous gone?
Come on.
I can't be doing with this, lads.
I'm not in the mood for this.
I know yous are in here, I'm not stupid.
So, come out.
(Barrage of catapult shots)
Fucker!
(Laughter)

SHAUN:
Classical.
- Classic.
SHAUN:

WOOD Y:

SHAUN:

Oi, oi, oi!
What's all that about, dickhead, eh?
What's the deal with you, eh?
- He shot me.
- I shot you as well.
Come on, Shauny.
- Bloody hell, Gadget.
- What d'you do that for?
Look how yous
have been treating me all day.
I had to carry all the bags.
All of yous running off on me,
hiding on me.
Listen to me. He's a young lad.
He's had a fucking bad week.
So, we're bringing him with us
to show him a bloody good time
and you just backhanded him
round t'head.
I'm disappointed, mate.
You're all favouritising him.
I feel like I've gone down in the ranks
since he's come.

ALL:

I'm sorry if I've took your place, mate.
I really am.
And if you really want me to go
and give you your spot back, I'll just go.
Don't, mate. Please.
- I'll go. He don't like me.
- No, don't.
He don't know what he's saying.
It's not that I don't like you, mate.
I think you're great. It's just...
I'm having a shitty time and...
- Come on. Shake hands.
- I've been where you are and...
Less of this. It's nonsense, this.
We're mates here. Shake his hand.
Come on. Good lad.
That's what I'm all about. Yeah.
Come here, come here.
Give us a bloody hug, come on.
Bloody hell. Come on, all of yous.
All of yous, get in here.
Bloody hell, my arse!
Who's that on my arse?
Who's that? Calm it down.
Bloody hell, Gadge. Come on, mate.

# AL BARRY & THE CIMARONS:
Morning Sun
# Way out in the morning sun
# There lies my baby,
she was waiting so long
# Aah aah-aah-aah
# Oh, she sing for the sweet melody
# Oh, Lord, I could hear the harmony
# Aah-aah-aah-aah aah-aah-aah...
(Bell)

SHAUN'S MUM:
- I'll see you, chicken.
- See ya.
Them.
- Which ones?
- The big red ones.
Oh, you're not having them, sweetheart.
Look at the size of 'em.
Oh, come on, Mum. You said.
No, Shaun, they look like thug boots.
They're awful.
Come on, Mum. You promised me.
Why don't you get some of them
that you've got in blue?
Cos I don't like these. I want them ones,
- They'll rub on your shin.
- They'll only be about that.
Be better in my size.
Come on. Where is she?
- Right.
- Well, that was nice timing.
I spoke too soon.
I hurt my shoulder back there.
Been ferreting about for ages.
- Are you all right, love?
- Pulled something in my shoulder.
Now, then, if I can just have that for a second...
- Let me have that, sweetheart.
- I want to hold it.
I'll just have that. Mum, shall I just...?
- Yeah.
- I'll just put that down there.
Ducky, darling, the ones
that you're looking at, these boots...
- Yeah?
...now, they're adult sizes
and you're a size four.
But these have just come in from London.
Are you ready for these?
These are fantastic.
- What the...?
- Oh, look at them, Shaun.
They're absolutely lovely.
- Do you want to hold one? There.
- Oh, my God.
- They're nice, aren't they?
- They're lovely, them.
Oh, they look lovely.
- Try 'em on.
- Where's the "Doc Marten" sign?
These ones, cos they're special
and they're from London,
they don't have the Doc Marten sign
on these - they're too special for that.
- It says "Tompkins" in it.
- The ones from London say Tompkins.
Everywhere else say "Dr Martens".
- I love them.
- These ones are special.
- Do you sell a lot of them?
- Yeah. Go like hot cakes.
Do you want to try one on? Shall we?
I fucking want them.
- If you swear... I'm sorry.
- It's all right.
- Shaun, don't swear.
- I want them ones.
- Listen, you can...
- I don't want them.
Chicken, don't upset your mum, eh?
Let's try 'em on.

GIRL:
- Yeah.
- Are you sure?
- Yeah.
- You don't seem very confident.
- Just do it.
Your mum's not gonna come round,
is she, and whack my door down?
No. Just fricking do it.
(Switches on razor)
- Right. Here we go.
- Get that mop off.
- It's coming.
- It's coming off.
(Shaun giggles)
- Oh, eh.

ALL:

WOOD Y:
- You have a right pink head.
- We're getting going now.
- Stop fidgeting.
- You're doing a good job, mate.
Oh, mate, it looks better already, that.
- Don't it, Milk?
- Definitely. Definitely.
- You're looking good.
- Head down.
Oh, there's loads of it.
It's just never-ending.

WOOD Y:
He's only a baby.
- Put your head up.
- You just told me to put it down, Lol.
And what an hairline, girls, eh?
Don't forget that bit.
I can see it.
Honestly, mate, it's sterling.
Get it off.
Really smart, in't he? In't he smart, eh?
- He does look good.
- Mate, I'm well impressed.
There we go, mate. That's you done.
Look at that!

WOOD Y:
- Oh, mate, so smart, that.
- That's good, that.
Honestly, mate, you look sterling.
- So, am I in the gang now?
- Well, not yet.
Get your shirt on.
Let's see your Ben Sherman.
I... I ain't got a Ben Sherman.
- You telling me you've not got a shirt?
- No.
You told me to get jeans and the boots.
Are you having a laugh?
You can't go out all nipply, can you?
You're gonna have to come back next week.
I'll see you, mate.
- Honestly, have I really gotta go?
- Yeah, really, really.
Go on. You're gonna have to get off.
Shut t'door behind you,
there's a good lad.
Oh, hang on, I forgot about summat.
I were fucking lying!
Come here and give me a big hug.
Come here, fella.
I'm really proud of you, mate.
You look brilliant. Absolutely brilliant.
Get that body covered up
before t'girls go mad!
Ooh!
Amazing. Bang on.
Lol picked that for you.
- Look at that.
- It's a good fit, that. It's a good fit.
Let's have a look at you.
Ah, mate.
What a transformation!
He looks dead cute.
Pleased with it?
- Look at that.
- Ah, mate.

**WOOD Y:**
- Gadget!

**LOL:**
- What? Who are you?
Oh-ho-ho, Shaun!
Oh-ho-ho! Look at that. Come here.
That's it. Good lad, Gadge.
Well done, mate.

# TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS:
Louie Louie
# Louie, Louie
# Oh, my baby
# Louie, Louie
# Oh, my baby
# You know what I mean
# Louie, Louie
# We're gonna sail the sea
# No, no, no, no, no
# Now I'm finding a girl
# Louie, Louie
# Louie, Louie
# Hey, let me hear you now
# Louie, Louie
# Oh, baby
# I've got to go
# Oh, yeah
# Let me tell you again
# Louie, Louie
# Oh, baby
# Now, I'm finding a girl
# Louie, Louie
# Oh, she look so sweet
# No
# No, no, no, no, no
# Louie, Louie
# You can talk to me
# Hey, let me hear you now
# Louie, Louie
# Louie
# Tell me
# Tell me, baby
# Come on, now
# All right, now
# Oh, baby...
'Ey up, eh?
Home sweet home.
- It's all right round here, Shaun.
- It's a nice area, mate.
Cheers for today.
It's been the best day of my life.

ALL:
Fella, man,
you are more than welcome.
And I mean that
from the bottom of my heart. Any time.
- Tell him.
- Definitely. Any time, mate.
- Come here, you.

GADGET:

SHAUN:

WOOD Y:
- Wa-hey!
- You've been practising!
Cheers for the haircut, Lol.
No worries. You make sure you come to
me when it needs redoing.
- Cheers for the shitty tea, Gadget.
- Get you!
Shaun?
Yeah?
Come here, please.
I just want to go straight to bed, Mum.
Come here, please.
You're two hours late.
- Please, Mum.
- Shaun, just come here!
Oh, my God.
Mum, please.
Please, Mum.
- Shaun, come on.
- Oh, man.
- Oh, Mum, please.
- I'm not messing around.
Now, in.
In you go, you.
- Eh, Shaun!
- Shaun, mate!
- Oh.
- Oh.
Who's Lol?
Me.
What have you done to his hair?
I... I did ask him, before I did it, if...
if you was all right with it.
Don't you think
you should have asked me?
Yeah.
I'm sorry.
Shaun, did I not ask you
if it was all right?
If he said, "Jump off a cliff",
would you do that?
No.
To be honest, you all look a bit... old
to be hanging around with him.
I'm only in the er... year bel...
avove in school.
- Are you joking?
- No.
I've got problems.
(Sniggering)
Yeah, well, you will have problems
if you touch his hair again.

**LOL:**
- Who's Woody?
Behave.
- I'm Woody. I'm sorry, love.
- No, it's fine.
It's erm...
I just wanted to thank you. He said he's being bullied and you'd helped him out.
- You're welcome.
- Yeah, I really appreciate that.
And the clothes and stuff.
I think he likes 'em. I don't mind that, at all.
But the hair is not good.
I'm really sorry.
I am. I wouldn't have done it if I knew you didn't like it.
Listen, I'm gonna leave him here with you.
I'm gonna trust you, Shaun.
All right? Give us a kiss.
- See you later. Nice to meet you.

WOOD Y:
- Cynthia.
- Nice to meet you, Cynthia.
Nice to meet you all.
- See you in a bit, Shaun.
- See you, love.
- See you, later.
- Bye, Mum.
You idiot!
You shit yourself.
What?
- You shit yourself. You did.
- I didn't shit myself.
(Thud of stereo)
Hey, here he is!
- Where have you been?
- I've been getting a drink.
- You've been gone an hour.
- Look how pissed he is. Babycham?
Have you had it through a straw?
Wakey-wakey!
Pissed as a fart. Look at him.
You fancy Smell, don't you?
- Ah!
- No.
Do you like Smell?
Listen, I think, Shaun...
I think you've got a great chance.
- Oh, aye, love.
- You ain't got nothing to lose.
- Go on.
- She can only say no, mate.
You wanna give it a crack?
This can be a beautiful thing.
- Oh, my God. Fuckin' hell.
- Boob height.
That might be the perfect height.
Would you...
like to take a turn up the garden with me?
- Oh, that's sweet.
(Pukey snorts)
You are, you're a little sweetheart.

LOL:

SHAUN:

GIRL:
- Watch it.
- Ooh, sorry, mate.
- It's all right.
- Look at the sky.
- This is perfect, this is.

SHAUN:
Like you.
That is so cute.
You're a real charmer, you are.

SHAUN:

WOOD Y:
(Knock at door)
- What the fuck's that?
- (Further knock)
That sounds like the coppers,
that does.
- Gary.
- (Thumping on door)
Gadget!
It's Gadget's mum and dad.
Get the fuck up, Gadge. Listen to me.
I want you to be sober. Yeah?
Sober.
- All nice, good, sober.
- (Doorbell)
- I am sober.
- Of course you are.
Fucking hide all the weed an' that, Milk.
(Thumping on door)
(Doorbell)
Hello?
- Aaargh!
- Get fucking out!
Outside now!
If you want us to turn
the music down, we'll turn it down.
It's too fucking late for that!
These three.
Now get fucking up! Come on.

**KES:**
- Not you. You.
Get outside!

**LOL:**
- Now!
Come on!
- It's all right.
- Kes, get up.
Yaaah!
(Screaming and shouting)

**WOOD Y:**
Fucking hell, look at you!
Look at the fucking size of him.
Wow! Fucking look at you!
- Oh, fucking hell!
- Fucking look at you, man!
- Fucking hell.
- I missed you, man.
Fuck off, man. You fucking gave me
a heart attack, you bastard.
Who the fuck's he?
- Banjo.
- Banjo.
Three and a half years
with this fucking big bastard.
You lovely man.
Tell you what, there's fuck all
that this man hasn't seen.

WOOD Y:
Thanks for looking after him, mate.
- Look at the size of him, mate.
- Always ready to have a go.
Meggy! How are you, lad?
- How are you, mate?
- I'm all right.
Milk, fucking hell.
You shit me up there for a minute.
Listen to me now. This dude, here,
he spent three years in the pen for me,
he never said nothing.
If it weren't for him,
I wouldn't be with you guys now.
So, the utmost respect and I mean it.
I mean it.
Look at this, eh?
Look at you. Fucking hell!
You've blossomed, haven't you, love?
- How are you doing?
- Not too bad. How are you?
All right. Easy, easy.
That's my other half, that.
- It's my other half, like.
- Nice one, mate.
I'm happy for yous.
Are you all right?
Yeah.
You look a bit nervous.
I'm not gonna do anything
you don't want me to.
Have you ever done this before?
Done it once.
In Germany.
In Germany?
Why did you go to Germany?
I was...
in Ger... Germany with my dad. What did you do in Germany with this girl? Just kissed her. Did you? Was she pretty? Prettier than me? No way. Really? Well, that's really cute of you. Do you want a kiss? We'll leave it today. You might look about four, but you kiss like a forty-year-old. You're dead sensitive. Are you all right? Are you sure? Do you want me to kiss you again? Do you wanna suck my tits? Tell 'em a story. All right, if yous are making me. All right, it took a little bit of time. But we did end up running things. We certainly did. I mean, it's just... I mean, for three weeks, right, this fucking wog... Right? Proper horrible. Sorry, mate, sorry. Didn't mean nothing by it. You know, just slip of the tongue, like. Sorry. This, you know, this brown gentleman... ...who... he was a bully, he was a horrible bully. No matter what colour he was, he was a bully. And I hate bullies. Don't I, Wood? Yeah. I can't stand them, man. I can't stand 'em. But for three weeks, right, this fella was robbing my pudding. What kind of pudding was it? Doesn't matter what pudding it was. The pudding's not the point.
The point is,
he was taking my pudding off me.
And I just thought,
"Nah, I'm not having it. I don't care.
You're not getting my pudding,
that's it."
So, I grabbed it and I've gone,
"No, mate, no, you're not having it."
He was like...
(Mimics his accent): "White boy...
Give me your pud-pud."
Proper! Do you know what I mean?
And I've just thought, "No, man."
- (Laughter)

COMBO:

ALL:

WOOD Y:
- Smell his finger.
And who's been bloody smooching?
Come here, Shaun! Come on, man.
I've got someone I want you to meet.
Come and stand here.
Now, listen to me.
This is a very special friend of mine.
Combo, Shaun.
Newest recruit.
Shaun. Combo.
What are you doing?
Just want to shake your hand.
Did you?
Are you a proper little skinhead,
then, yeah?
Yeah.
You look like a little Action Man.
Like a little Barbie doll.
You're dressed up an' all that. Look.
What?
I'm only messing with you, you little fucker.
I'm only messing with you.

GADGET:
- You're all right.
Nice one, lad.
Sit down, anyway, I'm telling a story.
Sit next to Milky.
Anyway, where was I?
What... Where was I?
You were on about that er...
"brown gentleman"
stealing your "pud-pud".
That's right, yeah. Yeah.
So, I've said, "No, you're not having it."
This one day, right,
I've been grafting all morning,
just shovelling shit, constantly,
all morning, non-stop.
Weren't I? And I'm fucking starving.
# Gentle piano
You know, like that proper hunger.
And I'm thinking, "Right, just eat my pudding,
just go and eat my pudding."
I've just finished
the last fucking mouthful and then,
this big, black, sweaty hand
has just gone wallop, right in my pudding.
Do you know what I mean?
Proper big cigar fingers,
all over my fucking crumble and custard...
I just thought,
"No, I'm not having it, I don't care.
You're not getting my pudding, that's it."
I just took his hand out and just looked
him right in the face and I've gone...
(Piano music drowns speech)

(Mouths):
So, last night was good fun, weren't it?
- Don't start.
- I'm just saying, a really good night.
I know what sort of a bloody night it was.
It were awkward.
It was er... a little on the tense side.
I know, mate, I'm sorry.
I knew he'd do it. I knew he'd have to
throw his bloody weight around.
Has to be number one.
He were like that before he went in.
Nowt's frigging changed, at all.
Hang on. Wait.
He hardly did anything wrong, anyway.
- I thought he was all right.
- I've got an idea.
How about you climb out of his arse
for five minutes, Puke, eh?
Trust you to fucking jump on his dick.
I'm not. I'm just saying,
he was just telling a story.
You asked for a story, he told it you.
I'll tell you a story
if you don't shut your mouth.
All right, boys?
- You all right, Combo?
- All right, Gadge.
- Puke.
- All right, mate.

WOODY:
- Can I just have a little word with you?
- I've got a brew coming.
- Only be two minutes. Come 'ed.
- Bastard.
Woody, don't be long cos I wanna get off.
- All right, love.
- Be two minutes, Lol.
All right, lad?
I said, "All right?"
What was that for? That hurt!
- Woody, hurry up.
- I will, love, yeah.
Milky, I'd watch it.
I think summat's gonna kick off.

MILKY:
You're making a big deal
out of nothing, anyway.
- He's all right.
- He's not.
Kel!
MILKY:
(Sighs)
- What's up?

PUKEY:
All right, lad.
- Go on, then. What's happened?
- We've to...
We've to bob round tomorrow morning.
I tell you, I shouldn't be here, you know.
This don't feel good, at all.
Look at the size of that brew.
Who drinks a brew that big?
I bet you all thought I was a right fucking horrible, horrible, horrible little bastard the other day, didn't you?
- A little bit.
- A bit?
Tell the truth, Wood, man.
I was fucking horrible, weren't I?
- A bit of a bastard, man.
- Yeah.
Yeah, well, you were a snake.
You were a fucking serpent from the Bible, weren't you?
Do you wanna know why, Wood?
Do you want me to tell you why?
Yeah?
Cos see that man, there, Milky?
That man there took abuse off me.
And I said some horrible things, Milk, and I'm fucking sorry.
You let me abuse him.
And what did you do?
What did you do, Wood?
- I didn't do anything.
- I can't hear you.
- I didn't do nothing.
- Exactly. Nothing. Fuck all.
Neither did any of yous.
Not one of yous stood up and made yourself count for that man there.
And that was fucking wrong.
Milk, honest to God,
I'm really glad you came here today.
And I mean that, mate,
I really mean that.
Cos I've got one question to ask you.
Just one question.
When you've heard it, if you want to leave,
you can leave, that's fine by me.
But I've got one question to ask you.
Do you consider yourself
English or Jamaican?
(Clock ticks)
English.
Lovely. I love you for that.
That's fucking great. I'm proud, man.
Learn from him.
That's a proud man, there.
That's what we need, man.
That's what this nation
has been built on.
Proud men. Proud fucking warriors.
Two thousand years,
this little tiny fucking island
has been raped and pillaged
by people who have come here
and wanted a piece of it.
Two fucking world wars,
men have laid down their lives for this.
For this, and for what?
So we can stick our fucking flag
in the ground and say,
"Yeah, this is England
and this is England
and this is England."
And for what?
For what now?
Eh, what for?
So we can just open the fucking floodgates
and let them all come in?
And say, "Yeah, come on, come in.
Get off your ship. Did you have
a safe journey? Was it hard?
Here y'are, here's a corner,
why don't you build a shop?
Better still, why don't you build a shop and then build a church?
Follow your own fucking religions.
Do what you want."
When there's single fucking parents out there, who can't get a fucking flat and they're being given to these...
And I'm gonna say it, cos you're gonna have to fucking hear it.
We're giving the flats to these fucking Pakis. Right?
Who've got 50 and 60 in a fucking flat on their own.
Right? We're giving that to them.
There's three and a half million unemployed out there.
Three and a half million of us, who can't find fucking work.
Cos they're taking them all.
Cos it's fucking cheap labour.
Cheap and easy labour.
Fucking cheap and easy, which makes us cheap and easy.
Three and a half fucking million!
It's not a joke. It's not a fucking joke.
And that Thatcher sits there in her fucking ivory tower and sends us on a fucking phoney war!
The Falklands?
The fucking Falklands?
What the fuck's The Falklands?
Fucking innocent men, good fucking strong men.
Good soldiers, real people losing their lives, going over there thinking they're fighting for a fucking cause.
What are they fighting for?
What are they fighting against?
Fucking shepherds!
Shepherds with fucking...
Shut up about The Falklands.
- Why?
- Cos I want you to.
There's fucking loads of dickheads dying out there for nothing.
My fucking dad weren't a dickhead!
What are you doing?
- Fuck off! Shut up!
- What am I doing wrong?
Whoa, there, little one.
What's wrong, mate?
- Tell me the truth. Come on.
- I just fucking...
That's it. Go on.
My fucking dad died in that war!
- Your dad died?
- Yeah. Get off!
- Fucking hell, mate, I'm sorry.
- Fucking shut up about it!
I'm sorry, mate.
Fucking hell, I'm sorry, lad.
I'm sorry. I never knew he died, man.
Fucking hell.
Oh, look, mate, if I'd have known,
honest, I wouldn't have said, man,
but what I'm telling you is the truth.
I can't lie to you.
It's a pathetic war, man.
And you want your dad's life
to mean something, don't you?
And this breaks my fucking heart to say it.
We shouldn't have been there.
She lied to us.
She lied to me. She lied to you.
But, most importantly, she lied to your dad.
If you don't stand up and fight this fucking fight
that's going on on the streets,
your dad died for nothing.
He died for nothing.
You've got to carry it on, man, in here.
In your little fucking heart,
you've got the pride of your dad, man.
Fucking hell.
That little fucking whippersnapper
has set the standard.
- Can you believe that, Banj?
- You can't, can you, at that age?
Fucking hell.
What a gem.
What a fucking gem.
All right, look.
There's the line, boys.
That means
you're all quite welcome to just leave
and leave now and never come back
and that's it, the end of it.
But if you wanna stay,
this is a proper fight.
Now yous all either cross that line
and go your merry little way...
...or you stay where you are
and you come with me.
The choice is yours, boys.
Fucking hell!
That was a bit quick, weren't it?
I ain't being fucking brainwashed, Combo.
Oh, listen to fucking Sigmund Void there.
You're well out of line.
Well out of line, man.
Come on, lads, let's have you.
Come on, then.
Come on, Puke, mate.
Sit down.
You what?
Kes, just sit down.
No. No, you can't be serious, mate.
We'll talk about this outside.
Kes, just sit down.
Puke, man, fucking come.
What you on about?
Look, he's fucking right.
What can I do, man? Are you coming?
No.
- Gadge, come on, Tubs, man.
- Fuck off calling me Tubs!
I'm sick of you, Woody.
This is why I'm staying,
because you're always taking the piss,
making me feel that fucking big.
He's put things into perspective.
Look at the other night.
You didn't step up once then.
Join me.
Milky, man,
I know I let you down the other night,
but I swear to you
I'll never fucking do it again. Look at me.
I'd never do it again.
I swear to God I wouldn't, man.
You're my bro, man. What the fuck?
Come on, mate.
(Combo tuts)

WOOD Y:

LOL:
- No.
Shaun, man, you can't fucking stay here.
Shaun?
He's just a kid. The things you've said
have made him want to stay.
Woody, I wanna make my dad proud.
Listen, love...
See you later, mate.
See you later, Lol, love.
He's 12. I can't leave him here.
- Go.
- Nothing we can do if he wants to stay.
You fucking look after him, do you hear me?
He can look after himself. He's proved that.

COMBO:
Come on, love.
Come on, now.
See you later, mate.
Don't forget, you've got a snake
in the grass with you there.
You're a good man.
A brave good man, man.
A really good man.
A cup of tea for the boys there, Banj.
Few Pot Noodles or something.
I'm fucking gagging for a shit, me,
I'm telling you.
Don't worry about it.
I'll have a word with Woody.
I'll sort it, I promise you.
I just feel really bad.
He looked gutted, Combo.
I know, I feel bad, as well, but...
Oh, fucking hell, let's face it.
Woody's not like me and you.
No, he's fucking certainly not like you.
No-one's ever fucking took a swing at me like that.
- Really?
- Honest.
Honest.
It's like looking in the mirror.
taking swings at big men.
I don't know, I just don't like
people speaking about my dad,
even in a nice way.
I don't even like people
speaking about the war.
You loved him, didn't you?
Yeah.
And then you lost him.

(Whispers):
I know what it's like.
To have people walk out on you.
To have people just fucking leave you.
Honest, lad, I know how you feel.
If you ever want anyone to talk to...
...someone to cry with
or just to fucking have a hug
or punch the fuck out of 'em,
I'm telling you, I'll be there for you.
I won't turn my back on you.
I promise you that.
Spit.
That's a man's handshake, that.
I promise you.
I won't let you down.
# Soldiers of Islam
are loading their guns
# They're getting ready
# But the Russian tanks
are mowing them down
# They're getting ready
# There's children in Africa
with Tommy guns
# Getting ready
# While the Islam armies
are beckoning on
# They're getting ready
# There's a burning sun
# And it sets in the Western world
# But it rises in the East
# And pretty soon
it's gonna burn your temples down
# While the heads of state
are having their fun
# Are they ready?
# We're looking at the world
through the barrel of a gun
# Are we ready?
# And you stand there
beating on your little war drum
# Are you ready...
(Dog barks)
- Look at the size of that dog.
- Gadge, have a look at that dog.
- Just get on with it.
(Growls)
Excuse me, mate,
is there a toilet here?
Ah, my arse is killing.
- All right, boss?
- Round the back.
- Round the back.
- Cheers, boss.
(Chatter)
I am hungry, yeah.
There should be a barbecue or something.
Buffet food...
All right, look, yous three,
yous three, I want yous on your best behaviour.
Right? Your fucking best behaviour.

SHAUN:
Nice car.
Here they are.
Wait there. Hold it back, lads.
- Just wait there.
- Come on.
Just wait there.
Behave yourself. Wait there.

ARTHUR:
How are you, Arthur? Good to see you.
All right, Lenny, mate.
All right? A pleasure. A pleasure.

SHAUN:

LENNY:
No.
An almost forbidden word.
A word that means more to me
than any other.
That word is "England".

MEN:
Once, we flaunted it in the face of the world,
like a banner.
It was a word that stood for power.
A word that stood for freedom.
A word that stood for respect.
But today,
we're scarcely even allowed
to speak the name of our country.
Gadge, are you honestly...
Well, I want to revive that word,
a grand old word,
the word "Englishman".

ALL:
Yes!
Now we've been marginalised.
We've been called "cranks".
We're not cranks.
Some people say we're racists.
We're not racists. We're realists.
Some people call us Nazis.
We're not Nazis.
No, what we are, we are nationalists.
And there's a reason
people try to pigeonhole us like this.
And that is because of one word, gentlemen.
- Fear.

**ALL:**
They fear us.
They fear us because we are the true voice
of the people of this country.
- Yes!

**COMBO:**
People who work hard,
pay their way,
it don't matter
what their ethnic background is,
I welcome with open arms in this country.
It's the people who think
we owe them a living.
These are the people that need to go back.

**ALL:**
Send them back!
- Send the bastards back!
- Send them back!
Send them back!
An English king on a battlefield once said,
"From this day till the end of the world,
only we in it shall be remembered,
we few, we happy few,
we band of brothers."
Gentlemen, it is the time to stand up
and be counted.

**ALL:**
- It is the time for action.
Our country has been stolen
from under our noses.

**ALL:**
Well, gentlemen,
it's time to take it back!
Yes!
Yes! Go on, Lenny! Go on, Lenny!
Are you ready to return to the fight?

**ALL:**
- Are you ready to shed blood?

**ALL:**
Are you ready to fight for this country with your last breath of life?

**ALL:**

**(AII chant):**
Lenny! Lenny...
Gentlemen, join our band of brothers.
Sign up today.
Thank you very much. Thank you.
Yes!
I'm going to have a word with Lenny.
Yous wait here.
- Amazing that.
- You're dead right.

**PUKEY:**
- What?
Do you not feel bad about Woody?
What do you mean,
do I not feel bad about him? Look.
Look at all these people in here.
This is right.
If it wasn't right,
all these wouldn't be here.
- Think about...
- I'm not saying that.
Do you not feel bad about just leaving him like that?
- He's been our mate for...
- We've not left him.
I'm still his friend.

**MEGGY:**
You know, you're supposed to have a qualified driver in the front.
Are you gonna fucking report me?
Well, it's illegal.
We're really squashed in the back here.
Can one of us come up the front?
Shall we show him?
Shall we show him?
Don't look, Comb.
What is it, lad?
(Chuckles)
Fuck off!
That's my fucking boy! Look at that.
That's why he's in the fucking front,
Meggy, you fucking gobshite.
- Do you like it?
- It's fucking brilliant, that.
Fucking brilliant.
Do you reckon Lenny'll mind
that we nicked it?
No, will he fuck. That's going in
the middle of the wall, back in the flat.
We'll build all our stuff round that.
That's gonna be our fucking centrepiece.
That's the focus.
- Glad you like it.
- Nice one, son.

MEGGY:
St George's Cross, isn't it, Combo?
Yeah. St fucking George's Cross.
You all right there, Pukes, lad?
Yeah, I am. I was thinking, mate.
You seem a bit quiet, lad.
Yeah.
You got a problem, then, or what?
No, I've just got things on my mind, Combo.
Like what?
Well, like...
Well, can I ask you something?
Do you really believe
in all that shit, Combo?

GADGET:
Oi, Gadge, come with me.
He's getting me out.
Open the fucking door!
Get fucking out now!
- Get fucking out!
- All right, all right, all right.
Out of the car.
Get out, you little fucking shitbag.
You...
- don't you fucking ever...
- (Groans)
...fucking ever, ever undermine me again
in front of my fucking troops.
Do you understand me?
Do you understand me? Eh? Yeah?
Now, fuck off back to Woody,
you little fucking queer.
Go on, fuck off! Fuck off!
- You little queer.
- Oi, lads.
- Oi, Shaun, man, come.
- Leave him alone.
- Oi, come out.
- Sorry, mate.
- I can't.
- Fuck off. Leave him alone. Walk!
- (Others scream)
- What the fuck?
Waaah!
Right, this is where all the fucking Pakis
go to work in the chicken factory.
- Fucking do it, boys.
- Can we go to the chicken factory?
- Just fucking do it.
- What shall I put?
Anything. Put anything you want.

WOMAN:
Don't fucking come back,
you fucking little whore!
- Fuck off.
(Combo chuckles)
Go on. On your own.
Yeah, fuck off, you Paki bastards!
- Fuck off.
- Go on, son!
Hey-hey!
COMBO:
little fucking sewer rats. Look.
Fucking vermin.
Oi!

COMBO:
Right? And we're playing here.
So, I suggest you take fucking Tweedledum and Tweedledee and fuck off home.
If I see you on my streets again...
...I'll slash you.
And it'll be a hundred times fucking worse.
- All right?
- Yeah.
Now run home, cos Mummy's cooking curry. Go on.
Meggy!
Get in goal, Gadge.
Have a look in there.
- Is that for me?
- Yeah.
We need to fly that with pride.
See you tonight, Woody.
Hey, Meggy, how do you spell "off"?
Is it one "f" or two?
Meggy, one "f" or two?
(Bell dings)
Get me... a hundred fags, two bottles of wine, a bottle of whisky, and ten cans of lager now.
You know what you're gonna have?
Nothing.
What?
You know you're not supposed to be here. Go. Out.
Just fucking get 'em, you Paki bastard!
What did you say?
Get them, you filthy Paki bastard.
Right, that's it.
- Just... Wait till I just...
(Shaun laughs)
Get off!
- Get out!
- What's going on, mate? Problem?
He's been calling me a Paki bastard.
Open the door.
Get your fucking hands off him now!
Fucking hands off him!
Take what you want, kid.
Take the fucking whisky and the ciggies.
Oi, oi!
Go on, lads, get the gear.
Come on. Everything.
Come on, hurry up, don't fuck about.
What are you fucking doing?
- I'm having a shit.
- Oh, for fuck's sake, man!
- Put your arse away.

SHAUN:
Come on, hurry up. Get the stuff, mate.
For fuck's sake, we need booze
and fags for tonight, lads. Come on.
Fucking hell, Gadge, could you get
any more fucking sweets, man?
Fucking hell.
- Put 'em in the car.
- Come on.
Paki!

SHAUN:
Picking on a kid, mate? Fucking hell.
Picking on a fucking kid, was you?
- Eh?
- Take what you want and go.
Shut up! I'm talking.
I'm your fucking size. Fuck with me.
You've got what you want. Just go now.
Don't you fucking dare backchat me,
cos I will slay you now where you fucking
stand, you fucking Paki cunt.
Right?
You listen to fucking me!
That fucking kid's dad died
for this fucking country.
What have you fucking done for it?
Fuck all, but take fucking jobs
off decent people.
Now, listen, son, listen good.
We'll be back here whenever we want,
right, cos this is fucking ours now.
This is ours, this, fucking Sandhu.
Don't forget that. Any fucking time.
And clean the place up.
It fucking stinks of curry.
Fucking stinks.
Reeks of the fucking shit.
What yous doing, boys?
Get in the fucking car, will you?
Get in the fucking car!
You've got the fucking keys.
(Laughter)
Get in the fucking car now.
Look at my fucking arse!
Get in the fucking car. Hurry up!

MEGGY:

BANJO:
her dad did for a living, Gadget?
- Works on the oil rigs.
- Fucking hell.

MEGGY:

COMBO:
- The one with the balloons.

BANJO:
Fucking hell.

MEGGY:

COMBO:

SHAUN:
- So, Smell, you're finally legal.
- Yeah.
Not that it ever made a difference.
(Laughter)
- Ready? Three...
- Wait, wait.
Come on. Wait there. Are we all here?

**COMBO:**
(Knocks on door)
- Smell, get us a drink.

**MILKY:**
- Strippers!
- Constipation.
- Someone at the door!
- Stop now, yeah?
Hi, lad.
- Hello.
- Woody! Woody!

**SHAUN:**
- Hello-o-o.
- Hello-o-o.
Hello-o-o.
# Happy...
# Happy...
# Happy...
# Happy...
# Happy birthday
# Happy birthday
# Happy birthday
# Happy birthday
Happy birthday, Smell!
(Lads laugh)

**GADGET:**
Woo! Well, I'm gonna get off.
Past my bedtime and there's a...
I've got to tape summat on aardvarks.
- You're not going, are you?

**SHAUN:**
- Are you coming, Milk?
- Yeah, mate.
Please, Woods, man, don't go.
Oh, no, it's nothing personal
with you, mate.
I'm just gonna get off.
Come on, Wood. Fucking hell,
I've brought booze and everything.
Can't we bury the hatchet?
I know what you've come for, man.
I'd rather get off, like.
It's this thing on aardvarks,
I'm really eager to watch it.
Come on, then, let's have you.
Come on, let's have you, folks.
You have a good birthday, you,
all right, lovey?
Sorry to be missioning it off.
Nice one, mate.
You look after yourself, you.
- Bye, Woody.
- See you, Tubby.
Bye, Milky.
- Bye, Pob.
- See you later, folks.
- Come on, Puke.
- See you later, Puke.
You're a twat, mate!
You're a fucking w...
See you later. Have a good night.
- (Laughter)

MEGGY:
Happy birthday, Smell.
- Smell!
- What's that?
Porno?
What are you giving her porno for,
Meggy?
She's a woman.
She's got her own nipples.
I thought she might like it.
Smell, are you ready?
The er... magicians.
- Are you ready?
- Yeah.

SHAUN AND COMBO:
Three... two... one.

**BOTH:**
- Alaka... Alakazam.
- Alakazam.
Wahey!
Happy birthday, Smell.
- Happy...
- (Laughter)
- Happy birthday.
- Thanks.
- Do you want me to put it on the table?
- Yeah, please.
- Here you are. Put that on the table.
- Cheers, love, thanks.
You don't mind us coming, do you, Smell?
It's just...
My little man, here, wanted to surprise you on your birthday and all that.
Happy birthday, Smell.
Do you think my party's going all right?
It's been all right, yeah.
Better if Woody was here.
Yeah, I know, man.
I don't know why they left.
They just kind of got up and went.
I don't think Woody was standing any of it from Combo.
I mean, I don't know what's going on with those two,
but there's some real tension.
I can sense some real tension between them.
Was you happy when you saw me?
Yeah.
I liked it when you gave me that cake. I thought it was cool.
Did you make it?
Yeah.
- You didn't, did you?
- No.
I didn't think you did.
Did you buy it?
- Yeah.
- Yeah, you bought it.
But what did you think to the other night?
Yeah.
Do you know what I'm on about?
In the shed and stuff.
Yeah, that was...
It was all right, yeah.
Did you not think much to it?
Oh, yeah.
It was really nice.
You know when I asked you
to suck my tits and stuff,
I just thought
that you weren't that into it.
I only didn't suck your tits
cos I've never done it before.
I thought you'd seen a pair of tits
in Germany or summat.
No, I've seen a pair of tits, but...
I didn't suck 'em.
Oh.
Right.
That's why then, isn't it?
It's not cos you didn't want to or anything?
Yeah, I just...
Cos I bet you've had
loads of boys doing it and...
I felt a bit embarrassed
just in case I couldn't do it.
Yeah.
Not that many people have done it to me.
I just thought it'd be nice, like.
It'd make us feel closer and stuff.
I was...
meaning to ask you.
This might seem a bit daft,
but will you be my girlfriend?
Honestly?
Yeah, I'd love to be.
It'd be really nice.
Cos I've been thinking about it, as well,
but I didn't think you'd ever ask me.
I thought it'd just be, like, a one time,
off in the shed or whatever.
Will you be all right for them lot to know, if you're not embarrassed? Cos I'm not embarrassed. I think you're lovely.

MARGARET THATCHER: ...to maintain peace, with freedom and justice is always expensive. It's less expensive than war, particularly in human life. Might there be a time when we talk to the Argentines again? No. Not on sovereignty. One thing...the islanders have made it perfectly clear, these islands are British. They are the Queen's loyal subjects. They wish it to stay that way. At least the weather's been on Mrs Thatcher's side...

(Factory hooter)
(Sighs)
(Horn)
- Lol.
- For fuck's sake.
Where are you off? Court?
No. I...
- What do you want?
- I wanna talk to you.
- Well, I'm late for work.
- Just two minutes?
- I haven't got two minutes.
- All right, Lol?
- You all right?
- Yeah.
- Hi, Lol.
- Hiya.
For fu... I'm going to work.
- Please, Lol. Two minutes.
- What do you wanna talk to me about?
- Stuff.
- Stuff?
- You wanna talk to me about stuff?
- I just wanna have a chat with you.
About the fact you've just
come out of prison?
You've ruined everything?
You've broken Woody's fucking heart?
You wanna talk to me about stuff?
Well, I can't fucking wait. Let's go.
I want to talk about other stuff.
Other stuff? What other stuff
have you possibly got to say to me?
Could I just have fucking two minutes
with you?
No, I'm going to work.
I'm not your fucking counsellor, Combo.
- I'll come back at dinner time, then.
- No, don't come back.
I'll come to yours later on.
To mine?
You can have two minutes now.
You've got two fucking minutes.
OK. Sound.
Come on, then. I'm late for work.
There's something for you
in the glove box.
A box.
You make this when you was in prison?
Yeah.
Thanks.
Lol...
Erm...
Since that night that we spent together,
before I went inside...
...I haven't been able to think about
anything else.
No, I haven't.
I haven't been able
to get you out of my mind, man.
And, to be honest with you, Lol...
...just thinking of you...
...got me through
them three and a half years inside.
I mean...
That was the best night of my life.
It was the worst night of my life.
Why?
I have done nothing but try and forget
about that night, Combo.
It was... It was beautiful.
No, I was 16.
I was pissed off my head.
It wasn't beautiful.
I love you, Lol.
What?
I've...
I've always loved you.
It's never gonna happen, Combo.
(Factory hooter)
Are we done?
Yeah.
There's your box.
(Sighs)
(Thumps door)
# TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS:
Pressure Drop
# Pressure
# Oh, pressure
# Pressure's gonna drop on you
Why do they call you Smell?
It's kind of similar to Michelle,
if you think about it.
I don't know, really,
if I'm being honest with you.
- Ah, that's fine.
- It's not cos I'm smelly.
It's just Michelle and Smell.
- Right.
- Purely cos it rhymes.
Well, it sort of rhymes, doesn't it?
Does it rhyme?

MEGGY:
Rabbit.
- Rub your rectum.
- (Sniggers)
- Oh, rabbit, you said, yeah?
- Yeah.
Furry rectum.
Do you reckon
they've got a cassette player?
- Yeah, probably.
- Really?
- Yeah, probably.
- Oh, I hope so.
Let's bang some music into their ears.
That'll be good.
- Is this it?
- Yeah, I can walk straight in.
Combo!
(Pob giggles)
That was nice, that was.

**MILKY:**
I do what I do.
You do!

**MILKY:**
- What's he doing?
- I don't know.
- All right, Milks?
- What are you saying, mate?
How are you doing?
Sound.
What have you two been up to?
You know how it is, having a bit of fun.
What's up, mate?
You look down.
One of them days.
You know what I mean?
Look, man, erm...
Any chance you can get me any weed?
I just want a smoke.
You know what I mean?
I mean, I've only got, like,
one spliff left on me.
I can't really give that away.
- What were you after?
- About an ounce or summat.
Fucking hell.
No, mate, no.
I couldn't get anything like that big, no way.
I mean, I'll give you half, I'll split it.
Give you half of it.
Well, I mean, I might be able to...
...to get... get like that much.
What?
What?
I thought you were gonna walk me home.
You can be there in, like, 15 minutes, if you get a move on now.
You're only a mile down the road.
Are you joking?
What?
Oh, fuck you, you selfish bastard.
Fuckin' hell, man.

BOTH:

SMELL:
Watch it.
- Banjo for a banjo.
- Yeah.
Ah.
Ooh-ooh-ooh!
- Come on, Smell.

SMELL:
- Come on.
- Oh, God! It's gonna keel over!
Wait for it.
(AII cheer)
- Kick Donkey!
- Two sugars.
Kick Donkey.

SMELL:

GADGET:
Anyone got a problem?
No problem.
No. Problem with what, man?
Good to see you, Milk.
Are you all right, mate?
All right, Tubbs.
Is Woody on his way?
No. Just Milky.
- All right, Milks?
- Are you all right, mate?
No problem.
Sit down, Milks.
That's good.
That means we can all get stoned.
(Laughter)
# At the dark end...
A chocolate bassline.
# Of the street...

GADGET:
# That's where we always meet...
Combo. My dancing buddy.
# Hiding in shadows
# Where we don't belong
# Living in darkness
to hide our wrong...
# You and me...
Sit, Mitzy, sit.
# At the dark end of the street...
I'm hot, I'm hot!
# You and me...
Ow!
# I know time's gonna take its toll...
Are you all right, Gads?
# We have to pay for the love...
Take him home, love. He looks fucked.
# It's a sin and we know...
It's all right, Gadge, lad.
Have you fucking seen how white he is!
I've never seen anyone
look that fucking sick!
That fucking kid's arse went white!
#... steal away...
Come on.
# To the dark end
# Of the street...
Oh, man.
Here you are.
No, seriously, Combo, man.
I've got to tell you, mate,
you're a good geezer, man.
Seriously. I mean, this... this music,
this sort of music is the sort of stuff
that I listen to, my uncles listen to.
Yeah, to me, this is good music.
What you've gotta remember, Milks,
right, is... is I'm an original skinhead.
'69, me.
But it was people like your uncle,
your uncle that introduced that stuff to me.
The soul of that music
just fucking resonated within us,
do you know what I mean?
And it's people... it's skinheads, like you,
true skinheads, like you,
keeping that flame alive.
Yeah. It was fucking unity.
It was black and white, together.
Know what I mean?
It should not be forgotten.
It shouldn't die.
You're still flying that flag in that fucking
get-out that you're wearing.
It's proper.
It's real, man.
Oh, man.
That's it, man,
we're like brothers now. Yeah?
Serious.
- For life.
- Yeah, for life.
Nice one, Combo.
Hand the spliff over.
I haven't had a laugh like this
for fucking years.
- Serious.
- For years.
Here you are. It's been a long time.
I want some chocolate.
- There's biscuits in the cupboard.
- Not in that cupboard.
No, not in that cupboard. I'm starving!
How can you fucking live like this?
There's not even a mouldy Twiglet.
I'm really starving, man.
I've got the munchies badly.
- Combo, have you eaten the biscuits?
- No.
- Fucking hell.

**MILKY:**

So, how many uncles have you got?
Erm...
I've got three uncles and two aunties.
So, a big family, then.
Yeah.
I've got... What is it? 22 cousins.
One uncle's got, what, seven kids.
What, to the same woman, like?
Nah.
Spread out
between three different women.
One's got two, the other's got two,
and another one's got three kids.
And he just, like,
left these families and fucked off?
Nah, he still sees 'em.
Yeah, to me,
he still spends time with them.
They're always round at Christmas
and stuff like that. We all get together.
A big party till late in the morning.
Yeah, it's... it's nice.
It is. It's nice having a big family.
Have you got a mum and dad?
Cos you haven't talked about
your mum or dad.
Yeah, I've got a mum and dad.
Of course, man.
A good mum and dad.
Yeah, I can't knock 'em at all.
I was one of them kids where...
my dad was away all the time.
Sometimes he was away for, like,
a fortnight, working.
But...
I never blamed my dad or anything
like that for him being away and working.
Cos...
there was always food on that table.
That's what I respect that man for.
Always.
Lucky you, aren't you?
I tell you...
you know, any, any time...
...you wanna come round
for something to eat,
you have to come to my grandma's
to get something to eat.
- Yeah?
- Yeah, man.
She'll cook some rice.
She'll cook some peas.
She'll cook some chicken.
She sounds dead lovely, don't she?
Serious, man, then you come home
for some ackee and swordfish.
That'd be nice, wouldn't it?
Ah, seriously, man, cos...
I'd love for you to do that.
I'd love for you to do that. That'd be nice.
Serious, come and see how we...
how we live. Know what I mean?
Even on a bad day,
there'll probably be...
a couple of my uncles
and about seven...
Fucking hell.
You've got everything, haven't you?
- What?
- You've got the whole lot.
You've got the whole fucking
perfect package.
Fucking hell.
Got everything, you, didn't you?
Fucking hell, man. So...
What... What do you think
makes a bad dad?
I don't know, mate. I'm not a dad, am I?
I know you had a good dad, like, but,
be honest with me, what do you really think
makes a bad dad, though?
I don't know, man.
What's with the questions, man?
I feel like I'm being interrogated.
What do you reckon?
Niggers.
- What's with the "nigger"?
- Because you are, aren't you?
You're a fucking nigger. Aren't you?
Aren't you?
Fucking coon.
Combo! Just leave him.
Go on.
Don't fucking smile at me.
Don't smile at me.
Milky, just stop smiling at him, please.
Don't fucking smile at me, cos I'll wipe the fucking smile off your fucking face.
Yeah? You fucking cunt!

SHAUN:
- Fucking horrible...
- Fucking bastard!
(Shaun screams)
I fucking hate you! I fucking hate you!
- I fucking hate you!

SHAUN:
Milky!
- No, Combo, get off him!
- You fucking black bastard!
I fucking hate you! I fucking hate you.
I fucking hate you! You fucking nigger!
- You fucking nigger!
- Milky!
Fuck off! Fuck off!
(Sobs) Combo!
Milky!
Milky, man, are you all right?
Shut up!
Shut the fuck up and get the fuck out now!
You little fucking cunt.
Fuck off, you little bastard!
- I thought you was winding us up.
- What are you doing, boys?

BANJO:
we've sat and listened to him.
I want some of this. We want our bit.
This man?
- Aargh!
- You fucking mad cunt!
You knobhead!
You fucking horrible fucking cunt!
You're fucking mad as a March hare.
What's wrong with you?
Fucking leave them alone!
- Do you want it, as well?
- You're fucking potty.
What? Fuck off, you fucking dickhead!
I'll fucking throttle you,
you fucking fat piece of shit!
Get the fuck out of here,
you fucking goggle-eyed twat!
Get out. Get out.
- You need to fucking see someone.
- Get out.

(Panting):
Milky...
Leave them alone, will you?
They haven't done nothing to you.
Fucking leave them two alone.
Leave them alone.
They've done...
They've done nothing to you.
You fuck...
Ah!
(Groans)
No-o-o!
- (Sobs)
- (Combo groans)

COMBO:

COMBO:
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
(Combo wails)
Oh, Combo,
what have you done to him?
Oh, my God!
COMBO:
Milky?
Wake up, Milky!
He's OK.
Milky, wake up!
Hey, what am I gonna do?
What am I gonna do?
It's not my fault. I didn't mean it.
I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it.
- Milky, wake up!
- Help me get him...
- Wake up!
- Help me get him to hospital.
- Help me get him to hospital.
- Get off! Milky!
Come on, now. Stop it, now.
Stop the crying.
The crying stops now. You don't cry.
Real men don't cry.
Help me get him to the hospital, OK?
Come on. Let's go.
Come on, Shaun. Come on. Let's go.
Come on. Come on.
OK. Come on. Come on.
Help me. Help me. Stop crying!
Don't look at his face.
Don't look at his face.
Don't look at his face.
Don't look at his face.
(Music continues)
Shaun?
Can I come in?
Yeah.
It's my favourite picture of Dad.
Me too.
And that one.
Mm, yeah, that's really nice.
You really look alike on that one.
Do you remember where we were
in that one?
Where?
Goy Farms.
That was like the best holiday ever.
Milky's gonna be all right, Shaun, I promise.
Shaun, are you OK?
Yeah.

# CLAYHILL:
Let Me Get What I Want
# Good times, for a change
# See, the luck I've had
# Can make a good man turn bad
# So, please
# Please, please
# Let me, let me, let me
# Let me
# Get what I want
# This time
# Get what I want
# This time
# Haven't had a dream in a long time
# See, the life I've had
# Can make a good man bad
# So
# For once in my life
# Let me
# Get what I want
# Lord knows
# It would be the first time
# Lord knows, it would be the first time
# Lord knows
# It would be the first time
# Lord knows, it would be the first time