

WHO'S YOUR DADDY 2015

A book taken from a movie script.

Written by Phil Mitchell

Chapter 1.

It's July 1966: Three weeks before the FIFA World Cup Final at Wembley. The weather is absolutely perfect. A great year for English football fans and a great year for South London Gangsters.

Harry, an evil, violent, criminal, with the ability to make people and problems disappear. He owns South London's premier dance hall, "The Locarno," and as the kingpin of almost all of South London's criminal activities. Puts him at the top of the police's most "**Want To Fuck Over List.**"

It's early Saturday evening. Harry emerges naked from a short swim in his indoor swimming pool. He's overweight, in his late forties, and it's obvious he eats, drinks, and smokes too much. He towels himself off and throws on a large white fluffy toweling dressing gown, tightens the cord as best he can. There's a bottle of white wine in a bucket of ice on one of the pool side tables. He pours himself a glass until the bottle is empty. Takes a drink. Lights a cigar.

As is the bent of 99.9% nouveau riche gangsters, they have no taste, or class. Anything that might be construed as refined is totally lost on them. Harry is no exception.

Point in question: There is a mural he has had painted on the inside walls of his swimming pool. Through very unrealistic painted arches, you can see the equally unrealistic rolling hills of the Italian countryside. It looks like crap.

Now, sitting at one of the many poolside tables is Bob. "A hard man who works for Harry." He's drinking a beer straight from the bottle.

Harry sits down at table with Bob. "I'm taking her out to dinner so I won't be down the club till about 10, ish. Make sure them 3 musketeers are sorted by the time I get there."

Bob, "Sorted?"

Harry, "Yeah, when I arrive I want them 3 rounded up and brought up to my office.. Preferably in one piece.. I want to talk to them about them World Cup tickets."

Amanda, Harry's wife arrives poolside; she's slim with beautiful looks and long black hair. Eager to show off her new dress. Turns a 360*, "How do you like it darling"?

"Fabulous". Harry strokes Amanda's backside.

"I was up town with the girls today, I just couldn't resist it".

"It looks great babe. You look fantastic. We got anymore of that wine left?" Holds up the empty bottle.

"Philistine. You wouldn't know a decent bottle of wine from a 10 bob bottle of plonk." She Leaves pool side with the empty bottle. Goes to the kitchen and takes out a new bottle of wine from the fridge. She hears Harry calling from the pool.

"It's a lovely dress babe. What did that cost me?"

Calls back to Harry. "There's no need for you to worry yourself about little things like that darling. I've put it on the card."

Harry, to Bob, "It's a wonder she never got the shoes and handbag to match."

Amanda is still in the kitchen opening the bottle of wine.

Harry calls out again, "How come you never bought an handbag and shoes to match?"

Amanda Arrives back at pool side with the newly opened bottle of wine, hands it to Harry. "No need to shout darling. I did find a pair of shoes, but they didn't have my size. The nice lady said she would have a pair sent over from one of their other shops."

"Sent over. Sent over to where?"

"Why here of course. Darling, you can't expect me to go traipsing all the way back up town just for a pair of shoes."

Harry to Bob, "I got the only bird in England that has her shoes delivered."

Then quickly back to Amanda, "No babes cor's not."

The Intercom at the front gate Buzzes.

Harry, "Fuck me that was quick". Harry answers the Intercom. "Yeah who is it?"

A voice from the Intercom. "It's the Gas Board. We've had a report of a leak."

Harry sniffs the air. "Can't smell anything."

"We need to come in and check."

"Hang on I've got to put some clothes on."

Bob, "What's that all about?"

"I'm fucked if I know. We're all electric. Tell you what. You tooled up?"

"That's what you pay me for." Pulls out a pistol from behind his back.

Harry to Amanda, "Go upstairs, lock yourself in the bedroom, and don't come out till I tell ya."

"What's happening?"

"Just get up them fucking stairs and don't come down till I tell ya. Right?"

"Ok...Just be careful." Amanda hurries away out of the pool area, and into the main body of the house.

Intercom buzzes again. "Hello."

"Hang on. I'm putting me trousers on." Picks up a phone and quickly dials a number. "I want half a dozen of you round my place NOW." Hangs up phone. Opens cupboard, takes out a shotgun.

Bob, "You got another one of them?"

Harry opens another cupboard; hands Bob an even bigger shotgun.

Bob with a broad grin on his face, "That should do the trick."

Harry, "We gonna do this or what?" Holds up the remote gate opener. They both smile at each other loving every second of the buzz. Harry presses the remote, and the gate starts to open.

They both burst out of the house into the courtyard. Guns up and ready for action. "The 4 Gas Men" with canvas bags over their shoulders enter.

Fumbling to get their weapons out of their bags. Bob goes screaming towards them, shotgun blazing. Downs 3 of them, Harry only gets one. With all four bodies on the ground, three of them not moving. Bob has his boot on the throat of number four.

Harry now standing beside Bob . "You know you're a fucking maniac."

"That's what you pay me for. Mind you someone else said to me a long time ago." Bob has a Flashback to when he was in the army, his face and hands covered in blood and camouflage grease. He's holding a pistol and a machete. His boot is on the throat of an enemy survivor. Looking down into the eyes of the lone survivor, he unloads two shots into his head. Remembering the words his combat sergeant said to him. "You're a fucking maniac."

Bob brings himself back to the present, "Fuck em."

The lone survivor is finding it hard to breath under Bob's boot. "I can't breath."

Bob presses down harder with his boot. "Shut the fuck up."

Harry to the survivor, "What the fuck was that all about?"

Harry turns his attention to Bob, "Hey Bob."

Bob, "What?"

Harry, "Give us a fucking chance". Motions to Bob to ease up on the pressure on Survivor's throat.

Bob, Realizes he's pressing just a little too hard on the guys throat, "Oh yeah." Eases up on the pressure.

Harry, "Well, what the fuck was that all about?"

Survivor, "Spain."

Harry, "What the fuck you on about?"

"He don't tell me much. All I know is you fucked him over on some property over there."

"You talking about Vince?"

"Yeah. He's well and truly pissed."

"No shit. Why couldn't the fat cunt just come and talk to me, or better still, just pick up the fucking phone."

"You know him. He's a fucking nutter."

"So all this bollocks is about a couple of poxy villas"? Walks away. Talking to himself. Shouts back to Bob. "Sort him out."

A SHOT RINGS OUT

Harry spins around to see Bob standing over the survivor with a smoking gun, "What the fuck?"

Bob, inquisitively, "What?"

"I said sort him out. Not blow his fucking head off. Tell you what. Don't ever let anyone ever tell you you're not a raving fucking lunatic."

"Cheers Harry, I thought I was, but it's nice to have it confirmed."

Harry turns away in exasperation, shaking his head, walks towards the house talking to himself, "He. Is stark starring raving fucking mad."

Amanda Appears at the courtyard door to the house. "You boys been having fun?" She looks down at Harry's dressing gown. Sees he has an erection poking up from under his dressing gown. "Looks like YOU have."

"I thought I told you to stay in the bedroom." He hasn't noticed his erection yet.

"OK I'll go back in, but only if you come with me". She takes Harry by the hand and leads him into the house.

Harry takes a look down at his erection. He is pleased at what he is seeing, and with a broad smile of self satisfied, happily follows Amanda, "Yeah sounds like a good idea."

The Intercom at the front gate buzzes. Harry is halted in his tracks just long enough to answer the intercom. Impatiently, he doesn't want to lose his erection, "What?"

A voice from the the other end of the intercom, "We're here Boss."

Harry takes a few steps back out into the courtyard, shouts over to Bob. "Bob, sort em out. No, no no I don't mean sort em out. I mean just let em in, and sort this shit out." He turns around and goes back into the house, now doing his best to catch up with Amanda.

Bob notices his boss's erection, smiles to himself, "OK see you in a minute".

Chapter 2.

Later the same evening inside the Locarno Dance Hall Streatham Hill South London.

60's Music playing in the background. Teenagers everywhere.

We now get to meet 3 illegitimate offspring credited to HRH The Duke of Edinburgh. (Philip, Charles, & Ann).

With drinks in their hands, standing at a crowded bar. Philip, and Charles are checking out the girls walking by. Bob has seen them, and is making a beeline straight for them. Philip and Charles see him approaching.

Charles, "Oh what does that prick want?"

Bob arrives, and makes a kind of nodding motion with his head towards another bar on the other side of the dance hall. "Not in the Pink Elephant bar then?"

Philip's, the first to reply, "You know we only go in there after Dream Time."

"I've heard you can afford it with all that money you just made."

Again Philip is the first to answer. But he answers Bob quicker than need be. "What you talking about?"

"World Cup tickets?"

Charles butts in, "What World Cup tickets?"

"Don't start all that bollocks. I've been told to take you three up to the boss's office. He's not here yet, but he wants to see you as soon as he arrives, and do yourselves a favour, and don't fuck him about by trying to say you ain't had any tickets."

Anne, (17 Years Old) with a well proportioned figure, and a penchant for the older man arrives, and gives Bob a provocative look up and down. Stares him straight in the eyes. Licks her lips. "How long's he gonna be?"

Bob has always liked the look of Anne, but tries hard not to show it. "How old are you?"

"19."

"Bollocks.. Just because you've been giving your old man blow jobs for the past 3 years don't make you 19".

Anne is a bit taken aback, and bangs Bob hard in the chest, the way only a pretty 17 year old could do. Girls like Anne know they can get away with that sort of thing without getting a slap back. "What you talking about?"

Philip, "That's a bit strong."

Bob gives Anne a knowing look straight in the eyes. "Yeah it would be if it weren't true."

Philip, perks up. He has always been very protective of Anne, "What you on about?"

Charles, "Leave it Phil, leave it." He grabs Phil by the arm and guides him away from Bob and the bar.

Philip wanting to go back to the bar and question Bob more about what he just heard, is tugging on Charles's arm trying to get him to release him, "What's he on about?"

With a firm grip on Philip's arm, he is doing his best to calm him down, "I ain't saying. But look at her. You know what she's like."

They both take a good hard look back towards the bar to see Anne putting a hand on Bob's crutch.

Charles seems to resign himself to his fate, "She's my sister. What can I do? She's out of control."

Philip, is now becoming more annoyed with what's going on, "I know we've all got the same father. But we need to have a word with her before Nana finds out."

"Yeah, I'll have a word with her later. Meantime take a look at that." Points at a girl walking past with large breasts, wearing a very tight pink top. "look at the tits on that. That's for me."

Phil agrees, "Yeah magic tits, I'm going to get a drink. Do you want one?"

"Yeah in a minute, I'll be back." Wanders off following the girl in the tight pink top.

"You're as bad as Anne." (Good humored) Turns and walks back to the bar. He see's Bob and Anne still talking. Asks Anne, if she wants a drink.

Bob butts in, "I know what she wants, and it ain't a drink."

Another bouncer enters bar. Goes over to Bob, "He's here, he wants the 3 of em upstairs now."

Bob looks around and points over in the general direction to where he last saw Charles "Get the other one, he's over there somewhere. He's chasing a bird in the pink, you can't miss her, she's the one with the giant tits." He then turns back to Phil & Anne, "Come on children we've got to go see the headmaster."

Phil gestures towards the bar. "Just getting a drink."

Bob, looks at him menacingly, "Really?"

Resigned himself to his fate, turns away from the bar, "Guess it can wait."

All three are now walking towards the boss's office with Phil leading the way. Bob and Anne both following closely behind.

At the bottom of a set of stairs there is a door with a sign on it marked "Staff Only". Bob takes Anne gently by the arm and guides her through the door. Anne does not resist. They enter a stinking cigarette butt infested room with dirty old clothes strewn about everywhere, oddments of shoes lying around, shopping bags, and handbags, half opened lockers, some closed with tiny padlocks on them, giving the owners the illusion of security. They pass through this brightly lit shithole of a room into a larger dimly lit back room where there is an old bed pushed up against the far wall. "It has seen better days". As has the wrinkled up dirty old bedding on it. Bob closes the door behind them. Anne willingly lays herself down on the bed. Bob throws off his jacket and unzips his trousers revealing his large hot throbbing manhood. He wastes no time following Anne down onto the bed, Ann's legs are now spreads wide open, she has already discarded her skimpy black knickers resigning them to the floor. In anticipation of Bob's advancing red hot monster, Anne raises her back, pushing her pelvis higher and closing her eyes. Bob willfully and eagerly enters her.

Phil arrives at the boss's office. He looks around and notices he is alone, he shrugs it off and opens the door.

Harry is sitting at his desk, drink in hand, looks up as he see's Philip standing in the doorway. "Oh don't bother knocking, just come right in".

Even though Harry is much older and much bigger than Philip, Phil has never been intimidated by Harry, "You're the one who wanted to see me, I can fuck off just as quick". He turns to leave.

"No don't get your knickers in a knot, come in take a seat". They hardly have time to speak when Charles arrives with the other bouncer.

Charles is not happy. "I got a bird with big tits downstairs. What's this is all about?"

"Take a seat so we can get this over with. Like I was telling your little friend here. I'm interested in 2 things. One. Who the fuck told you you could knock out World Cup tickets, and two. Is it true that you three are really related to royalty?" Looking around and not seeing Anne, "By the way where's the other one?"

Just then the door opens and Bob and Anne arrive. "Ah, there she is. Where the fuck have you two been?"

Bob gets in first, "I had a bit of agro got held up."

"Not interested in all that bollocks. I was asking these two about all that royal stuff they got going on."

Anne takes her seat, she seems very relaxed, slowly crossing her legs she leans back in her chair, "What makes you think we're related to royalty?"

"I think your names might have given you away. And the fact that every fucker in South London knows about it."

"Well why do you want us to tell you something everyone else already knows?"

"Co's I want to hear it direct from the horses mouth... If that's alright with you. Miss high and fucking mighty fancy pants."

Charles jumps up and moves towards Harry's table, Bob takes a step forward to defend Harry. Holding up his hand he dismissing Bob's assistance "Oye. That's my sister you're talking to."

Philip, still seated, but obviously agitated jumps up from his chair, "Who do you think you're talking to?....Don't you ever talk to her like that."

Charles, "Come on let's fuck off."

Harry still seated, raises both hands in submission, "All right. All right calm down. I was out of order. Sorry babes, what else can I say, I said I was sorry.... You ok with that?"

Anne, "You know Harry. You can be such a wanker at times."

Harry (To Bob) "They got some front this lot. I like that, they've got bollocks. You see how they all stick together. They're like their own little fucking gang. Yeah I like that."

All three sit back down. Philip, as usual is the first to speak, "As you like us so much, how about some drinks?"

Harry signals to the bouncer, "Ask them what they want. Get em some drinks."

Bouncer (To all 3) "Sure. What you want?"

Philip, "Bacardi & Coke."

Anne, "Bacardi & Coke."

Charles, "Bacardi & Coke."

Philip, "Don't forget the lemon."

Harry, "Yeah I can't stand it without the lemon. Now how about you tell me about this royal stuff?"

Philip again, "What do you want to know?"

"Is it true you all got the same father?"

"Yeah Charles and Anne are brother and sister, but I've got a different mother."

"So..Phil the Greek.. Is he really your father?"

"Yep afraid so."

"Is that all there is to it? Ain't you got no stories?"

Charles is still agitated, "We got a shit load of stories, but I'd rather leave it for another time? I really would like to get back to them tits."

"You got a fucking drink coming, slow yourself down." Then to Philip, " If he don't shut up about them fucking tits. I'm going to give him a clump."

Philip, (To Charles) "Why don't you go down stairs... Anne and I can sort this lot out."

"Alright, but hurry up.. she's got a mate." Gets up to leave just as the drinks are being brought into the room. Takes his drink off the tray and leaves.

Harry, (To Bouncer) "All right let him go. Right.. Now that fucking wonder-tits has gone, how'bout you telling me some of these stories."

The bouncer hands out the drinks.

"There's not much to say. For Charles and me it all started when we were about 6 years old. Anne started coming up a bit later."

"Up where?"

Philip leans back in his comfortable arm chair and starts to tell Harry his story. "Just imagine being outside St James's Palace in 1955 it's a Bright summers day. There are 2 beautiful woman. One with the looks of a young Katherine Zeta Jones. Her name is Louise, she's my mother. I'm 7 years old and still in a pushchair."

"Then there's another woman with the looks of a young Sophia Loren. Her name's Kay, She's the mother of Charles & Anne. She has 7 year old Charles & 6 year old Anne in a double pushchair."

"We all go in through the front courtyard of St James's Palace, our 2 mothers pushing us in our pushchairs. I can remember my mother, asking Kay if she thought he'd be there that day."

"She said, she hoped not."

"I remember my mother laughing and saying....."At least the pay's good."

"Imagine the Queen Mother seated in a comfortable cushioned chair, in a wood paneled room, next to a large unlit open fireplace. The room had two enormous leaded windows with views onto Pall Mall. There were tapestries, old paintings, swords and shields hanging from the walls. "

"When we came into the room she would always turn in her seat, open her arms and invite all 3 of use to come to her. We would all run to her for a big huge. She would always tell us how lovely it was to see us....and ask us how we've been. One day after Charles had finished asking about what cakes we had that day, we were told we had something better, and there was one for each of us."

"What's that then? What'd she give you?"

"She gave us all gold chains with ER pendants on them."

The truth is they each received a Faberge Egg. Louise & Kay were told the children were too young at the moment, but when they where old enough these would help to set them up and put them on the right path.

Harry, "You still wearing it?"

"Na, I lost mine years ago."

To Anne, "How about you?"

"My mother took mine from me the same day."

Bob, reminds Harry about the tickets.

"Yeah, yeah, we'll get to that in a minute. I'm more interested in this royal shit."

Turns back to Philip, "So what else you got to tell me about your old man?"

"You mean our father?"

"No.. father fucking Christmas. A'course I mean your old man."

Anne, "He used to screw our mothers."

"Well that's fucking obvious."

"No, I mean he used to do em at St. James's Palace. On the Sundays when we went up to see the Queen Mother."

"Fucking hell, imagine being unfaithful to the Queen. Dirty Bastard."

Bob, "You mean lucky dirty bastard. Have you seen their mothers?"

"Can't say I have."

"Fucking tidy, both of em."

Anne, "Do you mind. That's my mother you're talking about."

Philip, "And mine."

Anne, "You could have waited till we were gone before you went all purvey about our mothers."

Bob again reminds Harry about the tickets.

"Yeah, right, So where the fuck do you lot get off selling my fucking tickets?"

Philip sitting well forward in his chair, "Rasher let us have em coz he couldn't get hold of you."

"What's he playing at. I can't even get him on his poxy phone."

Anne, "He was really sick when we saw him."

"That Spanish trip's causing me more aggravation than it's worth.... So what've you done with my tickets?"

Philip, "YOUR TICKETS? We bought em."

Harry leans forward, bangs his fist down on his desk and Shouts. "Yeah, but they should have come to me."

"Sorry, but we've sold most of em already."

"SORRY. Sorry don't get me my fucking tickets do it. You owe me money. Plus I want the rest of them fucking tickets back tomorrow morning. You got that?"

"What money? What money do we owe you?"

"The fucking money I should have had from the sales of them fucking tickets."

"After all the work we've done. You want us to give you the money we earn't? All that work for nothing?"

"No not for nothing. You've learnt a very valuable lesson."

"What's that?"

Harry leans forward and shouts at Phil. "Not to fuck with me and my fucking business!! Now Fuck Off ."

Philip, Charles & Anne are now downstairs in The Pink Elephant Bar with (Big Tits) and her 5 foot tall very pretty petite blond friend Sandra. All having drinks.

Philip (To Charles & Anne), "The good news is, he don't know how much we earn't today. So we're still gonna earn a few bob out'a this."

Charles, "This is Bollocks."

"Yeah, but he also doesn't know how many tickets we got from Rasher."

Anne, "That's not going to be hard for him to find out."

"I'll sort that out in the morning."

"In the morning?"

"What, you want me to go round there now? ... He's sick. He'll be in bed. I'll go first thing."

Charles, "All right girls. Who wants another drink?"

Bob enters the bar. and makes a beeline straight for Philip, Charles & Anne. "You lucky bastards."

Philip, "What you talking about?"

"You gotta be joking."

Anne, "What?"

"You think you got out'a there co's of your good looks? If he didn't like you lot, you wouldn't be here having drinks with big tits."

Big Tits takes offence, "Hay!!"

Bob half laughs, he reaches out, and with an upwards movement, gives her a quick flip on the tip of her nipples, "What you trying to tell me. You ain't got big tits?"

Chapter 3.

Early the next morning Phil's at Rashers house, after ringing the bell he has to wait a while for Rasher to open the door. When the door finally opens he sees a crumpled figure wearing a cobalt blue silk dressing gown with golden dragons all over it. Holding a well used handkerchief up to his nose. He makes the effort to focus on Phil. It's much too early in the morning for Rasher, he wipes his nose, "Hello my son. Bit early for you isn't it? I gotta tell you. It's no fun being Jewish when you get a head cold."

Phil gives a slight chuckle.

"Come in, want a cup of java?"

"Yeah lovely." Phil goes in and closes the door behind him.

They both go into the kitchen. Phil takes a seat at the kitchen counter, and Rasher starts to make the tea.

"How you feeling?"

"Ah, I can't complain, things could be worse... I could be in your boots".

"What's wrong with being in my boots?"

"Well, it's 8.30 on a Saturday morning. You where no doubt up the Loc til at least 1.00 o'clock last night. If you had a bird, you must have already taken her home, and now you're here. And by getting me out of my sick bed at this ungodly hour. Something's gotta be wrong. What is it?".... Offers Phil a sugar bowl.

Phil, holds up his hand, and refuses the sugar bowl, "No thanks. Harry went into one last night. He wants all the tickets we got left, and the money we already earned."

"Fucking Momzer."

"You're telling me. I came round co's I want you to do us a favor."

"What you need?"

"We need you to take the tickets we got left."

Grabs his heart, jokingly fakes a heart attack. "Oy-yoy-yoy!"

"No, no, no. I already told him we only bought 100, not 200, he's bound to come to you to buy the rest. That way we only owe him for 100."

"What, ain't he gonna pay you for em?"

"No. He's a cunt, that's why I'm here."

"You got the tickets on ya?"

"Yeah." Fishes around in his pocket, and takes out the tickets. Hands them over to Rasher.

"How many here?" Thumbs through the tickets.

"120"

"Ok so you sold 80"

"Yeah."

"What you gonna do with the odd 20?"

"Don't know. It'd be a bit dodgy for us to go to any more of the games."

"I'll tell you what. I'll get the boys to knock them 20 out for you... But you do know you might not get your full whack back. Not with this lot of shysters. I thought I was doing you guys a favor letting you have those tickets."

"You did. You did do us a favor. Don't worry we're still gonna make money out of this. Ain't he gonna have the hump with you for selling them to us."

"That's not going to be a problem."

"How come?"

Rasher blows his nose again, "How the fuck can anyone get a cold in the middle of summer? He's not stupid, he makes too much money out'a me, plus he knows the people I know wouldn't be too chuffed with him if he gave me a slap. Don't worry it's ok I'll sort it out."

"You down the Loc tonight?"

Sneezes, and blows his nose again. "What do you think?"

"Yeah Right. Anyway thanks for what you done. Think I'll pop round Charley & Anne's, let them know what's happening." As Phil leaves Rasher

ers place he turns and waves at Rasher. "Cheers mate you got us right out of jail. See you later."

Phil gets in his car, and drives away in no particular hurry. Listening to loud sixties music on his car radio. When Phil arrives at Charles and Anne's block of council flats he gets out of his car and goes towards the entrance to their flat.

A couple of kids are playing football.

Phil, "Oye you two, watch that ball."

One of the boys asks Phil if he wants them to look after his car.

Phil, tells them, " It's a bit early in the day for that kind of thing."

The reply is straight to the point, and threatening, "It's never too early to loss your hubcaps."

"How much?"

"A quid."

"A pound. I'll give you 2 bob when I come out."

"Cheap bastard."

Phil laughs at being called cheap. He keeps on walking into the entrance of the flats.

Remembering the events of a year ago he has a Flashback.

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