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Control

By Matt Greenhalgh

Existence.

Well, what does it matter?

I exist on the best terms I can.

The past is now part of my future.

The present is well out of hand.

Get it.

Ian. Pass us the ball, will you?

Knob cheese.

All right, Ian?

Ian.

Oh, you got it.

Today.

This is Deborah, you know,

who I told you about.

From the youth club.

You can't be in my gang

if you don't smoke.

Don't wanna be in your gang.

Neither do I.

I think we should go.

- Now?

- Yeah. I wanna go.

OK.

Ian, we're getting off.

- Who's the writer?

- Who'd you think?

Glucose...

...plus oxygen...

Carbon dioxide plus water.

You can clearly see here

that the chemicals

are currently out of balance.

Your task will be

to alter the molar ratios

in order to make the chemicals balance

before and after the combustion

reaction has occurred.

Wouldn't you say that was so,

Mr Curtis?

Ian?

Come on, stop messing.

Uh, Mr Curtis?

What?

Sorry, sir.

Who have we got today, then?

Mrs Brady.

- We done her before?

- Don't think so.

Let's hope she's got
a sympathetic doctor.

I mean, I like

me neighbours, don't get me wrong.

Mind you, the stink of some of them.

I tell you, they don't wash
or don't know how to.

Stink, stink, stink.

Stink to high heaven of piss.

Mrs Brady, please can I use
your toilet, please?

'Course you can, love.

- Second on the left, down the hall.

- Thank you.

Where was I?

Oh, yes.

It says here Cirazapan usually
prescribed for schizophrenia.

Side effects include drowsiness,
apathy, agitation
and blurred vision.

I'm taking two.

Oh, here we go. Who's that?

Stop it now! Stop it.

- Hi.

- Hi, Nick.

Nick, yeah. Hi.

- Ian.

- Hi.

Hi.

Oh, wow, a dog. What's her name?

- Tess.

- Hello, Tess.

Come around to speak to, you know...

See if she wants to... for a bit.

- Debbie.

- Debbie, yeah. Yeah.

Debbie. Hi.

- Hi.

- She's gorgeous. Debbie, hi.

Hi. Do you want to come in?

Hi.

Hi.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky

So it was my life began

So is it now I am a man

So it be when I shall grow old

Or let me die

The child is the father of the man

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety

- Did you write that?

- Wordsworth.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

- I'm really excited for this.

- Yeah. Same here.

Never really into Bowie before,

you know, but...

It's a shame Nick couldn't come.

He did say I could go out with you.

He said it was all right.

As long as I looked after you.

Did he now?

Well, I didn't want him thinking we were

going behind his back or anything.

That's a bit presumptuous,

don't you think?

Why?

I might not have wanted

to go out with you.

- Go over there.

- All right.

I wish I were a Warhol silkscreen

Hanging on the wall

Or little Joe or maybe Lou

I'd love to be them all

All New York City's broken hearts

And secrets would be mine

I'd put you on a movie reel

And that would be just fine

I think we should get married.

Are you asking?

You're mine.

Irretrievably.

- Am I now?

- Yeah.

And you know it.

Ian?

I've got a brew for you.

Ian?

All right, lads?

- All right.

- All right, mate.

It's a bit empty in here tonight.

- Tony Wilson's over there.

- Who?

Posh bloke from Granada TV.

- Oh, yeah.

- One day he'll be recognising me.

- You'll have to be out a bit more.

- Yeah.

Been a bit busy.

Getting married, finding a house.

Sounds like fun.

- How's the band?

- Yeah. Not bad.

It's not particularly good
either, is it?

No. We're pretty shite.

Be a lot less shite if we could find
a singer who could sing.

I'm really looking forward
to seeing this lot tonight.

Apparently they tear up the stage
and kick off mid-set.

- All right?

- Gotta go.

- Take it easy.

- See you soon, Ian.

- Embarrassed of me or something?

- No.

- He's all right, him, isn't he?

- Yeah.

A bit tall, bit odd, but yeah.

So you're really
looking for a singer, then?

So, what do you like doing, Colin?

Watching telly.

- Apart from watching telly?

- Hmm, having breakfast, lunch and tea.

Food? Well, that's a start.

There's plenty of jobs

that involve food.

And watch telly.

- So you like food and watching telly?

- That's right.

Well...

There's a job here working

at Knutsford Cinema

behind the hot dog counter.

How does that sound?

- I do not like hot dogs!

- OK.

Well, should we give 'em

a ring anyway?

The colour scheme is fuckin' brown

Everywhere in chicken town

The fuckin' pubs are fuckin' dull

The fuckin' clubs are fuckin' full

Of fuckin' girls and fuckin' guys

With fuckin' murder in their eyes

A fuckin' bloke gets fuckin' stabbed

Waitin' for a fuckin' cab

You fuckin' stay at fuckin' home

The fuckin' neighbours fuckin' moan

Keep the fuckin' racket down

This is fuckin' chicken town

I'm a bit nervous, me.

Just with it being recorded

and all that.

I mean, we're actually

gonna be on a record.

I can play it at my gran's

and everything.

How about you, Hooky?

You nervous or what?

Am I fuck, man?

- What about you, Ian?

- This is just the start.

Steven?

No.

The fuckin' pies are fuckin' old
The fuckin' chips are fuckin' cold
The fuckin' beer is fuckin' flat
The fuckin' flats have fuckin' rats
The fuckin' clocks are fuckin' wrong
The fuckin' days are fuckin' long
It fuckin' gets you fuckin' down
Evidently chicken town

Thank you. Good night.

Right, Warsaw, we're on.

Fuckin' hell! Who's opened the ham?

You lot nervous or what?

The next band of the night, folks:

Warsaw!

You all forgotten Rudolf Hess?

Ian, it's 400 pound.

Are you sure you want to do this?

I know, but...

The band are gonna pay us back.

OK.

Let's have a baby.

OK.

Four hundred quid.

What are you lot called again?

We were Warsaw.

Now we're Joy Division.

Excuse me, but what happened
to Slaves of Venus?

OK.

- All right. Joy Division's good.

- Joy Division, eh?

What's all that about?

It's the name of a brothel German
soldiers used during World War II.

Well, whatever. Studio's yours.

And it folds up to hold the record.

Have a look.

Yeah, it's good that, Bernard.

Thought-provoking.

That's right. Her name's Corrine Lewis.

Is 2.45 Thursday all right?

OK, then, Mr Mathers,
she'll see you then.

Bye.
Done. He sounds keen.
I'll get some water.
When you're looking at life
in a strange new room
Maybe drowning soon
Is this the start of it all?
I'd never stand for that.
What?
Being called something like
"the Buzzcocks".
What are you on about?
I don't know. I don't mind the Buzz,
but calling themselves Cocks.
I don't get it.
They're not calling themselves
the Cocks, are they?
They're calling themselves
the Buzzcocks.
Still got the word "cock" in it, though.
Just saying I wouldn't stand for it,
that's all.
Shh!
They were the Buzzcocks.
If you didn't know, well, now you do.
- As you'll soon know about these lot...
- That's us!
... a Manchester band called
Joy Division. This is an EP,
An Ideal for Living.
And that wraps it up for tonight.
Keep the music coming in. Next week
we have The Clash, live in the studio.
We've just been on telly, lads.
So is Tony Wilson a fan,
then, or what?
That was bollocks.
He didn't even say if he liked it
or anything.
- 'Course he liked it.
- Well, how do you know?
He waved it
in front of camera like that.
Forget the record.

He's got to put us on.
Hiya.
There he is.
Um, just orange juice, please.
Go on, tell him.
OK, how are you?
You're gonna go out there,
it's all gonna be fine.
You're not up there having a wank, OK?
Think.
You're a twat, you are.
You're a bastard.
Am I? Why is that?
Because you haven't
put us on television.
Well, then, you'll be the next band
I'll put on, darling.
Fuckin' right we're going on
before your band, twat!
Your band ain't even
a real fuckin' band.
- Fuck off.
- Hooky'll do your head in.
Fuck off!
That was superb, that, lads.
It really was.
I've not seen a reaction like that
since George Best got kicked out
for blasting a bouncer.
I know how you can be better...
like that.
- Go on, then.
- Simple. You employ me.
You play, I manage.
We all get stinkin' rich and go buy
fuckin' great big houses in Cheshire.
- Job's a good 'un.
- And who are you?
Rob Gretton. I already manage
a couple of bands.
But they couldn't sniff the sweat
round your bollocks.
You lot are somethin' else.
I hold my hands up.

I am a believer in Joy Division.

Fuckin' hallelujah.

I'm also resident DJ here,
which means I know anyone of any
music biz use anywhere in this city.

I'll have you lot signed within
the month. In fact, I guarantee it.

We've already got a manager,
haven't we, lads?

- Who's that, then?

- Fuckin' me.

- What's your name, mate?

- Terry.

- Terry what?

- Terry Mason.

Terry Mason. Tez.

You mind if I call you Tez?

Tez, you know jack shit about this
business. Wanna know how I know?

'Cause I haven't heard of you.

I bet you haven't even got
a fuckin' telephone, have you?

Didn't think so. How will you book gigs
and cut deals without a phone,
you daft cunt?

No offence. I call everyone that.

Look, I've got to pack up my gig.

Ring me.

Rob's Records, Rob speaking.

All right, Ian. Yeah, good, yeah.

Well, that's fuckin' brilliant, Ian.

Well, I'll speak to you later, then.

Fine, I understand.

But you've got to sign with Factory.

This isn't an issue.

We're a fresh and exciting label,
you're a fresh and exciting band.

And, most importantly, we both fly
the flag for the Republic of Manchester.

- Don't give a fuck about that.

- I'm a royalist.

- And I suppose they're Nazis as well.

- We're not Nazis.

- What about the money?

- It's 50150 on the profits.
You own all the publishing rights
and can walk away at any time.

- You serious?
- Rob...

I don't fuck about with talent
I want to work with.
I'll even sign the contracts in my
own blood if it'll make you happy.
We'll speak later, then.

Now remember, we are live,
so no swearing or they will cut you off.

- What about "arse"?
- What?
- Is "arse" a swear word?
- "Arse", yes. It's a swear word.
- No, it's not.
- Bernard,
out there I know
"arse" isn't a swear word.
Here, in TV land,
"arse" is most definitely a swear word.
Trust me, I know
all about swearing and TV.
I'm a master of knowing
when I can and when I can't.
What about "big dog's cock"?
Can you say that?
No.
Seeing as how this is
the first television programme
which brought you the
first appearances from everyone
from The Beatles to the Buzzcocks,
we like to think we bring you
the most new and interesting sounds
in the North-West.
They're called Joy Division,
a Manchester band
except for the guitarist who comes from
Salford. A very important distinction.
This is called Transmission.
I can't believe you did it.
Must have lost about half a pint.

Shows he's serious, though.

- How you feelin', Tony?

- Mmm.

I've felt better.

Hold on. You spelled Morriss wrong.

It's supposed to be double S.

Tony, you're gonna have to add another S to this, kid.

Do I have to?

It's not very professional to spell the drummer's name wrong, is it?

Job's a good 'un. Thanks, Tony.

So...

...I can officially announce to the press

Joy Division have signed with Factory?

Can you fuck? I'll give you a ring and arrange a proper meeting Monday.

Bit of a drama queen, isn't he?

Ian...

...please come to bed.

Right, Geoff, well,

there's your reference.

Thank you.

- That's fine.

- Well, good luck with it.

Thank you very much.

We are gonna be late, you know.

All right?

- What's up?

- Bloody dying with the flu.

He's all right,

just a bit of a snuffle.

He's fuckin' scared of playing

London for the first time.

Chocks away.

Well, that was shit.

First gig in London,

there's nobody there.

And now I'm freezing.

I told you it's broke.

Well, you're probably just too thick to work it properly.

It's a heater, Ian.

You turn it on and it heats up.
And that one doesn't, 'cause it's broke.
Give us a go on your sleeping bag.

- I'm dying here.
- Ten minutes. I'll give you it back.
- No.
- Don't be so spoilt.
- I'm not. I'm dying!
- You've got a little cold
and that's it, babyface!
- Hey!
- Fuck off!
- Pack it in, the pair of you.
- Ten minutes, I'll give it back!
I'm gonna crash the bloody car.
- Ian, you fuckin' menk!
- Ian, calm it, mate!

Fuckin' hell.
Pull over. Steve, pull over.
Hooky, quick, quick, give us a hand.
Yeah, I've got his knees.
Fuckin' hell.
Ian, what's up with you, mate?
Fuck, I thought he was just
trying to warm himself up.
This isn't right, this, Rob.

- What's the story, then?
- He's had some kind of fit.

Oh, right. They're clever,
these doctors, aren't they?

- What kind?
- Epilepsy. They're not sure.

I thought epilepsy
was only for head-the-balls.

- What?
- Head-the-balls. Spaccas.

Nice, Hooky, nice.

- So is he gonna be all right?
- He's not said a lot.

Well, if he were chatty we'd be worried.
We'll try you on...
carbamazepine...
...phenytoin,
tiagabine and oxcarbazipine,

to be taken with the, uh, phenobarbital
that they gave you at the hospital.

In the meantime you'll be
on the waiting list to see
a neurologist specialist
at Macclesfield General.
You should also be getting
plenty of early nights
and steering away from alcohol.
It's a matter of trial and error
until the right drug or
combination of drugs is found.

Some might work.

And... are there any side effects?

Carbamazepine's side effects
include skin rash,
double vision, drowsiness, dizziness,
gastric disturbances...

That means farting.

Phenytoin's side effects
include drowsiness,
acne, overgrowth of the gums,
nausea, vomiting, mental confusion,
mental slowing. That's it.

Ian, you're
gonna be late for work.

Ian?

Ian.

Uh, I'm sorry, Earnest.
I must have drifted off.

- You all right?

- Mmm.

It's these tablets.

Yeah, well, them and
the late night concerts, eh?

Listen, um...

I'm not sure you can do
both jobs, Ian,
so just have a little think
about it, yeah?

As your supervisor I do need you
to have a think about it, all right?

Yeah.

Hello, is Corrine there, please?

It's Ian Curtis from
the Employment Exchange.
I was just wondering how she'd been...
What?
Just like that?
From having a fit?
I didn't know that could...
Oh. I'm so, so sorry.
Ian, love,
I'm going to bed now.
Are you comin'?
All right?
Hi. They wouldn't let me in.
My name weren't on the guest list.
I didn't know.
Somebody should've.
It's bloody embarrassing.
No, I didn't know you were pregnant.
- Hiya.
- All right, Debbie?
- Where's Ian?
- Congratulations.
Oh, don't look so shocked, Rob.
It's been comin' a long time.
Hiya.
What are you doing here?
- She's a mate of Hooky's.
- Right.
Hi. I'm Ian's wife.
Hi.
Do you think it's right for you
to be out in your condition?
Ian.
Ian.
Come on, into the pain.
Keep going...
I've got the head, Debbie.
Well done, well done. One last time.
- One last time.
- I can't.
Go on. Yes, you can,
you can, you can.
Good girl. Well done.
Good. That's great.

Here we are. That's right.
Ah, here we are. It's a girl.
Ohh!
Congratulations.
Mum and Dad.
Hello. Hello.
Hey.
I need a cig.
Silklands Nightclub.
Part-time barmaid.
One pound ten an hour.
Mum and Dad can look after Natalie.
What do you think?
Well, it won't be for long.
I'll take care of you as soon
as the new album comes out.
Well, what happened
to that tenner I gave you?
Well, my wages are the same
as everyone else's.
- Talk to Ian, you know. Find out.
- Mmm-hmm.
OK.
- No promises.
- All right, I'll ask him.
Look, I've gotta go.
Give Natalie a kiss for me.
I love you too.
Not bad, eh?
The journalist makes us out to be
a bunch of pricks. Who gives a fuck?
A bunch of cool pricks,
that's what I say.
- Who's that?
- Some French bird.
Wants to do an interview.
She's not a Frenchy.
She's, uh, she's a Belgy.
- What did you tell her?
- I said I'd ask,
but it's unlikely to happen now.
It's only a crappy European fanzine.
Well, I'm all right.
Why don't we do it tonight?

We can invite her back
to where we're staying.
- What's her name?
- Annik.
Annik. Different.
It's foreign.
I'll have a word, boss.
Annik? Hola.
Come on, then. Let's have it.
OK.
OK, so, um...
Do you like the Buzzcocks?
They're a good laugh.
Yeah, they're all right,
apart from the "cocks" bit.
There you go.
What is the most beautiful thing
you've seen in your life?
I saw a beautiful drum kit down at
Johnny Roadhouse's shop once.
What about music?
Is that beautiful?
Some of it.
What about Joy Division's music?
Some of it, yeah, but...
...some of it's
not meant to be beautiful.
Does anyone believe in love?
I believe in pure... sex.
I believe in feeling, yeah.
What does that mean?
You know, like if I had a car,
and I felt love for the car
and somebody kicked my car.
I'd be as upset as if
they kicked my girlfriend.
So you're not a journalist, then?
It's a hobby thing, not a full-time job.
I work for the Belgian embassy,
for the chancellor.
Sounds interesting.
Free, independent woman.
I suppose so, yes.
Tell me about Macclesfield.

It's grey, it's miserable.
I've wanted to escape it my whole life.
What about your wife?
She loves it in Macclesfield.
You were married so young.
I've never heard of people
marrying so young.
Yeah, I know.
My marriage was a mistake.
- Are you tired?
- Mmm-hmm.
Ian?
Ian?
What time are they coming for you?
Half an hour.
Right. I'm gonna nip to the shop.
Back in a minute, OK?
You got your passport, Ian?
Up the continental in the rental.
Come on.
Fresh air.
All right, love?
- Hi.
- Hi.
Hiya.
I'll get in the back this time.
Hi, Debbie.
I must have been out
when you called.
It was hard to get to a phone.
Come on, girl. Yeah.
Come on, girl.
Did you remember to take your pills?
Yeah.
Are they working?
I had an attack in Berlin.
Oh, Ian, if they're not working
we need to get you a doctor's
appointment to change the medication.
We really missed you.
Oh, there's this girl at work
called Claire,
and, uh, she's invited us
to her flat warming party.

Hasn't she?

And I said, um, that we'd go. 'Cause Mum and Dad can look after Natalie. That way we get a lie in. Don't we? Daddy. Daddy's home.

- Do you like the Buzzcocks?

- Yeah.

We're on tour with them as well.

Don't know what you were worried about. He fits in fine.

But he can seem a bit distant to people he don't know. Trust me.

Do you trust him when he's away?

- You know, with other girls.

- Totally.

He's so protective, you know.

He hates me wearing short skirts.

Goes mad if I talk to other blokes.

He is quite famous now, though, isn't he?

Not to me.

I still wash his underpants.

Do you want to sleep with other men?

What?

Do you want to sleep with other men?

That's a strange question.

Because... if you did...

...it'd be OK.

I'd be OK.

Are you being serious?

When you say a thing like that it makes me think you don't love me anymore.

I don't think I do.

Belgian Embassy.

Hello, um...

Can I speak with Annik Honore, please?

One moment.

Annik Honore, bonjour.

Steve! Hey, kill it! Kill it!

Kill it, kill it.

- Something's up.

- What?

Rob's got one of his cheesy grins going again.

You've been spending our wages,
Rob, or what?
Come on, then,
you twisted bastard, out with it.
It's all happenin', boys.
Pack your bags, saddle up.
Nineteenth of May we're off to the
US of fuckin' A for a two-week tour.
- You're joking?
- We're gonna be contenders.
We're gonna be somebodies.
How'd you wangle that one?
I put a lackey band
around Tony's cock and balls.
Did it drop off?
I thought we'd celebrate.
Bring them here, Terry.
Nice one.
What are you doing in here?
Who's Annik?
Eh?
How long have you been seeing her?
Answer me, Ian! Don't ignore me!
Eh?
How long have you been seeing her?
Do you love her?
Do you love her, Ian?
I love you.
I really, really love you.
No one loves you like me.
No one.
Just answer me, Ian!
Please answer me!
I don't deserve this.
I don't deserve this.
Fuckin' hell.
Sorry, Debbie.
I owe you everything.
I love you.
What does that mean?
I'll finish with her.
Please.
London Euston.
The next train to arrive

at platform six.

- Eh-up. You all right, love?

- Hello.

- Good to see you.

- Hello, love.

- Hello. Hi.

- All right?

Steve, go and turn the heating off.

I wanna get it colder in here.

Will you two twats

get the fuck out of my studio?

- All right.

- Go on, fuck off.

Got it, Ian. It's good.

It's fuckin' genius, actually.

Hello?

I told her.

Fuckin' hell!

Twinny, come on, give us a hand.

Come on, take him your way.

Take him your way.

Here, Twinny, get him some water.

We're Joy Division, you're the crowd.

Good night. God bless.

- Was it a bad one?

- You've had worse.

Did Annik see?

Everyone saw.

That was superb, that, Ian, mate.

You played a fuckin' blinder.

Who won the fight, Ian or Ian?

It's like Ian knocked Ian out to me.

Twatted himself

with a right good uppercut.

- Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant.

- Girls, girls, not now.

Hang on. Come with me.

Come with the Hookster.

I'll show you my...

I'll go find Gillian.

Taking your medication?

For what it's worth.

Chin up. Could be worse.

Could be the lead singer in The Fall.

Ian.

- Are you OK?

- Yeah.

- I'm so sorry.

- I had a fit.

I'm all right now.

Ian, Debbie on the phone for you.

- Hello?

- Hi.

Hi.

Ian, you are so depressing.

I'm so happy to sit with you here.

Me too.

I don't know what to say.

I never felt this way before.

But...

...at the same time I feel like

I don't really know

anything about you, and...

...you don't know me, and...

Well, what do you want to know?

Tell me your favourite movie.

Hmm...

I really like... The Sound of Music.

- What?

- Nothing.

- Anything else?

- Your favourite colour.

Mine is purple.

Blue. Man City blue.

What is Man City blue?

Well, Man City is a football club.

And they wear blue.

- Ian...

- Hmm?

I'm a little scared.

Scared of what?

Scared of falling in love with you.

Hiya.

I'm so glad you're home.

I'll make you a cup of tea.

I don't want to hurt you, Debbie.

Ian?

Come to bed, eh?

- Taken my pills.
- Ian?
Ambulance, please.
Charcoal.
Mr Curtis, I am here to tell you
that you are well enough to leave,
but you must get some rest
for several days.
Just be aware that your condition
is extremely weak at the moment.
But I am discharging you.
Thank you.
Well, that's that, then.
I don't want to be
in the band anymore.
Unknown Pleasures was it.
I was happy.
I never meant for it to grow like this.
When I'm up there, singing...
... they don't understand
how much I give.
And how it affects me.
Panic's over. He's here.
Now they want more.
- They expect me to give more.
- Just enjoy yourself.
And I don't know if I can.
It's like it's not happening to me,
but... someone pretending to be me,
someone dressed in my skin.
Now we're going to America.
I have no control anymore.
I don't know what to do.
I was pissed.
You're on.
- I need a few minutes.
- What?
Go and get Alan from Crispy Ambulance,
and fuckin' hurry up.
I'm sorry.
Take as long as you need.
How long do you need?
You know the words to our songs,
don't you?

- Most of them. What?
- Get on.
First two tracks, Disorder, Colony,
till Ian feels better. Twenty quid.
- Serious?
- I look like I'm fucking jokin'?
Off! Off! Off!
Shit!
You all right, Ian, mate?
Ready to go on?
Ian! Ian! Ian! Ian!
Ian, talk to me.
- OK.
- OK.
- Where's my 20 quid?
- In my "fuck off" pocket.
Twenty quid. Go on.
I want 50.
You fucker.
Get Hooky off the stage now!
Get off! Fuckin' get off!
You, you fucker!
Get the fuck out!
I don't get it, Ian.
I don't get why you're
doing this to yourself.
- It's all coming apart.
- No, it's all coming together.
Tonight was great.
It'll go down in history.
You remember Lou Reed
at the Free Trade Hall?
- The riot?
- That's right, the fuckin' riot.
Best gig I've ever been to.
It all used to be so simple,
everything.
Now everyone hates me.
I've made everyone hate me.
No one hates you.
- Even the people who love me hate me.
- Debbie?
- And Natalie.
- How can Natalie hate you?

- For Christ's sake.
- She will, though. I know she will.
You're a good dad, Ian.
No, Tony, I'm not. I know I'm not.
If I was a good dad,
then I wouldn't be doing all... this.
And what about Annik?
She loves you. You love her.
- I hate her.
- And you love her.
You can't pin all that on us.
We didn't start the fuckin' riot.
Mate, you're pissing up
the wrong tree here.
You think I owe you money
for the damages? Guess what?
I don't. So shut the fuck up
and start suing,
'cause that's the only way you're
gonna get a fuckin' bean out of me.
Wanker.
Who the fuck...?
- Hello.
- It's Ian.
Oh, fuckin' shine a light!
Aren't you in enough trouble?
- We need somewhere to stay.
- Try a hotel.
I'm skint, and you still
owe me some money.
Fuckin' hell! Have I got Barclays
tattooed on my forehead?
Get in.
Tea's in the pot, bedroom's in there.
Spare noddys in the drawer.
Is this a bad time?
No! I'm just in the mood
for a desperate social call
from you and Joan of Arc.
Yes?
Debbie! Great!
And what the fuck can I do for you?
Need some money, a place to crash?
Fuckin' light bulb need changin'?

And you don't know where he is.
Quelle surprise.
Something about Derby?
Well, it's nice to know you two
are talking properly again.
Listen, Debbie,
I don't know where the fuck he is.
As usual, I know fuck all.
Don't I?
Don't I?
Rob, who are you talking to?
Ian.
What, he's there with you?
Is she with him?
Yeah. We're all here.
One big fuckin' happy family.
She wants a divorce.
You can sleep here.
Stay as long as you like, Ian.
- You hungry?
- Yeah.
Ian? I've got an idea.
I've been studying hypnosis.
Ian?
Let me in, love.
Just want to talk.
You're mine. Irretrievably.
I'm a little scared.
Scared of falling in love with you.
This has to be for good.
I'm sorry.
I owe you everything.
I love you.
What does that mean?
I've never felt this way before.
So it was my life began...
- I don't deserve this.
- So is it now I am a man
I didn't do enough.
So it be you and I shall grow old
I should have tried harder.
Or let me die
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each

By natural...

Hi.

Hi.

I miss you.

- Is everything all right?

- I don't know, Annik.

I don't know.

It all feels wrong.

Ian, you are confusing me.

I know. I know I am.

Dear Annik,

I know I'm intruding on your life,
not you on mine.

I felt as if things were becoming
a bit clearer earlier on,
but can now see everything
falling to pieces before my eyes.
I'm paying dearly for past mistakes.

I never realised how
one mistake in my life
some four or five years ago
would make me feel how I do.
I struggle between what I know
is right in my own mind,
and some warped truthfulness
as seen through other people's eyes
who have no heart, and
can't see the difference anyway.

Eh-up, you.

Come on in.

I saw Apocalypse Now at the cinema.

I couldn't take me eyes
away from the screen.

What you been up to, then, eh?

On the record, there's Marlon Brando
reading The Hollow Men,
the struggle between man's conscience
and his heart until things go too far,
get out of hand,
and can never be repaired.

Is everything so worthless in the end?

Is there any more?

What lies beyond?

What is left to carry on?

Ian, your room's still here.

You know that, don't you?

I know, Mum.

Thanks.

I have the feeling

the epileptic condition will worsen.

It frightens me.

It's a lie to say

"I'm not afraid any more".

There's nothing the doctors can do

but try tablets.

I felt I had to tell you this

even though it might change

your feelings for me.

I've been thinking of you constantly,

trying to rationalise our situation,

thinking of the things we've done.

Images and thoughts prey on my mind,

before my eyes all times

of the day and night.

And while some things are beyond

my understanding,

I know that I love you

and will do forever.

Until I see you again,

I miss you with all my heart.

All my love... Ian.

- Hello?

- Hi, it's me.

- You all right?

- I'm not coming out tonight.

Why not?

I'm gonna go home. Speak to Debbie.

Does she want to speak to you?

Dunno. I just feel

the need to speak to her.

Well, if you're sure.

I'll see you Monday morning

at the airport.

- You all ready and packed?

- Not yet.

I'm not gonna sleep tonight.

I'm like a fuckin' kid.

Yeah. Same here.

I've got all my clothes laid out
on my bed and everything.

- I'll see you Monday.

- Don't be late.

Don't worry. I'll be there.

I'm off.

I'm gonna go meet up
with Debbie tonight.

Could we have your attention
please, ladies and gentlemen?

We are ready to begin now
the sale on behalf of our bank
to disperse the repossessed property
formerly owned by a Mr Stroszek.

Colonel Ralph Wade

will be our auctioneer.

I'll be serving as your clerk.

We're ready to begin with the auction.

Whoa!

What are you doing here?

Don't divorce me, Debbie.

I don't want to lose you.

It's not that simple, though,
is it, Ian?

Is this really what you want?

No. No, I don't.

But you love someone else.

What's that got to do with us?

Everything.

You can't leave her, can you?

It's not that easy.

I've tried. She won't go away.

Well, then you've made your decision.

Go on then.

- What?

- Go on, leave me alone!

Ian.

Don't come back until the morning.

I'll be gone by then.

Get out!

So this is permanence

Love shattered pride

What once was innocence

Turned on its side

A cloud hangs over me
Marks every move
Deep in the memory of what once was love
I'll be back in a minute.
One minute.
No!
No!
Can someone help me?
Anybody, please?
Can someone help me?