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Barney Thomson

By Richard Cowan

I've got two styles...
short back and sides.
And back and sides.
I start at the crown.
And work outwards methodically.
I like
a calm working environment.
Every barber has his quirk...
well, except me.
I've not got any.
Don't see the point. Really.
Head down...
get on with it.
That's me.
I prefer it
when they don't speak.
I cannae be bothered
speaking to them either.
I like the quiet.
So what makes a legend.
Do you think?
Heroism?
Well. That rules me out.
Self-sacrifice?
Not your man.
Nobility of purpose?
Can't help you there. Either.
My life's always been boring.
I don't mind that.
There's a place
for being boring.
Cuttin' hair is boring.
Sittin' at home is boring.
That was all right.
I was a boring kind of guy.
If you'd asked me back then.
Pd have said I was content.
Smilin' in the comer.
The rain runnin' down my neck.
Then fate decided
to leap on my back.
And I turned round and saw
that I'd been nothing
all these years

but a howling ghost.
From nowhere. I was alive.
I'd never had to
deal with the law before.
Only had to look at a police
and! Shafted.
But circumstances changed...
and. Suddenly. I had my very own
one-to-one copper
breathing down my neck.
Everywhere I turned,
there he was...
this big slab of bastard
staring right back.
Yeah. I was alive. All right.
But for how long?
I'm Barney Thomson.
And this is the story
of what happens
when you move chairs.
I'm telling ye.
He's not
in the Lynch league yet.
77 wins, and I'm talkin'
the pre-nutrition years.
14 knockouts on a diet
of Irn Bru and dog food.
Comics by the door, Charlie.
Thanks, Barney.
Sweetheart.
What you talkin' about?
Don't believe that.
She's a fuckin' liar.
I Wasn't at Karen's.
I had to go the hospital.
A shadow on my lung.
Nah, nah. It's fine.
They gave me tablets.
What are we doin' tonight?
Maybe you can come by again,
and I could gie ye
another "Maryhill Moothfae"...
Oh! That's fuckin' disgusting.
All right, Darling.

See you in a bit. Bye.
Right, up you come.
Doesn't even make sense.
Barney...
can I have a wee chat'?
Aye.
All this chatter
must be bothering ye, eh'?
What'?
Well, the boxing chat.
Is it bothering ye'?
Och.
I think you might be, uh...
might be happier up here.
- What, there?
- Aye.
Let me get this straight.
I was in the windae
for eight years,
then I was in the second chair,
then the third.
Now you want me
oot by the bins'?
I mean, that...
that's not even
a fuckin' barber's chair!
Fuck!
You have nae patter, Barney.
Nae sparkle.
You hang over the customers
like a shitty cloud.
Scaring 'em away,
standing there
like a big streak of piss.
It's like
you've had a charisma bypass.
You look like a haunted tree.
That's all I'm saying.
Well, your dad brought me
into this shop 20 years ago.
I'd like to hear
What he has to say about this.
Eh'?
Right.

Let's get my da on the phone.
I'm a fuckin'...
haunted tree'?
Shitty cloud...
Big streak of piss...
He's standing there
like a haunted tree.
Nae patten.
All right, who's next'?
I'm gonna wait
for Chris, thanks.
Yourself?
What about you'?
I'm just waitin' for Wullie,
if that's all right.
That's, uh... that's fine.
Actually, no.
It isnae bloody all right. No.
Not one of you want to get
your hair out by me'?
Am I... Am I that bad'?
What you want to wait
for these two for'?
It's half-past three already.
You'll no all get seen!
Are you mental?
Come on, Barney.
That's out of order.
What is this'?
Some kind of conspiracy?
First, you bump me
intae the back of beyond,
- then you tell this bunch of...
- Wankers'?
To... to refuse my services?
Is that it'?
Ye cannae have a go
at the customers.
Ah! Fuck this, Wullie.
Fuck this!
What's the point
of me even fucking being here'?
Fuck it!
Fuck!

Never a dull moment, eh'?

The lab results came back, sir.
They' re negative.
Brilliant.

What are you
gonna tell the public?
The public can fuck off.
To date, there have been
five victims
from the Glasgow area
and you haven't been
able to make a connection
between any of them.
You don't
even know where the bodies are,
except the bits the killer
sent to the next of kin.
This case
should be given to someone
with more local knowledge.
What
exactly are you doing all day?
Late last night...
officers from this station
came into possession
of a valuable
piece of evidence...
the exact nature of which
I am not at liberty to divulge.
So What's this
new piece of evidence, sir'?

Nothing. I lied.
Which is why
I'm in the shape of a frog.
The Superintendent
wants to see you.
Of course he does.
What are you playing at, 127'?

If you walk into
a room backwards,
with your trousers
round your ankles,
don't be surprised
if you get bummed rotten.

And never, never drag the force
in with you.
I'll not have my team
mass-bummed.
On your say-so!
Is that clear'?'
Don't interrupt me.
You've got the whole country
thinking we've just about
got this thing Wrapped up
when, as far as I can see,
in the two months...
two fucking months
you've been on this case...
you've managed to narrow
your list of suspects down to.
"People in the Glasgow area
who've been to the seaside
in the last 12 weeks."
The killer will
think we're onto 'im,
and might make a mistake, sir.
He'd fucking well better.
Fucking McManaman.
He's got to fill
his day up somehow.
I mean, his in-tray consists of
staring out the window.
Whilst having a gentle wank
over The Daily Star.
What's the big breakthrough?
Fuck off! It's my case.
Is it an actual breakthrough,
or is it just
a we-made-it-up breakthrough?
What the fuck is that?
Inspiration!
Oh, I been meaning to ask ya,
"Touchy Little Boy' coming on'?"
Do you want to do this
right now'?'
'Cause I'm fucking
well up for it!
Get your tits out of my face.

Come on, number six.
Come on, number six!
Come on, get a move-on,
get a fucking move-on!
Get a move-on!
Come on, come on!
You fucking shite!
You wee fucking shite!
You fucking wee shite!
Fucking... fucking dog.
- Christ.
- Here you go, Mum.
What kept you?
Celebrity booking?
Oh, cannae beat a fish supper.
Get off!
Busy today?
Aye.
Tips'?
Plenty.
Tell ye What...
hand 'em over to me
and I'll put them
on the next race.
Nah, you're all right.
Bathgate Leopard...
three to one.
No thanks.
Oh, come on!
No.
A fiver gets you 15 quid.
I've not got any money!
Nah.
Who'd ever tip you'?
Not me.
You not put any vinegar on it'?
You didn't put any on.
Crap.
They talk crap all day.
Boxing.
That's their sole currency.
You know, I was in that windae
for eight years.
That meant something.

I'm 50, Charlie.
What the fuck happened there?
I mean, it's every man's right
to reach
his full potential. Right?
But it passed me by.
Aye.
What am I gonna do'?'
Nothing.
I've got a mother
that's digging her claws in
like an auld buzzard,
I live in a shitey, wee flat.
And the last time with a bird,
"Shakin' Stevens"
was number one.
I've not had
my kick at the ball.
All I've got is that job.
The bastards are trying
to take it away from me.
You want them to like you'?'
Like me'?'
I want to fuckin' kill them.
Pew!
He's fucking
laughing at us, 127.
Yes, sir.
The public
are gonna string us up
for this, you realize.
Yes, sir.
Right.
I'm replacing you as lead.
What'?'
And you, 529.
No, sir, it's 20 past 10, sir.
Is it'?'
529's your fucking number!
You're off the case as well.
You'll be taking orders
from 119 from now on.
Thank you, sir.
Just take me...

uh, take me
through your plans, uh, 119.
He'll strike again, sir,
so we'll find out
who's recently disappeared,
who last saw them.
I'll put Holdall here
out in the field,
investigating
the missing person files.
Don't you think
we should be looking
for the rest of him'?
119's in charge now, 127.
Is that plate from the canteen?
Ah, fuck me.
Tell forensics to get
their own fucking plates!
I'm not eating off a plate
that's served up a human arse.
Right. Off you go.
Oh, ho, ho! Listen to this.
"Angelina Jolie seeks Brad Pitt
for Weekday
dog track evenings."
Give me that.
"Sleek hatchback, low mileage,
"big headlights,
"needing a right good service.
Hamilton area."
Now, they're not
shy, are they'?
- You want a pen'?
- Fuck off.
"Mature woman
seeks adventurous man
for nights of
unbridled passion."
You'd have to
be desperate, eh'?
Nah, nah.
That's what we call a "GILF."
What's that?
It's a "Granny I'd Like To..."

Fucks sake, Chris. Come on.
Right, McAllister this weekend
at Bellahoustop-
What's his chances?
Good boy, but...
I always loved Westerns.
I wanted to be
The Man With No Name...
you know.
The guy who rides into town.
Saves the townsfolk.
And disappears
in the dead of night.
Shrouded in mystery.
They'd talk about this legend
for years to come...
but no...
I was one of
the pissy. Wee townsfolk.
W here every fucker
knows your name.
I wanted to grind 'em
into the lane under my heel.
Well, careful
what you wish for.
Barney.
Barney!
A wee word?
I'm not really sure
how to say this.
A pal of my dad's
has moved into the area.
He wants to give him a job.
Eh'?
Cannae have ye
falling asleep
in the shop, Barney.
And we can't have
any more outbursts
like ye had yesterday.
- Oh, no, that was a one-off.
- That was not a one-off.
You have regular outbursts.
You cannot talk

to customers like that.
It's not my fault you look like
a fucking cartoon bear,
is it'? Up. Oot.
You can work for another month,
if you like.
Aw, Jesus. Wullie!
We'll understand
if you want
to leave now, of course,
and We'll keep pay your wage
for the rest of the month.
You don't need to make
a decision now, but...
I'll stay for the month.
- Eh?
- I'll stay for the month.
But we would be paying
your wage for the month,
Whether you're here or no.
Well, I'll be here.
Great.
I'll let my da know.
Jesus Christ.
I'll get a mop.
No, I'll get a mop. I'll get...
Wullie, Wullie... look, please.
Don't do this.
It's not my decision.
Ah, but you see, this place,
it's all I know.
Come on, Wullie.
Be a pal.
I've got nothing else on.
Aw, Barney.
Still, it's not my decision.
It's up to my da.
No, no. That's rubbish!
It is your decision.
You and Chris.
You want me out the door.
Think I'm a fucking idiot?
I'll get the mop.
No, Wullie, Wullie, please.

- Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't...
- I'll get the mop.
I-I-I'll get the mop.
J-J-J-Just... listen.
I-I'll be so quiet.
You'll no hear
another peep out of me.
You're embarrassing
yourself now, Barney.
Have a bit of self-respect.
- I'll be so quiet...
- Let me get the mop!
No, please.
I'll be a model barber!
Oh...
Fucking hell!
Shite...
Hello. Henderson's.
Is that lazy bastard
husband of mine there?
Uh, no. No, he's not.
Where is he?
Well, he said that he...
he was leavin' early to...
go do a bit of... shopping.
Well. He's never been
to the shops in his fife.
That's what he said.
If he's late back,
I'll kill him.
That Won't be necessary.
Well. Cheerio.
Good bye.
Fuck!
Shit.
Fucking hell!
What's that you've got there?
What'?'
What's that you've got there?
- Eh?
- What's that?
- How ye doing, Charlie?
- What's that'?'
- Nothing.

- What's that?
Nothing!
I'm getting chips.
Good! Cheerio.
Ye cannae touch it!
It's full of hair chemicals
and stuff like that.
Ye need gloves to touch it.
Okay'
Cheerio, then.
Get ye fucked, Charlie!
I'm only trying
to help ye, Barney.
All right, all right, look.
Just...
You can help, but just...
be quick, will ye'?'
I tell you what...
I really appreciate it, Charlie.
Just, uh...
you swing by the shop sometime,
and I'll give ye a haircut
on the house, eh'?'
- Okay.
- Okay?
Uh-huh.
Away and enjoy your chips.
- Right, then.
- Okay.
Cheerio.
Where is it,
where is it, where is it'?'
Where is it, where is it'?'
W-What was
the name of that loch
you, me, and my da Went to'?'
The forest on one side,
r-really hard to get to.
What loch?
That one,
the one with all the wee boats.
Loch Lubnaig.
Loch Lubnaig! That's it.
Lubnaig, Lubnaig.

Why the com motion?

Uh, n-nothin'.

Just, uh...

I saw a painting in a...
in a charity shop
at the Barras the other day,
and I just Wondered if it was...
it was that.

How do you manage to pack
so much excitement
into one life'?

Hmm?

Seeing as you're here,
you can give me
a lift to the Barras.

It's my bingo night.

No, I'm sorry, Mother, I can't.
I'm... I'm actually quite busy.
You maybe didn't hear me.

It's my bingo night
at the Barras!

Right. I'll see you later.
I'll be needing a lift home.
How long are ye gonnae be'?

Couple of hours.

Oh!

I cannae sit out here
for that length of time.
I wonder. Should I go
or should I stay.

The band had
only one more song to play.
And then I saw you
out the corner of my eye.
A little girl alone and so shy.
I had the last waltz.
With you.

Two lonely people Together.
Mum, what're you doing?

I told Lizzie and Theresa
you'd give 'em a lift home.

I've got something on!

Our carriage awaits!

Oh, this is awfully

good of you, son.
On you go!
La. La. La. La
La. La. La. La. la.
La. La. La. La
La. La. La. La. la.
I had the last waltz.
With you.
Two lonely people.
Together.
I fell in love.
With you.
The last waltz
Should last forever.
La. La. La. La. La. la.
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la...
- Okay, night-night.
- Bye.
- Thanks very much, Barney.
- Watch yourselves.
Don't do anything
I Wouldn't do.
See ya, Cemolina.
It's Wullie.
I've killed Wullie.
I saw that.
Mum...
it was an accident.
I had a pair of scissors
in my hand,
and-and he slipped and fell.
Then you phone the police.
You don't Wrap him up
like a stair carpet!
No, I couldnae
phone the police.
He just sacked me.
It's...
They'd say I had a motive.
What'd he sack you for'?'
'Cause I've no got any chat.
Aye, well.
Mum...

What am I going to do'?
For Christ's sake, shut up.
Leave him at mine.
Eh'?
Any better ideas?
Ahh.
What now, Mum'?
I'm gonna have to
fish it outwith a spoon.
No, what're we gonnae do now'?
How should I know?
Well, don't you be
bringing anybody up here now.
Do you think I'm fucking
stupid or something?
Eh'?
So,
the first one's Mrs. Stuart,
and, uh, then We'll go
to Mrs. McQueen.
When did you last
see Stuart, Sheena?

Tuesday. 8:

Now, I wasn't sure about
declaring him missing, at first,
you know, he's not been
away that long,
then I thought, well, you lot,
you've got nothing better to do.
Definitely Monday?
Tuesday!
He Went missing
on the Tuesday morning.
Definitely.
It was Wednesday. Thursday'?
Wednesday? Or Thursday?
Friday.
Definitely Friday.
Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday?
Monday.
I moved up here
at my wife's insistence
of being near her dying mother.

That was 20 years ago,
and I'm still here.
And so's her fucking mother.
Oh... God.
How I loathe
this vomit-lashed shit-hole!
Ahem. All right, gents.
Late again, Porter.
Fuck off.
Wullie didn't
get in last night.
What'?'
Moirra called.
He didnae make it home.
Maybe he's been got
by that killer.
Maybe his baws are being posted
from Arbroath as we speak.
All right, lads.
You might want
to come back later.
We're a man down.
I know.
I'm Detective Inspector Holdall.
This is Detective Sergeant
MacPherson.
We'd like to have a word about
your missing colleague.
- For fucks sake!
- Oh, I'm sorry.
We Won't keep you.
Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.
Benny Lynch... mm'?'
Champion of the world!
Yeah. You know What
his mistake was'?'
He stayed here...
Eh'?' With the dregs
and the hangers-on.
Bleeding him dry...
sucking out his soul.
Can you imagine What
he might've achieved, eh'?'
Longer career...

the women of the world
at his feet...
if only he'd have
had the courage
to get out of this shit-hole.
Can we sit down'?

Yes.

Chris, could you
finish the customer?
Sit down'?

I'm fine.
I-I'm fine standing.
This is purely
a missing persons investigation,
Mr. Thomson.

A Mrs. Henderson
reported her husband missing
yesterday afternoon.
Mrs. Henderson says
you were the last person
to talk with Mr. Henderson.
Is that correct?

Yes.

Now, there's no need
to be so nervous, Mr. Thomson,
This is...
- I quite understand.
- ...Routine.
I quite understand.
Did Mr. Henderson tell you
where he was going?
He... He said something
about, uh...
going to the shops.
Uh, he asked me to lock up,
and then he... left.
Was it normal
for Mr. Henderson
to go to the shops after work?
You know,
I-I-I don't really know
wh-what Mr. Henderson
did outside of work,
because we weren't really

friends.

Wasn't really friends.

Mm-hmm.

Um, did you suspect
that something
might have happened
to Mr. Henderson'?

I quite understand.

Sorry?

Slip of the tongue,
you know how it is.

What'?

Speaking to the police.

You know, this'?

You know... heh...

You... You feel guilty,
even though you...

you've never done nothing wrong.

I mean, it's not as if

I've stabbed Wullie

with a pair of scissors

or anything like that, you know?

Would... Would you like
a glass of water'?

No, I'm fine.

Where was your colleague,

Mr. Porter, when you Wasn't

stabbing Mr. Henderson

with your scissors?

Oh, he-he-he left early,

because we weren't

very busy that day.

That bit about the stabbing?

That was just a joke.

You think

this is funny, Mr. Thomson?

Not at all.

I'm only joking.

You have no idea

how nervous you look!

Did Mr. Henderson

tell you that he was not

gonna have you

in the shop anymore?

I have no knowledge of that.
See, Mr. Henderson's father
says that Mr. Henderson
was gonna tell you about it
yesterday.
Did he say anything to you'?
No.
Oh, well!
That's us.
Would you send
Mr. Porter in, please?
Yes.
Oh.
I used to sometimes
hide in toilet cubicles,
you know, convinced
I was about to die,
and I went to see this man.
Do you know What
he said to me'?
He said the biggest instigator
of a panic attack is...?
Guilty conscience.
Look at that.
Here she comes.
Here comes that girl again.
One of the cutest
since I don't know when.
But she don't notice me
when I pass.
She goes with all the guys
from outta my class.
But that can't stop me
from thinkin' to myself.
Shes sure fine lookin'. Man
she's something else.
Mum'? Mum!
Can I have a word'?
What? Carry on, girls,
regardless!
What are you thinking?
Mr. Johnstone,
in the bowling club,
has a brain tumour...

out like a light.
Nobody had thought
to arrange anything
after the funeral,
so I brought
the girls back here.
Have you seen Mrs. Gaffney?
Last week, she wandered
into the laundrette
in her nightie!
Where the fucks Wullie'?
Cemolina, have you got
a carpet sweeper?
- Eh?
- Barbara's couped the ashtray.
Just down the hall,
next to the toilet.
Mum, Mum...
where did you put the body'?
Two minutes.
Barbara, what
the fuck have you done'?
Is that you making soup
for yer mammy, son'?
Uh...
Oh, fuck!
I like soup!
Mrs. Gaffney!
The laundrette's shut.
Cheerio, then.
Suit yourself.
Cheerio.
On!
Ahh!
Thanks very much.
I enjoyed myself.
Uh-huh. You watch yourself.
Watch yourselves.
Fine, fine.
All right. Okay.
Night-night.
God Almighty.
I'm checkered!
I'm no even packed for

my "Route to the Isles"
discovery tour
in the morning.
Two days, all-in,
including breakfast
and your evening meal...
42 pounds!
You believe that?
How did you manage that?
You chopped him up!
You've even
fucking labelled him!
I label everything.
James?
Barney.
On the button.
Appreciate that.
I'll be here until
that eon of mine decides
to show his face again.
Right.
Wife's convinced
that killer's got him.
Could be posting his baws
from Arbroath as we speak.
Aye.
It doesn't compare
to what he'll get
when I get my hands on him.
You look hellish.
You found yourself a woman yet?
Nah.
That's a fucking empty
existence you've got there,
is it no'?
Sometimes.
Minute late, Porter.
Not impressed.
Sorry, Mr. Henderson,
I was, eh...
I was coming
along the green there
and I was threatened
by a bunch of, um... wasps.

Get that shite off.
Did, uh...
Wullie have a chat with you
the other day'?
Well, did he say anything
about anything?
Not that I can think of.
Ahh.
Glad to hear it.
Up, down, up, down!
Are we a team?
Yes!
- Let me hear ya! Are we a team?
- Yes!
For fucks sakes.
Two, three, four...
five, six, seven...
Everybody's looking.
This is the heart attack
capital of Europe.
Look at the state of you!
You look like
a depressed milkmaid.
What is this'?
The "River Dance" branch?
Update me.
The barber, Thomson,
he was a bit Weird.
I think we should have
another shot at him.
What's his connection
to the other victims?
Mm. I just think
he's holding something back.
Spare me
your Woman's intuition.
Go on.
Go and check on
missing persons.
One, two, three!
Fuck off.
Show me What you've got!
Face the front!
Tits and teeth! Teeth and tits!

One, two, three...
Hiya, Barney.
Hey, Charlie.
I'm doing my summer
job tonight.
They need two folk on it.
Aye'?
Funny, ain't it'?
Wullie Wanting you
out the window,
you saying
you wanted to kill him,
and him disappearing.
What are you saying?
- It's funny.
- What's funny?
You'll come tonight.
The fair's in town.
Roll up, roll up.
All the fun of the fair.
Step right up.
Tighten your seatbelts.
It's gonna be a bumpy ride.
Try and look as if
you're having a great time.
We're trying to
attract punters here.
See, the thing is,
I need to be chum med-up,
otherwise, I look like
one of the paedophiles.
Do we no just
look like two paedophiles'?
Ahh. Right enough.
Remember, we Went
to the circus last year?
I like fairgrounds.
I hate circuses.
Clowns should be tortured.
And as for mimes...
I'd strangle the bastards.
Uh, two hotdogs, with onions.
Barneys paying-
Listen, Charlie, come here.

I was thinking. Um...
You see, all that talk
the other day, up at yours,
it was just talk.
I know. I know. I know!
I helped you put
that bag in your car.
What'?'
That was the last night
Wullie was seen, was it no'?'
Fuck off. W...
I didn't kill Wullie!
No. No, I know that.
I'm just saying.
And a big Coke!
Barneys paying-
Aren't you, Barney?
Fuck off!
I don't even know
why I fucking bother
hanging about with you.
Look at the state of you.
Mental bastard.
Shouldnae have said that.
Aye. That's me
away for the day, boys.
Moirra's frantic about Wullie.
I'm taking her to the doctor's,
see if he can give her
something to knock her out.
I'm gonnae kick his arse
from here to fuckin' doomsday.
Maybe a wee
online gambling habit
that got out of hand?
You think'?'
Och, I don't know.
You could be onto
something there.
Right enough.
Wullie's mad keen
on the boxing.
Enjoys the odd flutter.
Maybe somebody's after him...

Maybe he's taken to the hills.
You know...
you may have hit on something...
Gah. What's this
about a free haircut?
Mind. Ye said.
We're about to close up.
Just get on with it.
Free haircut, eh'?
Just said to him, last Week,
I thought he could maybe
do with a wee trim.
Eh, Charlie?
That's unusually
generous of you, Barney.
I'll tell you What.
Uh, you head off. I'll lock up.
Away and see
your girlfriend, eh'?
What the hell am I
gonna do with this'?
Where's Wullie'?
On his holidays?
Could be, Charlie, could be.
Is that Why you needed my help
with that stuff on Wednesday?
Cannot think
What you're on about.
Uh, away ye go, Chris.
I thought my hands
might get burnt
by they chemicals,
but they're fine!
What chemicals?
Well...
Wullie and I did the tidy-up,
and I took the rubbish out.
Charlie helped me,
but there...
there was chemicals.
I thought you were leaving.
You couldnae lift it
by yourself, eh, Barney!
It was massive. Massive!

Just shut up, Charlie!
Look, just let me do your hair.
That's him done.
No, no, look...
He's done.
Another time, Charlie, eh'?
Thanks very much.
You mind the roads now.
So What was in
this "massive bag"
that took two
of you's to lift'?
Cut a lot of heavy hair
on Wednesday?
Well, it seemed like it.
Did you kill Wullie'?
What'?
You killed Wullie.
Didn't you'?
It was an accident.
You are so fucked.
No, no, no, no.
I'm not bloody Well taking this
off the likes of you anyway.
You're come swanning
in here every morning,
half an hour late,
then you spend
the rest of the day
on that phone with
some stupid wee lassie.
I-lave ye ever thought who pays
for these phone calls'?
Have ye'? Eh'?
No.
You make me bloody sick.
And it was an accident.
Bastard!
Now, there was a couple of ways
this could go.
Talking Chris out of
smashing my head in
at this point seemed unlikely.
But fate stepped in once more

and booted me
right in the bails.
And there's the bell!
But no one hears it.
He turns away.
He seems doubtful, muddled...
It's all over...
Chris?
Oh, fuck, not again.
- Mum!
- Oh.
Mum, wh-where are you going'?'
I told you,
my trip with the girls!
They'll pick you up
from anywhere
if you give them
advance Warning.
Och, two days
of indulgent bliss.
I cannot wait.
I need your help.
Och...
Talk to me through the door.
Okay.
Well...
there's been another...
wee accident.
What? Hey?
Speak up! I cannae hear you!
What are you saying?
I cannae hear you!
Is this the queue'?'
It's the ladies.
All right, Mr. Thomson?
H-How did you...
We followed you.
Just as well
we turned up when we did.
Aye'?'
Yeah, well,
you was driving away
when we was coming
round the corner.

Oh, really.
It's funny how that...
I need to ask you
a few more questions
about Mr. Henderson.
Now, What can you tell me
about associates he might have.
He was a gambler.
He-he was a gambler.
That's right, yeah.
You know, he was always
going tae boxing matches
and casinos,
and that... that kind of thing.
You know, he actually owed
quite a lot of money.
Come tae think of it,
he was in a bit of trouble.
Are you going on your holidays?
Oh, no, no, that's my mum's.
There's a coach trip.
Oh.
I'm just here to make sure
she gets off safely.
Mum'?
Anyway, you got to look out
for your mum, eh'?
Yeah.
She'd do anything for me.
Oh...
Anything at all.
Hi, Mum.
I'd give it
a couple of minutes.
Thanks very much.
Ooh, ooh, pull back
there, Neddy.
Now, do you know
if Mr. Henderson had
any dealings
with a Stephen Murphy,
John Murter,
Richard Colquhoun,
or a Robert Dodds'?

Wait a minute,
that's they murdered folk.
I had absolutely fuck all
to do with that.
This is harassment!
I had absolutely nothing
to do with that,
and there's nothing you can say
to prove otherwise.
Mum! Mum!
Mum! Mum, you okay?
You all right'?'
Come and have a seat.
Have a seat.
Come here.
There we are.
Are you okay?
Mum...
We can help you take her
up to the hospital if you like.
No, she's fine.
Best leave us to it, eh'?'
She doesn't look fine.
Well, it happens all the time!
Just...
I'm better on my own.
You come down to the station
and make a list of all
Mr. Henderson's known associates
over the past six months.
And I want an account
of your whereabouts
for the last week.
Uh-huh.
Okay.
Mum, you okay?
Christ.
Mum, do you want an ambulance?
Just get my fucking case.
But, Mum, see,
these others, it wasnae me.
It had nothing to do with me.
You need to believe me.
Oh, God.

Ooh!
Ha!
Oh! I'm here.
Oh, God.
Here, guess who's coming'?
Aye, just for a wee bit
of discovery, eh'?
I didn't win
a fucking thing that night.
Mum! Mummy!
Mum! It Wasn't me.
The others
they were talking about,
I had nothing to do with that.
Fuck off.
Mum, it wasnae me!
Mum!
Well. I know someday
it may be soon.
That master will call.
And when he does
I tel! You something.
I won't cry at all.
Until it happens. Folks.
I guess H! Sail with the tide.
And I know...
Mrs. Gaffney!
Is it'?
Have you been here
since the party?
Come on, I'll take you back.
I'll just go
to the toilet first, son.
No, no, no, no!
Whoa, whoa, whoa, new...
I-I I'll see you.
I think your pal's
ready for his bed.
That's right, there you are.
Fuck me.
Ah.
Sorry, Chris.
What the fuck'?
Oh...

Oh, fucking hell.

Oh, Mummy.

Montrose.

Pitlochry.

Arbroath.

Fuck.

What do you want'?

"Mature woman looking for
unbridled passion?"

Do you mind saying that
again in English, sir'?

I can't understand
a word you're saying.

Yeah, I realize you're Scottish.

I know I'm up here.

Why are you here'?

Thomson told us

Henderson had

a gambling problem,
and he was in a lot of debt.

Now, I've just spoken

to six bookies

from the local area,

and not one of them has said
that Henderson bothered him.

So, that means

Thomson's lying, right'?

He's turning shitting himself
into an art form.

Yeah, well, I'd shit myself
if every time I turned round,

I saw your fucking

big Cockney face

staring back at me.

Just-forget Barney Thomson!

This is not

a barber-based crime!

And give me the phone.

Get out there and check on

the missing persons

like I ordered you to!

Give me my phone back.

I need it.

You've got your own phone.

I need two.

Sir!

We've just had a report in,
another missing person.

Fuck 'em.

Sir, it's one of
the other barbers.

From that same barbershop.

That guy called Porter.

Well.

Have you mentioned this
to Strap-One-On Robertson'?

I was just about
to tell her, sir.

Good.

Right, son,

let's go and interview
the demon barber of Bridgeton.

The next train to depart
from the rear of Platform 5

will be the 17:

first rail service to Girvan
calling at Barrhead. Dunlop.
Stewarlon. Kilmaurs. Kilmamock.
Troon, Prestwick
International Airport. ..

No. No sign.

Well, he's probably
up in Arbroath,
posting Porter's balls
to his auntie.

Let's check out Porter's flat.

Come on.

Right.

Right.

I had no idea, officer.

I'm absolutely stunned.

Mind you,

the dark side of Chris
was never too far away.

He was always, um,

flipping his razor out,

rubbing his self up and down

against the back
of the barber's chair,
you know, that kind of...
that kind of thing.
You know, if you ask me,
I think his childhood
had a part in all of this.
You know that his mother
used to, uh,
lock him in the bunker,
throw in a boiled egg
now and again.
Get him out,
dress him up
in one of her nighties,
and get him to dance
for his Uncle Gerald.
Now...
does that sound normal to you'?
Ah.
I have no idea
where he could be.
I mean,
there was a friend in Lewisham,
but, uh, Why would he go there?
Right. The freezer.
What the fuck'?
You're that copper
off the telly!
You're Taggart.
You're off The Bill'?
You're a loser.
Oi, Taggart!
Has there been a murder'?
My ma thinks
you're shite, Taggart.
Fuck off!
He killed them,
then he put them in the bin.
He put them in the bin,
because...
he was...
awfully tidy.
Ah, fuck.

Fucking little sweaty socks.
He fuckin' boiled them.
He out them up
and he fuckin' boiled them.
You don't think we should
check with Robertson
about a warrant, sir'?

Radio reception
round here is shocking.
What are you doing in there,
ya dirty wee bastard?
What'?

Yer at it, aren't ye'?

With one of
yer dirty wee lassies.
Where is she'?

Ya dirty, dirty wee bastard.
What the fuck'?

Ya dirty, dirty wee bastard.
Are ya doin' it right now'?

Show me, show me.
Do ye want to watch?
'Cause we're doin' it
right now.
Come, come closer and see.
Oh, aye?
Sir'?

The fuck?
What is that?
Oh, I think we've hit the jackpot here.
That's handy.
You dirty, dirty bastard.
Fuck you, Robertson.
I will have
your arse for disobeying orders!
We couldn't reach you.
We thought maybe
you'd gone deep cover.
In a boys' school's shower.
Don't you fucking start...
Look!
There's a piece of each victims,
some represented
more than others.

There's also a receipt
for a train ticket...
Glasgow to London.
Filed a report yet'? Hey? Hey?
Well, I'll take it from here.
As of now, off you fuck.
Nae Wullie.
Now nae Chris.
Well, Chris likes
a Friday night.
Probably lying
in his own piss somewhere.
It's the middle of the week.
Barney Thomson?
We need to contact him
very urgently,
so, you know, if you could...
He rubbed his self
up against the back
of the barber chair.
Oh...
And he had a cousin
in Lewisham,
in London.
So, What was your
last contact with him'?
Just normal, you know.
He left.
Uh...
I tidied up,
and everything was just...
perfectly normal.
Yeah. Okay.
That's fine, Mr. Thomson.
So if you could, uh,
send in Mr. Henderson, please.
Okay.
Hey. Hey...
Shoo. Shoo! Shoo, shoo, shoo!
Go! Well, don't.
Just, fuck off!
Fuck off, dog!
Don't... G et fucked.
Just beat it.

Fuckin'...
Well...
So, that's that, then.
My laddie's deid.
I'm afraid so, Mr. Henderson.
If you'd like to accompany us
to the station,
we can fill you in
on the details that we have
up to this point.
Nah, you're all right.
I've got a couple of regulars
coming in an hour.
Life must go on, eh'?
Bye, girls!
See you's at the bingo!
Don't do anything I Wouldn't do.
I know
What you've fucking done!
Less of the language.
Know what?
I've been in your flat.
What the hell were you doing
in my flat'?
There's been another accident.
Oh, God.
Who is it this time?
- Chris.
- Chris'? Chris who?
The other fucking barber!
Ooh, well done.
I've been in your freezer.
You're that body parts killer.
I know.
What have you got in there?
Your pals.
Get in the fucking car.
What the hell
are you playing at'?
Eh'?
Have you been
driving around With...
You cannae keep them in the car!
Are you mental?

Look, I wanted to plant
them in Chris's flat
and make it look like
he was the killer,
but he's got a wee freezer.
What'?

His freezer's too wee!
His freezer's too fuckin' wee!
Would you just
listen to yourself?
I never saw
the fuckin' point of you.
Chris Porter, last seen
by Barney Thomson
on Monday evening
when he left
Henderson's barbershop.
His girlfriend
reported him missing
the following afternoon.
Under my instruction,
DI Holdall and DS MacPherson
were sent on a routine check
to the individual's flat,
where they found
several body parts,
which I believe to be connected
to the serial killer's victims.
We're just Waiting on pathology
for confirmation.
We also discovered a receipt
for a train ticket to London
the previous day.
Anything to add, 127'?

It's too clean, sir.
It's like the evidence
was laid on for us.
Now, there are follow-ups
I'd like to instigate
before we go public.
Barney Thomson?
You're obsessed.
I talked to the man yesterday.
You know Where he was

when Henderson Went missing?
The bingo.
Does that sound like
a crazed serial killer to you'?'
Ah, Jenkins.
I've just completed
the pathology report, sir.
You have the floor.
It couldn't have been Porter
who chopped up those bodies.
It's normal for there to be
skin cells present
on anything we touch,
but with the vigorous
chop-chop-chopping,
those would have been enhanced.
These skin cells determine
the age of the assailant.
I'd state in a court of law
that this was done by someone
in their late 60s, early 70s.
Well, I'll be fucked.
So Porter's got an accomplice.
Exactly so, 119.
And it isn't Thomson, 127.
Right,
you will now interview
every old lag in Glasgow.
Every last one.
You go near Thomson again,
I'll put you on traffic.
Get out there
and find Porter's accomplice.
Why did you do it'?'
I don't know.
You do it once,
you sort of get the bug for it.
I can't explain, it's like...
you know you shouldn't,
and that's part of
the kick, you know?
Going on dates,
you never knew What
you were going to get.

Fuckin' hell.
Well, What do you
want me to say?
"Sorry?"
It's noe as if I'm entirely
without compassion.
I sent the relatives something
to remember them by.
What, an arse'?
Get off my back.
Did you kill Dad'?
Oh...
You told me
he fucked off to Australia.
I kept asking you why,
and you couldnae give me
a straight answer.
You couldnae
because you fucking killed him.
Shite.
I never told you
because I knew you couldnae
handle the truth.
So, What's the truth?
He moved to Harthill
and opened a tobacconists.
Harthill's only
five fucking miles away!
See'?
I knew you'd be like this.
Well, why didn't he
keep in touch?
Maybe he was just
like everybody else.
Maybe he couldn't be fucking
bothered with you either.
Know Why?
'Cause he Wasn't your dad.
What do you mean
he wasnae my dad'?
Him.
That wee prick.
He wasnae your dad.
What's the matter with you'?

Well, who-who was my dad'?

"Who was my dad?"

Who's my dad'?

- I don't bloody know.

- L-low no?

"- How no?" - How fucking no'?

I was a very busy
lady back then!

I didn't know
any of the punters' names!

I didn't want to know!
Punters'?

As long as they paid up front,
I didn't care.

I just pointed them
round the back,
that way you don't have to look
at their fucking ugly faces.

I had the Women's Realm
spread out
on the chest of drawers,
I'd be flicking
through that all day.

That's what got you through.
Vermin, the lot of them.

Don't you look at me like that.
You do anything to get by.
Your granny, she had a place
above the butcher shop
on London Road.

It's one of the nail salons now.

- Granny Beattie'?

- Aye.

Think what she had to do
to keep you in fucking
Dolly Mixture.

- Aw, Christ...

- What? That's life.

Is it fuck!

Oh, you would know, would you'?

You, What, all the living
you've been doing.

Look at you.

Fucks sake.

I thought I'd been careful.
And one day, of course,
the inevitable happens,
and here we are.
Total fucking disaster.
I kept meaning to tell you.
You kept fucking
meaning to tell me, did you'?'
You kept meaning to tell me'?'
This is shite!
Absolute fucking shite!
You don't give a fuck
about anything, dae you'?'
It's all a fucking
laugh to you.
This is my fucking life here!
This is shite.
This is fuckin' shite.
Get up.
Get up.
Will ya get up!
Look at you,
a big bubbly bairn!
You make me sick.
Be a man for once, will ya!
"Ohm. Mummy!"
"Oh, Mummy, me want pudding!"
"Mummy!"
Stop...
"What 'bout me!"
"Me want Beezer!
Me want Dandy!"
"Me want cuddles!"
"Me want cuddles, Mummy!"
"Mummy, where's Daddy?"
"Mummy! Mum my!"
"Mummy, I shat myself, Mummy!
Mummy, I shat myself, Mummy!"
"It's sticky, Mummy!"
"Me sticky!"
"I love you, Mummy,
I love you, Mummy!
I love you, Mummy."
"I love you, Mummy!"

"I love you, Mummy!"
"I love you, Mummy, I love you!"
Mum' ?
Oh, Mummy...
Mum...
I feel so bad
I've got a worried mind.
I'm so lonesome all the time.
Since I left my baby behind.
On Blue Bayou.
Saving nickels.
Saving dimes.
Working till
the sun don't shine.
Looking forward
to happier times.
On Blue Bayou.
I'm going back someday
come what may.
To Blue Bayou.
Where you sleep all day
and the catfish play.
On Blue Bayou.
All those fishing boats.
With their sails afloat.
If I could only see.
That familiar sunrise
through sleepy eyes.
How happy I'd be...
Where the fuck are the boats' ?
Fuck it.
And to be with
some of my friends.
Maybe I'd be happy then.
On Blue Bayou.
I'm going back someday
gonna stay.
On Blue Bayou.
Where the folks are fine.
And the world is mine.
On Blue Bayou.
And that girl of mine.
B)' my side.
The silver moon

and the evening tide.
Oh. Some sweet day.
Gonna take away
this hurtin' inside.
I'll never be blue
my dreams come true.
On Blue Bayou...
Fuck!
Oh, fuck.
Oh, fuck.
Oh, fuck it.
Is that you taking
your wee boy to school?
See he's out of the shops, then.
You Watch yourself, MacPherson.
She's spent the last 40 years
cutting up balls
as Glasgow's biggest killer.
- Where's Dodie'?
- Deid.
Deed?
- Did what?
- Deid.
My Dodie.
Oh. Dodie died.
Fuck.
Forget that, MacPherson.
Chris Porter,
wanted for at least six murders
in the greater Glasgow area.
He had an accomplice,
somebody a bit... older.
You think my Dodie
had something to do with this'?
- Well...
- Fuck off.
Dodie never did a favour
for anybody in his life.
The only murdering he did
was for himself and the family.
He'd do anything for his family.
You've got
to look out for your Mum, eh?
She'd do anything for me.

Anything at all.
Listen, sir,
are you sure about this'?'
Look, the pathologist
didn't say the gender,
just the age.
He kills them,
she takes the body parts
on her coach trips.
Pitlochry,
Fraserburgh, Montrose, Arbroath.
All the prize bingo,
and Fuck-Me-Quick places
these old biddies flock to.
Now, that's where
she posts them from,
you know, giving
the perfect alibi
to her beloved son.
Tell you What,
let's pump this old bag
full of biscuits
and make her fucking squeal.
And danced without a net
upon the wire.
I know a lot about her
'cause. You see.
Baby is an awful lot like me.
We don't cry out loud.
Keep it inside.
Learn how to hide your feelings.
Fly high and proud.
And if you should fall.
Remember you almost had it all.
Baby saw that when they pulled
that big top down...
They left behind her dreams
among the fitter.
And the different kind of love.
She thought she'd found.
Was nothing more than sawdust
and some glitter...
God bless.
Thanks for coming.

God bless, darling.
Thanks for coming.
I hear they found Wullie
all chopped up.
What?
Are you coming
to the fair tonight?
I'm burying my mother.
I don't have time
tae mess about
with the fucking likes of you.
I'm run off my feet at work
with the two of them dead,
so Why don't you just fuck off!
"Two of them dead"?
I thought it was just Wullie.
Shite.
I didnae do it, Charlie.
I thought it was just Wullie.
It was Chris.
The police
are looking for Chris.
It said on the radio.
Well, that's fine.
It was nothing to do
with me, do you hear me'?
I didnae kill Wullie,
I didnae kill Chris,
and don't you go telling
the fucking police
any different, you hear me'?
Okay, Barney, okay.
I won't go to the police.
Fucking dare you.
You fucking bastard!
What'?
I'm sitting here begging you,
and that's all
you can say to me'?
- I didn't!
- You bastard.
Don't you fucking dare!
Don't fucking dare,
you hear me'?

You're a fucking mental bastard.
Mental fucking bastard!
Mental bastard!
Jesus Christ.
Jesus Christ.
Yeah, well, business
is picking up
now you're
a celebrity, Barney, huh'?'
Says here that Chris
might have went
to the Netherlands.
They'll never catch him.
Not a chance.
I'm away for the barbers'
college tomorrow.
Should have a couple
more staff by Monday.
I'll make you head barber.
Oh, right.
Well, thanks, James.
Thanks very much.
Bloody reporters.
No, I'll get it.
Henderson's.
Barney Thomson?
Aye.
Maybe you'd better check on
that body you've dumped.
Who is this'?'
Who... Who is this'?'
Here we go.
Tell me the mother's
name again.
Cemolina.
That's the most
ridiculous name I've ever heard.
She'd been running
a lonely hearts ad.
I checked the P.O. box, right'?'
Several replies.
So that's how the fucker
picked his victims.
Yeah, you were right, sir.

She was the one
posting the limbs
out on the coach tours.
All the dates, they all match.
What mothers will do
for their sons.

Yeah.

Come on.

- Don't lose him.

- Yeah.

Barney Thomson.

I'm arresting you
for the murder
of your colleagues,
Chris Porter
and Wullie Henderson.

And six other men
from the Glasgow area.

Well, it's a wee bit
more complicated than that.

Is this where you dumped
the body of Chris Porter'?

Well, I...

What did you
come back here for'?

The phone call.

The phone call'?

We phoned him.

Holdall.

Great, you're just in time
to watch me make the arrest.

The fuck are you doing here'?

I could ask you
the same question.

We were tipped off
by Thomson's pal,
Charlie Taylor.

Great wee pal you've got
there, by the way.

Fucker.

Just kept tabs
on him, and here we are.

You know, it just
confirmed my belief

that Thomson
was our man all along.
Yeah, bollocks.
I solved this case.
Where the fuck were you'?
Playing with your fanny?
It was a double bluff.
I just wanted to let Thomson
off the hook
so he'd make a mistake,
relax a wee bit,
you know, fuck up'?
'Course you came along
and nearly screwed
the whole thing up.
DI Fuckwit and DS Debbie McGee.
The only reason he's here
is 'cause we tricked him
into checking on the body.
Hey, I'll remember you
when they promote me
to Chief Superintendent.
Maybe We'll let
you and your monkey
do the security
at some third division
football matches.
Be my guest.
What do you want, monkey?
Fucks sake.
Whoa!
Guns. Well, I'm impressed.
Ain't you, MacPherson?
Oh, absolutely, sir.
Arrest this pair of bastards.
Oh, fuck...
What are you doing with guns'?
What are you doing with guns'?
We're on the trail
of a suspected killer.
Of course We've got
fucking guns.
Where did you get yours from'?
I signed them out.

Oh, not without
my authorization.
Excuse me, can I just-
Okay.
Okay...
What form did you sign'?'
Uh, blue D 14.
Ha! You should have used
the new pink D 13!
Well, nobody said anything
to me about a pink D 13.
Oh, well, you obviously
didn't see the red C 24.
Red?
Add "incorrect form filling"
to the list of charges.
This is fucking ridiculous.
We're all supposed to be
on the same side here.
All right, give us the guns,
and I'll forget about
the assault charge.
Yeah? Well, what about
the arrest report?
Did you mention Barney Thomson
to anybody else'?'
No. I just signed the guns out
for personal protection.
Same here.
Didn't want McManaman
telling you our plan.
All right, We'll forget
about the arrest report.
You just be thankful
you're not going
to fucking jail!
Thankful? I gave you
the fucking suspect, you tosser!
Do you know what?
I've fucking changed my mind.
You're so fucking
shafted, Holdall!
Just give me the gun!
I'll give you the fucking gun!

Oh, big man, is it'?

Yeah.

You havenae the fucking balls!

I'll fucking blow
your fucking head off.

Oh!

MacPherson!

This is all your fault.

You're a fucking maniac!

Ah...

Shit!

I didn't mean it!

Fuck you.

You thought all your birthdays
had come at once?

Well, forget it.

You are so fucked.

See, I'm out of this.

You did it.

You know what I am'?

I'm a fucking hero.

I solved the crime.

I brought down
the master criminal.

No. No, no, no.

See, it wasnae me.

I only killed Wullie and Chris.

And they were accidents.

And that's when
I Went to my mum,
and that's when
I found out the truth.

You know, she...

These men,
they answered her ads
in the paper.

Then she shagged them,
then killed them,
and fucking chopped them up,
and I'm the spawn of a monster.

According to the coroner,
the bodies had lain there
approximately one week.

And again. I stress.

The parties concerned
were not on police business.
Do you believe this incident
has anything to do with
the body pans killer'!?
The two cases
are completely unrelated.
Completely.
Chris Porter.
He's our body pans killer.
Just a matter of time
before we track him down.
Is there any truth
that the officers were meeting
"for some kind of
mnage--trois"?

Well...

I mean. We can't be sure
at this juncture.
But it's-it's beginning
to look that way.
All right, who's next'?

"Mnage--trois"?

But there was four of them.
Ayes.
Busy today.
Filled to the gunnels.
Cut it yourself, buddy.
It's true what they say,
there's no such thing
as bad publicity.
Thank you.
Ifs amazing
what a serial killer does
for business.
Good to be alive.
How the fuck
did that happen. eh?
Look at 'em, looking at me.
They're saying.
There's that guy
who got lucky.
"Just missed being offed
by that other barber".

Celebrity for a day
before I go back
to being one of them.
Waiting for the bus.
Staring at a pigeon...
Hiya, Barney.
No chance.
Barney?
Hi, Charlie.
A fresh start, eh'?'
Fresh start.
Thanks, Barney.
I'll tell you who I am.
That top chair is mine now.
I'm in the window,
looking back at all of you.
If you're passing, drop in.
We're busy. Mind.
Everybody wants to spend
a bit of time
with Barney Thomson.
Legend.
What about that?
I feel so bad
I've got a worried mind.
I'm so lonesome all the time.
Since I left my baby behind.
On Blue Bayou...
Saving nickels Saving dimes.
Working till
the sun don't shine.
Looking forward
to happier times.
On Blue Bayou.
I'm going back someday
come what may.
To Blue Bayou.
Where you sleep all day
and the catfish play.
On Blue Bayou...
All those fishing boats.
With their sails afloat.
If I could only see...
For fucks sake.

We're off.
And to be with
some of my friends.
Maybe I'd be happy then.
Oh, fuck it.
What now'?
I'm going to have to
fish it outwith a spoon.
No, the fucking...
I'm so sorry.
You stupid bitch.
Evil bitch.
I'll never be blue
my dreams come true.
On Blue Bayou...