Welcome to Sheffield!
The beating heart of Britain's industrial North!
The jewel in Yorkshire's crown is home to over half a million people,...
...and thousands more flock here daily to shop and to work.
All this is built on Sheffield's primary industry,...
...steel.
The city's rolling mills, forges,...
...and workshops employ some 90,000 men...
...and state-of-the-art machinery to make the world's finest steel.
From high-tensile girders...
...to the stainless cutlery for your dining table.
But it's not all hard work for the people of Steel City.
They can spend the day lounging by the pool,...
...watching one of our top soccer teams,...
...or browsing in the shops.
But when the sun goes down, the fun really starts...
...in the city's numerous night clubs and discotheques.
Yes, Yorkshire folk know how to have a good time!
And it's good times for the city's housing, too!
Sheffield leads the way in town planning.
Victorian slums have been cleared to make way for the homes of the future.
Thanks to steel,...
...Sheffield really is...
...a city on the move!
Gaz, who's gonna buy a rusty girder?
- Come on.
- Dad, it's stealing!
No, it's liberating, love. Liberating.
Gaz, hang on.
Ten years we worked in "ere. Now look.
- What if we get caught?
- You don't get a criminal record till you're 16.
- Just don't tell your mum.
- 'ey, listen.
- (brass band plays)
- Music.
Bloody hell!
- What are they doing?
- It's the works band. It's still going.
About only thing round "ere that is.
'ey up! Security guard's back.
(door closes)
"Won't take a minute", he says.
"Won't take a minute." Now what?
Shut up. I'm thinking.
Can't we do normal things sometimes?
This is normal! Int' it, Dave?
Oh, aye. Everyday stuff, this.
I think this bugger's sinking.
Pick it up,
and try and slide it across other side.
That's it.
Oh, fucking hell, Nathe!
They're 20 quid each, them!
That were your bloody maintenance!
- Oh, shit.
- Oh, nice one.
(Dave) Nathe!
Nathan!
- Fucking hell!
- Come "ere, come "ere!
Jesus! Stay still.
Stay still, stay still.
All right.
What's your initiative got to say
about this, then, bog eyes?
'ey up, there's someone coming.
- All right?!
- Aye, not so bad.
'tot so bad"?
"not so bad"?
That's not much of a chuffing SOS!
All right, don't get a benny on.
Shit!
Me jeans are bloody soaking!
You should have taken your kit off.
- What's up? Are you shy?
- Don't! Shut it, all right?
'ey up, Dave.
- All right, babe?
- Dad!
What do you reckon, Dave?
Eight? Maybe even a nine.
- You can never tell till you see their tits.
- Dad!
- What's all this?
- It's them Chippendale efforts.
- You what?
- Them dancers. Mum were going on about it.
Oh, you're joking!
She must be getting desperate.
- You all waiting for me, then?
- Yeah! To go home.
You know where to find me
when you tire of them poofs.
- Dad!
- Come on, Gaz, I'm freezing.
"Women only"?
Cheeky buggers!
It's a bloody working-men's club!
I mean, look at the state of that!
What have you got to smile about?
He's got no willy, for starters.
Not in a gym'll help you there, mate!
No decent woman would
be seen dead in there.
Jean would.
Oh, Dave, what's going on?
It's her money, innit?
Fucking hell! You'll let some poof ave his
tackle at your missis?! Where's your pride?!
She's already got you hoovering! I saw it
and I let it go! But this? No, no, no.
- Get her out of here.
- It's women only.
Hurry up, will you? Me feet have gone numb.
That's gratitude for you! We're riding into Alley of Death for you, you fat git. It's not my fault I can't fit through. Right, then. I'll wait "ere and keep guard. Find Auntie Jean and tell her Uncle Dave wants a word outside.
- Do I have to?
- Good kid. On you go.
(cheering)
( 'I'm The Leader Of he Gang"
by Gary Glitter)
Come on, come on
Come on, come on! Come on, come on!
Come on!
Let's go!
Come on, come on! Come on, come on!
(crowd) Off! Off! Off!
Come on, come on! Come on, come on!
(cheering)
I'm not waiting in that bloody queue. I always wanted a nosy in the men's toilets. Phwoar! Them bloody muscles!
It's not their bodies, Bee. It's what they do with 'em.
I don't know what you're worrying about, with you-know-who on your tail.
- Frankie! Do you want my body?
- 'ey, 'ey, 'ey!
Frank don't fancy me and I don't fancy Frank, right? So give over!
Do you think he might, though?
No. Couldn't do that to Dave.
Not even if I wanted to.
But... you know, it's like he's given up.
Work. Me. Everything.
Ah, love.
"Ere, love. This'll cheer you up.
(giggling)
I weren't in Girl Guides for not!
(women cackle)
(Dave) Gaz!
Gaz! That were our Jean, weren't it?
No, no. Just a couple of old tarts.
I'm going back in for Nathe.
(raucous cheering)
("Hot Stuff' by Donna Summer)
You're in big trouble.
What about Auntie Jean?
Auntie Jean's busy.
Gonna have some hot love, baby
(Nathan) I don't feel well.
Of course you don't! You've got a hangover.
Take a day off. Stay at home.
Your house is messy. And it's cold.
Come down job club.
That'll be a right laugh.
Mum's house is always warm.
I can't always have the red carpet out for you.
Anyway, it's not your mum's house.
It's whatshisname... Barry's.
Tell you what. Next weekend
I'll have a big tidy round. I promise!
Even go and see a footie game.
- Yeah?
- Yeah. Sunday League down the park.
There's some right good players.
United are playing Man U, aren't they?
You know I can't stretch to that.
You're always making me do
stupid stuff like last night.
Other dads don't do that.
Don't they?
- Aye.
- Aye.
Nathe!
We could try and sneak into Man U.
Terry said...
No!
All right! I'll... I'll get tickets! I will!
Ooh! Aah! Cantona!
Has to wear a girlie bra!
We'll stuff 'em, Nathe.
Fuck!
I want the application letters finished by the
time I get back. Any problems, I'm outside.
(Gaz) I tell you,
when women start pissing like us, that's it.
We're finished, Dave.
Extincto.
Yeah, I mean...
How? You know...
- How?
- Genetic mutations. They're turning into us.
A few years and men won't exist.
Except in a zoo or summat.
We're not needed no more, are we?
Obsolete. Dinosaurs.
Yesterday's news.
Like skateboards.
Button it!
Some of us are trying to get a job.
And it says no smoking in "ere.
Aye, and it says job club up there.
When did you last see one of them walk in?
(laughter)
You forget, Gerald,
you're not our foreman now.
You're just like the rest of us.
- Scrap.
- Shut it, right?
Hang on, though. Why were all them women
Int' working-men's club int' first place?
Now then! Cos of us. Men.
You call them Chippendales men?
Degrading, that's what it were.
How many lassies were there, though?
Thousands. Baying for blood.
Ten quid to watch some fucking poof
get his kit off! Ten quid!
Times ten quid by a thousand, right?
And you've got...
Yeah, well, a lot. A very lot.
Nah.
10,000 quid.
- How much?
- 10,000 quid.
'ey, now, Dave, I mean...
It's worth a thought, though, innit?
Little And Large prancing round Sheffield
with their widgers out!
That would be worth ten quid!
Don't be so bloody daft.
We were just saying...
- Widgers on parade! Bring a microscope!
- I don't see why the chuff not!
Because you're fat and he's thin,
and you're both fucking ugly.
Bastard!
(shouting)
What's all this about sole custody?
You know what. If you want
joint custody, you pay your share.
- 700 quid.
- I'm ont" dole, in case you hadn't noticed!
- Get a job! I'll gi' you a job!
- 2.50 an hour in Black Hole of Calcutta!
No, thank you.
If you want to play your games, do that,
but Nathan's gonna have two parents now.
And your live-in lover's gonna do that?
Abracadabra, here he is! Evening, Barry.
That'll be for t" court to decide.
No, it won't. Nathan's yours and mine.
He's fuck-all to do with him!
- As if you've ever given a toss.
- Face it. He don't like staying at yours.
Course he bloody does! Ask him!
Ask him!
Oi, Nathe! We have a laugh, don't we?
- Gary! Don't!
- Is he in?
Is he in?!
Nathe!
He can't hear you through your...
triple bloody glazing.
He can hear all right.
This... This is all wrong, this is.
It's all to fucking cock. I'm his dad, and you...
You're nobody.
Good night, Gary.
Night, Nathe!
See you, kid!
No. Not doing it.
- I'm not stripping.
- They're taking him away.
All I need is 700 quid
and they've got not on me.
- Gaz, no.
- Dave, he's me kid!
I suppose there's nicking cars.
- No!
- Well, then?
Look, I'll help, all right? I'm running, aren't l?
But I'm taking not off. Final.
Come on, Dave. Don't stop now.
- Keep up, you fat bastard!
- Gazza, you tosser!
(Dave) Do you need a hand?
Yeah, it's your HT leads, I reckon.
Give it a go at that.
(engine starts)
Didn't you work at Harrisons
afore it shut down?
Ah! I thought I clocked you!
I were ont" floor with Gaz. Him up the road.
How's it going, then?
You got any work?
No, there's not a lot about, is there?
Well, like I say,
get some new ones when you can.
No, no, my chuffing pleasure(!)
Dave?
(coughing)
- Are you all right, kid?
- You bastard!
'ey! 'ey!
You could shoot yoursen.
(Gaz) Where's he gonna find
a gun from round "ere?
You wanna find yourself
a big bridge, you do.
Yeah. Like one of them bungee jumps,
only without the bungee bit.
I can't stand heights, me.
Drowning. Now there's a way to go.
I can't swim.
You don't have to fucking swim, you divvy.
That's the point.
You're not very keen, are you?
Sorry.
I know.
Stand in the middle of the road and get
a mate to drive smack into you right fast.
Haven't got any mates.
We just saved your fucking life,
so don't tell us we're not your mates!
- Yeah?
- (Dave) Yeah, me an' all.
I'd run you down soon as look at you.
Oh, cheers.
Ta.
Thanks a lot.
(front door)
(panting)
- What are you doing, Mum?
- Where have you been?
Driving.
- Driving where?
- Just driving.
(Mum) I thought you'd gone.
Security guard in 'ere?
No wonder he wants to kill himself.
Well, at least one bloke got a job
out of this place being shut down.
What did you tell him for, any road?
The kid's a nutter.
He's a bugle player.
Could come in right handy.
Might need a bit of music.
He's got a car. Somewhere to practise.
Besides, it's good what'sitsname
for the lad... Therapy.
Oh, aye! Jiggling about in the buff. Therapy!
I tell you, he won't be the only one trying
to top himself if you carry on wi' this caper.
- Dad, I'm hungry.
- (carhorn)
'ey up!
'ey! Lomper!
- Where's me rice?
- Try the cylinder head... tubby.
I don't like Chinese.
Course you do... Don't you?
- Let's see his records.
What have we got, Dave?
'the Floral Dance."
'marching With Hepworth"?
Jesus Christ!
Ah, Hot Chocolate! Now we're talking!
I believe in miracles
Since you came along
You sexy thang!
Stick it on, Daverimo! I'm there.
Dad! Dad, don't.
It's all right, Nathan.
It's right, is this. I've seen 'em do it.
– (amplified) Good evening, shoppers...
– Dave!
All right, all right.
"You Sexy Thing." One, two...
One, two, three, four.
("You Sexy Thing" by Hot Chocolate)
I believe in miracles
Where you from
You sexy thing, sexy thing, you
I believe in miracles
Since you came along
You sexy thing
Where did you come from... (music stops)
– (doorslams)
– I need an audience.
You need a doctor.
(Gaz) I tell you,
there's summat up wi' that kid.
– (Dave) Did you check the whole top end?
– (Gaz) Yeah!
There's no point. He went out.
– You what?
– I seen him go.
There's the beggar.
(Gaz) Oi, Nathe!
Nathan!
Nathan.
Hell-fire!
– What are you doing out here, kid?
– Not. Walking home.
It's miles home! You know that!
Why did you run off like that?
You're embarrassed, aren't you?
You think your own dad's a dickhead.
We're not doing this for a laugh, you know.
I'm trying to get some brass together...
..so as you and me can keep
seeing each other.
They're trying to stop us, you see.
Oh, well, I may as well not bother.
Except I'm your dad.
It counts for something, don't it?
I like you.
I love you, you bugger.
All right, kid?
  - All right?
  - Yeah.
You nutter.
  ( tango)
  (Nathe) Well, you said dancing.
It were a great idea, kid.
Just not the right sort of dancing.
Gaz! 'ey, look "ere. (sniggers)
  (Gaz) Oh, my God!
Gerald, me lad, you're gonna be
famous down job club.
  (Dave) He's not bad for a bastard, is he?
  (Gaz) He's dead, that's what he is.
  (Lomper)
You said you wanted a dance teacher.
  (Dave) Gerald? Go get chuffed!
He'd tell every bugger!
We'd be laughed out of Sheffield.
'ey up, lads. Bandits at six o'clock.
Ah, come in, Torvill.
Park your sequins over "ere.
  - You've had your laugh. Now piss off.
  - It's a free country.
  - You were rather good. Nifty footwork.
  - Gerald!
Oh, hello.
  - Gerald, you're missing the rumba.
  - Sorry, I just met some pals from... work.
Oh.
  - Not thinking of joining our class?
  - Funny you should mention it...
- I think we'd better be getting back now.
- Well, good night.
You get back to your rumba.
See you later, Gerald.
At work.
He's got gnomes.
(Gaz) Aye, he bloody would have.
(Gerald sings)
Things looking up?
- You know, love, I think they just might be.
- Good.
You've been working too hard.
You should let a colleague
do the lion's share for a change.
- I wish you'd be firmer, Gerald.
- Oh, well. Mustn't be late.
- So it's all right if I...
- Oh, Linda, love...
Oh, don't be so mean!
Things are looking up. You said so.
You'll love skiing.
Linda...
It don't matter.
Bye.
'ey, Gaz.
- Off to the office, Torvill?
- Yes, I bloody am!
Put that back. Put it back!
See that? Interview.
In the bloody bag. Mate from Harrisons.
I could do the job standing on me head.
And I won't have to look at
your ugly mugs again.
- Come on, we just need some help.
- Sorry. There's nothing I can do to help you.
Just wanna know about dancing.
Dancers have coordination, skill,...
...timing, fitness and grace.
Take a long, hard look in the mirror.
Now, I'm busy.
Don't be late for job club, lads.
Bastard!
Starting at 16,000, plus the pension scheme.
It'll be a relief to get back to work.
It's not been an easy six months.
I'm up to date with
the latest industry developments,...
...and I've kept meself...
...busy, you know.
Well, all the qualifications
are there, obviously.
And we go back further
than I care to remember.
Sorry?
What we're asking, Gerald, is...
...after such a long lay-off,
do you think you're up to the job?
You...!
- Bastard!
- Fucking hell!
'ey, Gerry, mate...
- (Gaz) You didn't get it, then?
- Get out the way! Come "ere!
Bastard! That were mine, that job!
You don't give a toss! You're kids!
It's different for me!
I've got a standard of living! Responsibilities!
I were on me way up! I am on me way up!
It were me first interview in months!
I could've got me first month's in advance.
She'd never have known.
Now what?
She's still got credit cards, you know.
She's out there now, ont' High Street,
with a fucking Barclaycard, spending!
Why can't you just tell her?
How can I tell her after six months?
A woman who wants to go skiing
for us holidays!
(Gerald) Skiing, for fuck's sake!
Why did you do it? It was my job!
It had to be my... job!
(door closes)
Can't you just leave me alone?
We stuck it with superglue.
You can't hardly see t" join.
- Go on.
- Oh, yeah.
We got this int' jumble, like, to say sorry. Wheels go round and everything. It's for your gnomes, really. Not you. I, er...
I don't know. Er...
It's marvellous, this. We were thinking, er...
you can maybe put it next to... wishing well. Make a bit of a...
- Feature.
- Yeah.
What do you reck?
Ta, lads, eh?
Ta very much.
Cigarette me, for fuck's sake.
(Gaz) Think any of them could dance?
You're not still on about this Chippendales malarkey, are you? A Yorkshire version.
Them buggers can, we bloody can.
- You can't dance.
- We know, Gerald.
- Gaz, niner on its way,
- Why do you think we're trailing you?
I don't know. It's not my kind of dancing. It's all arse wiggling.
I've got a degree in arse wiggling, mate.
You learn us dancing, I'll learn you the rest.
Gerald, for once, I'm dead serious.
I need your help.
What if someone spots me? What if Linda finds out? I've got standing, me.
Aye, you've an overdraft an'' all, mate.
("Je t'aime... Moinon plus"
by Jane Birkin and Serge Gainsbourg)
Je t'aime
Je t'aime, oh oui, je t'aime
Moinon plus
Oh, mon amour
Comme les vagues
You amaze me
Je vais, je vais et je viens
Entre tes reins
Je vais et je viens
Entre tes reins
Et je me re...
I'm sorry. Sorry.
I thought I'd give it a go.
I got a bit desperate. You know how it is.
I can't even take my kit off properly, can I?
You're all right, Reg.
There's some tea if you like.
No, thanks. The kids are outside.
Bring 'em in.
No.
This is no place for kids.
This is crazy.
So,...
..it's Mr Horse.
Horse.
Yeah, well, er...
Just a minute, Mr Horse.
My colleagues on the panel...
Ask him why he's called the Horse.
You bloody ask him!
It's not cos he does the Grand National.
That's all very well, but a big wanger is no use if you need a zimmer frame to tout it in.
I mean, he must be 50 if he's a day.
So, Horse, what can you do?
Dunno, really.
Erm... Let's see, there's the, er...
There's the bump.
The stomp. The bus stop.
Me break dancing days are probably over.
- But I do the funky chicken.
- Now you're talking!
- All of 'em?
- Well, yeah. I think so.
Well, it's been a while, mind.
And I've got this dodgy hip.
Yeah.
Well, stick it on, Nathe.
(Gaz) Do your worst, pal.
( 'land Of A Thousand Dances"
by Wilson Pickett)
One, two, three
Ow!
Uh!
All right!
Uh!
You gotta know how to pony
Like Bony Moronie
Mashedpotato
Do the alligator
Ow!
Uh!
Na na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na
Na-na-na na-na-na
Na-na-na-na
Wow...!
My favourite film's 'singing int' Rain".
That walking-up-wall thing is ace!
He knows me.
He plastered our bathroom a while back.
- Get rid of him.
- You'll be fine.
- He'll blow my cover.
- (Gaz) Shut up!
- What walking-up-wall thing?
- I'll show you.
I'm Donald O'Connor, right?
That's the wall.
(thud)
Oh, well...
It's better than that in the film, you know.
So... you don't sing?
No.
- You don't dance?
- No.
Hope you don't think I'm being nosy,
but... what do you do?
Well, er...
There is... this.
(Gaz gasps)
Gentlemen, the lunchbox... has landed.
Chuffing Nora!
All right, Gerald? I didn't see you!
I did his bathroom.
Hello, Guy.
Nathe...
(Gaz) Nathan!
- (Dave) I say, Jean!
- Yeah?
Ever been out with a black bloke?
- You know I haven't, Dave.
- But...
If you were ont' lookout for a new fella, right?
If you were, just saying,...
...would you think about it?
What's got into you?
No, would you, though?
I might do. Yeah.
Is that all right?
- So it's true.
- I've bloody had enough of this.
What's true?
What they say about black blokes.
They've got great bodies and that.
Some of 'em. Yeah.
And?
Nothing.
David... I don't care if they're black,
white, or bloody rainbow-coloured.
I'm married to you. Remember?
Yeah.
Night.
Why would I want anyone else, eh?
Big man.
Jeanie,...
..I'm all in.
It's amazing how tiring it is doing not,
you know.
They're just messing, Dave.
- Do you reckon?
- Course!
Just Jean, innit?
- Got any of them mint chocolate jobs?
- Get lost! You're on a diet.
- Don't you start an" all.
- How much you got, then?
22... 27 pence.
4.99, special offer.
We're still a fucking fiver short.
You know what this means, Dave?
Oh, no! Come on, Gaz. Why me?
You've got an innocent face.
I've got serial killer written on mine.
If you won't dance,
you can do something useful.
Jean'll throw an eppy! She's only over there!
She's miles away! See you later. Good luck.
- Give us a pear drop, you.
- They're not paid for.
(alarm rings)
(alarm stops)
(alarm rings)
"Flashdance (What A Feeling)"
by Irene Cara
First, when there's nothing
But a slow, glowing dream
Hey, what's this?
I didn't go on the nick in Asda
for some chuffing women's DIY video.
It's "Flashdance", Dave. She's a welder.
(Dave)
I hope she dances better than she welds!
- Look at that! Her mix is all to cock.
- (Gaz) Shut up, Dave.
- What do you know about welding?
- More than some chuffing woman!
It's like Bonfire Night. Too much acetylene.
Them joints won't hold fuck all.
For Christ's sake, we're looking for dancing.
He's got the hump about Asda.
'ey, cop a load of that.
Whata feeling!
(Gerald) What did I tell you?
She's nifty on her pins.
You just come alive, you can dance...
That, gentlemen, is what we are looking for.
Oh, aye. I can just see him doing
all that twizzling-about bollocks.
It's souped-up tango, is that.
Teach any bugger in a week. Even you, mate.
Even a fat bastard like me?
Yeah, I know what I am, so don't take the piss.
All right. Two weeks.
(Gerald) Straight up.
I can have it all
Please believe it
I dunno, Gaz.
Jean reckons I should take
that security-guard job at Asda.
Jesus! Security?
You're worth more than that, Dave.
She don't think so.
I reckon summat's going on
with her and that bloke.
The juggling bugger?
No. No way.
It's not as if I'd blame her.
You could show her, Dave.
Nobody tells them Chippendales
to do security. Raking it in, they are!
Two weeks. That's what the man said,
and he's not taking the piss.
Aye, it's a thought.
It's more than a thought.
Think of Jean's face when
she sees you dancing like "Flashdance".
Two weeks? Just like flashy tits?
It's what your man said.
'ey... I can weld better than her an' all.
Stop! No, no! Stop! Stop!
- What?
- You stay still!
And you... go forward, OK?!
- OK.
- All right, Nathan.
( "Hot Stuff" by Donna Summer)
No, no, no! Jesus Christ!
All I want to do
is get you in a straight bloody line!
What do I have to do?
It's the Arsenal offside trap, int' it?
- You what?
- The Arsenal offside trap.
Lomper here is Tony Adams, right?
Any bugger looks like scoring,...
...we all step forward in a line
and wave our arms around like a fairy.
That's easy.
OK!
Nathan!
Gotta have some hot stuff
Gotta have some love tonight
(all) Yes!
Perfect.
Perfect.
Well, you should have said.
Come on. Get in quick, and wipe your boots.
- Put that back. You'll break it.
- I'm just looking.
Bit posh, innit?
(Gaz) Right, then.
- Are we right?
- (Horse) Right for what?
Taking us kit off.
I thought you were turning me
into a fancy dancer.
Ladies, we are strippers, aren't we?
What, here? Now? in this house?
- This is a good area, this is.
- Gaz... I dunno.
If we can't get us kit off in front of ourselves,
what chance have we got in front of lasses?
Tops off.
Come on!
Well, no looking.
And no laughing, you bastards.
I used to have a proper job, me.
I ask you, what are we doing?
What are we doing?
And the kecks.
- Horse by name, horse by nature, eh?
- Oh, shut it, you!
- How come you're so brown?
- No reason.
- Someone's got a sunbed, eh, Gerald!
- It's Linda's, and no, you bloody can't!
What am I gonna do about this?
(Gaz) It's not too bad.
From the front, like.
Fat, David, is a feminist issue.
What's that supposed to mean?
I don't bloody know, do I? But it is.
I try dieting.
I do try!
It seems I've spent
most of me fucking life on a diet!
The less I eat, the fatter I get.
- So stuff yourself and get thin.
- Oh, shut up, saggy tits!
They're not.
A mate of Linda's had this plastic stuff
put on her at this health club.
She lost stones. It were like magic.
Oh, what's it called?
Anyway, it's like... cling film.
- I've heard of that.
- Clingfilm?
I'm not a chicken drumstick, Gerald.
- You wrap it round, reduce the fat...
- She swears by it!
(doorbell)
- You can't just take stuff.
- Sorry, mate.
But I only owe him 120 quid.
- That's all these'll fetch second-hand.
- They're not second-hand.
They are now, mate.
- Put down and piss off.
- Fucking hell!
I think there's been a mistake.
We'll check with the office.
- (door closes)
- Cheers, lads.
It's not bad, this stripping lark, is it?
( 'the Stripper')
(Gerald) Dave and Lomps, up the wing.
One, two, three, four.
Left touchline, three, four.
Right touchline, three, four.
Offside trap. One, two,...
..three, four. Now the belt,...
..three. Now the shoes,...
..three, four. Now the socks...
- Hang on, I can't...
- (Gerald) Carry on!
- Aagh!
- (music stops)
- That were crap.
- (Gerald) Well, give us a chance!
I bet even Madonna has difficulty with her shoes.
- You could've had me eye out!
- Sorry.

What are you doing? They're borrowed!
We can use 'em for the show.
It's what them Chippendales do.
They put Velcro down the side, and then... (rips)
...they're off! I'll sew 'em back up.
Where did you learn to be an ace sewer?
Prison.
Cheers, Nathe.
Come on, Al, it's me!
Which is precisely why it's 100 quid up front. Half-price.
If I give you t" club for not and you don't turn up, I've an empty bar on a Friday night.
Course we'll turn up! I haven't got 100 quid!
If you tell me what you're up to, it might help.
I can't. It's top-secret.
Sorry...
(Gaz laughs)
- All right, love?
- Hi, Mum.
- What do you want?
- All right, Mand?
I'm gonna get you all your money.
Our money. Nathan's.
You know, for definite this time.
- Yeah, right. That all?
- Yeah. Yeah, yeah.
Well, no. The thing is, Mand, you have to speculate to accumulate, in business.
- I'm not sure I'm hearing this.
- I'll get you it all. I just need a tiny bit.
- You want some money?
- Yeah!
Right. I need someone int' packing section.
2.50 an hour. You can start now,
if you like. Are you coming?
Come on, Dad.
Nathan.
You can't do this, kid. It's your savings.
I can. I just need your signature.
It says int' book.
I'd like to take my money out, please.
Well, you bloody well can't.
- You're all right, love. It's sorted.
- It's my money!
100, please.
When you're 18,
you can walk in and get it yourself.
- You said you'd get it back.
- I know!
But you don't want to listen to what I say.
You said so. I believe you.
You do?
Yeah.
Blimey, Nathe!
'make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)"
by Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel
You've done it all
You've broken every code
Come on, come on! One, two!
Pulled the rebel to the floor
You've spoilt the game
No matter what you say
And one for luck!
What a bore
Blue eyes, blue eyes
How can you tell so many lies?
Come up and see me
Make me smile
I'll do what you want
Running wild
(whistle)
Yeah!
Oooh
La-la-la
Oooh
La-la-la
Ooooooh
(Dave) It's not straight, Lomps.
Give over, it's only a poster.
Christ al-bloody-mighty!
- All right, sweethearts?
  - (woman) Gary the lad!
What are you up to, then, shifty?
Bit of this, bit of that, bit of the other.
  - (Gaz) Just advertising for some mates.
  - Oh, aye.
And who's gonna come and see your mates?
We had the real thing up here the other day.
Well, us mates are better.
  - Better? How's that, then?
  - Well...
This lot go all the way.
  - Don't they, lads?
  - The full monty? You lot?
Hell-fire! That would be worth a look!
  - See you there, then.
  - Ta-ra.
  - (women laugh)
Keep your hair on.
No way. No and never. In that order, kid.
Excuse me, no-one said anything to me about the full monty.
You heard 'em. We've gotta give them more than your average ten-bob stripper.
  - Yeah, but... me willy. I mean to say...
  - Your willy?!
  - My willy!
  - A laughing stock. Totally!
  - Well, they're coming!
  - With a pair of scissors! They know it's us.
By closing time, every bugger in Sheffield will know it's us whether we do it or not.
We can forget it,
go back to fucking job club,...
...or do it and just maybe get rich.
And I tell you,...
...folks don't laugh so loud when you've a grand in your pocket.
Now, are you in...
...or are you out?
(traffic news on radio)
..all sorts of problems
for drivers on the Pennines.
So, please avoid the area if possible.
The good news is that the outlook
for the rest of the week is much better,...
..with the storms clearing
to leave the weekend warm and sunny.
Now, back to the music.
Here's another disco classic from the '70s.
It's Donna Summer with...
.."Hot Stuff'.
( "Hot Stuff' by Donna Summer)
Sitting here eating my heart out, waiting
Waiting for some lover to call
Dialed about a thousand numbers lately
Almost rang the phone off the wall
Looking for some hot stuff,
baby, this evening
I need some hot stuff, baby, tonight
I want some hot stuff, baby, this evening
Gotta have some hot stuff
Gotta have some love tonight
I need hot stuff
I want some hot stuff
(rain pouring down)
No.
Gerald, come on, mate. Just an hour!
( "We Are Family" by Sister Sledge)
You've got some fit birds in there.
Nah. Tits are too big.
(Horse) Yeah?
Didn't know they could be.
Anti-wrinkle cream.
'ey, can fell as use this an' all?
Do you mind, you!
Well, I just pray they're a bit more
understanding about us, that's all.
You what?
They're gonna be looking at us like that.
What if, next Friday, 400 women say:
"He's too fat, he's too old,...
..and he's a pigeon-chested little tosser."
- They wouldn't.
- Why not? He said her tits are too big.
That's different. We're... blokes.
(Dave) Yeah. And?
I think she's got nice tits.
I never said owt about her personality.
She's probably quite nice.
They won't say not about your personality.
Which is good cos you're a bastard.
Bollocks to your personality!
This is what they're looking at.
And I tell you summat, mate.
Anti-wrinkle cream there may be, but anti-fat-bastard cream, there is none.
(Guy) Here... Iads.
Oh, mother!
- Bloody hell!
- Gaz said he wanted something a bit flashy.
It's top of thee range. Real leather.
Yeah, but...
- You don't get much.
- (Horse) What day is it?
- Monday.
- When are we on?
Friday. Dress rehearsal tomorrow.
I think I'm gonna be sick.
How can I read the instructions?
There wasn't any.
No? Well, maybe there's a part missing.
Yeah, I got that. If that's what you call it.
Well, if it's all there, how come it's not working?
What do you mean, in what sense?
It's not working in the sense that it's not working.
No, I can't speak up.
Nothing's happening, you know what I mean?
Nothing's getting bigger.
Well, this is an emergency, is this.
What's the matter, big man?
I'm sorry.
Dave...
Dave.
( "Hot Stuff' byDonna Summer)
Wanna bring a wild man back home
Gonna have some hot love,
baby, this evening
I need some hot love, baby, tonight...
You're ahead.
- (music off)
- Give us a break!
All right, kid.
Tell us straight.
We're not making the biggest arses
of ourselves in the known universe, are we?
Dave, mate.
Can I have a word? In private, like.
Yeah. I suppose so.
Dave, you won't tell anyone, will you?
No, your, er... Your secret's safe with me.
When I were about 12,...
...our school took us for...
for swimming lessons.
Mixed classes.
You know, boys...
...and... er...
...and girls.
Oh...
It were terrible, Dave. I were there...
...standing at t" side of t" pool in me trunks...
...with all these pretty lassies
around in bikinis!
And... Well, l...
I got, er...
I got a stiffy!
- What did you do?
- I jumped into t" deep end.
I nearly fucking drowned!
What if it happens again?
Think of that, eh? In front of 400 women!
Gerald,...
...you're talking to t" wrong man.
- (Gerald) You said it were just your mum.
- (Horse) It's family.
- What can you do?
- Who the hell-fire's that?
(Horse) Oh, no.
It's Beryl.
Me niece!
Where's Dave?
"Ere, Dave!
Dave!
- What are you doing?
- What does it look like?
We're on in three days" time!
Where the fuck are you?!
I'm "ere, working! Earning! That's where.
Not pissing about!
End of chat.
Dave.
- Come on, Dave.
- No.
All right, then.
- Oooh, very nice.
- Gaz, please, don't.
- Come on, Mr Security Guard. Do your job.
- Gazz!
(Gerald)
Horse, go out and tell 'em there's a delay.
(Horse) They won't wait for ever.
Keep up, you fat bastard!
(alarm rings)
Don't ever call me a fat bastard, all right?!
- All right?!
- We need you, Dave.
I can't.
I just can't. All right?
Listen, just think of thee most boring thing you can come up with.
- That should keep it well in order.
- Like what?
- Double-glazing salesmen.
- Gardening. The Queen's speech.
(Guy) A Dire Straits double album.
- Nature programmes.
- I like nature programmes.
Aye, but they don't give you a hard-on, though, do they?
- Do they?
- (sniggering)
- Blimey...
- Oh, shut up! It's not funny. It's medical.
(door opens)
He's not coming.
It's all right. We can do without him.
( 'rock And Roll Part2" by Gary Glitter)
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Huh! Huh!
(music blares)
(music blares)
Hey-ey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
(music off)
So your daddy dances in front of you?
When he's rehearsing.
We were dancing all right then, an" all.
My feet are freezing.
Right. Name.
Gary Schofield.
- Gerald Arthur Cooper.
- What?
Gerald Arthur Cooper.
- Barrington Mitchell.
- Barrington?
Yeah.
- Is that one R?
- Two.
(baby cries)
Told you. Robbing pipes, that's all.
Gary, my friend,...
...no bugger robs pipes in the buff.
We do.
Don't get your clothes dirty, do you?
Oh. Well, don't fret, gents. There's
a right good laundry in Wakefield prison.
Eh?
Security-camera tapes off the front desk.
What happened to the security guard?
(laughter)
You're always ahead there.
You're always bloody behind, more like.
Look... Excuse me,
can I borrow this for a second?
(giggling)
Look, shut up, will you?! Watch.
(inspector) He's right.
- You're ahead.
- Oh, go... bollocks!
- (giggling)
- Ssh!
(dog barks)
Ooh!
Ssh! Be quiet! Me mum'll hear.
- I've always wanted to meet your mum.
- Ssh!
What do you mean, I can't see him?
He's me son! I haven't been charged!
Ask Smiler in there! No charge!
Sorry. Social Services have requested
an interview with you.
Have to make an appointment.
- I've come to pick up my son.
- Oh, right. Er...
Just a minute.
He's fine. We've not been charged or owt.
So this is your great money-making
enterprise? Pornography?
Don't be daft! We're getting your money.
My money?! Nathan's money!
- (inspector) Here he is.
- All right, Dad?
- All right, kid?
- Yeah, fine. Hi, Mum.
Come on, love.
We're going now.
- Come on, Mand!
- Unemployed,...
..maintenance arrears of 700,
and now an arrest for indecent exposure.
- Still think you're a good father?
- He is trying.
- See?
- A bit late for that.
- Hang on a minute!
- Look at yourself, Gary!
Just look at yourself.
All right, mate?
So.
And this has been going on how long?
About six months.
I can cope with losing the sunbed.
Car. Television.
I can even cope with the shame
of everyone watching this.
But six months! Six bloody months!
And you wouldn't say to me,...
..to your wife.
I thought you liked them.
No, Gerald. I've never liked 'em.
(knock at door)
They've taken me sunbed.
They've taken bloody everything.
- Kept hold of your chips, though.
- House repossessed.
Wife thrown me out.
Guess what.
I've just been offered that job.
Congratulations.
- All right, kid?
- Hiya!
- Fancy a kick-about int" park?
- Yeah.
(car door slams)
Nathe.
Hi ya. All right, love?
You shouldn't be here.
- Says who?
- Read the lawyer's letter, why don't you?
We're going swimming, Dad.
Do you wanna come?
I can't, kid.
Haven't brought me trunks, have l?
- We can go get 'em. Can't we, Mum?
- I can't, love.
Why?
I just... 
I just can't. Sorry.
He's not allowed, is he?
Come on, love.
(whispers) Dave!
Oi, you deaf twat!
What do you want now?
I told you, I'm finished with you.
We're all finished, Dave.
I'm a bloody marked man now.
Sorry about your Nathan. It's a bad one, that.
Aye.
It's about Lomper.
What's that pasty-faced chuffer want?
His mum died two days ago.
Ah.
Poor lad. Sorry.
- Could you borrow us a jacket for t" funeral?
- Gaz...!
Come on, Dave!
It's not for me, it's a funeral!
What colour?
Orange.
- Orange?
- Black, for fuck's sake!
All right. Look, I'll meet you by t" doors.
- Nice one.
- Come on, then.
- Have you got some time off?
- Nah.
Fucking pick'n'mix
were driving me crazy.
Besides, it's a funeral.
- Are you ready?
- Ready when you are.
- (alarm rings)
- Yaaa!
( "Abide With Me")
(band members join in)
(Gaz) They bloody are, you know.
They're holding hands.
- They're never.
- Straight up.
I never even hold hands with ruddy lassies.
Maybe I should.
Ah, who'd have ruddy thought it, eh?
Ah, well. There's not as queer as folk.
I said, 'there's not as queer as folk'!
Shut up, Dave.
It's supposed to be a bloody funeral.
I'm sorry.
- (girl) 'ey, look! Who's that?
- It's that guy!
Show us your pecs!
(whooping)
(girl) They were together in the paper,
weren't they?
Have you been actively seeking work
over the last fortnight?
Yeah.
Have you done any work,
paid or unpaid, over the last fortnight?
No.
That's not what I've heard.
Right, come on, you lot!
'slaidburn.'
One, two, three, four.
( 'the Stripper')
(men hum 'the Stripper')
- Go get shagged!
- Get your knickers off!
(car horn)
Oh, fuck!
Hey, Patricia the Stripper!
- Bugger off.
- Where have you bloody been?
What's going on? I had to buy 20 barrels!
I've had no word from you!
I hope they're sale or return.
You're joking! You're bloody famous!
Yeah, don't remind me.
- I've sold 200-odd tickets!
- How many?
Well done, Gerald. All the best.
Hey! Example for you there!
- Nice suit, Gerald!
- Yeah.
(Gerald) Well, l... I'd best be off.
You never know,
there might be a job in it for you boys.
- All right, lads?
- All right, Gaz?
- Gareth.
- We're on.
We're bloody on!
- You what?
- We've sold 200 tickets. That's two grand!
(Gerald) It's a bit late for all that, Gaz.
I mean...
I mean fresh start, you know.
One more time, Gerald.
You've got the rest of your fucking life
to wear a suit!
- (Horse) Gerald...
- (Guy) Aye, go on!
Come on, Gerald.
- Just once.
- Yes!
That's all. Just tonight.
How about it, Dave?
Haven't you grown out of all that yet?
Come on, mate.
Nah. Sorry, lads.
Jean?
Jean, love!
(footsteps on stairs)
There you are.
I should have guessed
when you started wearing totty lotion.
You never put it on for me, did you?
- Jean?
- Or this?
I never had you down
for this sort of caper, David.
It explains a few things, at least.
No, look...
I know it don't look good.
You're bloody right it don't.
All those nights you were late back...
...and stupid cow here thought
you were out looking for a job!
Well, no wonder.
No bloody wonder.
- It's so obvious.
- No, I were with Gaz, honest.
Oh, right!
She's one of Gaz's little tarts, is she?
Well, that makes sense.
She'd have to be
to put up with this kind of shit!
Just listen, will you?!
It's not to do with any fucking women!
I'm...
I were a stripper, right?
Me and Gaz and... some fellas thought
we'd make a bob or two taking us clothes off.
Strippers?
All right, all right, I know.
You... and Gaz?
Strippers?
We weren't that bad.
Only I couldn't, could l?
Why not?
Well, look at me.
So?
Jeanie, who wants to see this dance?
Me, Dave.
I do.
(Gaz) Women only, you tosser!
Women only!
It's on all t" posters, for fuck's sake.
No, nobody told me.
All the blokes from t" pub are in there.
- Bastards!
- You'll be all right once you're on stage.
Once I'm on stage?
I'm going nowhere near the fucking stage!
It's suicide! That's what it is! Suicide!
(audience chants)
(all) Come on, come on! Come on, come on!
Come on, come on! Come on!
Shit! I'll give the money back.
Alan, announce it, please.
To 400 horny punters?
Ask me another one, kid!
(Alan) By "eck!
Our old dinner lady's ont" front row!
- We'll get torn to pieces!
- You will if you don't go on!
Ever seen a zebra brought down
by a pack of wolves?
- These nature films. Aren't they marvellous?
- Brilliant, aren't they?
- They are, aren't they, Gerald?
- Oh, pack it in!
- Not lost your bottle, have you, Gaz?
- (all) Dave!
There were not on telly
so I thought I'd give it a go.
- I found this wandering about outside.
- They wouldn't let me in.
What the hell are you doing "ere?
Your mum'll go mad!
- She's out front.
- Is she?
Is Barry with her?
She wouldn't let him come.
Said it were women only.
Right! I can't hold them any longer!
It's now or never!
(Dave) Here we go. We're bloody on.
Go get your jacket on.
Can't we leave us G-strings on, Gaz?
Perhaps you better had.
No, we better hadn't.
Listen.
If we're doing this, then just this once,...
...we're doing it right.
Now, come on.
(Alan) Come on, put your hands together...
..and welcome Mr Dave Horsefall!
(cheering)
OK, ladies and gents...
and you buggers up the back there!
Get on with it!
We may not be young, we may not be pretty,
we may not be right good,...
..but we're here.
We're live, and for one night only...
- ..we're going for the full monty!
- (cheering)
You can't miss it, not after everything.
- (Gerald) Come on, Gaz! Hurry up!
- Sorry, lads.
Good luck, eh?
( "Keep Your Hat On" by Tom Jones)
Huh!
Baby, take off your coat...
Listen.
I'm gonna get really annoyed with you.
They're cheering out there. You did that.
Now get out there and do your stuff.
God, is there anyone
I don't get bollocked by?
Out!
Baby, take off your dress
Yeah!
You can leave your hat on
You can leave your hat on
You can leave your hat on
Go over there!
Turn on the light!
No...
All the lights
Come back here
Stand on the chair
Ooh, baby!
That's right
Raise your arms in the air
Ooh, ooh, ooh!
Now shake 'em!
You give me reason to live
You give me reason to live
You give me reason to live
You give me reason to live
Listen to what I say
(female chorus) Keep your hat on
You can leave your hat on, baby
Ooooh!
Oo-oooh! Oo-oooh!
(chorus) You can keep your hat on
(audience) Off! Off! Off!
Tell me, baby
Tell me, baby
(chorus) You can keep your hat on
Gotta keep your
(chorus) You can keep your hat on
(audience) Off, off, off!
Yeah!
You can leave...
Your hat on
Yeah!
Leave your hat on, baby!
( "You Sexy Thing" by Hot Chocolate)