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Kes

By Barry Hines

Jud?

What?

Yer'd better get up.

The alarm's gone off, yer know.

Do you think I don't know?

- Jud?

- What?

- You'll be late.

- Shut it.

- Clock's not fast, yer know.

- I said, shut it.

- Give over. That hurts!

- Well, shut it, then.

I'll tell me mam on you.

Shut yer stinkin' mouth.

Oh, Christ!

- Set clock on for me, Jud. For seven.

- Set it yerself.

Go on, you're up.

Hands off cocks; on socks.

You rotten sod!

Just because you've to get up!

- Another few weeks, you'll be up with me.

- I'll not.

- Won't yer?

- No, cos I'm not gonna work down the pit.

- Where are yer gonna work?

- I don't know, but not down the pit.

No. And have I to tell yer why?

For one thing, you've to be able

to read and write before they set yer on.

And they wouldn't have

a weedy little twat like thee.

- Switch t'light out, then.

- Switch it out yerself.

Me billicking bike!

- I thought you weren't coming.

- Why? I'm not late, am I?

Very near.

- I nearly was, though.

- What do yer mean?

Our Jud, he's taken t'bike.

- What you gonna do, then?

- Walk it.

- How long d'yer think that's gonna take?
- It'll not take me long.
There's a waiting list a mile long
for that job. Good lads, too, most of 'em.
- From up Firs Hill, round there.
- I haven't let you down, have I?
- Mornin'.
- Mornin'. Not very promisin'.
- A bit on the nippy side as well, I think.
- Aye.
- 20 Players tipped, please.
- Oh, right.
- I've not got 20. Will two tens do?
- Yes. That'll be quite all right, thank you.

Thank you. Right. Cheerio.

- Cheerio. Good mornin', sir.
- Good mornin'.

You know what they said
when I took you on?

"You'll have to keep yer eyes open now.
He'll take yer breath if you're not careful."

- I haven't taken owt of yours yet, have I?
- I haven't given you a chance, that's why.

You don't have to.

I haven't been nicking for ages now.

- Ah, well, don't stand about all day.
- I'm goin'.
- How tha goin' on?
- Not so bad.

Get one of these. Better than walkin'.

Only just. I could go
faster on a kid's scooter.

Tha knows what I always say; third-class
ridin's better than first-class walkin'.

Third-class ridin'? In that ramshack?

Ramshack? This is one of best models
t'dairy's got. Cheeky! Sithee tomorrow.

- Can only go 20 mile an hour, as it is.
- Tha's got too much rattle, thee.

"Desperate Dan is stronger than all,
but this opponent makes him fall."

"- Right! Where do you want to fight?"

- Right here!"

"SKLD."

"Down I go again!
What's making me fall?"
"Now's my chance to -
jump on his chest!"
"THUD."
"You won't catch me out this time,
you braggart!"
"A sock in the midriff
will settle your game!"
"SPLASH."
"What's this on my face?
Why, it's grease!"
"- Give me that tube back!
- That's how he kept making me slip!"
"He was squirting
invisible grease under my feet!"
"You dirty twister!
It's time somebody taught you a lesson!"
"- Take that!
- CRASH!"
"- Where did he end up?
- In the middle of next week, Uncle Dan!"
- Evenin'.
- I told yer it wouldn't take me long.
What did you do?
Throw 'em over the gates?
- I know some short cuts ont' way back.
- I'll bet you do! Over other folk's property.
How many times d'yer want
tellin' where to put that bag?
- Time is it?
- Time you were at school.
Is it that late?
I wouldn't be your teacher
for all the coal in Barnsley.
Oh, Mr Porter! Watch it, Mr Porter.
Yer clumsy young bugger!
What yer tryin' to do? Kill me?
I lost me balance.
I wouldn't put it past yer, either.
I fair felt me heart go then.
Just sit down here and
relax a couple o' minutes.
Are yer all right now?

- I'm bloody champion!

- I'll be off, then.

And don't be late tonight.

- Allot?

- Sir.

- Bowser?

- Sir.

Bridges?

- Absent, sir.

- Absent, Bridges. Casper?

- Sir.

- Clegg?

- Sir.

- Fisher?

German Bight.

- Did you say something?

- I didn't mean to, sir.

Stand up, lad. What did you say?

- German Bight, sir.

- He's daft, sir.

- Is this your ridiculous idea of a joke?

- No, sir.

- What is the idea, then?

- When you said "Fisher", sir.

- What about it?

- Fisher. German Bight.

It's the shipping forecast, sir.

Fisher. German Bight. Cromarty.

I like to hear it every night, sir.

I like t'names.

So you thought you'd enlighten me and
the class with your idiotic information?

- No, sir.

- Making a mess of my register.

- It just came out.

- And so did you, Casper.

Just come out from under a stone.

I said, quiet!

Is anyone else absent

besides Bridges and Fisher?

Any girls?

Right. Now, then,

it's time you were off to assembly.

One row at a time. This one, stand.

Move forward.

Pamela, you're talking. Cut it out.

- Billy, what do yer mean, Germans bite?
- I'm sick of hearin' about "Germans bite"!
- Are yer comin' nestin' tomorrow?
- Ar.
- What time?
- About six.

Don't be late.

- Coming, Guth?
- Where?
- Nestin'.
- When?
- Tomorrow.
- What time?
- About six.
- Can't. Takin' t'girlfriend to Sheffield.

Excuses!

What do you want
at this time in the morning?

Get your Mac up.

Hey, he's fast asleep.

I can't get him up at this time.

- Just get him up for me.
- His father, he'll be down to yer.

I'm not bothered about his father.

I want your MacDowall.

- Bugger off, you little sod!
- Get him up, will yer?
- I'm not gettin' him up.
- He said I had to get him up.

He's fast asleep and he's not goin',
so just get off with yer.

- Now, then. What's tha doin'?
- Nowt.

Bugger off, then. It's private property.

- Can I get up to that kestrel's nest?
- What kestrel's nest?
- Up wall.
- No nest up there, so off tha goes.

There is. I've seen 'em come out.

What will tha do? Take all its eggs?

- They're young 'uns.
- Nowt to go up for, then, is there?

Can I come to t'bottom, then?

Never seen a kestrel's nest before.

Come on, then.

There it is. That big hole.

- It's nested there for donkey's years now.

- And I never knew.

- No, there's not many that does.

- Been watchin' from t'wood there.

Goes onto t'post, then hovers,

then swoops down onto t'prey,

carries it off to t'young 'uns. Looks great.

I've been gonna knock

that wall down for ages.

- What for?

- It's dangerous. I won't let her play near.

- If I lived round here, I'd train a young 'un.

- Would yer?

Yer can train 'em.

Do yer know how?

- Do you know?

- No. There's not many that does.

They're hard to train.

If they're not kept properly, it's criminal.

- Do yer know anybody who's kept 'em?

- One or two.

But, er, they had to let 'em go

because they're hard to train.

Where can I find out about 'em, then?

Well, probably t'public library.

They'll have some books on 'em.

- Where's that?

- Down int' city.

Hey, are you a member?

- What do yer mean?

- Are you a member of the library?

I don't know about that.

I only want a book on falconry.

You have to be a member

to take a book out.

- I only want one.

- Have you filled one of these forms in?

- No.

- You're not a member, then.

You'll have to take one of these home

for your father to sign.

- Me dad's away.

- You can wait till he comes back home.

- I don't mean that. I mean he's left home.

- I see. Your mother'll have to sign it.

Ar, but she's at work

and she'll not be home till tea time.

There's no rush, is there?

I've never broke a book.

I haven't tore it, or...

Look at your hands. They're filthy.

We'll end up with dirty books that way.

- I don't ready dirty books.

- I hope you don't. You're not old enough.

Me mam knows someone who

works here. That'll help, won't it?

No, not at all.

You still have to have the back signed.

To be a member, you'll have

to have somebody over 21

who is on the borough

electoral roll to sign it.

- I'm over 21 .

- You're not over 21 .

- Ar, but I vote.

- You don't vote. You're not...

I vote for me mam.

She dun't like votin', so I do it.

- Just have to wait for it, won't you?

- Where would I find a book? In a shop?

You'd have to go down the street.

There's a second-hand bookshop there.

- Hello. Can I help you?

- Yes.

I'm rather interested in Nol Coward's
autobiography, Present Indicative.

- What's tha got this for? Tha can't read.

- Give us it here.

Get off! Falconry?

What's tha want to know about falconry?

Give it here!

- Where've yer got this from?

- I've lent it.

Stole it, more like.

Where've yer got it from?

A shop in town.

You must be crackers. I could understand
if it were money, but chuff me, not a book!

Have it!

Look what yer've done.

I'm lookin' after this book.

- And what better off will yer be?

- A lot. I'm gonna get a kestrel and train it.

Train it? Yer couldn't train a flea.

Anyway, where yer gonna get
a kestrel from?

- I know a nest.

- Yer don't.

- All right, then, I don't.

- Where?

- I'm not tellin'.

- I said, where?

- You're hurtin' me arm!

- Where, then?

Monastery Farm.

Yer could have broke me arm then.

I'll have to see about
goin' round there wi' me gun.

- I'll tell t'farmer on yer.

- Why? What's he got to do with it?

- He protects 'em.

- Protects 'em?

Hawks are a menace to farmers.

They eat all the poultry an' that.

Ar, I know. They dive down
onto t'cows and take 'em away.

- Funny bugger.

- Well, yer talk daft. They're only small.

They eat mice, insects,
and little birds sometimes.

Hope I'll be watchin' a bird tonight. She'll
not have feathers. Not all over, anyway.

- Have you had any tea yet, Billy?

- No.

Well, get some, then.

You where t'pantry is.

- How's yer horses gone on, Jud?

- Not bad. Two winners.

You haven't.

Might be gettin' tret tonight, then.

- Oh, somebody treats you every night.

- Shut it!

And don't you be comin' home

blind drunk again, Jud.

- Why? Are yer entertainin'?

- You're kiddin'.

If I entertained as much as you,

I shall do all right, shan't I?

What tripe you've been

goin' out with lately. My God!

- Better'n that cripple you bring home.

- What cripple? Reg? He's not a cripple.

Will be if he comes in here tonight. At least them I go out with are not tightfisted.

Who is? You chuck your bloody money

around like a Scotchman with no arms!

Have to use a spanner to get

a threepenny bit out of his hand.

Aye, because he's comin' wise to you.

Listen, what about him you're goin' wi'?

Tight as a camel's arse in a sandstorm.

Keep yer hand over yer mouth talkin'

about him, cos yer'll get into trouble.

- You're not too big for a hidin'.

- He can't do it.

Who can't? You might find that

he's bigger than what you think.

More chance of gettin' struck by lightnin'.

Shut yer face. I'm fed up of it. It's every

Saturday night. I get ready, you're at me.

And I always go out in

a bloomin' mess and all upset.

Gettin' too big for yer boots,

thinking you own t'house.

You don't own it yet, yer know.

- No. I will do one day, though, won't I?

- Over my dead body.

- That's what I says, I'll own it one day.

- I'm sick on it, Jud. I am, pig sick.

I work every day, and every Saturday

night I go for a drink and you upset me.

- I don't think I'll go, I'm that fed up.

- I'll not miss yer.
You'll not miss nowt, will you?
You'll be out there.
- Yeah.
- Aye.
By, what a smart-lookin' kid int' mirror.
Some bird's gonna be lucky tonight.
Listen to God's gift to woman.
Fancy buying me
a brandy and pep tonight?
Aye. Hope it keeps fine for yer.
These could have done
with a bit of a polish.
Still, never mind, it's gonna be dark soon.
What you gonna do
with yerself tonight, love?
Read me book.
Oh, look at t'time. Five to seven.
I'm gonna be late again.
Listen, Billy, there's two bob here. Chuck?
Get yerself some pop
and some crisps. D'yer hear?
Yeah.
- And don't still be up when I come in.
- No.
G'night, then.
I came home unexpectedly
And caught her crying needlessly
In the middle of the day
And it was in the early spring
when flowers bloom and robins sing
She went away
And honey, I miss you
And I'm bein' good
And l'd love to be with you
lf only I could
Folks, thank you.
Now a Tremeloes number.
Yer can have a good time up to a point,
but there comes a time
when you want to settle down.
I'm gettin' a bit fed up
of workin' all t'time.
There's plenty of time

to settle down, in't there?
Depends what yer lookin' for, dun't it?
I just like to come home, get me meal,
get a bath, change and out, me.
Not a care int' world.
When you've been married once
and yer marry a wrong 'un,
it makes yer a bit apprehensive
towards gettin'...
Well, you know, don't yer?
Cos he were never good.
But it makes yer a bit more wary
about gettin' married again.
If she wants to go with a different bloke,
it's not up to me.
She's old enough to know her own mind.
- Well, yeah...
- ..settle down.
You can never tell with Billy. I sit
and wonder sometimes what he will do.
Perhaps if he had been brought up
in a different environment
and had a better education, he would
have made more than what he has.
At the moment, he's hopeless.
He's a hopeless case, in't he?
Oh, won't you please come back?
Oh, won't you please come back?
I'm happy as I am.
I doubt if I could be any happier.
My lads have got nowt.
I don't know what they're gonna do.
I don't know whether
our Jud wanted to be a miner.
From my point of view, Reg, when
a woman gets to my age, you've two kids,
you want to be settlin' down
wi' a nice house
and somebody to come home to yer,
and be lookin' after 'em.
- Like I look after you.
- Ar, but you're not married to me.
- Never mind. Giz a kiss.
- Don't be so damned daft!

- He's had too much ale again.

- I haven't.

- Yer have.

- I haven't.

Say, Mam, have you brought

that cripple wi' yer?

Keep it shut. Keep it shut.

Keep it shut, all right?

Say, did everybody hear
about him when he got married?

He got confetti on elastic.

That's how tightfisted he is.

If he wants trouble, I'll give him trouble.

Oh, along the road there lives
a guy I'd like you all to know

He grew a great big marrow
for the little flower show

He showed it to a lady
who lived just along the way

And when she saw the size of it
he heard the lady say

Ooohhh!

What a beauty!

Oh, I've never seen one
as big as that before

Ooohhh!

What a whopper!

It must be 18 inches long or more

It's such a lovely colour,
it's nice and round and fat

Whoever thought a marrow
could grow as big as that?

Ooohhh!

Oh, what a beauty

I've never seen one as big as it before
Billy, are tha asleep?

Bleedin' things.

Now, Billy!

- Give over.

- Billy!

Help me get these bleedin' trousers off.

Come on! Don't be all bleedin' night.

I'm fed up with this bloody game.

It's every Saturday night alike.

Don't help, will tha?
Get back to sleep, yer... pig.
Hog. Sow.
Yer drunken bastard.
Tha dun't like bein' called a bastard,
does tha? Yer bastard!
Yer pig.
Pig.
Hog.
Sow.
Drunken... bastard.
Bastard. Bastard.
Drunken... pig.
Pig.
Billy! Billy!
"Three good meals a day
I'll give him for about a fortnight."
"If a piece of meat held between
the finger and thumb of the gloved hand
is offered to the hawk, it will probably
bend down and pull at it with its beak."
C'mon.
"As soon as the hawk
will come a leash length indoors,
she may be tried off a fence
or gatepost out of doors."
"It is quite likely that although she was
coming to the fist promptly indoors,
she will now refuse to come at all."
"She will stand looking around her and
ignoring the meat and fist in front of her."
"When she will come
a leash length outside,
she can be called greater distances
by means of a creance,
a long cord which is attached
to the hawk to prevent her escaping."
"With luck,
she will not attempt to fly away."
Come on, then.
Kes! Tck, tck, tck, tck, tck.
Tck, tck, tck, tck, tck. Come on, lass.
Tck, tck, tck, tck, tck.
Come on, Kes! Tck, tck, tck, tck, tck.

Come on, Kes! Tck, tck, tck, tck, tck.
Come on, then. Tck, tck, tck, tck, tck.
Tck, tck, tck, tck, tck. Come on, Kes.
(theme from "Grandstand")
Come on, boys, get ready!
Get ready now, you.
Skiving again, Guthrie.
No, sir. Mr Farthing
has been talking to me.
I'll bet that was stimulating
for him, wasn't it, lad?
- What does that mean, sir?
- The conversation. What do you think?
Does it mean "stimulate", sir?
Stimulating, you fool!
S-t-i-m-i-l-a-t-i-n-g. Stimulating.
Come on, get ready.
You're two weeks late already.
You three, get down,
before I come and put yer down.
Casper, what d'you think you're doing?
Get down. Why aren't you changed?
- I've no kit, sir.
- Casper, you make me sick.
Every lesson it's the same old story,
"Please, sir, I've no kit, sir."
Every lesson for four years, you've
begged, borrowed, skived and scrounged.
Why is it, Casper, when all this lot
can provide kit, you can't?
Don't know. Me mam says
it's a waste of money now I'm leavin'.
You haven't been leaving
the past four years, have you?
No, sir.
- Use your spending money.
- Don't like football, sir.
- What's that got to do with it, Casper?
- Don't know.
- Anyway, I don't get enough.
- Get a job, then, lad. Get a job.
- I've got one, sir.
- They pay you, don't they?
Yeah, but I have to give it to me mam.

I'm payin' me fines, like...

You should keep out of trouble, lad!

Keep out of trouble.

- I haven't bin in trouble since last time.

- I'll get you some kit, Casper.

- Tha's had it now, Casper.

- Shut thi mouth!

Right, Casper. Get into those.

- They'll not fit me.

- You can get into them, can't you?

Yes, sir.

They'll keep your cobblers warm, Casper.

- Take your vest and underpants off.

- Don't wear 'em, sir.

Casper, tuck 'em in.

Thi privates are showin'.

The muscleman o' t'year!

- He's just come back from Biafra.

- Pull them up, Casper!

- Pull them up!

- Like that, sir?

Pull them down, Casper.

You're too daft to laugh at.

Right. They'll do there.

You lot, come on, get changed.

Wasted enough time already.

I'll give you a sample
of my footballing skills.

A rare delight.

Watch yourself, Casper!

I won't tell you again, Crossland!

Come on, move.

Off that goal post!

Off that goal post.

I'll be up there in a minute!

Come here, Tibbut.

We'll pick two teams. You're the captain.

Right, line up on the halfway line, quickly.

- I'll have first pick. Paget.

- That's not fair. You'll get t'best players.

D'you wanna play football,
or d'you wanna do some maths?

Paget, then. Come here.

- Speed.

- Walker.
- Clark.
- Crossland.
- Kelsey.
- Rowe.

Er... Clegg.

Bloody hell, I'm frozen already.

- Joyce.
- Birkinshaw.
- Ryder.
- Parker.
- Norton.
- Come on, Parker.

Casper, I've got to have yer. Come on.

Don't act the goat.

Come on, put 'em round your waist.

Now.

Right, we'll play with the wind,
downhill, this way.

Paget, you're inside right. Come on.

- Who are you today, sir? Liverpool?
- Don't you know your club colours?
- Manchester United, this.
- Are you playing Denis Law, striker?

No. Charlton today, lad.

All over the field. Too cold for striker.

Charlton's not as quick
ont' turn as Law, is he?

- You tryin' to tell me about football?
- No. l...

You trying to tell me? Anyway,
Denis Law's in the wash this week.

- Nobody's in goal, sir.
- No goalie, sir.
- Who's in the goals?
- Casper.
- Casper, what position are you playing?
- Don't know, sir. Inside left?

How can you be inside left
back there, idiot? In the goals.

- I can't...
- Now's your chance to learn. In the goals.

Quick about it.

- We're Manchester United. Who are you?

- Spurs, then there's no clash of colours.
Right, then, it's Manchester United versus
Spurs in this cup tie here at Old Trafford.
And it's the fair-haired,
slightly balding Charlton to kick off.
Come on, Speed.
What you playin' at, lad?
Yer should be on the move, lad.
It was at yer feet!
Cross it, Ryder. Quickly.
Where's t'rest of my team?
Come on, quickly, Casper. I've never
seen such slack work in my life.
- What's that for, sir?
- Slack work, lad. Slack work.
Hit that ball up the field, Parker.
I have to keep this shirt on after.
Cross the ball!
And Charlton goes through, and...
Oh, never! Never!
- Penalty!
- Never.
Who do you think you are? Bremner?
- Penalty.
- No, it weren't, sir!
Outside that semicircle.
- Shall I take it, sir?
- I take the penalties on this team.
No one moves till this ball's kicked.
Just watch this, Guthrie. Right, Clegg?
You moved. You moved. Put it back.
Penalty.
Behind the 18-yard line.
Tha better save it, Cleggy!
Else I'll drop tha.
- He moved!
- I didn't move, sir.
The referee's decision is final.
- You should have done it the first time.
- And that, boys, is how to take a penalty.
Look one way and kick the other.
Come on, Tibbut, lad.
And Bobby Charlton has
equalised for Manchester United,

and the score is one goal each.

That fat twat!

He wants bleedin' milkin'. That big fat git!

What did you say? What did you say?

- Nowt, sir.

- Get off! In that changin' room! Get off!

- I didn't say nowt, sir.

- Off!

- I won't tolerate that on a football pitch.

- That's our captain, sir.

I don't care who he is.

You play this game like gentlemen.

Right inside!

An early bath for you, lad.

- I'll bounce the ball up.

- It's not fair! They never get sent off!

- I shall be up there in a minute!

- They never get sent off, sir.

Off!

What d'you think you two are doing?

- What are you doing?

- Practising, sir.

Show me what you're doing.

Casper!

Casper, what do you think you are, lad?

An ape?

- All he needs now is a banana.

- Get down. I'll make you red hot.

Thank you. Now, for my next trick...

I'll show you a trick! Get back in that goal!

- What's up?

- That hurt. That ball, it's hard as iron.

Ar, I know. It's like a stone, innit?

- I'm bloody freezin'.

- My feet are like blocks o' ice.

Me knees, look at 'em. They're goin' pale.

Look at t'colour. It's gone white.

Oh, I wish I'd brought a note.

- Great goal, that, sir.

- I'll give yer "great goal", lad.

- Spurs into the sixth round of t'Cup.

- Sixth round? I'll give you six of the best.

- Lost again, sir?

- Fetch my tracksuit.

- Better luck next time.
- Disgusting!
- In a hurry, Casper?
- I have to get home, sir.
- Really?
- Yes, sir.
- Forgotten something?
- No, sir.
- Are you sure?
- Yes, sir.
- What about the showers?
- I've had one, sir.
- You can ask any of 'em, sir.
- I'll just do that.
- Have you seen him have a shower?
- No, sir.
- Have you?
- No, sir.
- Have you?
- No, sir.
- Have you seen him have a shower?
- Who, sir?
- Casper.
- When, sir?
- Just now. Has he had a shower?
- Had a shower, sir?

Has Casper had a shower?

What you fooling about at, lad?

Has Casper had a shower?

- I don't think so, sir.
- Speed, you'll get what Casper just had.

No one's seen you have a shower,
Casper. Cos you haven't had one.

- Me mam says I ain't to have a shower.
- Come here. What's your mother say?

I ain't to have a shower, sir.

I've got a cold.

- Where's your note, then?
- Can I bring it this afternoon, sir?

That's no good, lad. I want one now.

Any boy wishing to be excused
physical education, or showers,
must, at the time of the lesson,
produce a sealed letter of explanation

signed by one of his parents
or his legal guardian.

- Go on, sir, let me go home.

- You can go, lad.

Hey, come here.

When you've had a shower.

- I haven't a towel, sir.

- Borrow one.

- Nobody'll lend me one.

- Have a drip-dry, then. Shower, come on.

- MacDowall.

- Sir?

Come here, lad.

Come here. What's this?

Our dog did it, sir.

- Your dog did it?

- Aye.

It bit me while I were fightin' it last night.

A dog wearing nylons, lads.

Bloody heck!

- Still in a hurry?

- Can I go now, sir?

- Have a proper wash.

- I've had one, sir.

- In the shower, lad. In the shower.

- I've got to get home.

In the shower.

Ryder, Speed, come here.

Yes, you two. Come on.

Stay here and see that

he doesn't come out.

- Do what, sir?

- I said, stay there.

See that he doesn't come out.

Agh! Sir! It's gone cold!

Got a sweat on, Casper? I thought you
might need a cooler after your exertions.

It's not right, sir. I'll catch me death
of cold in here. It's not right.

Was it right when you

let that goal in deliberately?

- Can't we go for us dinners?

- No, you can stay there.

- We're servers.

- I don't care. They can serve themselves.
You shouldn't put me in goal.
You know I'm useless.
Now's your chance to learn.
Shall we let him out, sir?
He'll catch his death of cold.
- He'll catch pneumonia.
- I don't care what he gets.
If he thinks I'm running
my blood to water for 90 minutes,
for him to deliberately throw the game
away, he's got another trick coming.
Sir, we've got to go for us dinner.
- Get down!
- He looks like a bleedin' snake!
Think yourself lucky.
- 'Ey up, Jud. How yer doin'?
- Rough, man.
Why? You should be on top of the world
on a day like today.
Another ten minutes
and I'll be at t'bottom of it.
Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray
Amen
This morning's reading is taken from
Matthew, chapter 18, verses 10-14.
"Never despise one of these little ones,
I tell you."
"They have their guardian angels
in heaven
who look continually
on the face of my heavenly father."
"Suppose a man has a hundred sheep.
If one of them strays,
does he not leave
the other 99 on the hillside
and go in search of the one that strayed?"
"And if he should find it, I tell you this,
he is more delighted over that sheep
than over the 99 that never strayed."
"In the same way,

it is not your heavenly father's will
that one of these little ones should be
lost." Here ends this morning's reading.
Stop! Stop that infernal coughing.
Every morning alike. Clear your throats
on the way to school, not here.
Sounds more like a dirt track
than an assembly hall.
Come out! Come out, that boy!
Who coughed? Mr Hesketh,
somewhere near you, I think.
Fetch that boy out!
MacDowall, it was you.
You were coughing.
- It weren't.
- Yes, it was. I heard you.
- It weren't, sir.
- Don't argue.
- It weren't me, honest.
- Headmaster's study.
MacDowall! I might have known!
Get to my office!
- It weren't me, sir.
- And heaven help you.
We will now say the Lord's Prayer.
Hands together, eyes closed.
Our Father...
Our Father
which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done...
- Does he bite yer?
- He's had a little kid's hand off nearly.
Has it? My, my, my!
What's it fastened on? A wire?
Aye. It's broke this off an' all.
Just darted at t'kid and got him.
Well, I don't know, I'm sure.
Is that what you've got t'glove on for?
- Yeah. Just in case it gets me.
- Aye. Aye.
- What d'yer call it?
- Kes.

Kes? Aye. He is a nice bird.

I shouldn't like to handle him.

Casper! Casper! Up, lad! On yer feet!

- You were asleep, weren't you, Casper?

- I don't know, sir.

I know! You were. You were asleep.

Why were you asleep,
you irreverent scoundrel?

- Don't know, sir.

- I know why!

You were roaming the streets at night
instead of being home in bed.

See me in my office afterwards! I'll give
you something to sleep about! Sit!

Here are the announcements.

The youth employment officer will be
here today to meet the Easter leavers.

Your parents should have been told.

If any boy has forgotten and thinks his
parents may wish to attend his interview,
then he can consult the list on the main
notice board for the approximate times.

And finally, for three members

of the smokers' union
caught yesterday behind
the games storeroom,

there will be a meeting
with me after assembly,
when I will be pleased to see
and hear them pay their dues.

He'd better not stick me.

I'm fetchin' me father up if he does.

What yer bringin' yer father down for?

He don't do nowt.

- How d'yer mean?

- Last time, he got stick an' all.

Shut up, will tha? I'm sick of hearin' yer.

When he came,
they were laughin' at him.

- Yer what?

- Yeah. Weren't they?

Don't say that about my father, right?

He's not gonna beat me, anyhow.

- What do you want?

- I've got a message for Mr Gryce.
Better wait in the queue, then.
He likes to keep yer waitin'.
He thinks it makes it worse.
He can keep me till four o'clock.
I'm not bothered.
I'd rather the cane than do lessons.
Come here, you.
Save us these till after
we come outta Gryce's.
He'll think I'm a smoker.
He'll not search you but he'll search us,
and if he finds 'em, we'll get two extra.
- I don't want 'em.
- You want some fist instead?
- You want to take them?
- You'd better, lad.
OK. But if I get caned,
you give me something.
Aye. Some fist if yer don't.
'Ey up, he's here - Gryce Pudding.
Single file.
Right. You lost, lad?
- Please, sir, I'm going...
- On yer way, form room.
You lot, inside.
Same old faces.
Same old faces.
Ten years this school's been opened,
and ten years have we seen, after
every assembly, a line of boys here,
and the same old faces.
- Sir, I've got a message...
- Shut up. Don't interrupt. Close the door.
I've taught in this city for over 30 years.
I taught some of your parents -
your father, MacDowall -
in the old slum schools in the city,
before they built this fine estate,
and this wonderful school.
Things are no better now
than they were then.
I just can't understand this generation.
I thought I knew something

about young people.
I should be able to,
you know, with my experience.
But with you, no.
It just seems a complete
waste of money and a waste of time.
And it's a waste of time
talking to you now.
- You're not listening, are you?
- Yes, sir.
You're not! Crossland,
you're not listening, are you?
- I am, sir.
- None of you are listening!
Look at that glazed expression
on your faces.
You never listen!
Yours is the generation that never listens!
Cos we can never tell you anything.
You're the sophisticated ones,
with all your music, and your gear.
But, you know, it's superficial.
It's a sheen.
There's nothing solid
or worthwhile underneath.
And why do I know this?
Why do I know there's been
no advance in discipline or decency,
or morals or manners?
Why do I know it? Because I still
have to use this to you boys every day.
Why? In the '20s and '30s,
I could understand it.
They were hard times,
but they produced qualities in people
that you lot will never have.
I can be stopped in the street
by someone I taught then.
We'll talk about the old days, and we'll
laugh about the thrashings I gave him.
But what do I get from you lot?
A honk from a greasy,
pimpily-faced youth
sitting at the wheel

of a big second-hand car.
I don't know. I just don't know.
No guts! No backbone!
Nothing to commend you whatsoever.
Mere fodder for the mass media.
And so, until someone
produces a better solution,
I'll continue to use this cane,
knowing fully well that you'll be
back for it time and time and time again.
You smokers will go out of here
with your hands ringing.
Will it stop you smoking? You're already
looking forward to smoking at break.
- What are you grinning about?
- Not grinnin'.
You are! I'll bet you're already
thinking about smoking at break.
Empty your pockets.
I bet they're loaded with cigarettes.
Come on, all of you, empty your pockets.
- Please, sir...
- Quiet. Empty your pockets.
- You don't understand.
- Empty your pockets.
Disgusting!
Please, sir.
You again? You again?!
- Yes, sir.
- Empty your pockets.
- But, sir, I've got a message from Mrs...
- Empty your pockets!
I don't believe it.
I don't believe this.
Empty your pockets, lad.
Empty your pockets when you're told!
Come on, lad.
Ah!
A regular little cigarette factory,
aren't you?
Yes, sir.
Put that rubbish away!
Now I hope it's going to be
a lesson to you.

I don't suppose for one minute it will be.
I don't doubt before the end of the week
you'll be back in here again
for exactly the same crime, smoking.
Perhaps, once in a while, it might sink in.

- Yes, sir.

- That you're wasting your money,
that it's your money you're burning,
and it's your hands that get caned
when you come in here.

Good morning. Entry of the gladiators.

Where have you been?

- Been to see Mr Gryce, sir.

- For the stick?

- Yes, sir.

- How many?

- Two.

- Did it hurt?

- Not bad.

- Right. Hope it didn't.

Go on, sit down.

Right now, fact.

Anne, tell me what a fact is.

Don't give me a fact.

You know, don't say that Guthrie's
got a tatty head or anything like that.

A fact is something where
you find evidence out, like truth.

Something that you know
has actually happened.

This is a fact. All right?

Have you got that clear?

- Yes, sir.

- All right.

Tibbut, sit up straight.

And I want the rest of yer
to look at him - if you can bear it -
and tell me some facts about Tibbut.

- Wolstenholme?

- He's always tryin' to go wi' t'lasses.
Is he?

- He smokes.

- Do I heck!

- Tha does.

- Get knotted, Guthrie!

I'm not interested in what
he does out of school hours,
as long as he doesn't come into
the class smokin' a fag. All right?
Come on, you people who aren't thinking.
Right, Julie.

I want you to think of an incident that's
happened to you sometime in the past,
that is true, and that you think
will interest the rest of the class. All right?
Well, er...

I went to this all-night party yesterday.
And, er...

about three o'clock,
we were dancin' int' garden -
me and her and all the rest,
can't mention names -
and, er, this woman
come across from t'road,
and, er, she tells us to...
to make less noise,
or she'd fetch t'police.
So, well... so we said,
let her fetch 'em if she wanted.
So she fetched 'em.

Things that have actually happened.

How about another one?

What about you, Casper?

- Casper!

- What, sir?

"What, sir?"

You'd know if you'd been listening.

What have we just been talking about?

- Stories, sir?

- What kind of stories?

- You haven't been listening, have yer?

- Yes. Some of it.

Some of it?!

Stand up!

You're gonna tell us
a story about yourself.

- I don't know any, sir.

- Well, you stand there till yer do.

Always somebody, isn't there, eh?
Somebody who wants to be awkward.
Just won't be interested,
doesn't matter what you do.
Just like you, Casper.
Come on.
I'll give you two minutes
to think of something, or the whole class
comes back at four o'clock.
- Come on, don't stand there like a nail.
- He is a nail.
Come on.
- I say... tell him.
- Tell him about the hawk, Casper.
If anybody else calls out,
it'll be the last call they make!
- Speed?
- He's got this hawk. He's mad over it.
He just goes wi' t'hawk all t'time.
He's crackers over it.
- Better than thee, anyroad.
- All right, Casper.
Sit down.
Now, come on, tell us about this hawk.
Where'd you get it from?
- I found it, sir.
- Where?
- Int' woods.
- Where d'you keep it?
- In a shed.
- What do you feed it on?
Beef. Mice. Birds.
Isn't it cruel to keep it in a shed?
Wouldn't it be happier flying free?
I don't keep it int' shed all the time, sir.
I fly it every day.
- Doesn't it fly away?
- Course it don't fly away. I've trained it.
Are you gonna tell us about it?
How do you train a hawk?
You have to be right careful wi' 'em,
sir, right patient.
You've got to feed 'em
when they're hungry.

You can only do owt at feedin' time, sir.

- Yeah?

- Got these jesses on, sir, all t'time.

- These what?

- Jesses, sir.

- How do you spell that?

- J-e...

All right. Come out here.

You'd better show us on the board.

"Jesses". That's a new word to me.

Hands up those who've

heard of jesses before?

Nobody. Go on, write it up there.

Right. Now tell us what it is.

They're leather straps, sir.

And they attach to t'bird's feet.

Say I've got t'bird on me hand. Straps

come down there. Then there's t'swivel.

"Swivel". Write that on the board.

- Then you've got your leash.

- "Leash". On the board.

I fed it on me hand first.

Then, when it got to know me,

I fed it on me glove.

And after a while,

I put it two inches away from its claws.

And, er... Like that, right?

It started to jump for t'meat. When it

started to jump, I could move me hand.

- Hold your hand up, so we can see.

- I could move me hand away, like,

to four inches and six inches. And when it

were doin' that, I started it wi' t'leash.

Do they need water? When you've got

a budgie, you put water in the cage.

Do they need water like that?

Well, it, like, has a bath. It has a bath

right early on int' morning, like.

When do yer feed it?

How many times a day?

To start off with,

three or four, to get it plump.

- You make it sound very exciting.

- It is.

Most exciting thing was
when I flew her free first time.
- Do you wanna hear about that?
- Yes, sir.
Aye. Come on.
Well, I'd been using t'creance
for about a week,
and it had been goin' 30 or 40 yards.
And it says when birds
are goin' 30-40 yards, it says int' book,
it's time that it can start to fly free.
Well, I'd been...
I'd been wantin' to fly it free, but I daren't.
I were frightened it'd fly off or somethin'.
This had been goin' on
for four or five days.
And I keep on to missen,
sayin' that "Fly it free next day."
Anyway, I got right mad wi' missen.
I says "Right, I'm flyin' it free tomorrow."
Anyway, that night -
that Friday night it were -
I didn't feed her up, so that
she'd be sharp set next mornin'.
And I went to bed that night, Friday night,
and I didn't get an hour's sleep at all.
I were frightened about t'bird,
that she'd fly off or summat like that.
Anyway, when t'mornin' came,
I kept on sayin' to missen
"lf she flies off, she flies off,
and it can't be helped."
So I took t'swivel off
and let her hop onto t'post.
There were nowt stoppin' her, she could
fly off. All that were on her were jesses.
I thought "She must fly off.
She's forced to fly off."
But she didn't.
She just stood there. I were terrified.
She was stood there, and I walked off
into t'field, and she were lookin' round,
and when I got about 70 yards from her,
in middle of t'field,

I called her.

"Kes. Kes. Come on, Kes. Come on, then."

Nowt happened. So I thought

"I'd better walk back and pick her up."

So while I were walkin' back,

I saw her flyin'. She came like a bomb!

About a yard off t'floor, like lightning,
head still, and you couldn't hear t'wings.

There weren't a sound from t'wings.

And straight onto t'glove. Wham!

And she grabbed me for t'meat.

I were pleased wi' missen,

and I didn't know what to do.

So I thought I better do it again,

just to prove it weren't luck.

So I took her back onto t'post,

and walked up into t'middle of t'field,
and called her again.

And she came just as good as first time,
straight onto t'glove, grabbin' for t'meat.

Well, that were it, sir. I'd trained her, sir,
and that were all I could do.

I think you've done enough.

Well done, Billy. Big hand of applause.

- Got owt, Casper?

- Nay.

Tha never has. Tha just cadges. Casper
the Cadger, they ought to call thee.

- I wouldn't give thee owt if I had.

- I'll give thee summat.

What tha goin' for?

Don't tha like company?

They say thi mother does. Tha's
got more uncles than any other kid.

- Shut thi mouth!

- Make me.

- Tha wouldn't say that to our Jud.

- Your Jud's nowt.

What? He's cock of t'estate.

- I know somebody who could do him.

- Who? Thi father?

- He in't even thi brother.

- What is he? Me sister?

They don't even call him Casper.

Course he's me brother!
We live int' same house, don't we?
Get him! Get him!
Fight!
Right, you lot!
Ten seconds, out of my sight!
One! Two! Three!
Right, come here, you two. Come on.
- What's goin' on?
- It was him, sir. He started it.
- He's been chuckin' coal.
- Ah, shut up. Shut up!
It's always the same tale; somebody
else's fault, nobody's to blame.
Look at the mess you're in!
Look at the state you've made!
- Casper, you're not dead yet.
- He will be when I've had him.
Oh, yes! You're a big lad, aren't yer? He's
just about your size, Casper, isn't he? Eh?
Pick on somebody your own size.
What if I rubbed your nose in the coke?
You'd say I was a bully, wouldn't yer?
And you'd be right. Cos I'm bigger
and stronger than you, aren't I? Eh?
- I'll fetch me dad.
- Oh, yes. And I'll fetch mine.
My dad's heavyweight
champion of the world,
so what will your dad do then, eh?
That's what it's like to be bullied.
You don't like it, do yer?
You'll like it a bit less if I ever catch
you at it again. Do you understand it?
Yes, sir.
Get it shovelled up. Come here a minute.
Have you been smoking?
- No, sir.
- You have! I can smell it on your breath.
- No, sir.
- See me afterwards. Get it done. Go on.
What's it all about?
He keeps callin' me names, and sayin'
things about me dad and me mam and...

All right, all right, all right. Calm down.

They all seem to pick on you. Why is it?

- Don't know.

- Is it because you're a bad 'un?

Maybe I am sometimes,

but I'm not that bad, sir.

I know stacks of other kids that's worse than me, but they seem to get away wi' it.

Why else do you think, eh?

There must be some reason.

Well, take this mornin', sir.

I came in and just dozed off.

I weren't doin' nowt wrong.

I'd been up since six. I had to do t'papers, then I had to rush home to look at t'bird, and then run to school.

You'd be tired, wouldn't yer, sir?

I'd be exhausted.

You shouldn't be caned for that, sir.

And you can't tell Mr Gryce that.

And this little lad, sir. He'd only brought a letter from a teacher, and he got t'cane.

It's nowt to laugh at, sir.

Afterwards, he was sick as a dog.

And teachers, sir.

They're not bothered about us, sir.

If we're 4C, they think

we're numbskulls, owt like that, sir.

They're always lookin' at their watches, to see how long there's left of t'lesson.

They're not bothered about us, and we're not bothered about them.

How are things at home these days?

All right, sir. Usual, I suppose.

- Been in trouble with the police recently?

- No, sir.

Not since I've been without MacDowall's gang.

You know, they used to go into t'city and go into t'coffee bars and t'cinema, but since I've been without them

I've been all right.

- It's all right now, innit?

- But when there's trouble on estate,

all the police come to our house.

Well, I shouldn't worry.

In a couple of weeks you'll be starting your new job, gettin' new friends.

Lookin' forward to that, are yer?

Eh? Have you got a job?

No, sir. I've got to see t'employment bloke.

- What sort of job do you want?

- Anything'll do me.

But you want something that you're interested in, don't you?

- I'll take what I've got.

- I thought you wanted to leave school.

- Not bothered.

- Thought you didn't like school.

I don't, but it dun't mean to say I'll like work. Still, I'll get paid for not likin' it.

- That's one thing.

- I suppose it is.

I might be able to save up and buy a goshawk. I've been readin' about 'em.

Have yer? When do you fly this hawk o' yours?

- Dinner times.

- Where?

- Just outside our house, sir.

- Wood Lane?

- Yeah, it is, sir.

- I'll come round, then. If it's OK.

Go on, then. Get yourself cleaned up.

"Five bob double.

Crackpot. Tell Him He's Dead."

"Jud."

Bloody hellfire!

Kes! Come on, then.

Kes!

Come on, then, Kes.

Come on.

Come on, Kes.

Casper?

Bloody hellfire!

- Hope I'm not too late.

- No. But you'll have to stand over there.

- I'll go by the fence, eh?

- It's all right.

- As long as you keep quiet.

- I'll not say a word.

Come on, Kes!

Come on, Kes!

Kes!

Come on, Kes!

Come on, Kes!

Kes!

Well done, Casper. The most exciting thing I've ever seen in me life. Great!

- Thrill of a lifetime, lad.

- Thank you, sir.

Let's have a look at it.

Isn't it beautifully marked, eh?

Look at the feathers on it.

Oh, it's not gonna eat that, is it?

Yes, sir. This bird's full of vitamins.

Oh, dear!

- Have any more birds before him?

- Stacks. Animals an' all.

A young fox cub once.

Reared it and let it go. A little blinder!

I've had magpies, jackdaws.

Had a young jay once.

- He's your favourite, though.

- Others weren't int' same street.

Come on, then. Come on.

- Come on, sir.

- Oh, dear me!

- Watch that mattress, sir. It's slippy.

- OK.

Look what's left, sir.

Only t'sparrow's leg.

Must have been hungry.

Must have been starvin'.

You hang on here. I'll put him ont' perch.

Come on, then.

You know, there's something

weird about it when it's flyin'.

- Hawks are t'best fliers there is.

- No, I didn't mean that.

When it's flyin', there's something

about it makes you feel strange.

- Is it cos everythin' goes quiet?

- That's it, aye.

Other folks have noticed that. I know
a farmer who says it's same wi' owls.

You know, when they get

his mice in his yard at night.

When they swoop down, he feels like
pokin' his ears to make 'em pop.

Cos it goes that quiet.

It's as if they're flying
in a pocket of silence.

Have you noticed

how quietly we're speaking?

As if we're frightened to raise our voices,
a bit like shouting in church.

- It's cos they're nervous.

- Oh, no. It's more than that.

It's instinctive. It's a sort of respect.

I know, sir. That's what makes me mad.

When I take her for walks, somebody says

"Look, it's Billy Casper and his pet hawk."

I could shout at 'em, sir. It in't a pet.

Or if somebody comes up to me
and says "Is it tame?"

Is it heck tame! Hawks can't be tamed.

They're manned. It's wild and it's fierce
and it's not bothered about anybody.

Not bothered about me, right.

That's what makes it great.

A lot of people wouldn't understand.

They like their pets to be fussed.

I'm not bothered about that.

I just want her for her looks and to fly her.

They can keep their talkin' budgies.

They're nowt compared wi' her.

You're right, Billy. You're probably right.

D'you know summat, sir? I think she's
done me a favour, lettin' me watch her.

"Same price, 7-1,

number 12, Doorkeeper."

What's he studyin' there?

- Can I help you, son?

- No, thanks.

Hey, mister, can you
tell me t'prices of these?
What are they?
Crackpot.
Crackpot. 100-6.
Tell Him He's Dead.
I've just been lookin' for this one meself.
Tell Him He's Dead.
Second favourite, 4-1 .
100-6, 4-1 .
Would you back 'em?
Tell Him He's Dead's a good horse.
Best horse int' race. Top weight.
Don't fancy that one, though.
No form. Hasn't even got a jockey on
here. No, shouldn't bother with that one.
D'yer think they'll win, then?
- How've you got them? Doubled?
- They're our Jud's.
Oh, he'll be all right if they do,
but I can't see it meself.
Right. Ta.
- A bob's worth o' chips, and a fish.
- Serve him, will you, Mary?
- Yes, love? What do you want?
- Fish 'n' chips.
Stop kickin'. We only put that on today.
- Got any scraps, missis?
- Yes, love. I'll put you some on.
Two shilling, love. I'm gettin' rid of
these chips, Floyd. It's gettin' late now.
Aye. But don't be goin' mad.
Sixpence change, love.
These kids. I don't know,
Mr Glover, they're just all the same.
- Can I have a quarter o' beef?
- By, those smell good.
Can I have a quarter o' beef?
- Tha still got that bird, then?
- Yep.
- Here, you can have them for nowt.
- For nowt?
- They're only scraps.
- Another chip?

- No. I'm goin' for me dinner in a minute.

- Right, then. See yer.

See yer.

Usual difficulty

over concentration. Hm?

Three fives are 15, eh?

We write 15 one, five.

You write five, one.

Oi, tha fuckin' twat!

Isn't that that illustrious

brother of yours, Casper?

Shouldn't have thought he was the type to
have paid a visit to his old school again.

- What's the matter? Don't you feel well?

- No, sir.

- Do you want to go for a drink of water?

- No, sir.

- Well, open the window.

- I'm all right, sir.

Please yourself.

Right, now just pass your books forward,
will you? To the front.

Front person on each row,

bring them to my desk, will you?

What's the matter, Casper?

Lost something?

- Me, sir? No, sir.

- On your way, then.

- What's up with thee, Jud?

- It's that little bastard, our Billy.

I left him with a bet for t'horses and he's
kept t'stinkin' money. I'll kill the little git!

- What are you playing at?

- Goin' to t'toilet, sir.

Hurry up, then.

- I'm on 'ere!

- Seen our Billy?

- Aye. He's here wi' me.

- Tryin' to be funny?

Cos I'll stick thi head down there,
old pal, and flush it.

- I asked if tha'd seen him.

- I wouldn't tell thee if I had.

- Look, I'm warnin' yer!

- Ow!
'Ey up, Tibbut, has tha seen our Jud?
- They've been lookin' all over for thee.
- Who has?
- Gryce Pudding.
- What for?
Youth Employment.
Tha should have gone for t'interview.
- Has tha seen our Jud?
- Yeah. He wanted to know where tha was.
- Where the devil have you been?
- Nowhere, sir.
Nowhere?
Who are you, the Invisibile Man?
I felt sick, sir, so I went to t'toilets.
What happened? Did you drop down it?
I've had prefects looking for you!
- I went out for a breath of fresh air.
- Where are you going now?
- Employment officer.
- For your interview? Get off, then, lad!
And God help your future employer!
- Sit up, Peter.
- I'm sat up.
And don't be like a dummy
when you get in there.
Just tell him you're after a good job,
in an office or something like that.
I'm not working in no office!
- What are you after? A job on the bins?
- Can't you shut up?
- Sit up.
- I'm sat up.
- And straighten your tie.
- Tha's naggin'.
Somebody's got to nag.
Is it yer mam?
- What job are tha after?
- Owt'll do me.
- It certainly won't.
- It will.
- It won't.
- Right. Thank you.
Will you send the next one in?

- Pardon?
- Will you send the next one in, please?
- Isn't it your turn to go in?
- Suppose so.
Well, go on, then.
Get out! Knock and wait.
Come in.
Well, come in, lad, if you're coming.
- Sit down, Walker.
- I'm not Walker, sir.
Who are you, then? On my list
it should be Gerald Walker next.
Oliver, Stenton, then Walker.
- I'm Casper.
- Casper.
Oh, sit down, Casper. I should
have seen you earlier, shouldn't I?
Well, then, Casper,
what kind of job had you got in mind?
Well?
I don't know, sir.
I haven't thought about it.
You should be thinking about it. You want
to start off on the right foot, don't you?
Right, then.
Would you like to work in an office?
- Or would you prefer manual work?
- What's manual work?
It means working with your hands. Things
like farming, engineering, plumbing.
Things like that,
as opposed to penpushing jobs.
I'd be all right in an office.
I have a job to read and write.
"Manual".
Tell me, Casper, have you ever thought
about entering a trade as an apprentice?
You know, as an electrician
or a bricklayer or something like that.
Of course, the money's not too good
while you're serving your apprenticeship,
but you'll always have a trade
at your fingertips, won't you?
Well, what do you think about it?

As you've said, you feel better working with your hands. Perhaps this is the best. Of course, you'd have to go to technical college and study for examinations. Some lads do it. Some do it for years, two or three nights a week, right from leaving school right up to mid-twenties, when they take their Higher National, or even degrees.

I say, lad. Are you listening to me?

- Yeah.

- You don't look as though you are.

I've other lads to see before four o'clock, you know.

If nothing I've mentioned appeals to you, and if you can stand a hard day's work and don't mind getting dirty,

- there are good opportunities in mining.

- I'm not goin' down t'pit.

Don't be put off by what you've heard.

Conditions have improved tremendously.

I wouldn't be seen dead down t'pit.

What about hobbies?

What hobbies have you got?

Do you like gardening, or constructing Meccano sets, or anything like that?

- Don't you have any hobbies at all?

- Can I go now?

What's wrong with you, lad?

Sit down. Sit down, I haven't finished yet.

I've met some lads in my time, but I've never met one like you.

Half the time you're like a cat on hot bricks, the other half you're not listening.

Here. Take this form.

It gives you information about leaving school and starting work.

Things like pensions, superannuation, national insurance, wages.

At the back, there's a detachable form.

When you want your cards, fill it in...

Come back, lad. I haven't finished yet.

When you want your cards,

fill in that form, send it in. Got that?

- Yeah.

- Don't forget. And listen, Casper.

If you do have trouble getting fixed up,
come in and see me.

- Yeah.

- Send the next boy in.

Kes!

Kes!

Kes!

Kes!

Kes!

Jud?

Jud?! Mother?!

- Missis, have you seen our Jud?

- I haven't, love. Sorry.

- Have you seen our Jud?

- Course I've seen him.

- Doesn't look as though you've seen him.

- You've seen him, then?

Course I've seen him. Come in here

playin' hell. Goin' to pull t'counter down.

I had to fetch Eric Clough

to prove tha hadn't put t'bet on.

- They won, then, did they?

- Both of 'em. 100-6 and 4-1 .

- He'd have won a tenner, I tell thee that.

- Bloody hell.

Kes!

Come on, Kes!

Come on, lass!

Kes!

Kes!

Come on, Kes!

Kes!

Kes!

- Where is it? What's tha done wi' it?

- Where've you been? Your tea's cold.

I said, where is it?

- What's tha starin' at?

- Thee, tha little pig!

Don't call me a little pig!

Hey! Hey!

Jud, what's all t'bloody

pushin' and shovin'?

- Ask him. He knows.

- Tha'd have known if I'd got hold o' thee.

- Oh, get lost!

- Knows what?

What's goin' off? What's up wi' him?

If he'd have put that bet on,
there wouldn't have been none of this.

- He's put it on, hasn't he?

- Has he bloody hell!

- I told him to. I asked you not to forget.

- He didn't forget. He spent t'money!

How d'you know?

What you gettin' so upset for?

Have they won?

Have they won?! I'd have 16 quid
if he'd kept his thieving hands to hisself.

- Look what you've done.

- Should have done it thissen.

- I could have a week off work for that!

- Get lost, you big pig!

Hey! Well, what's he upset for?

Because he's killed me hawk instead,
that's why.

- He never has.

- I know he has. Cos he couldn't catch me.

- Jud! You have not killed this kid's hawk!

- So I have. What yer gonna do about it?

Killing yerself, that's what you want!

It were its own fault.

I were only gonna let it go.

Kept lashin' at me wi' t'claws.

I had to kill it.

You're a big bastard! A big rotten bastard!

Don't call me a bastard!

Tha'll be next to get it!

You're a big bastard!

A big bleedin' bastard!

- Enough of that language!

- I could have had a lousy week off work.

- What you done wi' t'bird?

- It's int' bin!

You want puttin' int' bin!

Look what you've done to him!

- If I'd got hold of him, he'd have been in!

- Oh, yes, you!

- That's just about your bloody...

- Shut yer face!

You shut your face! Don't talk to me like that or I'll shut it for yer!

Ar, no, yer wouldn't dare!

Don't tempt me too much, cos I'm sick of it now!

- Ah, shut up!

- And you! I'm fed up of bein' int' house!

- I'm fed up of seein' yer in.

- Upsettin' t'kid like that!

Bloody pig, yer are.

Look what he's done, Mam.

Look at it. He's a right 'un.

- That were a rotten trick!

- It were a rotten trick what he did to me!

Yer could have took it out o' me!

You know what a lot he thought about it.

Take it away from t'table.

- What yer gonna do to him?

- What d'yer want me to do?

- Give him a good hidin'.

- What d'you think yer...

Yes. I'd just like to see her, an' all.

I'm fed up of the pair of yer talkin' about the damn thing! It's only a bird!

Anyroad, it's not worth stinkin' threepence!

Get off! Get off!

Get out!

Get out! And don't come stinkin' back!

Ripped By PaRaNoIdAnDrOiD