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Letters from the Big Man

By Christopher Munch

This film contains strong language
and prolonged violent scenes.
Right. Eh... my wife and I...
My wife and I would like
to thank you all -
my parents, who feel
they're not so much losing a son
as losing a liability.

APPLAUSE:

If we'd been a tribe
of Cherokee Indians,
well, with names like
Running Bear and Running Water,
the only name for me would
have been Running Sore.

APPLAUSE:

But anyway, my wife and I...
CLANGING GLASSES AND APPLAUSE
Come on! Hey, hey, hey!
Yes, we've got it.
We've got it. Thank you, son.
Over here through midfield.
Yes! And Mrs Scoular...
Yeah! And again!
I've got it.
Scoular gets the ball.
He turns. He shoots!
Yeah!
Put me down!
Bastards!
..up the hill on the left.
Where? Up that way?
There's another way up there?
OK. See you.
Are yous back already?
Oh, caught me at it. I cannae stop
myself! It's a compulsion.
How's that?
Good.
That's fine.
Driving a delivery van. Jesus.
It's a job.

Look, it's only an interview.
Right. Done the washing
and the ironing and the cleaning
and the tidying, scrubbed the floors
and reslated the roof.
Thank you.
And the bin's out for the bin men,
removed the wisdom tooth -
the one at the back.
Slashed my wrists - twice.
And now I've just got to drop off
the Christmas Club money at Wally's.
Back before closing time?
Aye, before closing time. Are you
really going to get a job, Dad?
Wait and see, pet.
Will it be far away?
Maybe. Who's going to play
football with me, then?
I am! Come on. Where's the ball?
Last out's a big jessie!
Yes!
Yeah! Yeah, all right!
Who's in goals?
I am, I suppose. You're still wearing
your best shoes! Come on, then!
Danny! We need
a new as centre-forward.
Go on, Danny. Kids, come on, then.
Go in and change.
You ready? Born ready.
Good evening, gentlemen.
I hope you're both alcoholics.
Gin and tonic, pint of heavy.
OK, boy. OK.
Good evening, Wally. Hi, Danny.
It's not a bad night.
Aye, it's not bad.
That's what I'm saying, Alan.
Alan, if Thornbank was worth
fighting for during the strike,
it's worth fighting for now.
The struggle goes on.
Hi, lads. Hi, Danny.

Do you understand what
I'm saying here, Alan?
Sam, lads.
I'm just an ordinary barman, Vince.
My thanks to you as an
astute political activist.
You all right, Danny? Vince.
Coal miners in the eastern bloc
are asking why we lost the strike.
Look, the great British
miners' strike of 1984.
Want to know what we did right,
what we did wrong. We got beat.
That's a hard enough lesson to
learn. That's what I'm saying, Sam.
This country knows how to shelve
democracy as well as the next.
Next time we crack their skulls
before they crack ours.
Tell that to the scabs.
Frankie! Alan, a pint
of heavy for my big pal here.
Are you feeling all right, Frankie?
Nae problem, Danny.
I just got back from New York,
as it happens. Your mother said.
A wee bit of business -
flight paid for. Yourself?
Interview for a job tomorrow -
van driver.
Van driver!
Beth wants me to go.
Give me a minute, will you, Dan?
Bursting.
Hey, Danny, here's your paper.
Saved you one.
Vince, you talk a lot of shite.
So that's your man?
That's him, Mr Mason,
a man of principle - the best.
Mmm. Seems a bit lost in himself.
Wouldn't you be - ten months
on strike, six months in jail?
Jail? For what?

Grievous bodily harm.
He hit a policeman in the head.
Where's the grief in that, eh?
But he's blacklisted now.
He's a marked man.
Even if the mine was to open
tomorrow, he wouldn't get a job.
I tell you, Mr Mason, he's all yours.
What makes you so sure?
Money.
His wife supports him.
So what makes him stay
in this shite hole?
Well, this place is all he's got.
People here remember who he was.
A loser. Oh, no, Mr Mason - one
thing about Danny Scoular - he only
fights for what he believes in.
He'll not back down.
The big man,
proud in victory, glorious in defeat.
Mmm. Not so glorious now, eh?
We were fighting for a better future.
I think we should
feel good about that.
A pint of heavy.
We have to keep thinking.
We have to show those
gangster politicians that we will NO bend over and have our arses kicked.
You talk shit!
I've got my opinions, pal.
I said shut up.
Open your mouth again,
I'll fill it with a glass. Hey.
Yes. Can I help you?
The boy's just talking.
Not anymore, he's not.
And who are you, you streak of piss?
You his daddy come to wipe his arse?
Alan doesn't like fights
inside his pub.
Yeah! Yeah!
SHOUTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT Go, Danny! That fucking bastard.
Go Danny!

He's a fucking loser, Danny.
Gaun yersel', Danny!
Go on, Danny!
That's how we beat them round here -
straight in and no messing,
just like the strike.
A fighter for principle,
the kind you cannot buy.
Everybody gets a drink on me!
A word with you, sir.
Go on, Billy. Mush. Mush.
And there he goes!

HE HUMS:

Dee dee-dee dee... # Bingo!
My favourite girl -
you should be in your bed.
This is a 50 note.
Where did you get it?
Not bad for one night's work, eh?
All right, Beth? Look.
It's flying away!
Work?
A bet - it must have been a bet.
An advance. An advance.
I'm earning it. Like a job?
A job.
And more where that came from.
This is a lot of money, Danny.
A lot of money.
Now tell me where you got it. Right.
There's this gentleman, Mr Mason.
Matt Mason. He's from Glasgow.
Who is he?
A businessman. A friend of Frankie's.
What's a proper businessman
doing with Frankie White?
Mr Mason's a wealthy man. Beth, you
could take him home to your mother.
Owns a string of betting shops.
A bookie?!
Respectable. Owns racehorses.
You're too old to believe
in Santa Claus, Danny.

Just what sort of job is it?
Oh, for Christ's sake, Beth.
It's money, isn't it? Van driving
doesn't make this kind of money.
OK.
So you don't want to drive a van.
Fine. No problem.
But what are you going to do?
Ride a racehorse? Fight a man.
You mean hit someone?
Fight, fight a man. Who?
Don't know. You don't know?
It doesn't matter.
It's bare knuckles, right?
It's a bare-knuckle fight. Since when
were you a bare-knuckle fighter?
I can't sit here and wash
the children's underwear
for the rest of my life.
Why not? I work. I earn the money.
I've got a job!
Can you not think for just one
minute - think what you're doing?
Look, honey, listen.
All I'm going to do is get
into a bit of a scrap, right?
A playground scrap.
We can take this man
Mason's money and run.
Let's just pack up and go.
Go? Go where?
Anywhere. Sell up and move out.
Too late.
I said I'm doing it.
It's too late.
So you told the boys? Aye.
Booked their tickets.
Want to see some blood - people pay
good money for that, you know.
You don't have to do this, Danny.
I want to do it.
I won't go through it all again.
I won't.
I'm not going to sit here with

the kids while you're in jail
or hospital or God knows where.

I won't, no.

No.

You always have to be
the big man, don't you?

Always Jack the Lad.

Do you think these people
care if you went to prison,
never get a job down a mine?

Danny, I know it could
have been anyone else.

The point is, it was you.

And I stood by you
because it was a principle there.

It was about leading ordinary,
decent lives. We fought for that.

I never wanted to see you hurt.

I love you.

Isn't that enough?

You don't have to go out and get
yourself brain damage just to
prove you're still Danny Scoular.

Go to sleep.

I took the man's money, Beth.

And you could just give it back.

Roll over Sugar Ray Robinson!

Bite your bum Muhammad Ali!

In the red corner,

the man you wouldn't

take home to see your sister,

Thornbank's answer to Rocky Marciano,

the mad miner himself, Danny Scoular.

Here we go, here we go,

here we go! #

Dad, dad! Come in.

Go on your bike. Go on.

Mum, dad's going running - running!

I know.

Come on.

Come on. Keep those knees up now.

Come on!

You're running like a big jessie.

So who's this I'm fighting, Frankie?

What do you want to know that for?
All you have to do is
batter the shit out of him.
Slow down, you bastard.
I'm the pacemaker.
Slow down before I lose
my balls in this saddle!
Danny!
Danny!
Hey!
Look at that.
Still in working order.
You know where they bring
the coal in from now? China.
Good riddance. Let the chinkies
do it. That's what I say.
That was more than a job, Frankie.
That was worth fighting for.
Not for me it isn't.
What did they do for you and
the rest? Where did it get you?
Thornbank, land of the living dead.
Your brains are boiled away until
there's nothing left in the bag.
Look at me - made my own way
in the world, a travelled man.
America, the Wild West!
You were always a bloody
cowboy, Frank.

HORN HONKS:

Hello! Yeah!
Beth! What are you doing? Beth!
He's running now. Faster, dad.
Faster.
Kids! No!
Hello, darling.
Here you go. Come now.
Oh, Beth.
They're my kids too.
Stay quiet. Don't move.
I'll fix the tea.
Other men have shifted themselves,
made something of themselves

after the strike. Not Danny.
He organises his life with the
precision of a road accident.
Everything I loved about him
makes me angry now.
He could get up and do something
at a moment's notice. I loved that.
But he can't concentrate on anything
for longer than five minutes.
And if he does do anything -
if he irons a shirt - he
expects a gold medal for it.
He doesn't understand he's
got to take what's there -
the oil rigs, van driving,
cleaning windows, whatever it is.
And now he's working for gangsters?!
Thinks he's Jack the Lad again!
For God's sake, how can you
hope to bring the kids up decent?
He doesn't even know himself
what he believes in.
I gave up everything for him,
Gordon and college and...
Beginning to sound like my mother.
Everything she said about us...
it was all true.
Sometimes you sound as if we'd
brought you up as a punishment.
Your mother happens to be my wife.
Another day, another dollar!
I want you on the road in ten.
Why me?
Why you what?
Why did Mason pick me?
Mr Mason's been like a father to me.
Trust me. Up and out. Shake it!
Oi! Where you going? Danny!
Hey!
Bastard.
Mr Murtagh.
About the job -
I've come about the job.
Sorry. Mr...?

Scoular, Danny Scoular.
The interviews were
yesterday, Mr Scoular.
I know I'm late, but I'm here now.
Just ask me some questions.
I need the job.
Do you have any
van driving experience?
You know, I've always
wanted to be a van driver.
What are your qualifications?
I was a miner, 13 years.
I see you have a criminal record,
Mr Scoular.
Not a criminal record -
a political record.
Hardly a qualification
for driving a van.
What sort of qualifications
are you looking for?
I don't want to waste
time here, Mr Scoular.
We've had a lot of applicants.
With qualifications?
We have applicants
with impressive credentials.
Hey!
What about that for credentials?
My arse flat enough
for the seat in the van?
I think the interview's
over, Mr Scoular.
Aye.
Hi, Danny! Hey, ladies.
Danny, here's some steak to keep
your strength up and something
for Billy, the dog.
Thanks, Alec.
Danny, vitamin C, multivitamins,
iron, ginseng!
That'll make you run like the wind!
Thanks!
Frankie!
So how's it going, then?

Give us a news bulletin.
Nae bother, son. Floats like
a butterfly, stings like a bee.
We're just prising up the edge of
the envelope here. No pain, no gain.

HORN HONKS:

Hi, Eddie.
Nice of you to show up.
Your man's looking
brilliant, 100% on target.
All right, Danny?
Last time I saw one of those,
Hitler was in it.
Where's the Big Man today?
Mr Mason sent you this.
I'm in the dark, Eddie.
Ah, it's the best way.
The man I'm to fight?
Cutty Dawson. Is that his name?
Did you not know that?
Who does Cutty Dawson fight for?
Don't ask me about Cutty Dawson.
Be a pal. Just don't ask. Come on!
Come on! All right. Hey, hey!
Ever get the feeling you're being
played for a shithead, Eddie?
Perhaps Mason better find
himself another monkey.
Ask Frankie.
He's got a big gob on him.
Ask him about a man called Colvin.
Cam Colvin!
So he's looking good?
Aye, he's looking good.
Well, I'm glad he's looking good.
You think The Big Man's
all he's cracked up to be, eh?
He battered Billy.
Could have been a lucky punch.
Oh, thank you.
Frankie was thinking of getting
some of the Thornbank boys
to come up to the fight.

Forget it. Home team.
Frankie was saying
that psychologically speaking,
he needs motivation.
He needs a reason to fight.
Did you give him the money?
Aye, I did.
A man of principle. I see.
Mr Stalker. Uh-huh.
Mr Colvin.
Mr Mason.
Stalker, you should be in Spain.
Just leave it open.
Come on, Billy.
OK, Eddie?
Yeah, I'm OK.
Eddie, how's it going?
Come on. Get in.
Move over, Billy boy.
Come on!

DRUMS START UP:

BAGPIPES START UP

CHEERING:

Danny, you take care,
and remember - you're not just
going up there for yourself.
The whole village is behind you,
so don't let us down, son.
CHEERING AND APPLAUSE
Go on.
All the best, Danny.
Gaun yersel, Danny!
These are your people,
Danny, hearts of gold.
Get away with you - "land of
the living dead", is that not
what you called them?
Good luck to you, Danny!
Huh?

DOG BARKING:

INSECTS CHIRP:

KNOCKING:

HORN HONKING:

DOOR CLANGS:

Is this your man? What do you think?

I'll soon tell you.

Come on. Jab. Push it. Go on.

Give it your best. Come on. Jab.

Push it. On your face. That's it.

Jab. Come on, Danny, elbow in.

One, two, three.

Double jab, right cross.

Too slow. Come on. Jab.

That's it. Elbow in, Danny.

Double jab, right cross! Again.

Come on! One, two, three!

Come on, Danny!

Ah!

Time!

I want you to take

Billy the dog back to Beth.

Why?

He farts in the night.

It's getting on my nerves.

He can come in with me if you like.

I want you to take Billy

the dog back to Beth.

HORN HONKING:

Is Beth still at her mother's?

Take the dog.

Find out.

See the kids.

Ask their names.

Show them a picture of their father.

This place reminds me

of New York, you know?

God. Everything's big.

Everything's bloody huge.

Even the breakfasts, man -

double helpings of everything -

French fries, coffee, rye toast,
wheat toast, muffins,
cheese, wee bits of salmon -
for breakfast, mind you - brilliant!
And eggs -
15 different ways of doing eggs.
I used to go to a wee cafe.
Where was it? Second Avenue.
A wee waitress there -
she used to do them over-easy.
And I'm not just talking eggs here.
Bernice was her name,
a wee Jewish lass.
Frankie! No, listen to me, man.
I can tell you -
take the worries off your mind -
mental relaxation - very important.
Listen. Watch my words, Frankie.
Take the stupid fucking
dog back to Beth, right?
Is that not Gordon's Volvo?
You can see he does very well
for himself - nicely dressed.
Still single. He can afford it.
Nothing to be ashamed of.
He's coming this way!
Gordon, hello! Come in.
Thank you.
How's the doctor's life these days?
Well, thriving - people dropping
like flies, Mrs Haggerty.
Good, good.
It's all right, mother.
Right. We'll see you later.
Bye, Mum.
See you later.
Good, aye.
Bye, Mum.
Bye, Gordon. Bye-bye.
Bye, Gordon. Bye, Mum.
Christ. Danny.

INSECTS CHIRP:

Kick. Kidney.

Knee.
Elbow.
Right, Peter. With speed.
When I need this bullshit,
I'll ask you.
I don't need to hit a man like that.
Bare knuckles, son.
No feet. No butting, no kicking.
A knock-down ends the round.
You get 30 seconds' rest before
you have to be back to the line.
The last man standing in the line is
the winner. I told you. I fight fair.
I'll beat him clean.
When you're up to your elbows
in blood and shite, son,
you'll be no gentleman.
Don't worry, son.
Look at that pie, it'll give
you heart attack at 20 paces.
I know.
Why do people eat things that
are bad for them? They enjoy it.
Well, you're a doctor.
You should set an example.
It's too late. I'm beyond help!
That sounds like unethical behaviour.
Beth, I spend my life
committing unethical behaviour.
Well, you can get me
another drink, then.
What do you want? Another half? No.
A gin and tonic, a double.
Are you sure?
I'm a married woman with kids.
Do you think I can't handle
a couple of gins and an
unethical doctor at lunch time?
OK.
You'll get me struck off! Good.
Heel. Behave. Do as you're told.
Get in. Heel. Heel. Now, sit. Sit
down, and don't piss in my shoes,
or you're a meat pie, Billy the dog.

If you go back with the dog,
he'll know there's trouble.
What are you going to do, Frankie?
Ah, lies.
We'll tell lies.
Yeah, but what are you
going to do about the dog?
I don't know.
Look at these fellows, Danny.
Where are they now?
"Out of pain comes glory".
You know, I've never been a
great believer in that myself.
Perhaps you've never had to fight
for something you believe in.
Every day. Every day. Every day.
What do you believe in?
God.
You believe in God?
I believe.
I believe God's a fucking hard case.
Look at the way he works -
no hanging about.
When your contract's terminated,
it's terminated -
no pride, no pity, no mercy.
"Out of pain comes glory." No.
This is all there is.
I see something different to that.
No.
We're the same, you and me, Danny.
You like to win!
I'm not like you.
I'm doing this because you pay me.
You ever lost a fight, Danny?
Just the once.
Who was that?
My father.
I was a cocky boy.
I hit a man for no reason,
just because I felt like it.
He didn't want to fight.
I broke his jaw.
My father took me

out the back door
and hammered me.
Maybe you weren't trying, hmm?
I was in the wrong -
a bad corner to come out of.
Oh, surely you're not
superstitious, Danny, eh?
My father told me that day, "If you
can't fight for the right reasons,
keep your hands in your pockets."
You know, for a man
that's unemployed,
you've still got a taste
for luxuries.

INSECTS CHIRP:

Now, listen, Billy,
I want you to understand this.
This is absolutely nothing personal,
right?
And I'm sure you appreciate
my hands are absolutely tied.
I mean, if I take you back,
the shit's really going
to hit the fan, isn't it?
And I know deep in my heart
if the positions were reversed,
you would do exactly the same.

HORN HONKS:

For God's sake, hurry up!
Oh, please, don't wag your tail!

HE YELPS:

Do you like our house?
It's some house.
Are you interested in painting?
House painting.
Is that humour
or just your class showing?

HE TUTS:

Never seen a scrubbing brush.
Nor have these. Danny.

Danny was just admiring our house.
Some of my neighbours
think this is no place
for a boy from the Gallowgate.
If my mother had seen this
she'd have gone down on her
hands and knees to scrub it.
Do you know the Gallowgate, Danny?
Rough, is it? Not there now,
bricks and rubble - social progress.
You met my daughter Mel, eh?
This is my wife Margaret. Hello.
(My second wife.)
And this is my second daughter.
Where do you come from, Danny?
Thornbank. Is Thornbank a nice town?
It's not Disneyland. Excuse me.
Have you ever lost a fight, Danny?
Ask your daddy.
Well... Well what?
Well, did you take back the dog?
Aye. I, eh, dropped it in.
What did she say? Who?
Beth. Oh, Beth, of course.
She sends her love, man,
sends all her very best of love,
and she would have brought the kids,
but she didn't want to distract you.
I'll tell you, she's some woman,
that Beth.
Any other woman would be after you
with a frying pan, but not Beth.
She and the kids are rooting
for you, Big Man. Just ask Eddie.
Oh, get me out of here! Danny!
Danny!
There's women here -
Sandra and Melanie.
Why do you think God made them
with such naughty bits?
Why don't you take the pair
of them yourself, eh?
Having a good time
isn't compulsory, you know?

You want to give
yourself a bad time.
Relax. Enjoy.
This time next week
we'll be farting through silk.
Just thump on the wall if
we disturb you, won't you?
Can't promise to be quiet.
MOANING THROUGH WALL

WOMAN SCREAMS:

Oh, please don't hurt him!
Fucking let me go,
you fucking bastards!
Please don't. Stop it!
Oh, Jesus!
Yes! Come here.
Danny, what the fuck?!
What's going on...
Oh, my God.
Why? Why?!
You don't understand.
You don't know what it's like.
I heard about a dog once - made
it back all the way from Singapore.
Still a fucking liar!
God, ever since we were kids -
ever since you were in short
trousers, always a fucking liar.
That was a matter
of diplomacy, Danny.
Speak to me, Frankie. Speak to me.
Let me put my trousers on. No!
Danny!
Danny, don't be a bloody...
Get out of my face.
Danny, it was just a guy in a Volvo.
It could have been a
driving instructor.
Sod it!
Who the fuck does he think he is?
I set up this fight. I'm not going
to take this shit! I know the score.
He's a fucking loser.

He was always a loser.
He always WILL be a fucking loser.
Ain't it fine
Ain't it fine
When you know what you have
And you have what you know
you want
So fine, so fine, so fine... #
You all right, pal?
Eh? You all right?
RAIN POURS OUTSIDE
Do you think it's raining everywhere?
It doesn't rain in the Gobi Desert.
That's why the camels have humps.
Why?
To store the water.
Can they not get it
from the tap like everyone else?
Rain -
we could lend them some of ours.
Can we go there, Ma?
Aye, we can go there.
We can go to all sorts of places,
Mongolia,
California,
Venezuela,
India.
Majorca?
How will we get there?
Balloon.
We'll float on the clouds.
What's the matter, Frankie?
It's gone all floppy.
Don't mind me, Sandra.
Yes, Mr Mason.
How are things, Frankie?
Hmm?
John Logie Baird,
the inventor of television.
The steam engine, James Watt.
The phone...
Who was that? The phone!
Does that not ring a bell,
an Alexander Graham Bell!

Of course, Alexander frae Darvel.
Penicillin. Sir Alexander Fleming.
Simpson, chloroform.
Tarmacadam? No, but listen.
Listen. We've left out the greatest
Scotsman of them all - Rabbie Burns.
Och aye. We're a curious
and restless race, us Scots.
We're into everything.
I mean, look at the things
we've discovered and invented.
So many things, right enough.
You'd have trouble playing
this game with Hungarians.
Hungarians?
Bela Lugosi!

LOUD MUSIC:

by Bryan Ferry
Hey!
I want a word with you, by the way!
Hey, ho! Come here a minute.
You've been seen, you bastard.
You'd better get your arse in the gym
tomorrow, 2.00pm or else! Fuck off.
I told you to get away from me.
Now fuck off!
Don't come the funny fucker with me.
It's me, remember?
I set up your first fight. It's
my fucking reputation on the line.
Ah, your reputation's
a bag of shit, Frankie.
Fuck you. Fuck Mason.
Fuck the fight. The fight's off.
It's all off! Tell Mason he
can shove it. Now fuck off!
Ah, Danny, for fuck's sake!
I'd marry you.
Would you? I would.
Is that you, Beth?
Yeah. I'll only be a minute.
Just saying good night.
In here.

No. Here. Come on!

DOOR OPENS:

CAREFREE WHISTLING

What are you all staring at?

Huh?

You didn't think I would show, eh?

Ahh! What's the matter, man?

Pain's in the wallet.

You want to see what
you've got your money on.

Come on! I'll show you.

I'll take the lot of you.

What's that, Tommy?

You've got to want to kill
the other man, is that right?

Oh, don't forget
the old thumb on the eye.

Where's Cutty Dawson?

Bring him on now.

Come on.

Come one, come all!

In the red corner,

Danny Scoular the Mad Miner!

Raised on cow pie,

ten months on strike,

in the starring role in Graithnock

County Court in grievous bodily harm.

See the man that could crack

the heads of a thousand policemen!

Stand back, ladies.

He takes on all comers!

So...

which one of you

wants a fucking fight?

There's the cherry cake.

Fancies.

Buttered scones.

Jam. There's enough food on

this table to feed 20 people.

It's not excessive. In the strike...

Digestive, Gordon?

I will, thank you very much. In

the great miners' strike of 1984...

Scone, Beth?
We used to boil up old pit potatoes
on an old stove and feed
them to the kids.
Yes, well...
Look where it got them.
It was hard, but, er...
I think the change was
inevitable. Will you have one
of these, Peggy? They're very good.
Thank you, Gordon.
Beth?
Danny?
Kate?

SHE WHISTLES:

Over here, Smithy.
Show him your arm, Smithy.
Tell the man who supplies you
with this stuff. Cam Colvin.
Ever tried to come off it?
I've tried.
You ever gonna come off it?
Aye, sure, when they bury me.
How old are you, Smithy?
13, nearly.
A wee kid, better off in Dachau.
I've known them inject
themselves in the prick, only
place they could find a vein.
That's not a tailor's dummy.
The kid can hear you!
Oh, you think I'm
hurting the kid's pride?
Here.
Here. Away back to school, Smithy.
I grew up here, you know.
You think I don't feel
a thing for this kid?
This place,
it sickens me in my guts.
I want to make something
clear to you.
You're not just fighting Cutty.

Cutty works for Cam Colvin
and this is how Colvin makes
his living. That's where we live.
It's a tough world, eh?
I mean, you're the
expert in pride, Danny.
You can afford it. These kids can't.
It's up to you and me, Danny,
you and me together.
Colvin and his crew, we've got to
take them out of business.
Could be your child, could be mine.
Remember that on Sunday, Danny.
Don't get on his wrong side, Danny.
That's all.
Just keep thinking of
that lovely money you're
gonna win tomorrow night.
Think positive.
That's what I always do.
It's a good trick.
Think positive, act positive.
The American way! I'm OK, you're OK.
OK?
OK, Frankie.
Well, Mr Mason,
do you think your big man is as
pumped up as he's supposed to be?
You'll have to wait
and see, Mr Colvin.
Cutty will kill him.
Your big man's in
for a right kicking today.
Can we have some order, please?
Order, could we have some order
please? Order please, everybody!
Thank you. Thank you.
Order, please!
Thank you.
What we have here
is a fight to the finish. Right?
No disputed verdicts, no points
system. One fight, one winner.
Now, whoever stands alone

at this line
when I call time
and drop my handkerchief
is the winner.
Any questions?
Yes. Where is the nearest
hospital to Thornbank?
Mr Colvin
was asking the boys a question.
You and Mr Mason asked me
to referee this fight.
If you're not pleased with me,
you can deal with me after.
All right.
We have two big, healthy men here,
ready for a square go.
Beginning in 30 seconds from now.
Five.
Prepare.
Time!
You're gonna get hurt there, son.
You're gonna get hurt.
AHH!
Back off, ya bastard!
You need all the help you can
fucking get! 30 seconds, gentlemen.
You're a dead man!
I'm OK. I'm OK. Leave me alone.
Leave me alone.
Five.
Prepare.
Time!
(Fucking animal!)
Come on!
Come on!
30 seconds, gentlemen.
Remember, Cutty.
No win, no pay.
Five.
Prepare.
Time!
Five.
Prepare.
Time!

Come on! Come on!
Order. Order, please, gentlemen.
Order. Order, please, gentlemen.
30 seconds.
You've got him now.
Punch the bastard blind, Danny.
Punch him blind!
Five.
Prepare.
Time!
30 seconds, gentlemen.
Order, please, gentlemen. Order!
Order, please, gentlemen!

CROWD:

Finish him now!
Five!
Get away!
Come on, Danny!

CHEERING:

WHISTLES FROM CROWD
MUFFLED SHOUTING: Danny! Danny!
Danny! Danny!
Hey -
Big Man.

GUN CLICKS:

I'll leave one for you.

GIGGLING:

Where'd you get that stuff?
My father gave me a credit card.
You should be more respectful
of my father.
He'll take care of you.
Cultivate his friendship.
Some of it might rub off.
Why give yourself such a hard time?
Do you enjoy it?
A line of this in your prick,
and you'll dance the night away.
Mason!
Mason!

Mason!

Mason!

Mason!

My brother's blind.

He's fucking blind, you bastard.

Mason! Mason! I'm going to

get you back, you bastard!

I'm going to get you all back.

You're scum!

Argh!

Mason!

Get off! Get off!

Get off! Leave him alone.

You blinded my brother. He's blind.

I'm going to slit your throat

and spit in your fucking face!

Leave him the hell alone!

Leave him alone. Get away, you fuck.

It's OK, son. It's OK.

Your brother, Cutty,

I want to see him. Where is he?

He's in the hospital.

They took him in the big hospital.

All right, son.

Get back!

Take him home.

Leave the man alone!

They're animals.

You should keep them on a lead.

Money. You owe me money.

You don't recognise the man

you are, Danny.

I saw today the nature of the beast.

There's not many that have it.

Here's the motivation!

This is the only glory

that's worth the pain.

It's money I'm talking about, Danny.

Money, hmm?

Don't tell me three miles underground

on your hands and knees spitting coal

dust you had no dreams of money, eh?

What about Cutty? Cutty got beat.

Aye, but Cutty Dawson's blind.

Aye. Here.
Treat him to a white stick,
and here's a little extra
for yourself.
Yes. Go on. Take it. Go home.
Buy the kids a new coat for winter,
shoes for the wife.
Don't! Take it! Take it.
Is my daddy there?
Why aren't you sleeping?
Have you had an accident?
Yes, I have.
It was more like a disaster.
But you're still alive, aren't you?
So far.
Do you want your mummy? Yes.
Take my hand.
Frankie, get the dog.
What? Get the dog and get the car.
Here.
See your big sister? Go on, then.
Danny?
This is serious money.
You've got to give it back.
We're going to die.
We're dead. We're in the hearse.
Get Billy the dog and get the car,
or I'll break your neck.
You wait. You hear? You wait.
Davie?
Is that you, Davie?
Cutty, it's me, Danny Scoular.
Pleased to meet you.
Cutty, I'm sorry.
It's not your fault. Just a job.
But you could be blind,
for Christ's sake.
That's the way it goes.
It's nobody's fault.
I got beat.
The fight, Cutty...
What were we fighting for?
You don't know? No.
Still in your nappies!

I didn't tell you this, right?
There's a fella called Tony, Big Man,
Big Man in Glasgow,
Big Man in Spain,
Big Man everywhere, been spending
money that didnae belong to him.
So? He was supplying drugs.
Drugs? Aye.
He made a bum delivery -
brown sugar and Ajax.
To who? To Colvin?
He was cheating on Colvin?
And Mason. They were in it together.
Together?
Always in it together, ever since
they were wiping each other's arses.
But the fight...
What was the point of the fight?
We were the bet,
to see who would kill the Big Man.
Somebody had to pay the bill.
I lost.
So Colvin pays,
shoulders the risk.
When we were kids, we used to
race snails through the puddles.
The loser got his snail trod on.
What's this?
We had a collection for you.
That's what you earned. You take it.
Stay away from your man Mason.
He's buried more people
than your undertaker.

BARKING:

I'm home.
I won.
A fine mess you've made of yourself.
Look at you.
Are you collecting your things?
Why should I do that?
What about Gordon?
It was nothing to
do with him, Danny.

It was to do with me.
Understand?
Look.
It's not money I want.
It's you.
I love you.
Where's Kate, wee Danny?
Sleeping in their beds
where they belong.
Love you too, Beth.
This is my home, Danny,
our home.
This is the life
we've chosen for ourselves.
Look at this, Beth. Look at it!
I had to do it.
There's blood on that money,
and I'll not have it in the house.
I'm going in now.

KNOCKING:

Ah, it's yourself, Beth.
Can Danny come out to play?
Not with the likes of you. Eh, Mr
Mason will be calling around later.
We'll deal with it, Frankie.
For Christ's sake, Beth. I've just
persuaded Mr Mason to give you all
one last chance as a special favour.
We don't NEED special favours.
Well, it's a special favour to me.
If I don't come up with the goodies,
I might have to disappear here.
And what do you get
out of it, Frankie?
Well, my arms and legs get to stay in
working order. Just let me see him.
It's best he comes out now.
Aye. OK.
Wait there.
What was that for?
Get your arse out of my front yard.
Go on! Jesus Christ!
Hey! Ho! Hey!

New shoes, Sam?
I won a bet on you.
Danny, there's a shithead
in the pub for you.
A smile like a tax collector.
Thought I'd better let you know.
Thanks, Sam.
Could you not get out of here?
Where else would I go, Sam?
Would you like me
to call the police?
No! It wouldn't do any good.
Tell me, Danny.
You won the fight, didn't you?
So what did you do wrong?
No problem, Danny.
At least I'm still walking.
It's you they're after. What did you
do in New York, Frankie, eh, eh? Eh?
What did you do in New York?
Eh?
What's this?
What's all this, you bastard?
What about you, Danny Scoular?
These guys will hide in your coal
hole for a week just to get you.
If they can't get you,
it will be Beth and the kids.
Did you think I wouldn't come?
I had my reasons for what I did.
So does Mother Teresa,
but she doesn't use my money.
I'll give you a ride home.
We called in earlier.
Jesus.
Beth!
Beth!
Beth!
Beth!
Ladies and gentlemen,
your champion,
the Big Man,
Danny Scoular!
There's none fight longer.

There's none fight harder.
Here, a celebration,
the pride of Thornbank.
Time to celebrate
the conquering hero.
Get back underground and
crawl through shit for a penny.
It's all you're worth.
I'd rather crawl through shit
than live in a slaughterhouse.
You've got your money. Now fuck off.
It's not the money I want. It's you.
I'll be back.
The man says he'll be back.
You'll never sleep at night.
The man says
he'll never sleep at night.
I could kill you any time.
He says he could kill him any time.
You may be right there, Mr Mason.
You could kill him,
but you'll never kill us all.
Why wait? Here. Do it now.
Go on. Go on. Take what I owe you.
Take it out of this. Go on!
Do it. Fucking go on! Do it!
Consider this as your funeral.
And consider me
as your chief mourner.
Come on.
We'll fix you up.