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# Gangster No. 1

By Johnny Ferguson

What, with Scotland Yard  
breathing down me neck?  
Fuck off!  
"Do me a favor."  
Solomons.  
That was around the back, wasn't it?  
Down that alley.  
We went there to meet,  
what's his name? Mickey... Mick...  
- Mikey?  
- No, no.  
Harry... Harry...  
Not Harry Michaels?  
That was it! Harry Michaels,  
Harry-fucking-Michaels.  
Of course it was.  
Harry Michaels.  
What was it about?  
Didn't he have some problem?  
What the fuck is he going on about?  
His brother had a record business  
with a funny sort of name.  
- I can see it spinning round.  
- They usually do, Dodgy!  
Someone take him home, eh?  
Barry! That was it. Barry.  
Deram Records.  
Barry...? Barry...? Barry...?  
Barry, Barry... What the fuck  
am I talking about?  
I'm fucked if I know.  
Wouldn't think he just  
got out of the clinic, eh?  
- Losing it?  
- Fucking senile, ain't he?  
Here, you'll never guess  
who I bumped into the other day.  
Larry Lord!  
- Ol' Lordy?  
- Yeah.  
- Put on weight.  
- Poor blimey.  
Fat as a pig.  
Here, here, here.

Talking of golden oldies...  
...Freddie Mays is  
getting out next week.  
Be good to see old Freddie  
again after... What is it?  
Thirty years?  
That's a bit of a stretch,  
ain't it, eh?  
Lock up your daughters!  
Lock up your granny, more like!  
Hello. Where's he gone?  
You haven't invited him  
to the party, eh?  
"Do me a favor!"  
You done well for yourself,  
didn't you?  
Come here, pops.  
Here you are, grandad.  
Go get yourself a nice bird.  
What do you take me for?  
A cunt?  
This is 1968.  
I'm playing Jack the Lad at snooker,  
when all of a sudden...  
...Fat Charlie's come in.  
Not that he was fat,  
'cause he wasn't. He was skinny.  
But he was called fat  
'cause his mum was fat.  
It's how he was distinguished from  
the other Charlie, "Skinny" Charlie.  
Now he was fat. But it was  
too late by then to swap it around.  
Anyway, he says to me:  
"Go and see Freddie Mays."  
Fucking hell!  
My heart was going mad.  
Freddie Mays.  
Freddie Mays,  
"The Butcher of Mayfair."  
The man was a legend.  
He'd done a copper in Bethnal Green  
and got away with it, for fuck's sake!  
That's how you get to the top.

Kill a bent cop. Make a splash.  
After that, Freddie was king.  
What a place.  
A fucking palace!  
In he came.  
There he was, in those handmade  
Italian leather shoes, silk socks.  
The suit? Do me a favor.  
The man was class.  
A class act.  
Style. Im-fucking-peccable.  
What a man.  
I mean, a real man.  
How you doing?  
Yeah, good.  
Do you want a drink?  
Yeah.  
You look a bit scared, son.  
Are you scared?  
No.  
Scared?  
I didn't need a drink.  
I was drunk enough.  
Drunk on the smell  
of Italian leather.  
Arse-holed on the smell of success.  
I hear you've been hanging  
around with Mad John.  
This incident last week,  
apparently you did well.  
Yeah.  
Trevor heard that as well,  
didn't you, Trev?  
- He thinks you're a bit of a laugh.  
- Does he?  
He's a wideboy, our Trevor.  
Bit of an independent thinker.  
Enjoys taking the piss.  
Things he gets up to.  
See, when you work for me  
you do things my way.  
No going behind me back.  
No going out on your own.  
And there's no independent

fucking thinking.  
Oh, fuck!  
Freddie...  
- Because it irks me.  
- For fucking sakes!  
Yeah, that's the word. "Irks."  
Anyway...  
...it appears we have a vacancy.  
You're in, son.  
Straight off he gives  
me 500.  
Five hundred in me hands!  
This is 1968!  
Do me a favor.  
Take out the rubbish.  
Oh, and get yourself kitted out.  
There we were, suited up.  
Wasted on these fucking toerags.  
Come here, you cunt!  
Come here, cunt!  
No! No! No!  
- Give me until next Thursday, please.  
- Thursday never fucking comes!  
"Give me until next Thursday"?  
Slags.  
It's pathetic.  
Fucking excuses. All sorts.  
From A to zed, the whole alphabet.  
Jokers.  
Later, they're in the Green Man  
giving it the big one...  
...like you're Harry the Spastic!  
Hold him.  
- Hey, what's the problem?  
- You are!  
Nothing I can't fix  
with a few tools, eh?  
Come on, don't do this shit!  
While I waste my time  
with an arsehole?  
Remember the last time  
we went through this?  
That put a smile on your face,  
didn't it?

Leather seats, sir?  
Better roll down the windows.  
Freddie, come on.  
It's not even my taxi.  
It's not even my fucking taxi,  
you bastard!  
What are you looking at?  
Freddie! Don't fucking do it,  
you bastard!  
What is it with you, you cockneys, eh?  
There you go.  
I know a bloke who'll  
take a look at that for you.  
Now let's see that money, eh?  
By tomorrow.  
- Come on!  
- Freddie!  
No! No!  
Get back to work, you lazy cunt!  
Now, let's get this car  
back on the road, eh?  
- Hold him.  
- No! Please! No!  
Now, Giggler, you stay lucky, eh?  
Get it off me!  
Get it off me!  
- You all right?  
- Yeah.  
Nice. Very nice.  
Creative.  
I like that. It deserves a drink.  
What are you having?  
Put it on. Here we go.  
Is it on?  
Here we go!  
Go on, Billy!  
My old woman loves this one.  
Pity she ain't here.  
Nice bit of bubbly, darling?  
Not right now.  
Piss for fucking carpet, ain't it?  
Charlie, you got no sausage rolls?  
If we had a good day...  
Well, we always had a good day...

- we'd end up at Fat Charlie's.  
The whole gang of us.  
There was Mad John.  
Yeah, well, he was really mad.  
Billy Not-So-Smart.  
Roland. Always with two birds.  
Derek. One would do for him.  
Eddie.  
Poor little Eddie.  
And Tommy, Freddie's old house pet.  
Happy as fucking monkeys in a cage.  
Shag pile and Babycham.  
No ambition. Not like Freddie.  
Not like me.  
Yeah?  
Shut up a minute!  
Turn that fucking music off!  
Eddie!  
Turn it off!  
Turn the music up, Eddie!  
- Turn the music on.  
- Turn the bloody music...  
Right.  
Boys...  
- Get in the car.  
- What?  
The club's on fire.  
- Club's on fire?  
- See you later, love.  
Come on, Derek.  
Let's get a move on, Derek.  
Come on.  
All right, all right.  
- How long you been here?  
- Just pulled up.  
- Did you see anyone?  
- No.  
No one on the door?  
It was supposed to be Joe.  
I don't know where he is.  
- Everyone get out?  
- Yeah, I think so.  
Tell him.  
I'm really sorry, Freddie.

What's he gonna do, take it  
out of your wages? Tell him.  
There were two of them.  
Table six.  
Ordered champagne.  
Didn't eat nothing.  
Couple of minutes after they left:  
Whoosh!  
- Lennie Taylor.  
- Regulars, were they?  
All right, it was an oversight.  
She's paid for it.  
All right, angel,  
try and describe them.  
What's he up to?  
Lennie Taylor's goons.  
Torching our club?  
Lennie Taylor, you cunt.  
Think you're better than Freddie Mays?  
Lennie-fucking-Taylor,  
you little piece of dead meat.  
Pea-brained little fuck!  
What did I say?  
What did I fucking say?  
Right out in the open!  
What did I tell you?  
What do you do?  
What do you go and do?  
- He was one of them.  
- You shut your fucking mouth!  
What was I supposed to do?  
He started the fire.  
He fucking shot at me.  
Fuck!  
Being flash and a coon...  
...Roland had to be different.  
Goes in with the shaft,  
bends the fucking thing.  
I tell a lie,  
breaks the fucking thing.  
Bish-bosh.  
Mad John's doing his feet  
with meticulous attention to detail.  
Billy's doing his ribs.



Stone Age xylophone.  
He'll be all right.  
All right?  
The cunt's in traction  
for the next nine months.  
Might need a wheelchair!  
Plastic surgeon!  
All right?  
It is not fucking all right.  
It is all fucking wrong, you morons!  
Saw him about a year later.  
Some scarring, bit of a limp.  
Seemed all right.  
He bought me a drink.  
What can I say?  
He misbehaved.  
Got punished.  
Fuck!  
Fore!  
Should've seen the looks  
when we returned the clubs.  
Remember what I said?  
"This is a delicate matter."  
What do you do? You go  
and give the cunt a handicap.  
Fucking grief you've caused me.  
"Fuck what Freddie says!"  
Is that it, eh?  
Is it?  
There's the chair.  
Who wants it?  
There it is! Come on, who wants it?  
Come on, who wants it?  
No.  
You ain't got the bollocks,  
none of you.  
And you, you cunt!  
Striding along like John Wayne, looking  
for a fucking bullet in your brain.  
Arsehole!  
Right.  
Now I've gotta go speak to  
that shit Lennie Taylor.  
No. Sit down.

You.

You're coming with me.

- Now?

- Yes, now.

Don't use it.

- What you having?

- Whiskey.

That's it.

- It's on the house.

- No, that's for you.

Fucking hell. Thanks.

Well, well, well.

This is nice.

- Hello, Freddie.

- All right, Lennie.

- Long time, no see.

- Yeah.

Bobby.

Take a walk.

I went to see him today.

Yeah?

Hospital.

No, no, thanks.

I took him up some flowers,  
some grapes.

Nice.

I should have took him up  
some fucking Nesquik.

Cunt's got no teeth.

I thought we sorted  
our problems out, Freddie.

- Oh, did you?

- Yes, I did!

What's this about, then?

- Why are you here?

- Why do you think?

You want to go to war with me,  
Freddie?

That what this is about?

Oi, look at me.

Oi, camel cunt. Look at me.

Look into my fucking eyes.

--Fucking Fry's Turkish Delight!

Come on, me and you outside!

Outside!  
We'll have a straightener!  
We'll sort it out.  
Who's who and what's what!  
What, you scared?  
Are you scared?  
Lennie...  
...why don't you just sit down?  
Sit down?  
Sit down? You come into my club,  
telling me to sit down?  
You long streak of fucking piss!  
Lennie, don't fuck around.  
My place was petrol-bombed.  
It's about that, is it?  
Four thousand it cost me.  
Four-fucking-thousand.  
Oh, Freddie, Freddie, Freddie.  
Listen, when I heard about that...  
...I couldn't have been  
more surprised.  
I was...  
I was gutted.  
I hope you ain't insinuating that  
that had anything to do with me.  
Because that would be wrong.  
My conscience is clear.  
Look at me.  
Burning clubs ain't my game.  
Look into my fucking eyes.  
If I want to come  
after you, Freddie...  
...I'll fucking come after you.  
It's our fucking...  
Maxie, Maxie, Maxie!  
Oh, dear, Maxie.  
Just you wait, son.  
But that's nothing compared  
to what happened to Lennie Taylor.  
He's a good boy, though, eh?  
He ain't scared, is he?  
All right.  
All right.  
Let's just say he did work for me.

Did.  
That's not to say I gave the order.  
Let's just say,  
for the sake of argument...  
...that someone's come in your club  
with a lighted cigarette.  
They've dropped it in a bin...  
...and a subsequent fire's ensued.  
And let's say for the same  
sake of argument...  
...that my man slipped in the showers.  
Or someone's dropped  
a taxi on his head.  
Well, these things happen.  
How does that sound?  
- Sounds about right, doesn't it?  
- Yeah.  
Sounds about right, doesn't it?  
Come here. Come here.  
Bobby, Bobby!  
Bubbly.  
Let's have a nice drink, eh?  
Fucking warm champagne.  
Fucking prick!  
Listen.  
- You want to get a proper drink?  
- Yeah, go on then.  
Right.  
He had on that gray  
two-piece mohair.  
That was a great suit.  
Immaculate cut. Italian.  
Always with a white shirt.  
Always.  
His ruby cuff links.  
I loved them.  
I fucking loved them.  
Beautiful watch.  
Wafer thin. Solid gold.  
Hardly know you've got it on.  
Bond Street.  
Two and a half grand.  
You like this tiepin, don't you?  
Here.

Have it.

Hi.

Sorry I'm late, it's pissing down.

Fuck it. Don't worry about it.

- Mel went on for you.

- I bet she's pissed off with me.

Livid. Called you everything:

"Fucking new girl comes in late...

...the second day. Bleeding tart.

I'm earning her fucking money for her."

I'm joking. I'm not serious.

I'm making it up.

She don't care.

What's your name again?

Karen.

We drinking wine?

- Yeah, why?

- It's a bit suspect, isn't it?

Good for the blood.

- Freddie Mays is in.

- On his own?

No, with a mate.

Who's Freddie Mays?

- Table two, but he's mine.

- Only he don't know that yet.

Right, let's see.

Chateaubriand. Rare.

- Asparagus. Potatoes gratin.

- Bollocks.

No dessert, black coffee.

Espresso. It's called espresso.

Might even order a cigar after.

Cuban. See what you make of that.

- Blow your fucking mind.

- You reckon?

Yeah. And I've

organized some company.

What do you mean?

You know, couple of blokes

on our own, drinking wine...

Bit suspect, isn't it?

Mel and you. What's your name?

- Karen.

- Right.

I want the two of you to go and  
keep Freddie and his goon company.  
The ad didn't mention that.  
Don't suck him off or anything,  
just keep him company.  
He's clean, he's well-mannered  
and he's rich.  
If you like him, be my guest.  
Marry the cunt.  
Count yourself lucky, girl.  
He's nice.  
Not like most of them in here.  
How many times have I told you?  
Don't bad-mouth the club.  
This is a class emporium.  
- Where're you going?  
- To the bog.  
Table two, Karen.  
I'll be over in a minute.  
Mind if I sit down?  
Suit yourself.  
I was told you were well-mannered,  
Mr. Freddie Mays.  
What makes you think  
I'm Freddie Mays?  
Woman's intuition.  
I also heard you're a gentleman.  
Did you, now?  
Yep.  
And that you're rich.  
Fucking gold digger, then?  
No, I'm not a fucking gold digger.  
I'm a normal working girl.  
So you're a hooker.  
Well, Freddie Mays don't pay for it.  
And I don't sit around in clubs  
taking shit from gangsters.  
So much for the gentleman crap.  
I guess they have to talk you up,  
you're important.  
Karen, I want you to meet  
Freddie Mays.  
Hello.  
Hello, Mr. Mays.

And you are?  
Mel, why don't you treat  
my friend to a dance?  
You're having a laugh, ain't you?  
Sorry about the table manners.  
Come on.  
Come on, he don't bite!  
Please, sit down.  
Sorry about that.  
Who is he?  
Just a business associate.  
Here, let me do that.  
Thank you.  
- Sorry, do you want one?  
- No, thank you.  
I have to look after my voice.  
- What's that, then? You an actress?  
- No.  
Could be an actress, face like that.  
- Thank you. Appreciate it.  
- Don't mention it.  
- No, I sing.  
- You sing?  
- What, here?  
- No, I dance here.  
Jane, June, Jackie...  
...Jessica, Julie.  
She got bumped pretty sharpish.  
That's the J's. On to K.  
"K" for Karen.  
Freddie Mays  
and all his skinny birds.  
Oh, dear Freddie.  
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.  
Sing something then.  
Go on. Get up and sing something.  
Sing something?  
I thought you meant here at the table.  
For you.  
No, I mean get up. Up on the stage.  
Yeah, right.  
Any requests, Mr. Mays?  
"Freddie." Go on, I'm serious.  
I don't think management

would approve.

Oh, don't worry about the management.

- I was talking to the girls backstage.

- Yeah?

- Said you was a bit of an animal.

- Oh, really? Did they?

Did they say which bit?

- Did they specify?

- No.

Anyway, don't change the subject.

Hang on.

- What?

- Hang on.

Move.

Just another bird.

Just another skinny fucking bird.

Good evening, everyone.

This is for Mr. Mays.

Freddie.

- Freddie.

- Shut up.

- You like her then?

- I said, shut it.

And you, Mr. Freddie Mays.

You had to go swimming in her eyes,  
dancing in her hair.

You had to slip into her mouth,  
slide over her tongue...

...fall down her throat,

deep down into her belly...

...right into her blood.

You had to fall asleep...

...wrapped around her beautiful,  
beating heart.

Six months later

we're in the Zephyr...

...me and Roland going past  
the Double Six.

Hold up. Park up along here.

Roland's pulled over.

Isn't that Lennie Taylor?

But who that there with him?

- It ain't.

- It can't be.



It is. It fucking well is.  
That's Eddie Miller.  
Eddie? Eddie Miller?  
That was Eddie Miller talking  
to Lennie Taylor.  
What would Lennie want with  
a little shit like Eddie Miller?  
Poor little Eddie.  
Run, rabbit, run.  
I can't believe it.  
I just can't believe it.  
That dirty little Judas.  
I bet you they're doing something.  
Do you know something, Roland?  
I've never understood one fucking  
word you've ever said to me.  
So shut up. Let me deal with this.  
Sheila?  
Who is it?  
It's the big, bad wolf.  
Oh, it's you.  
Oh, I was just making  
some sweet tea.  
Would you like a cup?  
Fuck me. Hello, Roland.  
Do you take sugar?  
Sit down, Eddie.  
- What's that?  
- That?  
That's my favorite ax, Eddie.  
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.  
Please bless all babies...  
...make children safe enough.  
- Eddie, look at me.  
- I can't.  
- Eddie...  
...look in my fucking eyes.  
Look in my fucking eyes.  
Get up! Come on.  
Come on. It's all right.  
Come on, sit down.  
All right? You all right?  
Now listen, listen.  
Deep breaths.

What did Lennie Taylor want, Eddie?

Lennie?

What did Lennie Taylor want, Eddie?

I was having a light ale  
and minding my own fucking business.

- You know what I'm like.

- No, I don't.

Maxie picked me up.

I didn't know what they wanted.

I'm a thief.

I'm just a fucking thief!

All that has nothing to do with me!

Thief?

You couldn't rob your own arsehole.

- Freddie, he's a lovely man.

- Yeah.

He's good to me, but his business  
is none of my business.

I was in the Prussia, minding  
my own business, having a light ale.  
The place goes quiet. I hear my name.

"Eddie." Oh, fuck. It's Maxie.

It's Maxie King. Camel coat. Nutty.

You are so fucking boring.

You bored?

- You bored? I'm bored.

- What's he want?

- You're being boring.

- Lennie Taylor...

...wants to see me.

I've got to go and see him.

I can't not go.

What am I gonna do? Not go?

And then what?

So I'm squashed in beside Maxie...

...and this big bloke in this Rover.

- No one's saying nothing. Dead quiet.

- Get on with it!

- They take me to a club.

- The Double Six.

That's right. Oh, fuck!

Look, Lennie was there.

And he was...

...asking questions about Freddie.

But I told him to fuck off.

- Did you?

- Yeah.

Yeah, I said I'll have a drink...

...but don't go asking

me questions about Freddie.

What sort of questions, Eddie?

What sort of questions?

What sort of questions, Eddie?

I can't fucking remember.

I think you'd better try, son.

Lennie reckons Freddie's losing it.

- Does he?

- Yeah, you know.

- "Love makes you fat" sort of thing.

- Love makes you fat.

- Go on.

- But, that's it.

It's a lovely place, the Double Six.

It's swanky. Loads of crumpet.

Lennie seemed half-decent.

I can't remember what was said, but I do know that I didn't say nothing.

Look at me.

Look at my eyes.

I'm telling you the truth.

Eddie.

Look in my fucking eyes.

They're gonna do Freddie! Oh, God!

Friday, outside the Candelabra.

God! Look...

Listen, I've told you now.

I've told you.

You've gotta warn Freddie.

You've gotta tell Freddie, please!

Shall we tell him?

We'll go and warn Freddie.

We'll go and warn him, eh?

I love that...

Do you like that smell?

That kiddie smell.

It's lovely.

Kids, eh?

Be the fucking death of you.

Eddie, come here.

Eddie?

Want you to look at me.

- Eddie?

- I can't.

- Look at me.

- I can't.

- Look at me.

- I can't do it. I can't do it.

Look what you've gone and done, eh?

Look what a mess you've made, eh?

- Come on, eh?

- I can't.

- I can't! Look, I can't. I can't!

- Eddie.

- Put your hands down.

- Oh, fuck!

Just look at me.

That's all I'm asking.

Look at me. That's it.

Weren't so difficult, was it?

It's all right.

All right.

Ta, Eddie.

No, I'm telling you.

Lennie Taylor is nothing

but a little...

Driving, Roland's talking about...

...going straight to tell Freddie.

Freddie Mays, Freddie Mays.

I know something you don't.

You don't deal with them kind of...

Pull over, Roland. Puncture.

So where's this puncture?

It's not your side?

Felt like it was your side.

Well, me no see nothing.

What you trying to do?

I was stroking your frizzy hair.

Oh, fucking things!

Charlie, let me do that.

You take the tea in.

Come on.

Wrong knife.

Cheers, Charlie. Ta.

- All right, girl?

- Yeah.

- You putting on a bit of weight?

- Shut up.

I'll have one of them, please.

Cheers. Ta.

Ta, darling.

Fucking headless, it said.

Fucking torso.

- Imagine that, eh?

- John.

Karen, maybe you should go down,  
wait in the car.

Maybe you should go down  
and wait in the car, eh?

Take the shortcut  
through the window.

It's all right.

He's just old-fashioned.

Don't think I want to be here anyway.

You want to watch your mouth.

- Right, what were we saying?

- It's gotta be him.

Let's take a look.

All we know is, a body's been found.

A black body,  
and one of ours is missing.

It's Roland.

He's been missing for five days.

Don't mean it's him, does it?

What we're getting to is this:

If it is him, it's them.

It's two and two now? It all adds up.

Fucking right it does.

What the fuck are we waiting for?

Let's go now. Hit them now.

We gotta get uglier, Freddie.

Take the initiative.

I'll show those bastards torsos.

I'll cut their fucking arms off!

He never deserved it. Poor bastard.

Come on, Freddie.

Say fucking something.

- Let's go now. Let's hit them now!  
- All done. All done, John!  
Think about it.  
Why Roland?  
I mean, why not you?  
Or Tommy? Me?  
All of us in one go.  
Bang! Beautiful. Perfect.  
Fucking happy.  
Now, that would be a takeover.  
That'd be nice. That I can see.  
But this...  
Don't make sense.  
Something does not make sense.  
Maybe it was meant for me.  
- Maybe it was meant for you!  
- Shut it!  
And another thing,  
what if it's someone else?  
- Who the fuck else could it...?  
- Someone else!  
- Look, I just think we...  
- Sit down!  
Right.  
This is what we do.  
We wait.  
All right, you all got that? We wait.  
We give it a couple of days.  
And if he don't turn up, all right.  
So be it.  
All hell breaks loose.  
All right? All right, Freddie?  
What's going on, then?  
He gone deaf or something?  
He doesn't want to be disturbed.  
By anybody.  
I don't think that means me, does it?  
That's what he said.  
Cup of tea?  
- Bomb, was it?  
- No, we're redecorating.  
Oh, are we?  
Well, that's nice, isn't it?  
Let a bird in your life...

...the next thing you know  
the walls are all pink.  
There's potpourri all over  
and knickers in your corn flakes.  
So who's he in there with,  
or is that a secret?  
No, he's in with Tommy.  
And Roland's sister.  
Listen, Karen...  
...we might have got off wrong,  
and if it's my fault...  
We can always start again.  
You know, you're not bad-looking.  
Not bad-looking? Not bad-looking?  
- I'm a prince, darling.  
- Yeah?  
Oh, yeah.  
Why don't you find yourself  
a nice girl?  
- I could help you.  
- Do me a favor.  
I've got so many birds,  
they're coming out me ears.  
I can't even hear myself think.  
So, what's behind this then?  
Freddie's not allowed to see it.  
What do you think, then?  
Do you know,  
it's not a bad likeness of Freddie.  
Nose a bit on the large side, eh?  
Very funny.  
You know Freddie,  
he's mad about horses.  
I thought it'd make  
a nice engagement present.  
You what?  
An engagement present.  
As in, me and Freddie,  
getting married.  
- Didn't he tell you?  
- No, he didn't.  
Are you up in the duff?  
Can we hear the patter of tiny feet?  
- No, not yet.

- "No, not yet."  
You're over the moon, ain't you?  
Hap-hap-happy.  
That's a nasty way of putting it.  
I've never been happier.  
And I thought any mate of Freddie's  
would be happy for him too.  
What's your problem?  
Ain't me that's got a problem,  
darling, is it?  
I'm not surprised he didn't tell you.  
Not exactly over the moon, are you?  
There's something ugly  
eating away inside of you.  
See it in your eyes.  
I could see it a mile off.  
Well, I love Freddie.  
I'd kill for that man. I don't  
give a fuck whether you approve.  
I'll look after him, whatever it  
takes. Do you understand me?  
Keep your fucking knickers on!  
Do you understand?  
Yeah, I'm sorry.  
I wish the best for you.  
Hope you're happy together.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah, really.  
Congratulations.  
Tell Freddie I'll catch up  
with him later.  
Tell him, you know, I'm happy for him.  
For the both of you.  
Karen...  
Take good care of him, eh?  
Well, what was he gonna do?  
Crack open the bubbly,  
smiling from ear to ear:  
"I'm getting engaged!"  
"Cor, blimey, you ain't?  
Fuck me! Nice one! Congrats.  
You kept that under your hat.  
You romantic old so-and-so."  
And I'm thinking,



"Love makes you fat." Poof.  
Run!  
Karen, run!  
- Run!  
- This is for you, you fucking...  
Get off him! Get off him!  
Get off him!  
Fucking gun that doesn't work!  
Help!  
- Get off him!  
- Fucking cunt!  
Want something done,  
do it your fucking...  
You get back inside, you cunt!  
- Get off him!  
- Maxie, shut her up!  
Get off him! Get off him!  
- Maxie, please!  
- Get off me!  
Not the girl!  
- Cut her!  
- No!  
Please!  
Shoot me! Why don't you shoot me?  
What a comedy. What a skirmish.  
Look at his suit now, tatters.  
The bird's fucked,  
but Freddie's still twitching.  
He starts to move.  
He tries to get up, falls back.  
Hopeless.  
Tries again. Go on, son!  
Now, he's pulling himself  
along the pavement.  
Trail of blood like a bleeding slug.  
Come on, Freddie, two more yards.  
Fucking lying there  
on your leather settee.  
That's it, Romeo.  
Go on, give her a kiss.  
Work the old magic.  
I've got a machete on the back seat...  
...a chopper on the passenger seat and  
an old Beretta tucked in me trousers.

And I'm fucking happy.  
Green light.  
Green light.  
Green light.  
I pull up outside  
where Lennie Taylor lives.  
124 Jubilee Mansions.  
Here's me, outside  
where Lennie Taylor lives.  
Ax.  
Gun.  
I'm out of the car.  
Walking.  
See a car.  
Pick it up.  
M.O.T.  
Throw it a million miles.  
Walking.  
Door.  
Corridor.  
Lift.  
I'm Superman.  
King-fucking-Kong.  
I'm filling up.  
I'm filling up.  
Fifth floor.  
Stop.  
Open.  
Out.  
Corridor.  
Walking.  
Machete.  
Ax.  
Gun.  
Chisel.  
Tools.  
118.  
Fucking leather settee.  
120.  
Fucking handmade shoes.  
122. Draw back the hammer.  
124. Coming up!  
I'm electric! I'm frightening!  
I'm terrible!

We're in.  
Don't mind if I do, Lennie.  
You bastard! You...  
God, you cunt! You fucking cunt!  
You better make a fucking  
good job of this!  
You better make a fucking  
good job of me!  
Here, have a clock.  
You bastard!  
Come on, then. Come on, then. Yes!  
Come on. Could you fucking  
finish me off?!  
Fucking come and finish me off!  
Lost your fucking bottle,  
have you?  
Lost the taste for it, have you?  
Come on, fucking get on with it!  
Come on. Come on.  
Let's see what you've fucking got!  
Get all your fucking  
pretty clothes off.  
Yeah, that's it.  
You ready?  
Yes.  
Who are you?  
Who are you? You're nothing.  
You're nothing.  
Look at you lying there like...  
...a piece of meat.  
Meat. Meat.  
Who is it?  
Tommy.  
- Get dressed.  
- Why, what's wrong?  
I'll be in the car.  
You gonna tell me what  
this is all about, or what?  
Freddie and Karen were jumped  
outside the Candelabra.  
He what?  
They cut Karen's throat.  
Fuck me!  
And what about Freddie?

Right, it's like this:  
He's not dead, but he's in a bad way.  
He's been cut to ribbons.  
Has 300-something stitches,  
shot three times.  
He's on the lot.  
Morphine, you name it.  
Now, they're gonna try  
and operate again in the morning.  
It's touch-and-go. But he's strong.  
No.  
Look, you fucker, I want to  
see Freddie. I want to see my mate.  
Not possible.  
They won't let you see him.  
- There's a situation.  
- What fucking situation?  
A serious fucking situation,  
Tommy-boy.  
Fuck off!  
Listen. Listen to me closely, Tommy.  
Lennie Taylor has been killed.  
- What?  
- Tonight. Hacked to death at home.  
Do you understand what that means?  
Christmas has come early  
for my colleagues up there.  
They're charging Freddie with murder.  
It's perfect.  
They've been after him a long time.  
It's a win double.  
Freddie didn't kill Lennie.  
But what it comes down to is,  
Freddie's finished.  
- Now piss off!  
- Oh, yeah?  
I want to see Freddie.  
Tommy, for fuck...  
You are some cunt.  
It's just money to you, ain't it?  
All right, Tom.  
There an admission price  
for this fucking freak show?  
- Tommy, calm down.

- Is that fucking it?!

Fuck off. Fuck off!

All right, mate?

Oh, Jesus.

All right, son?

Put that in your hand, eh?

All right, mate?

Poor fella.

Jesus.

Silence in court!

Show them, Freddie!

Old Judge Mumbling said, in  
all his however-many-fucking years:  
The murder of  
Leonard Bertram Taylor...

We laughed.

"Silence in court!"

- Was the most barbaric case  
he'd ever had the misfortune to try.  
Judge told Freddie he was an animal...  
...and gave him 30 years,  
to serve a minimum of 25.

How's that?

Take him down!

- Fuck off!

- Fucking asshole!

- You cannot fucking do that!

- British justice, eh?

What the fuck's that about?

Poor old Freddie.

The king is dead.

I told you. I fucking told you.  
Someone should listen to me  
for a fucking change!

- This wouldn't have happened...

- You was right!

Well, so what?

It's no fucking good to us now.

- Fucking right I was right.

- Tommy.

What's Maxie's fucking fate?

That's why we're here.

Not this old fanny.

- Don't be fucking stupid!

- Don't call me...

All right, Del. He's right.

We can't go fucking near him.

Anything happens to Maxie,  
we're all fucked.

There's no way on this fucking earth  
is that cunt...

...that fucking cunt...

...gonna do what he done  
and get away with it.

- There's no way he's gonna avoid me.

- John...!

It's a difficult time. I'm trying  
to deal with it as best I know.

This ain't helping.

He's dead.

- He's fucking dead.

- All right. Just calm down.

Everyone, just fucking calm down.

Act like men.

Use your fucking loaf.

You got something to say?

Because if you have, say it.

I want to hear it. Fucking say it.

- You sure?

- Fucking say it!

He's right. You're wrong.

Fucking right I'm right.

- You saying I'm not up to it?

- I don't fucking know. You tell me.

You cunt!

- I'll fucking...

- You'll fucking what?

What?

What are you gonna do?

Start crying?

Sit down, Tommy.

Derek...

...get Tommy a drink, eh?

The king is dead.

Long live the king.

1970. A new decade.

No more Double Six.

No more Freddie.

No more Lennie.  
Bye-bye, Maxie.  
Fucking monster.  
Ouch!  
1972.  
Nothing can touch us.  
We're moving. Raking it in.  
Way out of Freddie's league.  
Sort of thing he'd never have dreamed.  
I'm gonna fucking knock you out!  
First of January, 1973.  
Grand opening. The casino.  
Black tie.  
Freddie always said gambling  
was for mugs. It is.  
Took 2 million the first year!  
Never understood that thing Freddie  
had for the horses till I bought one.  
Brown Bomber.  
Earned me a packet. Then disaster.  
It won!  
'76.  
Tommy's wife dies.  
So he retires. Lost his balls  
since Freddie got all banged up.  
'77.  
'78, '79, '80, '81.  
I've got 300 people working for me.  
Top that, Mr. Mays.

**'82 to '86:**

A fucking fortune!  
Fucking wanker, don't you  
fucking knock? Look at this here, eh?  
'87, '88.  
Billy offends me.  
The one good thing  
I learned from Freddie:  
Keep your own house in order.  
'93.  
'90s children suffer  
the consequences of the '80s.  
Don't we all?  
Do we? Fuck!

Business is as good as ever!  
Poor little merchant bankers.  
Still got enough  
for a little toot, though.  
'94. Not such a good year.  
Mad John murders his wife  
in a domestic.  
Nothing I could do about it...  
...as it happens in the supermarket.  
Fucking sad way to go down.  
Taken out of the fucking place  
like a poxy junkie shoplifter.  
Last of Freddie's boys.  
End of an era.  
'95, '96, '97...  
...'98, '99.  
'99.  
Freddie Mays is back.  
Lock up your daughters.  
Chinatown.  
Well, Freddie.  
All those years.  
How's it been, son?  
Tough? Was it tough?  
Tough on you? Hard to bear?  
Still, for my part...  
...just like to say,  
"Freddie, congratulations!"  
You're out!  
Fit and well. And I'm happy.  
Aw, fuck off.  
Look at me now, Freddie.  
You want a job?  
Me and you, Freddie?  
Just like the old days.  
Hello, Eddie.  
Hello.  
It's been a while, Eddie.  
We really should catch up.  
Be nice, catching up.  
Let's catch up.  
Old mum well?  
Good, great, magic.  
What the fuck is going on



with Freddie Mays?  
When did he get out?  
Wednesday.  
- Do you mind if I get back to work?  
- No, no.  
Let's go somewhere more private.  
I don't like it.  
Nobody told me he was getting out.  
You don't know about  
the wedding then?  
Wedding? What fucking wedding?  
Freddie's wedding.  
Everyone will be there.  
He's a well-tutored boy.  
He's got a B.A.  
Bachelor of Arts.  
Who's he marrying, anyway?  
Someone he met in the nick?  
Karen.  
You remember.  
Singer. Lovely face.  
Throat cut. Nearly died.  
Eddie.  
You ever kill somebody, Eddie?  
How do you mean?  
Well, you know, like, kill them?  
What, like dead?  
Yeah. Dead.  
I'd have to say no.  
Why not?  
Well, I don't want to.  
I think you could.  
If it was somebody  
you really hated, you know?  
What, like, he starts something  
with me and my family?  
Now, look, I want to  
ask you a question.  
No ifs or buts.  
I want a straight answer.  
Who...  
...if you had to choose,  
would you sooner kill:  
Me?

Or Freddie Mays?

- Truth?

- Yeah, truth!

You.

Sorry.

Can I ask you a question?

Yeah, yeah! Fire away.

Why haven't you killed me?

Who says I'm not going to?

Come on!

Come on!

Karen?

Karen.

Imagine bumping into you  
after all this time.

It must be what, 25...

You know exactly how long it's been.

Well, I thought maybe you were dead.

Wow! Healed up nice.

I know why you're here.

Stay away from Freddie.

He don't want to see you,  
hear from you...

...or smell you

and your cheap fucking aftershave.

Me and Freddie have waited too long  
for some evil ponce to fuck things up.

That's not very ladylike, is it?

Fuck you, freak.

You stay away!

- I told you, I'd kill for Freddie.

- Oh, yeah.

You told me a lot of things.

"You're not a bad-looking bloke.

Why don't you find

yourself a nice girl?"

What makes you think

that you're so special?

You know, I wouldn't mind a wife.

Someone to love.

I deserve some love.

I want a Valentine's card.

I don't care if she is a slag.

I'll look after her all right.

Spoil her.  
Buy her stuff.  
Maybe I'd like  
to settle down sometime.  
Nobody ever thinks about that.  
I mean, nobody ever thinks about me!  
Well, fuck you!  
You tell Freddie I want to see him,  
or there'll be consequences.  
Serious fucking consequences.  
Get out of my fucking way, you cunt!  
So, Freddie...  
Heard you was getting hitched.  
Getting yourself a ball and chain.  
No, no, I didn't get no invitation.  
No, not to worry.  
I couldn't have gone anyway.  
Business.  
Still, hope it all goes well.  
And for my part, Freddie,  
I'd just like to say congratulations.  
You're out.  
Fit and well.  
And well...  
...here's to you.  
Love what you've done with the place.  
Sit down, Freddie.  
Been a long time.  
Yeah.  
Like a cup of tea?  
Yeah, that would be nice.  
Fuck.  
So, Freddie...  
...how you doing?  
All right. Yeah.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Look, what do you want?  
I hear you're getting married.  
At some point, yeah.  
A little something. Go on, take it.  
Go on, take it.

It's for you. Take it.  
Freddie, I want you to take it.  
I want you to take the money.  
I took your money. You take my money.  
Don't take it.  
What do you want?  
Oh, the flat. Is that it?  
You want to move in?  
You and Karen?  
Cozy Karen?  
Well, take it. I'm out of here.  
Redecorate.  
Why not, huh?  
New carpet. Lick of paint.  
Lovely.  
Patter of tiny feet.  
Yeah, well, you're probably past it.  
Can't get it up.  
And she's no spring chicken.  
Probably come out  
all twisted and mental.  
Baby Freddie. Spastic.  
She's barren, probably, all dried up.  
But you could adopt.  
What do you want?  
The shoes, is it?  
The handmade fucking shoes?  
Here.  
They're yours. Have them.  
Take them. They're yours.  
The tiepin? Oh, you like the tiepin?  
Fuck me, it's even got your initials  
on it. Take it! Here, it's yours!  
- You're mad.  
- No, it's you.  
You drive me fucking nuts, you do.  
I don't want your flat...  
...I don't want your shoes,  
and I don't want your fucking tiepin.  
That Freddie's dead.  
What is it with you? I mean...  
...where you coming from?  
Explain it to me, because I'd like  
to know. Really, I want to know.

What have you got that I haven't got?  
I done better than you.  
I'm the better man.  
Wasn't me who spent  
fuck knows how long inside.  
Fucking professor.  
What?  
You think I wouldn't kill you?  
Do you think that?  
Just because it's you.  
Is that what you think?  
Oh, I can kill somebody. It's easy.  
It's easy to kill somebody.  
It's nothing.  
I avenged you.  
I didn't want to kill Lennie Taylor.  
I did not want to kill Lennie Taylor.  
I didn't enjoy it.  
Had to be done.  
Somebody had to do it.  
Yeah.  
Karen spent the past 30 years telling  
me the whole thing stank of you.  
That bitch.  
Take it.  
Take it.  
Pick it up.  
There it is. Pick it up.  
Shoot me.  
Shoot me! Shoot me, you cunt!  
Who do you think you are?  
Pathetic.  
Yeah.  
Oh, yeah, I was.  
I was vain.  
I was a prat.  
Handsome Freddie Mays,  
"Butcher of Mayfair."  
What a load of old cobblers.  
Who'd want to be Freddie Mays?  
- Fuck off.  
- You're a nutter.  
Well, I ain't going away,  
so you may as well kill me.

Come on! Kill me! Come on!  
For old time's sake.  
Down memory lane and all that.  
I was there.  
"Get your hands off her!"  
"Karen!"  
"Maxie, please, no!  
Not the girl! Not the girl! No!"  
Sound familiar? Huh?  
You, crawling around  
in your own blood.  
Pathetic. Hilarious.  
Maxie's got his knife out.  
No!  
Come on, Freddie. Come on.  
Maxie with his blade  
digging at her flesh.  
Ripping that lovely throat.  
- Karen!  
- No!

**And you going:**

"Shoot me, shoot me," like a sick cow.  
Come on, Freddie.  
Come on.  
Come on, Freddie, two more yards.  
What?  
What's that she's saying?  
Love you.  
Love you.  
What's that?  
"I love you, Freddie.  
I love you.  
I love you, Freddie. I love you..."  
What?  
Does she still love you?  
With your pruney bollocks  
and your old bird's hair?  
Handsome Freddie Mays.  
How could she still love you?  
Seeing what you are?  
I mean, what are you? A cunt?  
What are you? Milky tea?  
Come on, Romeo.

Give her a kiss.  
Yeah, work the old magic.  
Come on, Freddie.  
Come on, my son.  
Shoot me.  
Shoot me!  
Kill me!  
Shoot me!  
I'm just an old man in a crap suit.  
I like it that way.  
Bitch!  
One day I'll catch up with you.  
You want a war?  
I'll give you a fucking war,  
one arm tied behind me back.  
I'd shoot you.  
Blow you to kingdom come.  
They'll need a dustpan and brush...  
...to scrape you off the walls.  
Make mincemeat out of you.  
Pie and mash. Puddles of blood.  
I'll leave you lying there...  
...the rotten lot of you.  
Calling me a cunt.  
Calling me a cunt.  
Calling me a cunt.  
You cunt!  
I'll fucking kick you.  
I'll kick fuck out of you.  
I'll kick you to fuck. Fuck you!  
Rip your face off.  
I'll fucking...  
I'll fucking...  
...burn you.  
Freddie Mays.  
Freddie Mays.  
I don't need you, Freddie.  
Who am I?  
I'm Superman!  
King-fucking-Kong!  
I can pick you up  
and throw you a million miles!  
I'm number one.  
Number-fucking-one.

I'm number one.

Number-fucking-one!

Number one!

Number one! Number one!

Number one!

Number one! Number one!

Number-fucking-one!

I'm number one.

Fuck you!

My God!

Number one.

Subtitle Ripped By

~Grupo Utopia~