

[Fanfare]

Welcome to Sheffield...

the beating heart

of Britain's industrial north.

The jewel in Yorkshire's crown

is home to over half a million people...

and thousands more flock here daily

to shop and to work.

All this is built on Sheffield's

primary industry- steel.

The city's rolling mills,

forges and workshops...

employ some 90,000 men and

state-of-the-art machinery...

to make the world's finest steel...

from high-tensile girders

to the stainless cutlery...

that ends up on your dining table.

But it's not all hard work

for the people of Steel City.

They can spend the day

lounging by the pool...

watching one of

our top soccer teams...

or browsing in the shops.

But when the sun goes down

the fun really starts...

in the city's numerous

nightclubs and discotheques.

Yes, Yorkshire folk

know how to have a good time.

And it's good times

for the city's housing too.

Sheffield leads the way

in town planning.

Victorian slums have been cleared

to make way for the homes of the future.

Thanks to steel...

Sheffield really is

a city on the move.

- [Steel Bar Dragging On Ground]

- [Door Opens]

Gaz, who's gonna buy a rusty girder?

- Come on.

- Dad, it's stealing.

No, it's liberating, love.

Liberating.

Gaz, hang on!

Ten years we worked in here. Now look.

- What if we get caught?

- You don't get criminal record till you're 16.

Just don't tell your mum.

- Hey, listen. Music.

Yeah.

Bloody hell!

- What are they doin'?

- [Boy] It's the factory band.

They're still going, you know.

About the only thing

round here that is.

- Eh up! Security guard's back.

[Door Rolling Shut]

Won't take a minute, he says.

Won't take a minute.

- Now what?

- Shut up. I'm thinkin'.

- Can't we do normal things sometimes?

- This is normal. In't it, Dave?

Oh, aye. Everyday stuff, this.

I think this bugger's sinkin'.

Right. Now pick it up and slide it across
other side. That's it.

Aw, fuckin' hell, Nathe!

They're 20 quid each, them. That were
your bloody maintenance, were that!

- Oh, shit.

- Ah, nice one.

Nathe.

Nathan- Fuckin' hell!

- Come here! Come here!

- Jesus. Stay still.

Stay still, stay still.

All right.

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

- Eh up.

Someone coming.

- All right?

- Aye. Not so bad.

Not so bad?

Not so bad?

- That's not much of a chuffin' S.O.S., is it?

- Don't get a benny on.

Shit.

Me jeans are bloody soaking.

- Should've taken your kit off. What's up? You shy?

- Don't. Just shut it.

- Aww!

- Eh up, Dave. All right, babe?

- Dad.

What you reckon, Dave?

Eight? Maybe even a nine.

- You can never tell till you see their tits.

- Dad!

- What's all this, then?

- It's them Chippendale efforts.

- You what?

- Them dancers.

- Mum were going on about it.

- You're joking.

- She must be getting desperate.

- Away, Gaz.

- You all waiting for me, then?

- Yeah, to go home!

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

- Come on, Gaz. I'm freezing.

Women only?

Cheeky buggers.

It's a bloody workingmen's club.

Look at the state of that.

I don't know what you got to smile about.

He's got no willy for starters, has he?

There's nowt in a gym

that'll help you there, mate.

- No decent woman would be seen dead in there.

- Jean would.

- Dave, what's going on?

- It's her money, isn't it?

Fuckin' hell!

Are you gonna just stand there...

while some poof s waving

his tackle at your missus?

Where's your pride, man? She's already got
you hovering. I saw it, and I let it go.

But this- No, no, no. You wanna get her out
of there and tell her what for.

He can't.

It's women only.

- [Disco]

- [People Cheering]

- Hurry up, will you? Me feet have gone numb.

- That's gratitude for ya.

We're riding into "Alley of Death" for you,
you fat git.

It's not my fault

I can't fit through, is it?

- Right then. I'll be waiting here, keeping guard.

- [Crowd Cheering]

You find AuntieJean and tell her Uncle Dave
wants a word outside.

- Do I have to?

- Good kid. On you go.

[Cheering Continues]

[Rock]

Go to it.

[Continues]

Off! Off! Off! Off! Off!

Off! Off! Off! Off! Off!

[Cheering Continues]

[Emcee] Come on, ladies.!

Shut up, sit down, cross your legs.!

Ooh, I'm not waitin'

in that bloody queue!

- I always wanted a nosy in the men's toilet!

- Ohh! Them bloody muscles!

It's not their bodies, Bee.

It's what they do with 'em that counts.

I don't know what you're worryin' about
with you-know-who on your tail.

[Singing]

Hey, hey, hey! Frank don't fancy me,
and I don't fancy Frank.

So bloody well give over!

- Hey, do you think he might, though?

- [All Laughing]

No. Couldn't do that to Dave.

Not even if I wanted to.

But, you know,
it's like he's given up-
work, me, everything.

- Ah, love.

- Here, love. This'll cheer you up.

- [Urinating]

- [All Laughing]

I weren't in

Girl Scouts for nothing!

[Laughing Continues]

Gaz. Gaz!

- That were ourJean, weren't it?

- No, no.

Just a couple of old tarts.

Going back in for Nathe.

[Disco]

- [Continues]

- [Cheering Continues]

- You're in big trouble.

- What about AuntieJean?

- [Continues]

- AuntieJean's busy.

[Nathan]

I don't feel well.

[Gaz] Of course you don't.

You got a hangover.

Take a day off, hang about at home.

Your house is messy.

It's cold and all.

- Then come down Jobclub. That'd be a right laugh.

- Mum's house is always warm.

I can't always have the red carpet
out for ya, can I?

Anyway, it's not your mum's house.

It's-What's his name- Barry's.

Tell you what. Next weekend I'll have
a big tidy around. I promise.

- Even go and see a footie game.

- Yeah?

Sunday league in the park.

There's gonna be some right good players.

United play Man U, aren't they?

Oh, Nathe, you know

I can't stretch to that.

You're always making me do stupid stuff
like last night.

Other dads don't do that.

Don't they?

Aye.

Bye.

Hey, Nathe!

We could try and sneak into Man U.

- Terry were telling us about this gap in fence-

- No!

All right. I'll get tickets.

I will.

Ooh, ahh, Cantona,

has to wear a girlie bra!

We'll stuff'em, Nathe.

Fuck.

I want the application letters
finished by the time I get back.

Right?

Any problems, I'm outside.

I tell you, when women
start pissing like us, that's it.

We're finished, Dave.

'Extinct too. '

Yeah, but, I mean, how-

You know, how-

Genetic mutations, isn't it?

They're turning into us.

A few years and men won't exist,
except in a zoo or summat.

I mean, we're not needed no more,
are we? Obsolete.

Dinosaurs.

Yesterday's news.

Like skateboards.

Button it, you lot.

Some of us are trying to get a job.

- It says "No smoking" in here.

- Aye, and it says "Jobclub" up there.

- Remember the last time
you saw one of them walk in?

- [All Laughing]

You forget, Gerald,
you're not our foreman anymore.

You're just like
the rest of us- scrap.

Shut it. Right?

Hang on. Why were them women
in workingmen's club in first place, eh?

Now, then.

'Cause of us- men.

You call them Chippendales men?

Degrading, that's what it were.

- How many lassies were there though?

- Thousands, buyin' for blood.

Ten quid and all to watch some fuckin' poof
get his kit off. Ten quid.

Right, times 10 quid

by a thousand...

and you've got-

Yeah, well, a lot.

A very lot.

- Yeah.

- 10,000 quid.

- How much?

- 10,000 quid.

Hey, now, Dave, I mean,
it's worth a thought, though, innit?

Oh, aye.

I can just see Little and Large prancing round
Sheffield with their widgers hanging out.

- Now, that would be worth 10 quid.

- Don't be so bloody daft.

- We were just saying-

- Widgers on parade. Bring your own microscope.

I don't see

why the chuff not, Gerald.

Because you're fat and he's thin
and you're both fuckin' ugly.

- Bastard!

- [All Yelling]

What's all this about sole custody?

You know what it is, Gary. If you want joint custody, then you have to pay your share.

- 700 quid.

- I'm on dole, in case you hadn't noticed!

Then get a job.

I'll give you a job.

At £ 2.50 an hour

in black hole of fuckin' Calcutta?

- No, thank you.

- Fine. Whatever.

If you want to go play games do that, but from now on Nathan's gonna have two parents.

And your live-in lover is gonna do that, is he? Oh, abracadabra!

- Here he is. Evenin', Barry.

- That'll be for a court to decide.

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

- As if you've ever given a toss.

- Face it, Gary.

- He don't even like stayin' at yours.

- Of course he bloody does!

Ask him. Ask him!

Oi, Nathe.! We have a laugh.

Don't we, kid?

- Gary, don't!

- Is he in? Is he in?

Nathe.!

He can't hear you

through your triple bloody glazing.

He can hear, all right.

This is all wrong, this is.

It's all to fucking cock.

I'm his dad, and you-

you're nobody.

Good night, Gary.

Good night, Nathe.

See ya, kid.

No. Not doin' it.

I'm not strippin'.

Dave, they're taking him away. All I need
is 700 quid and they've got nowt on me.

- Gaz, no.

- Dave, he's me kid.

- Suppose there's nicking cars.

- No!

Well, then?

Look, I'll help, all right? I'm running, aren't I?

But I'm taking nowt off. Final.

Come on, Dave. Don't stop now.

Keep up, you fat bastard.

- Gazza, you tosser.

- [Car Engine Cranking]

[Panting]

[Engine Continues Cranking]

[Dave]

You need a hand?

Yeah, it's your

H.T. Leads, I reckon.

- Give it a go at that.

- [Engine Starts, Revs]

[Chuckles]

Didn't you used to work
up at Harrison's before it shut down?

Yeah.

Thought I clocked ya.

I were on floor with Gaz-
him up road.

How's it going, then?

You got any work?

No, there's not
a lot about, is there?

Yeah, well, like I say, get some new ones
when you get the chance.

No, no.

My chuffin' pleasure.

Dave?

[Coughs]

- [Panting]

- [Coughing]

- You all right, kid?

- You bastard.

[Groaning, Coughing]

- Hey! Hey!

- [Pounding On Window]

You could shoot yourself.

[Gaz] Where's he gonna find

a gun from round here?

- You wanna find yourself a big bridge, you do.

- Yeah.

Like one of them bungee jumps,

only without the bungee bit.

I can't stand heights, me.

Drownin'.

Now, there's a way to go.

I can't swim.

You don't have to fuckin' swim, you divvy.

That's the whole point.

God. You're not very keen, are ya?

Sorry.

I know. You could stand in middle of road

and get a mate to drive smack into you, fast.

I haven't got any mates.

We just saved your fuckin' life, so don't tell us

we're not your mates. All right?

- Yeah?

- [Dave] Yeah, me and all.

I'd run you down soon as look at ya.

Oh. Cheers. Ta.

Thanks a lot.

[Door Lock Opening]

[Panting]

[Door Opens, Closes]

- What are you doin', Mum?

- Where have you been?

Driving.

Driving where?

Just driving.

I thought you'd gone.

Security guard in here?

No wonder he wants to kill himself.

Well, at least one bloke got a job
out of this place being shut down.

What'd you tell him for,
any road? Kid's a nutter.

He's a bugle player.

Could come in right handy.

Might need a bit of music.

He's got a car,
somewhere to practice.

Besides, good what's-his-name
for the lad- therapy.

Oh, aye. Jigglin' about
in the buff, therapy.

He won't be the only one tryin' to kill himself
if you carry on with this caper.

- Dad, I'm hungry.

- [Horn Honks]

Eh up.

Hey! Lomper!

- Where's me rice?

- Try the cylinder head, tubby.

I don't like Chinese.

Of course you do.

Don't ya?

- Let's see his records.

- What we got then, Dave?

"The Floral Dance."

- "Marching With Hepworth."

- Jesus Christ.

Ah, Hot Chocolate.

Now we're talking.

[Singing]

- [Continues]

- [Gaz Joins In]

Stick it on, Davereemo.

I'm there.

Dad- Dad, don't.

It's all right, Nathan.

This is right is this. Seen 'em do it.

[On P.A.] Good evening, shoppers.

Tonight's special offer-

- Dave.!

- All right, all right.

- [Needle Lands On Turntable]

- "You Sexy Thing."

A-one, two, a-one, two, three, four.

[Pop]

[Man Singing]

[Continues]

[Needle Scratches]

[Needle Scratches]

- [Door Slams]

- Need an audience.

You need a doctor.

[Sighs]

I tell ya,

there's summat up with that kid.

- [Gaz] You sure you checked the whole top end?

- [Dave] Yeah.!

- There's no point. He went out.

- What?

- I seen him go.

- There's the beggar.

Oh, Nathe.!

Nathan.!

Nathan.!

Hellfire!

What are you doin' out here, kid?

Nowt.

Walkin' home.

It's miles home.

You know that.

Why did you run off like that?

You're embarrassed, aren't ya?

You think your own dad's a dickhead.

[Sighs]

We're not doing this for a laugh, you know.

I'm trying to get

some brass together...

so as you and me

can keep seeing each other.

They're trying to stop us, you see.

Oh, well, I may as well not bother,
except I'm your dad.

That counts for summat, don't it?

I like you.

I love you, you bugger.

All right, kid?

- All right?

- Yeah.

Nutter!

[Tango]

[Nathan]

Well, you said dancing.

[Gaz] It were a great idea, kid.

Just not the right sort of dancing.

Gaz- Gaz, hey, look here!

[Giggling]

[Gaz]

Oh, my God.

Gerald, me lad,

you're gonna be famous down Jobclub.

[Dave]

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

[Gaz]

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

[Nathan Laughs]

[Lomper]

Hey, you said you wanted a dance teacher.

[Dave]

Gerald? Go get chuffed.

He'd tell every bugger.

We'd be laughed out of Sheffield.

- [Woman] Well done, everybody.

- Bandits at 6:00.

Ah, come in, Torvill.

Park your sequins over here.

You've had your little laugh.

Now you can piss off.

- It's a free country.

- I thought you were rather good.

Very nifty footwork.

Gerald- Oh. Hello.

- We're missing the rumba.

- I was just having a chat with some pals from work.

Oh. Not thinking

of joining our class?

- Funny you should mention.

- I think we'd better be getting back now, eh?

- Well, good night.

- [Gaz] You get back to your rumba.

We'll see you later, Gerald.

At work.

He's got gnomes.

Aye.

He bloody would have.

[Humming]

- Things looking up?

- You know, love, I think they just might be.

Good. You've been working too hard.

About time you let one of your colleagues

do the lion's share for a change.

I wish you'd be firmer, Gerald.

- Oh, well, mustn't be late.

- So it's all right if I, uh-

- Oh, Linda, love, you know I-

- Oh, don't be so mean.

Things are looking up.

You said so yourself. You'll love skiing.

Linda-

Don't matter.

Good-bye.

Hey, Gaz.

- Off to the office, Torvill?

- Yes, I bloody am.

Put that back.

Put it back!

See that? Interview. In the bloody bag. Mate.

I know him from Harrison's.

I can do the job

standin' on me head...

and I won't have to

look at your ugly mugs ever again.

- We just need a bit of help.

- There's nothing I can do to help the likes of you.

Just wanna know about dancing,

that's all.

Dancers have coordination,

skill, timing, fitness and grace.

Take a long, hard look

in the mirror.

Now, I'm busy.

Don't be late for Job club, lads.

Bastard!

Starting at 1 6,000,

plus the pension scheme.

It'll be a relief

to get back to work.

It's not been

an easy six months, granted.

I'm up to date with the latest

industry developments, and I've kept meself-
busy, you know.

Well, all the qualifications
are there, obviously, Gerald.

And we go back further
than I care to remember.

Sorry?

What we're asking, Gerald, is...
after such a long layoff,
do you think you're up to the job?

You... bastards!

- Fuckin' hell!

- Hey! Calm down!

[All Shouting]

- Hey, Gerry- Gerry, wait-

- Come here, you bastard!

- You didn't get it?

- Get out of the way!

- [Dave] Leave it!

- Bastard!

That were mine, that job!

You don't give a toss!

You're kids!

It's different for me.

I have a standard of living, responsibilities.

I were on me way up!

I am on me way up!

It were me first interview

in months!

I could have got me first month in advance.

She'd never have known.

Now what?

She's still got

credit cards, you know.

She's out there now, let loose on high street
with a fuckin' MasterCard...

spending!

Why can't you just tell her?

How can I tell her after six months?

A woman who wants to go
skiing for us holidays.

[Sobbing]

Skiing, for fuck's sake.!

Why did you do it?

It was my job!

It had to be my... job.

[Door Opens]

[Door Closes]

Can't you just leave me alone?

Stuck it with superglue.

You can't hardly see it join. Look.

- Go on.

- Oh, yeah.

Got this in jumble,

like, to say sorry.

Wheels go round and everything.

[Spins Wheel]

It's for your gnomes,

really, not you, but-

I, uh-

[Inhales]

I don't know, uh-

[Exhales]

It's marvelous, this.

Uh, we were thinking, uh,

you could maybe put it next to wishing well...

make a bit of a-

- Feature.

- Uh, yeah.

What do you reckon?

Ta, lads, eh?

Ta very much.

Cigarette me, for fuck's sake.

[Chattering]

[Gaz]

Think any of them can dance?

You're not still on
about this Chippendale's malarkey, are ya?
The Yorkshire version.
Them buggers can, we bloody can.
- You can't dance.
- We know, Gerald.
- Niner on its way.
- Why do you think we're trailing you all over town?
It's not my kind of dancing.
It's all arse wigglin' and that.
I've got a degree
in arse wigglin', mate.
You learn us dancin',
I'll learn you rest.
For once, I'm dead serious.
I need your help.
What if someone spots me?
What if Linda finds out? I've got standin', me.
Aye. You've an overdraft
and all, mate.
[Pop]
[Continues]
[Continues]
[Stops]
[Stops]
I'm sorry. Sorry.
Thought I'd give it a go.
I got a bit desperate.
You know how it is.
I can't even take me kit off properly,
can I?
You're all right, Reg.
There's a cup of tea, if you like.
- No, thanks. I've got the kids outside.
- Well, bring 'em in.
Nah.
This is no place for kids.
[Door Closes]

This is crazy.

So...

it's, uh, Mr. Horse.

Horse.

Yeah, well,

uh, just a minute, Mr. Horse.

- My colleagues on the panel.

- Ask him why he's called the Horse.

You bloody ask him.

It's not 'cause he does Grand National, is it?

That's all very well,

but what's the point of having a big wanger...

if you need a Zimmer frame

to tout it in?

- I mean, he must be 50 if he's a day.

- So, Horse, what can you do?

Don't know, really.

Um, let's see.

There's the, uh-

There's the Bump, the Stomp,

the Bus Stop.

Me break dancin' days

are probably over.

- But there's always the Funky Chicken.

- Now you're talkin'.

- All of them?

- Well, yeah, I think so.

Well, it's been a while, mind.

And I've got this dodgy hip.

Yeah. Well, stick it on, Nathe.

And do your worst, pal.

[Rock]

[Continues]

[Ends]

Me favorite film's

Singin'in Rain.

Me favorite film's

Singin'in Rain.

They do that walkin' up wall thing.

Bloody ace, it is.

He knows me.

He plastered our bathroom a few months back.

- Get rid of him.

- Shut up. You'll be fine.

- He'll blow me cover.

- Shut up. What walkin' up wall thing?

I'll show you.

I'm, uh, Donald O'Connor, right?

That's the wall.

- [Thud]

- [Groans]

[Dave]

Shit.

Ah, well, uh...

it's better than that in the film.

[Clears Throat]

So, you don't sing?

- No.

- You don't dance?

No.

Hope you don't think

I'm being nosy, but, uh, what do you do?

Well, uh...

there is this.

[Gasps]

Gentlemen, the lunch box has landed.

- Chuffin' Nora!

- All right, Gerald?

Didn't see you over there.

Did his bathroom.

- Hello, Guy.

- Nathe.

Nathan.!

- Say, Jean?

- Yeah?

- Ever been out with a black bloke, like?

- You know I haven't, Dave.

But... if you were on lookout

for a new fella, right-

If you were-

Just sayin'-

would you think about it?

What's got into ya?

No, but would you, though?

I might do, yeah.

- Is that all right?

- So it's true, then.

I've bloody had enough of this.

What's true?

What they say about black blokes.

They've got great bodies and that.

Some of them, yeah.

And?

Nothin'.

David, I don't care if they're black,

white or bloody rainbow-colored.

I'm married to you.

Remember?

Yeah.

Good night.

Why would I want anyone else, eh...big man?

Jeanie. I'm all in. It's amazing how tiring it is doing nowt, you know.

[Jean Laughing]

They're just messing, Dave.

You reckon?

Course!

It's just Jean, in it?

Got any of them mint chocolate jobs?

- Get lost. You're on a diet.

- Don't you start now.

Right.

How much you got, then?

Twenty-two-Twenty-seven pence.

4.99, special offer.

We're still a fucking fiver short.

Well, you know

what this means, Dave.

Oh, no.

Come on, Gaz. Why me?

You've got an innocent face.

I've got "serial killer" written on me forehead.

If you're not gonna dance, you can do summat bloody well useful instead.

What if Jean finds out?

She'll throw an eppie. She's only over there.

She's miles away!

See you later.

Good luck.

- Give us a pear drop, you.

- Not paid for.

[Alarm Blaring]

[Alarm Stops]

[Alarm Blaring]

[Woman Singing Disco]

Hey, what's this?

I didn't go on the nick in Asda

for some women's how-to video.

- It's Flashdance, Dave. She's a welder, isn't she?

- A welder?

I hope she dances better than she welds.

Her mix is all to cock.

Shut up, Dave. What the fuck

do you know about welding, any road?

More than some chuffin' woman. It's like

bonfire night. That's too much acetylene, that.

Them joints won't hold fuck all.

For Christ's sake, Dave,

we're looking for dancing.

- He's got the hump about Asda.

- [Laughing]

- [Click]

- Hey. Cop a load of that.

[Disco]

- [Continues]

- What did I tell ya? She's nifty on her pins.

- [Continues]

- That, gentlemen, is what we are looking for.

Oh, aye. I can just see him doin' all that
twizzlin'-about bollocks.

Ah, it's souped-up tango, is that.

- Teach any bugger in a week. Even you, mate.

- Even a fat bastard like me?

I know what I am,
so don't take the piss, you.

All right.

Two weeks.

Straight up.

[Continues]

- [Fades]

- I don't know, Gaz.

Jean reckons I should take
that security guard job at Asda.

Oh, Jesus!

Security?

Oh, Jesus!

Security?

- You're worth more than that, Dave.

- She don't think so.

I reckon there's summat goin' on with her
and that bloke, you know.

The jugglin' bugger?

No. No way.

Not as if I blame her.

Well, you could show her, Dave!

Nobody tells them Chippendales
to go be security, do they?

Rakin' it in, they are.

Two weeks. That's what the man said,
and he's not takin' the piss.

- Yeah, it's a thought.

- It's more than a thought.

You think of Jean's face when she sees you
dancin' like old fuckin' Flashdance.

Two weeks?

Just like flashy tits?

It's what your man said.

Hey. I can weld
better than her and all.

[Disco]

- [Continues]

- Stop! No, no! Stop, stop, stop!

- [Stops]

- You... stay still.

And you go forward.

- Okay? All right, Nathan.

- Okay.

- [Continues]

- One, two, three- No, no!

- [Stops]

- Fuckin' hell.

Jesus Christ.! All I want to do
is get you in a straight bloody line.!

- What do I have to do?

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

- You what?

- The Arsenal offside trap.

Lomper here is Tony Adams.

Right?

Any bugger looks like scorin'...
we step forward in a line
and wave our arms around like a fairy.

- Oh, well, that's easy.

- Okay.

Nathan.

[Clears Throat]

- [Continues]

- And one, two, three, four, go.

- [All] Yes!

- [Stops]

Perfect.

Perfect.

Well, you shoulda said.

Come on.

Get in quick, and wipe your boots.

- Hey! Put that back. You'll break it.

- I'm just looking.

Bit posh, innit?

- Right, then. Are we right?

- Right for what?

Takin' us kit off.

Thought you were turnin' me

into a fancy dancer.

- Listen, ladies, we are strippers, aren't we?

- What, here? Now?

In this house?

- This is a good area, this is.

- Gaz, I don't know.

If we can't get us kit off

in front of ourselves...

what chance have we got

in front of all them lasses?

Tops off.

Tops off.

Come on.

Well, no lookin'.

And no laughin', you bastards.

I used to have a proper job, me.

I ask you, what are we doing?

What are we doing?

[Gerald Clears Throat]

And the kegs.

- Horse by name, horse by nature, eh, Horse?

- Oh, shut it, you.

- How come you're so brown, any road?

- No reason.

Someone's got a sun bed,

haven't they, Gerald?

It's Linda's. And no, you bloody can't,
and don't think of askin'.

- What am I gonna do about this?

- [Gaz] It's not too bad.

From the front, like.

Fat, David, is a feminist issue.

- What's that supposed to mean when it's at home?

- I don't bloody know, but it is.

I tried dietin'.

I do try.

Seems I spent most of me fuckin' life
on a diet.

The less I eat, the fatter I get.

So stuff yourself and get thin.

- Oh, shut up, saggy tits.

- I'm not.

This mate of Linda's had this plastic stuff
put on her at this posh health club.

She lost pounds.!

It were like magic.!

Oh, what's it called, now?

Anyway, it's like cling film.

- I've heard of that.

- Cling film? I'm not a chicken drumstick, Gerald.

No, you wrap it round.

Reduce the fat.

- [All Chattering]

- [Doorbell Rings]

- You can't just take stuff!

- Sorry, mate.

- I only owe him 120 quid.

- That's all these'll fetch secondhand.

- They're not secondhand.

- They are now, mate.

- Put down and piss off.

- Fuckin'hell.!

I think there's been a mistake.

We'll just check with the office.

- [Door Closes]

- Cheers, lads.

It's not bad,

this strippin' lark, is it?

[Burlesque]

- [Continues]

- Dave and Lomps, on the wing.

One, two, three, four.

Left touchline, three, four.

Right touchline.

Three, four.

Offside trap.

One, two, three, four.

- Now the belt. Three, four.

- [Groans]

Now the shoes. Three, four.

Now the socks.

- Hang on. I can't get-

- Four. Carry on.

- [Groans]

- [Stops]

- That were crap.

- [Gerald] Well, give us a chance.

I bet even Madonna has difficulty
getting her shoes and socks off.

- [Guy] You could've had me eye out.

- [Gerald] I'm sorry.

What are you doing with them, you great
bugger? They're bloody borrowed.

Gonna use them for the show.

It's what them Chippendales do.

They put Velcro down the side and then-

[Makes Tearing Sound]

All is revealed.

I'll sew 'em back up after.

- Oh, aye. And where did you
learn to be an ace sewer then?

- Prison.

Cheers, Nathe.

Come on, Al.

It's me.

Which is precisely why it's a hundred quid
up front. Half price.

If I give you the club for nowt,
you don't turn up, go back on your word...

I'm left with an empty club
on a Friday night.

Of course we'll turn up.

I haven't got hundred quid!

Well, if you tell me what you're up to,
it might help.

I can't.

It's top secret.

Sorry, youth.

[Chuckles]

- All right, love?

- Hi, Mum.

- What do you want?

- All right, Mand?

I'm gonna get you all your money.

Our money.

Nathan's.

- Well, you know, for definite this time.

- Yeah, right. That all?

Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

Well, no. Uh, the thing is, Mand, you have to
speculate to accumulate. In business, like.

Oh, I'm not sure I'm hearing this.

- I'm gonna get you the lot.

I just need a tiny little bit.

- You want money?

- Yeah.

- Right. I need someone in packing section.

- Yeah.

- Right. I need someone in packing section.

2.50 an hour.

You can start now if you like. You comin'?

Come on, Dad.

[Bells Jingle]

Nathe. Nathe.

You can't do this, kid. It's your savings.

I can. I just need your signature.

It says in the book.

I'd like to take

my money out, please.

Well, you bloody well can't have it.

You're all right, love. It's sorted.

It's my money. I want it.

A hundred pounds, please.

Well, when you're 18,

you can walk in and get it yourself, can't you?

You said you'd get it back.

I know. But you don't want to listen

to what I say.

You said so.

I believe you.

You do?

Yeah.

Blimey, Nathe.

[Pop]

- One. Come on, come on.

- [Continues]

Three, and four.

And 20. And one for luck.

- [Continues]

- [Gerald] Nine. Ten.

[All Groan]

[Continues]

[Continues]

[Whistle Blowing]

[Laughs]

- [Whistle Blows]

- What? Played the ball, ref.

Get off me!

Yeah!

[Laughing]

[Bicycle Bell Rings]

[Continues]

- It's not straight that, Lomps.

- Give over. It's only a poster.

- [Laughing]

- Christ al-bloody-mighty.

- [Ends]

- All right, sweethearts?

Gary the Lad.

What you up to then, shifty?

- Bit of this, bit of that, bit of the other.

- Mm- hmm.

- Ah, just a bit of advertising for some mates.

- Oh, aye.

And who's gonna come and see
your mates?

We had the real thing up here
the other day, you know.

Well, us mates are better.

Better?

And how's that then?

Well...

- this lot go all the way.

- [Gerald] Stark naked?

- Don't they, lads?

- [Chuckling]

The full monty? You lot?

[Laughs]

Hellfire.

That would be worth a look.

- See you there then.

- Ta-ra.

- [Both Laughing]

- Keep your hair on.

No way, no and never.

In that order, kid.

Excuse me. No one said anything to me
about the full monty.

Well, you heard 'em. We've gotta give them
summat your average 10-bob stripper don't.

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

- [Lomper] Your willy?

- My willy.

- A laughingstock. Totally.

- Well, they're coming, aren't they?

- Aye. With a pair of scissors.

- They know it's us, you know.

- Yeah. And by closing time...

every bugger in Sheffield's gonna know it's us
whether we do it or whether we don't.

We can either forget it, go back to fucking
Jobclub, or do it and just maybe get rich.

And I tell you...

folks don't laugh so loud

when you've a grand in your back pocket.

Now, are you in...

or are you out?

[Man On Radio]

Heavy rain is causing all sorts of problems...

for drivers on the Pennines...

with the A57 closed at Castletown.

- So, please avoid the area if possible.

- [Disco On Radio, Faint]

The good news is that the outlook for the rest
of the week is much better...

with the storms clearing by Friday

to leave the weekend warm and sunny.

- But now back to the music.

- [Continues]

Here's another disco classic

from the '70s.

It's Donna Summer with 'Hot Stuff.'

[Continues, Louder]

[Woman Singing]

[Continues]

[Ends]

No.

Gerald.

Come on, mate. Just an hour.

[Disco On Radio]

Hey. You get some
fit birds in there.

Nah, tits are too big.

Yeah?

Didn't know they could be.

- [Door Opens]

- "Antiwrinkle cream"?

- Hey. Can fellas use this and all?

- [Stops]

Do you mind, you?

Well, I just pray they're a bit more
understanding about us. That's all.

- You what?

- They're gonna be looking at us
like that, aren't they? Eh?

I mean, what if, next Friday...

400 women turn round and say...

"He's too fat, he's too old, and he's
a pigeon-chested little tosser."

- What happens then?

- They wouldn't say that, would they?

- Why not? He's just said her tits are too big.

- That's different. We're blokes.

- [Dave] Yeah. And?

- I think she's got nice tits actually.

I never said nowt

about her personality like.

She's probably quite nice
if you get to know her.

No, and they won't say nowt

about your personality neither.

Which is good, 'cause you're basically

a bastard. Bollocks to your personality.

This is what

they're looking at, right?

And I tell you summat, mate.

Antiwrinkle cream there may be...

but anti-fat-bastard cream

there is none.

Here, lads.

Oh, mother.

- Bloody hell.

- Gaz said he wanted somethin' a bit flashy,
you know.

- Hey, it's top of the range. Real leather like.

- Yeah, but-

- You don't get much for your money.

- [Horse] What day is it?

Monday.

- And when are we on?

- Friday.

Dress rehearsal tomorrow.

I think I'm gonna be sick.

How can I read the instructions?

There wasn't any.

No? Well, maybe

there's a part missing.

Yeah. I got that.

If that's what you call it.

Yeah, well, if it's all there,

how come it's not workin'?

What do you mean, "In what sense"?

It's not working in the sense

that it's not working.

No. I can't speak up.

Nothing's happening.

You know what I'm saying?

Nothing's getting bigger.

Well, this is an emergency, is this.

What's the matter, big man?

I'm sorry.

Dave.

Dave.

[Disco]

You're ahead.

- [Stops]

- Give us a break, will ya?

All right, kid.

Tell us straight.

We're not just making the biggest asses
of ourself in known universe, are we?

Dave, mate.

Uh, can I have a word?

In private like.

Yeah. Suppose so.

Dave, you won't tell anyone,
will ya?

No. Your, uh-

Your secret's safe with me.

When I were about 12...

our school took us for-
for swimming lessons.

Mixed classes.

You know.

Boys... and, uh-
and girls.

Oh, it were terrible, Dave.

I were there,
standing at side of pool in me trunks...
with all these pretty lasses around
in bikinis.

And, well...

I got, uh-

Well, I-

I got a stiffy.

- What did you do?

- I jumped into deep end, didn't I?

Nearly fucking drowned.

But l-What if it happens again?

Think of that, eh?

In front of 400 women.

Gerald...

you're talking to the wrong man.

[Gerald]

I thought you said it were just your mum.

Well, it's family, isn't it?

What can you do?

Who the hellfire's that?

[Horse]

Oh, no.

It's Beryl.

- Me niece.

- Where's Dave?

Hey, Dave. Dave.

- What you doing?

- What does it look like?

We're on in three days' time.

Where the fuck are you?

I'm here working, earning.

That's where.

Not pissing about.

End of chat.

Dave.

- Come on, Dave.

- No.

All right then.

Ooh. Very nice!

- Gaz, please, don't.

- Come on, Mr. Security Guard.

- Do your job.

- Gazza.

[Gerald] Horse, get out there

and tell them there's a bit of a delay.

[Horse]

Well, it won't wait forever, you know.

[Groans]

Keep up, you fat bastard.

- [Groans]

- [Alarm Blaring]

Don't ever call me a fat bastard.

All right? All right?

We need you, Dave.

[Alarm Blaring]

I can't.

I just can't. All right?

[Horse]

Listen.

Just think of the most boring thing
you can come up with.

- That should keep it well in order.

- Like what?

- Double glazing salesmen.

- Gardening. The queen's speech.

[Guy]

Dire Straits's double album.

- Nature programs.

- I like nature programs.

Aye, but they don't give you
a hard-on, though, do they?

- Do they?

- [Laughs]

- Blimey, Gerald.

- Aw, shut up, you. It's not funny. It's medical.

[Door Opens]

[Door Closes]

He's not coming.

It's all right.

We can do without him.

[Rock]

[Continues]

[Continues, Faint]

[Gaz]

Oh, geez.

[Stops]

[Stops]

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

- When he's rehearsing.

- [Siren Wailing In Distance]

We were dancing all right
then and all.

- My feet are freezing.

- [Man] Right.

- Name.

- Gary Schofield.

- [Softly] Gerald Arthur Cooper.

- What?

Gerald Arthur Cooper.

- Barrington Mitchell.

- Barrington?

- Yeah.

- That one "R"?

No. Two.

[Baby Crying]

Come on, Lomps.

- Whoo-hoo! [Laughing]

- [Laughing]

[Dog Barking]

Told you. Robbing pipes.

That's all.

Gary, my friend, no bugger
robs pipes in the buff.

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

Oh. Well, don't fret, gents.

There's a right good laundry
in Wakefield Prison.

- Hey?

- [Knocking]

Security camera tapes
off the front desk.

What happened to the security guard?

[Laughter]

[Man]

I can't believe what I'm watching.

- You're always ahead there.

- You're always bloody behind more like.

Oh, bloody- Look. Excuse me.

Can I borrow this for a second?

[Chattering]

Look.

Shut up, will ya? Watch.

- [Man] He's right. You're ahead.

- Ah, go bollocks.

[Snickering]

Shh! Shh! Be quiet.

Come on. Shh.

[Dog Barking]

- Whoa! Oh, no.

- [Laughing]

- Shh. Be quiet. Me mum.

- Oh, I've always wanted to meet your mum.

- Shh. Shh.

- [Laughing]

What do you mean,

I can't bloody see him? He's me son.

I haven't even been charged.

Ask Smiler in there. No charge.

Sorry. Social Services have requested
an interview with you.

Have to make an appointment.

- I've come to pick up my son.

- Oh, right.

Uh, just a minute, madam.

Listen. He's fine.

We've not been charged or owt.

So, this is your great moneymaking enterprise,
is it, Gary? Pornography?

Don't be daft. We're trying
to get you your money. That's all.

- My money? Nathan's money.

- [Man] Here he is.

- All right, Dad?

- All right, kid?

- Yeah, fine. Hi, Mum.

- Come on, love.

We're going now.

- Come on, Mand.

- Unemployed.

Maintenance arrears of £ 700...

and now you've been arrested

for indecent exposure.

- Still think you're a suitable father, do you?

- He is trying.

- See?

- Bit late for that.

Hang on a minute.

Look at yourself, Gary.

Just look at yourself.

[Lawn Mower Buzzing]

All right, mate?

- So.

- Yeah.

And this has been going on how long?

And this has been going on how long?

Uh...

about six months.

I can cope with

losing the sun bed...

the car, the television.

I can even cope with the shame

of everyone watching this.

But six months?

Six bloody months,

and you wouldn't say to me-

to your wife.

I thought you liked them.

No, Gerald.

I've never liked them.

[Knocker Knocking]

They've taken me sun bed.

They've taken bloody everything.

- Kept hold of your chips though.

- House repossessed.

Wife thrown me out.

Guess what.

I've just been offered that job.

Congratulations.

- All right, kid?

- How are ya?

- Fancy a kick- about in park?

- Yeah.

[Car Door Closes]

Nathe. How are ya?

All right, love? You shouldn't be here.

- Says who?

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

We're going swimming, Dad.

Do you want to come?

I can't, kid.

Haven't brought me trunks, have I?

We can go get 'em.

Can't we, Mum?

- Can't, love.

- Why?

I just-

I just can't. Sorry.

He's not allowed, is he?

Come on, love.

[Car Doors Close]

[Engine Starts]

Dave.

Oi, you deaf git.

Oh, what do you want now?

I've told you. I'm finished with ya.

We're all finished, Dave.

I'm a bloody marked man now.

Sorry about your Nathan.

It's a bad one, that.

Yeah.

It's about Lomper.

What's that pasty-faced
chuffer want?

His mum died two days ago.

Oh.

Poor lad.

I'm sorry.

You couldn't borrow us a jacket or summat
for funeral, could ya?

- Gaz.

- Oh, come on, Dave. It's not for me. It's a funeral.

What color?

- Orange.

- Orange?

Black, for fuck's sake!

All right.

Look, I'll meet you by doors.

- Nice one.

- Come on then.

- You got some time off?

- Nah.

That fucking pick and mix
were driving me crazy.

Besides, it's a funeral.

- You ready?

- Ready when you are.

- [Alarm Blaring]

- [Gaz Shouts]

[Dave Laughs]

[Brass Band]

[Chattering]

[Gaz]

They bloody are, you know.

- They're holding hands.

- They never.

Straight up.

I never even hold hands

with ruddy ladies, me.

Maybe I should.

Well, who'd have

bloody thought it, eh?

Ah, well. There's nowt

as queer as folk.

I said, "There's nowt as queer as folk."

[Laughing]

Shut up, Dave.

It's supposed to be a bloody funeral.

I'm sorry.

[Chattering]

[Woman]

Hey, look. Who's that? It's that guy.

- Show us your pecs.

- [Wolf Whistle]

- Whoo!

- [Whistling]

[Woman]

They were together in the paper, weren't they?

Have you been actively seeking work

over the last fortnight?

- Yeah.

- Have you done any work...

- paid or unpaid, over the last fortnight?

- No.

That's not what I've heard.

Right. Come on, you lot.

"Sideburn."

One, two, three, four.

[Burlesque]

[No Audible Dialogue]

[Vocalizing Burlesque]

Go get shagged.

[Horn Honking]

Fuck.

Hey. Patricia the Stripper.

- Bigger off.

- Where have you bloody been?

Well, what's going on? I've had to buy
in 20 barrels. I've heard not a word from you.

Yeah, well, I hope
they're sale or return.

You're joking!

You're bloody famous.

- Yeah, don't remind me.

- Yeah. I've sold 200-odd tickets.

How many?

- Well done, Gerald. All the best.

- All right, sir.

[Man]

Hey. Example for you there.

- Hey. Nice suit, Gerald.

- Yeah.

Well, I- I best be off.

You never know.

There might be a job in it for you boys.

- I'll see what I can do.

- [Gaz] All right, lads?

- Gary.

- We're on.

- Eh?

- We're bloody on.

- To what?

- We've sold 200 tickets.

- That's two grand already.

- [Gerald] It's a bit late for that.

I mean-

I mean, fresh start, you know.

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

- [Horse] Come on, Gerald.

- [Guy] Aye. Go on, Gerald, eh?

Come on, Gerald.

- Just once.

- [Horse] Yes.!

That's all.

Just tonight.

How about it, Dave?

Haven't you grown out
of all that yet?

Come on, mate.

Nah. Sorry, lads.

[Typing]

Jean?

Jean, love.

There you are.

I should have guessed when
you started wearing totty lotion.

You never put it on for me, did ya?

- Jean?

- But this-

Never had you down
for this sort of caper, David.

Explains a few things at least.

No. Look.

I know it doesn't look good, but-

You're bloody right it don't.

All those nights you were late back.

And stupid cow here
thought you were out looking for a job.

Well, no wonder.

No bloody wonder.

- It's so obvious.

- No. I were with Gaz. Honest.

Oh. Right.

She's one of Gaz's little tarts, is she?

Well, that makes sense.

She'd have to be to put up
with this kind of shit.

Hey, hey!

Just listen, will ya? It's nowt to do
with any fucking women. All right?
I'm- I were a stripper, right?
Me and Gaz and some fellas...
thought we could make a bob or two
out of taking us clothes off.
Strippers?
All right, all right.
I know.
You... and Gaz?
Strippers?
We weren't that bad.
Only I couldn't, could I?
Why not?
Well, look at me.
So?
Jeanie, who wants to see this dance?
Me, Dave.
I do.
[Disco On Speakers]
[Gaz]
Women only, you tosser.
Women only.
It's on all the posters, for fuck's sake.
- No. Nobody told me.
- [Scoffs]
All the blokes from pub are in there.
Bastards.
Ah, you'll be all right, mate,
once you're onstage.
Once I'm onstage?
What do you mean, once I'm onstage?
I'm going nowhere near the fuckin' stage.
- It's suicide. That's what it is. Suicide.
- [Chuckles]
Shit. I'll give the money back.
Alan, announce it, please.
To 400 horny punters?

Ask me another one, kid.

Hey. By heck. Our old English teacher's
on front row.

- We're gonna get torn to pieces.

- You will if you don't get out there.

Have you ever seen a zebra
brought down by a pack of wolves?

Marvelous these nature programs.

Aren't they marvelous?

- Brilliant, aren't they?

- They are though, aren't they, Gerald?

- Oh, pack it in.

- Not lost your bottle, have you, Gaz?

- [All] Dave.!

- Dave.

Well, there were nowt on telly,
so I thought I'd give it a go.

- Oh, I found this one wandering about outside.

- Wouldn't let me in.

What the bloody hell are you doing here?

Your mum'll go mad.

- She's out front.

- Is she?

- Barry with her?

- She wouldn't let him come.

Said it were women only.

Right. I can't hold them any longer, lads.

It's now or never.

Here we go.

We're bloody on. Go get your jacket on.

Here we go.

We're bloody on. Go get your jacket on.

Can't we leave us

G-strings on then, Gaz?

Perhaps you better had.

No, we better hadn't.

Listen. If we're doing this then, just this once,
we're doing it right.

Now come on.

- [Alan] All right.

Come on. Put your hands together
and welcome Mr. Dave Horsefall.

- Okay, ladies and gents.

- [Man] Get off, chubby.

And you buggers up the back there.

- Get on with it!

- All right. Yeah.

We may not be young, we may not be pretty,
we may not be right good...

but we're here...

we're live,

and for one night only...

- we're going for the full monty.

- [Cheering]

You can't miss it.

Not after everything.

- [Gerald] Come on, Gaz. Hurry up.

I'm sorry, lads.

Good luck, eh?

[Cheering]

[Rock]

Listen. I'm gonna get really annoyed
with you in a minute.

They're cheering out there.

You did that.

Now get out there and do your stuff.

- God. Is there anyone I don't get bollocked by?

- Out!

- Whoo!

Come on!

Yeah!

Go on, Dave.!

Oh, shame!

- [Crowd] Off. Off. Off. Off.

Yeah!

[Ends]