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Down Terrace

By Ben Wheatley

Oh, don't you remember
A long time ago?
Those two little babies
Their names I don't know
They strayed away
One bright summer's day
Those two little babies
Got lost on their way
Pretty babes in the wood
Pretty babes in the wood.
Well, that's that then.
Let's get a cab.
I can't face the walk.

Reporter:

the outskirts of the city
on the first day
of a week long series
of special reports from Iraq
to mark the fifth anniversary
of the Allied invasion.
Five years on we've commissioned
the most comprehensive survey
of the Iraqi people
ever undertaken,
and it seems
like the nation
is deeply pessimistic
about the future.
The people are concerned
over the continued rise in violence
and about the remaining
deep divides
in their society.
Garvey's here.
Hey, big Bill!
Can't keep a good man down,
can they?
- Nice to see you, mate.
- Yeah, you too.
Karl, make us some tea,
will you?
I've gotta get out
of this monkey suit.

Eh, full acquittal

though, yeah?

- Get in! Come here.

- Thanks, man.

I knew it was bollocks. They'd never
make that stick, would they?

It's a fucking waste
of the taxpayers' money.

Tell you what, it should be legalized
anyway, shouldn't it?

- Yeah. Anyway, do you want some tea?

- Yeah.

Maggie, would you make
Garvey some tea, please?

Oh!

(sighs)

Jesus Christ, it's like
a fucking noose!

Undo the knot.

Come here.

- You're just tightening it.

- Fucking get it off me, man!

Calm down.

Just let us have a look.

How long has
he been here, Maggie?

- He's had a sandwich.

- The disgusting fat locust.

He's not fat.

He's got big bones, Bill.

Well, he's peasant stock,
isn't he?

Now, you know, it's all beer
and armchairs and TVs,
and they're just a load of slobs.

It sickens me.

His dad was a moron
as well.

Good to see
a friendly face.

I thought I'd pop in,
make sure you're all right.

Tough four months
for you boys, I'd imagine.

I just thought I'd come
and put your mind at rest.

Everything's
running smoothly.

I knew it was
all in safe hands.

Well, I'll pop
to the little boys' room.

Hey, you've put on
a bit of weight there, Garv.

- I don't think so.

- I think you're getting a little bit heavier.

Yeah, I can see it on the sides--
like handles.

Right, thanks.

- (door opens, closes)

- Maggie:

Thanks.

- Boys.

- Karl:

They gave you cake
for the way out, did they?

Karl:

- Bill:

- Yeah, I'm all right. You?

- Yeah, not too bad now.

- Looks like a slab of concrete.

Bill:

Yeah. Ah, it's all right.

A little bit stale. Taste's a bit
like petrol, but it's okay.

Looks like a dog's crapped on it.

Look at it.

Garvey:

I quite liked it.

- I thought it was all right.

- Oh, it's all right.

Karl:

with enough tea,
it'll be getting there,
you know.

Eric:

your teeth on it.

Where'd you get it?

I got it from the shop
at the end of the road.

- Those Pakis are thieves, man.

- You shouldn't say that--

Pakis-- anymore,
should you?

- What's someone from Afghanistan?

- Uh, Afghani.

- There you go.

- Yeah, that's true.

- Brain of Britain.

- Karl:

This needs

painting over, Maggie.

Yeah, everything's
a mess here.

We can't be too conspicuous.

That's the golden rule.

I wouldn't want a new house.

They've always got problems.

You can't trust builders.

This situation needs sorting out,
tidying up.

Yeah. Like someone
close in, obviously.

Yeah.

Well, it's an informant
culture, isn't it?

- Listen, about that money...

- Don't worry about that now.

- That's good of you, Garv.

- That's all right.

- I'll sort it out next week.

- No sweat.

- I'll bring it round to your house.

- Or down the club.
- Yeah, okay. Thanks, man.
- It's only money, isn't it?

- Eric:

- Only what you brought, mate.
I thought this was meant
to be a big party.

Well, I'll pop down the offy.

Who wants what?

Get us some whiskey,
some wine and some beer.

And some matches
or a lighter.

- No, a lighter.

- All right.

- (Bill sighs)

- Okay.

(phone ringing)

Oh, fuck's sake.

Where's Garvey getting
the booze from?

- Bill:

- Valda's coming round.

- Bill:

- Valda's coming round.

Ah. That's his new bird.

Is it?

Karl:

with her for a year.

Bill:

with her for a year at all.

How long have you
actually known her?

- I haven't seen her in about six months.

- He hasn't seen her.

- How long did you go out for?

- About a year-- 10 months.

Eric:

she done one.
She did, but she just rung up.
She's coming round.

Eric:

(laughs)

Bill:

Yeah, that's--
that's extremely unlikely.
I fast for January.
No to poisons, no to drugs,
no food.
I only allow myself tea.

- Karl:

- Fucking hell, Bill.
- I feel like a teenage tantric Superman.
- Yeah, so do I.

Bill:

I'm a simple person.
I like to reconnect
to the essentials.
Go on.
Come on.
Come on, Eric,
you're strong,
you big-boned bastard.
This is like tempered steel.
Come on.
You do it to me,
then I'll do it to you.
- Come on!

- Eric:

Come on, Eric,
I'll let you have a go.
- Come on, then.
- Let's have it.
(all laughing)
- Looks like a crossover.
- Go on, take a dig.
- Take a fucking dig, Eric!

- Feel that.
- It's soft as shite.
- Oh, you bastard!
I forgot to pick
the kids up.

- **Bill:**
- Shit.

- **Eric:**
- (phone vibrating)
Oh, that's them
outside now.
I'd better go.

Bill:
Who's out there?

- **Karl:**

- **Bill:**
No no no.
I'd better go.
I gotta feed the kids
and that, but--
Is that Helen?
I ain't seen her in years.
Yeah yeah.
We gotta go.
Well, uh, nice one.
Well done and everything.
- Yeah, well done.
- Cheers, Garv.
Yeah, see you later.
See you, Maggie.
See you, everyone.
Cheers, Garv.
Have a good one, mate.
She looks
absolutely furious.

Bill:
for me, Garv.

Eric:

his missus, mate.

- Hoo-hoo.

- **Karl:**

His new missus is like

a hippo-croco-pig.

(all chuckling)

- **Eric:**

- Looks a bit like him in a lady mirror.

Bill:

Can you imagine it?

Give us one of those beers.

Oh, these are from Garvey.

- Good old Garvin, eh?

- **Bill:**

- What a little superstar.

- **Eric:**

He's totally fucking

depth-charged me.

Why don't you just pour it

over the carpet?

- (urinating)

- Karl. Oi.

- Yeah? Hello, mate.

- Come here, I've got something to show you.

Hold on a second.

By the way, when are

you coming back to work?

Soon. Just got to be

a bit careful, that's all.

Well, you need

to hurry up.

I'm running round

like a blue-ass fly.

This thing don't

run itself, you know?

- Everything's going all right though, yeah?

- Yeah.

A bit of trouble in Whitehawk,

but otherwise shway shway.

- Sweet.

- Come on out.

I've got something
to show you.

You are coming back
to work, aren't you?

- Yeah, I told you. I'm coming in.

- (toilet flushes)

So I don't have to run this whole
bloody operation by myself.

Get in there. I've got something
to show you.

- They're not gonna come up, are they?

- Doubt it.

Oh, fucking hell! It's gone right through
the lining on my jacket.

- What's that, Eric?

- A fucking gun, mate.

- Got it off Don the Gun.

- Fuck off.

That looks
totally real, man.

(laughs) It is fucking totally real.

What are you talking about?

- You serious?

- It's a real gun, yeah.

- I just bought it for 200 quid.

- (gun clicking)

Are you serious?

This is a real shooter?

Yeah, it's a real shooter.

I just bought it.

I just told you.

I need it, don't I?

- What, you never seen a fucking gun before?

- Eric, Eric,
are you out of your
fucking mind, mate?

What?

- Put it away and take it home.

- All right, all right.

Well, he's not going
to see it, is he?

I've just got my-- I've just got
my prints all over a gun.
Oh, for fuck's sake.
What are you, paranoid or what?
What do you mean?
I've just come back from court.
- (sniffing)
- (laughing) Oh, for Christ's sake, mate.
- What's up with you?
- Has this been fired?
Don't know.
Didn't ask.
- Mate...
- (fabric rubbing)
Look, give it to me.
I'll do that.
- Come on--
- No, I'll do it. Thanks very much, Eric.
It don't mean the old Bill
are going to come
straight round now,
are they?
Put it away.
I don't want to see it again.
(laughing)
Was he always such
an unctuous little prick--
fucking Garvey?
I'll say he's pretty consistent.
Why?
I can't believe the old man's left him
running that fucking club.
He's making
a fortune, man.
I mean, he's just moved
into some flash new drum.
Well, that should have
me and you on it.
What can you say?
Bill is Bill.
- How's he holding up?
- A bit rattled, I'd say.
- Minor.
- What about you?

Fine. I'm just trying
not to think about it.
You know I'm right
behind you, don't you?
(laughs)
What, leading from the rear, yeah?
(laughing)
I've got
your back, mate.
Where's Garvey?
If Benson had testified...
(humming)
It's all right, mate.
Calm down.
It's all sorted.
There you go.
Oh, hang on. Here.
- All right. Thanks, Karl.
- How you holding up?
Well, they've shown their hand now,
haven't they?
Yeah, we're home and dry
now though, right?
(sighs)
Are we?
I feel like I've been fighting this corner
forever, mate.
40 years--
not a bad run.
Oh, it was a run, was it?
I mean, I was a smoker.
I mean, I was a--
I was an artist, a poet.
- The head.
- I was a head, you know.
And I said I would do it.
I started doing it
and I could have
as much gear as I wanted,
which was all
I was interested in.
The funny thing was--
this is what I noticed
first of all

when I got into it--
was everybody else was into
making money, except me.
I mean, me and Timothy Leary,
you know.
I believed that this was a revolution
of consciousness
and there was gonna be
an evolution taking place.
And we were gonna find out
all these discoveries
about the brain
and the future
and how to be high
and stay high
and how to be magical, how to live
in the world in this sort of new way.
But all these other characters
basically were into bread.
They made money and I
ended up just becoming
just another criminal like them
because of force majeure.
Because of Maggie and then
you and the rest of it,
I had to do something.
You know?
Studied the "Tibetan
Book of the Dead."
I learned how to control
my consciousness when I got into acid.
I knew how to sort of--
I did the full lotus,
where you can get into
that little pyramid shape.
And then it all starts to unfold,
you know, and curl up.
It goes out the top of your head
and there you are, man.
And you're like,
"Hey, I'm God.
I am all men.
I can be Everyman.
I'm no better,

no worse--
certainly no worse than anyone else
in the world.
I am Man.
I am Adam Kadmon."
Three things-- that's what I found
at the top level.
You know what?
It's a triangle.
It's goodness,
truth and beauty.
And if things
aren't good,
they're not true
and they're not beautiful.
If it's good, it's also true
and beautiful.
And that was the aim--
to get that little triangle
in your forehead
so you could see through
that lens of goodness, truth and beauty,
and see the goodness and see
the truth and see the beauty.
I've just become some sort of,
you know, grim recluse
living in my diamond cave.
There were good drugs
to start with,
and then the freak-out
of the laws
and the paranoia began.
And everybody
splintered off
and went into their rooms
and closed their curtains.
And the communities
were all closed off from one another
so nobody knew
what anybody else was doing.
Everybody else
was just paranoid.
You're only as good
as the people you're with.

Yeah, I know.

- (door opens)

- **Eric:**

double bubbles all round.

Yeah.

What are we gonna

do then, Bill?

Well, we're gonna find out

who's behind all this.

(blues music playing)

She is the little

queen of spades

And the men will not

let her be

Hmm, she's the little

queen of spades

And the men will not

let her be

Every time she makes

a spread

Hoo, fair brown, cold chill

just runs all over me.

- Oh, all right. How you doing?

- All right, Bill?

Good result, eh?

What's the point of you

being on the inside

when you don't

help us out, Dave?

I'm only

a counselor, Bill.

Look, I done

all I could.

You've been

well lucky this time.

Have we?

It doesn't feel like we have.

So have you any idea

where all this has come from?

Nobody specific.

But it's someone close in.

You don't get paid

to speculate, David.

You get paid
for intelligence.
The police have got
this document.
I've told you, it's like a family tree
with it all mapped out.
And it's well
comprehensive, Bill.
All kinds of people
are on it, mate.
It goes right back
to your grandfather.
It's basically
the complete fucking picture.
I doubt that.
The Barneses,
the Cowells,
the Pikes--
they're all on it, mate.
All their marriages
back and forth.
Well, that's all
public knowledge.
So? What can they prove?
They don't have to
prove anything, do they?
Listen to me, Bill.
They've just got
to look at you
and eventually
something happens.
They know
it'll balance out.
Well, maybe they need
balancing out.
In the next life, yeah.
(blues music playing)
- (music continues)
- Oh, lovely.
Fuck!
- (water boiling)
- (retching)
- Give me a minute, that's all.
- Okay.

(sighs)

My God.

You've put on a bit of weight,
ain't you?

For God's sake,

Bill, she's--

- You're gonna be a granddad, Bill.

- What?!

I've heard of sudden death,
but sudden birth?

Where's all this
come from, Karl?

Just...

When were you
gonna tell me?

I'm telling you now.

My dad's downstairs.

My mom is downstairs.

He's fucking loving it.

I'm never-- I'm never gonna
hear the end of this. This is...

I don't think your dad
is the biggest problem here.

Oh, come off it.

(sighs)

Just give me a second.

This is quite a number.

This...

I must be going
through a bad phase.

Maybe a baby's the thing
to pull me out of it.

I don't know.

Who fucking knows?

Or this kid's
gonna make it...

this kid's gonna
make it worse.

How does he know this one?

I get confused.

- They was pen pals last time he was in prison.

- (scoffs)

How do you go to prison
for assault

when you're the one
that's assaulted?
Well, you know,
it was that
unreasonable force thing.
That other lad's
still not right.
- He's not ready.
- What's that, Granddad?
Granddad to a bastard.
- Is there a word for that?
- Cunt.
Those letters you wrote me in prison
were really nice.
Good.
I've got some...
I've got some
just here.
- You can do a live reading.
- (laughs) Okay.
They were just here.
- Doesn't matter.
- Fuck.
They were just
fucking here.
- It's okay. It doesn't matter.
- It's-- it's not okay.
Somebody's moved them.
Where the fuck are they?
They were just fucking here.
Oh, for fuck's sake!
- Fuck!
- There's some letters down here.
They might be down here.
They're not down--
they were fucking here, man!
- It's okay.
- It's not okay, it's fucked!
It's fucking typical.
It's fucking fucked right up.
Mom!
Mom--
Mom! Mom!
Mom, have you seen

those letters?

- Calm down. It's okay.

- It's not okay!

Oh, there they are.

I never knew you liked
reading so much.

This is all just shit
we sell on eBay.

Oh, I see.

Do you like Hitler?

A rare book
about him here.

That's Hitler's dog,
Blondie,
the Alsatian.

Got poisoned.

Not really his fault,
but there you go.

That's war.

- Oh, to you, son.

- Cheers, Dad.

I was thinking it's gonna be really nice
out there when you paint that room.

Yeah, it'll be lovely.

Come on, baby.

And maybe while
you're doing it,
you could think about
doing in here.

Yeah, no, absolutely.

Yeah, sure.

- Would you like a whiskey, Valda?

- I'm pregnant.

Thanks anyway, Bill.

Oh well, I suppose
it's about time
we did pair off, isn't it?

- How old are you now?

- 27.

- Ah. And how old are you now, Karl?

- 34.

- Come on.

- Anyway, see you later.

Yeah.

Valda:

Bye, sweetie.

So-- bye.

The trap slams shut.

How do you know

it's your kid?

Fucking hell, Dad.

You don't wanna find

yourself bringing up

some other bloke's bastard.

Oh, f...

It's so typical.

Why do you have to be

so fucking negative?

- You are my fucking son.

- No, fuck you!

- You're lazy. You're a fucking bastard.

- Fuck you!

Bill:

or where she's come from.

I went out with her for a year, Dad!

I know who she is.

- What else might she be keeping from us?

- That's fucking bullshit.

This is a critical period

at the moment.

I won't let you fuck it up

with this baby bullshit.

What the fuck has it

got to do with you anyway?

Tell her to get rid of it.

- Oh!

- Bill, it's too late for that.

- You've upset your mother now.

- Maggie:

You poor injured fair one

Your pardon I crave

How soon must

I follow you

Down to the grave?

There is none but you,

fair one

To see that sad sight
And by her distraction
He died the same night.

Well, what's your
intuition about it?

Well, you know,
I'm not really involved
in that anymore--
sort of thing, Bill.

I'm kept pretty busy
at the club, you know.

I've got kids and that.

And to be honest with you,
I don't feel as comfortable with it physically
as when I was a bit younger.

You're getting fat. You don't
need to make excuses, mate.

- All right, yeah.

- You know?

You and my dad used to be proper terrors,
didn't you, back in the day?

Your dad was one
of my best mates.

In fact, he was
my closest friend.

Yeah. I mean, your dad was--

I would say your dad
was the smartest
and the funniest man in town.

He was the one to beat.

- I miss him quite a lot.

- We all miss him.

What happened to your old man
was-- was terrible.

I never got over it really.

I'm still sick inside about that.

You know I think he was murdered,
don't you?

- Really?

- Yeah.

- I thought it was just a fire.

- Well, yeah.

I sometimes think

I should avenge his death.
That's what I'm supposed
to do as the son.
But is that bad that
I just don't want to?
Well, it's all
changed now, isn't it?
There are no fathers left,
or hardly any fathers.
All these fucking slags
living off the state like fucking parasites,
leaving all the men
in fucking rooms.
- So where are the fathers to avenge?
- Yeah.
It's all gone, mate.
You know what I mean?
Yeah, I know what you mean.
But still...
- No, you're doing all right, you know?
- Yeah.
I mean, you were lucky
because you had a dad
that was, you know--
it was okay.
I had him
for a bit, yeah.
I mean, my fucking old man--
he died in his bed
and let me find him naked
and dead when I was 13.
Bloody hell.
That's terrible, Bill.
I'm still sick inside.
Never got over that.
- What a bastard.
- Yeah.
That's what dads do--
they die.
- You know?
- Yeah.
Well, anyway, I'll keep my ear out
about what happened.
Lots of people come

through the club.
Someone might
say something.
Well, if you hear
anything, mate,
just let Karl know...
- Of course, yeah.
- ...and I'll hear it.
- You're all right, son. You're all right.
- Cheers, Bill.
- Cheers.
- Yeah, no worries.
Cheers, Bill.
- Cheers, mate.
- Thanks a lot.
Cheers.
Garvey.
Garvey?
That's left of field.
I don't like him--
never did.
He's too nice.
It's a weakness.
Being nice
is a weakness?
Don't be sentimental.
Who has the most to gain
by you going to prison?
There's a lot of people
who would gain.
I don't trust him.
Didn't trust his father either,
and we know how that turned out.
Yeah, point taken.
It's him and his wife
and his kids.
The police love to get their claws
into idiots like that.
Oh, Garvey's all right.
Based on what?
Well, you know, my instincts.
Yeah well, that's bullshit.

Karl:

the name Enoch
or Norbert.
Norbert?
- It's all right.
- Look--
Unusual--
it's an unusual name.
It's medieval apparently.
- Bill is a good strong name.
- Bill?
Oh yeah, like,
no prejudice. Sure.
I don't know how Valda
would feel about that,
but I'm having a feeling
though that she probably
wouldn't like the idea
very much at all.
- Or Billina for a girl.
- Billina's not even a name.
Check the book. It's not in there.
I guarantee it.
I think you'll find the feminine version
of William is...
- It's Wilhelmina.
- Wilhelmina.
So it could be Billelmina,
or short-- Billina.
How come there's no pictures
of me in this album?
This is 1979. I should be all
over this album.
I've told you
a million times--
photos were expensive
in those days.
Now hang on a second.
There's loads of pictures.
There's loads of pictures of you two,
of this dog that I don't remember.
And then...
I think that's my foot.
I never took any photos.
Well, somebody took

a lot of pictures.

It wasn't me.

(vocalizing)

- Are you going to...

- Is that my Gibson?

Are you going

To Scarborough Fair?

That guitar's worth

more than you are.

It's not a fucking Gibson!

Jesus, I gotta fucking listen to you play,

like, night and fucking day

the whole time with

your pals and whatnot.

- Why don't you learn some chords?

- (stuttering)

(playing chords)

I mean somewhere else.

- Hey, Karl.

- Hi, Chris.

- You all right?

- How's tricks?

- Come in.

- Not too bad, mate. Not too bad.

- Good to see you two out and about, anyway.

- Can you close the door?

Hello. Hello.

How are you?

- Oop!

- Where are we? In here?

- Out the back.

- All right.

I'll leave this pram here in the hall.

Is that all right?

Karl:

Yeah, that's fine, mate.

It'll be safe enough,

won't it?

- **Karl:**

- **Bill:**

- How you doing? You all right?

- **Bill:**

Good to see you two
out and about.

- I want Grandpappy.

- All right, sweetheart.

Grandpa.

(babbling)

- Lovely, isn't he?

- **Karl:**

- Grandpa, Grandpa.

- **Bill:**

Um... three.

Ah, that's a nice age.

- Had his first fight the other day.

- **Bill:**

- He's an indi--

- A little snapper.

He's an individual, is he?

Like his dad?

Yeah, twatted this kid
with a xylophone.

- It was brilliant.

- Really?

Yeah yeah yeah.

So I'll show you that.

He twats him

with a xylophone

and I'd taught him the two fingers
into the throat routine, right?

So I'd seen his eyes go--

'cause he's got his dad's eyes.

The next minute, he's across the table
with a finger in--

"No!"

Pulls him back.

He's at him like he's a fucking junior ninja.

So they pulled him back.

I sees the look in the teacher's eyes, man.

He shat himself.

- A brick in his underpants.

- Karl:

Chris, he looks
just like you.
Of course
he fucking does.

Karl:

come on then, Kurt.
Do you want to help me
make the tea?
When I was out
in Bosnia, you know--
well, actually I went down
to have a holiday
and ended up just having
a go in the war.
- Cheap beer.

- Karl:

Which one?
Floated about.
Don't fight for no king,
no country-- no queen, no country.
I'm my own principality.
Know what I'm saying?

Bill:

Yeah. Amen.
Testify, brother.
- You know the truth.
- Passport to Pringle.
- Huh?
- Passport to Pringle.
- (laughing) What does that mean?
- Oh.

- Bill:

- (blowing raspberries)
- (Kurt giggling)
- ...and all of a sudden--
Less of that bit,
will you?
- Sorry?

- Less of that.

I don't mind the cuddling,
but none of the kissing
and farting noises,
all right?

Just stay

where I can see you.

Play up and down the hall if you want.

That's fine.

But don't be taking him
into your other room or anything.

- (cooing)

- (laughing)

Listen, if youse boys
need anything done,
just give me a shout,
won't you?

- So...

- Hmm?

- (whacking)

- Oh, of course. Don't worry.

Got the car out the back--
hatchback.

A roll of carpet,
gaffer tape,
lump hammer--
it's all there.

Good to go.

Shovel, small handle.

Give me 15 minutes--

boom, South Downs.

- Good boy.

- All right?

Modern life

these days, you see?

- You gotta market.

- **Bill:**

- Have you got a web presence?

- Not yet.

Listen, catch youse later,
all right?

Nice to see you.

Keep it--

- keep it tight.
- Have a good one.
- Nice to see your kid as well, man.
- He's lovely, isn't he?

He took to you,
didn't he?

Come on.

Come on, sweetheart.

- You gonna go with your dad?
- Is he up the stairs?

I was thinking about
having Valda round,
having a bit of dinner.

I suppose.

Maggie?

I haven't got much in.

I'll cook it.

Yeah, fine.

- Bill:

- Yeah?

Look at this glass
you've just given me.

Karl:

Say again?

Well, I'm not going
to say anything.

Would you mind
having a look at that?

It's fine.

You know, this is the first time
I've come over for dinner.

Really? Hmm.

That was rude of us.

Bill:

About three weeks?

- A year.
- A year?

Is that right, Maggie?

- Was it that long?
- A year.

Oh, yeah. Well, what do you

see in him then?
What do you mean?
There's lots to see in him.
Dad, just--
Please, Dad, just...
It's not an interrogation, yeah?
It's just...
(Valda clears throat)
To happy families,
all right?
Tonight at least.
Happy families.
- Happy families.

- **Bill:**

- **All:**

- Cheers, everyone. Cheers, Mom.

Valda:

Do you need a hand?
Oh, fuck.
Shit, fuck.

Valda:

my parents much anymore.

- **Bill:**

- Personal reasons.
Ma, have we got a--
a thing for the pasta?
Oh, it's all right.
I found it.

Valda:

So he does a lot of cooking
around here then,
Bill?
- No. He hardly ever cooks.
- Shit.
He's only cooking
because you're here.

Valda:

to make the effort, isn't it?

Well, he can be
a good lad, yeah.

He's all right really.

Maggie:

Only the best tonight.

Do you know what this
is called, this pattern?

- Is it the willow?

- Yeah, it's the willow pattern.

It's a story about
runaway lovers, isn't it?

Going over the bridge,
I think.

Is that right?

- Did they have a happy ending?

- I don't think so.

Oh, I think that's
what the birds are.

I think maybe that's the souls of the lovers
after they've been murdered.

Karl:

What it is, I can tell you,
is the lovers...

got chased

over the bridge by her dad,

who's the fisherman,

and he trapped them on the island

and broke down

the bridge.

They were trapped forever, but then
they turned into birds and they were free.

- He's a fountain of knowledge, isn't he?

- I never knew that.

- Had those since our wedding-- never knew.

- **Bill:**

- **Maggie:**

- **Valda:**

Karl:

A bit of salad there, Mom?

Bill:

that you're not pretty.

- There he goes, the charmer.

- **Valda:**

- (laughs) Yeah.

- **Maggie:**

Well, you know,

if I was 20 years younger...

- **Maggie:**

- **Karl:**

Oh, all right,

35 years.

(laughter)

When he had hair.

Karl, could you get me
some water, please?

Thank you.

I think your problem is you don't give Karl
enough credit.

That's not true.

Well, if I'm honest,

I think you bully him.

You just pick at him

all the time.

Pick pick pick.

You just get at him all the time.

Look, it's banter. You don't understand
how this house works.

I think I do.

- Is she always this mouthy?

- **Karl:**

Maggie:

Father Christmas, can we?

- I'm just being myself, Karl, don't worry.

- Girls like you--

- pregnant...

- Dad.

I bet you don't
even know who by.
Karl, are you going
to say anything?

- **Karl:**

- **Bill:**

Dad, Dad!
Look, if she says it's mine,
it's mine, all right?
Mom...
You should
have known, Karl.
You should have known that
this was not a good idea.
I know, but she's got--
she's got my baby.
I've got a fucking
headache now.
Mom, listen, just--
please, can you just stop him?
- I'll be all right. Get back in there.
- Just help me.
I'll be all right
when I've had a drink.
(sighs)
Beam me up.
Do you want
some help, Karl?
Yeah well, there's a bit of pudding.
I'll bring it in.
I thought there was
some vino coming.
No, I'll bring it in
in a minute, Dad.
Let me get the pudding sorted out,
get it ready to serve.
- Yeah, thanks, Maggie.
- I just wanted to have a look at you.
Yeah. Why was it
you and he split up then?

I don't know.

It just didn't work out.

Quite a lot of temper, fights.

But he seems to have,
you know, mellowed a bit.

Yeah, he's got
a temper on him,
but we're on top
of it now.

He got new pills.

What do you mean?

Well, he has a few mood swings,
doesn't he?

- But he's a lovely lad.

- He's-- he is a lovely lad.

- Good night.

- (laughs)

- I'm sorry it was a bit harsh.

- Don't worry about it.

- It was entertaining.

- I'm sorry you didn't like the food.

It was fine.

It was fine.

It was very sweet
that you cooked.

I thought you were, you know,
on good form tonight.

I know.

Okay, I'm gonna go.

- Give me a call.

- I will do.

- I'll see you out.

- Okay.

What a fucking
little imbecile.

Not in front of the boy.

She's a sheep.

She's a follower.

I don't bully him.

It's non-aggressive advice.

Yeah, she's got
her hooks right in.

It's absolutely
typical of him.

- That was good rowdy fun, yeah?
- Oh yeah, oh yeah.
- It was good to see her again.
- Yeah, I'm really glad she's back.
Yeah. She should lay off
the fatuous advice, though.
- You know?
- She was just telling it how she saw it.
Well, I think
she should keep
that internal monologue
to herself
and not share it
with the adults.
I'm playing at devil's advocate
here, Karl,
but she's a bit,
you know, full of herself.
In a nice way, I mean.
Conceited.
I had a nice time.
Garvey'll be around
in a bit.
Hide the fucking pies, yeah?
- Where does your missus think you are?
- Late at the club.
I don't know why
I couldn't tell her what's happening.
I told you, it's so she can't be put
in a position later on.
- And no phones.
- Yeah, I left it at home. Don't worry.
- So what's going on?
- Nothing much.
Just tying up
a few loose ends.
- Was it you?
- What?
Fucking hell!
Are you mental?
I've done-- I've done
fuck all to deserve this?
- Calm down.
- What's going on? You lure me out here--

- (keys jingle)
- What's this?
Look, listen, I couldn't get a sitter.
Can we sort this out now?
- Fuck's sake.
- Ears!
Shit, that's Chris Pringle!
Calm down, lad.
It's nothing personal.
- What the fuck's he doing here?
- An impartial observer.
Fuck that!
Come here,
you fat bastard.
- Bill, what's going on?
- Everything's okay, Maggie. Don't worry.
Yeah, it's just a bit
of boisterous fun, Ma.
- Put it through, Bill?
- No, don't break it down. It's Victorian.
So what have-- what have youse got here?
Like, you got any tools?
Like a knife?
A knife would be good.
- You didn't bring anything?
- This is amateur hour.
- No, I was in a rush.
- Dude, what the fuck?
- I've got a kid, you know.
- Are you on a fucking-- you on a meter?
Even leaving the fucking house
is like a lifestyle choice.
You're like my fucking missus.
(yammering)
I've got the fucking kid.
I've got to go to work with the kid.
Yeah. He's having
a kid as well.
Oh, are you?
You having a kid?
That's brilliant.
Congratulations, son.
Come on,
hug it up, bitch.

- Cheers, Pringle.
- Oh, man.
- Dude, what are we gonna do--
- Look, let's finish this amateur hour.
- Oh, fuck, yeah.
- Keep it down, man. He's in there.

Well, he knows
we're fucking out here.

- Let's flush him out.
- I don't want any--

Come out,
you little fucker.
I'm gonna come in there
and get you.

I'm gonna fuck you up the ass
and set your hair on fire.

- Garvey:

- I'm fucking sick of this shit.

A little bit strong.

Come on, he's a mate.

Look, sorry about that.

Sorry, all right?

Would little Kurt like some squash,
Christopher?

- Nothing artificial, Maggie. Thanks, though.

- Oh, okay.

- Are my vitamin supplements ready, Maggie?

- Yeah, come through.

- (knocking)

- Come on, out.

- (cooing)

- Come out, come out, wherever you are.

Come out, come out,
wherever you are.

As I was a-walkin'

Down by

the Royal Arsenal...

Come on, mate.

You'll have to come out

at some point.

No, I won't.

You gonna spend the rest
of your life in there?

Maybe.

Come on, mate,
don't be a fucking helmet.
Come on, this went far enough,
don't you think?

In white linen
And cold as the clay
So beat the drum slowly
And play
your fife for him...

- He's right...
- I know, he's in there.
He's hiding in there.
Tell him you can see him.
Say, "I can see you."

- Kurt:

- (Chris chuckles)
Oh, fuck's sake.
Oh, whose life
was squandered
And another young soldier
Cut down in his prime.
What's taking him
so fucking long?
Shall we go
and see Mommy?
- Shall we go and see Mommy?
- Yeah.
- Yeah, come on. I've had enough.
- Mommy.
- Where's my mommy?
- Good luck to you.
I'm sorry.
I can't do it.
This is an absolutely
disgraceful cock-up.
Listen, I'm not
used to having him
under my feet all frickin' day
when I'm doing a job.
You oughta
toughen up, mate.
You've left me

right in the shit.

Karl:

Is he still up there?

Oh, fucking hell.

Nice one, Pringle, you spastic.

Fucking forget about it.

I'm outta here.

Come on, love.

- Yeah, cheers.

- That's lame.

Are you gonna wait this out?

My eyes are shutting.

Maggie:

my sleepers, okay?

- I don't want any noise.

- Yeah, night, Mom.

(knocking)

- Garv, are you coming out?

- No. Fuck off.

Mate, it's just
getting silly now.

Garv, I don't know what
you think we're doing, mate,
but you've got it
all wrong.

This has just--
this has just been a test.

I've been nothing
but nice to you lot.

Yeah, Garv, but it's, like,
been a test of character
and you've passed it, mate--
flying colors.

- It's all sweet now.

- Really?

Yeah, come down
and smoke the peace pipe.

We'll forget
all about this.

Garv, I swear
on my unborn kid
we're not going

to do anything.
- Is that fucking animal Pringle out there?
- Pringle's gone, mate.
I don't even know
what he was doing here.
All right,
I'm coming out.
Come on,
you great lump.
We never suspected you
for a minute, mate.
You're getting paranoid
in your old age.
Yeah, you are, Garv.
It's not him, is it?
I don't know.
I'm tired.
He reacted all wrong.
I'm good at reading people.
He made a run for it.
Not an unnatural response
in the circumstances.
No, I'm talking about
your general aura.
You know, he's a clown.
He's a fool.
He's innocent.
All right.
Garv.
- So you having a baby, eh?
- Yep.
It's the best thing
that ever happened to me.
I was trying for months
with Helen,
but she had a problem
with her uterus.
- Well, I did not know that, Garv.
- I'll tell you what.
I want to ask you
something.
On the night the twins
were conceived
I made this, like,

roaring noise.

I'd never

done that before.

- Did you make a noise?

- Fuck knows.

I don't know, but...

So what's the name

of the lucky mom-to-be?

- Valda.

- Valda.

Valda Newland?

- Why? Do you know her?

- Yeah yeah.

She went out with my brother

a few months ago.

- Really?

- Yeah yeah yeah.

They were pen pals

together.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

She's had loads

of pen pals from prison.

She's a-- she's a lovely girl.

She's got a big heart.

Well done.

I'm painting tomorrow.

- What, in here?

- Yeah, all around.

- What color?

- Just white.

Oh yeah, nice.

Fresh start.

- Can you do me a favor for a second, Garv?

- Yeah, of course.

- Can you just hold this up?

- Right.

- Just there.

- Yeah.

Actually,

I'm pretty knackered.

You couldn't do us a tea,

could you, Karl?

- Yeah, sure.

- What time is it?

I've got

the kids tomorrow.

Ah!

Fuck your kids.

(phone ringing)

Eric, it's Karl.

Yeah.

Any chance you could

possibly pop over?

Yeah, I'm gonna need

your help with something.

Come the back way, yeah?

Wicked.

See you then.

'Twas on one

summer's evening

All in the month of May

Down by a flowery garden

Where Betsy did lay...

Fat sack of shit,

he's done my back in.

- (coughing)

- Oh, fucking hell.

Bill will have a full-blown fit

if he finds out about this.

- I just don't want to hear his voice.

- Don't worry about it.

Tell you what, this is

a blessing in disguise.

For us anyway.

Jesus Christ, there's probably

snakes in here.

Yeah, we're gonna put another snake

in there in a minute.

Mate, the ground

is well too hard.

(groans)

We are never gonna do this.

It's gonna take all day.

Stop your fucking whingeing

and get on with it.

I-- what exactly

are you here to do?

I'm here to help,
all right?

- But you've only brought one shovel.

- Take a fucking turn!

It's not a fucking
two-man shovel, is it?

You take your turn,
then I'll take over.

This is bollocks. We'll never get him
into this ground, mate.

- We're just gonna have to leave him.

- We can't fucking leave him.

We'll just have to fucking think of
something else.

You have a fucking go.

Get in there and dig up--

For fuck's sake.

You're fucking useless, you are.

Here's a bit of fucking
soft ground here.

There's no fucking
soft ground in there.

Yes, there is.

It's fine.

Eric:

Fucking coming out here
to commune
with fucking nature.

- Fucking hell.

- I don't know how you do this as a job.

You're fucking
useless at it.

Christ on a bike.

Look at you.

Jesus, mate,
hold the fucking gate.

I ought to fucking
knock you off, you ponce.

(muttering)

Are you leaving
for the country?

You say the city
brings you down

Leave the iron clown
behind
And feel the circus
moving on
Are you leaving
for the country?
I know a little
country town
Where dogs are sleeping
in the cold
And the flagpole's
falling down...
I wonder if it's gonna be
a girl or a boy.
- What, your forthcoming progeny?
- Yeah.
Science suggests
it'll be a girl.
Why would it suggest that?
Because the man determines
the sex of the child.
So what diff--
what does that mean?
- Well, you're that type.
- What type?
Well, the type
that science talks about.
What, the type of person
that only has girls?
What, you think
I've only got girl sperm?
Listen, man, you can't
argue with science.
Who'd call
their kid Misery?
(knocking)
Dad, that's the door.
Pa, that's the door.
- (knocking)
- (sighs)
Oh, fucking hell.
Don't get up.
- All right, Karl.
- All right, Dave.

- I hear you're getting married.
- That's right.
(laughs)
Ducked 10 years and ended up getting life, eh?
- All right, Bill.
- Hello, Dave.
Garvey never went home
last night.

Bill:

Oh, yeah? Is that official?
Yeah. I've had his missus
on the phone to mine.
After one night?
He's on a short leash.
He never goes away,
does he?
So, uh, was he here?
- No.

- Karl:

Well, who was here
last night?
Just-- just Pringle.
Fucking hell.
Pringle.
That's non-helpful.
Right well, look,
if you see Garvey,
you get him to give me
a bell, yeah?
- Sure.

- Karl:

- Yeah, well, I--
- We'll see you later, man.
I just don't want
his missus...

- Bill:

- ...scaring up a big search party.
I'll see you later.
- Well, where do you think Garvey is?
- I don't know. He's...

I don't like this.
Do you think Eric's
into much with Garvey?
Eric owes Garvey money.
Quite a bit, knowing Eric.
Why? What's wrong?
What's Eric got to do with it?
Garvey's missing, that's all.
Nothing to worry about.
I think someone must have picked him up
between here and his drum.
- I can't go to prison, man.
- I know.
I'll never come out.
It's a confessional
culture, man.
People just can't
shut up.
Pringle will go then, yeah?
- But who has he told?
- He lives with his mom.
The kid's with
his ex-missus.
It's unlikely he's gonna
say anything germane to her.
Yeah, let's hope not, eh?
What do you think, Bill?
(sighs)
I don't know.
Mags?
Pringle tells his war stories
to whoever'll listen.
The mom's a notorious
chatterbox.
Just to be safe then, yeah?
Okay.
This is on me then, yeah?
I'll deal with Pringle
and his people.
This is turning into
a right fucking massacre.
- Yay.
- What about the kid? He's got a kid.
Yeah, the kid's about two.

He can't even talk, can he?
I mean, what's going
to happen to the kid?
He'll probably end up getting sent
to a decent school.
Would you want Pringle
as your old man?
Can't believe they've brought this
on themselves.
They're so selfish.
Disappearances
and accidents, Eric.
No showboating.
Bill, come on.
Here, Pa.
- Cheers.

- **Eric:**

All:
Garvey.

- **Bill:**
- Yeah, and Pringle.

All:
Pringle.
- A shame about his kid.
- Yeah.
Don't think about it.
I'm not.
Still...
that's the way
it goes, isn't it?
A lot of children die.
What time is it?
What, now?
It's about 25 past 4:00.
- Why, have you got an appointment?
- Nah, I was just wondering.
(waves crashing)
- It's just nice to be out of the house.
- Mm.
Sometimes don't you think

you could just walk
straight out into the sea
and never come back?
You're full of cheery little introspective
observations today.
What did you want to be
when you grew up?
Nothing.
How much
do you love me?
Rah!

Eric:

Oi, Pringle.
- You all right, mate?
- How you doing?
- I've got a little job for you.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah. You up for it?
- Yeah, nice.
Come on, mate.
Come on, jump in.
It's lovely here, isn't it?
- Stinks of shit, mate.
- Yeah.
But I like those
fresh country smells.
- You know what I mean?
- So what's this all about?
Just gotta see a geezer over here.
Don't worry about it.
- Whereabouts?
- Just over here.
- By this caravan?
- No no, just by the side of the caravan.
Nothing to worry about.
Don't worry.
(laughs)
Aw, come on, man.
What about my son?
Oh, don't fucking cry,
mate. Oi!
Oh, for fuck's sake, where do you think
you're going?

(dog barking)

Twat.

Ma, I'm gonna move out.

I thought Valda

was gonna move in here.

Val wants our own space.

I think she's right.

Well, you'll need help with the baby.

I mean, she looks frail.

I'm having a kid.

I can't go to prison.

Nobody's going to prison

and you're going to do as you're told.

I don't want to do

any of this anymore.

I just want to be a...

I just want to be

a normal dad.

- Mrs. Pringle?

- Yeah?

I'm a friend

of your son's.

Eric, yeah?

You remember me?

- Is he all right?

- Yeah, he's fine, yeah.

You been shopping?

You bought anything nice?

Oh, just a few bits

for the kids, you know.

- Trying to cut back a bit these days.

- Yeah, times is tight.

- We've all got too much anyway, haven't we?

- That is true.

I can't believe how much he looks

like his old dad.

Yeah, poor little thing, eh?

(laughing)

What time is this bus

coming then?

- (screams)

- (tires screeching)

And the fat man?

Oh, he's really shit the

bed on this one, mate.

Looked all over for him--

high and low, here and there.

- Yeah?

- Pie shop.

- He's gone.

- Yeah, I thought so. I had a feeling.

- **Bill:**

- Yeah, lovely.

What's going on, you know,

with the business and--

and the club?

Well, looks like I'm gonna need

a new manager, doesn't it?

Yeah, I've been having

a little think about that.

- Cheers.

- Yeah?

Yeah, just, you know,

about who to put in there.

- Yeah.

- And then I thought,

I ran Foxy's, didn't I?

- For 10 years down in Eastbourne.

- Oh, yeah.

We did a great job down there, mate.

Great job.

Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

- That was a long time ago, Eric.

- I mean me and Karl--

- it would keep us busy.

- Karl's a very busy boy.

Yeah. No, he's probably too busy,

but I've still got time.

I could help out

down there.

I thought it'd, like,

dovetail with the business.

Yeah. Well, I mean,

obviously I understand

where you're coming from,

but I'll leave it with you.

Have a little think

about it, mate.

I'll tell you what,

I'll think about it.

Yeah yeah, nice nice.

Okay. So what?

I'll call you later maybe,

have a chat?

I mean, it's a good idea--

a good idea, Bill,

because I feel that

the club could be--

I've got some ideas

for the club,

strategic ideas.

(blues music playing)

Running a club.

(scoffs)

- Helen.

- Where is he?

- Bill?

- My husband!

How should I know?

I'm cooking.

- I just want his body!

- Shh, keep it down.

- Whatever's left!

- Keep it down, keep it down.

I don't want him lying

out there in a ditch!

- Keep it-- keep it--

- I won't keep it down!

Getting eaten up by--

by things and foxes, you fuck.

Look, you're under

a lot of stress, Helen.

I understand it, but it's totally

out of order.

You cold bitch.

You're just like your father.

- Get out of here.

- You'll end up just like him.

(shouting, banging)

Unacceptable, Bill.

I told you when we started this--

no drama.

She's a prime candidate
for shock treatment.

- Nobody is gonna listen to her ravings.

- Not listen?

I am surprised they didn't hear that
in fucking Kent.

Why'd she start talking
about my dad?

Why'd she have to say that?

Karl:

How you doing, buddy?

(chattering)

- Jonny.

- Good journey, yeah?

Not really, no.

Well, what brings you
all the way down from London, Jon?

I told Jacob I didn't
want to come down, Bill.

Well, why didn't
he come down himself?

Jacob's a little, uh,
disappointed in you, Bill.

A general vibe

of confusion

and carnage coming

from your end.

There's been a few ructions,
but it's evening out.

Is it?

Because it doesn't

feel that way.

It feels like it's spiraling
into chaos, Bill.

You and your idiot son
in and out of court,

police sniffing around
everything,

known associates

doing moonlight flits.

It's the last thing

we fucking need, Bill.

- Well, agree with me at least!

- All right, I agree.

I don't think you even know
what problems you have, Bill.

- Will you tell me then?

- I'm not here to explain things, Bill.

I'm here symbolically, yeah?

As a reminder that we're all
in this together, yeah?

- Yeah.

- Some straight thinking is called for, Bill.

- You've let things slip away.

- But I mean, look,
give this to Jacob and tell him
we're not falling behind.

This, Bill--

this is money, yeah?

You know there's more
to this than money.

- Sorted, Jonny?

- Sorted, Maggie.

Make sure he doesn't
get too excited, eh?

Yeah, I'm watching him,
Jonny.

I know you can see
the bigger picture, yeah?

Yeah.

This house, eh--

- a lot of nice memories.

- Oh, yeah.

I don't want anything
to mess with that.

Well, it's only work, eh?

Nobody's gonna

mess it up, Jonny.

You poor injured fair one,
your pardon I crave

How soon must I follow you
down to the grave?

There's none but you,
fair one

To see that sad sight

And by her distraction

he died the same night.

Maggie...

I'm not right.

I'm...

I'm having a stroke, Mags.

Call an ambulance.

- (coughing)

- I've poisoned you, Eric.

What?

What with?

What have you done?

You informed

on my husband and my kid

and then

you killed Garvey.

It's causing all kinds

of complications.

(coughing)

It's not true.

Maggie, it's not.

I swear.

You always

was a wriggler,

even when you were a kid.

(gagging)

It's not true.

It wasn't me.

If you weren't family,

I wouldn't have anything to do with you.

I mean, look at

this bloody mess.

All I ever do is clear up

after bloody men.

Are you listening, Eric?

Christ.

Oh, well.

Bill:

all right, your brother.

- We had some great laughs.

- Maggie:

Yeah. It's a rotten thing

to have happened,

but tough decisions
have to be made.
It's not the decisions
that are tough, Bill.
It's the actions.
Well, a general
can't regret decisions
made in the heat of battle.
When all is said and done,
we will believe we were right.
It's important to have the right intentions,
no matter the outcome.

- Do you want to make some tea?

- Yeah.

I'm the man that rolls
When icicles is hangin'
on the tree
I'm the man that rolls
When icicles is hangin'
on the tree.

For fuck's sake,
stop doing that!

Where's Eric?

I haven't seen him
in a few days.

Eric's in Spain.

What? Now?

- Yeah, he's got troubles of his own.

- Oh, great.

All hands to the pump and I'm the only
one left to do the donkey work.

Yeah, well, people
are unreliable.

- What?

- He's gone down there

I think to--
to buy a bar.

I think he's gonna
start a club

- called Los Foxos.

- No!

(both laughing)

El Foxo!

- That's nice.

- Yeah.
- Bingo.
- A bit of bingo.
I can see Eric leading the conga,
up at the front.
Yeah. I think he must
have caught a whiff of a seorita.
You know what I mean?
Got straight to the airport and disappeared.
Sounds like
a retard's dream.
Well, that's about
the size of it.
Fucking hell, he's not--
- El Foxo's-- that's brilliant.
- Yeah.

(folk music playing)

We'll rant
and we'll roar
Like true
British sailors
Range and roam
All on the salt sea
Until we strike
soundings
In the channel
of old England
From Ushant to Scilly
Is 35 leagues
We sailed past Beachy
Past Fairlight and Dover
And then we bore up
For the South Foreland
light...
All together now, boys.
We'll rant
and we'll roar
Like true
British sailors
Range and roam
All on the salt sea
Until we strike
soundings
In the channel

of old England
From Ushant to Scilly
Is 35 leagues.

Bill:

Oh, come on, Maggie.
Sweetheart, come back
to the party.

Come on.

Come on.

(sniffles)

I can't, Bill.

It's too much, Bill.

- Come on.

- (sobbing)

Oh God.

(song ends)

(coughing)

(folk music playing)

(coughing)

Are you leaving
for the country?

You say the city
brings you down

Leave the iron clown
behind

And feel the circus
moving on

Are you leaving
for the country?

I know a little
country town

Where dogs are sleeping
in the cold

And the flagpole's
falling down.

(humming)

I knew I couldn't last.

You're as strong
as an ox, Dave.

No... I'm done.

You got any last words?

Any thoughts?

- I'm tired.

- Yeah, you have a sleep, mate.

I'm sure you'll

pull through.

Yeah, maybe.

- The doctors said--

- Oh, Dave...

don't listen to what

the doctors say, mate.

What do they know?

What is it, mate?

Bill's a liability, Karl.

Yeah?

It's all over for him.

It's just a matter

of time now.

What makes you say that?

I hear things.

What, on Ceefax?

You say goodbye to him

for me, will you?

Yeah.

- I always liked your dad.

- (laughs)

That makes one of us, Dave.

Eric's been found.

- Where is he?

- He's dead, Karl.

No.

- I'm sorry, mate.

- He's in Spain, mate.

- He was a police informer, Karl.

- Bullshit.

That's bullshit.

That's-- that's bullshit.

Eric, Garvey,

your old man--

they all talk to plod.

How else do you think

your court case got squashed?

No.

Look at the fucking

state of me.

Why would I lie?

Huh?

Why would I lie?
You'd better
fucking die, Dave.
Oh.
Berman's dead.
To Dave Berman having
a drink in heaven.
- (glasses clink)
- Dave.
Dave.
Had a good run,
though, didn't he?
He's left us right in it
though really, didn't he?
I mean,
it's a bit selfish.
I mean, would a bit
of exercise have hurt?
His poor wife.
(tsking)
Yeah, the old ones
all drop away.
It suddenly feels like
the end of the world.
You're just tired.
It's all a bit
fucking tiring.
You know, I liked it best
when it was just you and me.
(both grunting)
- (thudding)
- (grunting, groaning)
(groaning, coughing)
(wheezing)
(squishing)
(labored breathing)
(breathing stops)
Oh, Christ.
You see?
And you want
to leave this house?
It's not safe for you
out there on your own.
(heaving)

- Who did this to you?
- One of yours, was he?
- What you are talking about?
- Well, it feels like your style.
And you call me sloppy.
- I don't know what you're talking about.
- Come off it.
Own up to it. Own it!
Fucking own it!
- Look what you fucking did to me.
- The situation's--
Look what you
fucking did to me.
It's got nothing to do with me.
It's probably London.
That's bullshit and you fucking know it,
you fucking liar!
It could be a local faction
making a move.
How the fucking hell
do I know?
I mean, I don't run
this town, man.
- It's like juggling oil now.
- You said it was all under control.
You fucking told me
it was all under control.
That's an
arrogant illusion.
It fucking is
an arrogant illusion,
and you're the fucking
arrogant one, you prick.
- Look, all--
- Fucking leave me alone, Dad.
I'm serious. Get out of my
fucking business.
I'm fucking serious.
I don't wanna hear
another fucking word from you.
- I'll fucking knock you out.
- Yeah?
Well, all I know is,
all right,

one, investigations;
two, that fucking woman
turns up;
three, a trusted associate
goes missing...
Stand fucking back, man.
I'll put these glasses in your fucking face.
I'm not kidding.
Yeah?
And four,
a representative
of London comes down;
and five,
you get attacked.
I mean, those are
the facts, right?
Saying them in a row
doesn't connect them.
It's got nothing
to do with me.
Where's Eric?
- Do you even know if it's your kid?
- It is!
What the fuck?
Where is Eric?
Look, I'll be absolutely honest
with you, Karl.
She has to go.
- What are you talking about?
- It's her-- Valda.
- Before the baby's born.
- What?
You'll be too attached
to her by then.
Are you out of your
fucking mind, Dad?
- We're getting married.
- Well, that's off.
No, we're getting married, Dad.
We're having a kid.
We're-- we're getting married
and we're having a kid.
- Trust me, son, you're too weak.
- I'm not weak.

- Look--
- I'm not fucking weak.
You've grown up privileged
and spoiled and soft,
and now you're unconcerned
about other people's needs.
What the fuck
are you talking about?
I do everything
for you, Dad.
I do everything for you. I make
your fucking tea, your fucking breakfast.
I make your fucking dinner
half the time.
I run your errands
all over town.
What more do you
want from me?
Come on, seriously.
- She's unbalanced your mind.
- Fucking hell.
She's driven you crazy
and you're not making any sense.
One more word from you
about her, Dad...
Just keep your beak out,
all right?
You want your mother and I
to go to prison?
- You want us to be murdered in our beds?
- No!
Look, listen to me.
She's got to go.
She's the rogue element.
You could have had the breakfast room
decorated by now.
Who are you siding with?
Your blood or some stranger you rocked up?
She's not just rocked up.
I've been going out
with her for a year.
She's carrying my child.
What fucking qualifications
does she need, Dad?

Oh, I see. You're thinking,
"Wait till the old ones
pop their clogs
and then get the house."
- Is that it?
- I don't want your fucking house!
I'd rather give it to a cats' home
than to you and that fucking slag.
I don't want
your fucking house.
You'd betray your family
just to bring up
another man's bastard?
Don't talk to me
about betrayal.
I know that Eric
is dead.
And I know that you,
Eric and Garvey
- have been talking to the police.
- What?!
- Where'd all this come from?
- Berman told me.
- Death-bed confession, was it?
- As it turns out.
He was addled
with morphine.
Fucking hell, he was
chatting his bollocks
to anyone who came
into the room.
- Was he?
- Yes.
- Was he?
- Yes!
Look, you can just tell it
to me straight, Dad.
Just fucking
be honest with me
for just--
for just a minute.
Just one minute.
Just fucking tell me
what's going on in there.

Oh, you can't
fucking do it, can you?
You fucking coward!
This is disappointing.
Take no notice of him.
He just says the first thing
that comes into his head.
How can you stand him?
He's a fucking nightmare.
- No, he's not a nightmare actually.
- He is a fucking nightmare.
- Karl, calm down.
- Mom, just fucking leave me alone, all right?
It's not him, Karl.
It's you.
I mean, why don't you
just get a blood test?
And then if the baby's yours,
it could come and live here.
It'll be-- it'll work out.
It'll be fine.
What about Valda?
Oh, Valda, darling--
she'll be like all the rest.
- She'll leave you.
- What are you talking about?
Oh God.
When you was little,
right?
When you was born,
it was very different
then, Karl.
And they...
you know, they couldn't help babies
out like they do now.
And there was
something wrong--
something went wrong.
I don't know.
The incubator-- oh, God knows
what went on really.
I'm sure that's why-- all this business
about Eric--
(weeping)

Please stop. No, please stop.
All this business about Eric--
and you know your dad--
we had nothing
to do with that.
You all are fakes.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I didn't wanna tell you.
Come here, darling.
Come here.
Come...
I'll tell you what.
I'll get you your pills, eh?
You need
a nice lie-down.

Maggie:

Tell me why
The stars do shine
Tell me why
The ivy twines
Tell me why
The ocean's blue
And I will tell you
Just why I love you
Because God made
The stars to shine
Because God made
The ivy twine
Because God made
The ocean blue...
(crying)
Because God made you
That's why I love you.
Sorry, Mom.
Oh, don't you remember
A long time ago?
Those two little babies
Their names I don't know
They strayed away
One bright summer's day
Those two little babies
Got lost on their way
Pretty babes in the wood

Pretty babes in the wood

Oh, don't you remember

Those babes in the wood?

- You expecting someone?

- Yeah. It's Valda, Mom.

- I thought we were going into town?

- Yeah, I know.

I thought maybe you could
go with her instead.

Why?

- Just talk to her a little bit.

- What about?

Well, she's just
freaking out, Mom.

What, about the baby?

Yeah. Maybe you could
just settle her down a bit?

- I'm not a counselor, Karl.

- Mom, please, Mom.

Fine.

Maggie:

How are you feeling?

Valda:

Feeling pretty good, actually.

Yeah, not for long.

(chuckles)

- Valda:

- Oh, getting it out.

Boy, the pain.

You want someone to shoot you.

It's the great

conspiracy of women--

no one ever tells you.

I didn't speak

to my mother for days.

Karl weighed

9lbs 10oz.

There's the car.

Nice bit of fresh air

anyway.

Can you grab my cardie

out of the boot, please, Maggie?

Yeah.

Oh, what's all this plastic?

- Do you know where your mother is?

- She's gone out.

Yeah? Gone where?

She's gone out with Valda.

- They're up on the downs.

- Oh.

I wonder if we're still
having sausages tonight then.

I don't know.

You all right, Karl?

Got a bit of a problem, Dad.

That sounds ominous.

It's like that, is it?

It's for the best...

for everyone.

Look, why don't you just have a cup of tea
with me and talk about it, Karl?

No, that's all right.

You have one.

Do you love me?

I love you.

I can't talk to you anymore.

You just confuse me.

What's your mother
going to say?

Karl:

She's gone already.

- Bill:

- Dad, just sit down.

- Just sit down.

- Karl, where's Maggie?

- Karl, where is Maggie?

- Just sit down, Dad.

(weeping)

(wailing)

(door opens, closes)

- Valda:

- We're in the breakfast room.

- Well, there he is.

- Yeah.

How did it go?

He was all right
with it, actually.

He was fucking
shattered, wasn't he?

He was knackered.

(folk music playing)

Where is now

my father's family

That was here
so long ago?

Sitting round
the kitchen fireside

Brightened by
the ruddy glow

But we shall all
be reunited

In that land
beyond the skies

Where there'll be
no separation

No more marching,
no more sighs

Some have gone
to lands far distant

And with others
made their home

Some upon
the world of waters

All their lives
have chose to roam

We shall all
be reunited

In that land
beyond the skies...