



Scripts.com

# Best Laid Plans

By Chris Green

(Man) Wait! Joseph!

Wait.

(Talking indistinctly)

(Whistles)

Now! Now! Go! Go!

Come on.

(We'll Live and Die in These Towns playing)

(Danny, laughing) Come on.

Come on, hurry up.

Come on, hurry up. Hurry up.

Come on, come on, come on.

Can't you go any faster?

Come on.

Right, let's get this sold  
and I'll get you something to eat.

All right? A nice big bacon sandwich.

- (Joseph) Bacon?

- Come on, hurry up.

Come on, I'll get you something to eat.

Come on. Come on, keep moving.

Come on.

Mobile laundry, Danny?

I don't think that'll catch  
on around here, son.

Curtis, I was just coming to see you.

- Were you?

- Yeah, I've got some money for you.

(Curtis) Back! Back! Go! Go!

# We'll live and die in these towns

# Don't let it drag you down,  
don't let it drag you down now

# Dirty dishes from a TV meal

(Panting)

# Through a smashed up window

# You can't go out  
if anybody calls ya

# You can't have a bath  
when there's no hot water

# And your friends are  
out on the town again

# And you ask yourself  
if it will ever end

(Panting)

# And it's all too much

for your head to take  
# Just a matter of time  
before you break, well  
# We'll live and die,  
we'll live and die in these towns  
# Don't let it drag you down,  
don't let it drag you down now  
Get the little bastard!  
(Shouting)  
# We live and die in these towns  
# Don't let it drag you down,  
don't let it drag you down now  
# Now  
# Now  
Ta.  
# We'll live and die,  
we'll live and die in these towns  
# Don't let it drag you down,  
don't let it drag you down now  
# We'll live and die,  
we'll live and die in these towns  
# Don't let it drag you down,  
don't let it drag you down now #  
Cornered.  
Like the little rat you are.  
Let me make this real simple for you.  
Ten grand or my gear back.  
I haven't got it.  
- The money or the gear?  
- None of it.  
I got ripped off by two scousers!  
- (Curtis) How predictable, Danny.  
- (Danny) It's all right.  
I went to school with one of his sisters,  
I know where he lives.  
- You can get it back.  
- I can get it back?  
I'm ten grand down, and you expect me  
to go to war with some fucker  
to get back what's already mine?  
Marco, strangle him.  
Oh, come on, Curtis, I'll get it back!  
I just need a couple of days. Fuckin' hell!  
Do you know how many washing machines

you're gonna have to nick  
in order to pay me back?  
Slash him.  
Oh, come on, that's a bit strong, innit?  
Please. Come on, Curtis. Please!  
(Joseph) No!  
(Marco) Fuck me!  
Stop!  
Joseph.  
Joseph, come here.  
Joseph!  
- It's OK.  
- (Man groaning)  
I like you, Joe.  
- Joseph!  
- (Shushing)  
Where were we?  
Oh, yeah. I was about to give you  
a second chance, wasn't I?  
(Danny) Come on, you're strong.  
You can do it.  
(Joseph) No.  
- Well, you'll have to, Joseph.  
- Don't want to.  
Curtis will hurt me.  
Won't let him.  
What? Bullet proof now, are we?  
Camper van.  
Yeah. Yeah, I'll get you the camper van  
if you do this for me.  
Always say that.  
No, I promise you this time. I promise you.  
Always say that.  
(Mobile phone ringing)  
Well, that'll be him now.  
Hello?  
All right, Deano lad.  
Tomorrow.  
Yeah, yeah. I can meet you.  
All right.  
All right, see you then. Tarra.  
- Bite!  
- Go on then, bring it in.  
Come on.

- (Laughs)  
- Yeah, all right. Hey!  
(Danny) He won't do it.  
Won't do it?  
I've begged him. I've tried. Honest.  
(Drawer opening)  
Bloody hell, Curtis.  
Is there any need for that?  
Occasionally.  
Two grown men.  
Living in the same house.  
Always together.  
Yeah?  
Are you lovers?  
I look after him, that's all.  
No more.  
That's a shame.  
You make a lovely couple.  
What I'm getting at is you owe me.  
And if you can't pay me back,  
I'm gonna bury you, Danny.  
And I'm going to torture  
that backward man-child of yours  
in front of your eyes before I do.  
His big moon face staring up at you.  
Tears streaming down his big fat cheeks.  
I'm probably gonna have to leave the room  
when it gets too upsetting.  
He's a baby.  
He's stupid, his brain doesn't work proper.  
That's the funny thing  
about this whole situation.  
Because he's the only guy who can save you.  
What are you gonna do?  
What am I gonna do?  
What are you gonna do?  
- I'll have a word with him.  
- You'll have a word with him.  
There you go.  
Sorted.  
(Danny exclaims)  
Like hell.  
I'll have a word with him.  
I'll talk to him. I'll make him do it.

Yeah.

Now get the fuck out of here.

Will you do it?

I do things for you.

Don't want to.

And I don't want to cook  
your fuckin' dinner every night  
and wipe your big fat arse, but I do it.

(Chuckling) No, you don't.

- You ever been to Dublin?

- Mmm-mmm.

Ah, mate, you are gonna love it,  
absolutely love it. It's a wonderful city.  
And those Irish kids are  
mad for the cocaine.

Now you are going to be pulling in  
at least a grand a week.

- A grand a week?

- (Winces cautiously)

To start off with.

Is this legit?

Yeah, of course it is.

Deano, man. You've saved me life!

(Danny) Why me and not you?

(Deano) Because I've got something going on  
here that needs my personal attention.

- Do you know what I mean?

- (Chuckling)

(Shushing)

See, I need somebody I can trust  
to go on over there  
and set the wheels in  
motion for me, all right?

- Well, I'm your man for the job.

- That's what I thought.

Now look.

Here's something to keep you going.

Don't mention this to Curtis, will you?

- You got trouble with him?

- No. No, not at all.

I just... I don't want him to know.

Do you know what I mean?

All right.

I'll make the arrangements.

You make sure you're ready to go  
when I give you the call, all right?  
- Will do, boss.  
- Good man.  
Promise you, I won't let you down.  
All right.  
Joseph. Do you want something to eat?  
(Music playing)  
(Exclaims)  
Do you want a go?  
Yes, please!  
(Children screaming excitedly)  
(Joseph) Danny!  
I'm on, Danny!  
- Look, Danny!  
- Keep hold!  
(Cheering excitedly)  
(Laughing)  
Good job. Go for that...  
Go for that one there.  
You boss-eyed bastard.  
(Joseph) Got it!  
Got it!  
Evening, ladies.  
- Great rack. Did you see her rack!  
- Pardon?  
- I said... I said would you like a drink?  
- We're fine, thanks.  
I never asked how you was feeling, love.  
I asked you if you'd like a drink.  
- And I said we're fine. Thank you.  
- Hey.  
(Exclaims)  
Suit yourself.  
Vodka and tonic, twice.  
Rack 'em up, Joseph. Rack 'em up.  
(Joseph) Rack 'em up.  
Two pints, and two vodka tonics, please.  
What's his problem?  
He's all right.  
He just needs new batteries putting in.  
Two vodka tonics.  
Yeah, that's right.  
Slice of lime?

Go on then.  
If you insist.  
Vodka for them two over there?  
(Danny) The dolly birds, yeah.  
Have you got a problem?  
I won't. As long as you  
keep your knickers on.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Where are you going, girls?  
I got you two drinks here.  
Drown in them, pricks.  
(Danny slurring)  
(Danny) This time next week  
we'll... we'll be in Ireland.  
Fishing the best rivers. Just me and you.  
Me and you.  
(Panting and muttering indistinctly)  
(Joseph) Fishing, Danny!  
Let's go.  
It's too early.  
Why don't you go on your own,  
and I'll meet you there in a bit?  
- Please.  
- Just give me a little bit more sleep, please.  
Well, you go, Joseph. You go on your own.  
Just give me half an hour.  
I'll meet you in half an hour.  
Good lad, that's it. That's a good lad.  
That's a good boy.  
(Talking indistinctly)  
Help me!  
Pack it in now, can't you see she's crying.  
(Laughing)  
(Tina) Go on then, get in.  
(Humming)  
Get in. Go on, get in.  
(All continue laughing)  
Stop!  
Get in! Go on, get in!  
Stop!  
Go!  
(Isabel) Help.  
(Tina) You fucking retards!



(Sobbing)  
(Gasping)  
(Talking indistinctly)  
(Marianne) Isabel?  
(Sighing)  
Where have you been, love?  
Where are your clothes, sweetheart?  
What's happened to your shoes?  
- (Roger) Who are you?  
- (Marianne) What the hell's going on?  
Joseph.  
(Footsteps approaching)  
Shit!  
Where have you been?  
I've been worried sick.  
Are you Danny?  
What's he done?  
Well, from what we can make out,  
- it looks like Joe here...  
- Joseph.  
Joseph.  
Saved a young woman  
from being pushed into a river.  
Did he?  
- Are you a relative?  
- I'm his carer.  
Come on then, superman.  
Spill the beans. Tell me what went on.  
Bullies. Push Isabel.  
Isabel.  
That's a nice name, innit?  
(Danny laughing)  
- Look at the big smile!  
- Stop it.  
(In sing-song) Joey and Izzy, up a tree.  
- K-I... K-I...  
- Stop it.  
Joey and Izzy, up a tree.  
K-I-S-S-I-N-G.  
Joseph.  
I'm gonna go meet Deano,  
get the tickets for Ireland.  
- You wait here.  
- Um...

No, it's all right. You'll be fine.  
Just stay here. Just wait here.  
Because if Curtis sees us  
carrying this lot, we're fucked.  
Please just stay here. Just stay here.  
(Door closing)  
- All yours, love.  
- I'm just waiting for someone.  
Listen, the other night, in the boozier,  
I'm sorry about that.  
It's all right. I'm used to it. We all are.  
What's your name?  
- Lisa.  
- Lisa?  
Why?  
That was me mum's name.  
Have you got a number, Lisa?  
Yeah.  
It's in there, dickhead.  
(Vehicle honking)  
- There you go, kid.  
- Thanks, man.  
There's only one ticket.  
- Yeah.  
- Where's Joseph's?  
Are you taking the Michael outta me?  
You think I'd let that jolly black giant  
loose over there?  
Hey?  
No. No. I never said  
that Joseph was part of the plan.  
Yeah, and you never said he wasn't.  
I don't fuckin' believe this.  
Oi! Language.  
Look, are you in or are you out?  
But a bit of bulk always comes in handy...  
Are you in  
or are you out?  
I can't leave him here.  
They'll fuckin' kill him if I leave him here.  
You dickhead!  
Oi! You wanna watch who you're talking to.  
Curtis put you up to this, didn't he?  
- He did, didn't he?

- You wanna calm down, Daniel.  
Don't fuckin' tell me to calm down...  
(Groans)  
I said calm down, didn't I?  
(Door opening)  
(Door closing)  
We're not going anywhere.  
Curtis was waiting for me.  
I screamed for help, but no one would come.  
Said if you don't do it  
he's gonna break me legs.  
Look.  
Won't let him.  
- (Danny) What is this place?  
- (Curtis) It's gonna be a hotel.  
Cinema. First class bars. A gym.  
My place at the top,  
so I can keep an eye on the fuckers.  
(Danny) What are they doing?  
(Curtis) It's none of your business.  
Can I get an advance, Curtis?  
How do you get an advance on a debt?  
I need money,  
for me and Joseph.  
You can take, Danny.  
But at some point  
you're gonna have to pay it back.  
As long as you remember that.  
Ta.  
Beat it.  
(Drilling machines whirring)  
It'll be all right.  
Joseph?  
It'll be all right. I promise.  
(Crowd cheering)  
(Shuddering)  
Danny! (Groans)  
- (Man) Come on!  
- Danny!  
Keep your hands up! Keep your hands up!  
Danny! (Groaning)  
Keep your hands up!  
Hands up! Keep your fuckin' hands up!  
Fuckin' hit him!

Joseph! Joseph, fuckin' hit him!  
Now! Hit him now!  
Fuckin' hit him! Fuckin' hit him!  
Fuckin' hit him, Joseph!  
Hit him now!  
Joseph, fuckin' hit him!  
Come on! Fuckin' hit him!  
- Fight!  
- (Danny) Fuckin' hit him!  
Hit him!  
(Grunts)  
(Gasping)  
(Sobbing) I want to go home, Danny.  
- We'll go...  
- I want to go home.  
I want to go home, Danny.  
Yeah, we'll go home. We're gonna go home.  
- We're gonna go home.  
- Is it finished?  
Don't leave me!  
(Shuddering) Danny!  
You see this?  
This fight has just been  
shown in the far east.  
Asia. Australia.  
Look at the time.  
Fifty-five seconds.  
It's like premature ejaculation.  
Briefly satisfying,  
but ultimately it's embarrassing.  
What the fuck are you talking about?  
I'm talking about value for money.  
Fifty-five seconds?  
Teach him to play the game.  
The only game he knows  
is fuckin' hide-and-seek.  
We're talking pounds per minute here.  
So either the fights last longer  
or he has to have more fights.  
OK? Understand?  
Do you understand that?  
- Yeah.  
- Great.  
Joseph, this isn't our stop, right.

But you stay here.  
You stay here and go straight home, OK?  
Go straight home.  
See you later.  
(Slurring) I hope you've got  
something better lined up for us  
when we get there.  
Because I've had enough of this shit.  
I want... 73 virgins.  
All lined up for me when I get there.  
Fuck that, I'm not worth it.  
I'll have 37 whores instead.  
I want a garden, with a  
river running through  
so me and Joseph can go fishing  
whenever we want.  
And I want a well.  
With lager.  
I want my own coca plants,  
so I can grow my own gear.  
It'll be pure as snow.  
I'm not meek.  
I don't want to inherit fuck all.  
I just want a happy ending.  
Especially for Joseph.  
(Shouting) Because you fucked his life up,  
didn't you?  
And mine.  
Give us a sign, will you?  
Give us a fucking sign!  
I'll give you a smack in the mouth  
if you don't shut the fuck up.  
Sorry, love.  
Sorry.  
(Toilet flushing)  
(Sprays)  
(Joseph sprays)  
What are you doing?  
Nothing.  
(Stutters)  
(Laughing)  
(Exclaiming)  
How's Joseph?  
- He's all right.

- I saw him Tuesday.  
Lucky you.  
Went past here in his socks.  
(Exclaims excitedly)  
(Man) One careful lady owner.  
Got a brand new engine in it.  
Paint job. Complete refurb.  
It's lovely, isn't it?  
What are you doing? What's wrong with you?  
(Joseph) Please! Please! Please!  
(Isabel laughing)  
- Put me down, Joseph!  
- Please!  
Joseph, put me down!  
Joseph, behave yourself.  
Wait. Wait. Wait. Wait. Be careful.  
Buy. Buy.  
- All right, mate?  
- All right, mate.  
It's got a brand new engine in it.  
Complete refurb. Paint job. The lot.  
It's got everything.  
There's no price on it.  
Yeah, well, that's because  
it's priceless, innit?  
Why are you fuckin' selling it then?  
Well, make me an offer.  
How about you make your fuckin' mind up?  
(Isabel and Joseph chuckling)  
I think your friends like it.  
They like anything.  
If I had the money, I'd buy it.  
(Sighs softly)  
Family day out?  
Lovely.  
I don't want her sapping his strength.  
I need him at his best for this next fight.  
Come on, Curtis.  
He's only just got over the last one.  
Protein, lots of it.  
Get some fish into him.  
Saturday night. Don't be late.  
All right?  
How many?

Remember. Keep your hands up.

- Keep your hands up, yeah?

- How many?

How many fights does he gotta have?

I need to know.

Well, he... He needs to know.

Until your debt is paid.

- Tell him three.

- Three?

No. Four.

It was three

until you started adding to your debt.

(People laughing)

(Talking indistinctly)

(Danny) I need another sub.

(Scoffs)

(Cork popping)

Oh! Charming. Glad you could make it.

Very impressive little setup

you got here, Curtis.

Or at least it will be when it's finished.

(Exhaling)

(People talking indistinctly)

(Crowd booing)

Keep your hands up, all right?

As soon as you get in here

keep your hands up.

- What are you gonna do?

- Keep my hands up.

What are you gonna do? Keep your hands up.

- Let me see them.

- Keep my hands up.

That's it, keep them up now. Come on.

- Hey, do you want your little...

- Fuck off!

- (Crowd shouting)

- Keep your hands up.

- Keep your hands up.

- Remember what I just told you!

Keep your hands up!

- Come here.

- That's it, good lad! Keep them up!

No biting, no gouging,

- and no...

- (Grunting)  
Fuckin' bastard! What's that?  
Joseph, keep your hands up!  
Keep your hands up!  
Stop! Stop it! Stop!  
- Keep your hands up!  
- Come on!  
What's he doing?  
- Danny!  
- Keep your hands up!  
Joseph, keep your hands up!  
Joseph, keep your fuckin' hands up!  
(Laughing)  
(Joseph groaning)  
Fuck off!  
(Screaming)  
(Groaning)  
(Joseph) No!  
Danny!  
Now! Now!  
Hit him! Hit him!  
Fuckin' hit him! Hit him now!  
Fuckin' hit him! Hit him! Fuckin' hit him!  
Go on, hit him!  
Hit him! Hit him!  
Fuckin' hit him! Hit him!  
(Danny continues shouting)  
Hit him!  
It's all right. It's all right. It's OK.  
- Oh, Danny.  
- Yeah. It's finished now.  
It's finished now. You've done it.  
I'll get you something to eat.  
Well done there, Curtis.  
(Men chanting for Joseph)  
Back in a second.  
- No!  
- We'll get out of here now.  
- I'll get you some fish and chips, yeah?  
- Don't go.  
Danny.  
You were right, weren't you?  
A bit of bulk does come in handy.  
(Joseph sobbing)



(Joseph) Isabel.

Want Isabel.

OK. OK. A little later.

- Now, Danny.

- Yeah.

- (Man) Oi, oi.

- Fuckin' hell!

You frightened the life out of me.

Sorted.

No. It's 120 for an eighth.

Fuckin' hell.

Here you are.

Happy Christmas.

(Closes door)

This'll take the pain away.

Money.

Do you want a beer?

(Bad Boy in Dirty Jeans playing)

# This isn't vanity

# It's just a general

interest in myself

# This isn't jealousy

# I just don't want to see you

with nobody else

# It seems the birds and bees

# Don't have the answer here

# Installs a sense of fear

# She should know by now #

- Now?

- No, it's too late, man.

Isabel now?

**It's 12:**

We'll go tomorrow.

- You promised.

- We're having a party.

Fucking quilt.

Have another beer.

- Promised.

- Tomorrow. We'll go tomorrow.

Come on, get that down you. Go on.

Yeah, just one more. After one more,

you'll be OK.

(Laughs)

You look like you've pissed yourself.

- Didn't.

- Fuckin' hell.

Where you going?

- Where you going?

- I'm having a shit!

Shit.

(Mobile phone ringing)

Hello?

Come on, baby.

Don't be shy.

(Snoring)

(Song ends)

(Both exclaiming)

(Isabel laughing)

(Joseph) No. It's not funny.

- Catch another one.

- What's all the fucking noise?

Hello, Danny.

All them yours?

Mine and Isabel's.

(Both chuckling)

Shit.

"Shit."

(Both giggling)

Shite!

(Both giggling)

(Joseph) Plop.

Poo!

Crap!

(Isabel) Cack!

(Both giggling)

Dung!

Turd!

(Joseph blows raspberry)

(Both laughing)

Funny one.

(Knocking at door)

Fuck off.

(Knocking continues)

Just put it under the door.

(Knocking continues)

Fuck off!

Sorry about that.

You just caught me at a bad time.  
You get a lot of weirdoes around here.  
Thank you.  
(Marianne) It must be difficult for you.  
Looking after Joseph.  
It has its moments.  
- Biscuit?  
- Oh, not for me, thank you.  
Uh... No, thanks.  
Isabel and Joseph seem  
to be hitting it off.  
- And you want to put a stop to that?  
- No. No. On the contrary.  
The fact of the matter is  
we're not getting any younger.  
We're not always going to be there  
for Isabel and...  
Our biggest concern is that they might  
attract the wrong kind of attention.  
Given that they're both...  
What is wrong with her,  
if you don't mind me asking?  
When Isabel was born, there were  
complications with her oxygen supply.  
She suffered slight brain damage.  
Look, it's early days,  
but we want to make sure that  
their time together is something special.  
Precious.  
(Isabel chuckles)  
(Joseph stutters hesitantly)  
(Exclaiming softly)  
(Both laughing)  
(Spin playing)  
(Coughs)  
# Let me paint this picture  
# Hidden deep inside your brain  
# Let me paint this picture  
# And I'll help you pick your fate  
(Phone ringing)  
(Lisa) Hi.  
# Head keeps spinnin',  
my head keeps spinnin'  
# Head keeps spinnin' #

(Knock at door)

(Coughs)

- All right.

- Hiya.

Do you want to come in?

Unless you wanna do it on the doorstep.

- Do you want a drink?

- No, I'm all right. Thanks.

- Beer?

- No. I'm fine. I'm fine. Yeah.

- Do you mind if I have one?

- No, go for it.

(Opens can)

Nice place.

- Oh, fuck off.

- It's all right, yeah.

It's a bit different, eh?

- I love these old buildings.

- We're expanding, you see.

Oh, I see, yeah. Yeah.

That fella's coming from, what is it,  
that Channel 4 thing.

- Yeah, yeah. I know. I know.

- You know what I mean.

The posh fella on Channel 4.

So you got a grand scheme for this.

Grand Designs, that's it.

He's been round here.

We're just in the process  
of getting it all finished now.

So, where's the bedroom?

Just through there.

(Joseph and Isabel talking)

(Joseph groaning)

Joseph.

(Both gasp softly)

(Danny moans softly)

Sorry about that.

(Plucks condom)

Do you want a line of Charlie?

Yeah. Go on then.

I love that film.

(Imitating Al Pacino)

"Say hello to my little friend."

I thought I just did.  
You up for havin' another go?  
- Don't take the piss.  
- I'm only saying.  
- Time is money.  
- Yeah, and I'm paying you, aren't I?  
I think he's dead, love.  
- Behave yourself, will you?  
- Or what?  
Little dick.  
(Lisa moaning softly)  
(Danny grunting)  
(Lisa moaning)  
Come on. You like that?  
Yeah. Yeah, you bitch.  
Come on, you bitch! Yeah, you bitch!  
Come on, you bitch.  
Yeah. Yeah, you bitch.  
Come on, you bitch. Come on.  
You like that? Yeah. Yeah, you bitch.  
Yeah, you bitch. Yeah, you bitch!  
- Go ahead. Go ahead.  
- Jesus fuckin' Christ!  
Joseph! Joseph, get out!  
Joseph go away, get out of it. Move!  
- What the fuck was that about?  
- It's all right, it's all right.  
Joseph! Joseph!  
Joseph.  
How many fish did you catch, Joseph?  
- Seven.  
- Seven? Wow!  
That's loads, innit? Loads of fish.  
Joseph's been fishing, Lisa. This is Lisa.  
She's my girlfriend.  
Can I borrow a few quid for a taxi?  
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, sure. Yeah.  
Yeah, definitely.  
Yeah. Here you go.  
Thanks. All right.  
Right. Well, nice to see you again.  
Yeah, you too.  
Bye.  
(Danny) Take care.

Right, see you later. I'll give you a ring.

- (Lisa) Bye.

- (Danny) Ta-ta.

(Door closes)

(Danny) He's asleep.

- Joseph.

- No, don't wake him.

(Joseph snoring)

- Do you want a cup of tea?

- Uh, we're not stopping.

We just came to ask if you and Joseph  
would like to come for dinner?

Dinner?

I'll have to check me diary.

What are you doin'?

There.

- (Marianne) Has Joseph had an accident?

- What?

Yeah. Yeah, he bumped himself.

How?

- Has he been to the hospital?

- He doesn't like hospitals.

- (Marianne) Did you do it?

- Eh?

- We're concerned for him.

- Concerned?

You don't even know him.

Look, love, I take good care of Joseph,  
and I don't get a penny for it,  
you know, from anyone!

No carers allowance, no social services.

Nothing!

Maybe I could help you  
apply for carers allowance.

I had a dream.

What about?

Camper van.

- Don't like shopping.

- Well, neither do I.

But I'm not having you turn up to  
their house looking like a tramp.

- (Joseph) Do you love her?

- Who?

- Lisa.

- No.

Why?

Because I don't even hardly know her.

Love Isabel.

Going to marry her.

Two mongs don't make a right.

(Danny) Joseph?

You look fantastic.

Handsome.

You look good.

Don't like tie.

(Doorbell ringing)

- Hello.

- Evening, Roger.

Come in.

(Roger) Joseph.

- (Door closing)

- Go through.

- Are you OK?

- Fine, thanks, love.

- Can I go in your toilet, please?

- Yeah, yeah. It's upstairs on the left.

(Danny) What do you do, Roger?

I'm a chartered accountant.

And... How about you, Marianne?

Oh, I'm a full-time carer for Isabel.

I used to be a social worker.

- Social worker?

- Hmm.

Now it makes sense.

Meaning?

Oh, just... You know...

You said you'll help me

claim some money for looking after Joseph.

Maybe another time.

When I'm sober?

(Clears throat)

- How's the fishing at this time of year?

- It's great.

Nothing I like better

than getting my rod out.

- Can I use your bathroom again, please?

- Yeah.

Hmm.

(Coughs)  
(Danny, softly) Fuck!  
(Clears throat)  
OK, Danny, it's time for you to leave.  
I haven't finished my soup yet.  
It's a good job  
that Joseph can look after himself.  
What sort of role model are you?  
- Come on. I'll show you out.  
- All right!  
It's the same fuckin' way  
I came in, isn't it?  
All right. We know where we're not wanted,  
where we don't fit in.  
Come on. Let's go, Joseph.  
Joseph, come on, lad.  
Can he stay?  
(Danny) Yeah, he can stay.  
He can stay here forever for all I care.  
Look at you.  
It's like two peas in a fuckin' pod!  
Don't you ever touch me again!  
(Door opening)  
(Door closing)  
(Sobbing)  
(Door opening)  
(Door closing)  
Have a nice time, did you? Eh?  
Go on, get to bed.  
Remember, you've got a big day tomorrow.  
(Door closing)  
(Softly) I'm sorry.  
You... I'm sorry.  
(Crowd cheering)  
(Crowd urging)  
- (Grunts)  
- (Groans)  
Come on!  
(Grunting)  
(Panting)  
(Crowd) Joseph! Joseph! Joseph! Joseph!  
(Sobbing)  
The beast.  
It cries.



(Danny inhales sharply)  
(Coughs)  
Fuckin' hell, Joseph.  
Want money.  
OK.  
More.  
Guess who.  
(Laughing) Isabel!  
(Screaming)  
(Laughing)  
- For me?  
- Yeah.  
They're beautiful.  
So are you.  
(Isabel giggling)  
(Moaning)  
Yeah, you bitch! Yeah, you bitch!  
Getting the hang of this, aren't you?  
(Moaning)  
Kiss me. Kiss me.  
I don't do kissing.  
Kiss me.  
I'll give you more money.  
Fuck off.  
I need to go.  
What's the rush?  
We've got the place to ourselves.  
- We're not sweethearts.  
- Stay.  
(Isabel moans softly)  
That's nice.  
(Both moaning softly)  
Yeah, bitch!  
- Yeah.  
- Joseph, no! Stop! No! No!  
Joseph, no! Stop, Joseph!  
Joseph, no!  
Joseph, no, no, no, no! Joseph, stop!  
(Exclaiming)  
(Clattering)  
No.  
- Joseph?  
- No.  
No.

Joseph.

I'll kill him. I'll fucking kill him.

I'll murder him.

I will, I'll fucking kill him.

- Is she all right?

- Her wrists are bruised, but...

Apart from that, she's OK.

I never thought he'd do anything like this.

Honestly. I never.

Are you going to phone the police?

No.

No?

Isabel tells me

that Joseph didn't really mean to hurt her.

I think they just got a bit carried away.

Perhaps, they need to be chaperoned.

I hope you're not includin' me

in this chaperone plan.

- I think we all have a responsibility.

- Yeah. To put a stop to it, we do.

I just want what's best for her.

Setting your sights pretty low, aren't you?

We're not gonna be around forever,

and by the look of it, you're not either.

In time, they could live without us.

With the right support.

(Panting)

(Sobbing)

(Water lapping)

(Knock at door)

Knickers and keys.

- Eh?

- Well, you can keep the knickers,

but I really need the keys.

Come on in.

Come in.

(Keys jingling)

(Danny) I can't find your knickers.

You sure about that?

Honest.

I can't find 'em.

Cheers.

Listen.

Do you

fancy going for a drink or something  
sometime?

Why?

Because I remind you of your mother?

(Chuckles)

(Danny, chuckles) No.

Not at all.

Hi, Joseph.

He's not been too well,  
he's a bit under the weather.

Come on, man, get it. Come in.

- I'll... I'll have to see to him anyway.

- Yeah. Yeah.

All right. All right, thanks.

- Look, I'll give you a call or something.

- OK.

- Cool.

- All right, love.

(Danny and Lisa talking indistinctly)

- (Danny) Good night. All right. Take care.

- Bye.

You've really fucked up now, haven't you?

I've had her dad round  
here all fuckin' night.

Going on about what you've done  
to his daughter!

Didn't mean it.

Well, the good news is  
you're not going to go to prison.

Joseph say sorry.

That's the bad news,  
you can't go anywhere near Isabel.

She told the police to tell you  
to stay away from her.

- (Sobbing)

- All right, so you can't go near her.

- I'll say sorry.

- Joseph, do you want to go to prison?

- (Sternly) Eh?

- No.

Well, you have to stay away from Isabel.

Do you understand?

Yeah.

OK.

(Sobbing)  
(Men talking indistinctly)  
(Curtis) I don't have a fighter,  
that's the fuckin' problem.  
O'Malley should've been here an hour ago.  
I don't care where he is, just find him.  
Now!  
Do we have a problem?  
What about that cage fighter boy?  
What's his name, Luke something...  
He's in a body cast.  
He's in a body cast?  
Fuck!  
We have a replacement.  
(Dog barking)  
(Danny) Are you fucking serious?  
He's not fighting a fuckin' dog, Curtis!  
- Huh?  
- He's not fighting a fuckin' dog!  
You know what? You're becoming a pest.  
- Get him out of here.  
- Oh, fuck off!  
(Clamouring)  
Joseph, don't you get in that fuckin' ring!  
Don't you dare get in that fuckin' ring!  
Fuck off, Curtis. You're fuckin' mental!  
Joseph, don't you get in that fuckin' ring!  
Fuck off!  
(Curtis) O'Malley, where the fuck  
have you been?  
You'll fuckin' kill him, man!  
(Dogs barking)  
(Curtis) Let the people decide  
what's it to be.  
Mr O'Malley, King of the Gypsies.  
Or the little puppy dog?  
(Crowd) Dog!  
(Danny) Fuck off, you pair of twats!  
(Shouting)  
Open the fuckin' door!  
(Dog barking)  
(Crowd clamouring)  
Joseph! Joseph!  
It's OK. It's OK.

Joseph, it's OK. It's me.  
It's Danny. It's Danny.  
Hit him, Joseph. Joseph, hit him!  
(Groans)  
Hit him, Joseph! Hit him!  
- That's enough!  
- Back off!  
Right, fuckin' hit him! You gotta hit him!  
(Sobbing) Isabel.  
She'll be OK. You've gotta hit him!  
Hit him, and we'll go see Isabel.  
Please, I promise you we'll go and see her.  
Fuckin' hit him now!  
Fucking hit him!  
(Crowd cheering)  
(Groaning)  
Stop, Joseph! Stop!  
Stop! Stop it!  
- Stop, Joseph!  
- No more...  
(Danny) No more! No more!  
(Crowd chanting for Joseph)  
No more. We're gonna go home.  
No more. No more. No fuckin' more!  
I still think the dog  
would have been a better match.  
(Danny) I've got to get him home, Curtis.  
All in good time, Danny.  
Just tell me what you want, will you?  
I want to talk about Joe's next fight.  
There isn't going to be a next one.  
I promised him four fights and that's it.  
No fuckin' more, Curtis.  
I wouldn't have thought maths  
was Joe's strong point. Would you?  
You know a Chapman, right?  
Deano?  
Yeah. I know him.  
Weasely little bastard!  
But the guys that he works for,  
they want to take over my patch.  
So they suggested a bet.  
There's a lot at stake here.  
Winner takes all.

And I intend that to be me.  
You've bet all this on a fight?  
You'll never have to run again, Danny.  
Oh, fuckin' hell.  
We have a deal, Danny?  
You promise me, Curtis.  
Just one more fight.  
All right.  
Yeah.  
The money will be safer with me, for now.  
Huh?  
Cheers.  
(Grunting)  
(Deano exclaims)  
All right, enough! Enough!  
Fuck off, you cunt! Fuck off!  
(Deano) Think he's fuckin'  
done with that one.  
Come on, he's killing him.  
- Let's see you out, son.  
- (Deano) What do you think?  
We're in awe. Aren't we, Danny?  
(Panting)  
He's a machine.  
Yeah. Yeah, he is. Yeah.  
But we think our boy can take him.  
(Mumbles)  
What the fuck are you doing?  
(Mirror cracking)  
(Sobbing)  
- Come on, hurry up. Get in.  
- Where we going?  
I don't know yet. Just get in.  
- Where we going?  
- I don't know. I've no idea.  
Just go pack a bag.  
Go and get your stuff together.  
Get your stuff together. Go on.  
Put all your stuff in a bag.  
Get everything together.  
Don't worry about it,  
just get everything together.  
Bag.  
Shit!

Right, stay there. Stay there, don't move.  
Sit down. Get all your stuff, stay there.  
Don't move. Right, don't you dare move.  
You stay here. Don't move. Stay there.  
What are you doing here?  
You have any idea what time it is?  
What do you want?  
- I came to see Joseph.  
- He's not here.  
He's gone away. Far, far away.  
I don't understand.  
Well, you wouldn't, would you?  
Well, come on. It's just the way it is.  
Let's get you home.  
No.  
What you doin'?  
He's coming back though.  
- When?  
- Tomorrow.  
He'll be back tomorrow.  
- Promise?  
- Yeah. I promise you, love.  
Thank you, Danny.  
You've cut your head.  
Right.  
- Thanks for this, love.  
- No problem.  
(Lisa) Hi, Joseph. You all right?  
What happened to your face?  
Did you do these?  
Yeah.  
Good.  
Thanks.  
Here you are, look. Nice big bed.  
Come here.  
Sit down.  
Lemme help you.  
Let's get those legs up. Here you go.  
(Groaning softly)  
(Danny) See you in the morning.  
You get some sleep. Good night.  
- What?  
- Nothing.  
(Lisa) How did you two meet?

Met him at a halfway house.  
I'd just got out of the nick and that.  
I was trying to get my head together.  
(Exclaims) Horrible place.  
It was worse than prison.  
All sorts was going on in there.  
I heard these screams now and again, but...  
I'd just lie there. Keep meself to meself.  
You never think it's gonna happen to you.  
And then...  
Then I woke up...  
And there was  
these three big bastards on top of me.  
And what they did...  
I screamed.  
I really fuckin' screamed.  
And everyone just lied there on their beds,  
pretending it wasn't happening.  
Same thing that I did.  
And then all of a sudden he was there.  
This big, black angel.  
He saved me.  
(Sobbing) He's been there ever since.  
Why don't you come with us?  
Go on the run with two nutters.  
Campin' in a house and  
going fishin' all day?  
Yeah.  
OK.  
- Oh, fuck off!  
- No, I'm serious.  
You'll need transport.  
You really wanna come with us?  
Listen, Danny,  
I've spent the last 10 years of my life  
opening my legs to fat old drunks,  
and seedy, inadequate fuck-ups  
but all that time  
I was dreaming of something better.  
And running away with me is better?  
Well, let's face it.  
I'm no Picasso.  
Am I?  
- What are you doing?



- You'll see.  
How much is there?  
You've been busy, haven't you?  
(Chuckles)  
(Pigeons cooing)  
(Man talking over radio)  
All right. I won't be long.  
- You'll be careful, won't you?  
- Mmm. Yeah.  
I'll get us a car, then I'll nip back to  
the flat and pick up our fishing gear.  
No, you'll get the car,  
you'll come straight back here.  
Oh, he'd kill us  
if we left without his fishing gear.  
See you in a bit.  
(Door opens and closes)  
(Engine starting)  
(Man on TV) Santa Claus.  
Yeah.  
Wow!  
(Groans softly)  
You'll need to bring your own bait, lads.  
- You twat.  
- (Groans)  
(Synthesised Jingle Bells playing on TV)  
(Groans)  
(Softly) Fucking hell.  
(Spitting)  
Where's Joe?  
I don't know.  
Danny, tell him.  
Make it easy on yourself.  
(Curtis) Where is he?  
I don't know.  
What are you doing, Joseph?  
Going home.  
Yeah, but...  
Danny said we should stay here.  
Shit!  
(Grunting)  
(Gasping)  
End it, Danny.  
Where is he?

He's here, he's there,  
he's every fuckin' where.

(Coughing)

(Screams)

Danny boy, you really want to go this way?

- I don't give a fuck any more.

- Don't you?

- Where is he, Danny?

- I don't know!

Fucking tell me!

(Exclaims softly)

Oh, shit!

(Sobbing)

(Groans)

(Grunting)

(Curtis) Tell me!

(Danny groaning)

Where is he, Danny? Just tell me.

Tell me.

Danny.

(Whistles) Hey, he's here.

What an entrance.

Joseph.

Danny.

(Grunting)

Game on, Deano. Game on.

(Gasping)

(Danny) No, Joseph. No. Stop it.

Stop it!

No, Joseph! No!

No!

(Sobbing)

Danny.

Danny.

To the victor, the spoils.

I told you my man would take him, didn't I?

You've got what you wanted. Now let us go.

Danny boy, you can leave any time you want.

It's Joe that I'm interested in.

It's OK, Danny. It's OK.

My name is Joseph.

- Joseph, no!

- (Gunshot)

Come on, Danny.

Merry Christmas.  
Oh, my God!  
It's OK, Danny.  
Danny?  
Danny?  
Shit!  
- We need to get you to a hospital.  
- Don't like hospitals.  
Look at the fucking state of him!  
Drive... Drive.  
Go, please.  
Lisa.  
- Lisa...  
- It's all right, Danny. It's all right.  
Lisa, go back to the flat.  
- What?  
- Go back to the flat.  
Please.  
Please go back to the flat.  
Yeah, OK, Danny. OK.  
It's OK, Danny.  
Don't cry.  
Danny, don't cry. Don't cry.  
Told you I get you the camper.  
We got camper van now.  
Who's that?  
Thank you, Danny.  
(Gulls cawing)  
(Ship horn blaring)  
(Women laughing)  
(Talking indistinctly)  
Wow!  
- Fishing.  
- Fishing.  
- Fishing.  
- (Lisa) Too cold.  
Fishing.  
(Joseph) Wow!  
Fishing, Danny.  
Look.  
(Isabel laughing)  
(Joseph shouting playfully)  
Fishing!  
Come on. Silly.

I've got you.

(Isabel screams)

- How you doing, love?

- I'm OK.

- You warm enough?

- Yeah.

- Do you want another blanket?

- No, I'm OK.

I made you some tea.

Thank you.

I'll just put it down there, yeah.

(Lisa and Danny chuckle)

Should I call them in for their tea?

No.

Nice.

You want to look after the kids?

(Laughs)

I love you.

(Lisa sighs dismissively)

- Don't get me going.

- Stop it, you prick.

Dickhead.

(Exclaims softly)

Come here.

(Both laughing)

Right, you two, I made you some tea.

(Lisa) Time for tea.

Tea time! Me, please!

Don't throw anything at me, though, please.

Don't throw anything at me.

- Tea! Tea!

- No. No. No! Don't throw anything at me!

- Tea!

- Hey! Enough of that.

(All laughing)

(Joseph) Danny!

Danny, help me!

(All three screaming)

Danny! Help me!

(Best Laid Plans playing)

# We get high the best we can

# Blow our minds any

which way we can

# Dead or alive

# No one gives a damn  
# Mmm-hmm  
# The best laid plans  
of mice and men  
# Pick us up and knock us down again  
# Are we lovers?  
# No, we're just friends  
# Just need a little  
# A little piece of paradise  
# Just a little piece of paradise  
# Yeah, just a tiny  
piece of paradise  
# Just need a little bit  
# Instead of all this usual shit  
# We're stuck in the gutter,  
starin' at the moon  
# Lost in the dark,  
embittered by the gloom  
# I call out your name  
# But I can't hear you  
# The best laid plans  
I guess you'll find  
# Our hopes and dreams  
that drive you out of your mind  
# The past is yours  
# Mmm, the future is mine  
# Just need a little  
# A little piece of paradise  
# Just a little piece of paradise  
# Just a tiny piece of paradise  
# Just need a little bit  
# Instead of all this usual shit  
# Yeah, yeah  
(Vocalising)  
# Just need a little  
# A little piece of paradise  
# Just a little piece of paradise  
# Just a tiny piece of paradise  
# Just a little piece of paradise #