God's Own Country

By Francis Lee
(WIND WHISTLES)
(HE RETCHES)
(HE VOMITS)
(HE SPITS)
(HE PANTS)

DEIRDRE:
Dad's been asking for you.
Did you look in on him?
That heifer needs looking at, he said.
You kept us up half the night, lad.
And if you think
I'm cleaning your sick up again
you've got another thing coming.
(CLATTER)
(HE PANTS)
(HE SNIFFS)
It's alright.
- It's alright, lass. It's just me.
- (COW MOOS)
Shh, shh.
Shh, it's alright, lass.
That's it, there, come on.
Come on.
It's alright.
That's it.
It's just your Johnny boy.
Eh?
Not be long now.
A little fat calf. That's what we want, eh?
You're gonna wait
until Johnny boy's back, aren't you?
Good lass.
Come on, that's it.

AUCTIONEER:
(BIDDING CONTINUES)

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- (GAVEL BANGS)
 M. Saxby & Son now. Good cow here, 700kg.
(BIDDING COMMENCES)
100 bid? Underbid. Call it 99.50.
- Hauxwell.
Hold up, mate. Alright?
How's you? Wanna get a pint or summat?
No.
Right. I just...
You know, it were fun an' that.
- I thought we might...
- We?
- Yeah.
- No.
Where've you been? Dad had to see to her.
It were arse about tit.
Bull calf an' all.
You could've saved that.
- I'll get the vet.
- No.
Don't talk wet. Just get on with it.
(GUNSHOT)
Shoulders on it.
- What did you draw for that cull cow?
- 700.
Right.
Maybe next time you'll frame yourself.
I could have been quicker,
hobbling around on these damn things.
- Thank God that lad's on his way.
- Yeah, I could've managed.
- I have done so far.
- Yeah, course you have.
Let's all give you
a round of applause, shall we?
(HE GRUNTS)
Is there any afters?
Might be a tin of fruit cocktail
you can have.
Go easy on that.
I want that lad picking up in good time.
- Why do I have to go?
- Oh, wind your neck in.
- I didn't even want him here, did I?
- He were the only bugger to apply.
Let's at least get him here
in one piece, shall we?
Whatever. It's always down to muggins here.
Oh, enough mardy arse.
You're getting on my wick.
Fuck's sake.
(BEEPS HORN)
Do they call thee Georgie or summat?
- Gheorghe.
- Whatever. Get in.
That'll be as much use
as a chocolate fireguard up here.
It's a bit of a midden, like.
That thing unfolds out into like a bed thing.
You can switch that on, but it's
a gas bottle, mind, so don't go mad wi' it.
There's a bog in there.
This looks OK.
- You half-Paki or summat?
- Pardon?
Er, no, I am from Romania.
- Gypsy.
- Please don't call me that.
That door needs a shove.
Don't always close proper.
Me Nan said to say come over and she'll
make you a bap and a brew when you're set.
I told you, didn't I?
Shitehole. Bet you wish
you'd stayed in Romania.
(HE SIGHS)
I hate train journeys, me.
I always end up gipping my guts up.
When were you last on a train?
I'm just saying.
It's 100 odd Swaledale
crossed blackface gimmers.
Do you understand me?
And what about milk?
Just got a few beef cattle,
nowt much to speak of.
No, sorry, the sheep. Do you make cheese?
It's very good cheese, and good money.

DEIRDRE:
My mother teaches English back in Romania.
Fancy.
We muddle through on our own most of t' time
but wi' lambing and that
our lad needs extra help.
It's perfect for me.
You got somewhere to go after?
Good, cos we just need someone
for the week, lad.
We're not running a charity
for waifs and strays, like.
- Have you pressed my collared shirt, Nan?
- It's hung up in your wardrobe.
If you would but try looking further
than your own backside.
Right. Got any clean socks an' all?
Go easy on the sauce tonight, lad.
I need you to take me
up to Top Fell early tomorrow
show them ewes to this one.
They'll be ripe to drop.
- Do you hear me?
- Aye, I've heard you.
What are you two in cahoots about?

- **JOHNNY:**

  Why don't you ask him if he fancies a pint?
  No, please, it's OK.
  I've been travelling a long time.
  It's best I will just go to sleep tonight.

**MARTIN:**

  Make sure the immersion's off an' all.
  (COUNTRY MUSIC AND CHATTER)

- **ROBYN:**

  Alright?
  Er, get us a pint in, Han.
  I'll just be a sec.
  - What's up wi' you?
  - Nowt.
  Well, do you wanna tell your face?
  - Is your dad any better?
- No, he's getting on wi' it, you know.
- It must be tough for yous.
- It's a' right.
I thought once you lot escaped to your fancy colleges and that, you'd never come back. It's reading week, isn't it? You know what me mam's like. Came up with a couple of my uni mates. Makes it bearable.
Brought 'em to gawp and laugh at the natives? Get over yourself.
You're not that interesting as a local tourist attraction.
Got a spare one of them or what?
Come on, you tight wad.
I'm just a poor student. Come on.
Ta.
We should have a night out. Bradford or somewhere?
- What?
- That's what I love about folk like you. You fuck off to your posh colleges an' that and swan back here on your holidays, thinking you know it all.
Some of us just have to get on wi' it, like.
- Alright. It's just a night out.
- Aye, to you.
I'll tell me cows they can go without their teas shall I cos I'm off gallivanting around Bradford? You'd like my uni mates. They're a laugh. One of them's a real laugh.
What do you mean by that? He's nice. You'd like him. He's funny. Remember? Like you used to be. Before I had to join the real world. You know what? Forget it. You can be a right pain in the arse, John Saxby. And not in a good way. Yeah, whatever. Enjoy your holidays.
(CAR APPROACHES)
DRIVER:
Come on, we're here now.
Wake up. Hey, will you get out of my cab?
Will you stop fucking around?
Come on, shift yourself. Will you wake up?
Fucking hell!

(CAB DOOR CLOSES)
(CAB DRIVES OFF)
(HE RETCHES)

Thought I told you I wanted
to get up to Top Fell early.
Aye, well, I can take you now.
I'll just pick the truck up.
You're too late. He took me.
Them ewes have started.
And what about that boundary wall being down?
Right. You can lamb up on t' fell,
rebuild that wall while you're at it.
- Can't we bring 'em down?
- No, you can't.
You'll learn, lad.
You should've bothered fixin'
t' fencing in t' back paddock
when I asked you months back.
Might stop you getting kaylied
on a nightly basis an' all.
I have a few pints on a night-time. So what?
What else am I meant to do
apart from work, like?
There's fuck all else going on
round here, is there?
I'd keep a lid on it if I were you.
What's wrong with just wanting
a night out somewhere?
- Bradford or somewhere, I don't know.
- Don't talk daft.
I'm not you, you know.
Who the hell do you think you're talking to?
No one gives a flying fuck what I think.
I'm just here to slog me guts out
- cos you're fucking fucked.
- I'm what?
Nowt. Forget it.
Oh, no, you've clearly got
summat you wanna say.
Ow!
Jesus wept! I'm sick of this.
You, get on wi' it.
- You, come with me.
- What?
I said out!
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATION)
Got a problem or summat?
No, I don't have any problems.
Good.
Gypo.

- DEIRDRE:

- JOHNNY:
Well, don't come crying to me
when you freeze your arse off.
- I won't.
- At least have these.
And don't go mental on that damn bike.
Stinks of piss.
You doing any work today, gypsy, or what?
(HE SIGHS)
It will be a runt.
Suit yourself.
Get your arse into gear, gypo.
Do not call me that.
I know what you're doing.
I will fuck with you.
Do we understand each other?
Good.
Now we can get on with the work.
Yes?
Yeah.
A vet should see this.
Do you have antiseptic?
- (STONE DROPS)
- Fuck! Fuck!
If you leave it,
it will get infected with disease.
It's just a graze.
It will sting, that's all.
(TAPPING)
(LAMB BLEATS)
(.DOOR OPENS)
What?
I'm starving, me.
It's beautiful here.
When I was a kid, I thought
I would never leave my farm.
It's beautiful here, but lonely, no?
Night.
What?
- Faggot.
- Fuck off.
Faggot.
(.DOOR OPENS)
(.DOOR CLOSES)
(JOHNny GASPS)
In my country, spring is the most beautiful.
The sun.
The flowers.
The smells.
Mam loved it when spring came.
'Winter's too long up here,' she'd say.
Your mother?
Don't think she were very happy.
They called her Annie.
Wanted to be a hairdresser or summat
in a town down south.
Must have been hard.
I don't really remember.
She left and... We just got on with it, so...
Where are you going?
(GEESE CACKLE)
Drop your stuff off
and we can sort them hoggs out, yeah?
(CLATTER)
(HE CLEARS THROAT)
That an ulcer?
On Friday, it was 50 years to the day
since the funeral of Winston Churchill...
- What's wrong wi' you?
The mill provides the wool for ceremonial uniforms in the Ministry of Defence...
I can do that for you, Nan.
- Are you sickening for summat?
- No.
Night.
Shouldn't we wait?
No, let's go to bed.
- Do you mean here?
- Aye.
No.
- I think we should stay in the caravan.
- We can stay here.
See you in the caravan.
(HE SIGHS)
(FOOTSTEPS)
(DOOR OPENS)
- What are you two up to?
- Muck spreading.
What about this mess?
(ENGINE STARTS)
(ENGINE STALLS)
(ENGINE RESTARTS)
(DEIRDRE HUMS)
Here I am, love. You're alright.
I'm here, love.
I'm here, love.
(PHONE RINGS)
Yeah?
Two strapping lads here for you, Mrs Saxby.
I'll go get some tea.
Nay, don't go sitting on the bed all blathered up.
It's someone's job to wash them sheets.
(SCRAPING)

DEIRDRE:
Young coloured lass. Nice little thing.
Said a second stroke's quite common after what Dad's been through.
Said it could be to do with the stress.
Have you had your teas?
I should've left you summat out.
I'm not fussed.
Nay, damn it, lad.
It's all on your shoulders now.
You can't go getting poorly an' all.
- That finished with?
- Yeah. Sorry, miss.
Sorry.
How is he?
Have you seen the doctor?
Don't you want to speak to the doctor?
John?
What if they say summat I don't wanna hear?
(MARTIN GASPS)
(FOOTSTEPS)
- I should be getting back.
- Aye.
Cows will need their teas, like.
Go on. I'll let you know.
Get out the way, you useless piece of shite.
Hey, hey, it's not her fault.
(HE GROANS)
You had a funny do, love.
(HE GROANS)
Oh, you gave us such a fright,
you daft beggar.
You'd do owt to get out
of the mucking-out, wunt you?
(PHONE RINGS)
Hello?
Alright, Nan.
Yeah.
OK.
Right.
Bye.
I was thinking, I could stay a little longer.
Until Martin is better.
Just to help out.
No?
How do you say 'farm'?
Ferma.
How do you say 'sheep'?
Oaie.
How do you say...
...cock?
Cock.

When you've finished fannying with that
I need your help to get
them ewes down before night.
- I'll be two minutes.
- Yeah. I'll wait for you.

(SHE SIGHS)
(SHE CRIES QUIETLY)

Just bobbed back to get your dad
some clean jim-jams and that.

You done the beasts?
- How is he?
- Getting on with it.
Do you wanna tell me
what that muck is in my best tea towel?
Cheese. Gheorghe made it.

He milked one of the sheep, like.
- Have you tried it?
- No, ta.
- I see you helped yourself to breakfast.
- Aye. Gheorghe did eggs and that.

Did he?

He's a good lad.

He's gonna stay on for a bit.
Just so as you're clear, he's here to work.

Yeah, I know.
- Right. Just so you're clear.
- I am.

He's gonna fill in
till our dad's back to normal.
- How do you mean?
- Till he's up and about, like.

Your dad's not gonna get any better, John.
You don't know that. He might.

We were this close to losing him.

Got to face facts, lad.
I'm off to t' pub. You coming?
Did you come here
on your own, then, to England?
Yeah.

There was someone once but...
Right.
Will you go back?
My country is dead.
You can't throw a rock in most towns
without hitting an old lady
crying for her children who have gone.
I was thinking...
I'm not sure what's gonna happen now
with our dad the way he is, but...
how would it be if you stayed on, like?
- I've told you, I can stay.
- Yeah.
I guess I just... mean for longer.
It'd be sweet, right?
And how would we work on the farm?
How do you mean?
Well, it can't go on like it has.
You must see that, no?
- What's the farm got to do with you?
- If I stayed, a lot.
I've been through this before.
On my farm. I can't go through that again.
It will not survive, believe me.
- Have you talked to Martin and Deirdre?
- They'll be fine.
- Will they?
- Yeah.
And how will you be?
How do you mean?
You. Us.
It's not like I'm asking you
to get wed or anything.
No, but you're asking me
to stay here with you.
- Do you understand me?
- Alright!
I've heard you.
We'll have two more of these
when you're ready
and a couple of Sambuca shots.
I think I've had enough.
- Want another?
- I haven't finished that one yet.
Well, sup up, then.
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)
- Please don't do that.
- (MIMICS ACCENT) Pleez don do zat.
Hey! Get the fuck out of my pub,
you dirty little bastard,
or am I calling t' pigs?
(RAPID BREATHING)

**LANDLADY:**
- What are you doing?
- Fuck you!
Hey!
(HE CURSES IN ROMANIAN)
He left.
I'm guessing you had summat to do with it.
So what are we gonna do now, clever clogs?
We'll manage.
(SHE SIGHS)
(TOILET FLUSHES)
(FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS)
Mistle needs doing.
I know.
Pissing...
...do it!
You...
...done beasts?
Off out?
Them...
Mm...
Then lambs.
Yeah, I know.
Check 'em before bed.
Alright.
(DOOR SLAMS)
(HE PANTS)
(RINGING TONE)
(GHEORGHE'S VOICEMAIL MESSAGE IN ROMANIAN)
(BEEP)
(WATER RUNS)
- I can manage.
- Don't talk daft, lad.
I've said I can do it.
Thank you.
Dad's in bed.
- You should get some rest, lad.
- I'm fine. I can cope.
You mean, like your dad did?
(Footsteps upstairs)
(Water gurgles)
You...
...fenced...
...all back paddock.
I'm sorry.
I can't do what you want me to.
I can make this work but...
the way that I want to do it, not you.
I've got to go get him.
I want to go and get him.
Me...
T' farm.
- This.
- I've caught up.
Nan can do t' beasts.
I'm not going for good.
Dad, listen to me. I am coming back.
But I'm coming back
and I want it to be different.
Make you happy?
Yeah, I think it could.
You did... good...
...on t' paddock, lad.
(Footsteps on stairs)
- You doing a moonlight flit?
- I was coming to see you.
Course you were.
You forgetting summat?
Do you know where Gheorghe is?
(He speaks Bulgarian)
(Both speak Bulgarian)
(Footsteps)
I must've fallen asleep.
I tried to stay awake,
but I was dead tired, like.
- What are you doing here?
- I wanted to see you.
I'm at my work.
Yeah.
What do you want?
What is it?
I got that antiseptic for the sheep.
- That's good.
- Aye.
- She's doing a lot better.
- Good.
- I thought you'd be pleased.
- I'm pleased you're helping the sheep.

Why did you just leave?
You shouldn't have come. I'm not the answer.

Yeah. I know.
- But I needed to see you.
- And now you do.
I thought... if I could see you
talk to you
I could make things better. You know?
Try at least.
Anyroad...
Is that it?
Nothing else?
I should...
Yeah.
OK.
I'm trying to do this.
Don't you see?
I'm... I'm trying to sort it out.
And I've come all this way up here,
on a coach and everything.
And I want you to come back.
With me.
And I want us to be together.
I don't want to be a fuck-up anymore.
No, leave me. I'm fine.
I want to be with you.
And that's what I needed to say.
You're a freak.
So are you.
Faggot.
Fuck off...
...faggot.