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Green Street Hooligans 2

By T. Jay O'Brien

Hooligans, thugs,
louts, yobs, headbangers, geezers.
You can love us or hate us,
we really don't care.
This is just the way we choose to show
our love for the greatest game on earth.
See, I'm a regular geezer,
just like you.
I have a missus, a mortgage,
had a job that put me
in a decent bracket of society.
I flew punters from one side
of the country to another,
and I wash my hands after pissing,
not before.
I was what you'd
call respectable.
My problem was I had another life
too, the one that landed me in here.
we all had jobs, relationships,
responsibilities,
even kids, but that's during the week.
Come the weekend,
all that disappears and we become
part of the greatest army in the world...
West Ham United.
"West Ham till I die. "
Never back down,
never leave your mates behind.
It's about loyalty, strength and respect.
But we ain't the only ones.
Chelsea's got some hold in here too
and we're about to kick off with 'em.
And that's something you cannot
back down from no matter what.
So we're outnumbered?
Don't matter.
we'll always stand our ground.
Wake up and face the day, ladies!
One hour yard time.
You might think this is free time,
but I shit you not,
I will have my eye on
every fucking miserable cunt here.

Move it!

Look at ya. Move!

What are you laughing at?

Outside.

Hands out of your pockets.

- Ready, my son?

- Yes.

That Gonzo's a nasty, horrible cunt.

Let me have him. I'll fuck him up.

- Come to this, then, Dave.

- Ain't no way to avoid it, eith.

You know what happens
if we get fingered for this?

They extend our sentence
to the next fucking century.

Yeah, we talked
about this. Enough.

Understood. But look where
standing our ground got us the last time.

I like the idea of
getting out of here someday.

Yeah, me too.

But we walk away from this now,
life ain't gonna be worth living
on the inside or the out.

West Ham! West Ham!

West Ham! West Ham!

- West Ham! West Ham!

- We don't have a choice.

West Ham! West Ham!

Chelsea! Chelsea!

Fuck you, you fucking arseholes!

- Let's fucking do this, lads.

- Nice one, eith, my old son.

Let's do it.

You've been here in Fosterville over a year
and this is your first incident.

You have an exemplary record of conduct,
and then you go and fuck it all up
with this spectacle yesterday.

I put in for a transfer three times, sir.

Confrontation was inevitable.

See, I was a member of a rival firm
on the outside, sir,

and whether we like it or not,
these things don't just go away.
It's difficult enough with the overcrowding
without the rivalries of you hooligans.
You should know better.
I'm splitting up this firm.
David, you and your two pals are being
transferred, as are the rest of your crew.
Thank you, sir.
They're closing hospitals,
schools, the politicians lie
d Welcome to the real world
d It's a race against time
Take a stand
Go, go, go!
Make a stand
Rise, rise up Rise up!
Gotta rise
up and stay free
Rise, rise up Rise up!
No pension, no
future, no money No war
d Dead, dead, dead,
dead yankee drawl
Take a stand
Go! Go! Go!
Right. You three come with me.
It's all right, Arthur.
I'll take 'em.
You all kitted out, lads?
Come on, then.
Any of you lot play?
Yeah. Ned here knows his way
around a pitch.
Yeah, the Governor's a great believer
in the constructive benefits of the sport.
Each cell block's got a team
and they compete.
Yeah.
D Block could use a speedy forward
if you're any good.
There you go, Ned.
- Well, look who's here.
- It's them. Let's fuck 'em up.

Miller, Morrison, in there.

- Hastings, number two.

- Who's my cell mate?

His name's Hegyes.

You'll get along fine.

Spur One's on the yard. Leave your kit
in there, go back out through security.

You've got 40 minutes of fresh air left,
after that a personal officer
will give you an induction session.

Well, what are you waiting for?

Christmas?

I think she likes you, Dave.

She's a peach, ain't she?

A governor who's into footy
can't be too bad, eh?

I swear, when I get out of here, I'm going to
be at every game, home and away. You, Dave?

I'll probably have to miss a game
because I'm working, Ned.

Just hope someone's stupid enough
to employ me.

With your connections, you could
be a baggage handler at Heathrow.

Fuck me. It's Big Marc.

Oh, bollocks.

Welcome to your worst
fucking nightmare, lads.

I've been wanking off in anticipation
thinking about it.

This is my house, see.

And I'm going to do everything I can
to make your time here a fucking misery.

Really? Don't see no

Tommy Hatcher, Marc.

- He's rotting in Beckmore.

- You're the top boy now, are ya?

- He wishes.

- Just the three of you minding the shop?

What would Little Petey say?

Oh, yeah, that's right.

We fucking killed him, didn't we?

- What you want with us, Marc?

- You fucking spivs are the reason I'm here.

Oh, fuck off. We've been banged up
just as long as you have.
We just want to do our time,
nice and easy, no worries.
I'm going to do everything I can
to fuck you up.
You'll be in here until they're wheeling you
to the pisser in a chair.
And very soon, you'll be thinking
Little Petey is the lucky one.
I dare you to say it again, you cunt.
One down.
- Any fucking time.
- Three to go.
Any fucking time, Marc.
Yeah, go on. Run away, run away.
I'm a fair man. I run a fair shop.
Understand your responsibilities
as a prisoner,
and learn how to make the best use
of your stay in custody,
and you will find your time here
will pass rapidly.
Like it or not,
you'll be here for another ten months.
I suggest taking our National
Vocational Qualifications that we offer.
A very productive way to spend your time.
- Understood, sir.
- Yes, sir.
- Dismissed.
- Guards.
Escort the prisoners back to their cells.
I saw some bunks
being moved to J Block, sir.
Yes, we have 53 new prisoners
being transferred in.
- Where will they go?
- The rec rooms are contained
and can be easily monitored.
That won't go down too well
with the football crowd.
Your concern is noted.
This is prison. They don't have to like it.

Pity you don't have someone
on the prison board who could help out, sir.

May we assume that
you've requested additional guards?

There is no funding for
additional personnel.

- Check the progress on the rec rooms.

- Sir.

Sir.

He should grow a pair.

- That bastard's putting us all at risk.

- You'd face the prison board?

I'd have no problem
telling them how it is.

That's what you want, innit?

Make executive officer.

Not an ambitious man, are you, Mason?

Keeping my head down, Mav.

Well, when I'm XO,
things are gonna be different around here.

For a lot of people.

I'm not sure if
the transfer is a good thing.

What are we supposed to do about it?

Just what we did at Fosterville.

Survive.

It's gonna be a bigger
fucking challenge in here.

What the fuck is he thinking?

Jesus.

How can he put us in here
with all this Millwall, eh?

It's like the Hammers versus the
Mafia for the UEFA Cup, Palermo, Italy,
surrounded by Carabinieri
and 500 angry Eyties
singing the theme tune to The Godfather.

Look, we just need to take it easy,
keep our cool.

We've got it.

- Want me to have your back on this one?

- It's all right. Take it easy.

All right?

I hear someone was

very much looking forward to your arrival.

- What's it to you?

- The enemy of my enemy.

Yeah. Someone stopped by to say hello.

- I hear many someones.

- So what else did you hear?

You're a pilot, true?

What did you fly for RAF?

Globemasters. Hercules.

You ever heard of 'em?

Planes for transport.

Yeah, that's right.

I'm guessing you're a pilot too, right?

Been some time, but yes.

What do you fly?

Smaller aircraft.

You're a fighter pilot, eh?

For different team.

While there was still a wall up, yeah?

Before perestroika, glasnost,

the good old days.

- And here we are.

- Here we are.

Call me Max.

All right. Call me Dave.

How do you know my enemy?

We are both in business.

For you and Marc it might be a...

be a business matter,

but for me it's purely personal.

Personal?

Yeah, we've got some history.

His top boy's a geezer

called Tommy Hatcher.

He beat me best mate to death.

That's why we're in here.

D Block team is very good.

Winning team gains privileges

and red armband.

Trustee status.

I'd better get back to my mates. Thanks.

You fly out of Lyneham?

Sometimes, yeah.

- You seem well informed.

- Information has value here.
Could save life.
I'll bear that in mind.
See you around, Max.
Oh, see that move?
Oh. And again.
Oh. Hammers could use that
fella, couldn't they, eh?
You all right, mate?
Here, Dave.
- I assume they're no friends of Marc's.
- You could say that.
- Are they friends of ours?
- Let's say he's a possible resource.
What did they want?
What did they say to you?
He heard I was a pilot.
- That makes you interesting to them?
- Yes, you cheeky cunt, it does.
Turns out he's a pilot an' all.
What? He's ex-RAF?
Nah. He's more like the
opposition, Keith, my old son.
More like the opposition. Come on.
Get these reports to the Governor.
- Screws are all riled up about something.
- I think it's your face, Ned.
Oh, it better not be mine.
- Oh, no, no, no.
- All right. Stay back.
- What's happening?
- Stay back.
Put him in Segregation. D Wing.
Fucking fraggle. Look at my shit.
That's my cell.
Junkie owes money and can't pay.
Acts out.
nows he'll get banged up in the
block. Figures he's safe for a while.
Bloody spanner.
Come on. You guys can eat in Level Two.
- You lot West Ham?
- Yeah.
Fair number of Millwall banged up in here.

You know what that means to us?
This transfer was supposed
to keep us out of trouble.
Yeah, well, you made your beds,
you lie in 'em.
So bang us up with the cunts we got sent
down for scrapping with in the first place?
Prison board logic, is it?
Look, we just want to do our time quietly
and try and stay out of trouble.
The chaplain runs a good service.
It's a way to stay off the yard.
All officers to the
football pitch, all officers.
Good game, that.
Did you see that fucking elbow?
Him-a slap the bitch outta Bagshaw.
- Him a-bleed from everywhere.
- How much did we make?
200 quid.
And three carton of fag.
Love me a good game of footah.
Me never liked Bagshaw either.
Money.
Where are the rest of the fucking cigs?
It's contraband, man. Soon come, yeah?
- Pack or so at a time.
- Yeah, well, make sure they fucking do.
- Chill now, man.
- Chill?
You hold out on me,
you fucking black bastard,
and I'll slit your fucking throat,
and bleed you out
like the fucking wog you are.
- Ease up, man.
- You fucking tell me to ease up, you cunt?
Bredren! Calm down, man!
Ease up now, man.
Let go of me now.
Yeah, all right, thanks.
Surprising what you might find in a bin.
Sweet.
Get this out to our regulars.

Yeah. What about Hegyes?
Busted up his cell and
got hauled off to seg.
Yeah. All right.
I'll have a fucking quiet word with him.
They must stick that GSE
bloke in him cell, innit?
I just saw 'em. They're in the chapel.
Fucking hell.
You've gotta have a laugh,
haven't ya?
I mean, you get sent to fucking prison
and you get sent here.
There's a word for that.
What is it? What is it?
Overcrowding.
No, you twat.
It's fate.
Yeah, that's right.
Fate.
Let's go and get some fucking religion, eh?
My son... This
is lovely, innit?
The heat seems to be doing wonders
for the chaplain's business.
Yeah, right. Everyone really seems
to be following along, don't they?
All right. Why don't we just relax
and enjoy the air conditioning, yeah?
.. as the grave, and whole, as
those that go down into the pit.
hello, girls.
Let it go, Marc.
I don't want to let it go.
Time and a place, mate.
- Here and now.
- A time and a place.
Are you fucking deaf?
I said here and now, cunt.
You really wanna do this,
you call me out.
This ain't the way.
Let's go.
Look at ya. Look at ya.

Eh?

Let him go.

- We didn't start it, guv.

- Shut up.

Where do you think I got this from?

Kicking myself in the face?

We were sitting all quiet
and they jumped us.

Look, man, we're outnumbered
and you know it. All right?

You really think I'm gonna start a ruck?

In the chapel?

I'm Catholic for fuck's sake.

You're not in here because you're clever.

Learn to avoid trouble.

You know that bitch is in Marc's pocket?

- You referring to Principal Officer Mavis?

- Who do you think?

It must be hard her running the show.

We're here to keep you out of mischief.

You got a complaint, see the Governor.

I ain't a grass.

And you do your best to stay out of her way.

It's nothing to
worry about. Nothing?

Me and the boys look out
for each other like always.

- Just like they do?

- They get help from the Iron Lady.

Who?

The PO.

You all right, kid?

You've lost weight.

I eat when I'm hungry.

- And I take my vitamins.

- Oh.

I... got this letter
from the bank yesterday.

What is it? The house?

I tried so hard.

I just couldn't make the payments.

- It's all right.

- I haven't spent a penny on anything

- other than necessities.

- Sweetheart, listen to me.

- Doesn't matter.

- It does. Where will I live?

How long we got before they, erm...

- 60 days.

- 60.

I'm sorry, Dave,

I wish I had better news to bring.

Are you kidding me? As long as you're still breathing, I'm happy.

Tell me what you did yesterday.

- Well, I went to work.

- Then what?

And then I tried for an hour to fix that tap in the kitchen. Used your spanner.

- Oh, God.

- I'm just not strong enough, babe.

With those arms? Come on, look at ya.

Then I successfully changed three light bulbs.

- Didn't get any help? No help?

- No.

I then... had supper.

Piece of chicken and some spinach.

Did the dishes.

Well, dish. There was only the one.

Watched a bit of telly, then went to bed.

Wow. It's a full and exciting day.

Hardly.

Sounds perfect to me, every minute of it.

I'm happy to hear you say that.

I want our life back, babe.

I just want it to be me and you.

Wherever.

Well...

one other thing happened.

- A bad thing.

- A bad thing?

I'm not the woman I was.

In a way...

No, you lost me. I don't understand.

Well, the other day I was stepping out of the shower and I looked down and...

well, I noticed I was getting a bit thick.

You know, down south.
So I trimmed it.
Then I thought...
why not shape it?
Yeah, yeah. Makes sense. Just, er...
Just for something different, for fun.
I don't spend money, don't go out.
- I don't have a lot of fun, Dave.
- Just stay with the story.
All right. Well, I
thought what could it be?
- Huh?
- And it hit me.
- A heart. A heart's red. Only natural.
- Makes complete sense.
So I started in, but I really botched it up.
Didn't... Didn't
cut yourself, did ya?
No.
It didn't look like a heart.
Or anything.
Well... so I
shaved it all off.
You... gone... just...
I think your shoelace is untied.
No, I'm sure it's fine.
Oh.
Please get me out of here.
I've gotta get you home.
Tell eith and
Ned I said hello.
Yeah.
I might not remember
our whole fucking conversation after that.
I love you.
I love you too.
Ginger or not.
Hey.
We're gonna be
O, you and me.
Yeah.
Come on, Hegyes. Basic's over. You're
back on the spur, no privileges.
You need to think about

the consequences of your actions. Cor.
You're minging, Hegyes.
Take a shower.
Cor, you smell like stale fucking piss.
- Thought you could hide, did ya?
- Agh! Agh!
Who's laughing now?
Don't! Get off me!
You buy something, you pay for it.
I heard a nasty rumour Dynamo Moscow
made the first division, Max.
Fuck them. GB kiss-arse.
- Yeah.
- How are you, Dave?
Good. Oh yeah, these are my pals.
This is Keith and Ned.
You cause riot in chapel.
Nah, we were innocent bystanders, mate.
Everyone innocent here.
You must stay out of trouble, Dave.
They will never release you.
What do you expect from
a hardened criminal, Max?
Look, we've both got problems in here.
Maybe we can help each other out.
Da.
We'll talk later, yeah?
- I need a word.
- I'm listening.
My office.
Here is good.
You've been running a very profitable
little enterprise for yourself.
That you have benefited from.
Save it, Ivan.
Circumstances have changed.
How?
300 a week.
Absurd.
No, I'll tell you what's absurd.
It's about to get way more crowded in here.
If you're not careful, your new cell mate
will be the biggest immigrant-hating
psychopath I can find.

- I would not advise.

- 300 a week.

Oi, you with the nose ring.

Did you call me a cunt?

You can't talk to a
prison officer like that.

Guards! Take him.

And lose that fucking jewellery.

Anyone else wanna join him?

Nothing personal, Ivan.

Just the cost of doing business.

Officer Mavis, your lunch is here.

We're sending it up.

Cheers, mate.

- What is it every Friday night?

- It's fish and chips.

So what makes you think
it will be different tonight?

- I've just got a feeling.

- Bollocks.

- What, a lorry can never miss a delivery?

- Bollocks, mate.

He's got a point. It's dinner time.

Everyone's lined up. There's no food.

Be fucking mayhem in here.

Bollocks, mate. You're mental.

Watch this.

- I'm winding him up.

- Fucking naughty.

Welcome to prison, mate.

So what do you bloody think we're having?

Fish and chips.

Who let this East
End cunt in front?

You do that again
and I'll break your fucking legs.

- Go have a wank, you nonce.

- Your fucking mother!

Agh!

You fucking East End cunt!

Leave off.

Get off me!

- It's fish and chips every Friday.

- I didn't jump the queue.

- Several eyewitnesses said that you did.

- They're lying.

I know it's hard to believe you might find a liar in here, but it's the truth.

- I didn't jump the queue.

- That's just what a liar would say, innit?

Honest. I was going back to join my mates at the end of the queue.

Why were you at the front of the queue when the fight started?

I wanted to see what's for dinner.

Are you really that stupid or are you trying to have a laugh at our expense, make fools of us?

Governor.

Ten days' segregation.

- Bloody Ned.

- Take him away.

- What did he get?

- Ten days of segregation.

- Ah, fuck me. Do me a favour.

- Oi.

Look, just keep an eye on him for us, will ya?

- No one can get to him in basic.

- Oh, really?

Because those boys seem to be going anywhere they fucking please.

Sir. Do you smoke?

Is that a bribe?

No, sir. I'm simply trying to look after my friend, that's all.

Watch yourself.

A packet of fags is the best you could do?

Easy, easy. I'm just feeling him out.

Geezer wants to help.

It's a matter of motivation.

I'm sorry to see him in seg, but I won't miss his wanking, dirty cunt.

Hello, son.

Oi, you.

Oi, mate.

I heard you think I'm a bit of a twat.

I heard you think

you're not gonna give me a penny.
Well, you heard right, then, didn't you?
See, I run C Block.
And if you don't like it,
it's too fucking bad, innit?
Look, mate, I don't want to tell you
how to run your business...
Well, piss off. Before someone gets hurt.
Oliver.
Let's be having ya.
Oh, you're a big one.
Now fuck off.
Nobody fucking move!
Watch this.
You fucking cunt!
Fucking cunt.
Eh?
Come on.
What were you fucking gonna say?
Fucking cunt.
You East Poplar boys...
you think you're so fucking chav
with your Bow Bell addresses
and your fucking rhyming slang.
Well, I've got news for the fucking
pearly king and queen here,
as far as I'm concerned,
you come from Paki town,
which makes you a white wog,
the worst kind of cunt there is.
So pay up...
cos if you don't, you won't get off
as easily as Mr Fucking Shrek here.
All right.
Come on, man.
700 years ago...
stuffed animal bladders were kicked around
between rival northern villages.
In Chester they celebrated
their victory in battle over the Vikings
by cutting off one of their fucking heads
and having a game of footy with it.
Football violence was so bad,
the Vikings and even Oliver Cromwell

banned playing the game.
1900, we changed
our name to West Ham.
Our first ever game, Boleyn Grounds.
Also known as Upton Park.
We smashed the fuck out of Millwall...
three... nil.
Second World War sees an all-time high
in game attendance.
30 million fans go see games
on a regular basis.
1950s, National Service ends.
British Empire crumbles.
Immigration's at an all new high.
All officers to segregation hallway.
Segregation hallway now!
Mile End Mob emerges,
and a mispronounced
Irish name, Houlihan,
so named for that family's
nefarious exploits in the East End...
give birth to the term...
'ooligan.
- Come on, then, you fucking slags.
- Stand back from that door now!
Now! Against the wall.
What the fuck are you doing in segregation?
- It's a work party.
- What's going on?
- Release them.
- eep them bent up.
Who put you on work detail?
- How'd this cell door get unlocked?
- No idea.
Search him.
Take him.
It's usually the one in the cell
wants to get out.
- I am sick of cleaning up your mess.
- Excuse me?
You heard.
You're only lucky this thing
didn't end up worse.
Tread lightly, boy.

You're not supposed to be working tonight.
What are you doing here?
- Swapped shifts.
- It's not on the schedule.
Well, nick me. Then we'll both have
stories to tell the Governor.
If you ever countermand
one of my orders again...
you will deeply regret it.
Choose your enemies carefully.
This geezer's always shit.
He's all mouth. Look at him.
Look at him running.
I'm telling you, he's gonna stuff it. See?
- I fucking knew it.
- eith would enjoy this pony game.
Bet on Skins.
Oh.
Here we go. It's gonna kick off.
Watch, watch.
I knew that was gonna happen.
- Oh! Fuck me. - The goalie's Spurs
and the forward's Man U.
Too busy fighting each other
to worry about Max's team.
- Who's fighting?
- Spurs. They lost yesterday.
My team caught in middle.
All's O.
Is that what your man signalled?
Sometimes you need to send message,
not make noise.
A Block against my team, J Block?
That's J Block all the way.
Guards, prepare for new arrivals.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Get it.
This room is off limits
until further notice!
Guards, move 'em out.
Arthur.
Do you think we can get 53 new ones in here?
Just.
Cosy.
From here on, all reports on violence

will note overcrowding as a primary factor.

We'll rub this in the board's face

as often as possible.

For all the good it will do.

- How many incidents this week?

- Not many, sir. All easily managed.

No. Three guards were injured. Sir.

- I have reports?

- Yes, sir.

Remember, keep the peace, officers.

Who was the third guard hurt?

Watson. This morning.

Broken jaw.

Good.

- He had it coming.

- Hardly Christian, is it?

Watson is an arsehole.

And I'm no Christian.

I almost feel sorry for you.

I'm your superior officer,

something you seem to forget.

Now, I know what you want, Mason.

You want to put your time in,

get your pay cheque...

- pay for rehab for your little spastic.

- She has cerebral palsy.

Don't care.

Now, you can keep having that...

but you've got to get with the programme,

mate, my programme.

And lately you've been getting on my tits

and it just won't do.

What's funny?

You may have a bigger dick than mine,

you may even have a bigger dick

than my friend Andrew,

but his dick works high up

on the prison board,

and he really, really likes fucking me...

I don't need to hear this.

I'm gonna be number one in here one day.

Remember that and we'll get along

like two peas in a pod.

Say it.

What?

Say two peas in a pod.

Why?

Cos I'm your superior officer
and I fucking well told you to,
you insubordinate cunt!

Now say it!

Two peas in a pod.

Was that so hard?

No. Because when I give you an order,
you're just following orders, right, Arthur?

Now, I'm going to give you an order.

Are you listening?

Yeah.

Here's the order.

Keep the peace, officer.

Letter to Red?

Mm-hm.

What's going on?

I got officially dumped by Lucy.

Oh, Ned. I'm sorry, mate.

You all right?

Yeah. Can't blame her, mate.

- I haven't been there for her.

- Better off without her. Fuck her.

I was hoping she'd get me my old job back.

Pretty much screwed there too.

I mean, nobody would hire me
without a record, but with one?

- I ain't got nothing.

- Tabula rasa.

- What?

- It means clean slate.

Look...

do your bird, you get out of here,
and then you can be
whatever you decide to be.

Whatever you wanna be.

I thought I wanted to be with Lucy
in me old job.

No, I understand that. That would be
the worst thing possible for you.

- How do you know? - How do I know?

Cos of what's just happened.

You don't have to think
in such a small box all the time.
It is pretty fucking small, mate.
That was coming.
Not the cell, you doughnut. Your mind.
All right? You can think bigger. Grander.
You're a smart man, use it.
This is good, I promise.
- Cheers, mate.
- Yeah.
Give us a hug.
- Fuck off.
- Come on. I've been in prison too long.
I need some company.
Keep each other warm.
- No one needs to know.
- Later.
See you, sweetheart.
What the fuck happened to your face?
It's from the last dust-up with Millwall.
- How is the Abbey?
- It's coming along.
It'll be so new when it's ready,
you won't recognise the place.
Fuck me, Tel,
I ain't gonna be in here that long.
Keep a big calendar on the wall.
Counting the days till you all get out.
Be grand, see you up at the bar,
Lucy sat in your lap. Nice.
She dumped me, mate.
The rotten slag.
She didn't deserve ya.
Don't worry, mate. I got it sorted.
I passed by Dave's house the other day.
- There's a "to rent" sign out front.
- Really?
- He ain't said nothing to me about that.
- Be hard on Red.
She's been stand-up. That's a bloody shame.
Don't forget delivery's coming tomorrow.
Sweet. eith is gonna
be well happy, mate.
That Max has got some

heavy carrying charges.
Got a moral dilemma,
it changes with the weather
Riot! Riot! Riot!
You think you're pretty smart
but you ain't that clever
Riot! Riot! Riot!
I hate violence and here come the cops
Riot! Riot! Riot!
All great truths end in paradox!
Riot! Riot! Riot!
Stand up for your rights...
Oi!
Stand up for your rights...
- Here comes Sunshine.
- Let's go.
Oi, lads, where the fuck are you going?
Fuck.
we're gonna riot tonight
Hold up, lads.
- One, two, three...
- Where is it?
- ... four, five. This one.
- I knew you could count.
- I haven't walked this much in ten days.
- Just wanted to make sure it's still here.
- What?
- Here.
Didn't get all religious on me
while I was on the block, did ya?
eith, mate. I want you to take the
good book and get all you can from it.
Mate, I read it once.
I know how it ends.
- I didn't say the Bible.
- He said the good book.
This good book.
Go on.
- You're having a laugh, in't ya?
- No. Open it.
- It's a miracle, innit?
- Welcome back. We missed ya.
There you go.
There you go. We're all good.

- Hey, hey, hey.
- Lovely.
- GSE.
- GSE.
- Mm.
- Give it to me.
Get it over here. Come on.
Ah. An angel pissed on my tongue.
That was great.
Now I'm gonna go take a piss, guys.
All right.
eep it down,
though, will you?
- More for us, Dave.
- Yeah, absolutely.
Mm.
Ah.
You fucking rasclaat! You bombaclaat!
You fucking dickhead.
You fucking white bwoy. Yeah, man.
You dirty fucking scum!
A message from Millwall.
- Come on.
- Fuck me.
Fuck me, that's Ned.
Fuck. Agh!
- You've gotta be fucking kidding me.
- Help me, help! Agh!
Look at his fucking face!
Guards. Guards!
All right, Ned. All right, son.
Look at me, look at me.
- What's going on?
- He needs a doctor.
Get him up!
All right, mate. Come on. Outside.
Who's watching the fucking cameras, eh?
One of the West Ham boys just
got carved up in his cell.
It's a violent world, Mason.
And we just happen to live
in an especially violent corner of it.
See?
Violence is everywhere.

Bet you'd feel differently if it
was one of Turner's boys bleeding.
I'm having my tea break,
so say what you mean or fuck off.
Plus...
if a scrote had got sliced on my watch,
I'm not sure I'd be in here
mouthing off about it.
Well, at least you might get laid now.
Yeah, birds love scars, don't they?
Fuck you both.
Give me a second, will ya?
- How's he doing?
- How do you think he's doing?
So my boy gets sliced up,
while how many of you watched the show?
- I'll look into it.
- Really?
Yeah, well, fuck you. Fuck you and every
fucking screw that's paid to keep us safe.
- I'll write you up for talking that way.
- Whatever.
- Look, we're not all the same.
- Is that right? You go and tell him that.
Have you seen his face?
Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you ain't a cunt.
Maybe you just don't have
the fucking stones to stand up to her.
You don't know shit about anything.
What I do know is,
is that this shit ain't ever gonna stop.
Stand your ground, man.
Right now you have a choice
to do what's right.
Do it.
I could have fucking killed 'em, Dave.
What are we gonna do?
We don't have a choice.
Let's play their game.
Mm. And what did he say?
Why did he do that, then?
Oh, fuck!
What's up, big man?
How's your friend?

He's alive. It's time to make sure
we all stay that way.

What do you have in mind?

Where are the areas
that the cameras don't cover?

- Inside or out?

- Inside.

Me tink you fucked big time, man.

Let's have a look.

You definitely checked the drop-off?

I'm positive.

Cos I'm gonna go and see the Iron Lady.

And if I found out you're lying,

I'm gonna take out your good eye
and skull-fuck you,

you know that, don't you, mate?

Aye.

If I pay for something, I expect to get it.

- What you talking about?

- Am I speaking fucking English?

Your boy was there.

It was dropped in the usual manner.

I don't like sloppy partners.

You fucking find it.

Who the fuck ya look 'pon, lickle bwoy?

Fuck me, Marc,

I'm telling you the truth, mate.

- There weren't nothing there.

- Yeah, well, she says it was.

And you say it wasn't.

Now... if you're lying to me...

I'll take your fucking face off.

Find out who took it...

and get it back.

In Fosterville you can buy a half-ounce of baccy,
here they only sell you quarter-ounces at a time.

I'm gonna talk to Max.

How much dough you got?

Hello, Ned.

Fuck me.

- That might leave a mark, sunshine.

- How are you feeling?

- Battered and bruised.

- I bet you are.

Fucking hurts. When I was getting out of hospital, they was bringing Derrick in. Somebody kicked the shit out of him.

- You boys wouldn't know anything about that? - I was sleeping, mate.

- You?

- Nah.

Who's next?

Attaboy.

- Hello, mate.

- Here's your GSE.

Yeah. Eh? Eh?

Come on. Come on.

You fucking... Here, take that.

Kick the fucking shit out of him, boys. Come on.

That's right, yeah.

Come on, hurry up, boy. Hurry up, boy.

Fucking hell.

Come on, boys, hurry up. Come on.

ick the shit out of him. Go on.

Come on. Come on, hurry up.

Come on. Let's go. Come on.

Dave, come on, let's get out of here.

Hey. Where's Abbot?

I just saw him.

I had nothing to do with it, mate.

Pillock.

You think you're so fucking clever, don't ya?

If I was clever, I wouldn't be in here, Marc.

Go anywhere near my fucking crew again...

If you come in here mouthing off, you better look me in the eye.

Look you in the fucking eye, you dozy cunt?

- Oh!

- This is between me and him.

Now you listen to me, you pikey cunt.

Marc, you're an old fucking man now.

You ain't aligned.

You're a two-bit fucking queer.

All right. Break it up, break it up!

You, against the wall.
You're fucking dead.
You are fucking dead.
I'm right here, sunshine.
Get out of it. Get out!
- Get out of here.
- Fuck me.
His people will think twice now
before they come at you.
Small advantage.
I'll take everything we can get, mate.
"Pikey cunt. "
Man U coming up, boys.
It's gonna be hard one.
We'll do 'em
on and off the pitch, mate.
Remember last time
we had to jump off the train early?
Couldn't find no taxis
so we pinched that motor.
And when we jumped out the van
the cunts shit themselves.
I took a fucking hiding that day.
- Yeah, you did.
- Yeah.
If you ever finish that,
say hi to Red for me.
You're funny and I will.
- Night, boys.
- See ya, mate.
I ain't had one visit since I been inside.
Tell Red that I said hello too, please.
Yeah. Yeah, I will.
Thanks.
Night, mate.
Good night, mate.
Out. Get out.
What a load of bollocks.
Wouldn't be any contraband in here,
would there?
This is a stitch-up, innit, Dave?
Get off me, screw. I didn't do nothing.
Agh! All right, all right.
- Oh, all right, screw.

- Look at me.
Look at me. Don't give it to them. Relax.
Relax. Fuck off.
Does your wife know that you play for
the other team while you're in here?
That's all right. Lots of straight cons
have got a missus on the inside.
Is that all you got?
Contraband pornographic material.
Fucking...
Fuck! Fucking horrible cunt.
Agh!
So you don't fucking forget.
Dave... What the fuck?!
Up yours, screw.
Lock 'em back up. Put him in the block.
You dirty fucking bastard!
You ain't no Pete Dunham.
Are you missing Little Petey?
Fucking cunt! You fucking...
I'll fucking kill you, you fucking pikey.
Fuck! Oh.
- Get off me! Get off me!
- Get him out!
Get off me!
Get him the fuck out of here!
Move it, move it.
Get him out!
Who looks fucking stupid now?
During a cell search,
Miller became unruly and violent.
- Any injuries?
- None of ours. He put up a fight, though.
Fine. I'll read it in the report.
Dismissed.
Yes, sir.
Arthur, were you in the cell
when the search took place?
No, sir.
Just Officer Mavis.
Troublesome bunch, this West Ham lot.
Seem to find themselves
surrounded by trouble frequently, sir.
It's not the same thing, is it?

No.

The prisoner that Officer Mavis
had put into segregation last night...

- Sir?

- Have him policed.

Sir.

It looks like we're starting
to get some respect round here.

About fucking time.

- How much did you miss me?

- Ooh. Look at the boat race on that.

Hope you feel better than you look, son.

Yeah, it only hurts when I breathe.

It's weird.

Give me a second, will ya?

Attention on the pitch.

Any prisoner caught fighting during play
will face segregation.

Any prisoner caught fighting
during play will face segregation.

You'd better learn to keep your
head down, son, if you wanna survive.

You know she's bent.

You wanna grass,
give me something or I can't help you.

Oh, fuck all that. We've got Marc's crew
all over us which we're dealing with,
but they got the guards helping out
and it's getting outta control.

I mean, look at me for fuck's sake.

I mean, do something. Do anything.

To get where she's got,
you can't always play by the rules.

- It's hard for me to do a job like this.

- I don't care.

You want her gone as badly as I do.

Look, I'm working on something, right?

Fight. Football field. Get over here.

Wilson! Davis!

Get back now. Get back now.

On the fence! On the fence!

You know

how overcrowded we already are!

Then you take the responsibility!

Because I'm...

He's got his knickers in a twist
about something.

Come in!

- How many injuries?
- 16. Mostly minor.
- How minor?
- Few stitches, couple of broken bones.
- One fractured skull.
- They're just getting used to life inside.

Plus we got a fair number
of hooligans in with that last lot.

And will in the next.

Next?

This is an official notification.

We're to receive 74 more prisoners
within two weeks.

We're being designated temporary authority
to effect the early release of some 60 prisoners.

I want you to come up
with a list of prisoners
who will not menace
society if released early.

And I'd like it tomorrow.

Dismissed.

People in power don't understand

Home fires burning,

the home fires burning

What it takes to run this land

Home fires burning,

the home fires burning

They're so inept, it's just not true

Home fires burning,

the home fires burning

And it destroys the lives

of me and you

Home fires burning,

the home fires burning

You don't live on the street,

you don't feel the edge

You're not qualified to say

I want to live my life

on these streets of mine

Detached from reality

You don't live on the street,
you don't feel the edge
You're not qualified to say
I want to live my life
on these streets of mine
Detached from reality...
Cosgrove. Yeah, it's me.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Just shut up and fucking listen.
I can get out.
Yeah, but it's gonna cost.
Two grand.
Yeah. Right fucking now.
Sir.
This name at the top.
He's in for attempted rape, is he not?
- No, sir.
- Jenkins?
Oh, him. Yes, I believe he may be.
Tyman, Wadlow.
Carson.
Why are these names on this list
when I specifically asked for a list
that posed no threat to the community?
It seems a whole different set of criteria
was used to make this list
rather than public safety.
Now, what could that be, Officer Mavis?
Rehabilitation, sir.
What you frequently call
the foundation of the prison system.
Isn't that right, Officer Mason?
Sir, in the event that you may have
found the list unsuitable,
an alternative list was prepared.
Well, this is better.
Yes, yes, yes, good. Very good.
I find myself agreeing with
every name on this list...
save these three.
Even in their short time with us
they have been trouble.
Sir, instead of the three
you've so rightly questioned,

may I suggest the three
at the top of my list.
In their time here,
they've been model prisoners.
Never a problem from any of them.
Sir, the three I put forward
are here for hooligan activity
principally directed against
the three inmates Officer Mavis proposes.
My three, no arrests, no convictions
prior to their present lock-up.
- No threat to the general public...
- Look at their record, sir.
My three have never been any trouble.
They've never been nicked,
they've never been a problem.
His three - chronic fighting,
stays in segregation.
Where is Solomon
when you need him?
You don't need to be Solomon
to pick my three, sir.
But I do understand
it's a very difficult decision.
If you don't mind my saying, you bear
a great deal of responsibility, sir.
Convicted criminals were frequently used
as gladiators in ancient Rome.
If they survived the life long enough,
they could be freed.
Is that right, sir?
Often teams of gladiators
were pitted against each other.
Is that your way of making a decision, sir?
Why not...
let them compete for this prize?
Chin up.
Good news.
How would you all like
to get out of here next week?
Well, if it's good news,
something always follows it.
How good are you at football?
- What are they doing to you in here?

- Sweetheart,
looks worse than it feels.
You are really honest with me
about what goes on in here?
You've got enough to worry about.
I've got some good news, though.
What?

Well, cos these clubs
have made me better-looking
and I'm such a model prisoner,
the Governor's gonna allow me
and the boys a game of footy.

- Football?

- Mm-hm.

Remember how I told you how each cell block
has a team and they compete for prizes?

Well, this particular prize
is a little bit special.

See, the winner of this game...
gets to walk out of here next week.

- That is a terrible way to tease me.

- Do I look like I'm teasing?

You're saying there's a chance
you could be released?

I believe that is what I just said, yeah.

- Honestly?

- Yeah, if we win.

If you win this football match?

Right.

Then what are you doing here?

You're a terrible player.

- Leave it out.

- Get out there and practise

- every single moment till the match.

- All right.

You must win this, Dave. You must.

We've got a couple of tasty Russian boys
on our side, so there's a good chance.

- Not sure I should have told ya.

- But you did and now I know,

and I don't care how it happened,

but you must win and come home.

I understand.

Please.

Darling, I've gotta get back to work.
Please win.
- Please come home to me.
- I'll do my best.
That's her over there.
Oh, yeah.
Bit of all right, in't she?
What d'you reckon?
You know what I want you to do, mate.
So just do it.
One-two, one-two, one-two!
Try to hit it.
Come on. Come on.
Whoa!
Oh, and again.
That's what I do
on a Saturday afternoon
Down at Upton Park or a pitch near you
Better watch out or we're gonna do you
Oh! Let's go! Claret and blue!
I said, oh! Let's go!
Claret and blue!
I'm forever blowing bubbles
on a Saturday afternoon
Hey!
About a thousand miles away,
we got a crew
It's all about the Hammers
and three points
Yeah, yeah, keep it down, all right?
Better watch out or we're gonna do you
Oh! Let's go! Claret and blue!
I said, oh! Let's go! Claret and blue!
Down at Upton Park or a pitch near you
Better watch out or we're gonna do you
Oh! Let's go! Claret and blue!
Great save!
Oh! Let's go! Claret and blue!
- Yes?
- We're in the furniture moving business,
- thought you might like some help.
- We've got someone.
We don't take no for an answer!
He's a speedy little cunt.

He's a speedy little cunt.
We've just gotta slow him down.
I don't understand. How can we play man to man if we don't know what any of them can do?
eith, you're not getting it.
There are no rules.
- Right? This is gonna be a fucking war.
- Lucky it's only a 20-minute game, then.
That's about all they expect it to last, mate.
That's all we need.
On the pitch in half an hour or you forfeit.
And we wouldn't want that, would we?
Everyone's so looking forward to the show.
Is it wrong that I wanna fuck her?
Are you having a laugh?
- Look, I need a word.
- You ain't going nowhere, you cunt.
I'm serious.
We need to talk.
Top boy to top boy.
Just like on the outside.
I'm not gonna do nothing.
This better be on the fucking straight, Marc.
Yeah, it's me.
Go on, take it. It won't bite.
Hello.
Dave? Is that you?
Red.
Where are ya?
Home. Two men pushed their way in.
Help me, Dave, you've got to help me!
- Please help.
- It's gonna be all right, darling.
You wanna see your missus again, you put on a good show, you know...
- Mate...
- You've crossed the only line there is.
Mate, mate, mate.
As soon as I give the word we've won, he'll let her go.
But if you get in my fucking way, eh?
Eh?

Fuck.
Much at stake this game.
I need a favour. Can I see your pen?
You need to find a phone
and call this number for me.
You tell Terry that Big Marc is
holding Red in my house, right,
and if I don't throw this game
they're gonna kill her.
It's my wife, Max.
Please.
I will do this.
You owe me.
All players participating
in the match, please report to the pitch.
All players participating in the match,
please report to the pitch.
So what's up with Big Marc?
Let's win this thing and go home, right?
Hello.
Leave it with me.
Match kicks off at exactly twenty to.
I'll blow the whistle.
20 minutes. Good luck, lads.
I won't really need good luck, will I?
Fucking tosser!
Take that, you cunt!
Come on. To me, to me!
There's no food in here.
Don't you fucking eat?
Oi. Go get some food and beers.
There's a Paki shop down the street.
Now...
what to do...
with you.
Please don't.
Yes!
What's the matter with ya?
Whose team are you on?
Marc's boys are holding Red.
I gotta throw the game.
Fuck.
Relax.
Yes!

Get off him, cunt!
I always wondered
what you ginger slags were like.
No running,
no shouting,
not a fucking word.
You're fucked, sunshine.
- She's fucking safe.
- What we doing?
we'll fight together till the war is won
Whoa, watch the ball
One by one, and as we're marching on
we'll sing this and the strong
Brothers in arms
we won't back down, we won't give in
Brothers in arms
we won't back down, we won't give in
Brothers in arms,
we won't back down, we won't give in
Brothers in arms,
we'll take 'em all
As I come
And as we're marching on
we'll sing this and the strong
We did it! We did it!
We did it!
Oi!
We did it. We did it. We did it.
Oi, you. You just fucked yourself.
I'm sure we have, sweetheart.
I'm sure we have. Fucking bite me.
Yeah. Fucking do her.
What the fuck are you talk...
I don't give a fuck, a flying fuck.
You played like a bunch of girls.
You fucking bitch, they stitched us up.
Stop your whining
and lose that fucking phone.
- Why don't I lose it up your fucking...
- Officers, cuff these men.
- What the fuck do you want?
- You're nicked, my boy.
For kidnapping.
Other charges will follow, I'm sure.

You cunt.

- Detectives, take Officer Mavis as well.

- What's going on?

Taking out the rubbish the right way, Mavis.

You're under arrest for drug trafficking,
Veronica.

I do not envy you your time alone.

Take her away, officers.

Thank you, Detective.

Well done, Officer Mason.

The place will be peaceful
with you lot gone.

You're right, mate. The Governor's
going to need a new right-hand man.

- Any idea who he's got in mind?

- None.

I need to do some paperwork.

Don't do a runner while I'm gone, right?

He's still funny, in't

he? He's still funny.

Very humorous. Make sure it's all there.

Oh, you're working.

I'm definitely fucking making sure.

- Mate.

- Hey.

- All right, Max?

- You leave now.

Yeah. About fucking time.

Listen. Thank you. I appreciate it.

Look after your wife.

Yeah. I'll do my best.

So I believe our little Millwall friend
has finally got his transfer to a Cat B.

For you the result is personal.

For me it's business.

We're even now.

God bless you, mate.

Good lad.

Right. We are officially signed,
sealed and ready to go.

- Unless you lot want to stay longer.

- No, I think we're good, Arthur.

All right. Let's get out of here. Come on.

Here you go.

It's a good thing you're home

because I don't have a key.

I'll get one for ya.

Hello, sweetheart.

Oh, my God. Look at ya. Look at ya.

Fuck me, you look great.

- I have something else for you too.

- The boys are here. A little inappropriate.

- It's what you've been dreaming about.

- Oh, you're funny. You're funny.

Fellas, I love you dearly. I wanna spend
some alone time with the missus.

Well, you'll have to wait a bit longer.

- Wait a little longer? I've been away...

- Hello, Dave.

- Been waiting for you about a year.

- Hello.

Hello, mate.

How are you? All right?

Good to see you

again, darling.

You did all this?

Well, Terry and everyone wanted to make
a party out of it and I couldn't say no.

Believe me, we couldn't keep the lads
from celebrating this one.

What, even this geezer

here? This geezer?

Welcome home.

Oi! Stop it!

Here we are!

Rise up

Rise up!

Gotta rise up and stay free

Rise, rise up

d Rise up!

Rise up and scream

No pension, no future,

no money, no war

Dead, dead, dead,

dead yankee drawl

Take a stand,

Go, go, go!

Make a stand

Rise, rise up
Rise up!
Gotta rise up and stay free
Rise, rise up
d Rise up!
Rise up and scream
Rise, rise up
d Rise up!
Gotta rise up and stay free
Rise, rise up
d Rise up!
Gotta rise up and stay free
Rise, rise up
d Rise up!
Gotta rise up and stay free
Rise, rise up
d Rise up!
Rise up and scream d
I can see
Concentration camps
I can see
At last we try to learn to see
And I am sure, it's not a lie
I am sure, I know I say
I don't ever want this kind of shit
So I've got to react to it
We're sometimes anti-social
But we're always anti-fascist
We're sometimes anti-social
But we're always anti-fascist
We love football
Going to the grounds
Sometimes it's funny
to have a special riot
When I can see all the fascists around
I feel the hate on my mind
Give them a kick,
give them a punch
Sometimes I don't want to talk
We're sometimes anti-social
But we're always anti-fascist
We're sometimes anti-social
But we're always anti-fascist
Oi!

we forgot about police
Forgot about politics
we know different places
that we want to go
Not anyone likes to see us
Sometimes we are different to them
But in our minds we are away
React to all the provocation
We're sometimes anti-social
But we're always anti-fascist
We're sometimes anti-social
But we're always anti-fascist
We're sometimes anti-social
but we're always anti-fascist
Anti-social, anti-fascist