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Lassie

By Eric Knight

(ferocious barking)
(hunting horn)
(barking continues)
(hunter calls out)
It's making for the village.
If we're quick
we can head the bugger off.
It doesn't seem fair.
All those hounds and just one fox.
It's not meant to be fair.
Come on, or we'll lose them.
The doctor said
you weren't to exert yourself.
- Are you a student of medicine?
- No, Your Grace. I'm a chauffeur.
- Then let's stick to what we know.
- Perhaps you should let me drive.
He's right, Grandpa. The doctor said...
Fresh air and light exercise.
That was the doctor's advice, and I'm taking it.

WOMAN:

(barking)

GIRL:

That's my girl. Hang on!
(barking in distance)
(hunting horn)
(horse whinnies)
(car horn beeps)
(hunting horn)
(barks)
(barking, and hunting horn)
(whining)
(low growl)
(panting)
(whimper)
(single bark)
(bark)
(barks twice)
- What's going on?
Come on, Pomfert! Mushroom!
Hey, come on!
Would you mind controlling

these animals, Sarah Carraclough?

It might help us all

if you'd mind your own...

Edward Hynes.

Come on, Lass.

(woman mutters)

Urgh!

- (chuckling)

- Who threw this? Eh?

Who threw this?

I'll have the police on you.

Do you hear me? I'll have the police!

Ruddy rabble!

Come on, Pomfert. Out of it!

The er... the pack are in a bit of a tangle.

I'm just getting it sorted, Your Grace.

Never mind the hounds. Did anyone see
which way the damn fox went?

- Towards the mine, they say.

- What are you waiting for?

- Well, I...

- This is a fox hunt, isn't it?

Yes, Your Grace.

A fox hunt. Right.

(clanking)

(barking)

(dog sniffs)

HYNES:

Eh? Come on, you lazy swine!

Open this gate.

All right. Come on, boys! Come on!

Come on!

Your Grace, you can't come through.

It's impossible.

There are men working down there.

They may be down there,

but they're not working -

we both know the seam's exhausted.

Now get out of the way!

(toots horn)

There's still coal down there,

I'm sure of it.

What the bloody hell was that?

- A fox, I reckon.
- What's it doing down here?
(barking in distance)
- Sssh! Listen up!

So...

are we going to let them catch it?

How can we stop them?

It's just a matter of
putting them off the scent.

- Don't you think?

- You daft bugger!

Right...

Let's see what they make of that, then.

(barking in distance)

(dog whines)

(howls)

(whining and howling)

FEMALE TEACHER:

...goes 7, remainder 4.

Which gives us 8 into 40.

Anybody?

Joe Carraclough?

Yes, miss?

What did I just ask?

- A question, miss.

- (laughter)

Stand up.

And what question was that?

Don't try and get the answer
from somebody else!

Well?

Didn't hear, miss.

Come here.

Left. Up!

Right.

Three more for answering back.

But, miss, I didn't.

Are you asking for another three?

No, miss.

(ruler thwacks)

Back.

Now 8 into 40

Quickly, anybody.

Yes?

(whimpers)

Ooh, is it time, Lass?

(barking)

I don't understand. If they don't want to eat it,
why do they want to catch it?

Sport, my dear. For the sport.

They love it.

They don't look very happy.

They don't like to lose. Neither do I.

- She does.

- What?

Look happy.

She's beautiful, isn't she?

You've got a good eye.

You've got my good eye.

Hynes.

Hynes!

Let's see if we can't catch something today.

(clock chimes)

(handbell rings)

(Lassie barks once)

It's all right, Lass.

They're not hurting so much now.

Come on.

Let's go home.

GIRL:

THE DUKE:

You're not concentrating.

You can't play Snap if you don't concentrate.

I suppose it's dull for you here.

After the excitement of London.

Daodody says onodon sn't safoe

boecause t hoeroe's go ng to boe a war

Nonsense!

Snap!

Now we'll see who's concentrating.

(both slam cards down)

Daddy says

everybody has their heads in the sand.

- Are you contradicting me?

- Yes, Grandpa.

You dare say yes,
you impertinent little scallywag.
If I said no,
that would be another contradiction.

BOTH:

Snap!

That's a draw so they go into the pool.

What do you mean?

We both said "snap" together
so that's a draw.

Now if you get a 7, you have to say
"snap pool" instead of "snap".

(exhales)

Who invented this idiotic game?

- You did.

- (ferocious barking)

Skipper.

Bo'sun.

Well?

- He wouldn't sell, Your Grace.

- What do you mean?

How far did you go?

He wouldn't sell for 15 pounds?

Carraclough said

the dog wasn't his to sell.

Probably stole the damn thing
in the first place.

Well, we'll see about that.

Snap!

Thought I wasn't looking, didn't you?

My win, I think.

We don't need his money.

Not today, perhaps.

But for how much longer?

Three hundredweight we brought up today.

And we worked a double shift.

The seam's dead. Everybody knows it.

They'll find another seam.

You can't find something

you're not looking for.

And no-one's looking. Not any more.

(stair creaks)

(door opens)

Come on, Lass.

You know you're not supposed to be up here.

Good night.

Mam?

Joe.

- What did that man want?

- Nothing to bother yourself with.

Now, cohmoen Go to s oeoeep

Dad wouldn't sell her, though, would he?

Those big ears are going to get you
into trouble one day.

But he can't! Lassie's my dog.

She's our dog.

And we're not selling.

Love you.

- I want eight men round the back.

- Yes, sir.

Give me a straight line for the gate.

(mine whistle blows)

(door opens)

WOMAN:

Sarah, quick. Get your coat.

- Is someone hurt?

- It's worse than that.

(second whistle blast)

(urgent murmuring)

Well, what's this, John Fordham?

Are we not to be allowed in
to see our men?

You'll soon be complaining

you see too much of them.

Here they come. Look.

(gates clank)

OFFICER:

Back, please.

Come on. Move back.

What is it? What's happening, Ma?

Closing the mine down, Joe.

They say there's not enough coal.

What's the matter? Does he not see us?

No, hoe soeoes us, Joee oe soeoes us

Come on.

Thank you, Patterson.
Daisy, my dear.
You look exhausted.
Charlie sends his love.
His commission just came through.
He's had to report to some barracks
in the middle of nowhere. Where is she?
Just gone upstairs.
- Oh, do you mind if I?
- Of course not.
I didn't tell her you were coming.
Just in case.
Nothing arrives on time these days.
Why couldn't Daddy come?
Because he's a soldier now, darling.
He has to do what he's told.
Grandpa says
there isn't going to be a war.
He says
everybody's just playing silly games.
Well, let's hope he's right.
Hop into bed and I'll read you a story.
Oh, I've missed you so much.
Why don't you take me back with you?
I can't.
Not yet, anyway don't know
where Daddy's going to be posted
It's all very last-minute.
They nearly wouldn't let him join up at all.
I wish they hadn't.
I know, my darling. So do I.

PA:

There's others talking the same.

MA:

if you get yourself killed?

PA:

I walked my feet off for 20 miles
in every direction.
There's nothing in the whole county.
- (conversation continues)
- (whispers) Lass. Lassie!

PA:

It's not fair on the boy.

MA:

I don't want him woken.

It's not fair on you.

It's not fair on any of us.

But we have rent to pay.

Mr Grimes won't keep us on't slate for ever.

And how am I expected

to put food on't table?

PA:

(The Duke sighs)

(door opens)

There's a Mr Carraclough at the door,

Your Grace.

- Shall I send him away?

- No. No. I was expecting him.

I'll see him in the study.

(door closes)

Do you have to go today?

Yes, darling. I'm sorry.

But I'll be back

as soon as Daddy's settled.

We have to find you a new school.

Why can't I stay at my old school?

Because, darling, London's not safe.

I'm sure we'll find you somewhere nice.

(school bell rings)

Be brave, darling.

I'll be back before you know it.

Hm?

Say hello to Charles for me.

Tell him I still think he's a blithering idiot.

I'll tell him.

Look after her for me.

Don't worry about us.

(engine starts)

Young lady.

I've got something to show you.

Someone, I should say.

Where's Lassie? She wasn't at school.

I think something's happened to her.

Have you seen her?

Someone has to tell him.

THE DUKE:

Isn't she something?

I thought you said

they wanted to keep her.

They changed their mind, didn't they?

Couldn't get rid of her fast enough

once the subject of money was mentioned.

- She doesn't look very happy about it.

- Nonsense.

Where is that dratted fellow hiding?

- Hynes!

- Just coming.

Yes, sir.

What's the matter with this dog?

Erm... Matter, Your Grace?

Look at her, man.

Well... you mean her not taking her food?

Used to table scraps and all sorts,

I should say.

They've no idea how to handle dogs

down in that village.

Don't you worry

your pretty little head about it, miss.

I'll have her eating kennel-style

in a day or so.

What's her name?

They never bothered to give her one.

Called her Lass. Or Lassie.

It just means girl.

No feeling for animals, in my experience.

Don't worry.

We'll give her a proper name.

I like the one she's got. Lassie.

See?

She knows it's her.

Come on.

You can come back and see her later.

Why can't we take her

up to the house with us?

When she's settled.

Let her get used to us first.

(tuts)

I'll see you eat. If I have to push
your bloody food down your throat.

Yeah, that's right.

Take a good look at me.

I'm in charge now.

(bell rings)

(whines)

(whimpers)

Good boy.

Thanks, Peters.

Lassie, I've got to have a bath before tea,
but I'll be back straight after. I promise.

(whimpers)

(whines)

(barks)

CLASS:

5 sevens are 35.

6 sevens are 42.

7 sevens are 49.

8 sevens are 56.

9 sevens are 63.

(whimpers)

(handbell rings)

Lassie!

Lassie.

How did you get here?

Come on. I'll take you home.

Get in there!

I don't want any more of your tricks.

Do you understand?

You can't blame the boy.

You can't look after your own property.

You've no cause to talk to me like that,
Sam Carraclough.

I know you've trained it to run.

It won't happen again. Make no mistake.

(dog yaps)

(barks)

(farmer whistles)

(bleating)

Will you get them out of the way!

Come on! Oi!
(horn beeps)
Oi!
Somebody stop her!
(bleating)
What's going on here?
It's your dog. She ran away again.
- Again?
- I'll deal with this, Your Grace.
I brought my lad with me.
To pen her up this time.
- This'll be the last time.

THE DUKE:

Cilla.
Coming, Grandpa.
Let the boy do it.
It's him she runs for.
Go on, lad.
Get it over with.
Stay here and bide happy, Lass.
And don't come home no more.
You're a bad dog
and we don't love you no more.
So stay here and leave us be.
You understand?
Bad dog.

CILLA:

She isn't happy here.
- That's why she runs.
- Course she's happy.
She runs
because they've trained her to do it.
Then they can steal her back
and sell her to somebody else.
Bloody Yorkshiremen.
They're nothing but thieving vagabonds. Scum!
If they wanted to steal her,
why did they bring her back themselves?
Well, because... they're always up to tricks,
aren't they?
But we're too smart for 'em.
(barks)

Hey! Don't try that with me,
you little beggar.
You stay away from her, miss.
She'd bite you as soon as look at you
if I know dogs.
You just want to go home, don't you?
Well, that makes two of us.
So do I.
(sets of footsteps)
(footsteps approaching)
(chuckles) Don't even think about it.
You'll not get under that.
It's buried too deep.
We're going on a nice trip together
tomorrow.
And it will be goodbye to Yorkshire,
for you, my girl.
(chuckles)
(barks)
Oof!
Get out of the way, you idiot!
(hammering on door)

HYNES:

Where is she? Eh?
- I say, where the bloody hell is she?
- Well, she's not here.
- Where's Joe?
- I don't know. He's not back yet.
He won't have got far. I'll find him.
I'll come with you.
We don't want any more funny business.
Just go right home, Mr Hynes.
Your dog'll be back to you,
just as soon as I find her.
Yeah, well, she better be.
The Duke's going to Scotland tomorrow
and he's taking the dog with him.
Joe.
You can't make this right
by stealing her back.
It's not stealing
when she comes by herself.
It is if we keep her.

She doesn't belong to us, Joe.

Not any more.

Come on.

Ass

She'll come back again, you know.

They'll not keep her caged.

- Not this time, she won't.

- She will!

They're taking her away tomorrow.

- To Scotland.

- Where's that?

Long, long way, Joe.

Much farther than you'll ever travel
even if you live to be 100.

So let it go, eh?

Maybe when times are better,
we'll get another dog.

I don't want another dog, do I?

I never want another dog.

Yeah, I'm in all right.

Don't worry about that.

Eh, eh, keep your hands
where I can see 'em.

Here. Let me help you.

BAGPIPES:

Scotland The Brave

Oh... she brushes up nicely.

Good posture.

Great energy.

A little lacking in confidence, perhaps.

Let's see what they make
of each other. Come on.

She could be
what we've been looking for.

- Good morning, Grandfather.

- Morning, Cilla.

- Good morning, Lassie.

- Careful, miss.

- She's a nasty temper on her.

- No, she hasn't.

THE DUKE:

What do you think, Hey Hey?

Huh? What do you think of her, boy?
(barks)
She's saying hello.
(barks)
Best keep 'em apart,
till she learns some manners.
Exercise is what she needs.
That will cheer her up.
Keep her on a lead,
but I want her to get used to
the other dogs as soon as possible.
Come on. There's a kipper
in the dining room with your name on it.
Come on, you get in here. Oi! In here.
Joe?
Come on, Joe. You have to eat.
Please, Joe.
I love Lassie just as much as you.
And if I've done something wrong,
it's loving you more.
We'd barely enough food
for the three of us.
It would have been cruel to keep her.
Sometimes you have to let things go.
You can't hold on to everything.
Be happy that you knew her.
And that you watched her grow.
And that you helped make her strong
and beautiful.
So beautiful that
everyone who saw her knew it.
Think of it as an adventure for her.
And be proud of her.
Eh?
(latch on door)
You just want to get out, don't you?
Go back where you came from,
like you did before.
I'll be the same if they send me
to some stuck-up boarding school.
(clock chimes)
(Lassie whimpers)

HYNES:

Get here!

- Oi! Come here! Get here!

- (Lassie whines)

(Hynes mutters)

You go on. Don't worry.

I'll deal with this one.

I think it's time

we started your education proper.

That's it, in here. Come on.

Oi!

Get here!

Right.

(Lassie yelps)

(barks)

Come on.

I'm not going to hurt you.

See?

Come here, will you!

Stop her!

Stop her, you stupid Scottish clods!

Are you deaf or something?

The dog, you idiot!

Urhh!

I'll do it.

Come back here!

What's going on?

I think Mr Hynes is playing a game
with the dogs.

Well, he's no business to!

- Don't open the gate!

- What did he say?

Don't touch that bloody gate!

Nothing.

- What did you say?

- I said, don't touch the bloody gate!

Oh, sorry.

What's going on?

The stupid girl's let the collie out.

What happened to your belt, Mr Hynes?

Um...

Were you using it on the dog?

- No, I was just teach...

- Mr Hynes, please do not say another word.

Never, under any circumstances,

will I allow anyone to attack an animal of mine.

Collect what wages are due to you
and leave my property immediately.
Otherwise, I will not be answerable
for the consequences.

I'll look after this for you.

Into the car, young lady!

But, Your Grace...

- Your Grace, you don't understand!

(Car horn toots)

Your Grace...

(door opens)

Never mind that.

I want to talk to you.

Come here.

Have you lost your tobacco?

No.

Just forgot I'd given up.

Boecauseoe woe'roe poor?

Well, times are not what they were, Joe.

And your mother said

I was smoking too much, anyway.

Listen.

I'm going to have to go away
for a little while.

To fight in the war?

No, not to fight, I hope.

Just to train and such.

It probably won't be any more than that.

I'm going to need you to look after your mother
while I'm away.

- But what about Lassie?

- Joe.

Joe.

You love Lassie, don't you?

You know I do.

Then be happy for her.

She's better off

where she'll get fed proper,
with a grand kennel and a fine big run,
with stable boys to wait on her
hand and foot.

So let it go.

Eh?

(panting)

THE DUKE:

If she's not found quickly, she'll die.
She won't be able to survive on her own.
Why not?

Because the instinct for knowledge
has been bred out of her.

She's a pet.

She won't be able to fend for herself,
so she'll starve.

And that's if she doesn't
fall down a cliff first and break her legs.

Now, if you'll excuse me,
I shall call the police one more time.

You don't mean that.

You're just saying that
to make me feel bad.

And do you feel bad?

Yes.

Good! Now go to bed.

(birdsong)

(horn blares)

(metallic thud)

(engine cuts out)

Bloody... lunatic animal!

Go on, get out of it!

Before I do something I'll regret.

Go on! Get out of it!

(rumbling)

- Hungry, are you?

- I always eat when I'm worried.

There's no time for that.

She's been spotted.

- Where?

- On the road, ten miles south of here.

A farmhand saw her on his way to work
and called the police.

What are we waiting for? Come on!

- What about your breakfast?

- I'm not worried any more.

(car approaches)

Wait a minute.

There she is, by the postbox.

We've found us a dog!
Come on, Nellie, you'll be late for school.
Isn't she bonny?
Take it easy. We don't want to startle her.
Young lady!
- Step away from the animal, please.
- Come on, Nellie.
Step away, please. I've got her.
Come on.
I'm not going to hurt you.
Keep that gate closed!

THE DUKE:

She's frightened.
She'll come back when she's hungry.
I don't think she will come back.
She's trying to get home,
like she did before.
(door slams)

M A:

W hat hmaodoe you so atoe?
I got kept in.
What for this time?
- Nothing.
- Nothing?
Miss told me to sit down,
and I didn't hear her.
Daydreaming, I suppose?
- I couldn't help it.
- What do you mean?
It were near four,
and I heard a dog barking.
And I thought it were... Lassie.
Ass oe?
Bloody Lassie?
If I hear that dog's name mentioned
one more time,
I swear I'll walk out
and leave the pair of you!
As if I haven't got enough to cope with!
(door slams)
(chickens cluck)
(clucking intensifies)

Who's there?
Is somebody after my chickens?
(gun is cocked)
Go on! Go on!
Go on!
Go on, you filthy mongrel!
You stay away from my chickens,
or I'll give you a taste of this!
(Lassie pants)

FIRST MAN:

236 against Surrey.

SECOND MAN:

239, against Somerset, not Surrey.
I saw it myself.
Bowled leg stump for 239.
- In '32?
- Summer of '33.
At the Oval.
Rained a bit in the afternoon.
Wait a minute.
I think I've just seen something.
I can't see anything.
- Markland.
- What?
Name of the bowler.
I'll never forget it.
Yes, look. There.
In those bushes.
No. There's not a thing, old boy.
Give me those.
I think that's a dog you're looking at.
A dog? Don't be ridiculous.
Well, that's a dog, of course.
But what's it doing?
It's acting very oddly.
Perhaps it's seen the monster.
Very sensitive, you know, dogs.
Wait a minute!
That would be me, sir.
Yes, of course.
Well, what is she doing?
I'm not sure.

Maybe she's wanting to cross the loch
and cannae see how to do it.

- But that's impossible.

- Aye.

She would have to go round.

Go round? How far is that?

You've 100 miles

before she's back on this track.

Why would she want to do that?

She has business on the other side,
maybe.

Your collie's a Scottish breed originally.

And the Scots can be awful determined

when they put their mind to it.

You know, I think you're right.

What about?

It was the summer of '33

and Markland was the bowler.

I told you so, old boy.

There's not much

you can teach me about cricket.

It's getting a bit choppy, isn't it?

(reel spins rapidly)

Come on, darling.

WOMAN:

This is where Sarah will sleep.

All the beds are marked, dear.

So, if you find your number,

you'll know where you're sleeping.

Off you go, dear.

Do you remember your number, darling?

Do I have to be a number?

Of course, dear. Every girl is.

Like the army.

(murmur of conversations)

Don't worry about me.

I know how to look after myself.

Know

Joe...

I'm relying on you, lad.

Don't let me down.

(truck engine starts up)

WOMAN:

Goodbye, love.
See you soon.
Come along, girls.
No talking.
Lights out in three minutes.
And you, young lady. Into bed.
I've got to do 100 strokes.
I promised my mother.
Well, hurry yourself up, then!
Everybody out now!
Lights out in two minutes.
(bell tolls)
(handbell)
Come along, everybody!
Rise and shine!
Oh!
(continues blowing whistle)
(car horn honks)
Thanks a lot!
(car horn honks)
(car horn honks)
At last.

HEAD:

Don't even think about it, young lady.
You're in enough trouble as it is.
Withers, if you'd be so kind.
That's a definite.
I'll give you odds of 100 to 1.
No accompaning aoduts,
poor appoearancoe, woearly odoehmoeanou r

MR O'DONNELL:

I think you're right.
Pincer movement, Mr O'Donnell,
classic manoeuvre.
You drop off here,
approach from the rear, I move ahead.
Halt, take up a covert position and, bingo,
we attack from both sides, with maximum effect.
Right, sir.
Stand aside.
Come to the nice gentleman.

Steady.

(Lassie yelps)

Hold him, hold him.

You don't have to treat a dog like that.

Sorry, Mum, it's for the protection of the public.

There's a lot of mad dogs around.

- Well, you don't have to do it like that.

MAN:

I beg your pardon, sir.

Well, you're upsetting the dog.

Oh, am I, really? I'm so sorry.

Am I upsetting diddums?

Get up. I'll put her in the van for you.

- It'll get away from you, Mum.

- Stop calling me "Mum" and stand up.

You should let her try.

We'll just have to go through it
all over again.

Stand up!

(Lassie whimpers)

Hey, girl.

And take that away.

There you go, girl.

Please open the doors of your van.

I...

Don't stand there gawping like a halfwit.

(dogs bark)

There. You don't have to
treat stray dogs like wild beasts.

Very grateful, I'm sure.

Thank you.

Thank you. Show's over.

Can I just say,

I thought you were absolutely brilliant?

The rest of us just stood there
and you did something.

I had a dog like that when I was a kid.

Same eyes.

What will they do with her?

I'm not sure.

Keep hold of her for a while, I suppose.

If no-one shows up, they... Well, they...

They'll kill her?

It's quite humane.
Just put her to sleep or something.
No, you're right.
You're absolutely right.
- Where is the pound?
- I don't know.
I'm sure we can find it.
(dogs bark)
No nonsense from you.
(Lassie whimpers)
(dogs bark)
Shut up, the lot of you!
You're not going anywhere.
Get in there. Go on!
Oh!
Mind the door, lad!
What are you doing, you stupid idiot?
No...
Watch out.
Step aside. Step aside. Mind your back.
Ah, hey... hey...

CLERK:

All rise.
You cannot come in. Court is in session.
My Lord, if I may respectfully...
Mr McTaggart.
Is this the surprise witness
the defence has promised?
- My Lord...
- (Lassie barks)
I take it that is an answer
in the affirmative.
And I can congratulate the defence
on producing, finally, a witness
who is capable of answering yes or no
to a question without equivocation.
(laughter)
Have you lost a dog?
Yes, we have.
Mr McTaggart, whom am I addressing?
It's a dog, My Lord.

JUDGE:

You confirm my own suspicions.
Well, well, well, a dog.
Sergeant of the court,
what do I want done with it?
You wish it removed, Your Lordship?
May I congratulate you
on your powers of deduction?
(laughter)
Well, go to it, man.
There's two men outside.
Silence, everybody.
Please don't startle the dog.
She cannot jump from there,
so please let the officers do their duty
quietly and safely.
Come on,
there's nothing to be frightened of.
Come on. Come on.
I've told you already,
we don't have a collie.
Not for a number of weeks,
as a matter of fact.
I have a whippet and a couple of
very annoying terriers if you're interested.
(door opens)
That's them all back... at last.
- Fancy a cuppa?

MAN:

The collie. We've come for the collie.
We've brought money.
We'll pay for her, whatever it is.
She escaped.
Oh, brilliant.
Bloody brilliant!
Now we've got to fill in
a missing dog report.
A perfect record lies in tatters.
- We don't have a perfect record.
- Well, we haven't now, have we?
You mean, she's gone?
Yes, madam, she's gone.
Now, if you and your husband
wouldn't mind doing the same,

my colleague has a report to write.
(dog barks)
What a couple of idiots.
Yes.
Husband, indeed.
Oh, that. Yes.
- Look...
- Yes?
I don't suppose you'd like to...
I mean...
I'd love to.
You would?
- Most definitely.
- Good.
I'm so sorry. About the dog, I mean.
Sorry?
Don't be. She's free now.
That's all I ever wanted for her.
I think we've got company, Toots.
I wonder what she wants of us.
(traveller whistles)
(imitates Greta Garbo):
I think perhaps she wants to be alone.
Whoa!
Let's see if Miss Garbo's hungry,
shall we?
Hey, it's not for you, you greedy beast.
You're not a film star.
Not yoet anyway
(sniffs)
You're no wild dog, are you?
There's a tyke, she's shy and canny,
And she's slowly coming near,
She's as cautious as my granny,
But will overcome her fear.
Whoa! Ho ho! Ho ho!
Now, we know a trick or two,
don't we, Toots?
Let's see what Your Majesty thinks
of this, shall we?
There's your dinner, Your Highness.
Eat up.
Come on, Toots.
We seem to have made a friend after all.

(fire hisses)
Put it down in the road and it's no good.
Too well trained.
Put it down in a bowl.
That was the secret.
That made it all right.
You'll have to come along with us
if you want any more.
(Lassie barks)
(bell chimes)
Hello, Joe.
How was your day?
Miss Branson liked my poem.
Well, that's a surprise.
I didn't think she liked anything
other than the sound of her own voice.
Did you hear from Dad?
No, but he'll be home for Christmas,
I'm sure of it.
(vendors shout their wares)

WOMAN:

We can't be beaten on our prices!
Fresh eggs! Get your fresh eggs here!
Hello, everybody!

CHILDREN:

Hello!
Has anybody seen my dog Toots?

CHILDREN:

No!
Well, are you sure?
He's behind you!
Where?
He's behind you!
(barks)
- Oh! Ohhhh!
(whistle)
Roll up! Roll up, ladies and gentlemen,
boys and girls,
for the terrifying tale
of Androcles and the lion.
What are you doing up there, Toots?

Come down.

(children laugh)

Were you looking after the children?

Who wants to see a track

by those who wonder dog?

ALL:

Me!

Up you go!

(laughter)

There you are.

A round of applause, please.

And now, ladies and gentlemen,
the terrifying tale of Androcles and the lion.

Your Highness, if you please.

You're doing fine, Your majesty.

You're doing fine.

So Androcles found himself alone
in the desert,
when suddenly

he heard a strange sound.

The poor slave Androcles
was very frightened by the lion,
but then he noticed something unusual.

Looking closely, Androcles saw
there was a thorn in the lion's paw,
and that's why the lion was so unhappy.

So plucking up his courage,
he took hold of the lion's paw
and plucked out the thorn.

The angel Gabriel got a bit of a black eye
last year.

This year he'll have a new head.

I reckon he'll be all right for Christmas.

What do you think?

Beginning to feel the cold, are you?

Winter's coming.

I think we're not going to make the Riviera
this season, Your Majesty.

It's time to head back.

You'll like it at home. Won't she, Toots?

We best get tidied up.

Get an early start tomorrow.

What the hell is that?

It's a bloody midget.
Is it, now?
Or are we looking at a bloomin' dwarf?
What?
Dwarves or midgets.
You have to be sensitive
about these things.
Dwarves are richer.
They dig for gold.
Then let's call it a dwarf.
Do you think he'll have it with him -
the gold?
Let's go and ask the little fella, shall we?
(Lassie and Toots bark)
- Watch your dog, little fella.
- It's all right.
We ain't doing nothing.
Quiet down, Your Majesty.
Quiet down.
Toots.
Thank you.
Thank you very much.
(growls)
Are you having a cuppa? Isn't that nice?
Could you spare a swallow for a couple
of homeless chaps looking for work?
Woe'vvoe got a froesh caught rabb t
by way of oexchangoe
You're welcome, friend.
The water's almost boiled.
The tea's in the wagon. I'll get it.
No hurry.
- Is there, mate?
- No hurry at all.
Only sorry we missed the show.
Big audience, was it?
Bet you make a killing this time of year.
Christmas coming and all that.
Come on, where is it?
The gold.
Cos if you're nice and hand it over,
we won't hurt you.
Will we, Mr S?
No... we won't hurt you.

Afraid I haven't got any gold. Just tea.
So you want it the hard way,
do you, little 'un?
Fair enough.
Don't just stand there, get in after him,
you coward.
Argh! You little beggar!
(barks)
Stay out of this, Your Majesty!
You want some of this, do you?
Is this what you want?
Come on, my little beauty.
(yelps)
- Go home! Get out of it!
(barks)
What a dog!
You see, little fella,
even your best friend can't stand...
You get underneath the wagon,
I'll get the cash.
(Toots growls)
- Get off!
Snickers, where are you?
There's no sign of him under here.
I'm aware.
(Toots snarls)
No.
Argh!
Oof!
Argh!
(yaps)
(Toots snarls)
Toots! Get away! Toots!
You bloomin' rat!
(thwack)
(roars)
Get it off!
(Lassie snarls)
- Get off!
(Lassie barks)
(panting)
(barks)
I hate dogs.
I always have.

Hello, there, my darling.
You put up a pretty good fight,
didn't you, now?
(Lassie whimpers)
Quiet, Your Majesty.
She hasn't much time left.
Seven years we've been together.
And I couldn't have asked
for better company.
With blessings He has to spare.
M ay Good g vvoe t hoehm to you now
(Lassie whimpers)
The Lord says his Father notices
even the fall of a single sparrow.
So trusting in him, we commend
our dear friend to his bosom.
(horse whinnies)
Come on, then, Your Majesty.
Don't want to?
Perhaps it's best that way.
Still want to go south, do you?
Winter in the Riviera.
With all the other la-di-dahs.
I'd like to go with you but...
winter's coming...
and I'd best be getting back home.
Besides...
...you'd always be reminding me
of my Toots, wouldn't you, Lass?
(barks)
Hey...
That's the pity of it.
You can understand my language
but I can't understand yours.
And it's us that's supposed to be
the most intelligent.
We had some pretty good times together,
didn't we?
Yeah. Well...
Off you go, then.
And may luck go with you.
Off you go.
Come on, then, old girl.
Time to head for home.

CILLA:

What was that?

Some kind of animal, darling.

A fox, I should think.

- It looked bigger than a fox to me.

- Look, we're here.

- Will grandpa have a Christmas tree?

- Of course.

It'll be the biggest you've ever seen.

Can we light them now?

No, darling. It'll burn down.

It's all we've got left.

We'll light them

when we get back from church.

Come on. You'll be late for practice.

(church organ)

CHORISTERS:

O come all ye faithful

Joyful and triumphant

O come ye, O come ye

To Bethlehem

Come and behold him

Born the king of angels

O come let us adore him

O come let us adore him

O come let us adore him

Christ the Lord

Happy Christmas.

I knew you'd make it.

Is it snowing?

Aye. Aye, it's beautiful outside.

And inside too.

Leaving their flocks

draw nigh to gaze

(carol continues in distance)

(barks)

(barks)

In the bleak midwinter

Frosty wind made moan

Earth stood hard as iron

Water like a stone

Snow had fallen, snow on snow

Snow on snow
(carol continues faintly)
What can I give him
Poor as I am?
(whimpers)
(whimpers)
(chatter)
Cricket, what's the matter with you?
You're not supposed to be in here.
What are you doing?
Where's John?
I don't know. He were right here.
Lassie...
It's Lassie! She's come home!
Listen for yourself, Joe.
The heart's very faint. But it is there.
She's had a terrible ordeal and I can't
say whether it's possible she'll survive it.
An animal doesn't know how to fight for life
in the way a human often can.
It may be that, having got home
and having achieved what she wanted,
she'll be content to just go to sleep
and... pass on.
Is there anything we can do?
Try and get her to eat something.
Warm milk and brandy, I would suggest.
We haven't got any brandy.
I've got some. We were saving it
for the Christmas pudding.

VET:

We'll all see how she is in the morning.
I'll come round first thing.
(giggling)
This is for you. I made it myself.
For me?
At school I wanted to remind myself
that it was still possible to escape.
Did you, indeed?
(chuckles)
(knock at door)
I know she's here,
so don't try and make any trouble.

I've got officers of the law with me
just in case you do.

- He can't take her, can he?

- This is a sick animal.

She can't be moved.

We have a certificate from the vet here,
saying she's fit to travel.

Well, go on, then, get on with it.

- Don't touch her.

- Sorry, Sam. We've seen the papers.

Everyone knows you sold her.

She's not going anywhere
unless I take her myself.

That won't be necessary. Officers...

She's under my care.

I'm responsible for her.

What difference does it make?

You want her back, he'll take her back.

No!

You can cohmoee too, Joee

I'm not stopping here by myself.

I demand an escort

in case they run off with her.

- They've tried it before, you know.

- Oh, shut up.

Right, you keep an eye on them.

I'll get it sorted.

That's it.

HYNES:

Your Grace... Your Grace!

(growling)

(chatter)

Mr Hynes is here, Your Grace,

and he was most insistent...

I've found her, Your Grace,

I've found her!

I've got her outside, just like you ordered.

Lassie! He's found Lassie!

P oease, oevvoerybody stay hoeroe

HYNES:

I told you she'd not get past me.

Detective work, Your Grace.

Months of it.

I knew it would pay off in the end.

She arrived here Christmas Eve.

Very poorly.

We were... just looking after her
till she were well enough to bring back.

Mm-hm.

And what are these officers
doing here, exactly?

Well, Your Grace, Mr Hynes here
says that this here animal is stolen.

- Quite insistent, he was.

- Was he, indeed?

Well, let's have a look, shall we?

Would you allow me to examine
your animal, young man?

Well, I'll be blowed.

All the way to Bermuda
and back again, what?

- Please...

- Quiet, boy.

I suppose you think I'm an old buffer
who's easily fooled.

This isn't my dog.

Any idiot can see that.

She must be some kind of stray
you picked up.

Don't try palming her off on me.

The dog I bought was big and healthy.

Not a worn-out old mutt like this one.

And Mr Hynes here knows that very well.

Your Grace, look at these markings.

- I'll stake my reputation...

- Reputation?

Mr Hynes, I think we are both aware
what a fragile little creature that is.

Don't be ridiculous, man. How could
a dog get all the way here from Scotland?

It's nearly 500 miles for a bird,

let alone for a dog, wandering about,

trying to make its own way.

It's impossible.

Wouldn't you agree, Officer?

Yes, Your Grace.

If you say it's not yours,
then that's the end of it.
You keep her if you want her.

Nothing to do with me.

Nothing to do with me.

Come along, girlie.

- That was kind of you.

- Nonsense. I'm not a kind person.

- I'm not finished yet.

- What do you mean?

Your Grace...

I swear that was your dog.

She knew me. I could tell.

- Mr Hynes, are you still here?

- Yes, sir.

I mean, Your Grace... sir.

I'm sorry, but you must excuse us.

We were in the middle of lunch.

Some other time, perhaps.

- But I'm telling you...

- Skipper, Bo'sun.

(growling)

Hello, boys. Remember me?

- (barks)

- Now, then, let's not get too excited, eh?

Stay... stay...

Cor lummie.

(Hynes whimpers)

I have a proposition to make to you,

Mr Carraclough.

Since the sad departure of Mr Hynes,

we have a vacancy at the Hall.

I wondered if you'd be interested.

Head kennel man, looking after my dogs.

When the army is done with you,

of course.

The pay is fair enough, I should think.

How much would "fair enough" be,

exactly?

Ooh, I should say...

- Seven pound?

- Good Lord, no!

Five and not a penny more.

- Six pound ten shilling.

- Shall we call it six guineas?

Done.

(spits)

You drive a hard bargain,
Mrs Carraclough.

And what about the kennel man's
cottage on the moor?

As head kennel man, yes,
the cottage would be yours.

You'd have to take the family.

And, of course, any animals you have.

Would that be acceptable?

Thank you, Your Grace.

That would be most acceptable.

That mutt of yours

is looking a little better, young man.

You won't be able to recognise her
in a couple of weeks.

I don't doubt it.

(laughs) I don't doubt it.

Come on, girlie.

Now, don't wriggle.

I can't stand anyone wriggling.

See? You are nice after all.

Nonsense. I swore I'd have that dog
and now I've got her.

I just had to buy the man as well.

I think I've got a bargain, don't you?

(laughs)

(rings bicycle bell)

Good morning, Mrs Carraclough.

Is Joe here?

Oh, hello. Aye, he's inside.

Go on, in you go and see him.

- Where are they?

- Ssh. Under the stairs.

(gasps)

- How many?

- Seven.

Seven.

They are so beautiful.

Are they still blind?

No, they get their eyes open
when they're ten days old.

They'll be running about on their own
soon enough.

(barking)

Come on!