

**"THE FULL MONTY"**

**A Screenplay**

**by**

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## TITLE SEQUENCE

Distressed black and white film stock. Controlled by men in baggy, 1950's overalls and caps, a stream of molten ore is being poured into pig-iron moulds. Sparks fly in the huge rolling mill. A clipped English accent accompanies the pictures.

MAN V/O

Sheffield: the beating heart of the industrial North. Never have men been so busy, working day and night to make the steel that is fuelling the recovery of our nation...

A wide shot shows the entire Sheffield Basin - mile upon mile of working steel mills. As the voice-over gradually fades, the picture mixes into a shot of the Basin as it is today - a desolate landscape only partially filled by a shopping centre with a gargantuan, empty car-park. In place of the thump of machinery is the empty ring of a distant burglar alarm. Tiny in the frame, a MAN and a BOY stand on a motorway footbridge staring at the view. A ROLLER-BLADER speeds from one side of the frame to the other and away. The MAN glances after him in disgust, throws his cigarette onto the ground. They both turn and walk away.

SC. 1. EXT. SHEFFIELD. DAY

A fine rain blankets the council estate. From somewhere can be heard the noise of a Hoover and a man singing in a confidently tuneless Yorkshire accent. Through the drizzle the MAN and the BOY can be seen crouched behind a wall watching JEAN, a sturdy woman in her mid-thirties. She walks out of a council house, remembers something and shouts up at the open bedroom window from where the sound of hoovering is coming from.

JEAN

Dave love? Dave!

No response. JEAN gives up and walks off down the road.

SC. 2 INT./EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY

A barrel-chested goliath in his mid-thirties is giving the upstairs bedroom an incongruously dainty Hoover. With a

flowery pinafore stretched across his impressive stomach, DAVE hovers up what looks like a pebble that has appeared on the carpet. He turns only to find that another, larger one has appeared. Assiduously he vacuums this one up too. It rattles alarmingly into the hoover. A third pebble comes through the window, unseen by DAVE until it lands. Becoming perplexed, DAVE picks this one up, stops singing, takes off his glasses, shakes the hoover, attributes it to one of nature's mysteries and carries on. Then a cowboy boot flies through the window and hits the opposite wall with a smack. DAVE finally clicks and goes to the window.

Outside, amidst the remnants of a Ford Granada that constitute DAVE's front garden, the MAN and the BOY have come out of hiding: GAZ, a thirty-year old magnet for trouble and NATHAN, his son who at nine years old is the more mature of the two. Hunched in his ex-army parka, GAZ stands miserably on one leg using NATHAN as a crutch.

GAZ

I'll put a grenade through next time,  
yer deaf bastard

DAVE

I were hoovering, weren't I? Alright,  
Nathan, long time no see, eh?

NATHAN

Alright, Dave

GAZ

I need an hand

DAVE

Can't, Gaz. Told you, I'm 'oovering

GAZ

You'll be staying in to wash your hair  
next, you. Come on, Dave mate, there's  
a pint in it

DAVE (after a brief pause)

Aye, alright then. If you're quick.  
Hang on

DAVE disappears from the window. The rain drips from  
NATHAN's nose.

NATHAN (miserable)  
Chart Show's on in ten minutes

GAZ  
Ah, it's crap is that, Nath. You don't  
want to be watching that bollocks

DAVE reappears in the window again waving a letter.

DAVE  
Here, Gaz, you seen this? "Dear Mr Horsfall,  
you are invited to attend the Job Club".  
That's not bad is it? I mean, personal  
invite, like-

GAZ  
-we're all going

DAVE  
What, all of us?

GAZ  
Yes

DAVE (disappointed)  
Oh. I thought it were just me. Never been  
a member of a club before, have I? You sure?

GAZ finally loses his patience and pulls his hood down.

GAZ  
Dave, are you gonna play the prince in  
the chuffin' tower all day, or what? It's  
raining out here.

DAVE  
Alright, alright. Wait on, Job Seekers,  
I'm there

SC. 3 EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE. DAY

DAVE joins GAZ and NATHAN on the road outside the house. He  
is carrying a pack of Jacob's Cream Crackers. He offers them  
around with his usual undaunted cheerfulness. Neither GAZ  
nor NATHAN bother even to take their hands out of their  
pockets.

DAVE  
Cream cracker, anybody?

GAZ  
What you doing with *them*?

DAVE  
On a diet, aren't I? You get used  
to 'em. You do. Well come on then

GAZ gives DAVE a look of pained patience.

GAZ  
David

DAVE (returning it)  
Garrold?

GAZ points to his feet, one of which is bootless.

DAVE  
Oh aye, sorry

DAVE trundles back inside.

SC. 4. INT. STEEL WORKS. DAY

The quarter-mile long Rolling Mill is deserted and crumbling. Hulks of machinery stand rusting in pools of water, dinosaurs from the days of heavy industry. GAZ and DAVE are carting some lengths of ornate cast-iron drain pipe along the gantry of the Rolling Mill. They stumble along above the steelworks' huge cauldron - now long cold.

GAZ (whispering)  
You used to melt your boots up 'ere,  
it were that hot. Now look.

NATHAN  
Everyone else watches it. I never see it

GAZ  
Oh shut up about the bloody Chart Show

DAVE  
Shh. Listen

The three stop.

GAZ

What now?

DAVE

Music

NATHAN

(brightening for the first time)

Yeah?

GAZ

Dave, don't start him off

DAVE

No listen

Faintly they can hear an insistent, rhythmic thumping. Slowly it gets louder, more menacing. GAZ, DAVE and NATHAN look at each other, panic-struck.

DAVE

What the hell fire's that?

NATHAN

Dad?

Way down the Rolling Mill, a phalanx of uniformed men swing into view marching straight towards them.

GAZ

It's the charge of the fucking Light  
Brigade

DAVE (panicking)

Hey now come on, we've only nicked some  
fuckin' pipes...

GAZ looks for somewhere to hide. Spotting the cauldron, he leaps in and helps NATHAN down. DAVE piles in after them. As the army of men get nearer, the final sounds of a marching tune echo around the walls. With the works banner unfurled, the Steelworks Brass Band march right underneath the cauldron with only the doleful beat of the bass drum to keep them marching. At the entrance to the Rolling Mill they put down their instruments, get out the roll-ups and disappear

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into the rain. Peering over the edge of the cauldron the \*  
three watch the band go.

GAZ

Well you wanted music

NATHAN pulls a face at GAZ.

DAVE (embarrassed laugh)

-Course, I knew they were the works band,  
like...Ey up, Security Penguin's back

One of the cornet players breaks from the band formation and  
runs back to the Rolling Mill entrance. This is LOMPER: tall  
and skinny. LOMPER gets into his car parked inside the  
mill, drives it out and then shuts the big gate behind him.  
GAZ, NATHAN and DAVE are locked in. DAVE crunches a Cream  
Cracker pointedly.

GAZ

Lompy little bastard

DAVE

Won't take a minute, he said, won't  
take a minute. Now what?

GAZ

Shut up, I'm thinking

NATHAN (to DAVE)

Don't hold your breath

SC. 5. EXT. CANAL. DAY

DAVE and GAZ stand precariously on a half-sunk car long  
abandoned in the middle of the canal that runs along the  
edge of the steel mill. One end of the stolen drain-pipe is  
resting on the car's roof, the other end reaches the far  
bank. GAZ is supporting the pipe whilst NATHAN edges  
unhappily along it, just above the dirty water, balancing  
another length of pipe in his hands.

GAZ

Told you. Did it in army, didn't we?  
Initiative tests. Getting squaddies  
-over shark infested custard an' that.  
Go on, kid

\*

NATHAN

Can't we do normal things sometimes?

GAZ

What's up with you? This is normal.  
Isn't it, Dave?

DAVE

Oh aye, everyday stuff, this. I  
think this bugger's sinking

NATHAN gets to the other side.

GAZ

Nice one, Nath. Now leg it home with  
that 'un

NATHAN

Dad...What if I get caught? It's stealing

GAZ

Liberating, love, liberating. Anyroad,  
you don't get a criminal record 'til  
you're sixteen. You got years yet. Just  
don't tell your Mum

NATHAN tries to pull the heavy pipe onto the bank.  
Inevitably, he can't hold onto it and the pipe drops into  
the canal.

GAZ

You're useless, you. They're twenty  
quid each them. That were your bloody  
maintenance, were that

Nathan, upset, trudges off down the towpath.

DAVE (to Gaz)

Nice one.

GAZ

Nathan, Nathan...

NATHAN stops and sits morosely on a dilapidated wall.  
DAVE starts to move towards the pipe on the roof of the car.

With the shift of weight, the car shifts dramatically, almost throwing DAVE into the water. GAZ hurls himself forward as DAVE scrambles back and the car swings violently the other way. The pipe rolls off the car and disappears into the water.

GAZ

Stay still!

DAVE freezes and GAZ creeps backwards. The car gently swings back to horizontal. Frozen in motion, GAZ and DAVE are like panic-struck statues. They glare helplessly at each other.

DAVE

What's your "initiative" got to say about this, then, bog-eyes?

GAZ

(after a bit more statue practice)  
Ey up, someone coming

A DOG-WALKER approaches along the tow-path. This being Yorkshire, he expresses no surprise at all.

DOG-WALKER

Alright

GAZ

Aye, not-so-bad

Without breaking step, the dog-walker disappears. DAVE is incredulous

DAVE

"not-so-bad"? "not-so-bad"?  
Not much of a fuckin' SOS, that, is it?

GAZ

Alright, alright, don't get a benny on, you'll have us both in. All we have to do is get the pipe-

DAVE

--- what sodding pipe?

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GAZ looks down and is struck dumb. The pipe has gone.

GAZ

Oh shit. (giggles) How's your breast stroke, Dave?

DAVE (heartfelt)

You shag-bucket

SC. 6. OMIT

SC. 7. EXT. SHEFFIELD STREET. EVENING

Sodden from the waist down, DAVE is squidging blackly along the street. Dry, GAZ follows behind, getting into his sweatshirt and parka. NATHAN brings back the rear.

GAZ

It won't that cold, were it? (no reply)  
Considering. (no reply) You should have taken your kit off, shouldn't you? What's up, you shy?

DAVE (turning sharply)

Don't. Just shut up, alright?

They squidge along in silence. DAVE pulls out the limpest packet of Cream Crackers and tries to rescue one, before throwing the whole lot away. A YOUNG WOMAN comes towards them.

GAZ

Aye up, Dave. Alright, darling?

The YOUNG WOMAN stalks past, ignoring him. GAZ turns and walks backwards, watching her go.

GAZ

What do you reckon? Six, maybe seven. Depends. (thoughtful) You can never see their knockers in winter, can you?

NATHAN

Dad...

They turn the corner and are confronted with hundreds of women queueing outside the Working Men's Club.

GAZ

Happy Christmas...

NATHAN

It's them Chippendale efforts

GAZ

You what?

NATHAN

Them dancers. Mum were going on about it

GAZ

You're jesting me. She must be getting desperate

They squidge past the giggling women.

GAZ

You all waiting for me?

WOMAN

Yeah. To go home

GAZ (undaunted)

Well you know where to find me when you're tired of looking at them poofs

DAVE

Come on, Gaz, I'm freezin'

DAVE stops by a poster to take off one of his trainers.

GAZ (reading)

"Women only..." Cheeky benders. It's a bloody Working Men's Club, ta for asking. Look at him. Don't know what you've got to smile about. I mean he's got no willy for starters, has he? (tapping the poster on the appropriate part) There's nowt in a gym'll help you there, mate

DAVE is wringing out his sock. He gives it a quick sniff and proceeds to put it back on. They set off walking again. GAZ feels his biceps and, copying the poster, puffs up his chest experimentally.

GAZ

Nah. No decent woman'd be seen dead in there

DAVE (after a shifty pause)

Jean would

GAZ (stopping)

Nay Dave... what's going on, mate?

DAVE (shrugs)

It's her money, innit?

GAZ

Stripe me, Dave, you gonna just stand there whiles some woofter is waving his tackle at your missus? You wanna put your foot down, you do

DAVE (missing the point)

Me foot's soaking

GAZ

Never mind that. Where's your pride, man? She's already got you Hoovering. I saw it and I let it go. But this....no way, Dave. You wanna get her out of there and tell her what for

NATHAN

Can't. It's women only

GAZ

Not through the bog window it's not. Now  
come on

SC. 8. INT. TOILET. NIGHT

NATHAN drops to the floor of the Gents toilets followed by  
GAZ. From outside the window comes DAVE's voice.

DAVE O/S

Just hurry up, will you? Me toes have  
gone numb

GAZ (whispering)

That's gratitude for you. We're riding into  
' Alley of Death for you, you fat git

DAVE O/S

It's not my fault I can't fit, is it?

GAZ (to NATHAN)

Go on, then. I'll be waiting here, keeping  
guard. Just find Auntie Jean and tell her  
Uncle Dave wants a word outside, alright?

NATHAN

Dad...Do I have to?

GAZ

Good lad, go on

NATHAN is pushed reluctantly through the door. Peering  
through a tiny crack in the door, GAZ is confronted with  
hundreds of women all screaming, shouting and applauding,  
though at what, GAZ cannot see. He watches NATHAN approach  
an empty bar-table at the back of the hall and very  
deliberately pick up a half-empty bottle of beer and drain  
it. He moves swiftly onto a pernod and black and then a  
whisky.

GAZ (hissing)

Nath! Nathan

GAZ spots a group coming his way, slams the door and nips  
into one of the cubicles and peers through the hole left by  
the torn off lock. The door bangs open and two drunken women  
stumble in, giggling. SHARON and JEAN, DAVE's wife, way

over-dressed in their mid-thirties

JEAN

Well I'm not waiting in that queue

SHARON (peering around)

Ooh, I've allus wanted a nosey in mens' bogs.

BEE, a leather and chain-clad Sheffield Diva who underneath the make-up could well be in her forties, crashes in after them.

BEE

Phoor, those bloody muscles...where'd he get 'em from, though? Tell you, you couldn't buy a bum like that round here

SHARON and JEAN park themselves in the cubicles next to a panic-stricken GAZ while BEE sorts out her make-up in the mirror.

JEAN

It's not their bodies, Bee, it's what they do with 'em... I can't remember the last time me and Dave got down to it

SHARON

Don't know what you're moaning about with you-know-who on your tail

BEE (singing the 60's number)

Frankieeee...

JEAN

Listen, Frank doesn't fancy me and I don't fancy him, alright, so bloody give over

BEE and SHARON pull a face and fall quiet.

JEAN

Do you think he might though?

Both women roar their approval. JEAN gets defensive again.

JEAN

Well at least Franko talks to me

SHARON

Oh he talks alright. It's when he starts juggling that you know you're in trouble.

BEE

Hell aye, remember when I were on pharmaceutical section with him? He comes up to us juggling three tubes of KY Jelly and a variety pack of condoms. Now that's what I call foreplay.

Coming to the mirror, JEAN is suddenly and drunkenly maudlin.

JEAN

I'd never do that to Dave, even if I wanted. But it's just like he's given up. Work, me, everything.

SHARON puts her arm around JEAN's shoulders.

SHARON

Ah, love

SC. 9. EXT. TOILETS. NIGHT

Thinking he recognises the distant and echoey voice, DAVE stands up and tries to peer in the toilet window.

SC. 10. INT. TOILETS. NIGHT

BEE is standing in front of the urinals. She pulls her jeans half way down her legs.

BEE

Here, love, this'll cheer you up.  
Wasn't in the Girl Guides for nowt.....

Appalled, GAZ stares through a hole in the toilet door as BEE proceeds to piss standing up, straight into the urinal, just like a man. The other women stand back in uncontrollable giggles. To applause, BEE does herself up and the group crash back into the hall. A chastened GAZ creeps out of the urinal.

DAVE O/S (whispering)

Gaz! Here, Gaz, was that our Jean?

GAZ (lying badly)  
Er, don't think so, Dave, no. Just some  
old tarts, like, you know. I'm going in  
for Nath

SC. 11. INT. WORKING MENS CLUB. NIGHT

GAZ creeps into the hall full of women baying at an empty  
stage. A slow hand-clap has started. At the back, NATHAN is  
pouring all the assorted drinks on one table into a pint  
glass. He takes a quizzical look at it and downs it. Halfway  
through the drink, GAZ grabs him.

GAZ  
You're in trouble, you. Come on.

NATHAN  
What about Aunty Jean?

GAZ looks over at the group of women surrounding JEAN. She  
is pummelling her arms like a steam train and roaring  
lecherously as the lights dim for the second half.

GAZ  
Aunty Jean's busy.

SC. 12. EXT. SCHOOL. MORNING

NATHAN and GAZ are walking side by side towards the school  
gates. GAZ is carrying NATHAN's rucksack. NATHAN is holding  
onto his sports bag and kicking it desultorily.

NATHAN  
I don't feel well

GAZ  
'Course you don't, you cheeky chuffer,  
you've got a hangover. Listen, Nath,  
you don't have to go to school, you know.  
Take 'day off, hang about at home

NATHAN  
Your house is messy

GAZ  
I'll clean it. We both could

NATHAN

It's cold an' all

GAZ

Alright, you could come down Job Club  
with us- it'll be a right laff

NATHAN

Mum's house is allus warm

GAZ

Yeah well. Can't always have the red carpet  
out, can I? It's not her house anyway. It's  
what's-his-names. Barry's. Look, I'll do a  
big tidy around before next week-end, alright?  
Promise. We could go see a footie game?

NATHAN (brightening)

Yeah?

GAZ

Yeah. They've got a Sunday League goin'  
down in the park, now. Some good enough  
players

NATHAN looks despondent again. They have reached the school  
gates.

NATHAN

United. Playing Man U on Saturday,  
aren't they?

GAZ

Nath...you know I can't stretch to that

NATHAN

You're always making me do stupid stuff.  
Like last night. Other Dads don't do that

GAZ

Don't they? Oh

NATHAN (taking the rucksack)

Bye

NATHAN walks away, leaving GAZ lost for words. When he is  
half-way down the path, GAZ shouts after him.

GAZ

Nath, we can try an' sneak into Man U-Terry were telling us about this gap in ' fence-

NATHAN (vehemently)

- no!

GAZ (desperate)

Alright, I'll get tickets, I will. "Oo Ah, Cantona," Nath, "has to wear a girly bra..." We'll stuff 'em, eh Nath?

But NATHAN has disappeared into the building. GAZ slams his forehead against the railings.

GAZ

Fuck

SC. 13. INT. JOB CLUB. MORNING

The walls of the Job Club are full of encouraging blue and yellow posters telling you how to apply for jobs. In the corner are boards with job vacancy cards. In the middle of the room, a group of hardened long-term unemployed, including GAZ and DAVE, sit on DHS plastic bucket seats listening intently to the JOB CLUB MANAGER who stands addressing them.

JOB CLUB MANAGER

I want your application letters finished by the time I get back, alright? Any problems, I'm outside

As soon as the JOB CLUB MANAGER leaves, ash trays are brought out from hiding under the table, thermos flasks appear from nowhere and a pack of Top Trump cards materialises. The group of men shift their chairs to face GAZ. The men sort their hands while GAZ resumes his story.

GAZ

Me eyes have been opened, I can tell you. Standing up she were, straight into the whats-it, urinal jobby. Did you shuffle these, Terry, or what? When women start pissing like us, that's it, we're finished mate. Extincto

DAVE makes vague, ineffectual hand movements at his groin.

DAVE

But I mean...I mean, how... you know?  
How?

TERRY (darkly)

Genetic mutation, intit? They're turning  
into us

GERALD, an ex-foreman in his early forties who has ignored them up until now, swings angrily round from his computer screen.

GERALD

Button it you lot, will you? Some of  
us are trying to get a job. Eh, and  
it says no smoking in 'ere

GAZ

Yeah and it says Job Club up there  
and when were 'last time you saw one  
of them walk in? You forget, you're not  
our Foreman now, Gerald, you're just  
like the rest of us. Scrap.

GERALD

Just shut it, alright?

GAZ pulls a face at GERALD and turns back to his rapt audience.

GAZ

Mark me, give it a few years and men  
won't exist, 'cept in a zoo, or sommut.  
I mean we're not needed no more, are we?  
What can lasses not do now, eh? Tell me  
one thing they can't do without us. One  
thing

There is a silence as men inhale thoughtfully on their roll-ups.

GAZ

Told you

TERRY (triumphant)  
Babies. Worrabout babies? Let 'em try  
getting one in ' oven without us around.  
Now then...

GAZ  
Babies be bollocksed. Nowadays it's a  
quick hand-shandy in a test-tube  
and you're out the door, mate

DAVE  
Hey, you're not wrong neither

GAZ  
Obsolete, mate. Dinosaurs. Yesterday's news

DAVE (after a morose pause)  
Like skate boards

GAZ  
Yeah. Like skate boards

Leaving his audience to mull over that, GAZ goes back to his  
cards.

DAVE (illuminated)  
Wait on, though. Why were them women all  
in ' Working Men's Club in 'first place,  
eh? Eh? Now then...cos of us. Men

GAZ  
Call them Chippendales men? Degrading,  
that's worrit was. Tell you, I've half  
a mind to become one of them fuckin'  
feminist efforts

GAZ picks up The Sun and eyes up the Page 3 Girl without  
enthusiasm.

DAVE  
How many lasses were there, though?

GAZ  
Thousands. Baying for blood. Ten quid  
an' all! To watch some poof get his  
kit off. Ten quid...

DAVE (onto something)  
Right. Times ten quid by a thousand- and  
you've got....(gives up a brief attempt  
at counting) yeah well, a lot. A very lot.

GAZ (thinking about it)

Nah

TERRY  
Tén thousand quid!

GAZ  
How much? Hey now Dave, I mean, it's  
worth a thought, though, intit?

Turning from the computer, GERALD bursts into vicious  
laughter.

GERALD  
Oh aye, can just see Little and Large  
prancin' around Sheffield with their  
wiggers out- now that would be worth a  
tenner

The laughter in the room begins to grow. GAZ backs down  
furiously.

GAZ  
As if. Oh don't be so bloody daft. Were  
just saying, you know....

GERALD  
Wiggers on parade. Bring your own  
microscope....

By now the laughter has turned into a roar. GAZ is eyeing up  
GERALD blackly. It is only a matter of time. Oblivious,  
GERALD is wiggling his little fingers in unison. DAVE  
unwisely chips in.

DAVE  
I don't see why the chuff not, Gerald?

GERALD  
Cos you're fat, and you're thin and  
you're both fuckin' ugly

Uproar. GAZ dives across the table into GERALD's midriff. Amidst a flurry of fists and cheering they disappear under the table.

SC. 14. EXT. MANDY'S HOUSE. EVENING.

GAZ walks up the path leading to a detached new house and knocks on the door. The door is opened by MANDY, a sharp-featured thirty year old: GAZ's ex-wife. GAZ thrusts a sheaf of papers at her.

GAZ

So what's all this Sole Custody bollocks?

MANDY

You know very well what it is. If you want joint custody, Garry, then you pay your share. Seven hundred quid I make it

GAZ

I'm on the stripin' dole in case you haven't noticed

MANDY

Then get a job- I'll give you a job-

GAZ

-two fifty an hour in the black hole of fucking Calcutta. No thank you

MANDY

Fine. Whatever. If you want to go off and play your games, you do that, Garry. But from now on Nathan's going to have two parents

GAZ

- right, yeah, and your bloody live-in lover's gonna do that, is he? Oh abracadabra and 'ere he is. Evenin' Barry

BARRY, MANDY's partner has appeared at the doorway.

MANDY

That'll be for the Court to decide

GAZ

No it won't. Nathan's yours and he's mine  
and he's fuck all to do with him

BARRY (shaking his head)

As if you've ever given a toss

MANDY

Face it, Garry, he doesn't even like  
staying at yours

GAZ

'Course he bloody does. Ask him. Oi, Nath!  
We have a laugh. Don't we, eh, kid?

GAZ steps back from the doorway and looks up at the bedroom  
windows.

MANDY

Garry, don't

GAZ

Is he in? Don't we Nath? Tell 'em

But nobody comes to the window.

GAZ (too offhand)

Ah, he can't hear through your  
triple bloody glazing

MANDY (gently)

He can hear alright

GAZ

It's wrong is this. It's all-to-fuckin'-cock.  
I'm his Dad and you- you're nobody

BARRY

Goodnight, Garry

BARRY shuts the door on GAZ.

GAZ

Nobody!

GAZ steps back and looks up at the windows again.

GAZ (forced cheerfulness)  
Night, Nathan. See you, eh?

SC. 15. EXT. MOORLAND ROAD. DAY

On a deserted single-track road on the moors overlooking Sheffield, two figures appear in running gear. GAZ and DAVE are labouring up the steep road. GAZ is dangling a pack of cigarettes tantalisingly in front of DAVE who is in real trouble, wheezing badly. DAVE makes an ineffectual grab for the cigarettes.

DAVE  
No. Not doing it

GAZ  
Dave, they're taking him away. All I need is seven hundred quid and they've got nowt on me

DAVE  
Gaz. No

GAZ  
Dave, he's me kid. Suppose there's nicking cars...

DAVE  
No!

GAZ  
Well then....

DAVE  
I'll help, alright? I'm bloody running, aren't I? But I'm taking nowt off. Final

They reach the crest of the hill. DAVE is delighted to see a car parked up on a track off the road, its starter motor whirring ineffectually. At the wheel is LOMPER, the Security Guard and cornet player.

GAZ (threatening)  
Dave, don't stop now, we're in trainin'....

DAVE reaches the car and grinds to a halt.

DAVE

Good Samaritan- what can I do?

Watched by a perplexed LOMPER, DAVE rests on the bonnet in blissful relief.

GAZ

Oh aye? Well you know what else is passing by on t'other side- your bloody cigarettes

DAVE

Gazza yer tosser...

GAZ runs on. Recovering slightly, DAVE motions the figure inside to pop the bonnet. DAVE lifts it up and begins to delve expertly, coughing up half a lung all the while.

DAVE

Just your plug leads, I reckon

DAVE extracts the spark plug leads and gives them a polish on his t-shirt.

DAVE

Yeah, you want new-uns, really. They're reet for a few more miles yet, mind. Go on then

LOMPER turns the keys and the car reluctantly starts. Pleased with himself, DAVE goes round to the driver's side window. He is utterly oblivious to the hose-pipe that goes from the exhaust into the car via the driver's window- not to mention the fumes building up inside.

DAVE

Hey' weren't you at Harrison's afore it closed?

LOMPER nods dumbly as the car fills up with exhaust fumes.

DAVE (pleased)

Thought I clocked you. I were on 'floor' wi' Gaz - him up ' road. How's it going then? Got any work, like? Not a lot about, is there? (getting no response). Aye, well, it's your connectors. Rub a bit of glass paper on'em when you get in, alright?

With a shrug, DAVE starts running again.

DAVE (to himself)  
No, no, my chuffin' pleasure...

LOMPER lays his head back on the head-rest and closes his eyes.

SC. 16. EXT. MOORLAND ROAD. DAY.

GAZ has stopped on a bridge overlooking the motorway. Slumped over the railings, he is deep into his cigarette when he sees DAVE coming. He lights another and holds it out like a relay baton ready for DAVE. Though exhausted, DAVE is looking unusually thoughtful as he trundles the last few yards. He can't put his finger on it, but there's something wrong. Approaching GAZ, DAVE suddenly reacts as if electrocuted. He screams, turns in his tracks and sprints as if possessed back down the road.

GAZ (waving the cigarette)  
Dave? Dave...!

SC. 17. EXT. MOORLAND ROAD. DAY

DAVE reaches LOMPER's car and drags the choking figure out, evidently just in time. LOMPER lies on the ground, whilst DAVE paces up and down grasping his stomach and head, bellowing in pain from his sprint, desperate for oxygen. He leans over the prostrate LOMPER.

DAVE  
Alright, kid?

Eventually, LOMPER manages to speak.

LOMPER  
Yer bastard

Still gasping, DAVE raises his head, unable to believe his ears. Then without a word, he picks up LOMPER by the trousers, hurls him back into the car and slams the door. DAVE leans up against the door drinking in the air wheezily, pointedly ignoring the frantic knocking on the window. Far down the road jogs a perplexed GAZ.

GAZ

Dave...?

SC. 18. EXT. MOOR. DAY

GAZ, DAVE and LOMPER lie in the heather gazing up into a deep blue sky, smoking thoughtfully. After a long pause,

DAVE

You could shoot yourself

GAZ

Where's he gonna get a gun from round 'ere? Nah, you wanna find a big bridge, you do

DAVE

Yeah, like one of them bungee jumps. Just without the bungee bit

LOMPER

I can't stand heights, me

DAVE (after some deep thinking)

Drowning! Now then, there's a way to go...

LOMPER

Can't swim

GAZ (getting impatient)

You don't have to fuckin' swim, you divvy. That's the whole point. God, you're not very keen are you?

LOMPER

Sorry

Another long pause.

DAVE

I know. Stand in' middle of ' road and get a mate to drive smack into you really fast

LOMPER

I don't have any mates

GAZ rolls on top of LOMPER and pulls his head up by the hair.

GAZ

Listen, you, we've just saved your fucking life, so don't tell me I'm not your mate, alright?

LOMPER (a surprised smile)

Yeah?

DAVE (hurt as well)

Yeah. Me an' all. I'd run you down soon as look at you

LOMPER (touched)

Hey, ta lads. Ta very much

SC. 19. INT. ROLLING MILL. NIGHT

DAVE, GAZ and NATHAN are waiting in the Security Guard's office where LOMPER works. A bank of closed circuit tv monitors watch the building. DAVE tries on LOMPER's Security Guard hat.

DAVE

At least one bloke got a job out of this place being shut down, then. What you tell him for, anyroad? Kid's a nutter.

GAZ

He's a bugle player isn't he? Right handy is that. We might need a bit of music. And he's got a car. Besides, good whatsaname for the lad. Therapy

DAVE

Oh aye, jiggling about in the buff. Therapy. Tell you, he won't be ' only one trying to top hisself if you carry on wi' this caper

NATHAN

Dad, I'm hungry

On one of the monitors, LOMPER's car can be seen drawing up to the vast roller doors in the mill. Outside, a car horn

honks twice.

SC. 20. INT. ROLLING MILLS OPERATION ROOM. NIGHT

In the Rolling Mill Operations Room that oversees the whole factory, LOMPER wires an ancient record player into the tannoy system. Down below on the factory floor, GAZ, NATHAN and DAVE are delving inside the bonnet of LOMPER's car. They bring out tin-foil cartons of chinese food almost too hot to handle from the heat of the engine. Crackle and feed-back echo around the factory.

DAVE (surfacing from the engine)  
Where's me rice then, Lomper?

LOMPER (booming through the tannoy)  
Try the distributor, four eyes

DAVE  
Watch it, you

NATHAN  
I don't like chinese

GAZ  
You do. Don't you? Come on, its hot,  
isn't it? Right. What records you  
brought, then Lomper?

DAVE flicks through some of the records lying on the passenger seat.

DAVE  
Pink Floyd? Leonard Cohen? Ah, Rodney!  
Now you're talking- 'If ya think I'm sexy,  
and you want my money...'

DAVE starts raunching around ridiculously to the tune, noodles dripping from his mouth. NATHAN looks on aghast.

GAZ  
Stick it on then, Davereemo- I'm there

GAZ switches on the car headlights. DAVE goes up to the control room and kills the lights of the factory, leaving only a dim glow in the Operations Room. He puts on the record as GAZ stands in front of the car, silhouetted in the

headlamp beam, striking a dramatic pose. NATHAN is dying quietly of embarrassment..

NATHAN

Dad...Dad don't

GAZ (without breaking his pose)

No, Nath, it's 'right. Seen 'em do it

DAVE (over the tannoy)

Good evening shoppers. Today's special offer-

GAZ

Dave...!

DAVE

OK. Right. Sorry. Coming up. "If you think I'm sexy..." A one, a two, a one two three four....

GAZ turns from the crowd and crouches provocatively, head hidden in his jean-jacket, waiting to explode with energy. Instead, a crackly rendition of a slow number moans at them through the speakers. The atmosphere is ruined. GAZ stands up, hands on hips, furious.

GAZ

Oh for fuck's sake, Dave

DAVE (giggling, sheepish)

Sorry. Wrong side, wrong side.

Sorry. OK right, got it

"If you think I'm sexy" begins to reverberate through the Rolling Mill. GAZ starts strutting about and unbuttoning his jean-jacket. LOMPER watches dispassionately, all the while sucking up long, stringy noodles into his mouth. NATHAN squirms, barely able to watch. GAZ gets the jacket off and swings it raunchily around his head allowing his keys, cigarettes, lighter and a week's worth of change to scatter at high velocity in all directions. LOMPER dives for cover behind a piece of machinery. Undaunted, GAZ begins to strip off his t-shirt. He gets it over his head where it sticks. There is a brief bit of wrestling inside the t-shirt before DAVE takes the music off. Silence. NATHAN takes his head out of his hands and creeps away.

GAZ  
(head still hidden in the t-shirt)  
I need an audience

DAVE (over the tannoy)  
You need a doctor

SC. 21. INT. LOMPER'S CAR. NIGHT.

LOMPER is driving through empty, rain-swept SHEFFIELD. GAZ is in the passenger seat, sulking. DAVE is in the back. They are all staring out of the windows.

GAZ  
You sure you checked the whole top-end?

LOMPER  
Told you, he went out. I saw him go

DAVE  
There's the begger

SC. 22. EXT. SHEFFIELD STREET. NIGHT

GAZ gets out of the car and catches up with NATHAN who keeps walking.

GAZ  
Nath. Nathan! Hell fire, what you doing  
out here, kid?

NATHAN  
Nowt. Walkin' home

GAZ  
It's miles home. You know that. Why'd you  
take off like that? (no reply) Eh? Nathan!

GAZ grabs NATHAN and turns him around so they are facing each other.

GAZ  
You're embarrassed, aren't you? You think  
your own Dad's a dick-head

NATHAN wrests himself free and marches on. GAZ follows.

GAZ

I'm not doing this for a laff, you know. I'm trying to get some brass together so as you and me can keep seeing each other. They're trying to stop us, you see ....

NATHAN just keeps on walking. GAZ stops and watches him go.

GAZ

May as well not bother. 'Cept that I'm your Dad and that counts for sommut, doesn't it? I - I like you. I love you, you bugger

NATHAN stops in his tracks. He turns round. GAZ walks up to him and crouches down beside him and cuffs him gently on the shoulder.

GAZ

I could do with a hand, boss

NATHAN punches GAZ back. GAZ returns it a bit harder and NATHAN really lets him have it on the shoulder. GAZ gathers him into a tight hug.

**SC. 23. INT LOMPER'S CAR. NIGHT**

GAZ and NATHAN get back in the car.

GAZ

Carry on, driver. Bit cold in here, Lomper

LOMPER switches on the heater. From nowhere, they are suddenly sprayed with rice.

DAVE

Eh, *there's* me fucking rice!

GAZ looks worriedly at NATHAN. But for the first time, NATHAN laughs.

**SC. 23A. EXT STREET. NIGHT**

We see LOMPER'S car drive by.

**SC. 24. INT LOMPER'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

At the bottom of a steep flight of stairs, an elderly, stern-looking woman hauls herself

painfully out of a wheel-chair. Leaning heavily on the banister she begins an infinitely slow ascent of the stairs. After three or four steps, she hears the door slam but doesn't turn. LOMPER arrives out of breath. His buoyancy is instantly deflated.

LOMPER

What you doing, Mum?

Without turning round, LOMPER'S MUM waves him away sharply.

LOMPER'S MUM

I can manage. Don't need *you* to get to me own bed

LOMPER

I'm sorry. Lost track o' time.

LOMPER'S MUM takes another painful step.

LOMPER'S MUM

So where've you been?

LOMPER

Driving

LOMPER'S MUM turns.

LOMPER'S MUM

Driving where?

LOMPER

Just driving

LOMPER'S MUM

And what's the point of that?

LOMPER (shrugging hopelessly)

There isn't any

Silence. Each understands the other.

(SC 24 CONT)

10/6/96

LOMPER'S MUM (softly)

I thought you'd gone

LOMPER looks down at the floor and shakes his head slowly.

LOMPER'S MUM

You going to leave me here all day?

LOMPER walks up the stairs and gently lifts her into his arms.

**SC. 25. INT. INFANT'S CLASS. NIGHT**

Standing on tiny wooden infants' chairs, DAVE, LOMPER, NATHAN and GAZ peer in between the children's "stained-glass" pictures of witches, ghouls and ghosties that cover

the windows of the school hall in preparation for Hallowe'en. Through the glass they can see couples strutting around the floor performing incredibly pompous, if technically perfect, tangos. NATHAN and GAZ get down from their chairs.

NATHAN

Well you said dancin'

GAZ

It were a great idea, kid, champion. It's just not the right sort of dancing

NATHAN (disappointed)

Oh

LOMPER

I don't believe it. It is.....

DAVE

Gaz! Up 'ere!

GAZ leaps back on his infant's chair. To his delight, he sees GERALD and his manicured, uptight wife, LINDA, sashaying expertly around the dance floor.

GAZ (evil delight)

Oh my God. Look at the puffed up chuffer-you just wait, Gerald my lad, you're gonna be famous down 'Job Club

DAVE

Hey, he's not bad for a bastard, though, is he?

GAZ

He's dead, that's what he is.

As GERALD sashays smoothly past the windows, he spins himself face to face with the four of them standing and pointing at him like gargoyles. With a wickedly innocent smile, GAZ's pointed hand turns into a slow and evil wave. GERALD's face reveals the true horror of his predicament. Much too quickly for LINDA's liking, he dances her across to the other side of the room. The four drop to the floor, giggling at their success.

LOMPER

Well, you wanted a dance teacher

DAVE

Gerald? Go get shagged- he'd tell every  
bugger- we'd be laffed out of Sheffield

In the school hall, the music ends and LOMPER stands up to see what's going on. GERALD deposits LINDA and makes his way over to them.

LOMPER

Eh up, lads, bandits at six o'clock

SC. 26. INT. INFANTS' CLASS ROOM. EVENING

GERALD enters the class room to be confronted by the three lounging over-casually on the tiny infant chairs smoking roll-ups. Amongst the infant school paraphernalia, GAZ is vaguely messing about in the sand tray and DAVE has discovered some plastic throwing rings. He slips them onto his wrist absent-mindedly.

GAZ

Torvil, come in, come dancing, come  
where you like- park your sequins over here

GERALD

Alright alright. You've had your little  
laff, now piss off

LOMPER

Free country

GAZ

I thought you were rather good, actually.  
Very nifty foot-work

From down the corridor comes LINDA's voice.

LINDA (O. S.)

Gerald? Gerald!

LINDA appears at the door.

LINDA

Oh. Hello. Gerald, we're missing the rumba

GERALD

Sorry love, just been talking to some mates from, er, work

GAZ and LOMPER exchange puzzled glances. GERALD looks pleadingly at them. DAVE is more worried about the plastic rings that have jammed firmly on his wrist.

LINDA (worried)

Oh. Not thinking of joining our class?

GAZ

Well, funny you should mention it-

GERALD (hustling her out)

- we should be getting back, Linda

LINDA

Well good-night

GAZ

You get back to your rumba. We'll be seeing you later, then Gerald. At er, work, eh?

GERALD and LINDA exit.

SC. 27. EXT. GERALD'S STREET. MORNING

Hunched against the cold, GAZ and DAVE are lurking around the gate to GERALD's house. Impatient, DAVE peers into the garden. GAZ is coughing violently on his first roll-up of the day.

GAZ (in between coughs)

Die, yer bastard

DAVE (darkly)

He's got gnomes

GAZ

Aye, he bloody would have. (tutting) You're gonna be late for Job Club, Gerald

SC. 28. INT. GERALD'S HOUSE. MORNING

Wearing her dressing gown, LINDA is as usual preparing a

packed lunch in the kitchen for GERALD. Unusually cheerful, GERALD is humming to himself as he does his tie up in the mirror.

LINDA

Things looking up?

GERALD

D'you know, I think they just might be,  
yeah

LINDA

Good. You've been working too hard. It's about time one of your colleagues did the lion's share for a change. I wish you'd be firmer, Gerald

Uncomfortable with the conversation, GERALD moves away from the mirror and picks up his briefcase.

GERALD

Mustn't be late

LINDA

So it's alright if I..?

LINDA waves some skiing brochures at him.

GERALD

Linda- I don't know

LINDA

Oh don't be so mean. Things are looking up, you said so yourself. You'll love skiing

GERALD

Linda I-

GERALD looks at LINDA for a second as if he might tell her everything, slips the letter into his case and heads for the door.

GERALD

Bye

SC. 29. EXT. GERALD'S STREET. MORNING

GERALD walks down his path and bumps straight into GAZ and DAVE, who has formed an acquaintance with one of the gnomes.

GAZ

Off to the "office", are we, Torvil?

GERALD

As a matter of fact, yes. I bloody am.  
(to DAVE and his gnome) Put that back

GERALD marches down the street, with GAZ and DAVE in pursuit. GERALD delves inside his briefcase and brings out a letter which he waves.

GERALD

See this? Interview. In the bloody bag, mate- I know him from Harrisons- could do the job standing on me head. And I won't have to see your ugly mugs ever again

GAZ

We just need your help a bit

GERALD (utterly dismissive)

Sorry pal, there's nothing I could do to help the likes of you. Nothing

DAVE

Just wanted to know about dancin', that's all

GERALD laughs derisively.

GERALD

Dancers have co-ordination, skill, timing, fitness and grace. Take a long hard look in the mirror. Now I'm busy. Don't be late for 'Job Club, lads

GERALD marches off leaving them standing. From nowhere, the ROLLER-BLADER shoots through the tiny gap between GAZ and DAVE and streaks off into the distance.

GAZ

Oi, Starlight Express, I'll have you...

SC. 30. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

GERALD sits in front of a board of company DIRECTORS. He looks quite confident about the whole affair.

GERALD

...it's not been an easy six months,  
granted, but I've kept myself...

GERALD's voice tails away. At the window behind the DIRECTORS, GERALD could have sworn he saw a gnome on a rope swing from one side of the window to the other.

GERALD

...busy, yes

DIRECTOR

Well all the qualifications are there,  
obviously, Gerald, and we go back further  
than I care to remember-

But the DIRECTOR can see that GERALD's attention is no longer with him. He is staring over the DIRECTOR's shoulder at a gnome that is trolling along the bottom of the window. GERALD tries to recover.

GERALD

Sorry?

Puzzled, the DIRECTOR turns just as the gnome disappears from view. All he sees is an empty window.

DIRECTOR (getting impatient)

What we're asking, Gerald, is, after  
such a long lay off, d'you think  
you're up to the job?

The gnome has appeared on the window ledge again, this time being pursued by another gnome. A silent "argument" takes place between the two before one gnome nuts the other. The plaster head falls off. GERALD looks utterly lost. The DIRECTORS look meaningfully at each other and, as one, turn to their notes.

SC. 31. INT. JOB CLUB. DAY

The Job Clubbers are sitting in twos either side of plastic

tables. Mock interviews. The JOB CLUB MANAGER patrols behind the interviewees listening to their answers.

TERRY

Well I've got me class two HGV licence, and I've done a lot of driving in me time.

JOB CLUB MANAGER

That's good. Positive answers

The JOB CLUB MANAGER moves on to the next table where GAZ is being interviewed by DAVE. Totally in character, DAVE waves the CV in his hand, tuts and shakes his head sadly.

DAVE

I'm terribly sorry, Mr Schofield, I don't think a City and Guilds in Catering really qualifies you to be a helicopter pilot

GAZ

I know everything about helicopters. And you're forgetting my CSE in metal-work, Mr Horsfall.

DAVE (quick as a flash)

What's the top speed of a Chinook, then?

GAZ (even quicker)

Four hundred and twenty miles an hour

DAVE (rolling the 'r')

Wro....ng!

Suddenly the door to the Job Club crashes open. GERALD stands there, shaking with rage.

GERALD (pointing)

You...You bastard

GERALD charges towards GAZ. The Job Clubbers scatter as GAZ leaps to his feet and gets a table between him and GERALD.

GAZ

Gerald, mate, now Gerald...

GERALD

Come here, you, I'm gonna kill you

GAZ

Now Gerry....

GERALD chases GAZ around the table.

GERALD

Gonna kill you.

GAZ

You didn't get it, then

GERALD roars and throws the table against the wall. GAZ breaks for the door and makes it as far as the corridor before GERALD grabs him.

~~CLUB~~

SC. 32. INT. JOB ~~CENTRE~~ CORRIDOR. DAY

GERALD forces GAZ up against the wall as the rest of the JOB CLUBBERS peer through the door at the action. DAVE intervenes, trying to restrain GERALD.

DAVE

Come on now, youth, calm down

GERALD

Bastard, bastard. Get off.

GAZ

Leave him, Dave

DAVE

Eh?

GAZ

I said leave him, alright? Go on, then Gerald, do your worst. I'd fucking hit you, mate, so go on, lam in

GERALD loosens his hold on GAZ. In place of the aggression, there is desperation bordering on panic.

GERALD

Bastard. That were mine. You don't know what it's like, you- you...jokers. You (cont)

GERALD cont.

don't give a toss. You're kids. It's different for me. I've got a standard of living. Responsibilities. I were on me way up. I am

GERALD slumps down on the crash mat.

GERALD

First interview in months. They knew me. I could have got me first month in advance and she'd never have known. Now what?

He looks up at GAZ and DAVE. They say nothing.

GERALD

She's still got the credit cards, y'know. She's out there now, loose on the High Street with a Barclay Card, *spending*. (despair) You bastard. Why d'you do that? That were mine that job. It were mine. It had to be

GAZ and DAVE stare at a broken man. Nobody knows what to say.

GAZ

Could you not...I dunno- tell her?

GERALD

Tell her? After six months? How can I tell her? A woman who wants to go skiing for us holidays? Skiing for Christs sake!

Shaking his head, GERALD gets to his feet and walks slowly out. The three of them stand awkwardly, ashamed.

DAVE

I've only ever been sledging, me

SC. 33. EXT. SHEFFIELD PARK. DAY.

Surrounded by graffiti and rubbish, GERALD shelters forlornly in the vandalised bandstand. A flock of pigeons peck around him hopefully. GERALD delves inside his briefcase and pulls out his lunch-box and the application

letter. He tears it into small bits and feeds it to the pigeons. Absently he opens his lunch-box only to find it stuffed with sticks of celery and carrot. He bites a chunk of celery and chews dismally before spitting it out and feeding the rest to the pigeons. GAZ, NATHAN, LOMPER and DAVE wander into view. They approach GERALD sheepishly.

GERALD

Can't you just leave me alone?

DAVE steps forward very seriously, holding the gnomes.

DAVE

Super Glued it. Can hardly see the  
join, look

GERALD searches their faces, looking for the malicious joke. Cautiously, GERALD takes the gnomes and scrutinises DAVE's handiwork. Then GAZ holds out a tiny wooden wheel-barrow to GERALD.

GAZ

Got it in' jumble, like. To say sorry

DAVE

Wheel goes round and everything

LOMPER

It's for your gnomes really, not you,  
but...

GERALD takes the wheel-barrow. He examines it, overcome with emotion. GAZ, LOMPER, NATHAN and DAVE stand awkwardly.

GERALD

I, er, I- I don't know- it's, er,  
marvellous is this, fucking marvellous.

GAZ

We were thinking you could put it next  
to 'wishing well. Make a bit of a  
whatsaname- feature of it, like. What  
d'you reckon?

GERALD turns his back to them, fighting to keep his emotions under control.

GERALD

Ta, lads, eh? Ta very much

GERALD keeps his back to them. GAZ stares resolutely into the middle distance, himself close to tears. He holds out two fingers to DAVE.

GAZ

Cigarette me, for fuck's sake

SC. 34. EXT. PARK. DAY

DAVE, LOMPER, NATHAN, GAZ and GERALD walk through the park. As if watching the ducks, they stop to watch a group of teenagers spinning the round-a-bout in the children's play area. An eight year old younger brother is being spun on it mercilessly fast.

GAZ

Think any of that could dance?

LOMPER

Load of piss artists

GERALD

You're not still on for this Chippendales malarkey, are you?

GAZ

Yorkshire version, like. Them buggers do it, so we bloody could

The youngster on the round-a-bout finally succumbs to centrifugal force and flies off into the mud where he remains motionless. The show over, the gang turn, impassive, and continue to walk.

GERALD

But you can't dance

GAZ (pointedly)

We know, Gerald

A WOMAN in her early twenties totters towards them in a tight leather mini-skirt and high heels. DAVE sees her coming.

DAVE

Eh up, Gaz. Niner on its way

GAZ glances up briefly, amazingly registers no interest at all and goes back to his discussion with GERALD.

GAZ

Why d'you think we're trailing you  
all over town?

GERALD (mulling)

Oh I don't know. It's not my kind  
of dancing, is it? It's all arse-wiggling  
and that

GAZ

Listen, I've got a City and Guilds in  
arse-wiggling, mate. You learn us dancing  
and I'll learn you ' rest. Gerald, for once  
I'm dead serious. I need your help

GERALD

What if someone spots me? What if Linda  
finds out? I've got standing, I 'ave

GAZ

Aye, and you've an overdraft an' all,  
matey

SC. 35. INT. BURGER BAR. DAY

The gang are enviously watching NATHAN devour a burger and a  
plateful of chips. A good-looking painter/decorator type in  
his mid-twenties walks past towards the till. Just as GAZ  
usually does with women, he swings round to stare at the  
man.

GAZ

A six? Seven out of ten if he sorted  
that pig-tail out. He'd do nicely for us.  
There's talent everywhere, Gerry mate

GERALD

Forced to admit, nice pair of legs

Absently, GERALD dips into NATHAN's chips.

DAVE (worried)  
Sommut's up wi' you lct

GAZ  
(dipping into the chips)  
Dave, get us another coke for 'lad,  
there's a mate

DAVE gets up, then pauses, waiting for the money.

GAZ (hissing)  
Told you, I'll pay you back. (pleading)  
Dave...

DAVE takes a handful of chips and trundles off, muttering.

GAZ (to NATHAN)  
This is proper, eh Nath? Quarter  
pounder an' all. Real proper

NATHAN nods happily. Over at the counter, a television is showing a 100 meters running race. In slow motion, a black athlete breaks the tape. Mouth full of chips, GAZ nods towards it.

GAZ  
That's what we're after

LOMPER  
A sprinter?

GAZ  
No, a blackie. Every lass's fantasy, is  
that. You just watch and tell me the  
rumours aren't true

LOMPER  
That's bollocks, that is

The tv re-runs the race in glorious close up. The athlete's indubitably impressive lunch-box fills the screen. DAVE grimaces and comes back to the table with the coke.

DAVE (pick up another chip)  
Shouldn't be allowed on telly, that

NATHAN

Oi!

GAZ

That, gentlemen, is a lunch-box to be proud of

LOMPER

Don't look right comfy, mind

DAVE

Neither would yours at thirty mile an hour

GAZ (dreaming)

Think of that on stage, lads. Lights... music...lunch-box. Hell fire, they'd be eating chips out of our knickers.

GAZ takes a thoughtful chip. NATHAN finally cracks.

NATHAN

Will you get off my chips!

The gang are silences - and a bit hurt - by this unexpected outburst.

GERALD

Well lets find one, then

GAZ

One what?

GERALD nods towards the pictures of the athlete.

GAZ (over-casual)

You, er... in then?

GERALD (shrugging)

Chuff-all else to do

GAZ

Nice one, Gerald.

SC. 36. INT. DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

JEAN is in bed reading a magazine. DAVE is in the bathroom getting undressed. He takes his shirt off and stares

unhappily in the mirror, gripping onto the fleshy tyre around his waist with both hands.

DAVE

I say Jean?

JEAN O/S

Yeah?

DAVE

Have you ever, er... ever been out with a black bloke, like?

DAVE pulls his trousers off and stands in his boxer shorts on the weighing scales, rocking on them in order to get the lowest possible reading. When this doesn't work, he stands on one leg, wobbling furiously during the conversation.

JEAN O/S

You know I haven't, Dave

DAVE

They're crap, these. I'm the same as last week. But if you were on the look-out for another fella, right...if you were, like, just saying, would you think about it?

JEAN O/S

What's got into you?

DAVE gets off the scales and stands in the bedroom doorway.

DAVE

No, would you though?

JEAN takes him seriously this time.

JEAN (seriously)

I might do, Dave, yeah. That alright?

DAVE

So it's true then

DAVE goes back to the bathroom and puts on his pyjamas.

JEAN O/S

I've had enough of this. What's bloody true?

DAVE

About black men. You know, that they've got great bodies an' - an' that

JEAN O/S

Some of them, yeah.

Staring in the mirror, DAVE squeezes his droopy breasts painfully.

JEAN O/S

And?

DAVE

Nothing

Troubled, DAVE goes through to the bedroom and gets into bed.

JEAN

David, what is this all about? I don't care whether they're black, white or bloody rainbow flavour. I'm married to you. Remember?

DAVE

Yeah. Night

DAVE switches the bedside light off. JEAN settles down in bed facing DAVE's huge back. She traces a finger across his shoulders.

JEAN

Why would I want anyone else, eh Big Man?

Her finger begins to run down DAVE's side. Without turning, DAVE puts a restraining hand on top of hers. He pats it weakly.

DAVE

I'm all in, Jeanie. (attempt at a joke)  
It's amazing how tiring it is doing  
nowt, y'know

Pained, JEAN withdraws her hand and turns away from DAVE.

JEAN

There are jobs going at Woolies, if you want 'em. Security Guard's going- or shelf stackers. Even go on 'tills

DAVE

Women's work

JEAN

Well, whatever makes you happy, Dave

JEAN stares miserably out of the bed. DAVE lies on the other side of the bed, biting his lip.

SC. 37. INT. BRASS BAND HUT. DAY

ROSS, a weasel-faced lad in his early twenties. Lanky, hyperactive and jittery, he paces around ceaselessly, pulling nervously at his greasy hair.

GAZ

Er, right then, if you'd like to hand your tape to yer man there, he'll stick it on and er, away you go

The GANG are sitting behind a trestle table. GERALD is hiding behind a paper and all that can be seen of DAVE is a pair of legs sticking out from behind a filing cabinet.

ROSS

How much?

GAZ

Eh?

ROSS

How much? How much you offering? Eh?

LOMPER

It's an audition, mate

ROSS

Do it for twenty, like. Eh? What d'you say, eh? Blow job for a tenner, eh? What d'you say?

DAVE emerges from behind the filing cabinet.

DAVE

Go home, Ross. There's a good lad

ROSS

Oh alright, Dave? Eh? Not so bad, eh?  
Good mate is Dave. What about it then, eh?

DAVE (quietly)

Ross, I said go home

ROSS looks at DAVE blankly then drops his head and shuffles out. At the doorway, he turns.

ROSS

Give you a hand-job for a fiver, eh?

DAVE (as if to a bad dog)

Home!

ROSS disappears.

DAVE

Lives down our road. His Dad knocks him about

GERALD

This is crazy

CUT TO:

The HORSE, a frail black man in his late forties who stands awkwardly in front of the panel. They aren't impressed.

GAZ

So, er, it's Mr Horse, is it?

HORSE

Just Horse

GAZ

Right, yeah, OK. Er, just a minute, Horse, my colleagues on the panel...

LOMPER (whispering)

Ask him why's he's called The Horse

GAZ (whispering)

You bloody ask him. It's not cos he does the Grand National, is it?

GERALD (whispering)

That's all very well, but what use a big wanger if you need a bloody zimmer frame to tout it about, eh? He must be fifty if he's a day

GAZ

So Horse, what er can you do?

HORSE

Well, I- dunno really....lets see. The Bump, the Stomp, the Bus Stop- my break dancin' days are probably over- but there's always the Funky Chicken-

GERALD (impressed)

Now you're talking, mate

GAZ

What, all of them?

HORSE

Yeah, I think so. It's been a while, mind. And I've a dodgy hip right now...

GAZ

Yeah? Well, stick it on Nath.  
Do your worst, pal

NATHAN cues up the tape. A funky number fills the room. The HORSE begins to move, painfully slowly at first, old limbs remembering the sequences. The panel exchange disappointed looks. Then gradually the music flows through his bones until he is grooving sinuously around the floor, spinning, twisting and funking that chicken- much to DAVE's delight. The song comes to an impressive end with a whoop and an attempted, though only partially successful, splits. To applause from DAVE and NATHAN, the HORSE painfully gets to his feet.

HORSE

Like I said. Me hip

GAZ

Sod the hip, mate. You're in

CUT TO:

REG, a man in his late forties, carrying two heavy bags of shopping into the Band Hut.

REG (shrugging)

Shall I start then?

NATHAN puts on the tape and REG begins taking his clothes off with less and less enthusiasm to the infinitely unerotic strains of stripping music. He gets his trousers half-way down before coming to a halt. Sadly, he shakes his head and pulls them up again. NATHAN switches off the music.

REG

Sorry, I...Sorry. Thought I'd give it go. Got a bit desperate, like. You know how it is. Can't even take me kit off, though can I?

Aware that REG is close to the edge, GAZ stands up.

GAZ

You're alright, Reg, no problem. Got a cuppa tea here if you're interested

REG

No ta. Got the kids outside

GAZ

Bring 'em in

REG

Nah, this is no place for kids

GAZ looks across at NATHAN as REG gathers up his clothes from the floor and walks out. GAZ sits down heavily.

CUT TO:

GUY, a gentle hunk of a plasterer in his mid-twenties who is sitting eagerly in front of the panel. GERALD whispers to GAZ.

GUY

I've always wanted to be a dancer. Me favourite film's "Singin in 'Rain". They do that walking up 'wall thing. Bloody ace, it is

GERALD

I've seen him before. He plastered our bathroom a while back. He knows me. Get rid of him, he'll blow me cover

GAZ

Keep your trap shut, you'll be fine. What walking up wall thing?

GUY

Show you. I'm Gene Kelly, right?

The panel watch as GUY stands up and runs towards the wall. Somehow he manages to get both legs up the wall so that for a split second he is suspended horizontal to the floor. The next second he crashes flat onto the floor. He lets out the wheeze of the terminally wounded.

GAZ (trying to be kind)

Great.

GUY (getting up, winded)

It's better than that in the film

GERALD

So. You don't sing

GUY

No

GAZ

You don't dance

GUY

No

GAZ

Hope you don't think I'm nosy, but what the chuff do you do?

GUY (uncertain)

Well...there is this

GUY pulls the belt out of his trousers and pulls them down in one movement. The faces on the panel- a mixture of awe, shock and respect- betray GUY's unique talents.

GAZ

Gentlemen, the lunch box has landed

Forgetting himself, GERALD lowers the protective Daily Mirror for the first time that day.

GERALD

Chuffin' Nora

GUY

(instantly recognising the voice)  
Oh hello, Gerald, I didn't recognise you there.  
I did his bathroom

GERALD tries to hide behind his paper again, then gives up.

GERALD (grumpy)

Hello, Guy

GAZ suddenly remembers NATHAN and waves frantically at him to stop looking. But NATHAN is transfixed.

GAZ

Nathan! Nathan.....!

SC. 38. INT. WOOLWORTHS. DAY.

Half hidden by a rail of nighties, DAVE is watching JEAN working in the bathroom accessories aisle. She is admiring a male sales assistant, FRANKO, who is juggling expertly with three nailbrushes for her benefit. Though DAVE is too far away to hear, he can see them giggling conspiratorially. DAVE looks deeply worried. GAZ appears at his shoulder, also staring at JEAN and FRANKO.

GAZ

They're just messing, Davo

DAVE

You think?

GAZ

Course. Just Jean, innit?

DAVE trundles back to the gang, followed by GAZ. The rest of the GANG are hanging around the video section of the store, pulling change out of their pockets and counting up. DAVE sidles up to NATHAN who is delving in a bag of pick 'n' mix.

DAVE

Got any of them mint and chocolate jobs, Nath?

NATHAN

Get lost. You're on a diet

DAVE

Don't you start an' all

GAZ

Oi, Dave, how much you got then?

DAVE (digging around)

Twenty-two, twenty-seven pence

GAZ

'kin great. We're about a fiver short, then. You know what that means, Dave

DAVE

Oh no, Gaz, come on...why me?

GAZ (chucking DAVE under the chin)

Cos you've got an innocent face, love. I've got serial killer written on me forehead, me. And if you're not gonna dance you can bloody well do summat useful

DAVE

Jean'll throw an eppy if she finds out. She's only o'er there

GAZ

She's miles away. Right, we'll be waiting outside with the pick 'n' mix, won't we Nath? (saluting) Good luck, corporal

DAVE (to NATHAN)

Give us a pear drop, you

NATHAN

They're not paid for...

DAVE snatches a pear drop from NATHAN's bag of sweets and the gang disperse innocently. He picks out the video he is looking for and as he bends down to re-tie a shoe lace, drops the video into the open top of his jacket. As he straightens up he looks nervously around and permits himself a small smile as he realises that he has got away with it. As reward, he pops the pear drop into his mouth, whereupon every alarm in the world goes off. DAVE panics. Convinced, in his dietary guilt, that he has eaten an alarm-activated pear drop, he spits it out onto his hand and stares at it. The alarms continue to ring. He drops the sweet onto the floor and stamps on it, hoping to stop the alarms that way. Miraculously, the store falls silent. DAVE shakes his head in wonderment at such high-tech confectionary and walks out of the doors. Every alarm in the building goes off.

SC. 39. INT. ROLLING MILL. NIGHT.

Inside the night-watchman's office the only light comes from the bank of closed circuit televisions that display various areas of the deserted factory. The GANG are sitting around eating pick 'n' mix and examining new pairs of underpants. DAVE enters in a mood and slams down the video.

DAVE

I'm gonna deck you after

GAZ

How was I to know they'd alarm the bloody undies?

DAVE

Bollocks

GAZ (waving some underpants)

Yeah well, got a pair for you,  
didn't I? Chocolate lime?

GERALD gets up.

GERALD

Right, Flashdance, courtesy of Dave-

GERALD puts the "Flashdance" tape in. A welding scene comes up.

DAVE (after a few seconds)

Eh? What's she bloody doing? I didn't go on the nick in Woolies for a women's bloody DIY video...

GAZ

Flashdance, Dave. She's a welder, isn't she? Don't you know nowt?

DAVE (scornfully)

Welder...well I hope she can dance better than she welds- look at the state o' that. Her mix is all to cock

GAZ

Shut up, will you, Divvo. What the fuck do you know about welding, anyroad?

DAVE marches up to the video and presses pause.

DAVE

More than a chuffing woman. 's like bloody bonfire neet- too much acetylin is that. Them joints won't hold fuck-all

GERALD (pressing play again)

For christs sake, Dave, we're watching for the dancing, aren't we?

GAZ

He's just got the hump on about Woolies

Forgotten in the row, LOMPER is studying the video intensely.

LOMPER

Oi! Cop a load of this

He presses a button on the desk and Flashdance explodes onto all the monitors on the wall. GAZ and DAVE are stopped in their tracks by the woman's superb dancing.

GAZ (impressed)

Strap back

GERALD

Told you, didn't I? Nifty on her pins is that 'en. That, gentlemen, is what we're after

DAVE

As if. (points at GAZ) How's he ever gonna do all that twizzling-about bollocks?

GERALD

Just a souped-up tango is that. Teach any bugger in a week. Even you, mate

DAVE is not convinced.

GERALD

Two weeks. Straight up

SC. 40. EXT. STREET BY STEEL WORKS. NIGHT.

DAVE and GAZ trudge down the street.

DAVE

Jean reckons I should take that Security Guard job down at Woolies

GAZ

Well it'll make a change to nicking from there. Security. You're worth more than that Davo

DAVE

Jean don't think so. I reckon there's sommut going on wi' her and that bloke

GAZ (unconvincing)

The juggling bugger? Nah. No way

DAVE (almost to himself)

It's not as if I'd blame her

GAZ

You could show her, Dave. Nobody tells them Chippendale efforts to go be Security, do they? Raking it in they are. (pause) Two weeks he said, Dave. He's not taking the piss, honest

DAVE

It's a thought

GAZ

It's more than a thought. Any old hippy can juggle. But think of Jean's face when she sees you- dancin' like old fuckin' Flashdance, eh?

A smile of enlightenment comes to DAVE's face.

DAVE

Two week? Just like old flashy tits?

GAZ

's what your man said

DAVE

Hey, I can weld better than her, an' all

SC. 41. INT. ROLLING MILL. DAY

With their arms clamped firmly to their sides, GUY, the HORSE, GAZ and DAVE are standing in a staggered row like so many toy soldiers. NATHAN switches on a cassette player.

GERALD

Forward!

DAVE and LOMPER move one step forward, making the row even more staggered. GERALD is nearing the end of his patience.

GERALD

No, no, no. You, (manhandling LOMPER back a step) stay put. And you, (manhandling GAZ) go forward. Let's try again...Nathan!  
(NATHAN rewinds the music) Forward!

LOMPER moves forward again with a purposeful stride, sees GERALD's face and moves swiftly back two paces. The line is once again a shambles.

GERALD

Stop!

LOMPER

Sorry

GERALD

Jesus Christ, Einstein, all I want is to get you in a straight bloody line. What do I have to do?

The GANG look at their feet, crestfallen.

HORSE

Well it's the Arsenal off-side trap, isn't it?

GERALD

You what?

HORSE

Arsenal off-side trap. Lomper's Tony Adams, right? When any bugger looks like scoring, you step forward in a line and wave your arms about like a fairy

DAVE (enlightened)  
Ohh. Well that's easy

NATHAN starts the music again.

GERALD  
Forward!

The GANG move from their staggered position into a perfect straight line. GERALD can't help but be annoyed.

GERALD  
Perfect. Perfect

DAVE  
Well you should have said

SC. 42. EXT. GERALD'S HOUSE. DAY

The GANG are on the doorstep of GERALD's house. He opens the door and ushers them in.

GERALD  
Come on, get in quick. And wipe your boots

GERALD hurries them in, looking nervously about him before shutting the door.

SC. 43. INT. GERALD'S HOUSE. DAY

The GANG look uncomfortable in GERALD's rather prim living room. LOMPER settles on the settee with a copy of Country Life whilst DAVE fiddles with some nasty glass ornaments on the mantle-piece.

GERALD  
Put them down, you'll break 'em

DAVE  
Just looking. Right posh, isn't it?

LOMPER  
Get a brew on, eh?

GAZ  
Haven't time for that. Right then,  
are we right?

HORSE

Right for what?

GAZ

Taking us kit off

LOMPER (astounded)

You what?

DAVE (aggrieved)

Thought you were turning me into a fancy dancer

GAZ

Listen, ladies, we're strippers, aren't we?

GERALD

What, right now? Here? In my house?  
This is a good area round here, you know

GERALD runs over to the window and closes the curtains.

DAVE

Gaz, I don't know....

GAZ

If we can't get us kit off in front of us selves, how the hell are we going to in front of all them lasses? C'mon. Shirt first

DAVE

No looking- and no laffing, you bastards.

Keeping their eyes very much to themselves, everyone begins to take off their shirts.

LOMPER

What are we doing, what are we doing?

GERALD

I used to have a real job, me

GAZ

And your kegs

Eventually the team are standing in various states of

underpant. Everyone stares at everyone else shyly at first, then plucking up courage they begin to look at each others' bodies. The HORSE is wearing the most bizarre underclothes-thermal plus fours that bag hugely between his legs. GAZ and GERALD exchange glances.

GAZ

Horse by name, horse by nature,  
eh Horse?

HORSE (deeply uncomfortable)

Shut it, you

GUY (to GERALD)

How come you're so brown, anyroad?

GERALD

No reason

GUY

Someone's got a sun-bed, haven't they,  
Gerald?

Whistles and coy noises from the GANG.

GERALD

It's Linda's and no you bloody can't, so  
don't even think about asking

DAVE stares down at his stomach sorrowfully.

DAVE

So what am I supposed to do wi' this?

GAZ prods the bulk experimentally with a finger, eyes it in profile.

GAZ (unconvincingly)

Well, I mean it's not too bad...from  
the front, like

GERALD (with gravitas)

Fat, David, is a feminist issue

DAVE

And what's that supposed to mean when  
it's at home?

GERALD

I don't bloody know, do I? It just is, alright?

DAVE

I try dieting- I do try. Feels like I've been on a fuckin' diet all me life. The less I eat, the fatter I bloody get. It's not meant to work like that, is it?

LOMPER

So stuff yourself and get thin

GUY

Oh shut up, saggy-tits

LOMPER

I have not....

GERALD

Mate of Linda's had this plastic stuff put on her down at some posh clinic - took off stones it did, like magic- what were it called, now- just like cling-film it were-

DAVE (outraged)

- cling-film? I'm not a chicken drum stick, Gerald

There is a knock at the door. The team are paralysed with fear. GERALD is the first to panic. He throws himself into his clothes.

GERALD

'kin hell fire. Get in the kitchen, go on

LOMPER (ever hopeful)

Can we have a brew?

GERALD

No!

SC. 44. INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Still only in their underpants, the GANG hide in the kitchen. LOMPER is going through the cupboards, examining

different boxes of herbal tea suspiciously.

LOMPER (whispering)  
Dandelion? Rosehips? Weeds. In us fuckin'  
tea...

SC. 45. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Two large MEN push into the room, followed by a furious  
GERALD.

GERALD  
You can't just take stuff

MAN 1  
Sorry, mate

The other MAN proceeds to unplug the television and video.

GERALD  
I only owe him a hundred and twenty quid

MAN 1  
Aye that's all these'll fetch second-hand

GERALD  
They're not second-hand

MAN 2 (picking up the television)  
They are now, mate

Suddenly, DAVE's monstrous near-naked body appears in the  
door. He has a tea-towel wrapped around his mouth,  
disguising his identity.

DAVE  
Alright, boys?

The rest of the GANG follow DAVE into the room.

MAN 1  
'kin hell...

DAVE  
Put down and piss off

DAVE puts both hands around his belly and takes a step

towards them. Confronted with five strange men in their underpants, the two MEN flee without another word.

GERALD (morose)

Cheers lads

DAVE

Hey it's alright is this stripping lark

GERALD

They'll be back. Never give up, that lot. This idea of yours had better bring the brass in or I'm buggered well and truly. Get a brew on, eh?

LOMPER

And about bloody time

SC. 46. EXT. ROLLING MILL. DAY

Sheffield's dilapidated warehouses and mills stretch into the distance - a depressing sight were it not for the faint but funky music pulsing from the rolling mill.

SC. 47. INT. ROLLING MILL. DAY

The gang are on the factory floor in a clearing surrounded by machine tools. Music is reverberating around the Mill. Perched on a machine, NATHAN watches the GANG, led by GERALD, go tentatively through the beginnings of a dance routine that does indeed resemble a football line-up.

GERALD (over the music)

Up the wings, Gaz and Lomps, two  
three four and left touch-line two  
three right touch-line two three and  
off-side trap...now

GERALD

Then the belt, two three four....

With one flourish, GERALD whips the belt out of his trousers, slapping GUY smartly across the face with a loud smack. GUY clutches his head and DAVE applauds loudly.

GUY

Careless bugger. Could have had me  
eye out

GERALD

Carry on everyone. Sorry, mate,  
sorry. Now for the socks

GUY staggers off to join NATHAN.

NATHAN

Bet that never happened to Bobby Charlton

DAVE is having trouble with the sock part of the routine. In an effort to reach his feet, he begins to totter and wobble. The sock won't come off without tremendous tugging. The routine breaks up in disarray. NATHAN switches off the music.

NATHAN

That were crap

GERALD

Give it a chance. Bet even Madonna has a  
job taking off her socks

Over by one of the machines, GAZ rips down the seam of a pair of LOMPER's Security Guard trousers.

LOMPER

What you doing wi' them, you gert bugger?  
They're bloody borrowed.

GAZ

Keep your hair on, Lomps. We need 'em for  
the do. It's what they do. Velcro down the  
seam, then bingo, all is revealed. I'll  
sew 'em back up after.

LOMPER

Yeah right, and when did you turn into an  
ace sewer then?

NATHAN

Prison

There is an awkward silence as everyone realises this is not

a joke.

GAZ

Cheers Nat

SC. 48. INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

DAVE, GAZ, NATHAN and LOMPER are in a warehouse which sells all sorts of medical gadgetry including chair-lifts for disabled people. They are sitting opposite each other on two demonstration models. Throughout their conversation they sit on the chairs and drive up and down some mock stairs, rolling cigarettes, whilst GERALD, GUY and the HORSE relax in wheelchairs at the foot of the stairs. GAZ and NATHAN's chair is on the way down while DAVE and LOMPER's is on the way up. GAZ is lost in thought.

DAVE

It's not exactly Formula One, though, is it? I'd want a few revs out of it for eight hundred quid. At least a stereo

LOMPER

If it saves me carrying me Mum up and down stairs five times a day, it's alright wi' me. No problems taking me kit off for that, mate

GAZ (suddenly deciding)

There's only one thing for it.  
We're gonna have to go all the way

The two chairs are about to cross at the halfway point.

DAVE

What d'you mean?

DAVE halts his chair opposite GAZ, aghast.

LOMPER

What, the full monty? Knickers and all?  
Hell fire

DAVE halts his chair opposite GAZ, aghast.

DAVE

No way, no and never. In that order, kid.  
I'm not taking me knickers off for no bugger

GAZ shrugs and sets his chair off up the stairs to escape their objections. DAVE pursues.

DAVE

Come back 'ere, you

GAZ

Got to do it, gents

HORSE (panicked)

Those Chippendales never get their danglies out, did they?

NATHAN

Not exactly

HORSE

Well then

LOMPER

Well I don't know what you've got to worry about

GAZ

It's not working, is it? We've got to give 'em something the Chippendales don't

HORSE

Yeah, but my willy. I mean to say

LOMPER

Your willy? My willy

GAZ

Well, do you want your chair-lift or not?

SC. 49. EXT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB. DAY

GAZ and NATHAN are remonstrating with ALAN, the gnarly owner of the Working Men's Club. ALAN never once breaks his steady rhythm of loading crates of beer from the street into the Club.

GAZ

Come on, Al, it's me

ALAN

And that's precisely why it's a hundred quid up front. Half price. You book me Club for nowt, you don't turn up- give me back word- and I'm left with an empty bar on a Saturday night. No can do, kid

GAZ

Course we'll turn up. Al, I haven't got a hundred quid....

ALAN stops loading crates and looks GAZ in the face.

ALAN

If you tell me what you're up to it might help

GAZ (after a long pause)

I can't. Top secret

ALAN

Sorry, youth

SC. 50. INT. FACTORY. DAY

On the shop floor, MANDY is overseeing a line of women who are automatically snapping the arms of plastic dolls into their torsos. She spots NATHAN and GAZ gesturing over the noise of the machines and the radio. She goes over to them and ruffles NATHAN's hair.

MANDY

Hiya love. (to GAZ) What do you want?

GAZ

Hiya, Mandy, y'alright? Listen, I'm going to get all your money for you- our money- Nathan's- oh you know what I mean. For definite this time

MANDY

Right, yeah. That all?

GAZ

Thing is, Mand, you have to give out to get back, don't you? In business, like

MANDY

I'm not sure I'm hearing this

GAZ

I'll get it all- the whole lot. I just need-

MANDY

- you want some money? I need someone in ' dressing section. It's two fifty an hour. You can start now. You coming?

GAZ can't even try to explain. MANDY turns on her heel and walks back to the assembly line.

SC. 51. INT. BUILDING SOCIETY. DAY

NATHAN drags GAZ by the hand into the Building Society.

GAZ

Nathan, you can't do this, it's your savings, kiddo

NATHAN can barely see over the till.

NATHAN

I can. I just need your signature, don't I? It says in ' book. (to the cashier) I'd like to take me money out please

GAZ

Well you bloody well can't have it. (to the cashier) You're alright, love, it's sorted

NATHAN

It's my money. I want it. A hundred pounds, please

GAZ

Well when you're eighteen you can walk in here and get it yourself, can't you?

NATHAN

If you don't let me, by the time I'm  
eighteen I won't know who you are. You  
said you'd get it back

GAZ

I know, but you don't want to listen  
to what I say

NATHAN

You said so. I believe you

GAZ

You do?

NATHAN

Yes

GAZ

Blimey, Nath

The CASHIER looks at NATHAN and GAZ, stamps NATHAN's book,  
counts out a hundred pounds and slides it across to NATHAN.  
NATHAN solemnly gives it to GAZ.

SC. 52. EXT. SHEFFIELD STREET. DAY

The GANG are walking casually down the street. GAZ looks  
around and nods his head. Suddenly, GERALD whisks a bucket  
out from under his parka, DAVE slops the wall-paper paste on  
a hoarding, whilst LOMPER slaps a poster up advertising The  
Full Monty's first appearance. GUY and the HORSE lean  
casually either side to block the view.

GAZ

It's not straight

LOMPER

Give over

GAZ

It's not. Aye up, gents. Alright, Bodger?

Down the street comes BODGER, six foot six with a four-pack  
of Super Tenants hanging by his side and a mangy dog on a  
string. The GANG try to hide their fly-posting materials to  
no avail. BODGER unsteadily takes the poster from under

GAZ's parka. He frowns over it.

GAZ

Just a bit of advertising for some mates,  
like

BODGER

You've got mates who do this?

GAZ

Not mates exactly. Business, you know

BODGER

Oh. Business. So do they, then?

GAZ

What's that, Bodge?

BODGER

Go the full monty

GAZ

Err, yeah, think so

BODGER (big smile)

I'd like to see 'em try. We haven't had a  
good lynching in years. Not the same round  
'ere anymore. Mates of yours, eh?  
Interesting. Very interesting

BODGER wanders off with a knowing look in his eye. The GANG  
look at GAZ, aghast.

GERALD

He said lynching. You heard him. And he  
knows it's us an' all, the big bastard

LOMPER

He'd chop it off, he would.

GAZ

Wait on, just wait on, will you? Listen.  
You know Bodger. By closing time every  
bugger's gonna know it's us whether we do  
it or we don't. We can either forget it  
and go back to ' Job Club with every other  
fucker or do it and just maybe get rich. (cont)

GAZ cont.

And I tell you summat, folks don't laugh so loud when you've a grand in your back pocket. Now are you in or are you out?

DAVE (after a long pause)

I bloody hate you sometimes

CENTRE

SC. 53. INT. JOB CLUB. DAY

LOMPER, GERALD, GUY and the HORSE are lined up waiting to sign on. Next door, GAZ is furtively printing posters on the Job Club word processor. Suddenly GAZ hears something strangely familiar. Playing on the radio behind the dole counter is the number in the gang's routine. Wary, GAZ goes to the doorway. In the dole queue, GAZ detects the faintest stirrings from the GANG. A shoulder-move here, a hand-gesture there, a barely noticeable squeezed buttock. Only the trained eye would notice. The rest of the dole queue remain morose, pre-occupied. GAZ watches, fascinated. For the GANG it is like trying not to giggle in church. The urge to dance is bubbling in them. As the song gets under their skin, their movements irrepressibly synchronise. Still only the minutest of gestures, nevertheless, these men are cooking with suppressed energy. Then just as the song reaches its climactic end, GERALD is suddenly at the head of the queue. His inhibitions snapping, he breaks out into a full double-shimmy and a shaky 360 twirl, before slapping his P45 on the counter.

SC. 54. INT. GERALD'S HOUSE. DAY

GERALD opens the door to be confronted by LOMPER, DAVE, GUY and the HORSE. GUY is wearing shades, Bermuda shorts and sandals. DAVE and LOMPER are in t-shirts. Outside it is pouring with rain. GUY holds up a bottle of sun tan oil.

GERALD

No

GERALD closes the door on them.

GAZ O/S

Gerald? Come on, just an hour that's all. We need it.

A bottle of sun-tan oil is waved through the letter-box.

GUY

I've brought me own ....

GERALD opens the door and lets them in.

GERALD

I shouldn't be here, let alone you bloody beach  
buns. What if Linda comes back? One hour.  
-That's all

SC 55. BEDROOM. DAY

GUY is luxuriating on the sunbed, with nothing on except his Bermudas and black eye-protectors. DAVE studies one of Linda's Cosmopolitan intently. LOMPER is going through the dance steps to himself up and down the bedroom, his eyes constantly moving to GUY'S body, stretched out on the sunbed.

DAVE

Blimey. You get fit birds in here, don't you?

LOMPER lumps over to have a look, followed by the HORSE

LOMPER

Nah. Tits too big

HORSE

Yeh? I didn't know they could be

GERALD

D'you mind, you?

GERALD has just spotted LOMPER rifling through LINDA'S cosmetics on the dressing table.

LOMPER

Anti-wrinkle cream? Does it work on fellas  
an' all?

DAVE (pointedly)

Well I just bloody pray they're more understanding  
about us, that's all

HORSE

You what?

DAVE

Well they're gonna be looking at us like that, aren't they though? Eh? What if, next Saturday, four hundred women turn round and say, "he's too fat", "he's too old" and "he"; (pointing at LOMPER) "is a pigeon-chested little tosser". What happens then, eh?

LOMPER ceases to dance. GUY pulls his protective eye-shades up, suddenly alert.

HORSE (appalled)

They wouldn't say that. Would they?

DAVE

Why the chuff not? *He's* just said her tits are too big

LOMPER

That's different. We're ... (shrugging) men ...

DAVE

And?

GERALD (suddenly generous)

Well I think she's got nice tits, actually

LOMPER (defensive)

I never said owt about her personality, like. She's probably right nice if you get to know her

DAVE

No, and they won't say nowt about your personality, neither. Which is good. Cos you're basically a bastard. Bollocks to your personality, they've come to look at this, haven't they. (points at himself) And I tell you, mate, anti-wrinkle cream there may be. But anti-fat-bastard cream there is none

There is a thoughtful silence, they GUY gets off the sunbed and reaches into his beach bag.

GUY

It might not be such a good time for this but -

GUY brings out a handful of red leather thongs from his bag. The gang examine them with a mixture of awe and terror

DAVE (distressed)

Oh Mother ...

GUY (apologetic)  
Gaz said sommut a bit flash, y'know. (encouraging)  
They're top of the range. Real leather, like

DAVE

---Yeah, but ...

HORSE (quietly)

What's today again?

GERALD

Monday

LOMPER

And when are we on?

GERALD

Friday. Dress rehearsal, Tuesday

DAVE

Undress rehearsal

HORSE

Oh heck

**SC. 56. EXT. SHEFFIELD STREET. EVENING.**

In a phone-box the HORSE is cradling the receiver furtively near his mouth whilst glancing up and down the street

HORSE

How can I read the instructions? There weren't  
any ... No. Maybe there's a part missing ...  
Just a minute ...

The HORSE delves into a Adidas bag and pulls out bits of what can only be a vacuum-operated penis enlarger. He goes through a check list, fitting together each strange part of the machine dubiously.

HORSE

Yep, yeah, yeah, got that ... if that's what you call it ...  
Well if it's all there, how come it's not working ...?  
What d'you mean "in what sense"?

A middle aged WOMAN peers into the phone box. The HORSE

shoves the developer back into the bag, gestures angrily at the phone and turns his back on the WOMAN.

HORSE (whispering)

It's not working in the sense that it's not working. No I can't speak up. Nothing's happening, know what I'm saying? Nothing's getting bigger...It's an emergency, is this

The WOMAN has been joined by another WOMAN. Fascinated, they listen in.

HORSE (agitated)

I dunno, what d'you want me to do, get a ruler out an' start measuring up in ' bloody phone box? You tell me, mate

At this suggestion, the two WOMEN look at each other in horrified delight.

HORSE

Placid? Oh "flaccid", right...How many? Right. And what about- the other- not flaccid? (surprised) Really? Sure that's normal, roughly, like...? Well, I'm normal then. How about that?

The HORSE puts down the phone, too absorbed in his own joy to notice the incongruity of the applause that has broken out from the listening WOMEN outside. He struts out of the phone box a new man.

HORSE

Did you hear that? Eh?

Then the HORSE suddenly remembers that this is perhaps not the sort of good news to share with everyone.

HORSE

D'you mind? Private phone call were that

He hastens down the street to the laughter of the WOMEN.

SC. 57. INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

DAVE walks into the room wearing his pyjama bottoms. He stands next to the bed, looking miserable.

(SC 57 CONT)

JEAN

Come in and cuddle up, then

DAVE gets into the bed and cuddles up close to JEAN. Soon they are kissing.

JEAN

What's up, Big Man, eh?

DAVE

Nothing. Nothing at all

DAVE gets on top of JEAN and begins to make love. But almost as soon as he has started, he gives up and sits on the edge of the bed.

JEAN

Dave? Dave .....

DAVE

Sorry

**SC. 57a. EXT. SHEFFIELD STREET DAY**

The GANG are walking casually down the street. GAZ looks around and nods his head. Suddenly, GERALD whisks a bucket out from under his parka, DAVE slops the wall-paper paste on a hoarding, whilst LOMPER slaps a poster up advertising The Full Monty's first appearance. GUY and the HORSE lean casually either side to block the view.

GUY

It's not straight.

LOMPER

Give over. It's only a poster

Down the street come SHERYL and LOUISE. High-heeled and dangerous, they know GAZ of old.

GAZ

Aye up gents. This is all we need. Alright, sweethearts?

SHERYL

Garry the lad. What you up to then, shifty?

GAZ

Bit o' this, bit o' that, bit o' the other

LOUISE snatches a poster from under LOMPER'S coat and eyes it archly.

(SC 57a CONT)

GAZ

Just a bit of advertising. For some mates, like

SHERYL (not buying it for a second)

Oh aye? And whose gonna want to see your "mates"? We had the real thing up 'ere t'other day

GAZ (disconcerted)

Well, we - us mates, are better

GAZ

And how's that then?

GAZ (searching for inspiration)

Well ... er, this lot go all the way. (big smile)  
Don't they lads?

DAVE (incredulous)

You what?

LOUISE

The full monty? You lot? Hell fire, that *would* be worth a look.. See you there .....

LOUISE and SHERYL wander off giggling. The GANG advance on GAZ who is backing fast and apologetically up the street.

GAZ

Now just keep your hair on .....

DAVE (prodding GAZ's chest)

No way, no and never. In that order, kid

HORSE

No one said owt about going the full monty to *me*

GAZ

You heard 'em. We've got to give 'em sommut your average ten bob stripper don't. Niche marketing, isn't it? Read it in a book

HORSE

Yeah but me willy. I mean to say ...

LOMPER

Your willy? What about *my* willy?

GERALD (groaning)

A laffin' stock. Totally

GAZ

They're coming, aren't they?

LOMPER

Aye, wi' a pair of scissors. They know it's us, you know

GAZ

Yeah and by closing time every bugger in Sheffield's gonna know it's us whether we do it or we don't. Now we can either forget it and go back to' sodding Job Club or do it and just maybe get rich. And I tell you summat, folks don't laugh so loud when you've a grand in your back pocket. Now are you in or are you out?

DAVE (after a long pause)

I bloody hate you sometimes

**SC. 58. INT DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

In her night dress, JEAN looks out of the window at the light from the shed. Inside, she can see a figure moving around.

**SC. 59. INT DAVE'S SHED. NIGHT**

DAVE moves his Pirelli Calendar aside and retrieves a Mars Bar hidden behind it. He takes the wrapper off and takes a bite. Fishing in his hold-all, he brings out a roll of cling film.. Pulling up his sweatshirt, he proceeds with difficulty to wrap the cling film round and round his huge stomach. He sits there, cling filmed and chewing.

**SC. 60. INT GAZ'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

GAZ is going through his dance steps in the kitchen.. He is too preoccupied to notice NATHAN coming downstairs. He watches critically as the song finishes - fractionally after GAZ does.

NATHAN

You're ahead

GAZ

You're supposed to be in bed. This  
tape deck's slow. Always has been

GAZ takes a swig of beer from a can on the side-board.

NATHAN

You'll get fat

GAZ (his nerves showing)

Give is a striping break, will you?

NATHAN

Sorry

GAZ

Nath, tell us straight, kid. We're  
not just making the biggest arses  
of ourselves in the known universe,  
are we?

After a pause, NATHAN goes over to the tape deck and pressed  
rewind.

NATHAN

Give it another go, eh?

SC. 61. EXT. BUS STOP. MORNING

Hunched into his jacket, DAVE is sitting in a bus shelter  
overlooking Sheffield trying to coax some life into a roll-  
up. A troubled-looking GERALD joins DAVE.

GERALD

Not such a bad morning, is it?

DAVE, frost-bitten and trying to re-light his cigarette  
against the wind's fierce buffeting, gives GERALD a strange  
look.

GERALD

Dave mate, can I have a word? Private like

DAVE

S'pose so, yeah

GERALD (after a long pause)  
That's the new olympic pool down there,  
isn't it? You ever been swimming? Can't  
swim, me. Dave, you won't tell anyone  
about this

DAVE (looking around him)  
Your secret's safe wi' me, mate

GERALD  
When I were twelve year old us school  
took us to swimming lessons. Mixed  
classes, you know. Boys. And girls.

GERALD looks across at DAVE hoping he has said enough for  
DAVE to understand. DAVE raises his eyes, puzzled.

GERALD  
It were terrible, Dave. I were there,  
standing at 'side o' pool in me trunks  
with all these pretty lasses around in  
bikinis, and well, I got a (gesturing)  
you-know

DAVE (not knowing)  
Oh. An I know

GERALD  
Do you?

DAVE (losing patience)  
No, Gerald, I bloody don't

GERALD  
You know, a...

GERALD waves at his crotch. DAVE finally clicks.

DAVE  
Oh. So what did you do?

GERALD  
Jumped in ' deep end, didn't I?

DAVE  
Thought you couldn't swim

GERALD

Couldn't. Nearly fucking drowned

GERALD grabs DAVE's sleeve desperately.

GERALD

But what if it happens again? Eh? Think  
of that. In front of four hundred women...  
I'd have to chuffin' emigrate

With uncharacteristic violence, DAVE shakes off GERALD's  
hand and stands up.

DAVE

Gerald, you're talking to 'wrong man

DAVE throws his cigarette away and strides down the road.

GERALD

Dave? Dave, you'll miss 'bus

But DAVE keeps on walking.

SC. 62. EXT. SHEFFIELD. DAY

Side by side, five figures stride purposefully up the road:  
GAZ, NATHAN, HORSE, LOMPER and GERALD. Men with a mission,  
they fail to notice the police-car parked in an alley near  
the Rolling Mill.

SC. 63. INT. POLICE CAR. DAY

Inside the car, a POLICE MAN is absorbed in dive-bombing a  
polystyrene cup of coffee with a sweetener dispenser. Making  
the appropriate aeroplane noises as he goes, he zooms high  
over the cup and drops a sweetener into the coffee.

POLICE MAN

Bombs gone, returning to base...Ah,  
roger that, Squadron Leader

The POLICE MAN puts the dispenser into a steep climb. As he  
does so, he notices the five figures striding by. Putting  
the coffee on the dash board, he starts the engine and  
cruises slowly out of the alley after them.

SC. 64. INT. ROLLING MILL. DAY

Sitting rather bemusedly on a battered sofa in the middle of the Rolling Mill is the HORSE'S MUM with two equally ancient cronies and a couple of small babies in tow.

In the shower room, the GANG are changing into their quick-release Security Guard trousers and putting on hats and ties. Acute tension hangs in the air. GAZ paces around fretfully. GERALD is peering out of the doorway at the audience whilst the HORSE rubs baby oil into his shoulders and back.

GERALD (fretfully)

I thought you said just your Mum

HORSE

They're family, what can you do?

BERYL, a deeply dark and beautiful woman sashays sexily up to the sofa where the HORSE'S MUM is sitting.

GERALD

Who the hell fire's that?

HORSE (horrified)

It's Beryl. My Niece

NATHAN (to GAZ)

Where's Dave?

GAZ

He'll be here

NATHAN

Has anyone seen Dave?

GERALD suddenly looks around guiltily.

GAZ

I said he'll be here

NATHAN

Alright, alright, only asking...

GERALD

Gaz, I think I said sommut out of order to him at the bus stop. He got the hump and pissed off.

GAZ

Gerald, you berk...

GERALD

Sorry.

GAZ strides towards the exit. In the background, watched by LOMPER, GUY can be seen running full pelt towards the wall. This time he gets one leg really high and head first, crashes to the floor.

SC. 65 INT. WOOLWORTHS - DAY

65

Dressed in his Security Guard's uniform, DAVE is leaning against the pick 'n' mix bins. Clumsily he tries to juggle a few Quality Street that inevitably fall on the floor. He bends to pick them up and as he straightens, spots GAZ leaning against the displays chewing a toffee, arms folded, staring at him.

GAZ

What you doing, Dave?

DAVE

What's it look like?

GAZ

We're on in three days time for chuff's sake. Where. The fuck. Are you?

\*

DAVE

I'm here. Working, earning, not pissing about. That's where. End of chat.

\*

DAVE turns and walks away from GAZ. GAZ follows him.

\*

SC. 66 INT. STEELWORKS STORE AREA - DAY

66

HORSE'S MUM has got her knitting out. NATHAN looks fretfully at his watch.

GUY

Where are they?

CONT.

NATHAN

Don't look at me.

GERALD

They're disappearing one by one like  
summut out of an Agatha fuckin' Christy.  
Horse, mate, get out front and tell 'em  
we've got a delay on.

HORSE

They won't wait forever.

Outside, HORSES'S MUM begins a slow hand clap.

SC. 67. INT. WOOLWORTHS - DAY

67

GAZ follows DAVE into the suit section.

\*

GAZ

Well come on then, Mr Security, do your  
job.

GAZ rips a suit off the nearest hanger and heads for the door  
at speed. DAVE goes after him.

DAVE

Gaz... please, don't, please

GAZ

You've got a job, do it.

DAVE

Gazza...

SC. 68 EXT. WOOLWORTHS - DAY

68

GAZ makes it through the doors with the suit, setting off all  
the alarms in the process. He laughs manically, shouting and  
waving the suit in the air, with DAVE close behind.

GAZ

Keep up, you fat bastard

GAZ tries to dodge around a shopping trolley, slowing him  
enough for DAVE to grab him. He hauls GAZ upright. DAVE  
shakes him hard.

CONT.

DAVE

Don't call me a fat bastard. Ever. Alright? Alright?

DAVE stops shaking him.

GAZ

I need you Dave. Can't do it without you, can I? You're a mate

DAVE stares at him long and hard, then releases his grip and lets GAZ go. GAZ straightens his clothes up in an attempt at dignity.

DAVE

Sorry. I can't. I - just can't. Better leg it

GAZ holds out the suit to DAVE.

GAZ

Here. It's bad enough *one* of us dressed like a fucking King Penguin

GAZ turns and walks off into the crowd.

DAVE

See you about, eh?

SC 69 - DELETED

SC 69A - INT STEELWORKS - ROOM OFF STORE AREA. DAY.

HORSE and GUY are attempting to comfort a troubled GERALD.

GERALD

I'd be alright if we could just get on wi' it. It's the bloody waiting that scares me

HORSE

Listen, just think about the most boring thing you can come up with. That'll keep it all well in order.

4/5/96

GERALD

Like what?

GUY

Double glazing salesmen

HORSE

Gardening. The Queen's speech

GUY

Dire Straits Double Album. Nature programmes

GERALD

I like nature programmes

GUY

Yes but they don't give you a hard on, do they?  
(thinking) Do they? Blimey, Gerald

GERALD

Shurrup you, it's not funny. It's medical

GAZ appears.

LOMPER

So where is he?

GAZ

He's not coming

The GANG are nonplussed.

NATHAN

You what?

GAZ

You heard.. We can do without him. No

GAZ (Cont)

problem, alright? Lets get this fuckin' show on the road

NATHAN

But what about Dave?

GAZ (viciously)

Nothing about Dave

There is a shocked pause. Then, clapping his hands authoritatively, the HORSE takes charge.

HORSE

Come on, lads, lets go, lets go

**SC 70. INT STEELWORKS - STORE AREA. DAY.**

With helmets and arc lights stolen from the demolition team working on the Mill, the GANG begin their act with Jo Cocker's "You Can Keep Your Hat On". They make a tentative start, GAZ's anger at DAVE still written on his face. He glances over to where NATHAN is controlling the an sharply motions him to turn up the volume. And with the music pumped up, the GANG really begin to cook. The HORSE'S MUM stops knitting, BERYL is wide-eyed and the rest of the spectators look genuinely impressed - and not a little surprised - as the GANG strut their stuff.

**SC 71. EXT STEELWORKS . DAY**

A stream of uniformed and plain clothed POLICEMEN jump out of the back of a police van and surround the Rolling Mill.

**SC. 72. INT STEELWORKS - STORE AREA. DAY.**

The GANG whip their quick-release trousers off, revealing fine red thongs. Which is the moment the POLICE charge into the Mill from all sides.

POLICEMAN (through a loud hailer)

Everyone stay where they are

NATHAN cuts the music dead. The GANG freeze mid step. Only GUY is quick enough to tap LOMPER on the shoulder and nod towards the fire escape.

SC. 73. EXT. ROLLING MILL. DAY

The GANG, minus GUY and LOMPER are being led one by one into the back of a police van by some amused POLICEMEN. As they climb in, two tiny naked figures can be seen sprinting along the roof of the Rolling Mill. Unnoticed, they speed from one side of the frame to the other and disappear.

SC. 74. INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Covered only in silver foil emergency blankets, the HORSE, GERALD and GAZ are standing in line at the Charge Desk. Behind the Desk, a bemused DUTY SERGEANT is aiming sweeteners from a great height into his tea- obviously a station obsession. GAZ keeps looking over his shoulder to where NATHAN is being questioned by two over-friendly SOCIAL WORKERS.

GAZ

We were dancing alright then an' all

GERALD (miserable)

Me feet are cold

SOCIAL WORKER

So your Daddy dances in front of you,  
does he?

NATHAN

When he's rehearsing, like

SOCIAL WORKER

And does he ever- do things, Nathan?

NATHAN

Like what?

SOCIAL WORKER

Does he, well, ever take his clothes off,  
for instance?

NATHAN

Wouldn't be much point if he didn't,  
would there?

The SOCIAL WORKERS exchange meaningful looks.

SC. 75. EXT. BACK GARDEN. DAY

His mouth full of clothes pegs, a middle-aged MAN is standing in the garden hanging washing on the line. Halfway through pegging up a dressing gown a baby begins crying inside the house. The MAN's eyes narrow and he goes into the house. Suddenly, LOMPER and GUY leap the fence and begin tearing down the washing. GUY only manages to get the dressing gown before there is a yell from the house.

GUY

Come on, Lomps for christ sake

GUY vaults the fence and LOMPER grabs a sheet before following him. The MAN charges out of the house in time to see the two giggling figures hurdling a series of back-garden fences, LOMPER's white sheet billowing like a cape behind him.

SC. 76. INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

GAZ, GERALD and the HORSE sit in their space blankets. They have been joined by NATHAN. Intrigued, the POLICE INSPECTOR is interviewing them.

INSPECTOR

Come on then, amaze me

GAZ

Told you. Robbing pipes. That's all

GERALD

Eh?

GAZ (vicious whisper)

Well which would you prefer?

INSPECTOR

Robbing pipes? Garry, my friend, no bugger robs pipes in the buff

GAZ (confident smile)

We do. Don't get your clothes dirty, do you?

INSPECTOR

Well don't fret, gents, there's a reet  
good laundry in Wakefield Prison

GERALD (appalled)

Eh?

Another POLICE MAN enters carrying a stack of video tapes.

POLICE MAN

Security camera tapes off the front desk

INSPECTOR

So what happened to the Security Guard?

POLICEMAN

Vanished, leaving nowt but, er, half his  
trousers

INSPECTOR

Half?

The POLICE MAN shrugs his shoulders.

INSPECTOR

Well, we'd better have a look, hadn't we,  
gents?

HORSE (resigned)

Here we go

SC. 77. INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

GAZ, GERALD, the HORSE, and the INSPECTOR are sitting  
watching the tv screen. Behind them the room is crowded with  
the rest of the police station, all leering in through the  
door. Except for the GANG, the room is in good-natured  
uproar. On the tv, captured by the security cameras is the  
GANG's whole dance routine, including the raid.

GERALD (to the INSPECTOR)

Do you mind a sec?

GERALD leans forward, presses rewind and turns to GAZ  
accusingly.

GERALD

I told you- look, you're always ahead here. Watch

GAZ

You're always bloody behind, more like

Forgetting where he is now his professionalism has been called into question, GERALD turns to the crowd of POLICE.

GERALD

Look, shurrup, will you?

The crowd of POLICE fall silent. The video plays through.

INSPECTOR

He's right. You're ahead

GAZ (annoyed)

oh go bollocks

SC. 78. EXT. ROOF-TOPS SHEFFIELD. ~~EVENING DAY~~

LOMPER and GUY are perched on top of LOMPER's garage. Giggling still, LOMPER slides open the window to his bedroom. Still wearing the dressing gown.

LOMPER

Please, no, shurrup now. Me mum, for Christs sake

GUY

Not a word, I promise. I've always wanted to meet your Mum

SC. 79. INT. LOMPER'S HOUSE. ~~EVENING DAY~~

LOMPER drops into his room through the window. GUY starts to follow and gets hung up on the dressing gown half-way.

GUY

Well give us a hand. Can't get me arms through

LOMPER holds him around the thighs as GUY squeezes his arms through. He is down to his leather thong again. LOMPER gently lowers him to the floor, GUY's arms around his

shoulders. Suddenly the two naked men become aware of the sexuality of their position. GUY tries to break an atmosphere laden with sexual tension.

GUY (full volume)

Made it!

Panic-struck, LOMPER clamps a hand over GUY's mouth and nods towards the door and the direction of his mother.

LOMPER

Shh....dozy bastard

Both stand motionless, still holding onto each other, listening for LOMPER's MUM's footsteps. Silence. Gently, GUY takes LOMPER's hand from his mouth. Their faces are close together. They stare at each other for a long moment, a hair's breadth away from kissing.

LOMPER

Sommut's wrong

LOMPER breaks away and goes to the door. GUY looks bereft, utterly abandoned.

LOMPER

Mother? Mother?

LOMPER goes out of the door.

LOMPER O/S

Mum...!

The sound of LOMPER's feet thundering down the stairs.

SC. 80. INT. LOMPER'S HOUSE. ~~EVENING DAY~~

LOMPER crouches at the bottom of the stairs by the crumpled shape of his MUM. He strokes her bare arm as GUY stands motionless at the top of the stairs.

LOMPER (quietly)

Silly cow, silly bloody cow

Gently untangling the dressing gown, the naked son lifts his Mother into his arms and carries the limp figure into her bedroom.

SC. 81. INT. BEDROOM. ~~EVENING~~ DAY

With great tenderness, LOMPER lays her out on the bed and stands beside it, holding her old hand and stroking the back of it with his thumb. GUY stands watching, holding himself around the shoulders, shivering slightly. He turns and quietly goes out, shutting the door gently behind him.

SC. 82. INT. POLICE STATION. ~~EVENING~~ DAY

Carrying a pile of clothes, the DUTY SERGEANT enters the reception area of the station where the GANG are sat wearing their blankets. GERALD sifts through the clothes and hands some jeans to GAZ who is busy remonstrating with the DUTY SERGEANT at the Charge Desk.

GAZ

What d'you mean I can't bloody see him.  
He's me son. I've been charged with nowt,  
me- ask Smiler in there- no charges...

DUTY SERGEANT

Sorry. The Social Services have requested  
an interview with you before your son can  
be returned to your care

GAZ (struggling into his jeans)

Well here I am. Interview me, go on.  
Try me, Ask me owt. Starter for ten

DUTY SERGEANT

Not me, mate, them. Have to make an  
appointment

GAZ

Halle-bloody-luja...

Suddenly the door opens and MANDY walks in. The HORSE quickly pulls on his trousers. Ignoring GAZ completely, MANDY addresses the DUTY SERGEANT.

MANDY

I've come to pick up my son

DUTY SERGEANT

Right. Just a minute, Madam

The DUTY SERGEANT disappears.

GAZ

Listen, Mandy, it's fine, we've not been charged or owt...

MANDY

So this is your great money-making enterprise is it, Garry? Pornography

GAZ

Don't be daft. I were getting you your money that's all

MANDY

My money? Nathan's money

The DUTY SERGEANT returns with NATHAN who is enjoying wearing the DUTY SERGEANT's hat.

GAZ

Nathan, you alright, kid?

NATHAN

Yeah, fine. Hi, Mum

MANDY (whipping the hat off)

Come on, Nathan, we're going now

NATHAN

I'm with Dad this week-end

MANDY

Change of plan, love

MANDY turns to GAZ who is still struggling into his jeans.

MANDY

Unemployed, criminal record, maintenance arrears of seven hundred pounds, now arrest for indecent exposure. Still think you're a suitable father, do you?

NATHAN

He's trying

GAZ (himself surprised)

See

MANDY

Bit late for that

MANDY takes NATHAN by the hand and walks out of the door. GAZ staggers to the door, getting caught up in his half-on trousers.

GAZ

Hang on a minute...

MANDY

Look at yourself, Garry. Just look at yourself

MANDY and NATHAN walk down the street.

GAZ

See you soon, eh, kid? Thumbs up.  
(appealing to GERALD) She can't do this,  
can she? I've not been charged. I'm  
trying, aren't I? He said. You heard him.

GERALD, the HORSE and the DUTY SERGEANT's look on silently. After a pause, the HORSE says gently.

HORSE

I think you've got me jeans on, mate

SC. 83. EXT. STREET/NEWSAGENT. EVENING.

GERALD walks down the street towards his house. He passes a newsagents whose bill-board reads- "Sheffield strippers secret hideaway- photos". He comes back, reads it again with growing horror, turns up his collar and walks into the shop. After a few seconds, he reappears again carrying thirty copies of the Yorkshire Evening Post. On the front cover of the paper is a photograph of the team taken from the closed circuit tv footage. A row of naked men stare at him. He dumps them in the bin and hurries on. Then, his vanity getting the better of him, GERALD comes back, tears one of the photos out, gives it an approving once over, stuffs it in his wallet and walks off.

SC. 84. EXT. GERALD'S HOUSE. EVENING

Turning the corner, he is confronted by a removals van in front of his house. He breaks into a run and arrives at his garden gate in time to witness two REMOVAL MEN man-handling the sun-bed out of the door. LINDA stands in the garden watching, holding one of the garden gnomes in her hands. Hopelessly, GERALD joins her.

LINDA

So

GERALD

Yeah

LINDA

And this has been going on how long?

GERALD

Six months. Nearly

LINDA (matter of fact)

Six months. Six months

Very deliberately, LINDA lets the gnome fall onto the path. It smashes.

LINDA

I can cope with losing the sun-bed, the car, the television. I can even cope with the shame of everyone watching this. But what I find hard, what I find very hard, Gerald, is that you never said. Six months. Six bloody months and you never said a word. Not a word to your wife. What does that make me, Gerald?

GERALD can only shake his head. An armchair is carried past them.

LINDA

Have you got somewhere to sleep tonight? Wherever it is you go when you're "at work"?

GERALD nods. He stares at the gnome.

GERALD

I thought you liked them

LINDA

No, Gerald. I've never liked them

GERALD walks off down the street.

SC. 85. INT/EXT. GAZ'S HOUSE. EVENING

GAZ is sitting miserably in his bare living room when there is a knock at the door. GAZ opens the door to find GERALD holding a bag of chips.

GERALD

They've took me sunbed. They've took  
bloody everything

GAZ

Kept hold of your chips, though. Brew on

GAZ holds the door open for GERALD. He walks in holding up a letter.

GERALD

Registered bankrupt, house repossessed,  
wife thrown me out. And guess what. I've  
just been offered a job

GAZ (deadpan)

Congratulations

SC. 86. INT. DAVE'S HOUSE. EVENING

DAVE walks into the house. At the bottom of the stairs stands a suitcase.

DAVE

Jean? Jean, love?

No reply. Puzzled, DAVE puts his head around the kitchen door, sees there is no-one around and goes upstairs.

SC. 87. INT. BEDROOM. EVENING

JEAN is sitting on the bed when DAVE walks in.

DAVE

There you are. Not such a bad first day

JEAN looks up at DAVE, then holds up a bottle of posh after-shave.

JEAN

I should have guessed when you started wearing this poof-juice. You never put it on for me, did you?

DAVE

Jean...

JEAN holds up DAVE's red leather thong distastefully.

JEAN

But this....Never thought you were up for that sort of caper, David. That explains a few things at least

DAVE

No, Jean. I know it don't look good but-

JEAN

- bloody right it don't. All them times you were late back. And silly cow here thought you were looking for a job. No wonder. No bloody wonder- (laughs) it's so obvious

DAVE

No, honest, I were with Gaz

JEAN

Oh, one of Gaz's little tarts, is she? Yeah, she'd have to be to like this sort of...shit

JEAN throws the thong at DAVE and makes for the door.

DAVE (shouting)

Shut up a minute, will you? It's nowt to do with any fucking women alright?

JEAN stops in the doorway.

DAVE

I'm- I were a stripper, right?

JEAN turns.

DAVE

Me and Gaz and some fellas. Thought we could make a bob or two taking us clothes off

JEAN

Strippers

DAVE

Alright, alright, I know

JEAN

You. And Gaz? Strippers

DAVE

We weren't *that* bad.

DAVE performs a perfect, if lack-lustre, twirl. JEAN raises her eyebrows, impressed.

DAVE

Been practising. Only I couldn't, could I?

JEAN

Why?

DAVE

Because

JEAN

Because what?

DAVE

Well look at me

JEAN

So?

DAVE

Jeanie, who wants to see *this* dance?

JEAN

Me, Dave. I do

JEAN gets off the bed and walks up to DAVE. She puts her

head on his massive stomach and wraps her arms around him.

SC. 88. EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

With a football under his arm, GAZ and GERALD loiter by the school gates as a stream of children pour out from classes. GAZ spots NATHAN.

GAZ

Alright, Nath

Seeing his father, NATHAN's face brightens.

NATHAN

Hiya

As NATHAN approaches, BARRY and MANDY walk down the path to meet him.

GAZ

Fancy a kick around in ' park?

MANDY

Just in time, love

NATHAN's eyes move between the two groups. He stops. A surge of children push past him and around him.

MANDY (to GAZ)

You shouldn't be here

GAZ

Says who?

BARRY

Read the lawyer's letter, why don't you?

GAZ turns to BARRY. Odds on, he'll hit him.

NATHAN

We're going swimming, Dad. Wanna come?

This brings GAZ up short.

GAZ

Can't kid. Haven't brought me trunks, have I?

NATHAN

We could get 'em, couldn't we, Mum?

GAZ

No, I can't love

NATHAN

Why?

GAZ

I just- well I just can't. Sorry

NATHAN (to MANDY)

He's not allowed, is he?

MANDY

Come on, love

MANDY looks as distraught as GAZ, but she just turns, takes hold of NATHAN's hand and disappears with the crowd of children. GAZ is left watching NATHAN go. GERALD puts an arm around GAZ's shoulders. At this moment, the ROLLER-BLADER appears, heading at speed down one of the steep streets. There is a split-second's realisation on the ROLLER-BLADER's face that the street becomes cobbled before his blades hit them. There is a spectacular wipe-out. Bloodied, the ROLLER-BLADER gets to his knees. GAZ turns to GERALD.

GAZ

See. It's not all bad.

SC. 89. INT. WOOLWORTHS. DAY

DAVE is patrolling the store when suddenly, a rack of coats speaks.

GAZ O/S

Dave....Oi, you deaf twat

DAVE doesn't even bother to investigate, content to talk to the tweed coats and the pair of trainers sticking out of the bottom.

DAVE

What do you want now? I've told you, I'm finished wi 'it

GAZ O/S

We're all finished wi' it, Dave. Just keepin' me 'ead down. I'm a bloody marked man now. In every sodding paper

DAVE

Sorry about your Nathan. Bad 'un is that

GAZ O/S

It's Lomper

DAVE

What does that pasty-faced chuffer want?

GAZ O/S

His mum died two day since

DAVE (brought up short)

Oh.... poor lad, I'm sorry

GAZ O/S

You couldn't borrow us a, you know- jacket or sommut for the funeral, could you?

DAVE

Gaz...

GAZ O/S

Oh come on, Dave, it's not for me, is it? It's a funeral...

DAVE (Pondering then deciding)

What colour?

GAZ O/S

Orange

DAVE

Orange?

GAZ O/S

Black, you knob-'ead

DAVE

Oh aye. Hang on

DAVE disappears and returns with two black jackets.

GAZ O/S

Nice one

DAVE

Come on then

Bemused, GAZ comes out of hiding and follows DAVE through the shop.

GAZ

Got time off, or what?

DAVE

Nah. That fuckin' Pick 'n' Mix were driving me crazy. Besides, it's a funeral

They are approaching the exit. DAVE looks across at GAZ.

DAVE

You ready?

GAZ

Ready when you are, Dave mate

Shooting the cuffs on their new jackets, the pair walk side by side through the exit, not even breaking step as every alarm in the building goes off.

SC. 90. EXT. GRAVE YARD. DAY

The GANG and almost the whole of the steel works brass band stand by the side of the grave as the vicar reads the final lines of the funeral service. As he finishes, LOMPER raises his trumpet to his trembling lips and tries to play. Nothing happens. He wipes his lips violently on his sleeve, trying to force them to stay in control, and puts the instrument to his lips once more. Again, nothing. LOMPER shakes his head and drops the trumpet to his side. There is a bit of awkward shuffling amongst the mourners, then GUY walks up to him, whispers something in his ear and squeezes his hand. LOMPER smiles wanly, puts the trumpet to his lips for a third time. Thinly at first, then with increasing confidence "Abide With Me" floats across the grave yard. The music swells as the rest of the band join in.

SC. 91. EXT. GRAVE YARD ROAD. DAY

Facing away from the grave yard, GAZ and DAVE are propped up against LOMPER's motor having a roll-up. The last of the mourners from the band come past. GAZ is fiddling with the wing-mirror trying to get a surreptitious look at GUY and LOMPER who are the only ones left by the grave side a hundred yards away.

GAZ

They bloody are, you know. They're holding hands

DAVE

They never

GAZ

Straight up

DAVE (shoving GAZ out of the way)

Gis a look. I don't even hold hands with ruddy lassies, me. (suddenly thinking) Maybe I should...Well he picked a fine time, Lucille, didn't he?

GAZ

Aye, knowing his Mum, she'll mebbe get out of the grave and clock him one

DAVE

Who'd of bloody thought it, though? Aye well, nowt as queer as folk

GAZ chokes on his roll-up. Then DAVE realises what he has said and a fit of laughter takes hold.

DAVE

(incredibly pleased with himself)  
Hey, Gaz, I said- nowt as queer as folk

GAZ

(failing to suppress his own laughter)  
Shurrup, Dave...it's a chuffin' funeral

Which only makes DAVE's booming laugh worse. The VICAR, GUY and LOMPER and the last of the mourners turn and stare at this sacrilegious noise. Trying to make amends, DAVE gives

them a big, friendly wave.

DAVE

Sorry!

SC. 92. EXT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB. DAY

GAZ wanders down the street playing with NATHAN's yo-yo as he goes. A couple of MEN rolling a huge tractor tyre down the street pass him. They start singing in obvious mockery.

GAZ

Go get shagged

GAZ gives the tyre a shove that sends it free-wheeling down the steep street. Once started, a tyre that size is hard to stop.

MAN

You bugger...

The two MEN set off in pursuit. As GAZ passes the Working Men's club, ALAN comes out.

ALAN

Oi, Patricia the Stripper, where you bloody been?

GAZ

What's it to you?

ALAN

Well, what's going on? I've had to buy in twenty barrels and I've heard not a peep from you

GAZ

Well I hope they're sale or return

ALAN

Joking. You're bloody famous.

GAZ (wincing)

Don't remind me

ALAN

Aye, I've shifted two hundred odd tickets

2 MAY 96

SC.92      CONT (1)

GAZ

How many?

ALAN

Two hundred. Tell you, if you don't turn up they'll have you. And I'll bill you for 'beer an' all

GAZ

You can get shagged, Alan. We'll be there

GAZ breaks into a run down the street

SC. 93      INT. JOB CLUB - DAY

93

DAVE, GUY, LOMPER and the HORSE are sitting morosely in the Job Club. GERALD, in a new suit, shakes hands with the JOB CLUB MANAGER and rather awkwardly walks past the gang.

HORSE (half ironic)

Nice suit, Gerald.

GERALD

Aye, yeah. Well, best be off. Never know, might be some jobs going for you boys. I'll see what I can do.

Suddenly GAZ spins in, stopping GERALD in his tracks.

GAZ

Lads, we're on. We're bloody on.

LOMPER

You what?

GAZ

Two hundred tickets gone. That's two grand already.

CONT..

2 MAY 96

SC. 93. CONT (1)

HORSE

Nice one

GUY

Yes!

GERALD

Ah, it's a bit late for that now, Gaz.  
You know, fresh start an' all that

GAZ

One more time, Gerald. You've got the  
rest of your fucking life to wear a suit,  
man....

GERALD fingers his new collar, thinking. The GANG wait for a  
decision.

GERALD

Well, just once. That's all

GAZ

How about it, Dave?

The GANG turn to DAVE, who has been sitting quietly at a computer  
watching the GANG'S growing excitement with unease.

DAVE

Haven't you grown out of that yet?

GAZ

Come on, mate

CONT....

2 MAY 96.

SC. 93. CONT (2)

DAVE is torn. Finally, he shakes his head slightly and turns back to his computer.

GAZ  
Naa, sorry lads

SC. 94 INT. WORKING MENS' CLUB - NIGHT

94

The hall is packed with chattering, giggling WOMEN. Worse than that, the hall is also packed with MEN, including RODGER and a big team of mates. Chants of "here we go, here we go" break out from various corners of the audience.

SC. 95 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

95

Dressed in their Security Guard uniforms, the GANG are crowded around GAZ nervously in the wings. GERALD'S shoulders are being massaged with baby oil by the HORSE.

CONT..

107a'

whilst LOMPER sucks the mouth-piece of his cornet. Only ALAN seems to be enjoying the situation. The reason becomes clear. Of all people, it is GAZ who is having problems. Sat down, he is jiggling his legs and is sweating, apparently unaware of GUY massaging his shoulders. GAZ has got total stage fright.

GAZ

Women only, you tosser, women only...it's  
on all ' posters for fucks sake

ALAN

Nope. No one told me

GAZ

All 'blokes from ' pub are there, the  
bastards

GERALD

You'll be fine, mate. Once you're on stage-

GAZ

'once I'm on stage'? What d'you mean 'once  
I'm on stage'? I'm going nowhere near that  
stage. Suicide, that's what it is. Suicide  
....Oh shit...I'll give the money back.  
Alan, announce it. Please?

ALAN

(peeping through stage curtains)  
To four hundred horny punters? Ask  
another one, kid. By heck, our old  
dinner lady's in front row

The stage resounds to hundreds of feet stamping in  
increasingly impatient unison.

GAZ

Listen to that for chuff's sake.  
They're gonna tear us to pieces.

ALAN (with relish)

They will if you don't get out there, mate.  
Ever seen a zebra brought down by a pack of  
wolves? Marvellous them nature films.  
Marvellous

GERALD

Brilliant, aren't they?

DAVE

Not lost your bottle, Gaz?

Suddenly DAVE and NATHAN are standing in front of him.

GAZ

Dave?

DAVE

Well there were nowt on telly, so I  
thought give it a go, eh? Found this 'un  
wandering about outside

NATHAN

Wouldn't let me in

GAZ

What the merry hell are you doing here?  
Your Mum'll be throwing a right benny

NATHAN

She's out front

GAZ (taken aback)

Is she? That Barry with her, is he?

NATHAN

No, she wouldn't let him come. Said it  
were ladies only

GAZ

Nice one, Mand

ALAN

I can't hold them any longer, kid. Now  
or never

With the exception of GAZ, the GANG line up behind the  
curtains.

HORSE

Can we keep our g-strings on, then Gaz?

GAZ

Perhaps you better had

DAVE

No you better hadn't. If we're doing it,  
then just for once, we're doing it right

SC. 96. INT. WORKING MAN'S CLUB. NIGHT

ALAN flicks off a whole bank of switches. Suddenly the Club is plunged into darkness. A huge cheer goes up. DAVE marches in front of the curtains on the stage. From the wings a follow-spot can be seen to pick out his huge frame. Another huge cheer comes from the audience out front.

DAVE

Ladies and Gents, and you buggers at the back- we may not be young, we may not be pretty and we may not be reet good, but for one night and one night only, we're here, we're live and we're going for no less than the Full Monty

SC. 97. INT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT

GAZ

Sorry, lads. Good luck, eh?

GUY

Go Lomps

SC. 98. INT. WORKING MAN'S CLUB. NIGHT

LOMPER leaps on stage, cornet to his lips and plays the first bars of their opening number. Out in the audience, three OLD MEN- LOMPER's pals from the Brass Band stand up and belt out the harmony. LOMPER raises his cornet in a delighted salute as the curtain goes up to an immense cheer, revealing the GANG in their Security Guard outfits. Still without GAZ, they go into their routine. The crowd are ecstatic. At the sight of DAVE on stage, BEE and SHARON turn to JEAN, screaming in delighted surprise. JEAN just grins back proudly. Even the gang of POLICE who arrested them are cheering away at the back. Only MANDY remains unmoved as she cranes her head looking for GAZ.

SC. 99. INT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT

NATHAN (distraught)

Dad, you can't miss it. Not after everything...

GAZ

Your Mum's right. I'm no good, kid. At owt

NATHAN

Listen, I'm going to get really annoyed with you in a minute. They're cheering. You did that. Now get out there and do your stuff.

GAZ (aggrieved)

God, is there anyone I don't get bollocked by?

NATHAN (pointing to the stage)

Out

GAZ raises his eyes in despair, rams his Security Guard hat on his head and runs for the stage.

NATHAN

Dad? Thumbs up, eh?

GAZ gives NATHAN the thumbs up and dives onto the stage.

SC. 100. INT. ONSTAGE. NIGHT

The biggest roar yet goes up from the crowd as GAZ appears and synchronises perfectly with the GANG. MANDY puts her hand to her face in simultaneous delight and horror. The POLICE, recognising the ring-leader, roar their approval. Genuine triumph is written on the GANG's faces. Gaz glances into the wings where NATHAN is dancing through the moves on his own. They catch each other's eye and smile as the whole GANG go into the final, full-frontal, show-stopping, naked star-jump.

SC. 101. EXT. WORKING MEN'S CLUB. NIGHT

The uproar from inside the club can be heard on the empty street. The camera pulls away from the hubbub, down the empty street, past boarded-up shops and away into the night.

The end.