



## JERUSALEM #1883987

Jerusalem is essentially a factually based fictional insight into the day to day life of contemporary UK seen through the eyes and actions of the main character. Johnny Hodges, is a lifelong skinhead whose code in life is to harm bullies, irregardless of color and creed, before they do any harm. He is very much the anti-hero like the Micheal Douglas character in "Falling Down", who is sick and tired of living in a society that is "No country for old men".

*Just remember the impact skinheads had on the population when I was young. First time they went public was at the 1969 Rolling Stones free festival in Hyde Park when they kicked fuck out of the hells angels. The Stones had employed them to guard them. Strange looking youths with shaved heads, denims, grandad shirts and british army black leather hobnail boots, years before Doc Martins came out.*

*For me it was a simple no brainer. A group of skinheads and a group of bikers walking down the opposite sides of the street. Which group would force me to cross the road to get out of their way. Skinheads every time.*

OPENS WITH:

A PATRIOTIC HYMN WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE AND COMPOSED BY CHARLES HUBERT PARRY

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain green  
And was the holy lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen  
And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills  
Among these dark satanic mills  
Bring me my arrows of desire  
Bring me my spear O clouds unfold  
Bring me my chariot of fire  
I will not cease from mental fight  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land

There was a time in my life what feels like a century ago when I actually believed in all that hairy fairy stuff when writers and poets waxed lyrical about England's green and pleasant pastures. Dreaming about father Christmas and his Reindeers trotting around the galaxy dropping presents off to all the children in the world. Penny pinching Old Scrooge and the ghost of Christmas past. The bogey man, the tooth fairy and that all little girls were made of the sweetest tasting melt in the mouth sugar and spice and all things nice up until the shit hit the fan.

*FADE IN TV NEWS REPORTER*

*" The police and the army continue to remain on twenty four hour maximum standby as the death toll rises to over twelve hundred people killed and more than five hundred seriously injured in the wake of the simultaneous triple bombings of three main mosques in London Leeds and Birmingham. Police have confirmed that they received a telephone call supposedly*

*from one of the men who carried out the attacks stating that they were members of the far right breakaway group of the English Defence League calling themselves The Patriots Of The Cross.*

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### THE TREATMENT FOR JERUSALEM

After another exhausting freezing cold day on the building site, in all Johnny Geoff and Tel want to do is to grab a quick snack from Sainsbury's where Johnny spots three Asian homeboys bullying a young trendy couple, two of them holding the girl against their car touching her up in all the wrong places while the other pushes the defenceless young lad around, throwing all his shopping on the floor looking like they're having a great laugh that as Geoff and Tel struggle to drag Johnny away under a barrage of insults and abuse from the cocky homeboys one of them will shortly come to regret. After grabbing a barbecued chicken and a bottle of Glenlivet Johnny is about to exit the supermarket when he spots one of the bullying homeboys going into the toilets. Minutes later Johnny leaves his victim badly beaten and stabbed unaware that the attack has been captured on CCTV and so is Johnny. Following a court appearance Johnny pleads guilty to grievous bodily harm and sentenced to six years in Strangeways knowing that the prisons Asian boys will be waiting to get revenge for attacking one of their own. Johnny is sent to D wing which is full of honest decent solid English criminals and seasoned football hooligans supervised by prison officer Jackie Hayhurst, a sussed out no nonsense woman in her late thirties who tells Johnny she won't tolerate any bad behaviour if he wants her approval for an early release.

Johnny shares a cell with the inimitable Mickey Fuller who is nearing the end of a ten year stretch for armed robbery. Like Johnny, Micky is a lifelong skinhead but that's where the similarity ends with Micky unable to accept that Johnny only attacked the three Asians only because they were bullies and nothing to do with the colour of their skin. Micky is a hard as nails heavyweight east end vehement Nazi skinhead ever since he was big enough to wear a pair of Doc Martens harbouring a deeply rooted psychotic hatred for anyone who isn't white and English and a diehard fan the late great Ian Donaldson of the right wing white power skinhead band Skrewdriver who Micky was a roadie for back in the day. Micky drives Johnny metal with his relentless racist indoctrination hoping he'll eventually see

the light, and especially his unswerving hatred of ` all these fucking Muslim cunts invading our country and no fucker seems willing to do anything about it. Well I'll show the oily rag headed fuckers what happens when you fuck about with the English. You just wait Johnny mate. `

` Me and a couple of my ex - army mates have been planning this for fucking ages making sure we've got every angle covered so there's going to be no fuck ups. I don't know if you know this Johnny but London Birmingham and Leeds have the biggest Mosques in the country always packed with the fuckers praying to Allah so we're going to give them something to pray for, give them a taste of their own medicine. I'm going to do the London Mosque while my mates take care of the ones in Birmingham and Leeds. We're going in dressed in fucking Burkas loaded up with Semtex high explosive connected to my mobile phone. As soon as the three of us are in place, two rings from my phone and BOOM! Hundreds of the fuckers to bits in seconds We're calling ourselves the Patriots of the Cross and our sacrifice will provide the kick start needed for all decent honest Englishmen to rise up against these Muslim fuckers and give them all what for. You call yourself a true skinhead Johnny mate so why don't join us and do the Mosque in Manchester the same time show how much you care about the country we love and are prepared to die for just like all the brave unselfish lads in the first and second world wars did to save England from the Krauts. Have a good think about it Johnny mate because me and my mates going out in one fucking great big blaze of glory with or without you so it's your shout mate. `

A question Johnny is still thinking about the day Micky is released swapping mobile numbers vowing to keep in contact with each other come the day Johnny gets his early parole which he does on his first application thanks to the character report prison officer Hayhurst hands the parole board telling them that Johnny has been a model prisoner from the day he arrived in prison. With the stamp of approval under his belt Johnny is escorted to the main gate by Jackie wishing him all the best telling him not to ever make the same mistake twice as they hug, shake hands and part company as friends. Finally after four long frustrating years in prison, Johnny is back in charge of what remains of his life once again to come and go at will doing what he wants which is just what he's thinking about when his old mates sight of Geoff and Tel screech to a stop in the old Jag XJ6 hugging one another feeling over the

moon to be back together again like the old days before jumping in the Jag for the drive back to Blackpool demolishing several lines of Charlie with a bottle of Jack Daniels en route with northern soul on full blast all the way home. Apart from visiting Johnny in prison once every two weeks to keep up his morale, Geoff and Tel have cleaned up his flat, filled his fridge with food, his cabinet with booze and a couple of bags of Charlie and five hundred quid on the coffee table until he gets back on his feet. After the party of a lifetime Johnny wakes up in bed suffering the hangover of the century which is when the loneliness of his life unexpectedly hits him harder than ever before. Johnny Geoff and Tel have been solid mates since the playground but unlike him they found the time to build lives for themselves in between football, northern soul and the wild times whereas Johnny has spent his life living for the moment, the buzz of being on the scene that is all consuming and only rewards its followers with memories of euphoric good times followed by the pain of hindsight when one gets to the age wishing that life should have been so different. For the first time in his life Johnny feels jealous that Geoff and Tel have something tangible and real to show for their lives where he's got nothing and what hurts him more is that he's now too old to even begin to redress the balance.

Even the one person he could have guaranteed would be waiting for him has moved on. Debbie who he's known for years who lives on the floor below him who he could call on whenever he was feeling low and horny for some company and tender loving care. Debbie isn't the prettiest flower in the bunch but he's been thinking a lot about her and what they've shared over the years when he was banged up missing her perfect imperfections to the point where he was going to ask her to marry him after hinting at the idea several times when she'd turn up in prison teasing him in her tight low cut tops, short skirts, black stockings and high heels. The smell of her perfume and the taste of luscious scarlet lips driving him mad with desire. That was before the moment all inmates dread when the goodbye letter from their partner turns up with the bad news that she can't hang around any longer wasting her life waiting for him and that she's found a new man to satisfy her needs. And if that isn't bad enough for Johnny to handle, he finds himself at the mercy of the probation service and social security on a strict licence to behave himself forced to report to his probation officer Mike Jackson, a case worker barely old enough to wipe his arse who explains to Johnny the score in between

playing with his mobile phone. ` I'm afraid that's how the early release system for ex-offenders works Mister Hodges. You report to me once a week for the first few weeks and we'll discuss your progress along with anything you might need. All you must do is keep on the straight and narrow avoiding trouble at all times and you'll be fine. If not then I'm afraid you'll be arrested and sent straight back to prison to serve out the remainder of your time plus any added time given to you which is the last thing you need especially at your age. `

To rub even more salt into ever deepening wounds, there's more bad news for Johnny after being summoned to the Jobcentre for an interview with his employment advisor Mister Alex Lassiter who invites him to sit down and listen to him explain the simple rules he has to abide by to qualify for rent assistance and the basic single man's unemployment allowance of fifty eight pounds a week. ` As you well know Mister Hodges you have to be actively seeking work to get your unemployment benefit but you haven't applied for one single job in the six weeks you've been claiming and I know this because the jobs are all linked to my file. I know things aren't easy for you since you were released from prison but you can't keep using that as an excuse for not working. You haven't even bothered to telephone the people whose details I've given you for an interview which leaves me in the awkward position of having to suspend your unemployment benefit if you don't make a serious effort to find work before our next meeting. ` leaving Johnny sitting there feeling his temper boiling listening to this wanker talking to him like he was some kind of a retard firing back at Mister Lassiter who is adjusting the computer screen to allow Johnny to see the jobs on offer. ` I can't fucking believe what I'm hearing from that bloke next door. I was born and bred in England and my old man died as a result of him fighting for this country and you're giving me all this shit for sixty quid a fucking week. Something's gone seriously fucking wrong with this country when shit like this is allowed to happen don't you think? ` ` Believe me I do understand and sympathise with you but every case we deal with is different so please try to calm down and deal with the issue at hand which is finding you a job. ` Mister Lassiter replies as two burly security personnel suddenly appear wondering what all the shouting is about as Johnny sits there shaking his head in despair.

SAMPLE SCENES FROM JERUSALEM  
MANCHESTER FIVE YEARS EARLIER

INT. BASEMENT COURTHOUSE - DAY

CHRIS the security guard is sitting on a bench in the holding cell quickly chopping out two lines of Charlie as JOHNNY walks out of the toilet looking sharper than a razor dressed in a black Fred Perry polo shirt, a two piece grey Prince of Wales check suit and polished black brogues looking surprised at CHRIS.

JOHNNY

What the fuck are you doing Chris?

CHRIS

Fuck it mate. You look like you can use a livener. Here you are. Get your nose stuck into that

CHRIS hands JOHNNY a rolled up ten pound note watching him demolish the line in seconds before doing the same.

JOHNNY

Cheers mate. Nice bit of tackle that. How do I look?

CHRIS

Sharp as fuck Johnny. Should go down well with the judge as he hates scruffy fuckers cluttering up his courtroom

JOHNNY

Just as well I brought my new suit then. What's the judge like Chris?

CHRIS

Judge Davis is a proper old school Tory but he's fair and stands no fucking about so when you're in the dock, make sure you stand up straight and look him straight in the eye when speaking and above all none of your usual smart arse comments

JOHNNY

Fucking hell Chris that's a nice bit of Charlie mate. I feel in the mood for a right good session now. I've never been banged up before apart from a few nights in the cells for drunken disorderly and football but between you and me I'm not looking forward to getting banged up full time one bit

CHRIS

Yeah it's going to be a nightmare mate especially if they send you Walton banged up with fucking scousers twenty four seven that's if they don't have room for you in Strangeways

JOHNNY

Fucking great. Remind me not to call you the next time I need cheering up Chris

CHRIS

( laughing )

Yeah I'd sooner get sentenced to sleeping on a bed of nails than having to share a room with one of those scumbag fuckers  
The noise of a court official walking down the stairs brings the party to an end as CHRIS and JOHNNY give each other a big hug and handshake.

CHRIS

Good luck Johnny and remember what I told you. No gobbing off at  
the judge

JOHNNY

Okay mate. See you when I do

CUT TO

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

JOHNNY enters the witness box as a COURT OFFICIAL hands him a bible and speaks.

COURT OFFICIAL

Do you swear on the bible to tell the truth, the whole truth and  
nothing but the truth so help you God?

JOHNNY

I do sir

JOHNNY hands the bible back to the COURT OFFICIAL winking across  
at GEOFF and TEL as the CLERK OF THE COURT stands up and  
addresses the JUDGE.

CLERK OF THE COURT

The final case of the day is that of the Queen versus one John  
Christopher Hodges charged with causing grievous bodily harm to one  
Mister Said Mouhtadi

JUDGE DAVIS

And how do you plead Mister Hodges?

JOHNNY

Guilty your honour

JUDGE DAVIS

I see you're representing yourself having turned down the offer of a  
duty solicitor. Facing such a serious charge, may I ask why?

JOHNNY

Because I'm guilty your honour so why burden the hard working tax  
payer with another outrageous expensive legal bill for something I  
don't stand a cat in hell's chance of getting away with. All I want to do  
now is get this over with as quickly as possible your honour

JUDGE DAVIS

( smiling and nodding at JOHNNY )

If only all defendants who've faced me were like you. Well if the  
prosecution is ready to proceed, I see no reason to disappoint you  
Mister Hodges. Mister Rayner the floor is yours

Prosecuting barrister Hugh Rayner selects some papers as he stands  
up and walks over to question JOHNNY.

RAYNER

For the sake of the court please state your name, age, occupation and  
address

JOHNNY



John Christopher Hodges. A forty five year old self-employed builder  
and I live in flat number twenty four, Walter Robinson Court  
Queenstown Blackpool

RAYNER

Going back to the day when you were arrested and charged with  
grievous bodily harm. Will you explain to the courts the events leading  
up to your arrest

JOHNNY

My mates and I had just finished work when I suggested we go and  
grab a snack at Sainsbury's. As we got out of the car I spotted three  
Asian men bullying a young couple parked close to us

RAYNER

For the sake of the court can you point out the three Asians you claim  
were bullying this young couple?

JOHNNY nods pointing over to three Asian males sitting in the front  
row, the middle one with his arm in plaster and face partially  
bandaged.

JOHNNY

That's them in the front row. The one in the middle was the leader but  
all three of them looked like they were having a right good laugh  
bullying the young couple seated behind them

RAYNER

So you say Mister Hodges but I'd appreciate it if you would keep your  
opinions to yourself as to who was the leader and if they really were  
bullying the young couple as you say. Just stick to the facts as they  
happened if you don't mind

JOHNNY

But those are the facts. Trust me I know what I saw and all three were  
bullying the young couple who'll tell you the same when they give their  
account of what happened that day. Two of them were molesting the  
young girl touching her up and pushing her against the car feeling her  
up and down while she was struggling shouting for help as the other  
one slapped her boyfriend around before ripping his shopping bag  
open kicking his stuff all over the place like it was nothing. How would  
you like it if three strange blokes grabbed hold of you fondling you up  
and down in all the wrong places? Mind you, you'd probably enjoy it

JUDGE DAVIS

( interrupting JOHNNY behind a brief background of laughter)

Mister Hodges. Any more untoward comments like that and I will have  
no choice but to hold you in contempt of court. I will not tolerate my  
courtroom to be turned into a comedy stage for amateur performers.

Do I make myself clear?

JOHNNY

Crystal clear your honour and I apologise but I feel he's winding me up all the time without giving me a chance to tell my part of the story

JUDGE DAVIS

Well of course he is. He's a prosecutor and his job is to wind people up. The trick is not to get snagged on his hook too deeply. Now please can we proceed?

RAYNER

Thank you your honour. So moving on from where we left off. What did you do next?

JOHNNY

I warned them to stop what they were doing or else I'd stop them myself. The one holding the girl approached me going for something in his pocket so I got in first with one punch to his face and a kick in his bollocks and he went down like a sack of potatoes as Geoff and Tel dragged me away listening to them shouting that they was going to kill me

RAYNER

So what happened in the supermarket?

JOHNNY

After I bought I bought a barbecued chicken and a bottle of Glenlivet for home I went to the toilets for a quick leak when Mouhtadi walks out of one of the cubicles shouting come on then you white fucker.

Let's see how hard you are now without your mates round you. He pulled a knife from his jacket pocket and tried to stab me with it just missing my face by an inch or so and that's when I just lost it. All I remember was grabbing his arm hard enough to push him off balance back into the cubicle punching and kicking him like mad which is where I must have accidentally stabbed him

RAYNER

I take it you mean you accidentally stabbed Mister Mouhtadi a total of six times, two times in his face nearly blinding him. Mister Hodges. That was some accident by any stretch of the imagination was it not?

JOHNNY

It might look that way but when a bloke pulls a knife on you looking like he's going to kill you. I tell you you'll do anything you can to stop him from stabbing you so I did what I had to do. He was the one who attacked me first forcing me to defend myself as best as I could

RAYNER

( pausing as he looks at JUDGE DAVIS sighing )

I have further questions your honour

JUDGE DAVIS

You may step down Mister Hodges

JOHNNY nods to the judge as he exits the witness box.

FADE OUT - CUE IN TITLES CREDITS AND MUSIC WHICH IS BABYLONS BURNING BY THE RUTS ACCOMPANIED BY A POWERFUL SEQUENCE OF HISTORICAL WORLD EVENTS HIGHLIGHTING THE UNIQUE LONGSTANDING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE UK AND USA. - the White House - the Houses of Parliament - Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes - the first world war - English and Americans fighting in the trenches - the rise of Hitler rebuilding Germany - the invasion of Poland - the blitz and battle of Britain - the Japanese attacking Pearl Harbour - the D -Day invasion and the bitter fight to Berlin - the unfolding horrors of the Holocaust - the Americans fighting in the Pacific - Eisenhower Churchill and Stalin posing for the camera - Hitler and Evan Braun committing suicide in the bunker - the Red flag flying over Berlin - peace in Europe - the atomic bombs dropping on Hiroshima and Nagasaki - the fear of global nuclear war - Kennedy and Kruschev and the space race - the assassination of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King - the race riots in the deep south- the national guard water cannons and the Klu Klux Klan - the peace march on Washington - the Black Panthers and Muhammad Ali - the Vietnam war - acid dope and rock music - Beatles Stones Doors Dylan - Charlie Manson - moors murderers Myra Hindley and Ian Brady - the start of the troubles between the IRA and the British - skinheads punks and rude boys - the dawn of Thatcher - the Falklands war - miners strikes - the Poll tax riots - the wars in the middle east - Saudi oil fields burning for weeks - Saddam Hussein and General Gaddafi - the UK and USA invade unaware of the consequences and the emergence of the suicide bomber and Islamic militancy and Bin Laden - US embassies bombed - the 911 twin towers - the London bus bombing - public beheading of innocent hostages working in the middle - vehement anti British Muslim demonstrations on UK streets and the gruesome murder of the young soldier Lee Rigby in London hacked to death by black Muslim extremists - the rapid rise of ISIS and the attacks in France Turkey and Belgium - and finally the sequence ends where all the madness started with George Bush and Tony Blair shaking hands assuring the world that they will destroy all weapons of mass destruction and the surreal sight of Donald Trump being sworn in as the new president of the united states of America.

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FADE IN  
INT. LOUNGE - DAY

JOHNNY is standing in front of the wall mirror finishing off shaving his head as the sound of JERUSALEM fills the air. He pulls on a black Fred Perry polo shirt, a pair of faded Levi 501 jeans and sits down on the sofa slipping his feet into a pair of polished cherry red Doc Martens talking to the screen as he laces up the boots.

JOHNNY

You know there was a time in my life when I actually believed in those words when writers and poets waxed lyrical about our green and pleasant land. A time of innocence when I believed in Scrooge and the tooth fairy and Father Christmas and his Reindeers trotting around the galaxy delivering presents to all the children and that every little girl was made of the sweetest tasting sugar and spice

JOHNNY finishes lacing up his boots and stands up strapping what appears to be a bomb around his midriff before pulling on an old faded camouflaged army jacket he quickly buttons up while speaking to the screen again.

JOHNNY

Cherished happy childhood memories I can still see now before the  
shit hit the fan

CUT TO

A female television newsreader reads the evening news.

*" This is the six o'clock BBC news northwest on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of December 2017. The prime minister has announced that all police and security forces will continue to remain on full alert following the simultaneous triple bombings on the three Mosques in London Birmingham and Leeds which killed almost a thousand people with a further eight hundred seriously injured. A police spokesman confirmed that they received a telephone call from one of the three men who carried out the bombings dressed in Burkas claiming that he was a member of the newly formed ultra - right wing group called the Patriots Of The Cross who are rumoured to be a breakaway faction of the English Defence League. The attacks are in response to last months televised beheadings of three youths by Muslim extremists in a secret London location leaving police fearing there will be more attacks on the way. "*

*" Meanwhile in Blackpool police have confirmed the identity of the man responsible for carrying out the bomb attack on the jobcentre at the same time the Mosques were attacked. His name is John Christopher Hodges a fifty one year old self - employed builder who lived alone on the Queenstown estate in Blackpool. And in Yorkshire last night, a couple out walking their dog on Ilkley Moor came across the gruesome discovery of*

*a badly charred headless body of a man nailed to a tree. Forensic tests have confirmed that the man was Dimitri Markoff a thirty eight year old Bulgarian illegal immigrant wanted by police for a series of drug and people trafficking offences. Police have promised absolute discretion and anonymity for anyone with any information regarding these disturbing crimes willing to speak to them. "*

*" The weather for the next two weeks is to remain cold with temperatures hovering around minus two degrees with more heavy snowfalls expected so the governments message especially to old age pensioners is to remain indoors and keep warm. It only remains from all of us at the BBC to wish our viewers a very happy Christmas. "*

CUT TO

FIVE YEARS EARLIER

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Loud snoring fills the air as JOHNNY and DEBBY are lying wasted under the duvet when the alarm goes off, dragging JOHNNY back into the reality of another boring unforgiving week as he switches off the alarm clock and crawls out of bed heading for the bathroom.

CUT TO

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

JOHNNY enters the lounge with a mug of coffee dressed for work, sits down on the sofa and switches on the television noticing its pouring down with rain looking disgusted at another episode of Big Brother shaking his head as he switches channels shaking his head.

JOHNNY

And they call that entertainment for fucks sake

JOHNNY takes a sip of his coffee before settling down to chop out two lines of coke piled up on a CD case on the coffee table. Rolling up a five pound note, he snorts the two lines and lies back on the sofa watching the news report on the one armed Muslim cleric Abu Hamza spouting his latest anti - British rhetoric as his mobile goes off, picking it up to answer the call.

JOHNNY

Morning Geoff mate. How are you? Good. No I didn't get up to much after our Friday session. How about you. No I didn't watch the game in the pub but I listened to the game on the radio. Always great to see United doing them bin dipping Scouse fuckers especially at Anfield. I take it you've seen the rain so are we going in or what? Okay mate. No I'm just having a coffee and a livener so half an hour okay. Bell me when you're outside. Okay mate bye

CUT TO

INT. GEOFFS JAG XJ6 – DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC - DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS TELL ME WHEN MY LIGHT TURNS GREEN. JOHNNY jumps in the back of the Jag as GEOFF drives off.

JOHNNY

Morning lads

GEOFF

Morning Johnny

TEL

Morning mate. How's tricks?

JOHNNY

Apart from a fucking hangover after spunking all my dough on coke and Tequila keeping Debby sorted if you know what I mean and then having to go and waste another day of my life on a fucking building site because I did crap at school. Brilliant.

GEOFF

What Debby from downstairs. I didn't know you and her were back together

JOHNNY

We've never been apart mate. Well not in a normal relationship way. We're just fuck buddies but good fuck buddies. Debby's like a gram of coke. Bell her up and she turns up and when we're finished having mental sex she fucks off until the next time. What about you Tel. Do anything nice at the weekend?

TEL

I was in the bad books with Tina after getting in late after our Friday session. Soon as I walked through the door she started screaming and shouting at me because of how much money I wasted on coke but I managed to chill her out after a bath, a bottle of Chardonnay and a couple of lines. She pisses me off because she likes a line as much as I do so what's her problem. Anyway the next morning she dragged me into town to Anne Summers and spent a fortune on sexy lingerie, bondage gear and dildos Went to Pizza Hut for some grub and after we got in we had a bit of a wild party. Finished off all the coke before I spent the night tied to the bed while Tina fucked me with a strap on

JOHNNY

Whoah stop there Tel mate. That's too much information. You seriously telling me you let Tina fuck you up the arse with a dildo

TEL

You know how it goes with Tina mate after a few lines of coke. She turns into a sex monster. Apart from walking into the pub in agony to

watch the game I had a great time. You should try it with Debby mate.  
Get her to give you a good seeing too

JOHNNY

I'm telling you now that's never going to happen. You are one sick puppy allowing your wife to fuck you up the arse with a dildo. You need to get some serious help before it's too late

TEL

Hey Johnny mate. Don't knock it until you've tried it. Remember how long it took us to try Indian and Chinese grub going on about how crap it all was until we tasted beef in black bean sauce and a nice creamy chicken masala

JOHNNY

Whatever Tel mate but I'll take the masala any day of the week. Now please can we change the subject before I throw up all over Geoff's lovely leather interior

GEOFF

And listen lads. About today. Andy belled me begging us to come in to take down and rebuild two block walls the Poles fucked up again. Promised us five hundred quid to get it done so we'll have a quick brew and get stuck in. It's bad enough being on a building site on Monday morning never mind when it's pissing down so Johnny mate while me and Tel take down the walls and clean off the blocks. You get a couple of big mixes on to get us going. We'll work through dinner and be back in the pub for three. Okay?

JOHNNY

Sounds like a good plan to me Geoff

TEL

I got us some cans and Geoff's got a few liveners to keep up the morale

JOHNNY

Even better lads. I just love it when a plan comes together

CUT TO

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

JOHNNY GEOFF and TEL have finished the job and are walking to the Jag when ANDY the foreman appears at the door of the site office.

ANDY

Finished already lads

GEOFF

Yes Andy. Both walls demolished and rebuilt where they should have been in the first place

ANDY

( handing GEOFF and envelope )

Thanks lads and much appreciated. Five hundred in cash for you

GEOFF

( slipping the envelope in his jacket pocket )

Thanks Andy

ANDY

Don't mention it and thanks for pulling me out of the shit the Poles left  
me in

JOHNNY

How many more times are you going to put up with them Andy. Half  
the fuckers can't speak a word of English never mind read a plan

ANDY

If it was down to me I'd sack the fucking lot of them but the boss has  
got too good a deal with the agency responsible for bringing them into  
the country. He can't get enough of them and they're all on the basic  
minimum rate so he's making a fortune out of them

JOHNNY

Well you know the old saying. When you pay peanuts you only get  
monkeys. The sooner they all fuck off back to Poland the better off  
we'll all be

GEOFF

What if it's pissing down tomorrow Andy? Do we bother coming in or  
what?

ANDY

The forecast for the week is rain and more rain so I'll give you a bell in  
the morning to let you know. I'll speak to the architect to ask him if  
he'll release some more inside work for you. If he gives the go ahead  
you'll have a guaranteed wage for the week

GEOFF

Okay Andy. Try your best and we'll see you when we see you

ANDY

Okay. Bye lads

GEOFF TEL and JOHNNY resume walking over to the Jag  
dumping their tools in the boot before jumping in the Jag.

CUT TO

INT. JAG XJ6 - DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC - GHOST TOWN THE SPECIALS as JOHNNY  
stretches out in the back rubbing his hands together as GEOFF  
counts out the cash.

GEOFF

There you go lads. One sixty a piece and I'll keep the twenty for some  
juice

JOHNNY



Cheers Geoff mate. Now get that fucking heater on. I can't feel my feet

TEL

What are we doing now because I don't know about you two but I'm starving?

JOHNNY

Yeah me too. Do you mind stooping off at Sainsbury's on the way home Geoff. I could murder a bag of their spare ribs

GEOFF

Course not but make it quick. I want to be on the motorway before the traffic gets heavy

JOHNNY

Straight in and out I promise

GEOFF switches on the engine and the heater, slips into drive and drives out of the car-park as TEL pulls out three cans of lager from under his seat offering one to GEOFF.

GEOFF

Not when I'm driving mate. I'll wait till we get to the pub

TEL

What about you Johnny?

JOHNNY

( laughing as he grabs the can )

Is the Pope Catholic? Cheers mate

JOHNNY cracks open the can taking a few swigs as he stares out of the window at the cramped run down terraced houses full of Muslims walking around.

JOHNNY

Have a look at that lot lads. Talk about spot the fucking white man and this is only one town in the country that's overrun with the fuckers

TEL

Tell me about it mate. We've been invaded with the fuckers and nobody seems to give a fuck about what's happening. I'm telling you twenty or thirty years from now and England will be a Muslim state. Everybody running around in Burkas, eating Cous Cous and praying to Allah three times a day. It's the kids, the future generations I worry about. I mean what the fucks going to happen to them?

JOHNNY

Fuck knows but whatever we do I get the feeling that it's a bit late to do anything about it. I'm just glad I won't be around to see it

TEL

Yeah and there's another issue at stake here lads

JOHNNY

Oh yeah and what's that?

TEL

Imagine if you're a transvestite when the Muslims take over and all you've got the choice of wearing are black blue and grey Burkas. No sexy lingerie and high heels. How fucking boring and frustrating is that going to be?

Seconds after TELS comments sink in GEOFF TEL and JOHNNY explode with laughter.

CUT TO

EXT. SAINSBURY'S CAR-PARK - DAY

The rain is still hammering down as STEPHANIE and CRAIG, a young trendy designer clothes couple are carrying their shopping bags over to where their brand new Mini Cooper is parked up when an old BMW saloon screeches to a halt and three young Asian homeboys in tracksuits trainers and baseball caps draped in bling jump out swagger over to the couple determined to have some fun.

HOME BOY ONE

Hey darling. Anybody ever tell you you've got a fine arse on you

HOME BOY TWO

( walking over to STEPHANIE who ignores the cheap comment )

My friend is paying you a compliment and you disrespect him by ignoring him. Now that ain't nice is it?

CRAIG

Look we don't want any trouble so why don't you just leave us alone

HOME BOY THREE

Why don't you shut the fuck up you faggot before I give you a fucking slap

STEPHANIE

Please. We've had a long day and all we want to do is get home so why don't you go and pick on somebody else if that's what turns you on

HOME BOY ONE

Hey if you want. I'd love to show you what really turns me on if you'd like to follow me over to my car

CRAIG

You heard my girlfriend. Why don't you just fuck off and leave us alone?

HOME BOY ONE

And what if we don't. What are you going to do about it faggot? HOME BOYS TWO and THREE crowd around STEPHANIE nudging and touching her up while HOME BOY ONE starts pushing CRAIG around, tripping him up causing him to drop his shopping all over the floor as GEOFF TEL and JOHNNY pull on to the car-park close to where the HOME BOYS are bullying STEPHANIE and CRAIG.

CUT TO

INT. JAG XJ6 - DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC - GHOST TOWN - THE SPECIALS. GEOFF TEL and JOHNNY are all watching the ugly incident trying to decide what to do for the best.

GEOFF

Check that out over there the fucking wankers

TEL

Who the fuck do they think they are bullying that young couple the fucking animals

JOHNNY

I don't know but it's going to stop here and now if I've got anything to do with it

GEOFF

Johnny mate don't get involved. You know what you're like when your temper blows

JOHNNY

Too late Geoff. I'm already involved. Hang on here lads. I'll be back before you know it

CUT TO

EXT. SAINSBURY'S CAR-PARK - DAY

JOHNNY jumps out of the Jag slamming the door shut hard before walking straight over to have a word with the three HOME BOYS.

JOHNNY

Oi you two fucking wankers. Get your filthy hands off the girl now

HOME BOY TWO

Or what you old fucker

HOME BOY THREE

Yeah man. Do yourself a favour and fuck off before I slice you up like a piece of meat

JOHNNY

Don't say I didn't warn you

JOHNNY steams straight in knocking out HOME BOY TWO with one punch on the jaw before kicking HOME BOY THREE in the bollocks who drops to the floor rolling around in agony as JOHNNY repeatedly kicks him around as in the distance the car-park security men are approaching leaving GEOFF and TEL to drag a struggling JOHNNY away from the scene of the crime as HOME BOY ONE sneaks away.

GEOFF

Johnny for fucks sake. You just can't help yourself can you? Soon as you get the slightest whiff of trouble you have to get involved you silly fucker

JOHNNY

That wasn't trouble. That was bullying and you know how much I hate bullies Geoff. You let wankers like that to walk away and they'll do what they do over and over again

TEL

You're right Johnny but we don't want to see you getting nicked

GEOFF

That's right. Now let's grab some grub and get the fuck out of here

JOHNNY

Fair enough. I'll meet you back at the car in a few minutes  
A furious JOHNNY storms off ahead of GEOFF and TEL disappearing into the supermarket to grab some quick shopping.

CUT TO

INT. SAINSBURY'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

JOHNNY on the way out of the supermarket with a bag of shopping when he spots the toilet and decides to take a leak.

CUT TO

INT. TOILET - DAY

JOHNNY is standing at the urinals taking a leak when the end cubicle door opens and out steps HOME BOY ONE who immediately recognises JOHNNY as he pulls out a knife shouting to JOHNNY.

HOME BOY ONE

Hey granddad. I'm going to make you pay for what you did to my boys out there on the car-park

JOHNNY

They asked for it and as for you. I'll give you one chance to get out of here and if you don't. Then you'd better know how to use that knife because if you don't I'll show you how to use it

HOME BOY ONE

( laughing )

You reckon. Well get this for starters

HOME BOY ONE lunges at JOHNNY narrowly missing slashing him in the face as JOHNNY grabs his arm smashing it against the wall as he wrenches the knife from his hand, punching and kicking him to the floor as HOME BOY ONE tries to cover up his head with his arms

JOHNNY

Pulling a knife on me you bullying Paki fucker is going to earn you a lesson you'll never forget

JOHNNYS final attack on HOME BOY ONE is mercilessly brutal, kicking him in the head repeatedly and stabbing him in the stomach chest and head leaving his victim battered bleeding and screaming writhing around on the floor as JOHNNY flushes the knife down the toilet before washing the blood from his hands in the basin staring at himself in the mirror before turning to leave when he suddenly spots the CCTV camera on the ceiling recording every second of his violent attack.

CUT AND CUE IN TITLES CREDITS AND BACKGROUND MUSIC WHICH IS BABYLONS BURNING BY THE RUTS ACCOMPANIED BY A POWERFUL FLEETING MONTAGE OF HISTORICAL EVENTS HIGHLIGHTING THE UNIQUE LONGSTANDING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE UK AND USA. THE HOUSES OF PALRLIAMENT AND WHITE HOUSE - UNION JACKS AND STARS AND STRIPES - THE FIRST WORLD WAR - ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES - THE WALL STREET CRASH - THE RISE OF HITLER - THE BLITZ AND BATTLE OF BRITAIN - SPITFIRES AND HURRICANES IN DOGFIGHTS OVER THE CHANNEL - PEARL HARBOUR ATTACKED BY THE JAPANESE - THE NORMANDY INVASION - CHURCHILL EISENHOWER AND STALIN POSING FOR THE CAMERA - THE HORRORS OF THE HOLOCAUST - THE RED FLAG FLYING OVER BERLIN AS HITLER AND EVA BRAUN COMMIT SUICIDE - HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI - KENNEDY AND KRUSHCHEV AND THE SPACE RASE - CHAIRMAN MAO AND HIS RED BOOK - ASSASSINATION OF KENNEDY AND MARTIN LUTHER KING - THE PEACE MARCH ON WASHINGTON - THE VIETNAM WAR - ACID DOPE AND ROCK MUSIC - CHARLIE MANSON MYRA HINDLEY AND IAN BRADY - THE START OF THE TROUBLES IN IRELAND - SKINHEADS PUNKS AND RUDEBOYS - THATCHER AND THE FALKLANDS WAR - THE MINERS STRIKE AND POLL TAX RIOTS - CHARLES AND DIANA - FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS WRECKING EUROPE - THE WARS IN THE MIDDLE EAST - OIL FIELDS BURNING - UK AND USE INVADE UNAWARE OF THE CONSEQUENCES AND THE RISE OF ISLAM - SUICIDE BOMBERS - PALESTINIANS FIGHTING THE JEWS - THE TWIN TOWERS AND LONDON BUS BOMBINGS - COLUMBINE AND OKLAHOMA BOMBINGS - THE EMERGENCE OF BIN LADED - US EMBASSIES BOMBED - THE 911 TWIN TOWERS - PUBLIC BEHADINGS OF INNOCENT WORKERS - THE RISE OF ISIS - VEHEMENT ANTI BRITISH MUSLINS ON THE STREETS OF BRITAIN - ABU HAMZA THE ONE ARMED MUSLIM CLERIC - THE SICKENING MURDER OF THE YOUNG SOLDIER LEE RIGBY

HACKED TO DEATH BY SWAGGERING BLACK MUSLIM EXTREMISTS - ISIS ATTACKS IN FRANCE TURKEY AND BELGIUM - ENDING THE SEQUENCE WHERE ALL THE MADNESS BEGAN AS TONY BLAIR STANDS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH GEORGE BUSH AND THEIR ASSURANCE TO THE WORLD THAT THEY WILL DESTROY ALL SADDAM HUSSEIN'S WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION - AND WORST OF ALL THE ALARMING SIGHT OF DONALD TRUMP CELEBRATING HIS ELECTION AS THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE USA.

CUT TO

INT. BASEMENT COURT HOUSE - DAY

CHRIS THE SECURITY GUARD is sitting on a bench chopping out a couple of lines of coke as JOHNNY walks out of the toilet looking sharper than a razor dressed in a black Fred Perry polo shirt, two piece Prince of Wales check suit and polished black brogues looking surprised at CHRIS.

JOHNNY

What the fuck are you doing Chris. We'll both be banged up if somebody sees us

CHRIS

( handing JOHNNY a rolled up note )

Fuck it mate. You look like you can use a couple of lines. Here get stuck into them rapid

JOHNNY

Seeing as you put it like that Chris. Cheers

JOHNNY quickly snorts up the two lines of coke as CHRIS chops two out for himself.

JOHNNY

Nice bit of gear that Chris mate. By the way how do I look?

CHRIS

Sharp as fuck Johnny just as you always do which should go down well with the judge as he hates scruffy cunts messing up his court room

JOHNNY

What's he like?

CHRIS

Judge Davis is sound as fuck. Proper old school public school Tory whose had it up the arse more times than he can remember like they all do but he's fair and stands no fucking about so make sure you behave yourself when you're in the dock. Stand up straight and look him straight in the eye when he asks you anything and above all no smart arse comments

JOHNNY

Fuicking hell Chris. That gears got me right in the mood for a right good session. I've never been banged up before apart from the odd night in the cells. Drunken disorderly and football but getting banged up full time for God knows how long is going to be a fucking nightmare

CHRIS

Yeah especially if they send you to Walton with all them fucking scousers twenty four seven. Let's hope they've got a spare room for you in Strangeways

JOHNNY

Great Chris. Remind me not to call on you next time I need cheering up

CHRIS

( laughing )

I'd sooner sleep on a bed of poison tipped nails than share a cell with one of those bin dipping fuckers

The noise of an approaching court official brings the impromptu party to an end as CJRIS and JOHNNY hug each other.

CHRIS

Good luck and remember what I told you. No gobbing off at the judge

JOHNNY

Okay mate. See you when I do

CUT TO

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

JOHNNY is standing in the dock as the COURT OFFICIAL hands him the bible as he addresses the court.

COURT OFFICIAL

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God

JOHNNY

I do sir

JOHNNY hands the bible back to the COURT OFFICIAL winking across at GEOFF and TEL as the CLERK OF THE COURT stands up and addresses JUDGE DAVIS.

CLERK OF THE COURT

The final case of the day your honour is that of the Crown versus John Christopher Hodges charged with causing bodily harm to one Mister Said Mouthadi, the man sitting in the front row with the bandaged head

JUDGE DAVIS

( turning to address JOHNNY )

And how do you plead Mister Hodges?

JOHNNY

Guilty as charged your honour  
JUDGE DAVIS

I've been informed that you are representing yourself having turned down the offer of a duty solicitor. Facing such a serious charge may I ask why?

JOHNNY

Because I'm guilty your honour so why burden the hardworking tax payer with another outrageously expensive legal bill for something I don't stand a chance of getting away with. All I want to do is get this over with as quickly as possible your honour

JUDGE DAVIS

( nodding and smiling at JOHNNY )

If only every defendant who stood where you're standing were as forthright as you are. If the prosecution is ready to commence. Mister Rayner the floor is yours

Prosecuting barrister HUGH RAYNER straightens his wig down as he stands up and walks over to question JOHNNY.

RAYNER

For the sake of the court will you please state your name, age occupation and address

JOHNNY

John Christopher Hodges a forty five year old self - employed building worker and I live in flat twenty four Walter Robinson Court Queenstown Blackpool

RAYNER

Going back to the day when you were arrested will you please explain to the court the events leading up to your arrest

JOHNNY

We'd just finished work when. . . !

RAYNER

( interrupting )

When you say we. Can you be more specific?

JOHNNY

( pointing over to GEOFF and TEL )

The two men sitting there. Geoff Briggs and Terry Goodall. Like I said we'd just finished work when we decided to grab a snack at

Sainbury's. The car-park was mobbed but we eventually found a space to park up and go shopping

RAYNER

Which is where the first incident occurred before you were arrested

JOHNNY

That's right

RAYNER

So what happened after you parked up your car?



JOHNNY

As we got out of the car I spotted the three Asians sitting in the front row bullying and abusing the young couple who are sitting behind them who were loaded down with their shopping. From what I saw all three were having a right good laugh so I decided to go across and stop them

RAYNER

When you say stop them. What do you mean exactly?

JOHNNY

Two of them were molesting the girl touching her up and down pushing her against her car while she struggling to get away while the other set about slapping her boyfriend, tripping him up and kicking all his shopping around, all three of them laughing like it was nothing so I knocked one of them out after which I set about the other one and that's when Geoff and Tel dragged me away when they saw the car-park security lads approaching. It was disgusting so I did what any decent person would do

RAYNER

Very honourable of you Mister Hodges. Mister Mouthadi the man you later attacked in the toilets claims that they were only messing around with the couple jokingly and that it was you who attacked him and his friends for no reason. Now is that true or not?

JOHNNY

Definitely not true. Believe me I know the difference between messing around having a laugh and bullying a helpless young couple nobody was interested in helping. I mean how would you like it if three strange blokes you didn't stand a chance against grabbed hold of you and started touching you up in all the wrong places? Mind you you'd probably enjoy it

JUDGE DAVIS

( interrupting JOHNNY behind echoes of laughter )

Mister Hodges. Any more untoward comments like that and I will have no choice but to hold you in contempt of court. I will not tolerate my court room being turned into a stage for amateur comedians. Do I make myself clear?

JOHNNY

( nodding )

As daylight your honour and I apologise but I feel he's winding me up without giving me a chance to tell the court what really happened that day

JUDGE DAVIS

Well of course he is. It's his job to wind people up but the trick is not to get snagged on the hook too deeply. Now please can we proceed?

RAYNER

Thank you your honour. So after the incident on the car-park, will you tell the court what happened next

JOHNNY

I was on my way out back to the car when I dashed in the toilets for a leak. A couple of minutes later and me with my hands full so to speak. Mouthadi walks out of the last cubicle straight over to me shouting " come on granddad. Let's see how fucking hard you really are. " and threatening to kill me. Then he pulls his knife out of his pocket and made an attempt to stab me which just missed my face by inches. I was scared and that's when I lost it. All I remember was trying to grab his arm again as he tried to stab me in the chest. I managed to push him off balance and he fell to the floor allowing me to wrench the knife from his hands before I started kicking and punching him as hard as I could which was the moment I must have accidentally stabbed him.

Like I say I don't remember everything

RAYNER

Well let me refresh your memory when you accidentally stabbed Mister Mouthadi a total of six times. Two in the face, one in the stomach and two in his chest. Mister Hodges surely even you must agree that that was some accident by any stretch of the imagination was it not?

JOHNNY

It might look that way and I take it you've never been in the same situation I was facing but when a bloke pulls a knife on you looking like he's going to kill you. Your survival instincts kick in and you'll do everything you can to stop him from stabbing you so that's what I did

RAYNER

Most unfortunate for you that the CCTV cameras you only noticed when you were washing Mister Mouthadis blood off your hands recorded the full ferocity of your vicious attack

JOHNNY

I did what I had to do and I'm standing by that so what more can I say?

RAYNER

( shaking his head looking at JUDGE DAVIS )

Sorry perhaps? I have no more questions your honour

JUDGE DAVIS

You may step down Mister Hodges

JOHNNY

Thank you very much your honour

JOHNNY steps out of the dock and escorted from the court room by the COURT OFFICIAL.

CUT TO

INT. BASEMENT COURT HOUSE - DAY

JOHNNY walks into the holding cell where CHRIS is anxiously waiting for him.

CHRIS

How did you go on mate?

JOHNNY

Six years with the possibility of early release for good behaviour and you were spot on about Judge Davis. It felt like he was on my side from the second I stepped into the dock

CHRIS

Told you he's alright. I reckon you had a right result after what you did to them Muslim fucker in the toilets. He won't forget you in a hurry each time he gets down on his payer mat. Now do you want the good news or what?

JOHNNY

Is there any?

CHRIS

Oh yeah. You can forget being sent to Walton because you've got full board and lodgings in Strangeways which means we'll be arriving later than scheduled because of the heavy traffic. We'll just have enough time for a few pints with a burger and chips and flatten the rest of this Charlie off before I drop you off at your new home

JOHNNY

Thanks Chris. I'm telling you I might have hanged myself after a week banged up in Walton with all those fucking scousers

CHRIS

Think nothing of it but promise me one thing

JOHNNY

What's that?

CHRIS Promise me you won't try and escape if I forget the handcuffs

JOHNNY

( laughing )

You have my word on it Chris

CHRIS

Good enough. Now let's go and get those beers

CUT TO

INT. PRISON - D WING - DAY

The camera slowly moves down the corridor of D wing picking out the faces of the inmates standing and sitting together glaring at the camera while others are reading, watching television and playing pool. The camera continues its journey

down the corridor stopping outside one cell door behind which is housed D wings most infamous inmate.

CUT TO

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After completing another exhausting thankless freezing cold day in construction, all Johnny Geoff and Tel want to do is to grab a quick snack from Sainsbury's but occasionally even the simplest of plans go wrong pulling onto the car-park where Johnny spots three Asian homeboys bullying a young trendy couple, two of them holding the girl against their car touching her up in all the wrong places while the other pushes the defenceless young lad around, throwing all his shopping on the floor looking like they're having a great laugh that suddenly stops as Johnny breaks up the party, knocking one of the pair who were molesting the girl clean out with one punch attracting the attention of two car-park security men rushing over to diffuse the situation as Geoff and Tel struggle to drag Johnny away under a barrage of insults and abuse from the cocky homeboys one of them will shortly come to regret.

Still seething with anger, Johnny quickly grabs some spare ribs, half a chicken and a bottle of Glenlivet and is about to exit the supermarket when he spots the homeboy who was bullying the young lad around going into the toilets. A few minutes later unable to resist the chance to get even, Johnny leaves the homeboy badly beaten bloody and stabbed unaware that the attack has been captured on CCTV and so is Johnny. Thrown to the ground and arrested by four burly policemen on the car-park and following an afternoon in court after pleading guilty to grievous bodily harm hoping to receive a shorter sentence he is jailed for six years reduced to four with good behaviour. News travels fast within the prisons Asian population anxiously waiting to get revenge on the white guy responsible for attacking their own. Johnny is sent to D wing which is full of honest decent solid English criminals and seasoned football hooligans under the supervision of prison officer Jackie Hayhurst, a sussed out no nonsense woman in her late thirties who never suffers fools gladly who tells Johnny she will tolerate no bad behaviour if he wants her approval of an early release.

Jackie allocates Johnny a cell shared by the inimitable Mickey Fuller who runs D wing on Jackie's behalf nearing the end of a ten year stretch for armed robbery on an empty bank he burst into one afternoon shotgun cocked and ready to fire demanding all the money. Like Johnny, Micky is a lifelong skinhead but that's where the similarity ends with Micky unable

to accept that Johnny only attacked the three homeboys because they were bullies and nothing to do with the colour of their skin. Micky is a hard as nails heavyweight east end vehement Nazi skinhead ever since he was big enough to wear a pair of Doc Martens harbouring a deeply rooted psychotic hatred for anyone who isn't white and English with it who makes Adolf Hitler look like a Kindergarten teacher. His cell decorated with photographs and lyrics of who he calls the late great Ian Donaldson of the right wing white power skinhead band Skrewdriver who Micky was a roadie for back in the day. Micky drives Johnny metal with his relentless racist indoctrination hoping he'll eventually see the light, especially his hatred of " all these fucking Muslims invading our country and no fucker seems willing to do anything about it. Well I'll show the oily rag headed fuckers what happens when you fuck about with the English. You just wait Johnny mate. "

Swearing him to secrecy, Micky confides to Johnny his plan to get his own back once he's been released that Johnny finds hard to believe " That's right Johnny mate. You heard it first from me. Me and a couple of my ex - army mates have been planning this for fucking ages making absolutely sure we've got every angle covered so there's going to be no fuck ups. I don't know if you know this Johnny mate but London Birmingham and Leeds have the biggest Mosques in the country and they're always packed with the fuckers praying to Allah. Well we're going to give them something to pray for, give them a taste of their own medicine if you will. I'm going to do the London Mosque while my mates take care of the ones in Birmingham and Leeds. We're going in dressed in fucking Burkas loaded up with Semtex high explosive connected to my mobile phone. As soon as the three of us are in place, two rings from my phone and BOOM! We'll blow hundreds of the fuckers to bits in seconds just like they've been doing the same to people for years. What do you think Johnny mate? Is that a good plan or is that a good plan? We're calling ourselves the Patriots of the Cross and we reckon our sacrifice will provide the kick start needed for all decent honest Englishmen to rise up against these Muslim fuckers and give them all what for. You call yourself a skinhead Johnny mate so why don't join us and do the Mosque in Manchester the same time by showing everyone how much you care about what's happening under our noses right now in the country we love and are prepared to die for just like all the brave unselfish lads in the first and second world wars did to save England from the Krauts. Have a good

think about it Johnny mate because me and my mates going out in one fucking great big blaze of glory with or without you so it's your shout mate but don't hang about. As soon as I get out this is going to happen fast with or without you. "

A question Johnny is still thinking about the day Micky is released, hugging and shaking hands in a brief emotional goodbye swapping mobile numbers vowing to keep in contact with each other come the day Johnny gets his early parole which he does on his first application thanks to the character report prison officer Hayhurst hands the three members of the board highlighting the fact that she has known him to be a model prisoner from the day he arrived in prison and that it would be a costly futile waste of time both for the government and Mister Hodges to remain in prison any longer. With the stamp of approval under his belt Johnny is escorted to the main gate by Jackie wishing him all the best telling him not to ever make the same mistake twice as they hug, shake hands and part company as friends.

Finally after four long frustrating years in prison, Johnny is back in charge of what remains of his life once again to come and go at will doing what he wants which is just what he's thinking about - where to go and what to do next? - when the familiar sight of Geoff and Tel screeching to a stop in the old Jag XJ6 answers his questions hugging one another feeling over the moon to be back together again like the old days before jumping in the Jag for the drive back to Blackpool pulling into a quiet layby demolishing several lines of Charlie with a bottle of Jack Daniels before hitting the motorway with northern soul on full blast all the way home with all three friends heads crammed full of memories of the good old days. Apart from visiting Johnny in prison one every two weeks to keep up his morale, Geoff and Tell have cleaned up his flat, filled his fridge with food, his cabinet with booze and a couple of bags of Charlie and five hundred quid on the coffee table until he gets back on his feet.

After the party of a lifetime he's been dreaming of for four years laying on his prison bored senseless driven mad by the concept of the world by Micky Fuller has ended. Johnny slowly wakes up in bed a crumpled mess all alone suffering the hangover of the century with Geoff and Tel long gone back to the loving arms of their wives and families which is when the loneliness of his life unexpectedly hits him harder than ever before. Johnny Geoff and Tel have been solid mates since the playground but unlike him they found the time to build lives for

themselves in between football, northern soul and the wild times whereas Johnny has spent his life living for the moment, the buzz of being on the scene that is all consuming and only rewards its followers with memories of euphoric good times followed by the pain of hindsight when one gets to the age wishing that life should have been so different. For the first time in his life Johnny feels jealous that Geoff and Tel have something tangible and real to show for their lives where he's got nothing and what hurts him more is that he's now too old to even begin to redress the balance.

Even the one person he could have guaranteed would be waiting for him has moved on. Debbie who he's known for years who lives on the floor below him who he could call on whenever he was feeling low and horny for some company and tender loving care. For Johnny she's been like a gram of Charlie - give it a call, wait for it to turn up, enjoy while it lasts and disappears until the next time, the two of them for years sharing countless wild weekends enjoying pizza, tequila, Charlie and experimental sex. Debbie's the same age as Johnny and in the same lonely boat sailing to nowhere in particular. Okay she might not be the prettiest flower in the bunch but he's been thinking a lot about her and what they've shared over the years when he was banged up missing her perfect imperfections to the point where he was going to be his partner, hinting at the idea more than once during the times she'd turn up on purpose at the prison teasing him in her tight low cut tops, short skirts, black stockings and high heels. The smell of her perfume and the taste of luscious scarlet lips driving him mental with desire. That was before the moment all inmates dread when the goodbye letter from their partner turns up with the bad news that she can't hang around any longer wasting her life waiting for him and that she's found a new man to satisfy her needs. ` He's from Bulgaria Johnny living on the estate for a couple of months. You know I've always had a thing about you love and I'm sorry for hurting you. I'll always love you. Take care, Debbie xxxxxxxx. `

And if that isn't bad enough for Johnny to handle, he finds himself at the mercy of the probation service and social security. Early release means he's on a strict licence to behave himself forced to report to his probation officer Mike Jackson, a newly qualified university educated case worker barely old enough to wipe his arse who explains to Johnny the score in between playing with his mobile phone. ` I'm afraid that's how the early release system for ex-offenders works Mister Hodges.

You report to me once a week for the first few weeks and we'll discuss your progress along with anything you might need. The rules are simple. You keep on the straight and narrow avoiding trouble at all times and you'll be fine. If not then I'm afraid you'll be arrested and sent straight back to prison to serve out the remainder of your time plus any added time given to you which is the last thing you need especially at your age. `

To rub even more salt into ever deepening wounds, there's more bad news for Johnny after being summoned to the Jobcentre for an interview with his employment advisor Mister Alex Lassiter who invites him to sit down and listen to him explain the simple rules he has to abide by to qualify for rent assistance and the basic single man's unemployment allowance of fifty eight pounds a week. ` As you well know Mister Hodges you have to be actively seeking work to get your unemployment benefit but you haven't applied for one single job in the six weeks you've been claiming and I know this because the jobs are all linked to my file. I know things aren't easy for you since you were released from prison but you can't keep using that as an excuse for not working. You haven't even bothered to telephone the people whose details I've given you for an interview which leaves me in the awkward position of having to suspend your unemployment benefit if you don't make a serious effort to find work before our next meeting. `

` Now I want you to have a look through today's jobs advertised on my computer and pick three that you think would be most suitable for you after which you can apply for them here and now. I take it that's alright with you Mister Hodges? ` he asks leaving Johnny sitting there feeling his temper rising to the fore listening to this wanker talking to him like he was some kind of a retard. Johnny can't help listening in to the conversation taking place at the next interview area between another employment advisor and some angry sounding foreign sounding bloke who can barely speak English and his interpreter who explains that ` all Mister Khan wants to know is when will he be getting the forty thousand pounds a year from the benefit office to allow him and his family to live a comfortable life in the UK while he sets about the task of looking for full time work. ` Johnny feels like he's about to blow firing back at Mister Lassiter who is adjusting the computer screen to allow Johnny to see the jobs on offer. ` I can't fucking believe what I'm hearing from that bloke next door. I was born and bred in England and my old man died as a result of him fighting for



this country and you're giving me all this shit for sixty quid a fucking week and that monkey next door wants forty grand a year for sitting on his arse knowing he won't have to work. Something's gone seriously wrong with this country when shit like this is allowed to happen and this is only one fucking Jobcentre. Don't you agree Mister Lassiter or am I talking to myself? ` ` Believe me I do understand and sympathise with you but every cas we deal with is different so please try to calm down and deal with the issue at hand which is finding you a job. ` Mister Lassiter replies trying to calm Johnny down nodding at the two burly security personnel who have suddenly appeared wondering what all the shouting is about Johnny fails to see as he scans down the screen shaking his head in despair at the jobs on offer.

FADE IN

A FEMALE TELEVISION NEWSREADER reads the evening news.

*" This is the six o'clock BBC news on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of December 2017. The prime minister has announced that all police and security forces will remain on full alert following the simultaneous triple suicide bomb attacks on the three main Mosques in London Birmingham and Leeds which killed over a thousand people with some further eight hundred seriously injured. Police confirm that they received a telephone call from one of the three men who entered the Mosques dressed in Burkas claiming that he was a member of the newly formed extreme right wing group called the Patriots of the Cross rumoured to be a breakaway faction of the English Defence League The attacks are in*

*response to last months televised beheading of three youths by Muslim extremists in a secret location in London leaving police fearing there will be more attacks on the way. "*

*" Meanwhile in Blackpool police have confirmed the identity of the man responsible for carrying out the suicide bombing of a busy town centre Jobcentre at the same time the Mosques were attacked. His name is John Christopher Hodges, a fifty one year old self-employed builder who lived alone in a flat on the Queenstown estate in Blackpool. And in Yorkshire last night a couple out walking their dog on Ilkley Moor came across the gruesome discovery of the badly charred headless body of a man nailed to a tree. Forensic tests have confirmed that the man was Dimitri Markoff, a thirty eight year old Bulgarian illegal immigrant wanted by police for a series of drug and people trafficking offences. Police have promised absolute discretion and anonymity for anyone with any information regarding these disturbing crimes willing to speak to them. "*

*" The weather for the next two weeks is to remain cold with temperatures hovering around minus degrees and more heavy snow expected so the governments message especially to old age pensioners is to remain indoors and keep warm. It only remains from all of us at the BBC to all our viewers, we wish you all a very happy Christmas. "*

CUT TO

MANCHESTER UK FIVE YEARS EARLIER

INT. BASEMENT COURTHOUSE - DAY

CHRIS the security guard tasked with the job of escorting JOHNNY HODGES from prison to the court house is sitting on a bench in the holding cell quickly chopping out two lines of Charlie on a cigarette packet repeatedly checking if the coast is clear as JOHNNY walks out of the toilet looking sharper than a razor dressed in a black Fred Perry polo shirt, a two piece grey Prince of Wales check suit and polished black brogues looking surprised at CHRIS.

JOHNNY

What the fuck are you doing Chris?

CHRIS

Fuck it mate. There's nobody about you look like you can use a livener. Here you are. Get your nose stuck into that  
CHRIS hands JOHNNY the cigarette packet and a rolled up ten pound note watching him demolish the line in seconds before doing the same.

JOHNNY

Cheers mate. Nice bit of tackle that. How do I look?

CHRIS

Sharp as fuck Johnny. Should go down well with the judge as he hates scruffy fuckers cluttering up his courtroom

JOHNNY

Just as well I brought my new suit then. What's the judge like Chris?

CHRIS

Judge Davis is sound as fuck. Proper old school Tory who resigned the day after the Conservative government sacked Enoch Powell for his Rivers of Blood speech. Don't get me wrong. He's into all kinds of weird shit like they all are behind closed doors but he's fair and stands no fucking about so behave yourself when you're in the dock, make sure you stand up straight and look him straight in the eye when speaking and above all none of your usual smart arse comments. Now do you fancy another quick line or what?

JOHNNY

( nodding as CHRIS unscrews the top off a hip flask and passes it to JOHNNY who takes a nice big swig before handing it back before chopping out two more lines )

Fucking hell Chris that's a nice bit of Charlie mate and a drop of Glenlivet to wash it down with. I feel in the mood for a right good session now that's going to have to be put on hold until I get out. I've never been banged up before apart from a few nights in the cells. Drunken disorderly, football and what have you but between you and me I'm not looking forward to getting banged up full time for God knows how long one bit

CHRIS

Yeah it's going to be a nightmare mate especially if they send you Walton banged up with fucking scousers twenty four seven that's if they don't have room for you in Strangeways

JOHNNY

Fucking great. Remind me not to call you the next time I need cheering up Chris

CHRIS

( laughing as he hands JOHNNY the cigarette packet and tenner note again watching JOHNNY flatten his line before doing the same )

Yeah I'd sooner get sentenced to sleeping on a bed of nails than having to share a room with one of those fuckers

The noise of a court official walking down the stairs brings the impromptu part to an end as CHRIS and JOHNNY give each other a big hug and handshake.

CHRIS

Good luck Johnny mate and remember what I told you. No gobbing off at the judge

JOHNNY  
Okay mate. See you when I do

CUT TO

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

JOHNNY enters the witness box as a COURT OFFICIAL hands him a bible and speaks.

COURT OFFICIAL

Do you swear on the bible to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

JOHNNY

I do sir

JOHNNY hands the bible back to the COURT OFFICIAL winking across at GEOFF and TEL as the CLERK OF THE COURT stands up and addresses the JUDGE.

CLERK OF THE COURT

The final case of the day is that of the Queen versus one John Christopher Hodges charged with causing grievous bodily harm to one Mister Said Mouhtadi, the man sitting in the front row with the bandaged head

JUDGE DAVIS

And how do you plead Mister Hodges?

JOHNNY

Guilty as charged your honour with extenuating circumstances

JUDGE DAVIS

I've been informed that you will be representing yourself having turned down the offer of a duty solicitor. Facing such a serious charge, may I ask why?

JOHNNY

Because I've already pleaded guilty to the charge your honour so why burden the hard working tax payer with another outrageous expensive legal bill for something I don't stand a cat in hell's chance of getting away with. All I want to do now is get this over with as quickly as possible your honour

JUDGE DAVIS

( smiling and nodding at JOHNNY )

If only all defendants who've faced me were like you. Well if the prosecution is ready to proceed, I see no reason to disappoint you Mister Hodges. Mister Rayner the floor is yours

Prosecuting barrister Hugh Rayner selects some papers as he stands up and walks over to question JOHNNY.

RAYNER

For the sake of the court please state your name, age, occupation and address

JOHNNY

John Christopher Hodges. A forty five year old self-employed builder and I live in flat number twenty four, Walter Robinson Court Queenstown Blackpool

RAYNER

Going back to the day when you were arrested and charged with grievous bodily harm. Will you explain to the courts the events leading up to your arrest

JOHNNY

Well we'd just finished work when . . . .!

RAYNER

( interrupting )

When you say we can you be more specific?

JOHNNY

( nodding and pointing over to GEOFF and TEL )

The two men sitting over there. Geoff Briggs and Terry Ramsey. We'd just finished a long shift converting an old cotton factory outside Manchester into a centre for women who are victims of domestic violence when I suggested we go and grab a snack at Sainsbury's. The car-park was mobbed but we eventually found a space to park up and go shopping

RAYNER

Which is where the first incident occurred before you were arrested?

JOHNNY

Yeah

RAYNER

So describe what happened next after you'd parked your car

JOHNNY

As we got out of the car I spotted three Asian men bullying a young couple parked close to us

RAYNER

For the sake of the court can you point out the three Asians you claim were bullying this young couple?

JOHNNY nods pointing over to three Asian males sitting in the front row, the middle one with his arm in plaster and face partially bandaged.

JOHNNY

That's them in the front row. The one in the middle was the leader but all three of them looked like they were having a right good laugh bullying the young couple seated behind them

RAYNER

So you say Mister Hodges but I'd appreciate it if you would keep your opinions to yourself as to who was the leader and if they really were bullying the young couple as you say. Just stick to the facts as they happened if you don't mind

JOHNNY

But those are the facts. Trust me I know what I saw and all three were bullying the young couple who'll tell you the same when they give their account of what happened that day

RAYNER

So what happened after you got out of the car?

JOHNNY

Two of them were molesting the young girl touching her up and pushing her against the car feeling her up and down while she was struggling shouting for help as the one in the middle pushed and slapped her boyfriend around goading him to have a go at him before ripping his shopping bag open kicking his stuff all over the place like it was nothing laughing away to himself as people were walking by watching it going on without helping

RAYNER

Mister Mouhtadi the man you later attacked in the toilets claims that they were only messing around with the couple jokingly until you walked up and threatened them with violence. Now is that true or not?

JOHNNY

Definitely not true. Believe me I know the difference between messing around having a laugh and threatening a helpless young couple nobody was willing to help. How would you like it if three strange blokes you didn't stand a chance against grabbed hold of you fondling you up and down in all the wrong places. Mind you, you'd probably enjoy it

JUDGE DAVIS

( interrupting JOHNNY behind a brief background of laughter)

Mister Hodges. Any more untoward comments like that and I will have no choice but to hold you in contempt of court. I will not tolerate my courtroom to be turned into a comedy stage for amateur performers.

Do I make myself clear?

JOHNNY

Crystal clear your honour and I apologise but I feel he's winding me up all the time without giving me a chance to tell my part of the story

JUDGE DAVIS

Well of course he is. He's a prosecutor and his job is to wind people up. The trick is not to get snagged on his hook too deeply. Now please can we proceed?

RAYNER

Thank you your honour. So moving on from where we left off. There you are now in the thick of the action like the caped crusader watching these three Asian males molesting and intimidating the young couple so what did you do next?

JOHNNY

I warned them to stop what they were doing or else I'd stop them myself. One of them who was holding the girl approached me asking me if I wanted some meaning some violence and that I'd better fuck off if I knew what was good for me. As he got nearer he went for something in his pocket so I got in first with one punch to his face and a kick in his bollocks and he went down like a sack of potatoes. Then the other two approached me looking like they were up for a fight as from nowhere two car-park security blokes appeared warning us that if we didn't move then they'd call the police as Geoff and Tel dragged me away with the one with the bandages still shouting that he was going to kill me if he ever met me again and that was the end of it as far as I was concerned

RAYNER

But that wasn't the end of it was it Mister Hodges? Far from the end of it as your two friends dragged you into the supermarket leaving one of the three men unconscious on the floor and the two security men with the task of diffusing what could have and eventually did turn into a very nasty situation indeed as the court will shortly hear so what happened next?

JOHNNY

I was on my way over to the check out. I'd bought some barbecue, half a chicken and a bottle of Glenlivet for home. Geoff and Tel were in a bit of a rush to avoid the rush hour traffic so I dashed off to the toilets for a quick leak. A minute or so with my hands full so to speak, Mouhtadi appears from one of the cubicles and straight away I knew he was going to have a go at me shouting something like come on then you white fucker. Let's see how hard you are now without your mates round you. He went for something in his pocket which turned out to be the knife the police found and made an attempt to stab me with it just missing my face by an inch or so. When somebody pulls out a knife like that I know they aren't going to use it to clean their fingernails. I don't know but I just lost control at that moment fearing for my life as he slashed at me again. All I remember was grabbing his arm hard enough to push him off balance back into the cubicle punching and kicking him like mad which is where I accidentally stabbed him

RAYNER

I take it you mean you accidentally stabbed Mister Mouhtadi a total of six times, two times in his face nearly blinding him. Mister Hodges, that waqs some accident by any stretch of the imagination was it not?

JOHNNY

It might look that way but I take it you've never been in a situation when a bloke pulls a knife on you looking like he's going to kill you. I tell you you'll do anything you can to stop him from stabbing you so I did what I had to do. It reminded me of the terrible stories my grandfather told me about the first world war and the vicious hand to hand fighting with the Germans in the trenches

RAYNER

Yes that may well be but we aren't in the trenches Mister Hodges. We're in a courtroom in Manchester city centre and I put it to you that you were the one who attacked Mister Mouhtadi first in such a murderous senseless manner

JOHNNY

Well I'm telling you Mister Rayner. He was the one who attacked me first forcing me to defend myself as best as I could. A different day on a different car-park and this would never have happened

RAYNER

Most fortunate for you that Sainsbury's only fit CCTV cameras in the toilets that recorded the first moments you started fighting with Mister Mouhtadi and not in the cubicles where the full ferocity of your attack on an innocent man would have proved your guilt beyond all glimmer of doubt

JOHNNY

In which case that would give whoever was in charge of operating Sainsbury's CCTV cameras full access to people taking a dump or worse. I mean who knows what people get up to behind a locked cubicle door. Surely that would be the ultimate invasion of privacy a person could suffer wouldn't it Mister Rayner?

RAYNER

( sighing looking at JUDGE DAVIES )

No more questions your honour

JUDGE DAVIS

You may step down Mister Hodges

JOHNNY

Thank you very much your honour

JOHNNY HODGES exits the witness box as the CLERK OF THE COURT stands up looking through his papers as he shouts aloud.

CLERK OF THE COURT

May I please call Miss Stephanie Bingham to the witness box please

CUT TO

INT. BASEMENT. COURTHOUSE – DAY



CHRIS and JOHNNY are talking as they walk down the corridor to the back door.

CHRIS

How did you go on then?

JOHNNY

Six years. Out in four with good behaviour and you were spot on about Judge Davis. It felt like he was on my side from the second I stepped into the witness box

CHRIS

Told you he's alright and I know getting banged up is going to be a fucking nightmare Johnny mate but you had a right result after what you did to that Muslim fucker who won't forget you in a hurry every time he gets out his mat and prays to Allah. Now do you want the good news?

JOHNNY

Go on

CHRIS

Well you can forget going to Walton mate because I've managed to get you full board and lodgings in Strangeways on D wing full of the right kind of boys like us. The screw in charge is a woman called Jackie Hayhurst who I've known for a few years. She's well switched on Johnny which means if you play the game with her then she'll play the game with you. I spoke to her about half an hour ago and told her all about you as well as letting her know that we'll be arriving later than scheduled due to the heavy traffic which means we'll have enough time for a few pints with a burger and flatten the rest of the Charlie before I drop you off at your new home

JOHNNY

Sounds good Chris mate and thanks for all your help. I'm telling you I'd have fucking hanged myself after a week in Walton surrounded by all those fucking scousers

CHRIS

( laughing )

Think nothing of it Johnny but promise me one thing mate

JOHNNY

What's that?

CHRIS

Promise me you won't try and escape if I forget the handcuffs

JOHNNY

You have my word on it Chris

CHRIS

Good. Now let's go and get a few beers

FADE OUT - CUE IN TITLES CREDITS AND MUSIC WHICH IS BABYLONS BURNING BY THE RUTS ACCOMPANIED BY A POWERFUL FAST FLEETING SEQUENCE OF HISTORICAL WORLD EVENTS HIGHLIGHTING THE UNIQUE LONGSTANDING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE UK AND USA. - the White House - the Houses of Parliament - Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes fluttering - the Kaiser and the first world war - English and Americans fighting in the trenches - artillery barrages and aerial dogfights in flimsy aircraft - Germany surrenders and goes bankrupt - the Wall Street crash - poverty unemployment and despair everywhere - the rise of Hitler rebuilding Germany - the invasion of Poland - the blitz and battle of Britain - Spitfires and Hurricanes in dogfights over the Channel - the Japanese attacking Pearl Harbour - Germany and Russia fighting on the eastern front - American soldiers landing in Britain - Germany being bombed night and day - the D-Day invasion and the bitter fight to Berlin - the unfolding horrors of the Holocaust - the Americans fighting in the Pacific - Eisenhower Churchill and Stalin posing for the camera - the Russians fighting in Berlin - Hitler and Evan Braun committing suicide in the bunker - the Red flag flying over Berlin - peace in Europe - the atomic bombs dropping on Hiroshima and Nagasaki - peace in the Pacific - the Nuremberg war crimes trials - Russia versus China and the rise of communism - Chairman Mao and the red book - the fear of global nuclear war - Kennedy and Kruschev and the space race - the assassination of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King - the race riots in the deep south- the national guard water cannons and the Klu Klux Klan - the peace march on Washington - the Black Panthers and Muhammad Ali - the Vietnam war - the Buddhist monk setting himself on fire - acid dope and rock music - Beatles Stones Doors Dylan - Charlie Manson - Concorde - moors murderers Myra Hindley and Ian Brady - the Kray gangsters - the start of the troubles and the IRA fighting the British with bullets and bombs - skinheads punks and rude boys - the dawn of Thatcher - the Falklands war - miners strikes - boot boy special policemen drafted in to fight the miners on the picket lines - the Poll tax riots - Prince Charles and Lady Diana - football hooligans wrecking Europe and the rise of the designer casual - the wars in the middle east - Saudi oil fields burning for weeks - Saddam Hussein and General Gaddafi - Kurdish people killed with poison gas - the UK and USA invade unaware of the consequences and the emergence of the suicide bomber - increased fighting between the Palestinians and the Jews - the rise of Islamic militancy - terrible impromptu massacres in the US like Columbine and the Oklahoma bombing - bombings on the London underground and bus - the emergence of Bin Laden - US embassies bombed - the 911

twin towers – the public beheading of innocent hostages working in the middle – vehement anti British Muslim demonstrations on UK streets fuelled by the one armed Muslim Cleric Abu Hamza – the truly stomach churning sight of the murder of the young soldier Lee Rigby in London hacked to death by swaggering black Muslim extremists – the rapid rise of ISIS and their capability to attack anywhere any place any time – France Turkey and Belgium – dead bodies strewn around after another massive suicide bomb attack in Iraq finally ending the sequence where all the madness started with George Bush and Tony Blair shaking hands assuring the world that they will find and destroy all weapons of mass destruction.

CUT AND FADE IN

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JERUSALEM - A PATRIOTIC HYMN WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE  
AND COMPOSED BY CHARLES HUBERT PARRY

. . . . .

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain green  
And was the holy lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen  
And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills  
Among these dark satanic mills  
Bring me my arrows of desire  
Bring me my spear O clouds unfold  
Bring me my chariot of fire  
I will not cease from mental fight  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land

. . . . .

There was a time in my life what feels like a century ago when I actually believed in all that hairy fairy stuff when writers and poets waxed lyrical about England's green and pleasant pastures. Dreaming about father Christmas and his Reindeers trotting around the galaxy dropping presents off to all the children in the world. Penny pinching Old Scrooge and the ghost of Christmas past. The bogey man, the tooth fairy and that all little girls were made of the sweetest tasting melt in the mouth sugar and spice and all things nice up until the shit hit the fan.

. . . . .

*“ The police and the army continue to remain on twenty four hour maximum standby as the death toll rises to over twelve hundred people killed and more than five hundred seriously injured in the wake of the simultaneous triple bombings of three main mosques in London Leeds and Birmingham. Police have confirmed that they received a telephone call supposedly from one of the men who carried out the attacks stating that they were members of the far right breakaway group of the English Defence League calling themselves The Patriots Of The Cross. The identities of the three men who entered the mosques disguised in Burkas have yet to be confirmed. “*

*“ Meanwhile Blackpool police are still investigating the identity of the man responsible for carrying out the morning suicide bomb attack in the Jobcentre which was packed with staff and people. Witnesses told police that they saw a middle aged man dressed in an army style camouflaged combat jacket acting strangely carrying a large knife walking down Granville Road en route to the town centre before forcefully entering the premises of local resident Mister Micheal Gibson, an unemployed fifty five year old gay man and his partner Mister Garry Dick whose badly mutilated charred bodies were found in the back garden of their home shortly after the suicide bombing. “*

*“ And in Yorkshire last night, a couple out walking their dog on Ilkley*

*Moor chanced upon the gruesome discovery of a headless mutilated charred body of a man nailed to a tree. Initial forensic tests have confirmed that the body is that of thirty eight year old illegal Bulgarian immigrant Dimitri Markoff wanted for international drug and people trafficking. Further forensic tests have linked Markoff to a forty two year old single woman called Debbie Norris who lived alone on the Queenstown council estate who was found dead after suffering severe head injuries, internal bleeding and multiple fractures. Police are appealing to anyone to come forward if they have any information whatsoever relating to these disturbing crimes. “*

*“ The weather for the next three weeks will remain cold with temperatures hovering around zero degrees with more heavy snowfalls expected soon so the governments message especially to all our old age pensioners is to stay indoors, turn up the heat and wrap up warm. A very happy new year to you all from all of us at the BBC. “*

The 1<sup>st</sup> of July 1916 is a day in history the British army will never forget and nor will I. Apart from it being the day in which it suffered the greatest amount of casualties in its illustrious history it was the day my great grandfather I never knew died on the first day of the battle of the Somme. Early morning, bright sunshine, barely a breeze in the air as the lads quietly lined up in the jump off trench prior to going over the top at the appointed hour. Spirits were exceptionally high and rightly so after the top brass had assured them that the massive prolonged pinpoint artillery barrage had totally destroyed all the German trenches. Fixing bayonets, smiling and nodding to one another waiting for the officers to blow their whistles to go over the top, their loaded pistols at the ready to shoot any lad who attempted to turn and run.

Scurrying up the scaling ladders out into the fields en route to no man's land and all seemed well for once. Only the sound of the lads struggling under the excessive weight of their equipment breaking the tranquillity, laughing and joking about the girls they want to go dancing with before a kiss and cuddle when they get back home while others remained silent hoping and praying to be alive and in one piece come the end of the day. That was until suddenly all hell broke loose as the German machine gunners unleashed a red hot

torrent of lead slicing through the helpless stumbling khaki swathe trapped in the open countryside with nowhere to hide like a knife through butter as lads started to fall in their hundreds dead and wounded screaming in agony and still they kept advancing towards the barbed wire. The first wave of troops decimated as the second wave steadied itself under no illusion what fate awaited them. Sergeant John Hodges of the Lancashire Fusiliers, one of the thirty thousand dead and dying casualties on the first day of the Somme. The only recognition for his sacrifice being a small white cross next to hundreds of others carved with his name in one of the many neatly manicured cemeteries dotted around the French countryside.

My grandfather Norman Hodges fared somewhat better in the second world war surviving the heat hell and horrors of life as a prisoner of war under the command of the Japanese army after the fall of Burma forced to work on the jungle railway until he and his comrades dropped each night. ‘ Those bloody Japs were a right bunch of sadistic bastards Johnny lad. ‘ he often told me grateful to be half alive in a hell where so many died in unimaginable conditions. If the snakes didn’t get them then cholera, dysentery, malaria, typhoid, scarlet fever, malaria, malnutrition and other diseases did but somehow through it all these tatty semi naked weak bony skeleton soldiers managed to maintain order and optimism that helped them survive everything the Japs did to them. Water tortures, left bound and hanging for hours in the harsh jungle heat, locked for days in pits like dogs and many beheaded for failing to obey their all Imperial masters. After four brutal years of captivity Norman returned home a broken shell of the man he was, taking almost two years to be able to walk without pain and a walking stick or hold a meal down without spewing it up. And yet despite all this every couple of years he’d be off to Burma in his regimental blazer, twill trousers, beret and tie with his mates to not only pay their respects to fallen comrades but to forget and forgive their former captors to allow old wounds and grievances to heal in the hope of making the world a better place. God knows how he found it within himself to do it but full marks for doing something beyond my capabilities for forgiveness and understanding.

Up until he proved himself to be a chip off the old family block, my dad Chris who named me John in honour of my great

grandfather could not have been more different than chalk and cheese. He was a war baby, June 1944 as the Normandy invasion hit the beaches for the long bitter fight to Berlin and by the time the Brighton riots were kicking off. My dad was a top Mod with a Lambretta TV175, tailor made suits, sharp haircuts, speed and a gorgeous sexy young blonde chick with a Dusty hairstyle called Anita who he eventually married within six months of their meeting and gave birth to yours truly. After the dust had settled on Brighton and most of my dad's mate turned to wearing loons, afghans, paisley shirts, long hair and beards he went from being a Mod to a skinhead. Dressed down Levi denims, Fred Perry polo shirts, Sta Prest trousers, brogues and Doc Martens. His new look suited him to the ground as did the music he was getting into. Early reggae and ska courtesy of Cuban born singer Lauren Aitken, Desmond Dekker and his favourites Toots and the Maytalls doing Pressure Drop and Was My Number. Raising the roof of our two bedroom high rise flat on the Queenstown estate on a Saturday afternoon, neighbours banging on the wall but he didn't give a fuck before mum and him got dressed and went out top ranking for the night leaving me to be entertained by the babysitter. They'd be at the Wheel in Manchester every Saturday for the all-nighters getting into the new northern soul music buying up a few singles every weekend but they never stopped loving reggae and ska. Sunday afternoons after roast dinners, mum dad and me going mental dancing around the room to the Skinhead Moonstomp by the band Symarip and me struggling to keep my balance stumbling around in my dad's size ten Cherry Reds I've still got to this day. Really happy moments I'll never forget nor would I wish to despite how bad things eventually turned out for us all.

Dad held very strong personal views on many things. A man and woman only marries once and stays married through thick and thin. He hated queers with a vengeance. He believed in hard work to pay for the luxuries in life and he loved his country almost as much as he did mum and because of this I knew that the time would come when he'd join the forces having missed conscription back in the day when lads were forced to join up for three years. As he began losing interest in the skinhead scene due mainly to the increasing far right influences coming through that were a million miles away from the ethics and lifestyle of the original skins, I remember the night we were in Da Vincis restaurant, mum breaking

down in tears as dad broke the news that he'd passed the army aptitude test and was off down to the Parachute regiment headquarters in Aldershot for a week of aptitude tests to ascertain if he was made of the right stuff to join the army's elite regiment after the SAS. He flew through the tests with flying colours and after surviving over twenty physically and mentally gruelling weeks of the toughest infantry training in the world. Mum and me were bursting with pride and joy along with all the other families and loved ones gathered on the perimeters of the parade ground watching dad and the other lads in their maroon berets receive their "well done lads." handshakes from Prince Charles who himself had passed the Paras basic training in his younger years.

Dad took us down to Brighton for the final weekend before he was due to go to northern Ireland to begin his first operational tour of duty with the first battalion. Understandably so mum looked worried after watching the news, reading the papers that soldiers were already getting killed out there but dad was adamant that nothing like that was going to happen to him, that the Paddies didn't have a clue what they were about to face as he turned to me pointing his finger in my face. 'Listen to me Johnny. You're the man of the house now while I'm away so make sure you look after mum and don't be getting in any trouble with any of your silly mates of yours. Make sure you dust my records once a week and clean my scooter as well. I don't want to see a trace of dust or rust on it when I get back or I'll kick your arse around Queenstown so hard you won't be able to sit down for a month. Do I make myself clear soldier?' he said as I saluted with a smile. 'Yes sir' I barked back as the waiter delivered three huge steaks with all the trimmings before cracking open a bottle of iced Dom Perignon for a good luck toast.

Just as they did in the first world war army top brass totally deceived the lads going over the top so many times convincing them that the German trenches were obliterated. Two generals with experience in northern Ireland arrived at Aldershot a couple of days before the first battalion was due to fly out for a pep talk to the lads. 'Look here chaps. You have absolutely nothing to worry about. Remember you are the best of the best and the IRA are a spent force full of ill trained inexperienced farmers and potato pickers so



when you do come into contact with them and you most definitely will. Give them what the fuckers deserve and good luck and God bless chaps. ' said the younger leaner one of the generals as they both quickly exited the auditorium to a unanimous standing salute and loud cheer before the sergeant major barked the lads into a flurry of activity. Preparing their gear, making sure nothing was left behind, everything in its right place and careful final checks before boarding the plane that flew them into Aldeburgh airport where several helicopters were already waiting to fly them to their makeshift bases in the Cuds - bandit country - to begin their first day of active service leaving Private Chris Hodges and all the other lads aching to have a go at kicking Paddies arse harder than ever before.

Despite their unbeatable confidence and enthusiasm their officers had instilled in them, Chris and the lads from Charlie Company were in for a big shock coming up against the so called farmers and potato pickers of the IRA. Admittedly back in the early days of The Troubles they were a rough and ready inexperienced bunch with only patriotic blood flowing through their veins giving them the courage to fight but things soon changed thanks to America giving them money and General Gadaffi's pledge to supply them with all the arms they needed as well as allowing them to train in secretive locations deep inside Lybia that transformed them into the world's most professional group of terrorists or freedom fighters depending on your views. The Para's, the so called " red berets " were the most hated British army regiment in northern Ireland after the frenzied killing of some fifteen people taking part on a peace march that turned into a massacre in Belfast's Bogside with most of the dead shot in the back so they were number one on the IRA revenge list and they went all out to get them at every opportunity that came along.

Mum was over the moon briefly speaking to Dad on the phone that he would be home for a month's leave after completing his first tour of duty, both of us charging around the flat getting it spick and span for our heroes return but although at first the cracks were almost invisible, dad came home a changed man. He'd lost a lot of weight, face haggard, eyes hollow and so much more introvert than he'd ever been with us. Sure he was pleased to see us and enjoy the comforts of home sadly lacking in Ireland but looking back, a lot of the old dad I'd loved and known was gone forever. A month off

and he never even looked at his scooter I'd meticulously cared for in his absence and we didn't even spend one musical night like we used to do. Many times at night I heard mum and dad rowing in bed, the noise reverberating through the paper thin walls separating our bedrooms, dad screaming and swearing like never before hearing the front door slam as headed into town for a night on the piss. Staggering around from bar to bar searching for old mates or just some strangers company that would listen to him over a few drinks. Passed out in the lift or in the corridor of our high rise hotel for the lost and lonely, concerned neighbours knocking on our door helping us to drag dad into bed.

A smashed coffee table and chair, holes in the doors after booting and punching them in in a drunken rage screaming out in the dead of night reliving the nightmares of situations him and his mates had been through in Ireland. Mates he'd seen shot and blown up, their bodies in pieces screaming for their mothers pulling the pillows over his head crying himself to sleep leaving mum to do her best to love and understand him as he lashed out her in temper. Then one morning he was gone up at the crack of dawn bathed, shaved, looking smart as fuck as he did on his passing out parade giving me a big hug and forty quid promising me that things will be different next time he came home on leave. A two week holiday in Spain as a family again as he broke down to mum begging her forgiveness for him being such a cunt with her and that it would never happen again hugging and kissing her like mad the three of us overshadowed by Walter Robinson Court as dad jumped into the cab taking him up to the station for a second dose of northern Ireland leaving us both standing there crying our eyes out as dad disappeared from view unaware that that was the last time I was going to see dad as I knew him. The happy carefree sharp dressed hard as nails when he needed to be skinhead soulie who lived for mum, me, hard work, music and his scooter in that order.

I remember messing around one day on the estate trying to drive his scooter for the first time. Just balancing it off its stand, trying to kick start it into life one hand on the brake and the other on the throttle. Slipping it into first gear revving the engine slowly stalling it repeatedly until I gave up wondering if I was ever going to be able to master the art and skill of driving it so effortlessly and

cool the way he could. Taking a corner around fifty miles an hour gently banking into the curve like a Spitfire barrel rolling over Biggin Hill, foot and one hand gently on the brakes going with the momentum until he was out of the bend, straightening up full power into fourth blasting down the road like a man on top of his game unlike me who after more than an hour of trying to get the scooter to move a foot eventually gave up on the idea until I was confident enough to get a lesson from the master himself.

Dad and me shared many sessions in his lock up that have had a profound effect on me throughout my life especially when it comes down to finding good mates and standing by them no matter what. ' Listen to me Johnny lad. Finding good mates is everything and once you do you fucking look after them and you'll find they'll look after you no matter how fucked up or skint you are. You stand together and go down together as me and my mates did for me and vice versa. ' Dad loved Winston Churchill and Enoch Powell with a vengeance telling me countless times that Powell was the greatest prime minister this country never had. Dad was a skinhead all his life but never a racist. He just had an undying belief in his country that's rubbed off on me. When the skinheads took a turn to the right in the 70's then dad took a left and found other interests as well as instilling in me his abject hatred of queers and especially bullies of all shapes sizes and creeds. ' Cocks are for pissing and fucking women and arses for shitting through but one thing I fucking hate more than queers are bullies and you can smell the fuckers a mile off destroying weaker people's lives with their self - inflated fucking egos and artificial power. Remember what I'm telling you Johnny. You come across a bully in your time. Then you fucking make sure you leave them remembering you forever and whatever comes as a result, stand up and take it on the chin because the less bullies there are in the world the better the world will be '

It was approaching the middle of his second tour in Ireland when I arrived home to mum in the lounge crying her eyes out telling me that dad had been badly injured in what the officer informing her of the news told her was an incident in Belfast. Part of a foot patrol of soldiers on a routine stroll around the cramped terraced houses to let the Paddies know that the Para's were out and about searching for suspected IRA members. All the residents out on

the street banging dustbin lids on the ground making a right racket intended to warn the boys that the Para's were on the prowl. Private Chris Hodges in the middle of the patrol spread out in the street moving slowly ready and alert for any contact. The nearest man next to a dark blue Ford Capri when seconds later - BOOM. The terrifying sound of a large car bomb going off with such force that Private Hodges was blown through the air some twenty yards smashing into the opposite wall dropping to the floor in an unconscious bloody mess, bits of his stomach and bone visible to the eye but somehow barely alive unlike his mate next to him reduced to a limbless charred smoking torso like a large rack of juicy spare ribs coated in a thick tasty barbecue sauce.

After several months in an army hospital recovering from his wounds, dad returned home in bad shape with his northern Ireland service medal pinned to his chest, his thanks for doing his bit for Queen and country which was the first thing he through into the wild blue yonder from the balcony of our flat one morning clutching a half empty bottle of vodka and handful of pain killers that did nothing to free him from the constant ringing in his head or the pain in his stomach ripped apart by shards of searing hot metal from the bomb blast that had so very nearly killed him he often told mum and me he wished it had done to save him from the agony he suffered twenty four seven that no amount of booze and pills could erase. Mum was distraught, completely beside herself with pain and despair knowing that the only man she'd ever loved was gone forever replaced by a drunken violent spectre of the immaculately dressed young ambitious idealistic skinhead she married as he became increasingly bitter and disillusioned with each going down of the sun.

Mum wasn't the only one destroyed by dad's terrible irreversible decline. The once sharp skinhead obsessed with his appearance and attention to detail, shirts to match his suits trousers and shoes ironed and polished to perfection. Scooter washed and waxed, chrome accessories gleaming, this man my dad my hero and greatest influence in my life now reduced to looking like a tramp. Hair long and unkempt, bearded and unwashed for weeks on end wearing the same filthy stained clothes living and sleeping on the sofa surrounded by a mountain of empty vodka whisky and brandy bottles, brown plastic pill jars. Stale bent twisted half eaten foil containers of

Chinese and Indian food, boxes of pizza slices covered in mould trousers down around his ankles shitting and pissing where he lay. Nocturnal screams of agony echoing through the night from dusk till dawn and there he'd be on the sofa at the rising of the sun passed out asleep snoring and dribbling until the nightmares kicked in once again. Mum curled up alone in bed desperate for dad to be lying next to her cuddling away her fears sobbing her heart out feeling every second of the pain and suffering he was going through. At least for sergeant Hodges stepping out into no man's land on the first morning of the Somme his was a relatively quick and painless death unlike dad forced to endure of living the agony every second of his life until he could take it no more which looking back to back to that terrible time didn't surprise me in the slightest and considering the circumstances a blessing in disguise but as things eventually transpired as they often do completely destroyed my mum as well.

For some forlorn reason mum had saved up enough money to renovate the flat in the hope that dad would come back to life. Brand new furniture to replace the smashed and broken splinters as a result of his mindless rages. A new bathroom suite complete with a Jacuzzi, new wallpaper and carpets throughout. Walls and floors stripped and bare ready for her new ideas as I arrived home with a sense of dread, the hairs on the back of my neck tickling my ears knowing that something was very wrong that I was going to haunt me for the rest of life or rather what I'm going to do in a couple of hours that will end my life. Because of mum trying to the best she could to make dad better by doing up the flat, to this day I can't decide if he actually waited until she'd stripped the walls and floors bare rather than ruining the new carpets the company were coming to fit two days before I found him dead hanging from a rope he'd secured to the top bannister before leaping into the abyss. His neck stretched at a grotesque angle, eyes bulging from their sockets, piss, shit, body fluids soaked into the bare timber stairs below where he was hanging that are still there today remembering him every time I run up and down stairs.

Despite the horrific mind numbing reality staring me in the face burning into my brain leaving an indelible scar, at that terrible almost surreal moment dad looked the best he'd done in ages since returning home from Ireland. Face and hair home shaved down to a

number two wearing one of his favourite blue check Brutus shirts, stone coloured Harrington, Levis with sewn in and turn ups and cherry red Doc Marten ten holes, the same ones I'm wearing now shortly before I leave to do what I have to do for much the same reasons why dad killed himself. That final moment in life some people reach when all they touch is just so fucking pointless, bland and unbearably second hand. From the evidence in the lounge he must have been having a bit of a party for one before hanging himself. His beloved reggae ska and northern soul singles scattered all over the sideboard, bottles of vodka and a large mirror smeared with white trails convincing me he went out on a high and on another of his few prized possessions. An original Bang Olufsen sound system, his favourite single Pressure Drop was playing low on repeat. The final sound dad was listening to remembering irretrievable better times climbing the stairs the way a condemned man scales the gallows but no condemned man ever tied the rope around his own neck before dropping. That's why I'll never agree with people who say those who commit suicide are merely cowards. They are possibly the bravest people right up until their last second to do what they do. Selfish maybe for leaving behind loved ones in such a tragic unforgettable way but there's fuck all wrong with a little bit of selfishness now and again and believe me I still live with the pain of losing both parents and if I can forgive then surely so can others.

Mum killed herself for exactly the same reason dad did and why I'm going to kill myself because we couldn't carry on any longer and although I've long forgiven them for leaving me the way they did. I wonder if they would forgive me if they were still alive for the way I'm about to sign off and able to pick up the pieces of their own only son for doing what he did? The night I found mum dead I arrived home coming down from a load of speed after another weekend at Wigan. The lights were off, all the bulbs removed filling me with the same feeling the night I found dad dead stumbling around in the dark from the lounge down the corridor and into mums bedroom, the only room in the flat lit up courtesy of the lamp on her bedside cabinet. The walls and floors still stripped bare two years after dad died having lost the will and motivation to make our home a better place and why it remains exactly as it was back then for the same reasons like a monument of doom and gloom to the memory of Hodges family frozen in a very dark time.

Mum was on the floor surrounded by family photos, empty bottles of vodka and three empty brown pill jars clutching the wedding snap of her and dad on the steps of the registry office in Blackpool surrounded by two straight columns of scooters honouring their big day. Excrement and body fluids soaked into the floor after having been there for close on two days before I discovered her leaving a letter for me on the sideboard and a picture of her with dad outside the Twisted Wheel in Manchester apologising for leaving me in such a cruel way. " Dear Johnny. I'm sorry for this but I just can't go on living life without my Chris by my side. The only man I've ever loved in my life and now we're together again for eternity and one day we hope you will join us and forgive us. I hope that one day you'll be able to find it in your heart to forgive me. Your loving mum forever. Anita. "

What money was left after I gave mum a decent funeral burying her next to dad which was her dying wish I went fucking mental for a few weeks spunking over three grand on all the booze and drugs I could swallow and snort. Curtains closed, take - aways and chemicals delivered trying on all my dad's singles on repeat twenty four seven trying on his clobber, shirts, Fred Perry's, jeans, sta - prest, parallels, suits, shoes, desert boots, loafers and Martens. Toots, Lauren, Symarip, Eddie Parker, the Major, Frankie Beverley, Tobi Legend, Jimmy Radcliffe and Dean Parrish making each day a little better than the rest thanks to my two lifelong mates Geoff and Tel on call twenty four seven if not in person then on the mobiles scared shitless that I was going to go down the same path as mum and dad. ' Honestly Johnny mate. Anything you need and we mean anything. Just tell us and it'll be there mate. ' From playground to now it feels like we were brothers. Same infants, junior, senior school. Same building jobs, same scenes, skinheads, scooters, soulies, same team, United. The Three Musketeers all for one and one for everything through the thickest and thinnest come what may. The only difference between us is that they lived for the future while I remained in the past doing all I could to forget it. They saved for a rainy day while for me every day pissed down. Their dreams were simple attainable while mine were always impossible, eccentric and unattainable but still I used to wake up every morning convinced that the week ahead was going to be the one that changes my life forever. Geoff and Tel worked hard and were contented with their

semi - detached one good holiday a year lot. The love of a good average woman who became a wife who gave them kids. They drove second hand BMW's and Fords while I wanted everything James Bond had and more crashed out on the old shit stained battered sofa dad lived on during the last few weeks of his life in the same threadbare flat dreaming of a tomorrow that was never going to come.

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Ever since we crawled out of the sticky evolutionary morass and established ourselves as the planets dominant species, mankind has killed one another for various reasons. For king queen and country in times of war, money, jealousy, love, passion, hatred, hatred and revenge. I killed two people at different times in my life for the same reasons because they were bullies pure and simple. Swaggering around shouting their mouths off about who they were and what they were going to do to me which was fuck all considering they're dead and I'm still ticking over nicely. Of course there's no justifiable defence I can offer for taking the lives of two total strangers the way I did but in both situations it was a case of them or me and there was only going to be one winner there as my dad told me many times get in first and make the fuckers hurt. But even though they deserved what they got, the weird thing is that as I get older and wiser and even though I shouldn't. The last couple of years I feel like I'm blaming myself for doing what I did even though the big mouthed arrogant bullying fuckers contributed to their deaths by picking on the wrong man.

My first murder took place in what I can only loosely describe as a toilet in a beach bar in Vagator Goa on a sunny afternoon on new year's day back in two thousand, the beginning of the new millennium enjoying a simple delicious toasted cheese and onion sandwich and salad washed down with an ice cold beer with a partner I no longer loved the way a man should love a woman who died some six years later as a result of drinking herself to death. All the doomsday panic prophecies of the world coming to an end bang on midnight had passed quicker than the two grams of Charlie I treated myself to thinking that if the world was going to disintegrate then I was going to make sure I was going to go out on a high despite a disastrous lacklustre fuck with Karen lying there on her back legs splayed wide open to the required angle knocking back



another glass of brandy as she sparked up a Marlboro and refilled her glass. A loveless moment made barely memorable only because of the fact that that was the last time our genitals became one.

The gorgeous early morning tranquillity of the sea tickling the curious looking black lava sand combined with the heat of the sun painted an almost perfect picture as I flattened the last smears of Charlie when suddenly my world was interrupted by the sound of several loud motorcycles - the instantly recognisable “ thump thump thump “ Harley Davidson sound - pulling up outside the beach bar driven by what turned out to be six of the worst arrogant big mouthed American Yids - minus one by the time I vacated the scene of the crime - I’ve ever had the displeasure of briefly coming into contact with. Muscle bound, toned and tanned, crew cut sparkling white toothed specimens swaggering around the bar like an invading army in their tight vests and army combat trousers oblivious to the threat I was about to pose to one in particular who just wouldn’t let it lie as he bowled passed my table knocking my beer to the sand in his wake as him and his mates plotted up at a table a few yards away demanding instant service from the beautiful young efficient waitress doing her utmost to keep all the punters supplied with food and beer.

Having spent six years with me, Karen knew me only too well my tolerance levels knowing when and where to keep my mouth shut and allow whatever was happening to me at the time to simply wash over me like a refreshing shower but that wasn’t one of those moments to simply shut up and let things go. As the thought of my dad came into view feeling my blood pressure increasing and my eyes glazing over with the inevitability of the war I was about to get become involved in, she pleaded with me to behave, to let it go, to see sense in between knocking back another large vodka as I turned to the fucking Yid and shouted over a question as polite as my temper was allowing me to be. ‘ Oi. I’m not being funny but are you going to buy me a new beer to replace the one you’ve just knocked over or what? ‘ A perfectly reasonable question under the circumstances or so I thought as he grabbed the young waitress by the arm causing her to drop the two plates of food she was carrying on the sand. The signal for the muscle bound gobshites to break into hysteric laughter as if their mate with the thick black curly hair and

biggest nose had just pulled off the joke of the century shouted back at me laughing. ' Hey guys get a load of the sad faced fucking limey pussy over there demanding beer from me. ' Sitting there staring me straight in the eye, his mates sniggering, slapping his back and high fives everywhere as my memory slipped back to the many conversations dad and me shared in the Queenstown lock up about bullies, getting in first and leave them remembering the moment forever as I settled back and concentrated all my thoughts on grabbing the first opportunity that came along to do the fucker and do him well.

That day I kid you not when I tell you that I redefined the definition of the phrase patience is a virtue having decided from the second the big fat gobby Yid knocked over my beer as well as mauling the waitress, laughing at me giving me wanking signs with his right hand that before sun down I was going to make the fucker pay after moving to a new table closer to the toilets where I'd already decided that was going to be the perfect place to teach the cunt a lesson he was never going to be able to forget. I ordered up another beer and a quadruple vodka with tonic and ice for Karen who from the look on her face and the speed in which she downed her drink sensing that Armageddon was about to take place kindly made her usual bullshit excuses to head back to the hotel in Calangute for an afternoon nap before a shower, a fresh bottle of vodka and a slap up seafood evening meal by the pool thinking that she was the centre of attention like some faded Hollywood starlet waiting for the next big part to come along to revive her sad career entertaining a bunch of ordinary boring as fuck Brits who made themselves feel better, so much more worthwhile by going to Goa every year visiting a handful of schools to hand out goodies.

Welcomed in by the staff and kids with open arms hugging and kissing them, over the moon that these ever so kind people from England had bought them some paper, pencils, paints, felt tips, geometry sets and various other much needed items. Wrinkled sunburnt white haired hard looking geezers with faded tattoos from Margate and Leeds in their late fifties early sixties and their Michelin wives draped in floral Saris and flowers in their dried up hair reduced to tears by the overwhelming love and adoration the kids showered them with and the poignant video of the musical the kids

put on for them to relive the happy moments of their Goa mercy mission when they get back home already looking forward to their return. Listening to their pompous self - importance night after night by the pool in our luxury air conditioned all - inclusive hotel only yards away from the street where starving mothers were offering their babies for sex for a quid or two while they stuffed themselves with more food than the entire school of children ate in one year made me sick but Karen somehow found their company entertaining so there I sat night after night scoffing plates full of fresh prawns, langostines and lobsters while a worse than bad Mariachi trio complete with huge Sombreros and fitted jackets and flares band strummed Mexican music Goa style.

‘ I don’t want to see this Johnny. You’re a fucking monster when you get in this mood and I can’t handle it so I’m going back to the hotel. I’ll see you when I do. ‘ Karen announced, knocking back her drink as she crawled to a feet and staggered off down the dusty road to where a bunch of bored Tuk Tuk drivers suddenly became animated as one at the sight of a possible earner standing in line like a company of soldiers about to be inspected by their commanding officer. Swaying from side to side, her long blonde hair matted and unruly, I watched her flop down on the back seat of the first Tuk Tuk she saw, the driver fussing around her like she was a lady of the realm as she gave him directions to the hotel. ‘ That way. Yes down this road after the roundabout. A big yellow hotel on the main street. I’ll show you when we get closer. ‘ she shouted with a raised arm before lying down on the seat watching her disappear down the road leaving me with what turned out to be my final beer during a four hour vigil watching every move the curly haired gobshite made whooping it up like he didn’t have a care in the world until the moment I’d been waiting for came along. The pissed up Yids deciding enough was enough throwing their pockets full of cash on the floor before staggering over to their Harleys while the one I was after stumbled over to the toilets, making sure he was a few yards ahead of me as I picked up my empty bottle and followed him over intending to even up the score and what an equalizer it turned out to be even by my dad’s exacting standards.

Just him and me as I crept into the toilets listening to the fat cunt humming some patriotic Springtseen anthem swaying from side

to side as if he was on a sailing boat in a force nine gale, propped up against the wall with one hand while he emptied his bladder into the shit pit below burping loudly as I took up position behind him bottle in hand seconds away from sending him off to meet his maker as zipped up his cock and turned around eyes all over the place and well pissed to the point where he didn't even recognise me from knocking my beer over to taking the piss out of me with his gobshite Yid mates who I knew would be wondering where their buddy was if I didn't wrap things up sharpish. ' Hey buddy. Who the fuck are you staring at? ' he mumbled at me as I stepped forward and smashed the bottle over his head before jabbing it into his face hard several times.

Blood gushing all over the place squealing like a pig as I kicked him in the bollocks watching him fall into the shit pit with a reassuring " plop " accompanied by an opera of grunting snorting hungry pigs who lived off human excrement with real meat being a rare treat for them. The sounds of pigs chomping on their new year's treat and screams of ' help me help me man. ' filling the stinking toilet as I walked out into the sunshine passed the pissed up Yids who didn't even recognise me sliding into a Tuk Tuk driven by a young kid wearing a faded Man United shirt with Cantona on the back who drove me back to the hotel with all the skill and speed of a formula one champion, giving him a hefty tip for his help. Walking into the hotel passed reception straight over to the poolside bar where I ordered up a nice large refreshing gin and tonic with ice and a slice, flopping down on a recliner holding up the glass to my dad staring down at me with a nod of approval. My Jules Rimet moment suddenly interrupted by Karen stumbling over to where I was chilling in a fitted full length evening gown arm in arm with two tasty German methamphetamine lesbians who'd been pestering Karen to have a threesome ever since we met them and judging from the look on their faces they'd had a right old time of things. Karen cackling with laughter ordering up three extra - large Pina Colladas as all three plonked down on the nearby recliners as I sat there sipping my victory drink complementing myself on a job well done wondering what the night was going to hold for me as me and the two Krauts touched glasses smiling.

My first murder occurred almost twenty years earlier, very early

eighties in Germany on a quiet railway station some forty clicks from Hanover starring myself and three gobshite bully boy neo storm troopers who just as the Yid had done on that blissful sunny day in Goa, simply picked on the wrong bloke on the wrong night after suffering a long exhausting day on a building site thoroughly fucked in my own world wanting nothing more than just to be left alone to gather up my thoughts after another pointless day grafting my bollocks off laying bricks and blocks for the Krauts. Looking back to that night I wasn't asking too much to be left alone but I knew deep down from the second the three of them bounced down the steps onto the platform where I was chilling out waiting for the train to get me back to my hotel for a decent drink and some grub before calling it a night but even a simple thing like that wasn't going to happen as they walked over giving me the once over. Three skinheads, one fatter than his mates all dressed in black combat trousers, flight jackets, tee shirts with the silver deaths head symbol printed on the front and high leg black Doc Martens laughing and shouting away swigging a bottle of vodka between themselves as a row of old cattle trucks parked up on the opposite side of the tracks suddenly caught their attention. Me just sitting there head down eyes half open staring into space pretending they were invisible yet fully aware of the incident I knew was going to happen as my monster within started to slowly simmer on the back burner of my imagination.

Watching their absurd theatricals through one eye made me chuckle silently as they lined up opposite the cattle trucks, stood to attention and delivered a raised arm Nazi salute shouting out "Juden Raus. Ein Reich Ein Volke Ein Fuhrer" - Jews out - one country one people one leader - the same old Nazi rhetoric I'd heard a million times before chanted by wankers who who didn't have a fucking clue about what it was really like to be involved in a proper war like my dad had experienced as the vision of his face winking at me came into view with a "here we go again Johnny lad and remember what I told you. Single out your target, get in first and make the fucker have it." Three brain dead off-springs of fathers and uncles who'd fought in world war two standing there pissed up looking like they were having a right old time of things spouting their Nazi bullshit until the finally ran out of energy as the fat fucker who I eventually killed or at least came very close to doing focused his

attention on me walking across to join me gate crashing my solitude sniggering at me and the clobber I was wearing. An original Baracuta stone coloured Harrington, black Fred Perry polo shirt, faded turned up Levi 501's and a pair of glistening ten hole cherry red Docs shinier than any of the fuckers had ever seen before.

Admittedly not ideal building site De Rigueur but I've always followed my dad's rule that no matter the job you're in, always make the effort to look your sharpest by taking pride in your appearance even after the end of a hard days graft. Get washed and changed look the part and that's what I've always done throughout my life. Nothing worse in my opinion than standing in the pub getting pissed still wearing shitty work gear telling the whole fucking world what you do for a living but loads of blokes I've known over the years are quite happy to do that. Merrily drinking away covered in gobbo mud and brick dust still in their work clobber. Blokes who are happy to have one bath a week if they can be arsed, going home to the wife with a couple of Kebabs on a Friday night before giving her one up the arse and passing out but not me. Fuck that for a game of soldiers. I mean what's a bloke got in life if he doesn't maintain his pride in himself and his appearance?

I knew it a couple of seconds before it happened that the fat fucker was going to touch my Martens with his shitty boots nodding his head as he said something sarcastic in decent English. ' Nice boots English and so very fucking shiny too don't you think? ' A question aimed more at entertaining his two mates than addressing me who both nodded their pissed up approval as he continued on his way to getting killed noticing the small red and white enamel Man United badge pinned to the collar of my Harrington. ' Aahh and I see we have a Manchester United fan with us boys. We are Bayern Munich hooligans, the craziest hardest fucking hooligans in the whole of Germany and quite possibly better than any English hooligan mob you care to name including Manchester United. What do you think English. Am I right or wrong? ' he asked as I barely noticed a knife tucked under his waist belt as all three towered over me demanding an answer to their question as several seconds silence followed allowing me the time to come up with a quick plan of cation before things got out of control.

After all, United or no United, there I was playing away in a

foreign country outnumbered three to one which wasn't the perfect wicket to be batting on but nevertheless instinct told me to hold my ground and win over their hearts and minds first and foremost before I figured out my next move staring at the fat fucker smiling shrugging my shoulders. ' What do I think? You asking me what I think? I think it doesn't fucking matter who you or me support so long as we are hooligans first and foremost. I'm Man United. You're Bayern Munich and so fucking what. What's more important is that we continue being football hooligans as well as continuing the legacy of our great Fuhrer Adolf Hitler and do all we can to rid our countries of all the Jewish scum forever. That's what's important. Sticking together as one Reich and not fighting one another so what so you say? Shall we have a drink on me to honour the memory of our great Fuhrer now and don't worry the drinks are on me. '

Talk about a rapid mood swing as my rousing spontaneous Nazi bullshit hit all three of the thick wankers as I stood up and joined them in the Nazi salute feeling like a bloke on top of his game as we shook hands and introduced ourselves before getting down to business. Pulling out my wallet stuffed with marks, I peeled forty out and handed them both to Conrad the fat cunt who immediately ordered his dim witted foot soldiers to go and get some booze from the nearest off licence leaving me and him alone charging up the steps out of the station as I pulled out a bag of Charlie with a grin waving it under Conrad's nose like a carrot teasing a donkey asking him if he fancied joining me in the bogs for a couple of liveners to get us in the mood or rather me in the right mood to kill the fucker before the troops arrived back. Knowing I had enough time to do what I had to do I followed Conrad into the deserted bogs squeezing into a cubicle where I chopped out four fluffy white lines. His eyes rolling around with excitement telling me how fantastic it was to meet a like - minded English hooligan as I rolled up a ten mark note hoovering up my lines in second passing the note to Conrad inviting him to get stuck in and be quick about it as there's more on the go.

With him bent double struggling to snort his coke because he was such a fat cunt, he was in the perfect position halfway through snorting up the first line after letting out a loud sneeze telling me how great my gear was as I went into action grabbing his collar

smashing his face hard against the porcelain top rendering him half senseless as I dragged him out of the cubicle and laid into him with a vengeance. Fists and boots punching and kicking the fat cunt to bits before using his head like a battering ram smashing it repeatedly against the edge of the toilet. Screams teeth and blood everywhere stamping on his head with my Docs flattening his nose begging me for mercy the way all the bullies I've dealt with over my life do when they get what's coming to them. My monster within urging me to go all the way as he mumbled ' please stop. Mercy mercy. Please English man I'm sorry for insulting you before. ' But mercy wasn't on the menu and neither was an apology as I jumped up and smashed down on his skull with my boots full bodyweight hearing it crack loudly like an Ostrich egg as he went lifeless, blood pouring from his nose and ears convincing me that if he wasn't dead then he soon would be so it was job done with five minutes spare before the train arrived to take me back to the hotel for that drink I now fancied more than ever. A quick wash to clean away the blood, smarten myself up in the mirror with not a speck of his blood to be seen anywhere strolling out of the hogs calm as the proverbial cucumber, the distant noise of the train approaching sounding like a Wagnerian opera. Seconds after boarding the train and presenting my ticket to the stern faced guard, I was on my home after a harder days graft than planned as Conrad's skinny storm troopers charged down the stairs clutching bottles of booze in their hands, puzzled faces looking around for the party to begin as they disappeared into the bogs thinking the obvious only to discover their fat Fuhrers body beaten beyond recognition and me smiling for another job well done as I plonked down on the seat looking forward to sinking half a dozen cold steins of Warsteiner.

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