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The Football Factory

By John King

These were the scenes
everyone feared.
Running battles
between English and Turkish fans...
...some here have been
seriously injured.
...it's very violent indeed.
Earlier, there was mayhem
on the main square...
Getting beaten up by football hooligans is like

having VD:

But that's
what makes it so exciting.
So this is me, Tommy Johnson
three weeks from now, nearly dead.
And do you know what the funniest thing is?
I could see it coming.
Anyway, it's almost over now
and all that matters is this: was it worth it?
There's nothing different about me.
I'm just another bored male approaching 30,
in a dead-end job who lives for the weekend.
Casual sex, watered-down lager,
heavily cut drugs.
And occasionally kicking
fuck out of someone.
Zeberdee, it's Bill.
What? How am I?
What do you mean, "how am I"?
I'm fuckin' buzzin'!
We've gone right through the slit.
Keep your fuckin' nut down.
He's a right fuckin' stringer, this kid.
- What's he say?
- Nothing.
- What do you mean, "nothing"?
- He fuckin' hung up.
Raff, call Tommy.
Find out where he is.
There's a pub on the corner called
the Ship and Billet. Head for that.
I'll have to bell you back,
Harris is trying to get through.

Just spotted their little firm
going to a pub in Denbigh Street.
They won't know what's fuckin' hit 'em.
There you are.

Here, come here!

- Sweet, Bill?

- Yeah.

- Where's the others?

- On their way.

- Harris said there's about 25 of the others.

- There won't be when we've finished with 'em.

Wait round the corner!

What for?

Cos it's all going to be on top,
us all standin' here, you si.

- Jog on.

- Jog on!

Bill, it's Harris.

Hello, son. Yeah?

All right. See you there.

What happened to you last night?

Thought you was coming out for a drink?

Johnson had me on some nutty skunk.

Ended up down the petrol garage
at two o'clock in the morning.

What you driving for?

You're on a ban, you lunatic.

Ban? What am I gonna do, walk?

Here he is.

Right, there's someone
outside the pub.

- How old is he?

- He's only a kid.

Go on, crack him.

Keep the noise down.

Keep the noise down.

- Excuse me, mate, you got a light?

- Don't fuck about, ping him.

Let's go!

It's going good anyway.

Let's settle it.

- Come on, let's...

- Keep it down, keep it down.

- Keep it down.

- Fuckin' hell, come on, boys.
Keep it down, keep it down.
- Come on. Fuckin' hell.
- Keep it down.
Don't fuck this up.
Fuckin' clowns won't stop us.
You're fuckin' animals!
You give this fuckin' country
a bad fuckin' name!
You ain't no football supporters!
You're fuckin' muggy little cunts!
What else are you gonna
do on a Saturday?
Sit in your fuckin' armchair wankin' off
to Pop Idols?
Then try and avoid your wife's gaze
as you struggle to come to terms
with your sexless marriage?
Then go and spunk your wages on kebabs
fruit machines and brasses?
Fuck that for a laugh!
I know what I'd rather do.
Tottenham away.
Love it!
How fuckin' perfect was that?
Soppy bollocks here even managed to get
the canister inside the fuckin' pub this time.
Do you remember that time at Upton...
That time at Upton Park,
he let it off on the tube!
Mind you, premature ejaculation,
that's right up your fuckin' street!
Anyway, he's virtually throwing 'em
out of the fuckin' pub at me, right?
He's throwing 'em out of the fuckin'
pub at me. Crunch! Crunch!
I hit this geezer so fuckin' hard,
his legs went like a fuckin' baby giraffe.
State of that. I done me knuckles.
So hit people in the mouth,
not the back of the fuckin' head.
Just as well I did or you'd be
in hospital, you cunt.
No-one loved Chelsea

more than me and Rod.
We grew up on football terraces together
with my old man. He knew the score.
The first bit of advice

he give me was:

You know what to do
if someone tries to clump you?
Kick him in the fuckin' bollocks.
Me and Rod did everything together.
Hurry up, Tom, I'm starving.
It took me an hour just to find it.
Still Rod didn't need to know that.
She ain't walkin' for a week.
My grandad old Bill Farrell,
drove us to drink
with his stories about the war
and how he fought to put the Great into Britain.
He said fighting at football was nothing
compared to the Germans.
"We'll fight them on the beaches,
we'll fight them on the..."
Although he went on, he was right.
We're an island race. It's what we do best.
It's not about colour or race,
it's just the buzz of being in the front line.
Truth is,
I just love to fight.
There's nothing wrong with me...
unlike Billy Bright, whose dad had a funny way
of setting a good example for his son.
Right, that's it.
I'll fight every one of you
before you move on next door to us.
Come on, son!
With parents like that,
he was never gonna end up in Greenpeace.
Still he was one of
the first football thugs
to see there was a fortune to be made
from England's love for ecstasy.
Oi, three bottles of Bud, please, mate.
Problem was he'd taken so many beatings on
the terraces that he weren't scared of anyone.

And the correct medical term for that is
a "total fuckin' psycho".

Bill, let's get out of here.

There's about ten Stoke fans staring at us.

- How many of 'em did you say there was?

- About ten. Please don't start, Bill.

- Right, which one of them's staring at me.

- The big geezer with the Hackett cap on.

See you, you cunt. I'll cut you first.

And that was his idea

of a good day out.

You fuckin' mugs!

But underneath the fun and games
and Range Rovers, Blliy was bitter,
cos he hever got to run our firm.

Harris was top boy and that was that.

He was smarter than Billy
and ran things like an army unit.

Deep down Billy knew he'd never be leader
and because of that he hated Zeberdee.

Why? Simple...

Zeberdee looked up
to Harris and not him.

And the more Zeberdee looked up to Harris,
the more Billy bullied him.

And what chance did Zeberdee have as a kid,
brought up in a concrete jungle
on glue and hate?

I don't envy the young 'uns any more.

It's a nightmare.

Warfare from the playground upwards and you
know what you have to do to survive in combat.

Aargh!

Just like me and Rod,
him and Raff are best mates,
only difference being
they're thieving little cunts.

In case you're wondering, we call him Zeberdee
cos he loves sniffin' powder.

And one dayn it'll be his downfall.

Hold your hand out, Raff.

- What?

- Hold your hand out.

You're just a fuckin' kid,

ain't you?
Hold your hand out, Bill.
Do what?
Hold it out like Raff
and we'll see how old you are.
Oooh.
No, let's have it right.
You trying to mug me off?
Oh, shut up.
I'm only fuckin' about an' that.
- What d'you mean, "fuckin' about"?
- What?
What d'you mean, "what"?
You know, just...
Well, don't fuckin' just.
Leave it out.
You trying to wind me up?
Ain't trying to wind anyone up.
I'm fuckin' serious.
What I want to know is, what makes
you think you can come in here
and mug me off in front of my pals?
I... I didn't mean nothing by it, Bill.
It was only a bubble, that's all.
Just a bubble?
What you talking to me
in that fuckin' muggy rhyming slang for?
I never fuckin' liked you,
you little cunt.
You're a wrong 'un,
just like your old man.
He was a degenerate fuckin' drunk.
Do you know what I'm thinking?
I'm thinking I should take you
outside and open you up.
- Leave it out, Bill.
- Leave what fuckin' out?
What, d'you wanna get
involved an' all, do you?
Don't be stupid.
I'm just saying, he's only a kid.
No, let's have it right, Tom.
If he's old enough to run round givin' it large,
fuckin' bashing people up with us,

he's old enough to talk for himself.
I'll tell you something, Zeberfuckindee,
I think I should take you outside
and teach you a lesson
for mugging me off and making me look a cunt
in front of my fuckin' pals.
I...
I didn't say nothing.
Come on, outside,
you little fuckin' stumblebum.
Leave it out, eh?
Stop mutterin' and stutterin'
and fuckin' liven yourself up.
I fuckin' had you there!
Fuckin' hell, Zeb,
you should have seen your fuckin' face.
I thought you was gonna burst into tears.
What is it, four, five...
eight lagers, Donna, please, babe.
There'll be none of this in Australia.
As of next week,
strictly the amber nectar.
Not to worry, William.
I think I'm more of a cocktail man anyway.
Well, I won't be sitting next to you.
Well, that was the idea.
Bill, Albert,
I didn't see you there. Wanna pint?
My grandad didn't like Bright.
Knew he was a bully.
Bill and Albert were just kids
when they did their National Service.
They were one of the first off the
landing crafts on June 6th.
Bill aways told me the only thing that kept him
going was Albert's determination and will to live.
They came home proud war heroes
and married
their childhood sweethearts.
And buried 'em together as well.
The council moved Albert to the flat above Bill
and they swapped door keys,
always vowing to keep an eye
on each other.

Very funny. Very, very funny!

- Are you all right?

- Yeah, yeah.

Now a little one. Now a little one.

That's it, now let me get the door.

Let me get the door.

I'll be right in there.

Comfy? Do you want any help with that?

Bet you've seen some changes,
eh, you two? Yeah.

Bit different nowadays,
though, innit, eh? Gone.

It's the Pakis coming over in the '70s, see.

Taking over everything. Spoilt it.

And what you got now, eh?

What you got now?

Fuckin' asylum seekers.

Bloody Tony fuckin' Blair.

He's gotta be a poof, ain't he? New Labour?

I mean, and this game's gone.

There was a time I used to be able to clear
seven and a half, eight hundred shots a week.

Not any more. Nah.

Now what you got is your fuckin' spades
up in Soho moonlighting!

Moonlighting!

Fuck's sake, that's a joke!

You need a full moon just to see 'em!

This country was built on
good people like yourselves.

Not enough of you about,
that's what I say.

Here, let me give you a hand with that.

Swing your old arse round in there, look.

That's it, lovely.

And I just want to say, it's been a privilege
to drive two gentlemen like you.

And the fare's on me.

Don't be silly.

You're letting the wheelchair fool you.

No, I insist.

It's been an honour.

Don't forget, you watch
out for them darkies, eh?

What a wanker.
Let's go dancing.
Although he talked a lot of bollocks,
in some ways the cabbie was right.
Bill was what put the Great into Britain.
He was an old war hero.
But he'd moved on.
It was Australia for him and Albert now.
Somewhere they could live out
the rest of their days in the sun.
Hello, Mavis, my little darling.
How are you?
I shall be sad to see you both gone, Bill.
Are you packed up yet?
Course we have.
Ain't you gonna say goodbye?
Can't you do better than that.?
What are you talking about, Bill?
Don't you know?
You fucking disgusting old man!
That's what I loved about Bill.
He was still game.
He'd dreamed about. Living abroad for years
and how his time had come.
I even give him and Albert a little treat
for going away.
My grandson gave me a going-away present.
A joint of his very best home-grown.
You mean drugs?
Yeah, well, you light up old, son.
I'll make do with this.
It's amazing to think
in a couple of weeks
we'll be watching the sun go down
on the other side of the world.
And it won't be surrounded
by tower blocks.
Miles of golden sand and bronze tits.
You packed yet?
Haven't given it a thought.
My case has been packed
and sitting inside the front door for three days.
You want to get your skates on, Farrell.
Oh, stop nagging, you old woman.

- You know what Bert?
- What's that?
I'm feeling dizzy.
You always were, you dozy bastard!
The next best thing to violence is sex,
and seeing as there's
nearly 500,000 single women in London,
I must be in with half a chance.
Especially as I'd fuck
anything that's breathing.
I tell you, I'm fuckin' mullered, me.
I am fuckin' mullered.
Look at the fuckin' boat on it.
Imagine that round your fuckin' helmet.
No, no, no, Tom.
Proper fuckin' slosh pots.
Shut up, you...
What's the matter with you?
All right, sweetheart?
You all right, girl, yeah?
- All right?
- Do you want a drink?
A few tequilas?
A couple of little
cheeky tequilas, yeah?
Shall we get on it?
- A little cheeky tequila...?
- Tequilas.
Get these two birds here
a couple of tequilas.
I'm gonna smash the fuckin'
granny out of that.
London's changed for the worse.
All the good people, right,
all the good people...
are being forced into the suburbs,
due to the influx of illegal immigrants
forcing their way into this country.
- I mean...
- Hey, mate.
Mate, will you shut your fuckin' noise?
Here you are, sloppy bollocks.
You fuckin' cunt.
Get up there, girl. Get up there.

I cannot wait to fuckin' see your fanny.
I'm gonna fuckin' ruin you...
- Let's have a butcher's here. Rod, look.
- Smash you in the...
- Look at that.
Beautiful, beautiful.
He's only fallen asleep, Tameka.
Same here, Shian. Little fuckers.
Shame. He's hung like a pike in here.
Good for you.
I've got a stickleback in here.
You fuckin' little mug!
How dare you come into my fuckin' gaff,
and try and get hold of my little sister
against her will?
You're in bandit country now, boy,
no-one will even know
you were fuckin' here.
There's holes dug all over South London
for people like you.
Jesus.
I was expecting cornflakes and a quick wank.
But instead, I get some nutter
in a Stone Island jumper and a blade in my face.
And worst of all,
that was where all the trouble started.
Oi, silly bollocks. What are these?
What?
- What are they?
- Flowers.
- What sort of flowers, dinlow?
- Lilies.
Then what are they doing
with the chrysanthus?
All right. Sorry.
- What?
- Er... there's someone here to see you, Bill.
Who?
...the back door.
Left her watching Blind Date.
Marched on up to The Venus
and bumped into Sonny.
He's given me a couple of Es.
I've had them

with a bit more thingy,
and wound up copping for two slosh pots
out of Chigwell.

Smashed the granny out of the pair of 'em
in the Tower Hotel till eleven, Sunday morning.
Yeah, I was back home in time for a Sunday
roast, but I was completely fuckin' anninilated.

Look, I've got to go, mate. My man's here.
Ta-da.

Good to see you, son.

- How are you? All right?

- Not bad.

Heard you Chelsea boys had a little turnout
at Tottenham at the weekend.

You ain't wrong. Heard you Millwall boys
had a little turnout down in Pompey.

We did. We should have had a meet.

Would have been fun.

You know where to find us.

Any time you like.

Your time'll come.

What have you got for me?

One thing I never understood

about Bright was,

although he was in the Chelsea firm,

he did business with the head of their rivals.

Millwall.

Get that.

Two men that work together,
then kick fuck out of each other
if ever they get the chance.

It's bang on. What you got round you?

Four K.

- Go on, then. I'll take the lot.

- Cash.

Hang on.

Hang on.

Slow down.

What? You're fuckin' joking!

All right.

I'll go straight up the hospital.

Yeah ' see you there.

- Problem, Fred?

- It's my brother, Terry.

Someone's just done him round the canister
with a cricket bat.
You're fuckin' joking?
Is he all right?
They don't know yet.
Look, I gotta go.
- I'll keep this lot on ice for you.
- I'll call you later.
Oi! What are you fuckin' doing?
You're three hours late.
Don't start, mate. I've had a bit of ag.
What you got a sheet on for?
You don't wanna know.
You're right, I don't.
Get in and sort them dinlows out.
They're putting lilies
in with the chrysanthus.
You got anything on under there?
What am I fuckin' paying for?
Just get on with it
- What do you reckon, fat boy?
- You look like a vicar, mate.
Are you fuckin' mad?
This is Prada, you cunt.
It's iron's gear.
Get your fuckin' skates on.
We gotta get there for the draw.
Horrible cunt.
What about the draw?
How are we gonna find a telly to watch it?
Oh, there'll be tellies where we're going.
Oi, Zeb, try and make sure we've got
a decent house to rob this time, will you?
I don't want to watch
some piece of shit.
Slow down, will you, Davis, eh? What's
the matter with you? Are you a fuckin' Hoover?
Whether we were thieving,
fucking or fighting tonight,
we'd a be glued to a TV set
to see who Chelsea drew in the Cup.
See, the beauty of the Cup draw is,
it's a lucky dip,
a chance to meet one of the old rivals,

like Cardiff or West Ham,
or if you're really lucky,
Millwall.

And cos the draw
meant so much to Billy,
he decided to take his long-suffering wife
Barbara out for a quiet, romantic meal.

However,
they got their wires crossed,
cos Barbara thought he was taking her
up the West End for some tapas.

Let's see what's on the menu.

Oi, it's my sister!

Oh, what, your girlfriend?

Oi.

Either turn that TV up, or tell that lot down there
to hold their noise down.

Calm down, Bill.

We don't want to cause a scene.

No. No, you're right.

- The old rubber glove!

- The old rubber glove, mate.

Oi!

Oi. Will you shut up?

I'm trying to watch the fuckin' telly!

...against 52.

Southend United.

57.

Portsmouth.

Will pay number 38.

Middlesbrough.

Number 22.

Millwall.

Will pay 44.

Chelsea.

Yes! Fuckin' yes!

Another battle then.

Eh? Can't fuckin' hear you.

Who is it, for fuck's sake?

Eh?

Yes!

- Who, who, who?

- It's fuckin' Millwall!

Millwall-Chelsea.

Old enemies that always ends up in murders.
Literally in my case,
cos like a mug
I thought I'd get lucky in the same bar again.
And I see my new mate again
who, of course, turns out to be Millwall.
Maybe I should ask him if I fucked his sister,
seeing as I can't remember.
If I'd listened to my instincts and laid low, none
of this mess would have happened but I didn't,
and I only had myself to blame.
And occasionally, and I do mean occasionally,
it would be nice to have Bright out with us.
It's typical that tonight
he's taken his wife out for a quiet one.
See? He does have a gentle side.
Aaaarghh!
Zeb and Raff missed the draw
cos they were doing what they do best -
robbing houses,
something they'd later come to regret.
Me, I'm beginning to get the feeling
old Magic Johnson's lost his touch.
Drive, mate! Fuckin' drive.
I'm being chased!
Lost his touch?
Bollocks.
Hard to have a nice night
out in London, eh?
I blame all the blacks
and fun pubs, myself.
Shut up mate. You're boring.
Welcome back to BBC London Sport
with me, Danny Kelly.
Now, anyone who's listened to the Breakfast
Show will have heard Danny Baker going on
about his great excitement about the prospects
of Millwall and Chelsea here in London.
Our reporter, as always,
is Pete Stevens.
That's right, Danny. I'm sure
there's going to be a vast police presence
to keep the we-known hooligan elements apart
from these two teams.

I only hope I'm not given the job
of reporting live from South London.
I'd much rather be watching the game
from the comfort of my front room.
Well, come on, Albert, you old bastard!
We'll miss our flight.
All right, Bill? You look pissed off.
No, I'm not fuckin' all right.
Some cunt burgled my house last night.
Hold that.
Suddenly,
going to Millwall weren't so appealing,
now I knew my enemies were part of their firm
It's the one fuckin' place on earth
I didn't want to be caught out./i
Anyway, Liverpool away, and a chance
to have a good sleep on the coach.
Good, this.
- What did they nick, Bill?
- TV, DVD...
Even took the fuckin' kids' PlayStation
and my mobile.
- Your mobile?
- Yeah.
You know what to do?
Ring your number and see if they've still got it.
That'll freak 'em out.
Tell them you know where they live and that.
Good call, Rods.
I've got that Ride Of The Valkyries ring tone.
You know, the war cry.
That'll fuckin' freak 'em out.
Hello?
You are fuckin' dead meat.
I didn't know it was your house.
I didn't know it was your house!
Look, I've got all the gear.
I've got the PlayStation.
I'll shall fuckin' open you up!
Fuck.
Where are you from, mate?
Just around.
Are you fookin' Chelsea?
Yeah.

You flash cockney bastards.
Do you know Stanley?
Run!
Go on, run, you pair of rats.
Drive on again mate. Drive on.
Hey! Stop the fuckin' bus, you cunt!
Fuckin' come on!
Where the fuck are you running now?
Cunts! Fuckin' cunts!
Go on. Fuck off!
Come here.
You didn't fuckin' shine there, did you, son?
What?
I've got to go to work on him now,
stop him opening you up.
You silly bollocks.
What was all that about?
But we did 'em, didn't we, H?
Billy had a real punishmeht lined up
for Zeberdee.
He weren't the forgiving type, but as long
as Harris was around, he couldn't touch him.
And Harris and Billy
certainy didn't need another reason to fall out.
Right. No thieving.
No bringing attention to yourselves.
Just keep your nuts down.
I want you to be outside and back on the road
in five minutes.
Oh, yeah, and whatever you do, no fighting.
Bit rich, coming from him, innit?
Zeb, what did Billy say to you?
He said we've got to get his gear back to him
by tomorrow.
And we've got to apologise to his wife and kids.
You've had a result there.
You're lucky. He could have battered you.
Blinding result, eh?
This complete nutter will never talk to us again,
and everyone think s we're thieving little cunts.
You are thieving little cunts.
But you know what you've got to do, don't you?
Prove yourself at Millwall.
That'll sort it out.

Yeah, do the business down there,
and you'll be an hero in his eyes.
Will you stop moaning about beer?
All you do is complain about beer.
I'll be opening bottles with my fuckin' teeth
all the way up there, Bill.
Could have done with a couple of cans.
Shouldn't have had that chicken burger.
Stone me, it's them Stoke fans that done us.
- Where?
- Over there. Look. It's them.
- It is them.
- It is an' all.
On the Rory, on the Rory, on the Rory.
Listen. We'll get the beers safe.
Then we'll outflank 'em, yeah?
I ain't saying a word.
What the fuck are you doing?
There's two of them
Stoke fans that done us.
Drop 'em now. We'll be late for the meet.
Fuck 'em. They kicked the shit out of us.
No. The gavvers are over there.
I'll give you fuckin' "no"!
Northern cunt!
Fuckin' idiots.
Slow down, you two, for fuck's sake!
What, was you fuckin' bullied at school,
was you?
Have fun, boys.
Who are you fuckin' looking at?
Billy's extensive vocabulary
would never get him into Parliament.
And this lot could be West Ham,
Cardiff, Arsenal, Stoken even Man United.
Don't matter to me.
The odds don't look very good.
Know what? I think I'll call it a night. Tom?
Yeah, let's go and have a beer.
Yeah, good idea. We'll jog on.
What about you, Tom?
All right, boys. I'll see you in a bit.
Order us some Miller.
- Light?

- Er... regular.
- No problem.
- See you later.
You all right down there, mister?
What happened to you?
I've had the shit kicked out of me.
What about you?
Me? I'm dead.
Bill! Rod!
Help! Where are you?
Bill! Help!
Fuckin' hell.
Liven yourself up.
We're in court in half an hour.
Court? What?
Fuck... What about my dream?
What the fuck was that dream a about?
Who was the pikey kid with the bandaged face?
Where was that tunnel?
What did i all mean?
Fuck it.
Must be that nutty skunk again.
What's wrong with you, Bright?
You're 40 years old,
and still you offend persistently.
I see children with more common sense.
What did you say?
Don't you dare answer me with that
insolent tongue of yours, you fat fucking slob!
The Establishment call us chidren while
they're at King's Cross having sex with 'em.
I should tell this old queer
to join us down at Millwall.
He might enjoy swapping that silly wig
for having a row.
Yes, sir. I'm very sorry, sir. It won't happen
again, sir. You can be sure of that.
I do hope that's the case, Mr Bright.
I'm passing this over for reports.
I'll see you
in a month for sentence.
- And Bright
- Yes, sir?
If you appear before me

again before that date,
I won't hesitate to give you
a custodial sentence of a least five years...
Why is it, while I'm having hightmares
about dead kids,
Rod's slipping into the court clerk?
What's he got I'm missing?
Shame. He's hung like a pike in here.
And it's tricky
cos he's been known to get serious.
How are the tulips selling?
They flew out at the market.
What's happening, Tom?
Here. I got nicked with Bright the other day,
kicking off with the OB. You'd have loved it.
Nice one, Tom. Sounds really clever.
It's not my scene any more.
Yeah, well, I'm just saying.
Well, go and say it somewhere else, and don't
come down my stall giving it the big 'un.
All right. Slow down, Ad.
Slow down?
I'll tell you about fuckin' "slow down".
What's the matter with you, clumping people?
Ain't it about time you started growing up?
You're nearly 30. You wanna get hold
of yourself. It's all a lot of bollocks, anyway.

- What?
- You're a bright kid. Work it out.
- Here you are.
- No, they're from both of us.

Tommy... think about it.
Nearly 30? What's he on about?
Jesus! I only wanted a bunch of fuckin' flowers,
and he tells me to think about my life.
See you, Albert.
What's Harris and Bright doing there?
I could hardly stop them, Bill.
They're foolish men, Tom.
Harris think s we're connected
cos I fought in the war.
What he doesn't understand is, I fought to stop
people like him with their Fascist opinions.
Billy is a fuckin' idiot.

Are you still going to Australia?
I don't know. There's a spare ticket
going begging, if you're interested.
Your cousins would love to see you.
Do yourself a favour.
Put a bit of distance between you
and all that stuff you're mixed up in.
I'm all right, Bill.
I'm just having a laugh.
Well, just be careful.
Next time you visit the boneyard,
it could be in a box.
What are you fuckin' doing here,
you little cunt?
I've come to pay my respects.
Well, you're not wanted.
Let's have it right. You didn't even
fuckin' know him, did you? Did you?
Well, put your sippy cap on,
then, and fuck off.
Go on, jog on.
Don't forget our appointment.
All right, boys? What's happening?
Why have you got a dartboard
drawn on your shirt, Zeb?
Well, what's it got
to do with you, you mug?
All right, boys. First one to a hundred.
Aaaarghh!
Aaaarghh!
Stand up straight.
He wants to know
which one stole the PlayStation.
Me.
Good call. Crack on.
Aaaarghh!
Oi, shithead, hold your hand out.
- What, Zeb?
- I said, hold your hand out.
Just a kid, ain't you?
You hold your hand out, Zeb.
Let's see how old you are.
Are you trying to fuckin' mug me off?
With Millwall round the corner,

it was time for the juniors to play
Nice to see Billy and Fred
could put their differences aside
when it come to their kids.
Bit of a coincidence, eh? Our kids play against
each other just before we meet in the Cup.
Somehow, I don't think this game's
gonna get quite as messy. Do you?
Fancy yourselves in bandit country, then?
Well, let's have it right.
If history's anything to go by,
last time we met you lot,
we ran you all over London.
You couldn't run 100 yards, mate!
- Won't fuckin' need to, either!
- Don't get lemon, Bill. It don't suit you.
Spell it, you cunt.
C-U-N-T. Cunt.
I meant "lemon", soppo bollocks.
We'll see about lemon when you're lost
in deep south, you fat fuckin' prick.
Whoa! Now we're getting personal.
Now, what's your problem?
That you have to open your kebab shop soon
or that you buy Charlie off a white man?
Well, how does it feel doing business with
a Turk, when you're supposed to be right wing?
Scooby-Do's less confused than you.
You'll be confused
when I open your canister up.
You wanna wait
till the game or make one now?
Don't punch above your weight,
you long streak of piss.
Well, stop punching your old woman about,
then, wanker.
What did you fuckin' say, you mug?
You fuckin' heard,
you fat fuckin' Johnson cunt.
Fuckin' mug! Look at you, you cunt!
Get off me, you... Get off me, you cunt!
Fuck this.
If they can't be grown up, let's go.
I'll fuckin' do you!

Just as I thought.
Rod's been plating the court clerk's Gary,
and now she wants
to meet his mates.
I told him I already met her in the dock,
but he insisted on a social one.
And why is it that when your best mate meets
a girl, he quickly changes into a fuckin' melt,
and acts like
he's only known you for ten minutes?
So... what do you do, then, Thomas?
Thomas?
Kick people's fuckin' heads in for a laugh.
And you should know, div.
You read the charges out.
Me?
I work long and hard.
Sounds like Rod!
Yeah?
Cor...
Jesus, he's really picked one here.
The worst sort of all.
Wannabe middle-class scum.
I'd like to kick the cunt back to Penge.
Seems nice.
Yeah, yeah. Yeah, he's a top bloke.
Bill, it's Tom. Fancy a quiet drink?
I'm bored out of my skull.
Meet me at work
around seven in the morning.
Don't worry. I'll bring my tools.
- Fancy a sauna?
- Good call, Bill.
Johnson!
Johnson!
All right, Billy. What's it gonna be today?
A little lavender head massage?
No, forget that and just crack straight on
with the blow job, eh?
Stone me, she won't be working for a week.
What was that screaming about?
- What do you think?
- Good boy.
What do you think the screaming was about?

I'm having a fuckin' breakdown.
With my back against the wall there was
only one thing for it: seek counsle from Bright.
Bill, can I talk to you for a minute?
Yeah, yeah, course you can, son.
It's just er... I keep...
I dunno. I just keep... You know?
Yeah, yeah, I know.
- Really?
- Yeah, I know.
Fuck! Fuck it.
I thought it was just me.
No, listen.
It happens to me all the time.
No, don't worry about it. It's sweet.
Don't worry. I'm gonna sort you out.
Thank s, Bill.
You're a fuckin' good man.
Listen. Don't mention it.
- Here you are.
- What?
Go on son. Crack on. Go on.
Enjoy!
Should have seen that one coming.
The last person on earth you want to talk to
when you're paranoid
Ask Bright for advice, and
you get fuckin' Viagra.
And what a good mate he was
in my time of need.
Fuckin' fat little cunt
lazing about with his Penge minge.
Wake up, sleepy.
That was my parents on the phone.
They're coming to London at the weekend
and want to take us out.
Well, as long as it ain't Saturday.
We got Millwall.
It is Saturday, Rod.
What about Sunday?
They're going to my brother's in Reading.
Don't tell me you'd rather go to football.
Well, I am male.
It's one game.

I am male.
But my parents only come round
once every few months.
Yeah, Millwall comes round
less than the eclipse, babe.
Well, don't just run out.
- I'm going to work.
- Let's talk about it, eh?
There's nothing to talk about.
You either meet my parents on Saturday
or you never meet them.
All right, boys?
Yeah. Sweet. Speak to you later.
Fuck off.
- Are you serving?
- Yeah, what do you need? Whites or browns?
Hit him, hit him! Hit the cunt.
Come here.
Cunt! Cunt! Cunt!
Grab the fuckin' rock.
Come on. Let's go. Let's go. Let's go.
Cunt!
Come on!
- Fuckin' hell!
- Shit, that must have been Zeberdee.
Come, let's go.
My grandad's life
was disappearing in front of his eyes.
With Albert dead, he had no-one, apart from me,
so it was time to give him some family support,
and maybe even
some friendly advice.
You should come to Millwall at the weekend.
That'll liven you up a bit.
You all right for money, Bill?
Cos you know
you've only got to ask.
I'm earning a few quid
down the market now.
It ain't as if I got
a bird to spend it on.
Unlike Rod.
You sound over the moon about that.
Yeah, well...

Your chance'll come.
Don't you ever get the itch?
Yeah.
I can see myself on a sun lounger
in my back garden,
a couple of kids running about...
sipping my Pimm's quietly.
Kids, eh?
Yeah. Why not?
What's their names?
Dorian, after my mate.
Dorian?
Both of them?
Yeah, probably.
What if they're girls?
Dorian.
You're a good boy, Tom.
Keep your eye on my wallet, Bill.
I'm going to the toilet.
I tell you what, Fred.
This area beats
South London hands down.
Bollocks, does it.
I'll have Bermondsey any day.
It's full of spivs and skint
hoorays round here.
I just wanna find this fuckin' Tommy Johnson
and get out of here.
Let's just cut him
and fuck off back over south.
You're not wrong.
Oi, you, skint boat, come here.
- Me?
- Yes, fuckin' you. Come here.
Come on.
Ever heard of a geezer
called Tommy Johnson?
Johnson...
Johnson...
No, I've never heard of him, mate.
Yeah?
Yeah.
So, what's your name?
- What?

- I said, what's your fuckin' name?
Dorian.
Poof!
Dorian? Sounds like a fuckin' poof.
Yeah, I know.
Just a name, though, innit?
Prove it.
Prove what?
Stop fuckin' stuttering,
and fuckin' prove it.
Just show him some fuckin' brief.
Er...
I ain't got my wallet on me, mate.
Go on, then. Fuck off, you mug. Go on.
Hang on.
We'll see who the fuck you really are.
Give us your phone.
Who's this?
Hello. It's Rod. Is Dorian there?
You've had a fuckin' touch. Little mug.
Come on. Let's go.
Do you reckon he's somewhere else?
We'll try the other gaff.
He's got to be here somewhere.
Fuckin' hell!
Did your arse drop, son?
You'd fuckin' think so! I tell you.
The moment I seen them follow you in,
I knew you'd give them a dodgy name.
It's a little trick
we picked up in the army.
I'm definitely calling my kids Dorian now.
Dorian.
- Dorian.
- Dorian.
See you, Rodder, I fuckin' love you
sometimes. Do you know that?
You ain't too bad yourself, Johnson.
I'm well up for it now.
The omens are good. Millwall who?
I'm gonna have a right
fuckin' buzz down there.
Yeah.
Don't say it, Rod.

What?

You fuckin' know.

Look, Tom, fuckin'...

Her mum and dad are coming down.

Tom, you'll need these
where you're going.

How you doing, mister?

Nah. Not good. You?

Still dead.

Sorry about that. Am I?

No, you're still alive.

- Who are you, mate?

- Don't know mate.

Can't tell till I
take these bandages off.

What?

What do you mean, "what"?

What are you looking at me like that for?

You don't know?

What, Rod?

You don't remember what
you done last night?

I was fuckin' lashed, wasn't I?

Last thing I remember was being in the boozier
with you and my grandad.

Jesus, Tom...

For fuck's sake, Rod, what's so bad?

You don't remember Barbara?

Barbara who?

You tried to get off
with Billy's wife.

Fuck off.

And when she blanked you, you beat her up.

- What?

- You broke her fuckin' jaw, Tom.

I know you're winding me up, Rod.

Please tell me you're winding me up, Rod.

I ain't, mate.

Fuck off, King. I tell you what.

I'll ring Zeb. He'll fuckin' know.

All right, Zeb?

Fuckin' hell, Tom.

I don't know what to say.

You went berserk mate.

I've got to wash my hands of this one.
The cunt's been playing darts with me.
What am I gonna do, Rod?
You're gonna have to go round there.
What?
Just go round there and fuckin' beg.
Well, that's a good idea. I might as well
break her fuckin' nose while I'm at it.
I don't know what else to say to you, Tom.
No, you're right. I'll...
I'll fling myself on my knees
and let him kick the fuck out of me.
Hopefully, he'll have mercy on me
if I'm on the floor.
You know him better than me, mate.
That's the problem. I know what he'll do.
Johnson.
Listen, Bill, listen.
On my life, I don't remember nothing.
I was obviously smashed out of my tree.
I've woke up...
I'm none the wiser, Bill. Please, Bill.
I don't know what's gone on, mate
swear to you. Please Bill. Please.
My life.
You sappy, muggy streak of piss.
I can't fuckin' believe you fell for that!
If you'd touched my woman,
you'd already be dead!
Fuckin' arseholes.
Fuckin' funny, that, innit?
Go on. Have a fuckin' laugh, will you?
Go on. Really fuckin'...
I really fuckin' need this at the moment,
what with my dreams,
fuckin' florists, fuckin' billboards...
Bollocks!
Cunts.
On his fuckin' knees!
With mates like mine
you certainly don't need enemies. Jesus.
Three weeks ago,
I was getting on with my life.
But now, with Millwall round the corner,

I'm half the man I was, which ain't saying much.
And the worst is yet to come.
Here's Mark with the sport.
Well, the third round
takes place this Saturday,
and of course the pick of the ties
has got to be Chelsea against Millwall.
I know police leave
is cancelled, but this goes beyond that.
This is that ancient rivalry...
Hello, Bill.
Donna, give him a pint, love.
Put 'em on the tab.
- How's your luck?
- Not bad, Billy. How are you?
Right. Same as before.
I'll take some of you lot
down through South Bermondsey,
and Tommy will take the
rest from Surrey Quays.
Where's the meet?
It can't be too far away.
They'll have spotters
out all over the place.
- And it's on top of the Old Bill before we start.
- What about Billy?
What about Billy?
He knows Millwall
like the back of his hand.
Fuck Billy.
He don't know what he's doing any more.
Now, let's have it right.
We all know he's become a liability.
Granted, yeah he can have a row.
But he can't run a turnout
down in South London.
He's a fuckin' lunatic.
Look what happened in Liverpool.
Bollocks'd the day up.
His problem is,
he's taken too much of that shit up his nose.
Just forget him.
Slow down. He's one of your own.
Hang on.

You've got to make Harris right here.
It's like having a big kid around.
He's a fuckin' dope, mate.
Just let him take Zeberdee
and those chavvies. That'll do him.
You just wipe your mouth of him.
He's a spent force.
Bill...
Bill!
What's the matter, babe?
You think I'm all right, don't you?
What?
I'm all right, aren't I?
Yeah, course you are, you silly sod.
Come here.
Eat your dinner.
Bright!
Don't fuckin' creep up
on me like that, you si!
Bill. Take it easy.
How comes you weren't down the pub
last night?
Fell asleep, didn't I?
How comes you know I weren't there?
Harris belled me and asked where you were.
Well, he didn't fuckin' bell me.
Maybe he forgot, eh?
- Got it?
- Fuck me! What's that for?
Millwall.
Don't be stupid.
You can't take a gun down there.
- It's only a flare gun.
- What are you on about? You'll kill someone.
Meant to be having
a laugh aren't we?
Fuckin' hell, Bill.
You're on the turn, ain't you?
- You ain't got nothing to prove.
- Ain't I?
You look as handsome
as you did on our wedding day.
Where are your medals?
You can't go

to Whitehall without them, dear.
You're a hero William.
Go and put them on dear.
Make me the proudest woman alive.
Don't look at me.
Yeah, go on. Fuck off, you Pakis.
Fuck off!
Got the little chavvy?
Corned beefs all over the gaff.
I know, I know, I know.
Did you see the state of his boat?
Did you see it?
You don't even know you're fuckin' born!
Oh, fuck off.
Go on, fuck off, you old mug!
I know who I am now.
Show me, then.
All right, for fuck's sake.
Hurry up, lazy bollocks.
It's Millwall today.
You all right?
I'm sweet, mate. I'm fuckin' buzzing.
This is it.
What's wrong?
You look like you've seen a ghost.
Listen, Zeb. Listen, listen.
You... You'd better just...
What, Tom?
Fucking hell, Tom, what had I better do?
Just look after yourself.
It might turn ugly.
Don't worry about me.
I'm gonna be a fuckin' hero.
Liven up, we've got to meet the others.
I tell you, it's a fuckin' buzz! Come on!
Here, Tom, where's Rod?
Fuck knows. You all right?
Yeah. Couldn't sleep, could I?
Fuckin' buzzing.
The wretch from Penge had got her claws in,
and only a miracle could bring him back.
But I couldn't see it happening.
I'd lost him when I needed him most.
And not even someone of Rod's calibre

would have the bottle to say...
That espresso's really kicked in.
Darling you don't drink espresso.
Tell me more about the air conditioning,
Rodney. I'm fascinated.
Air conditioning?
You told me you run an
air-conditioning firm.
Well, we have a few vans out on jobs at once
most of the time.
Well, it's always busier in the summer.
Nothing like a soaring temperature
to help the work.
Anyway, most of the time I just sit
around the office, waiting for the weekend.
Don't get me wrong.
I love the money the job pays.
But my real passion lies
in kicking people's fucking heads in at football.
See, I've got to channel it somewhere,
and as you can tell by my bulging stomach,
I don't participate in too
many sporting activities.
And I don't do drugs.
Well, that's not entirely true,
but not a lot.
So, I need my release, and a good fuckin' fight
seems the best way. Wouldn't you agree?
Maybe not
At least I wouldn't be walking around like you -
fuckin' horrible cunts with sticks up your arses,
trying to pretend your little
suburban nightmare's all right.
Then again,
it just depends which way you look at it.
Mate, can we have the...
No, I'll...
Rod! I fuckin' knew you'd make it!
Wouldn't miss it for the world, mate.
There's a fuckin' shot, man.
You lot fuckin' ready for us, or what?
Well, let's see how game you really are.
So, come and find us, then, shithead.
Oh, and be careful.

Remember you're gonna be in deep south.
Away from all the crowds
and the ready eye.
So, watch your fuckin' backs.
- Fuckin' hell!
- Let's have it!
Hello, Tom.
What's happening, Joe boy?
Everything's sweet round here.
- Where's Harris?
- On his way from South Bermondsey.
Get yourself up on the bridge lively.
Later on. Bye.
- Hello, Joe, son. Where are you?
- On the bridge. It's all quiet down here.
Keep your eyes peeled.
Well be there soon.
Give you a bell if I see anything.
- Crack on.
- Speak to you later.
- Right. Here you are. It's sweet.
- Other end of the bridge, lively.
Sweet, Bill?
Get down here all right?
toe to toe with you.
You fuckin' mug me off like that?
Forget it.
Anyone who runs is gonna get
properly served up when we get home.
You got it?
Are you all right, son, yeah?
Yeah. Are you?
I've got to tell you now.
I've got a really bad fuckin' feeling about this.
Come on! For fuck's sake.
Oi. Oi. Hold it here.
Hold it. Hold it.
Hold it.
Oi. Keep your fuckin' voices down.
Keep your fuckin' voices down.
Keep it quiet. Keep it quiet.
Fuckin' wankers!
Fuck.
Cunts!

You and your f...
Clear the area.
Immediately.
Fuckin' cunt!
Disperse, immediately.

I repeat:

Clear the area.
Get him!
Step on the cunt!
Get the cunt on the floor.
Get into him!
Johnson! Johnson!
Leave my fuckin' brother in Casualty, you cunt?
Get the fuck back!
Get out of the way!
Leave it.
You nearly wound up in
the boneyard, my son.
How come you're here?
They call it grieving.
I call it falling fuckin' over.
Rod and the others was up.
Brought you some grapes.
Was er... Zeberdee there?
Erm... young fella with black hair?
What, that little prick?
Yes, he was.
Thank fuck for that.
What about Australia, Bill?
I'll fly next Tuesday.
What about you?
What about me?
Huh!
Was it worth it?
Kicked half to death,
florists, cabbies, nightmares and visions.
One of the old soldiers
gone for ever.
Bright gone for a seven,
and bollocks so ruptured that the only thing
I'll be pulling for months is a chain.
After all that you really do
have to ask yourself if it was a worth it.

Course it fuckin' was.

Yeah, just get a pint over here.

They reckon, as soon as he got sentenced,
he started crying his eyes out.

I'll do it standing on my head, you mug.

Fuck off.

You corrupt cunt. It's people like you
that are ruining this fuckin' country, you nonce.

- Take him down.

- Fuckin' mug.

Here you are.

- Where are you going, you slippery cunt?

- Khazi. He gave me a livener.

Zeb, leave me some,

or you're fuckin' dead.

What's happenin', Zeberfuckindee?