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Trespass Against Us

By Alastair Siddons

Stop the car, Chad!
I need to get out!
- You all right, norm?
- You said we were going home!
I'm in fucking pain,
Chad, please!
Catch this fucker and you're on!
- You're mad!
- Watch the hare, Tyson.
Down there! Down there!
It's burning!
It's not fucking funny!
Shut up, Norman.
You're putting the dog off.
Fuck the dog!
- Give it some, Chad.
- - Yeah.
- Come on, Ty. Yeah!
- That's it, Ty!
He can't drive!
Keep her straight, mush.
I think I'm gonna die!
Broadside it!
That's it, Ty.
Kick the back end out, mush.
I fucking mean it, Tyson!
That's it! That's it, Ty!
That was mint, mate.
I mean it, I'm having you, Tyson.
I'm fucking having you!
- Get it!
- Down there, down there!
Fuck's sake, Norman!
You made me fucking crash.
- Up yours, Tyson.
- All right, let's have a look at you.
Good little bitch, ain't you?
Gotta get you fit, though.
What's up, norm?
Don't fucking touch me, Chad!
It's all right.
It's only a poxy cut.
It's fucking broke, innit?
Well, what you doing falling

out the car, then, you Dinny?
- Got pushed, didn't I?
- Shut up, Norman, you little snout.
I swear
on the mother's cunt, Chad.
Come on, let's gel.
Fuck off!
Have that.
Oi!
Not over there, you div!
Right,
tens on the Gawa's nose.
One fucking go, I said.
Right, my turn.
Yeah, take a load of that.
Right, that's it.
Tens each.
Come on, ten.
- I weren't playin' in that one.
- Yes, you were.
- All right, once more?
- It's now 30.
Have that.
You fat Joey.
Fuck's sake, Norman.
It's well gammy, Kel.
Gammy dodger more like.
All right, maggot?
I think it's
definitely fractious.
All right?
Stop your flapping, Norman!
I'm not looking after you
like this, no way.
You're meant to be working
for me.
He's broken his leg,
you have, Chad.
- I've gotta go to hospital, Kel.
- You know you can't do that.
Hypochondrio.
Ain't much use now 'round here,
are you, you Dinny?
Hardly a Joey now.

Do you want me
to get you some painkillers?
Oi, Chad, you've seriously
gone and broke his leg now.
Weren't me, love.
Fucking goat, Chad.
You know you've gotta keep him
out the trailer, mini.
Make us a cup of tea, then, Kel.
You do it.
And make sure Tyson
does his school work.
Where are you going?
Told you,
I'm taking mini to the pet shop.
- She wants a terrapin.
- Terra fucking who?
Turtles, dad.
Need some scrilla, Chad.
Always wedging me, ain't she, Ty?
Give us a kiss.
See you later.
Gel on.
Make your dad a tea, then.
All right, Ty.
Where you going?
You got tiddles? Go on.
Oi.
Where d'you think you're going?
- To the dog.
- Ain't you got homeworks?
- No.
You never had to homework.
I never went to school.
Yeah, and look at you now.
Let him go play.
Go on, then, son.
Piss off.
Make us a tea, then.
Got something to show you.
About what?
We're gonna protest
about your brother.
Huh? Huh?

Tyson.
Tyson!
Knobhead!
Bennett!
Bennett!
Bennett!
Go get the paint
you chored, mush.
Get some fucking clothes on
whilst you're at it.
Your Joey's
a fucking animal, Colby.
So what's the plan
with the motor?
Gonna make a complaint
for Bryan.
Too late for him, mush.
Ten's a ten.
I ain't having it.
Can't.
He were innocence.
Besides, he's your brother.
He don't like prison.
Well, this ain't gonna
get him out, is it?
Just you wait
'til it's your turn.
Water.
Water, doggy.
I got some brushes for you,
Chaddy.
What d'you want me
to do with them?
Well, you're the artist, Chad.
You tell me.
You need a window, Chad.
Worzel here can sort that out.
Fuck happened? Mush?
What is it?
What have I done now, eh?
Let's look at you.
Let's look at you.
- What happened, mush?
- Dog's dead.

- What do you mean, the dog's dead?

- Dog's dead, dad.

Worzel's fire exploded.

- What the fuck?

- Don't ask me, Chad.

You could have killed Tyson,

you dumb gummidgey fuck!

He's gotta go, col.

I don't care if he's a Jubby Dinlo.

He's a fucking liability.

What do you want me

to do 'bout it?

- He's gonna kill one of the kids.

- Don't be a Fanny, Chad.

There's nothing Fanny about it.

All right, calm down, calm down.

All right, Tyson?

Cushty, son?

It's all right, mush.

Weren't your fault.

We'll get you a news one.

You owe me a new dog, Worzel.

Can I keep that one then,

eh, Chad?

You can fuckin' eat it

for all I care.

I've had enough

of his shit, col.

Blessed are the cracked, Chad.

Karl Marx said that.

Karl fucking who?

Can I cremate the dog,

then, eh, col?

Huh?

You gonna sleep up there?

No.

Look, he were a good dog, mush.

But your dad'll get you

another one.

Come on, let's go get some warm.

That's them pills you're on,

les.

I'm running

'round the fire, look.

I'm going 'round and 'round.
I'm going 'round and 'round.
'Round and 'round!
My dad once told me
the world were flat.
"From where I'm looking, son,"
he said,
"from where I'm looking,
the world is flat."
I believed him.
I still do.
- It's a fucking ball.
- Now, before you start,
I don't give a fuck
about outer space
or the view from up there.
Where's Chad?
And I've told Chad the same.
You ask him.
Where is he?
You ask him.
He'd tell ya.
It's flat.
Get you a pond, mush.
Innit, terrapin?
God said you pass it down
from father to son.
From father, son, grandson.
Hallelujah!
What right-thinking man
would say wrong?
As it were in the beginning,
is now,
ever shall be, so help me god.
- Amen!
- Fucksake, Bennett!
Fucking hell, Gummidge.
Kenny's a fucking idiot.
I've stood
up top the highest hill,
climbed up the highest tree,
looked as far
as my eyeballs'll stretch.
You know what, Tyson?

- It was still flat.
- - Flat, flat.
What about the moon, then?
How do you explain that?
I never did care for anything
any Gorgie did say,
nor his majesty the queen,
nor the army.
What my dad said were the truth
and I'd fight any fucker
who says else.
Your bloody dad
telling the same...
bloody story every bloody night.
I mean, does he actually believe
we buy all that bollocks?
Tyson actually does.
Next thing is you being born in a
manger to a bloody virgin Mary.
You used to think him funny.
Yeah, until he got Bryan
sent down.
Tell you something, love.
You get Lalled,
I'm not sticking round here
listening to him harp on.
No chance.
You did say we weren't living
with your dad forever, Chad.
Where are the kids?
Did you hear what I'm saying?
I'm not asking you
to move into an house.
Come on, Kelly cutler.
It's the weekend.
You did promise.
You know that, Chad?
I do promise.
You know it's compiled.
You can't stand up to your dad,
that's your problem.
I'll show you my problem.
You woke me up for this?
I wanna talk to you.

What's happening, then, Chad?
I'm tired.
Come on, talk to me, boy.
Nothing going on.
Sleep, that's all.
So why the fuck did you behave
like such a little twat yesterday?
Worse than the kids, you was.
Fucking ignore me!
What the fuck you done that for?
You got no idea, Chad.
No idea the troubles I've had
putting all this together.
And here you are, my eldest,
acting like the prize div.
You know what my dad
once said to me?
Yeah, I do.
What the fuck is
the matter with you, then?
I'm just trying
to look after my family, col.
What you say?
I'm your family.
You're forgetting
who you are, boy.
I swear to god, I will fucking smash
your puny little fucking skull
and then I will pluck
every little pubic hair
out of your bollocks
if I think you're getting
anywhere close
to being a fucking Gorgie.
- Come here.
Give your dad a kiss.
All right, then, Tyson?
All right? Morning.
Glad you're here, me boy.
Just saying,
we got a job for you, we have.
Spell "free Bryan."
Fuh, fuh, eh...
Right, come on, you do it.

Right, there you go,
right there.
Spell it.
There we go.
That's it.
Now we're a proper crew.
You in with me and Ty,
then, Chad?
That's it.
There you are.
A little bit more.
That's it, you've got it.
Free Bryan?
Yeah.
Just the tip of the brush.
That's it.
Write "fuck gawas", Tyson.
Could've at least chored
a decent car.
First car I ever chored
was a 6r4.
No, you never.
Have that!
Let's go again.
Let's go to St. Paul's
and find Johnson.
No, man, let's keep on
at lovage.
The motherfucker needs baiting.
We've been at him all day long.
I'm gonna gel.
You lot carry on.
- Right, I'm driving.
- I'm driving.
No, I'm fucking driving.
I'm driving. I'm driving.
- Let me drive.
- I'm driving.
How am I gonna get home?
In that.
Ah, great.
The hottest car
in Gloucestershire.
Every Gawa in town

looking for us!
Fuckin' hell.
- Come on, mush.
All right there, Chad?
You know where he is.
Let's see him, then.
Six minutes.
A clear winner.
Should improve, too.
A beauty.
You serious about this, then?
Needs a bit of clearing up,
but with a bit of work...
Never mind about that, Noah.
It's all right, innit?
Got potentials.
Thing is, Chad,
you and your Kelly and the kids
are welcome up here...
but we can't be having your old
man and his whole lot pitching up.
We're a settled community,
no troubles,
and I wanna keep it that way.
It's all I want too.
Somewhere near school
for Kelly and the kids.
Good.
There is one other thing, Chad.
I'm not doing this
behind your Colby's back.
I can't be on the wrong side
of your dad.
Listen, I wanna take it.
It's yours
unless I hear otherwise.
Means what I said, though.
Give me a few days
to sort my shit out, okay?
Cushty?
Thanks, Noah.
All right, Chad?
Nice little stunt
you pulled earlier.

Do you think I give a shit
about some driving misdemeanor?
That was very original, Chad.
Well done.
Was it daddy's idea?
Did daddy tell you to do it,
did he?
Don't know what you're on about.
How's Kelly?
Getting old, ain't he,
your bitch?
All right, trousers.
Richard cutler,
you're under arrest
on suspicion
of driving a stolen car.
You do not have to say anything,
but it may harm your defense
if you do not mention,
when questioned, anything
you later rely on in court.
Anything you do say
may be given in evidence.
Could've fucking murdered you.
What were you doing
up there anyway?
- Up where?
- You know where.
I know his poxy site.
Just having a mooch.
A mooch? Stroll on.
Gotta buy Tyson a bitch, ain't I?
It's his birthday next week.
Hadn't even got up there. Lovage
just come out of nowhere.
Prick.
Stood no chances.
Right.
Got a job for you tonight,
all right?
Fuck that.
Some fatements in this one.
Can't be doing with all that,
not tonight, mush.

Oh, well, that's tough.
It's all set for tonight.
What's the matter with you?
- What?
- You heard.
It's Sunday.
Why has it gotta be tonight?
'Cause I fucking said so!
Can we turn
this fuckin' music off?
Mama.
Mama!
And we actually
removed a bay window
and we found it under there
and I've had it ever since,
but my husband just keeps
saying it's a bit of old tat.
But I just thought, well,
I'll bring it along.
Bit of old tat.
Have you worn
this bit of old tat?
What does that say, Ty?
Ha ha, you can't read!
- Read it to him, Tyson.
- You little div.
Oi, that hurts.
Um, no, I just liked it,
and I just-
I just kept it.
Are you coming, then, or what?
- I'm coming.
- You're not going anywhere.
A Collier de chien, a dog's
collar ornament, in diamonds...
Eight grand.
Eight grand for that?
Fuck off.
Eight or nine thousand pounds.
Pff.
Oh, my god.
Come on, then, Chad.
Let's gel.

Listen, Kenny, I don't know anything what Colby's on about. I never worked a Sunday in my life. Calls himself Christian. You wants to do it, you go and do it. Me, I'm not into that shit no more. Just want a quiet life, me. No troubles. What the fuck you on about? You can't sit 'round here all night. Come on, Chad. Sort it out, mush. What's the matter with you? Nothing.

- Just says it.
- Might as well go.

I know you wanna go anyway. Just fucking go. I'm staying here with my family tonight. It's our anniversary. That's bollocks. I know it's not your anniversary.

- It is now.
- Ty, your dad's flapping.
- What's happened to him, mush?
- Fuck off, Kenny.

I know what you're doing. Just fuck off. Sampson says you're on strike. You a fucking miner now or what? Kenny's jobbing this one, col. He just said so.

- What the fuck are you on about?
- I never.
- Kenny's on it, col.
- Is he fuck.

Tyson's got more chance of bossing it. What do you say, then, Ty?

Wanna go on a job?
Yeah? Bit of driving?
Yeah.
Can I have a fag
for our mum, please?
Go on, piss off.
Where's fat cunt Norman?
- Norman!
- Leave him alone, mush.
- Where's windows?
- Choring us a motor.
- You been drinking, mush?
- I might have had a few ciders.
You're off your head,
you are, Samp.
Shut up flapping, lest.
On and on.
- He's got slippers on, Chad.
- He's got slippers on, Chad.
Ty, you little fucking devil.
Stop being a Dinlo, Sampson.
All right,
who's gonna get the petrol?
Not me.
Right, lest, get me 40 fags
as well.
Why is it me
who's gotta get his face on TV?
'Cause you's
the most good-looking.
For fuck's sake, Chad.
Just 'cause Norman ain't here.
- Bye, lest.
- Fuck off.
I swear on the mother's cunt,
them pills Lester's on,
they're no good
for no one, mush.
Made him worser if anything.
I took one once.
Dreamt I sucked off a dog...
spunk an' all.
- What were it?
- Were anti depressives.

No, what were the dog?
Oh, it were a Labrador.
- It was a nice blonde retriever.
- You sick son of a cunt.
You're a sick fucking bastard,
you know that, Sampson?
All right?
- I've got keys, Chad.
- Gel, gel!
Gel, gel.
Lalled choring the petrol.
Quick, Chad, gel.
What the fuck you done that for?
I gave you the scrilla.
I told you,
I'm not getting my face on TV.
You fucking div.
You don't think got cameras
at the pumps?
- What?
- Mongs of petrol in here now.
If we get in a chase
and I ain't got no fags,
I'm having you, Lester,
I'm fucking having you.
Is it true we come from fishes?
What'd you say?
It's what they said at school.
You just listen to me, me boy,
and listen good.
No one is about to tell me
I come from the arse of an ape.
Or that your granddaddy
were a goldfish.
Really.
What a load of bollocks.
You really think god made us
from a fish?
Teacher said.
Well, they're fannies, then.
Great big fannies.
Don't you listen to 'em, Ty.
Don't listen to 'em.
From fishes. Yeah, well,

maybe her ancestors.
Not mine, not yours.
I thought school was supposed
to teach you common senses.
I don't like it there.
Fucking waste of time
if you ask me.
They're trying
to control your mind.
That's why I never
did send Chad to school.
You've gotta stand up
against these cunts, Tyson.
So they don't trespass
against us.
Yeah, it were like
a fucking museum!
That were some fate, that.
Did you see
all them regal outgowns?
I chored one of his wigs,
wrapped it all in his gown.
He were a judge.
He were a fucking judge!
First little stretch I done...
Oi! Tyson!
Chad would have been
a bit younger than you.
About five he was, I think.
Yeah.
Everyone does a bit of time,
you know, sooner or later.
Can be god's medicine,
prison can be, Tyson.
Teaches you what's important.
Evening, Kelly.
Ty's gotta go to bed now.
He's got school tomorrow.
Could I just finish my story?
Don't go filling his head
with all this jank, col.
We was talking about his dog.
Don't ignore me, Tyson cutler.
Get your skinny little arse out.

I tell you, that school's been
rokkering him some right wrongs.

Say what you like.

He's still going.

All right, then.

Listen to your ma.

- Don't want to.

- I know. No one does.

But I say so.

I'm not bloody having this, col.

Kel.

Dogs can only

play with cats so long

before it's the dog

that gets scratched.

That's rapid response,

that is, Chad.

I'll deal with them.

Just get everything in the Van.

I'm fucking

coming with you, Chad.

- I'm not staying with the fatements.

- What about you, Samps?

Well, I'm not missing

a fucking chase.

All right, who we got, then?

We got Carlin.

And that fuckhead Roberts.

Roberts is

a fucking awesome driver.

Is he fuck.

Stop touching me, Sampson.

Do your drunk driving, Chad.

Do your drunk driving.

- All right, get the fire thingy.

- - On it, mush.

- Oi, what you doing, Sampson?

- Time to get off-road.

No, my fire extinguisher!

I chored that.

Oi, Chad, tell him to let me...

What the fuck

is wrong with you, Lester?

On Ricky's corner, mush.

All right, let it rip, Samps.
Fucking have that!
Jesus fucking Christ!
Let me bail out, Chad.
I know a bird
who lives 'round here.
Gawas are still right behind us.
Who gives a fuck?
He's a proper dirty sex pest,
he is.
Didn't have to jump.
I was just about to stop.
Fuck you doing, Chad?
Told you, I fucking hate chases
without fags.
You forgot 'em, Lester.
You go get 'em.
Fucking not going in there.
You'll leave me behind.
Off your fucking head,
you are, Chad.
I got the money.
I got the money.
20 denmans.
No, 40.
And a pack of maltesers.
Keep the change.
- Cushty, mush.
- - Hurry up. Hurry up.
I think you should actually
stop smoking, Chad.
You sure, Chad?
No, no. Fuck!
Oh, f...
Oh.
Fuck.
Oh, fuck.
You fucking bastard!
You could have
fucking picked me up.
Four hours I walked back.
I were waiting for you
at the tree.
What happened, then, son?

Rabid response,
that's what happened.
Start at the beginning.
I fucking killed trousers.
- Who?
- Trousers. Lovage's bitch.
Oh, right. Yeah.
Who was they in the house?
Who gives a fuck?
Come on, sit down.
Have an amaretto,
a little father and sonly.
Tell me what happened.
Well, fuck ya.
Ever be able to.
A huge haul of antiques
has been stolen
in what could turn out
to be one of Britain's
biggest domestic robberies.
Thieves targeted the lord lieutenant
of Gloucestershire's home
in Purgrove
just outside Cheltenham.
The private art collection
at the manor
was valued at tens
of millions of pounds.
The loss has
not yet been assessed
but is believed
to be considerable.
The lord lieutenant arrived
back at his house this morning
but was unavailable for comment.
Chad.
Chad, wake up.
You're on the news.
This follows a series
of identical burglaries
in the area.
We have good reason
to believe it was carried out
by the same

highly professional gang.
National news.
For fuck's sake, Chad.
They're gonna come after you
now, you know they will.
- I need to go back to sleep, Kel.
- No way.
You're doing the school run.
I'm taking Norman
to the hospital.
- He's under warrant, Kel.
- I know he is.
That's your fucking fault
as well.
And Worzel bloody burnt
the kids' slippers.
I can't be living with the
pissy arse much longer.
All right, monkey.
Leave your dad alone.
- What time did you get back?
- Never you mind.
- You ready for school?
- Don't want to.
I want to go to the fair
with Colby.
You've got three minutes
to make it to the car.
You hear me, Ty?
Tyson?
All right, Tyson,
let your granddad in.
Out the car, Worzel.
Aw! Leave him alone, Chad.
You heard.
Out the car, Gummidge.
I ain't moving
whilst he's in here.
Don't be childish.
Worse than the kids.
All right, out.
No chickens at school today.
Fucking national news, dad.
- Weren't you in the news, son.

- Might as well have been.
Your dad's a legend, Tyson.
Hiding under cows.
Don't teach you that at school,
do they?
Don't you ever think
what actually happens in there?
You know what I reckon of it,
don't ya?
You two'd be better off coming
to the fair with your granddad.
Oi, they're my fucking kids,
col,
and I do what I like with 'em.
Give us a kiss.
No swearing, not at school.
No swearing?
What's that about?
God given right to swear.
Oi, Tyson,
tell your teachers
to go fuck their mothers!
They ain't gonna airlift you,
is they, Norman?
- All right, Kel.
- Get your fat arse ready.
I'm coming!
Kelly, Chad has sent me
to protect you.
You stay away from me,
Bennett, you hear?
- I got a chicken for you, Kel.
- Stuff it.
Shh.
He's a wrong 'un.
Don't want him around my kids.
Can't be held responsables
if it carries on playing up.
Love thy neighbor, Chad,
that's one of the ten.
I'll tell you an eleventh.
It's one of me own
and I mean it.
Stop whinging like a Fanny

about Gordon.
The man's ill, got problems.
I'm looking after him.
Leave it.
You got something to tell me,
then, or what?
Chored a small fortune
out of that house, Chad.
I don't give a fuck, col.
Not about any of it.
Who the fuck cares about clocks?
I'm telling you, fuck this
country house malarkey.
Not worth the cars, mush.
The future's
in the IntraWeb, col.
That's where it's all going.
The wise world business.
No son of mine is about to
start with any of that crap.
What the fuck you know
about computers?
You can't even read.
Can't be plotting dreams
of another life now, son.
Gonna come down hard on you.
You killed trousers.
You just need to concentrate on
what's coming down the road at you.
Kingdom fucking come,
if you ask me.
Fuck all
to do with trousers, col.
Poxy house was your idea.
I gotta go back to bed.
Chad.
Chad!
Where's the kids?
What do you mean?
They're at school.
They never went to school, Chad.
- I took 'em there.
- You never.
I fucking did, you know.

Ask me dad.
Are you fucking joking me?
Don't wind me up, Chad.
I've just been there.
They ain't been at school
all fucking day!
They're in enough trouble as it is.
Come on, get up.
Little bastards.
Little div.
I'm gonna rip him up
when I see him.
I tell you what, Kelly,
I fucking dropped them off.
- You've gotta walk 'em in.
- I hadn't fucking slept.
They'd better be with your dad.
I tell you what, Chad,
they better fucking had be.
I can't live like this no more.
Can't do it. I've had enough.
I've found us somewhere already.
Everything's done.
- We stop up at Noah's.
- Since when?
Does Colby know?
Let's just find the kids.
We can talk all of this later.
You should have told me, Chad.
I suppose if you ain't
told your dad,
it don't count for shit anyway.
Have you seen Colby?
Seen Tyson? Mini?
Walter, have you seen Colby?
Yeah, he's gone down there
by the wagons, of course.
Colby!
Here he is. Look at this.
My son and heir!
Your ears must be burning.
- Are the kids here with you?
- You're my kid, Chad.
I'm not messing.

Are they here?
They've been missing all day.
They're kids.
That's what they do.
I thought they were here
with you.
Well, they ain't.
Should be here.
Sorry, but that's what happens
when you send them to school.
Keep trying to tell you.
- I haven't got time for this.
We gotta go find 'em.
Just put a wager on, Chad.
Just getting good.
Can I ask where
the children's father is?
Please, I'm here
about my babbies.
We're here to help you...
I hope you know that.
But you need to help us now,
Kelly.
You need to tell us where
your husband was last night,
and I promise that we will
make your life a lot easier...
Are you fucking joking me?
No, I'm not fucking
joking you, Kelly.
You need to help us to help you.
Not too late to get out,
you know.
Before it all comes on top.
Are your mum and dad
still not speaking to you?
Well, you can talk to us.
You know that, don't you?
And we'll take you straight
into protective custody,
right now, you and the kids.
My babbies have been missing
12 hours
and you want me to go gammy?

Heartless bastards, ain't you?
No, no, we're not
heartless bastards, sweetheart.
Actually, I've been thinking
about you all day,
as it happens.
I've been thinking
what is it like
being Kelly cutler?
Sitting up there by yourself every
night thinking, "where is he?
Is he coming home
or is tonight the night?"
Hmm?
I mean, what does go
through your little brain
when he's out thieving?
Don't know what you're on about.
Please... my kids are missing.
It's Noah.
Leave a message if you want.
Noah, it's Chad.
Give me a call back, mush...
On this number.
We dropped them off at school
this morning.
The headmistress said
they never went in.
Yeah, well...
your kids have told us
everything
we wanna know already.
They're here with us right now.
Oh, thank god.
Picked them up this morning.
What, this morning?
Mm-hmm.
What, you fucking kidnapped
my kids and not told me?
Shut your filthy gob.
See, Chad's done us a favor
this time.
Have you any idea
who he robbed last night?

- I don't give a fuck.
- We will get him, Kelly.
We will get your Chad,
and you know it too.
You'll never be able
to go coursing ever again.
I'm never gonna
take you hunting, ever.
Do you understand?
You'll never be able
to ride the quad again.
I'm getting rid of it,
smashing that bike up.
I'm gonna give it to Worzel.
He's burning your bike tonight.
- Wanted to chore a dog.
- No more dogs, not for you.
You took your sister
and then went and got arrested.
You are in trouble forever.
Do you understand?
In trouble forever.
Me, I've never been arrested.
Bloody have, Chad.
All the bloody time.
No, I haven't.
I've never been charged.
You, though, Ty, are in trouble
forever with them lot now.
They'll be
out to get you now, Ty.
Armed police.
Don't you fucking move.
Over on your front,
nice and slow.
- Do what they says, kids.
- - Get the fuck...
Tyson.
Tyson, it's all right.
- Don't you touch my fucking kids.
- Get down! Don't move!
- I want my dad!
- Get down!
Stop pointing

that fucking thing at my kids!

All right, mini!

- Get him outside now.

- Fuck yourself.

Where are your numbers?

- Shut your mouth.

Come on.

- Shoot me in front of my own family?

- Get outside now!

Where are your numbers?

Where are your numbers?

Where are your numbers?

Get your fucking hands off me!

You got a warrant?

My kids gotta go to school.

Get down!

Let me speak to my fucking kids!

It's all right, Ty.

It's all right, mini.

It's all right, my babbies.

- Up, up, up, up.

- Come on.

- You filthy pig dog gawas.

What you call policing, is it,
dramatizing my kids?

- Get in.

- - I'm having you!

I love you, Kelly!

Love you, Ty, mini!

Let's get these

wet trousers off, eh?

Let's get 'em off.

Let's take 'em off.

Wet trousers.

Put them over there.

It's all right, mini.

It's all right.

You did good, you know.

You did real good today.

Never seen that money
in my life.

You must have put it there.

Grow up, Chad.

It's not mine.

Oh...
Oh, I get it.
That's funny.
Is it Kelly's little stash?
Oh, that cracks me up.
You're all at it, aren't you?
'Course you are.
It just makes me think
why, though, hm?
Why's Kelly hiding money
from you?
Money were mine, all right?
Make your mind up, Chad.
Poxy few grand.
A man's allowed to have a stash.
If that's all you got me on,
I'm walking in no time.
You're not going anywhere.
So you say you spent the whole
evening with your son,
Chad cutler.
We have spent the whole of
every day of his life together.
So, tell me, in as much detail
as you can...
what you did.
Told you already.
After I'd given him a bath,
I put his jimjams on him
and read him a bedtime story
about how fucking stupid
you lot are,
and tucked him up in bed.
Now, and this is
none of your fucking business,
but as he were nodding off
to travel at will
in his sleep...
I told him
that he were a fucking legend...
and that he were
my son and heir...
and that I love him.
I just... I can't

work this one out, though.
A lord lieutenant, hm?
It's a very odd choice,
given what he does.
You did do your homework,
didn't you, Chad?
You do know
what a lord lieutenant is,
don't you?
Well...
Well, Chad,
my friend, my little friend,
a lord lieutenant...
is the one up there...
who swears in all the judges.
Do you know what that means, Chad?
Do you?
It means
that every single policeman,
magistrate,
every traffic warden
in this county...
will not rest
until you're in jail.
No, no, hear me out.
Jesus died on the cross
because of people like you.
Well, I ain't
letting it happen again.
Just 'cause one of his majesty
the queen's little chawies
wants to make me and my family
into the escape goats.
That's what it feels like.
I feel like some stupid...
Some sac...
No, sacrificial goat, that's it.
I feel like a sacrificial goat.
Well, let me tell you,
them goats
can kick, and bite,
and scream, and scratch,
and poke your eyes out too,
and they can start fires.

The horns are sharper
than yours.
Them goats can turn
into super-goats.
And you can lock
them super-goats up,
but what I have heard is this.
Hell hath no fury
like a locked-up super-goat.
You got no rights
to be keeping me here,
no rights whatsoever.
I've got every right.
I know it was you, Chad.
I know it was.
"Your honor, I know it was him.
You see, I just know."
You're a dumb fuck, you are.
You got nothing on me, have you?
Dumb, motherless fuck.
Fuck off home
to look after your mutt.
You gonna fucking charge me
or what?
Wait here.
I'll get you your scrilla.
Don't worry, mate.
I'm not gonna do you.
Where are you from anyway?
- Iraq.
So you know what this is like,
then.
All right, my little shithead?
All right?
- Where's Ty?
- With granddad.
Fucking nightmare, Chad.
They've trashed everything,
taken all the animals.
And Norman's been lalled.
Got any money, Kel?
Think you might have.
Would have given it, you know.
At least

I would have hidid it better.
It's all right, Kel.
We're all
getting out of here now.
Taking us all up to Noah's.
Just pay the driver
and I'll make us a brew.
Get out the car.
Get out the fucking car.
You got a ticket parking there?
Huh?
Huh?
I'll chew your balls
and spit 'em out.
Oi, Worzel!
Are you fucking deaf?
Huh? Deaf? Deaf?
It's fuckin' 35 quid
to fucking park here.
That's king cutler's plot!
Now, go on, fuck off!
Where's all the dogs gone, Chad?
Tyson loved my dogs.
They ain't your dogs.
I miss my dogs, Chad.
The dogs are my babbies.
Shut up about the fucking dogs.
Wearing my trousers?
Where'd you get my boots?
Where'd you get my boots,
you thieving little prick?
Ah!
Kenny, come here
and give us an hand!
Fuck off, Kenny.
Sorry, Gummidge,
but I feels like hurtin' you.
Get me one of the catapults.
Get me Colby's catapult!
They all long gone, Chad,
long gone.
Anything you fucking like, Ken.
Shut up, Bennett.
You can have 'em back.

Can't wear 'em now, eh?
I don't want them. Ah!
- Who's the fucking dog now?
- I am, Chad.
Who's the doggy?
Come on, doggy.
Come on, doggy.
Come on, doggy.
What the fuck you want me
to do with that?
I don't wanna kill him, mush.
Pass that.
- Who's the dog now?
- - I am, Chad.
Who's the dog now?
Who's the doggy now?
I am, Chad. I'm the doggy.
I'm the doggy, Chad.
Rip him pants down.
Hold that.
What d'you say, then?
Fuck you done, Chad?
After everything,
you took it out on Gordon?
No better than they are.
Call yourself a cutler?
- Fuck being a cutler.
Son.
It's all right.
It's all right.
It's all right now.
I'm glad you're home.
I'm glad you're home.
Got a lot to talk about,
haven't we?
Here's the truth.
No one out there
loves you more...
than this man here.
Hold that.
Now, I were also thinking...
that when Jesus...
was being executed
by the police,

he never did give up.
Came back to life, didn't he?
He came back
and he turned to his 12.
You know what he said?
He turned to his lot
and he said...
"travel."
Stop laughing, Sampson.
I'm not joking.
He said, "gel on."
Now, you hear this.
Everyone out there,
from his royal high-arse,
mi5, Cid...
they all wanna do us in now.
They wanna kill the lot of us,
kill our seed.
But they ain't beaten us yet.
We're still together.
Together we'll be strong,
ain't it?
It's gonna start raining down
on all of us pretty soon.
Mark my words.
It's gonna come down hard.
And they will break you
on your own, you know that.
But not if we stay tight.
That's why I say
let's fuck off to Kent,
all of us.
I'm not stopping in Kent.
No fucking way.
Travel and conquer, Chad.
You go to Kent
if you want to, col.
The kids have got school here
and I got plans of me own.
Come on.
I'm telling you...
Travel and conquer.
You'll see.
All right, Chad?

- Where's Noah?
- He's not here. He's out.
Why don't he ever call me back?
- Hallelujah. Say hallelujah.
- Hallelujah.
He feels bad, I feel bad,
but we had no choice.
You spoke to Colby.
Your dad was up here
same day you came.
- Same day?
- Mm-hmm.
He weren't having it.
Threatened to burn the loft.
Threatened that, Chad.
Tell Noah thanks for nothing.
That's not so bad, eh?
Colby!
Colby, where the fuck are you?!
You fucked me.
You fucked me.
Could have murdered you
for less, Chad.
I'm gonna fucking murder you.
See what you made me done now.
It's all over, Chad.
We're finished 'round here.
Fucking getting away from you,
col.
All right, birthday boy?
Happy birthday, Tyson!
Happy birthday, mush.
All right, my babby?
You can do
whatever you like today, Ty.
You can both
have the day off school.
They fucking cannot, Chad.
We've all gotta
go down there this morning.
What?
It's his birthday.
Still gotta go to school
on your birthday.

Anyway, Mrs Crawley wants to
speak to us about something.
Well, why don'ts
me and you get up
and have a go
at them rabbits first?
- You can drive, Ty.
- - Up you get, mush.
Fucking sleeping, all right?
Suit yourself,
you little maggot.
Fuck off.
I reckon, Kelly,
if I tickle him here...
Fuck off!
Fucking doesn't matter,
does it, Ty?
It's all right.
It's all right, love.
Mr. cutler?
Hello.
I'm Diane Crawley.
I'm Ty's class teacher.
I don't think
we've met properly.
Hello. Do you want
to come through, both of you?
So, um...
I'm sorry to have asked you
to come here this morning,
but...
I felt that it was important
to talk to you in person
about the best interests
of Ty and mini.
I think they've made
tremendous progress here.
They're very happy here,
ain't they, Chad?
However, as...
As I think you know,
they have both
fallen considerably behind
the rest of their class.

Now, this is partly because of
their continued absences
which really go well beyond
what would normally
be acceptable.

Well, we are...

We are really sorry about that.

Things have been...

Things have been...

Tough recently,
especially for the kids.

Yes. What i...

What I'm trying to s...

Mr. and Mrs. cutler,
I don't think that Ty
and mini's best interests
are served at Churtle
primary school anymore.

I've really done everything
I can to keep them here,
but after recent events
it's been decided
that it's for the best.

Who says?

There have been
several complaints.

There are other schools
that I can refer you to
that might be better suited
to their needs.

There ain't nothing wrong
with my kids.

Mrs. cutler, please.

Chad.

This is a very small school
and we rely on the support
of the local community.

No one has the right
to stop my kids
from learning an education,
no one.

Why? Cause of something that has
got nothing to do with them!

No way! Fuck that!

- Mrs. cutler, please.
- Let's just get out of here.
- You fucking stay out of this.
Walk away, Chad.
That's it, you walk away.
This is your fucking fault,
you know that?
I wanted them an education, Kel.
I wanted them one.
- Yeah...
so they wouldn't
turn out like you.
I thought I heard someone
out here.
- You must be Norman.
- Yeah, I'm Norman.
I got the money.
Right, well, come on in, lad.
Come in.
It was a litter of seven,
but there's just a bitch
and two males left now.
Lovely mother.
You're not from round here,
are you?
No.
It's funny, I could have sworn
I recognize you from somewhere.
This one.
I'll have this one.
Right. Give him to me.
You just need to finish off
the paperwork.
It won't take long.
What's this?
Well, it's for
the pedigree license.
And for our records too.
We like to know
where they all end up.
You understand.
- I'm not sure about that.
- What do you mean, son?
Me hand written's terrible.

Could you write it for me?
I do know you, don't I?
Bloody hell. I'm not selling
my dogs to a bloody...
To a bloody what?
What were you gonna say?
I don't want any trouble, son.
Look, nor do I.
I just wanna buy a dog.
All right?
I've got the money.
Go on.
It's for me son.
I can't do it.
It wouldn't be fair on...
On who? The dog?
What's that supposed to mean?
This is prejudices,
you know that?
I'll call the police.
Mavis.
Mavis, call the police.
There ain't no need
for that, right?
Fuck you.
You fucking Gorgie cunt.
I don't want
your fucking Gorgie dogs
out your fucking Gorgie house.
Fuck off.
Keep the change, you cunt.
- Move.
- Excuse?
Move.
Come on, mush. Jump in. I ain't
gonna leave you in this shithole.
Here, look after me Juk.
I knew I shouldn't have
come with you again.
Stop flapping, jail, mate.
I'll pay you for the car.
Tell me, why you driving
through a field?
It's good,

a bit of cross-country.
Just for the views.
You know, Jammy,
if I could have done anything,
I would have been a painter.
You know, an artist.
There's big money in art, mush.
It's my kid's birthday today,
you know.
Fucking seven years old.
Can't believe that.
It flies, don't it?
You got kids, jail?
Hard, ain't it?
To do all right by 'em,
teach 'em, you know.
Helicopter.
Fuck's sake, Jammy.
It's me who's gonna be Lalled.
You haven't done nothing wrong.
Listen, Jammy, listen,
I need to use your phone.
What?
All right?
What you done that for?
Still your dad, ain't I?
We'll be there.
Chad's been Lalled.
He wants me to bring Tyson.
He's heading to the oak tree
by the old site.
Are you coming?
Dogs and cats, Kel.
Tyson!
Ty!
- Cushty, mush.
- - Good luck, Chad.
- Have that!
- - Have that!
Charlie bravo, this is pc1267.
Suspect Richard cutler
is now up a tree.
Roger that.
Yeah, we got him.

You make yourself comfortable
up there, Chad.

Have that.

Foxtrot Alpha requesting backup
for tree extraction.

Oh, for fuck...

Right, cutler, I'm warning you,
if any of you so much
as step out of this vehicle,
I promise you...

- Oi, Gordon...

- - Chad!

Gordon...

Gordon, get back in the car.

Gordon, you heard what
the officer said.

- Gordon. Cutler.

- Back in the car.

He's out of control. I don't
know what to do with him.

What's going on here?

He's not listening.

- Cutler, get back.

- What's happenin'?

We're arresting him.

Aggravated trespass,
breaking and entering,
actual bodily harm,
theft of property.

The list goes on.

It's all over now,
so just fuck off.

Chad, what you doing up there?

I ain't coming down.

Fuck that.

Think I don't have
my own problems...

without you playing
cat and dog with this lot?

What you doing?

Gordon.

Gordon!

Gordon, get back here!

- Fuck off, lovage!

- Gordon, don't be an idiot!
I am an idiot!
Get back! Fuck's sake!
Gordon, get back in the car!
Gordon!
For fuck's sake!
Boy's got a right
to climb a tree.
All right, you little maggot?
What sort of a man
puts a boy up in a tree now?
It's his dad,
for holy Trinity's sake.
I fucking love you, Kel!
Fucking love you, cutler.
Love you, mini.
That's it, Ty.
Nice one, Gordon.
Well done.
Thanks.
Think you dropped your hat.
That's it.
That's my boy.
Should be having you,
you little cunt.
You knows I love you, Ty.
What's that?
Your birthday, innit, mush?
Come here.
Here.
Think of a name.
- Can't.
- Yeah, you can, Ty.
- Fishes?
- Fishes?
What sort of name is that?
Fishes, dad.
All right, then,
we'll call him fishes.
Not a very good name,
though, that, fishes.
You're gonna have to
look after him, now.
Mrs. Crawley, she likes you.

Thinks you're
a fucking good 'un.
She said so.
Tell you summat, Ty,
I wish I did go to school.
I really do.
Dad...
is the world really flat?
I don't fucking know
is the truth, mush.
Gotta work this out
for yourself.
I'm not gonna see you
for a while.
I want you to be strong.
This is for you, okay?
You keep this.
Things are gonna
be different now, Ty.
You understand?
Yeah?
Look after your mammy...
and do what she says.
And you look after your sister.
I'm relying on you now, Ty.
I always knew I could.
It's all right, Ty.
It's all right.
No crying, not in front of them.
Look at me.
I'm sorry, Ty.
I love you so much.
You're gonna have to
be a man now.
You hear me?
You're the king now, my son.
Now, Tyson...
we're cutlers.
We gelling.
You ready?
You ready?
The gawas can't think
they've beaten us, no way.
Don't be scared, mush.

I've got you, all right?

All right?

- We're gonna do this?

- Yeah.

On three, okay?

No, no!

One...

two...

three!