



Scripts.com

Hacks

By Guy Jenkin

(MIMICS PRINCE PHILIP)

You buggering fool!

Of course I'm Prince Philip!

My God, is this place run
entirely by idiots?

(Thanks, babe.)

Just fax me the bleeding bank
statement, you bloody imbecile!
Fuck off, we're not paying that!
Miss Loy!

He texted to everyone!

I've seen more of Ashley's cock
than Cheryl has!

Max, Max, we've got computers
full of Ashley's cock.

We've had to install more memory
to cope with it.

No, it's always that shape. Now,
50k and we might have a conversation.

David Bullingdon, 1984.

No, I'll wait.

Um, sorry. Were you
the cappuccino or the latte?

I was a coffee.

Macchiato?

A coffee. Has no-one heard
of bleedin' coffee any more?

No frothy scum,
no chocolate sprinkles.

No syrup of bollocks.

This is cold!

Max, how can you put a footballer's
knob on the front page?

Boiling is a bonus, hot I like.

Warm, I'll accept.

This is the wrong
side of fucking tepid!

I wouldn't pay that
if he was juggling oranges
and singing Old Man River!

(WHIMPERS)

(WHIMPERS) Hang on, Max. Face me.

Never let them see you cry.

Men think it's weakness.

You need bigger bollocks
than any of them. Sorry, Max.
She likes you.
The Daily Mail won't have it.
I suppose she had
to like someone one day.
If it's such a great exclusive,
put it on the phone.
Yeah, put Ashley's cock on the phone!
Exactly! So get me Cheryl.
She can talk, she's the story!
Hack 'im? No, I'm blagging, mate.
Anyway, you want pinging.
Juvenile Huntington's chorea?
Has she got a phone?
Look, we're a fucking tabloid!
You try fitting juvenile
Huntington's chorea in a headline!
(CHATTERING)
I'm hanging up, Max.
I'm hanging up.
Tabby, what you got?
I'm on it, even as you speak.
Three weeks of nothing, Tabby.
Come on! The ginger prince
must have been up to something.
Kate, darling,
even he has quiet weeks!

SONG:

Call on me, all right...

PHONE BEEPS:

And if you want a little huggin'
Call on me, baby
Mm-hmm
Oh, I'll be right here at home
All you got to do is pick up
your telephone and dial, now
6-3-4-5-7-8-9
What's my number?
6-3-4-5-7-8-9...
'I'm sorry, I... '
'I know I'm drunk, but I wouldn't

be drunk if not for you!'
'My maid-of-honour! At least
before it was the au-pairs!'
'It's spread to his bones.
They reckon three months, tops.'
'No, I'm not stalking her.'
'Nine inches, not lying!
Could hang washing on it!'
'Got me an appointment at... '
' Yeah, don't leave messages,
cos I think they're hacking
our voice mails. Oh, hang on.
This is a voice mail, isn't it?'
So, eh, Mrs Whippy.
Does she do the same things
as Fraulein Spank?
More things? Oh!
We should bloody well complain to
the, uh, Press Complaining Council.
'I know it was you. I know it!
You were the only person I told!'
'The coffin was so tiny.'
Gordon, "You saved the world,"
they said to me.
Prime Minister.
Have you met David?
I hear he's after your job.
(THEY LAUGH)
Do you know, Stanhope, I liked Kenny.
As much as you can like
a tabloid editor.
I'm sorry he's going.
Well, he didn't do
what I told him to!
No, he didn't do
what I told him to.
In fact, he was going to
run a story on you, David.
Oh, Stanhope, I don't think I've done
anything that will excite your readers.
Don't ask me. I don't get involved
in all that muck.
Something about drugs,
fancy-dress party, July '89.

At the roof-garden?

(HOARSE LAUGH)

Anyway, enjoy yourselves.

Everyone who's anyone is here.

And Piers Morgan!

They only fucking laugh at your jokes cos they're scared, Dad.

I know.

So who are you going to back at the next election?

Whichever one laughs loudest!

Why not just fucking deny it?

It's the royals, the police will take it seriously!

Yeah, but...

They know our Royal Correspondent called the Prince's phone from our office.

Wrong number? Y'know, she's got fat fingers and...

So, Oliver Bland.

Who did you have to shag to become editor of The Comet?

Everyone!

No, it's not officially been announced yet.

Detective Inspector, this is Kate Loy.

She's going to be my Deputy Editor.

Hello, Chief Superintendent.

Assistant Commissioner.

Deputy Commissioner.

Nice to see you.

Assistant Chief Constable!

Deputy Assistant Commissioner.

Chief Constable.

So, who's running the Met tonight?

So don't tell me you're taking this phone-hacking bollocks seriously?

Right, who wants to meet Britain's most famous Detective Sergeant?

Micah Todd, off the telly!

So I hear the royals are cutting up rough?

Mr Feast!

Which one is it? The tart,
the poof, or the Nazi?
I won't hear a word
said against the royals.
They always die on a Saturday.
Eh?
Margaret, Diana and the Queen Mum.
We got to break the story
on a Sunday.

PIANO MUSIC:

Listen, Connor says
I should sell the papers.
He says they're dinosaurs.
He said the TV made six billion,
you lot only made 40 million.
Well, as you said at Davos,
to the public, TV is a friend,
but newspapers are family.
In the end we count for more,
as blood is thicker than water.
So you think you're in
with a chance, then?
That's why you had
your little speech ready.
What?
OK, OK. You're the new editor
of The Comet.
But I thought...
It's not decided till I decide.
Do you want to break the bad news
to Oliver or shall I?
Oh, I think I owe it to him
to do it myself.
Katherine Loy,
if I was ten years younger...
Stanhope Feast.
If I was 40 years older...
Why didn't I have children like you?
Oh, God!
Baby, did she tire you out?
Oh, Dad, come and sit down!
Look, when I need help,
I'll light a distress flare

and I'll stick it up my arse.
All right? Bugger off!
Connor needs to get his feet
under the table before Ho Chi Mao,
second wife, persuades the old man
to put her kids in charge.
What must their Christmas
dinners be like?
Think King Lear,
but with no Cordelia.
Dad, I figure this would be
an opportune time to inform
Oliver that he's the new editor.
Ah.
Oh, fuck it! We made a decision!
Look, look, look.
What does that say?
Fucking President of European Media.
You see? That's me!
You should get her into bed,
cos I'm never going to.
Naughty, naughty!
So, you and me going to be
a page one splash?
"Soap star cheats on wife."
As I always tell married celebs,
sleeping with me
is the only way to stay
out of the papers.

DOOR KNOCKS:

It's OK, it'll be Zoe.
I've...
Thanks, Zoe.
Oh, is that enough to... DOOR SLAMS
I know married men always say this,
but my marriage is over.
We're separating.
Obviously, no-one knows.
Obviously not.
No-one would know that.
We're keeping it quiet cos of my
daughter. Look, can I call you?
Er, yes.

Oh, so that was it?
No, no, no. I want to see you again.
It's just...
You know, mobile phones
are so impersonal.
Landlines aren't so bad,
and letters, they're fantastic.
Letters?
Like, written letters?
Is this an Asperger's thing?
Er, yes.
Does that put you off me?
Nothing would put me off you!
Micah Todd, off the telly!
'The doctor got me an appointment.'
'She stopped self-harming.'
She just harms other people now.'
'That's a bad sign.'
'He was killed by friendly fire.'
'Mum's taken those pills again,
and I can't wake her up!'
Fuck! What do you mean
she's a reporter?
But what did you tell her?
Honestly, I've never met
anyone like her.
(MIMICS PRIME MINISTER)
Yes, it's the Prime Minister.
The Prime Minister.
No, no, no. I always get that.
Look, I require a copy of my
medical records, urgently.
No, Connor, it'll be fine.
It's just one rogue reporter.
Zoe, keys!
Looks like someone died
in a car crash.
Look, Oliver, I'm sorry.
No, don't be sorry!
Go down on your knees and thank me!
You wanted something big
to divert from the royal hacking.
Well, Crimewatch presenters
Chrissie Walters and Dan Goss.

Friday night, we pinged them
at the same flat.
Saturday morning,
a mysterious accident broke
the blind in the bedroom.
Saturday night, they obliged us.
I've got, oh, 100 photos
of them on the job.
And they're both married.
Yes, Oliver, to each other.
What?
You photographed a married
couple having sex.
But they've got different surnames!
How very unfair of them(!)
Come on, there must be some way
we can use them?
The photos are great!
"Celebrity has sex with wife."
Oh, actually, that is unusual!
You're fucking enjoying this,
aren't you?
No, Oliver, I... Oh, I am, actually!
Good morning, Miss Loy.
Zoe, fucking wink at me again,
and I'll destroy your career,
your health and your sanity.
Sorry!
I know, I know. Don't cry.
Oh, message.
Rav says the fat man told him the
cops have arrested Charlie Bollocks.
Kate.
Have you not heard of e-mail?
No, I know you've got the
bollocks to print this...
Oh, great! The story
that got Kenny fired.
I can see what everyone's
doing on their computer!
This story stands up!
Not without a phone!
Oliver's watching Billie Piper
naked on YouTube.

Come on! I was nice when you were
the squirt bringing the coffee!
Why not hack phones
like everyone else?
Cos...
They're celebs! Anyone with
a publicist has got it coming!
It's not that!
It's too easy.
Any bastard could do it.
The kids out there don't learn
the real skills any more.
They don't get proper stories!
You run a course in going through
dustbins and impersonating undertakers!
I gave the body back, didn't I?
All I'm saying...
Fuck it! Ray, you're fired!
What? Goodbye. Rav!
I've got a story for you.
"Crimewatch couple's agony
over internet sex photos."
Ooh! What internet sex..?
These ones.
Stick them on the internet.
'Don't tell anybody... '
' 'I tried not to cry.
'I didn't want that to be
the last thing you heard.'
They didn't run the story
on Sunday,
so looks like we might have
got away with it.
'I said can we hold a funeral,
'but they said,
"No, not without a body."
'I've booked us a room
at the usual place... '
I brainstormed the Channel 100
takeover with Trent.
Enzyme milkshake, baby. He thought it
should be me that made the announcement.
Tony and Cherie called.
Do we still want to go to the movie?

Oh, Jesus Christ!
Tell them I've had a stroke.
I say you have jet lag.
Dad, have you revisited my thoughts
about you slowing down a bit?
About maybe pencilling in
a timetable...
Connor, I've decided on a timetable.
Oh, great.
I'm going to slow down a bit
after I'm dead.
Anything else you want to discuss?
He's gay, he's younger than
his partner, he's in a boat.
What's wrong with it.
Toyboy Ahoy In Gay Away Day.
I think that's offensive.
You, Oliver Bland, think
something's offensive?
Oh, I get it.
He's one of your celebrity pals.
No. We are mates, yes, but...
Byron. You're gay.
You don't find it offensive, do you?
Oh, still not out. Oh well,
I've saved you the trouble.
I'm pushing this story up
to page two.
Ray, you're not fired.
So, the Fergie colonic irrigation
explosion story... anyone?
We are about to get a police raid.
Who told you?
The police.
We should tell Connor.
So, Connor, you're not telling me
to get rid of this stuff?
So, Kate, you're not ordering me
to get rid of it
but you'd just like it to happen.
Sod off, Oliver. You must be joking.
I'll do it.
Just put it in writing.
So you're saying take this

stuff downstairs and hide it?
We're not exactly saying it.
No, it's more of a...
"Why don't you?"
OK.
Why me?
Erm...
Because...
Because it's a tradition.
A tradition?
A tradition when
we take someone on full-time.
Oh, wow, that's great!
I never thought. That's brilliant.
The cops are coming!
We are in such shit.
I don't think so.
OK, everyone, stay calm.
Could someone look just
a little bit surprised?
I'm arresting your
royal correspondent.
There's a pile of evidence this big.
It's going to take that poor
work-experience lad months to read.
Darling, I'm a personal friend
of Princess Michael of Kent.
And I'm a personal friend
of Princess Gary of Essex.
(HIGH-PITCHED)
Hi, can I speak to Michael, please?
It's Janet.
Janet Jackson.
His sister, Janet Jackson.
Who is this? Hello?
Why does that fucking chimp
always have to answer the phone?
Now, the geezer who did the hacking.
Nothing has been proven.
Have it your way.
The geezer who allegedly
did the hacking.
Charlie the Hacker
AKA Charles Dodge.

AKA Dodgy, AKA Well-Dodgy,
AKA Charlie Bollocks.
Now, he had a notebook
with the private mobile numbers
of several thousand celebrities.
Sienna Miller, Hugh Grant,
Prince William, several lords,
half the Cabinet.
Even Jackiey Goody.
Can you explain that?
Well...
Maybe they were...
His... friends?
Fair enough.
Sorry?
Fair enough. That's probably it.
You're accepting that explanation?
You're the ones
that know about all this.
Can I say,
your paper is bang dead-on
about the police being
proper kebabbed by red tape.
There's a couple of villains
I'm trying to get a wiretap on.
The forms you've got to fill in
just to hack their mobiles!
Strangely, by coincidence,
I have their names
on a piece of paper
in a pocket of my coat.
I'm off for a wazz.
Zoe! Is he Officer Filthy?
Didn't recognise him without
the courgette stuffed up his...
Did you put him onto this case?
There's a piece of paper in that
jacket. Get it out, would you?
Give that to Rav.
Oh, do I get another promotion?
Don't push your luck.
'But you said he died on 9/11?'
'Mum, when are you coming home?
I'm getting a bit scared.'

'Don't worry, I'll get another super-injunction.'

Sorry, Mr Feast.

I do know how much you've invested in China but... I'm sure the Chinese government will be very grateful.

Kate?

I'm sorry, but we just can't nail a thing on the Dalai Lama. Well, he doesn't have a mobile. We tried, but he just said that worldly possessions were like smoke in a mirror, so... A slanty-eyed cunt to you, the reincarnation of the Lord Buddha to his followers.

Obviously, we'll keep... Argh!

Kate, I rather think I've got a front page.

A husband having sex with his wife? Micah Todd.

He's cheating on his wife.

Is he?

Oh, yes, he is.

I expect you want to ask me who with.

Who with?

With...

Tracey Potts, sizzling singing sensation.

Evidence?

Phone messages from last week, a tape of the matter, and Tracey will tell her side of it for 20K.

What does she say he said?

The usual... "My marriage is over, I love you, you're the one," "can you get any more of my dick in your mouth?"

And Kate, I'd value your opinion.

Shall we try and get Micah to talk?

No.

He might try and sell his side of it
to a Saturday.

So, big surprise for Micah
on Sunday morning!

Hmm!

By the way, Kate,
can I say how very much I'm enjoying
working with you as my editor?

Letter for you, marked "Personal".

That's Jeremy Clarkson's
house over there.

Who?

He's...

Never mind.

That barn you can see over there
is originally 13th-century.

No offence, David,

but I don't give a flying fuck
if Queen Victoria had a threesome in
there with Stanley and Livingstone.

Stanny, you are a rude man!

Ho Chi Mao, you'll want to help
Samantha butter those scones.

I never liked Britain's
obsession with the past.

Much more interested
in your vision of the future.

Particularly regarding, say,
takeovers of, say, Channel 100.

They'll probably want
a man to open the jam.

What can I say?

We absolutely believe
in a lightness of touch
when it comes to government.

Businesses express themselves
better without...

Prime Minister David Bullingdon.

It's got a ring to it, hasn't it?

Prime Minister David Bullingdon
welcomed the US President
to Number Ten.

Prime Minister David Bullingdon

was re-elected
with a huge majority.
Go on, you try one.
Prime Minister David Bullingdon
said the takeover didn't need to
go before the Monopolies
and Mergers Committee.
I think my editors will decide
to support you at the next election,
Prime Minister Bullingdon.
The Micah-Tracey thing
happened four months ago.
Yeah.
You said you had phone messages
from last week. Yeah. No...
We got hold of them last week.
They're from four months ago.
Is there a problem?
You're not...
You're not personally involved in
this one or anything are you, Kate?
What the hell is that?
Guns for sale
on British streets story.
I've an M16 machine gun in the car.
Is this real?
Real and loaded.
Careful.
Kate.
You're fired,
and that goes for anyone
who's too hoity-toity to use
the technology available to us.
One day they'll work it out.
What?
My support doesn't win the election,
I support who's going to win.
You could have fucking
discussed it with me.
That you were going to
fucking support Bullingdon.
Didn't know until I did it.
I have high self-esteem, Dad,
but if you constantly undermine it,

I'll be in a bad place when I'm
in decision-making situations.
Jesus Christ, are
you really my son?
A sociologist must have fucked
your mother behind my back.
Dad!
You've had it too easy.
Three years I was at Cambridge,
three years of public schoolboys
taking the piss out of my accent.
Three years of
"Here comes the sheep-shagger."
All those posh little bleeders.
David bloody Bullingdon.
I'm going to piss in his pond.
I've not heard that expression.
No, I'm going to piss in his pond.
Join me, son?
(UNZIPS FLY)
Oh, Jesus!
Oh!
I used to wear Timberland,
not Christian Louboutin
during my foot-in-the-door days!
I didn't know it happened
four months ago.
I thought...
God, I think you've broken my foot.
Yeah, I fucking hope so.
Come on!
I was just another notch
on your bedpost.
Come on, didn't you
read my letter to you?
I...
I shredded it.
Your lot hacked into my phone,
didn't they?
I'm going to sue your arse
into the ground.
Put that in your shredder.
Hey, Byron! Our weather forecast
is depressing. I want less rain.

And the phone hacking
is causing a lot of shit.
From now on, you absolutely have to
stop telling me you're doing it.
It's about 90 seconds.
Just read me the transcript.
"Christ, oh, Jesus Christ,
I saw the body.
"My boy, my little boy.
I can't bear"
"to think of what he went through,
how he'd have called my name. I..."
Inaudible, due to crying.
"Jesus Christ... " Inaudible.
"If it wasn't for the baby
I'd slit my..."
Inaudible due to crying
for approximately 45 seconds.
Phone message ends.
Nothing new. Can't use any of that.
We'll go with Jordan's
boob reduction.
Hang on, didn't I fire you?
You un-fired me.
I lose track.
(MIMICS GERMAN ACCENT) It was God's
will I was chosen as the new Pope
because, Mr Bono, I very much wish
to hear your confession, my child.

LINE GOES DEAD:

Hello?
It's worth a try.
For fuck's sake, Ellie...
latte, not a cappuccino.
So you're just about to pay 200,000 of
my money to a retarded Algerian tranny
so she can tell your
readers how she wanked
off a retarded Welsh
poof live on TV?
Big Brother sells papers.
Christ, why can't you get this
sort of stuff on the Dalai Lama?

He didn't go for the hookers...
This is what happens
when you put
glorified gossip columnists
in charge of a bloody paper!
We're still...
You assured me you could neutralise
any publicity regarding
phone hacking.
There's posh pinko poofers queuing
round the block to fuck us on this.
Dad, it'd be strategically judicious
if you absented yourself
from discussions
pertaining to phone hacking
settlements.
All right, all right.
Get me fucking Mussolini, then.
Would that be President Berlusconi,
Mr Feast?
That's the one.
We're being advised to settle,
particularly in the case
of Micah Todd.
Fuck that, offer 20 grand max.
That won't be enough.
Bullshit,
we can string this out for...
Jesus Christ, what is this?
Micah's lawyers got hold
of an e-mail from the
newsroom to Charlie listing
numbers we hacked.
Sort of kills our defence
of the one rogue reporter.
I don't give a shit.
I won't be fucking blackmailed.
This is going to have no fucking
influence whatsoever
on my final decision, which is
to offer an out-of-court settlement
of anything up to a million.
So what did you say?
Dad, maybe you should trust me more.

One day I'm going to be in charge.

Yeah.

God help us.

Jesus Christ, Dad.

OK, OK, I didn't have to fight

the world to get where I am,

but I had to fight you,

and that's harder.

I took up golf.

I dumped Fatima.

I kept quiet when George Bush shot
me by mistake on that hunting trip.

What the fuck else

can I do to please you?

(CHUCKLES)

That Condi Rice

and her cheeky texts.

I wouldn't mind bending her over
one of her cruise missiles.

What?

Nothing.

Mr Feast, I withdrew the offer
for the Big Brother story.

Why? You said it sells papers.

I thought you had more balls.

What? Micah Todd, he said

no to a million pounds.

Says he wants to see us in court.

'He was killed by friendly fire.'

'Stay with him tonight and when you
come back, I'll have killed myself.'

'Come on, just one little gram.

You must have some personal.'

'How much did they pay you for it?'

'Coffin was so tiny.'

You may be suing me

but I'm suing you.

Go home, Kate.

Your stairs are unsafe.

I know you're taking us down,

but I don't mind.

Good. You should be going home.

You pretend to be hard to survive, then
it becomes habit and you just, ah,

and then something's dead
but it's not dead enough.
Kate.
I hear their voices.
The hacked messages.
All the bad ones.
The dead children,
the dead soldiers.
The ones who are trying
to kill themselves.
Every time I close my eyes
they come for me.
I haven't slept for ten days.
Never let them see you cry.
You know I'm still going...
Going to court? It's fine.
See, same suit.
I don't care any more.
Kate. What?
Nothing.
You sure?
The page one headline will read
"TV Micah's Six-Stone Daughter
Self-Harm Hell."
Or you can settle
and take a million pounds.
I went through your computer
while you slept. Obviously.
How could I be so stupid?
How did you fool me
with that performance?
Because it's all true.
In another world,
you and me could...
But hey, we're in this one.
Sorry!
(MOCK ACCENT) Hello.
Yes, it's Desmond.
Desmond Tutu.
The Archbishop, yes.
Hello.
Should I call you Dalai or Mr Lama?
Got it.
Got it.

Not so loud.
Micah calling an ambulance,
his daughter buying drugs,
all with photos and phone...
What happened?
A wine bottle.
Someone hit you with a wine bottle?
Yeah, me. I did.
We're not running that story.
What? I gave you the story,
I'm taking it away.
I spent ages...
We spike stories, get used to it.
One of the paedophiles we named and
shamed says he's a paediatrician.
Seems to think it's our fault
he got beaten up by a mob.
Serves him right for doing a job
that sounds like paedophile.
He's threatening a class action
together with a pedalo salesman.
Ray?
I'll save you the bloody trouble.
I resign.
Hire some teenager who can press
buttons on a mobile.
I was only going to say...
Miss Loy? I'd like
to apply for Ray's job.
Fuck off, Zoe. You're about
12-years-old.
I like ambitious women
but just slow down a bit, eh?
Then I'll leave. Goodbye.
And Mystic Marilyn, you're fired.
I expect you already knew that.
David, it'd obviously
be inappropriate
to ask about our Channel 100
takeover bid.
I'm glad you're not mentioning it,
but I don't see any problems.
It would help to have
a full rebuttal

of the hacking charges
against The Comet.
There's nothing in that.
That's good enough for me.
I think you'll find
that's yesterday's news,
just like your privacy legislation.
Dad, the conversation we had
about the out-of-court settlement...
I think it might be wise
if you forget about that?
Which conversation
about the settlement?
Exactly.
No, which conversation?
Which conversation?
When we talked about how much to
offer in an out-of-court settlement.
Right.
You remember.
I remember now.
So you'll forget about it.
I've only just bloody remembered it.
Better up the dose
of that snake blood.
It's not snake blood.
Monkey blood.
Medically proven.
Just accept it.
He's going to die one day.
Maybe, maybe not.
You look like you haven't
slept for a week.
It's a full-time job saying
how wonderful you are.
I was wondering whether you'd like
to do that on a permanent basis.
I need a new press secretary.
That's an enormous honour. Thank you.
You think about that.
I will, and congratulations
on the baby.
What baby?
Oh.

Er... I'm just very intuitive
about these things.
I thought Samantha might be,
but it's probably nothing.
Probably nothing.
One of our very finest.
What you got in there
on the Dalai Lama?
I know everyone has a dirty secret
but he doesn't. He's...
Ha. So you really tried?
Yes.
Fuck it, that was a wind-up!
Do you know how hard it is
to find devout Buddhist lap-dancers?
OK, OK, calm it down.
I hear they've all settled.
The phone hacking's gone away now.
Connor says, "Why get the paper?
It's quicker to read on a laptop."
It's not the same.
Exactly. Newspaper woman. Catherine,
come and stay with the family
over Christmas.
Thank you.
I'm renting a little island
in the West Indies.
Really?
Jamaica.
MULTIPLE PHONE MESSAGE ALERTS
Shit.
Zoe just fucking quits and takes
all this shit to another paper.
Kate wouldn't promote her.
What do we got on her?
Help us out here, Oliver.
You're the one who slept with her.
Fucking fuck.
Can't you fucking fuckers
fucking stop fucking fucking?
I had no idea the families
of dead soldiers were hacked.
I had no idea the phones
of murder victims were hacked.

What about the 7/7 victims?
The victims of the 7/7 bombings?
I had no idea they were hacked.
Every paper. They're being
so horrible about my baby.
Jesus Christ, you'd think
there wasn't any other news.
Where's a bloody tsunami
when you need one? David.
You two, keep it zipped.
Seen all this stuff, I suppose.
Fart in a thimble. Everyone who reads
the Guardian hates us already, eh?
Do you hear Piers Morgan
is suing us?
He's outraged his phone
hasn't been hacked.
He's outraged his phone
HASN'T been hacked.
Right, I must just have a word
with Nelson Mandela.
Nelson Mandela.
Well, should see some of the shit
we've got on him.
So, happy, Ray?
Proved right.
No.
All this sanctimony is bollocks
and for what?
Bit of eavesdropping.
Is anyone dying of starvation?
The Catholic priests
raping children,
how long was that on the front page?
Still, if I were you, I wouldn't say
that in front of the committee.
They're ashamed.
Ashamed they were scared of us
so now they're going to destroy us.
It's like Gaddafi or Saddam
or Charlie Sheen.
What's this "us"?
I thought you'd resigned.
I've unresigned.

I'm not leaving a sinking ship.
Why, do you want to fire me?
No, hang on.
What committee?

VOICES ECHO:

The Commons Committee
that wants to interview
you, Stanhope and Connor.
They are going...
Can you all just fuck off,
I've got my eyes open, haven't I?
Yeah, what?
Even Eamonn Holmes didn't
laugh at your jokes.
We're in deeper shit than I thought.
I think he needs to address
the despicable practices
at his papers before he thinks of
taking anything over.
As I've always said, the
stranglehold of the British media
by a virtual megalomaniac
has to be stopped.
A few overheard conversations.
In the '60s, we used to bug...
Dad, don't say it. Not even here.
Remember that tape of Jeffrey Archer
and that midget that was running
around the Tory Conference?
No, I don't, and nor should you.
OK, let's go.
We need to stop firewalling
the royal correspondent
and firewall the
whole of The Comet.
Better leave the
Goddamn Comet alone.
My first ever paper, that was.
Stanny, calm.
I used to read the first edition
in bed on a Saturday Night.
Print used to come
off on the sheets.

You should close it.
What?
What?
It's hard to investigate something
that no longer exists.
I thought you were
a newspaper woman.
She's right. Protect yourself.
Fuckers.
I think they made a human pyramid.
We can't go in front
of that committee.
I'm cool with the media,
but they'll fucking murder Dad.
You're saying that'd
be advantageous for me?
You're saying let the shareholders
see him how he is.
You're saying they'll want me
in charge.
I feel, given the distraction
of the media attention on me,
I should offer you this.
Your advice is too
valuable an asset.
I can't accept this resignation.

LIFT PINGS:

'Going up.'
Turning to you, Mr Stanhope Feast,
do you wish to make an apology
to this committee?
So, you want me
who created a company worth
billions out of nothing
to apologise to you
bunch of forthright fuckers
who spend your lives fiddling
your expenses over duck houses?
Jesus Christ.
OK, OK.
Let's stop there.
You've got a bloody cheek,
you little asshole.

Baby, baby. It's rehearsal.
Dad, just try the statement.
In Japan, when a company
is at fault,
their chief executive bows in...
chief executive bows
in deep humility
and I should like to do that...
You're shitting me?!
'I'm glad you asked me that.'
It's a good question
and an important one
and one where I feel
that I can really...
Can I just say that in Japan,
when a company is at fault...
the chief executives bow
in deep humility...
and I would like to do that now.
That's about as far as I can get.
Did anyone tell you
that your company was paying out
1 million out-of-court settlements?
No.
Surely Kate Loy in her
frequent conversations with you
should have mentioned it?
That's another excellent question.
I think I might be able to help.
Without in any way
implicating Kate Loy,
I can tell you that she has offered
me this letter of resignation
and I with regret have accepted it.
Oi! Get back!
Stanhope Feast, you're a liar!
(SCREAMS)
(GROANS)
What the bloody hell do you think
you're up to, you little bastard?
What? You can't accept Kate's
resignation without telling me.
Didn't know I was going to until
I did it. We had to cut her loose.

Was it your decision
to get rid of me?
Of course it bloody was.
You think that could happen without
me, you fuck up? You ship out.
Stannie?
Our share price went up
during the hearing.
Huh.
What?
"Share price rose 6%
bolstered by the belief
"Connor Feast was close
to taking over the company"
"from his ageing father."
Of course, this is
Stanhope bloody Feast.
Now, listen. There is
this one great reporter
you should definitely snap up.
His name is Rev Musharraf.
That's M-U...
Is that the best
they can come up with?
Call themselves journalists.
On the plus side,
they have shat in your drawer.
Oh.
So... That's our final headline?
It should have been,
"We made our excuses and left."
Oh, still here, Oliver?
I hear there's a warrant
out for your arrest.
Yes.
As we've often said in the paper,
prison's like a luxury hotel
these days.
The police'll get you too.
Ah, no. Well, that's
where you're wrong.
I saw this coming a long time ago.
There is nothing
incriminating me on paper

and if anyone tries
to take me down with them...
Well, who's going to believe
a Comet journalist?
So, think of me sipping champers
as you're being gang-banged
by giant, bearded lesbians.
You can't wind me up.
I know what's going to happen
and I accept it.
Very Buddhist.
Get that from the Dalai Lama?
The 7/7 victims...
even I never knew about that.
Was it you who hacked them?
Oh, yes.
Oh, well. At times like this,
you find out who your friends are.
I already know.
I haven't got any.
It don't have to be
Connor who take over.
He will kick you out.
No.
He hate you. No, no.
He's my boy.
At least this Scandinavian,
mass-murdering, nut-job
will keep us off
the front page for a few days.
Yes.
Stannie, you had nothing
to do with him and...
No, of course I bloody didn't.
Jesus. What do you think I am?
Jesus.
Love you, baby.
Jesus.
What I've seen, Ray,
what I've done...
You're drunk, then?
I've persuaded two Blue Peter
presenters to sell me drugs.
I have thrown up

on Princess Diana of Wales's carpet
when I was pretending to be a
bulimic to get into her confidence.
I've heard a president cry.
I'd seen the Dalai Lama
break-dance.
I've seen the cocks of three MPs.
One of them a woman.
And now I'm not
that person any more...
and the voices will stop...
and I'll finally sleep.
Bloody hell, Kate.
I didn't think you had it in you.
People can change.
That's one thing I've learnt from...
You don't want to run your David
Burlingham drugs in the '80s story?
What? You've put the final edition
to bed.
Mate, that spoof, in case Connor
checks in, we do a second edition.
There's no real proof.
Who're they going to sue?
OK!
We'll be in prison already.
Apart from bleeding Oliver.
Well...
What?
I did tape the conversation Ray
admitted to phone hacking 7/7 victims.
Just in case.
You taped it? Very old school.
I thought you'd gone all, um...
Shall I text him and tell him
what I've done?
I think I should.
So... only Connor's going to escape.
Well...
What? I can prove he lied.
How?
Hacked his phone.
I couldn't go through life
without giving it a try.

I think this is going to be a very collectible final edition.
Let's put all the ones that always stopped in it.
Kate, you realise they'll murder you.
You could stop now.
I could. But... I'm me.

RANDOM VOICE:

They're arresting Kate Loy!

RANDOM VOICE:

are at it soon.
Stanhope Feast's stepping down.
Jesus, when I said pixelate his bottom
I meant Prince Andrew, not the camel.
Then you can't see the suitcase of money.
Is this paper really going to hit the streets?
It has.
Big old softie.
Where's that fucking helicopter?
What's he doing now?
Stanhope! Look. Proper papers.
The newsprint comes off on your hands. See?
OK. I want a list of countries where we have media interest but with no extradition treaty with the UK.
The first edition.
I'm not living in fucking Paraguay!
Go back to Wang Bang, the cadmium capital of Mongolia. Let's go.
The British press will never be the same again.
You're bloody right. It wasn't.
What do you mean, he won't defend me?
He defended Slobodan fucking Milosevic.

What about the guy who
got OJ Simpson off?
Too sad.
Yeah, Max, I was willing to give you
first chance on my prison diaries.
If you want lesbians,
there'll be lesbians.
Then I thought I might find
religion.
70k? You are fucking joking.
Hello again, Officer.
Read the papers this morning?
Why? No reason.
Left me behind, have you,
you bastards?!
Oi.
You lot. You, down there.
All your bloody fault.
Bastards who bought my paper.
Sitting there with your
Sunday morning hangover,
with your obese wife and your kids
just come in from a night of looting,
getting a hard-on reading about
some rich, famous bastard
getting cut down to size cos he can't
keep his dick in his pants.
Take a bow, members
of the fucking public.
I just gave you what you wanted!
Can you hear me? I'm Stanhope Feast,
you fuckers!
Stanhope Feast.
You better remember it!
And you.
(MUTTERS)
(MUTTERS)
If you need
A little lovin'
Call on me
All right
And if you want
A little huggin'
Call on me, baby

Mm-hmm

Oh, I'll be

Right here at home

All you got to do is

Pick up your telephone

And dial, now

634-5789

634-5789.