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National Velvet

By Enid Bagnold

A happy, happy holiday
And many, many weeks of play
And merry, merry things to do
In summertime
All right, children, dismissed.
Mother has a chicken for you!
See you next autumn, Miss Sims!
I'll try hard in mathematics
next term!
All of you be good, and I hope you have
the loveliest of holidays.
Goodbye, Jane.
Happy holiday, Helen.
And thank you all for the lovely gifts.
These flowers!
They're Jennifer's, aren't they?
Thank you, dear. And the pears...
...those are from the Brown girls.
Thank you, Malvolia.
- A beautiful holiday.
- Thank you, dear.
- And you, Edwina.
- Happy holiday.
Nail polish?
I only put it on this morning.
She's meeting a boy, Miss Sims.
Does your mother know?
Not yet, Miss Sims. But she will.
Goodbye, Miss Sims.
Goodbye, Velvet. And thank you.
Don't thank me for anything.
I ate my pear. I forgot.
It was a kind thought anyway, Velvet.
She's absent-minded.
She's always dreaming.
I know.
What do you dream about
hour after hour?
Things.
Why not follow
your sister Mally's example?
Even the last day of school,
she brought her grammar.
Oh, don't move! My canaries!

Don't step on Trilby!
I'll miss the Brown girls.
You had no right to.
I'm so furious I could shake you.
I only wanted
to explain about the polish.
So you told Miss Sims
I was meeting a boy.
It's a wonder you didn't tell her
who and where.
I didn't know where.
I'll buy crunchies. My treat.
No, thanks.
I could slip my plate out.
Put it back. Your teeth won't straighten
if you push it out all the time.
Hello, Mr. Hallam.
No more on tick.
- Take my books home.
- Mine, too.
You know, Mally's thoughtless.
That was Ted, wasn't it?
Aren't you meeting him?
At the Spinney at four o'clock.
But you didn't even say hello.
In public?
Undignified.
Strange. Not dignified to be polite
when you're in love.
Velvet, you're too young
to understand some things.
Have you ever felt
keen about anything?
- Oh, yes!
- Horses!
What does it feel like
to be in love with a horse?
- I lose my lunch.
- You're a child.
Here's where you feel it.
It skips a beat.
See you at supper.
Step out now.
Stop pulling at the bit!

I wouldn't canter that horse uphill.
I don't usually. I was hurrying.
- Where to?
- No place. Just hurrying.
Don't you have school?
Summer holidays started today.
Where should you be?
Any place my feet take me.
Is that Sewels there?
Is that where you're going?
- I live there. My father's the butcher.
- That's nice.
I have two sisters and a brother.
That makes it chummy.
What you got?
The whole world.
My pa left it to me, all of it.
Hungry?
Did I ask for anything?
No, thank you.
I didn't mean to be rough, but a fellow
gets tired of folks being sorry for him.
It's like Edwina said...
...it skipped a beat
instead of losing lunch.
Are you feeling all right?
Isn't he beautiful?
He's new. I'd never seen him before.
He's got lots of vinegar,
I'll grant you.
About 15.2...
...more nearer 16 hands, I'd say.
He's got speed.
Short back...
...well ribbed up.
He's a nice mover.
- He's loose.
- He made it! Did you see him?
Come back!
You'll get trampled on!
There. What a lovely boy he is.
Oh, you're a sweet one!
You're a plucky one, Velvet.
What's his name, Mr. Ede?

Name?

He's a murderous pirate,
not deserving of a name!

Oh, no, not Pirate.

He's a gentle one.

I'll just call him Pie.

You're a pretty one, Pie.

You didn't mean to run away.

You're a wizard, Velvet.

- May I ride him, Mr. Ede?

- This horse?

- Please, let me ride him.

- Not this horse.

He's wild as a hare.

What's he doing, letting a girl
run in front of a horse?

But he did try to stop me.

Not too hard. Friend of yours, Velvet?

We think your horse is beautiful.

Where did you get him?

Bought him cheap at Barnet Fair,
but he's got the devil in him.

Tramping the roads, my lad?

If I am? England's a free country.

Free, is it?

You better detour around Sewels.

That's a piece of free advice.

Our constable don't like odd characters.

But he's a friend.

And he knows all about horses and...

And he's coming home for supper.

Velvet, your father won't like it.

I have business in Sewels.

No doubt.

Mrs. Herbert Brown.

That's very interesting.

Your father's address book?

Yes, ma'am. I found it in his
belongings. His name was Dan Taylor.

Did you wash your neck?

Yes, Mother.

It's soaking.

Next time unbutton your collar.

Mr. Taylor...

...do you like Poon's
mixture for canaries?
He doesn't know anything about canaries.
How do you know?
You know anything about canaries?
No, sir.
That's settled.
I was sick all night.
I was sick all night!
Go on.
I am getting on.
You're just rolling it
'round and 'round.
Now swallow.
Can't. Isn't slidey.
Isn't he lovely?
He collects insects.
Must he wear that bottle to the table?
Young man...
...there's a strict rule
about feeding Jacob at table.
I'm sorry.
Makes a beggar out of him.
- Where's Edwina?
- Meeting that boy.
Don't tease her when she comes in.
So sorry to be late.
'Dwina's late!
'Dwina, this is Mi Taylor.
I found him on the Brighton Road.
Don't look so shocked.
He was coming to see Mother anyway.
Uncanny, isn't it?
'Dwina's late and I was sick all night.
That's a lie. You weren't sick.
I could have been sick if I wanted to.
You told a story, didn't you?
Yes, it was a story.
You know what a story is.
What is it?
Say you're sorry.
Well?
He's thinking.
Make up your mind.

Yes, I'm sorry.
Go on. Sorry for what?
For being sick all night.
The child will make a lawyer.
Put that back.
It aches me when I eat.
It's a devil plate.
Ache or no, that cost
four pounds ten. It's solid gold.
How many times must I tell you girls
have only your faces for your fortunes?
Do you want to have
a face like a rabbit?
She'd rather have a face like a horse.
Enough, Mally.
You've things to say about your father.
You said that you knew him.
I didn't say anything.
You said you had things to talk of.
You must have known him.
Why'd he have your name
in his address book?
I thought you knew the answer.
To tell you the strict truth,
ma'am, I can't.
I found the book among
my father's belongings after he died.
And I thought since I was passing
through Sewels...
...you being an old friend
of his that...
...maybe you could...
No, thank you.
I'd better be running along
before it gets too dark.
Dark?
Forgot to cover the canaries!
You forgot something else too.
Amen.
Mally and her birds!
Must you go?
Yes, I'm afraid I must.
Where will you go?
Stay on the road,

find another town.

Father...

...how are you feeling?

You don't look well at all.

I never felt fitter in my life.

But you don't really look well, Father.

Do you need a helper in the shop,
just for summer?

More sheep come to market
in summer than winter.

May be something in what you say.

It's true more sheep come to market
in summer than in winter.

But, however it may grieve you...

...I feel fine.

No reason why you should go on
in the dark, Mr. Brown.

There's the bed in the stable
he could have tonight.

You'll find a blanket too.

It's castle pudding, Mi.

Father!

Good night, Ted.

Night, 'Dwina.

Good night.

Boys.

She's the age for it.

Don't say anything to her.

I don't fancy you working
at night, Mrs. Brown.

Let it go till morning.

You look tired.

I'm well enough.

It's you who must conserve yourself.

After all, there is more sheep
coming to market summer than winter.

There's small sense in hiring that boy.

Hiring? Never crossed my mind.

But you could do worse.

7 and 6 a week for a few deliveries...

10 bob would be more fair. Boy must
clothe himself and save a little.

10 bob? What for?

Because he's the son of Dan Taylor?

Did I ever ask a favor
because I'm the son of my father?
He won't get special favor.
I'll see that he earns his 10 bob.
Never fear.
See the girls get to bed, would you?
I am a little tired.
All right.
You're an odd one, Velvet.
This is my driving night.
I'm only allowed on Fridays.
I've got two minutes more driving.
Come on, Pie. Gallop!
What's that covering, Mally?
'Dwina's knickers
that she had for the party.
They don't look like knickers.
I always thought Jacob
had a little bird dog in him.
He'd better not, Father.
Down, Jacob!
It's wonderful how Edwina can
sleep through all this bedlam.
Easy now, Pie.
Oh, you're a sweet one, Pie.
What is this Pie business?
A new one?
Father, he's the loveliest thing.
You should see him.
He never puts a foot wrong.
Who?
Mr. Ede's new horse.
I'm in love with him.
You're a fickle woman.
You say that about other horses.
But this is the real thing, Father.
Now calm yourself.
You'll be losing your supper next.
But this is very different, Father.
It just skips a beat here.
Like 'Dwina!
- 'Dwina skips a beat?
- For boys.
Oh, for boys.

Come, Jacob,
I must take you for a walk.
Sleep, girls. Mother won't be in.
Why not?
She's just tired.
Edwina, you'd better
take your clothes off.
Skips a beat, does it?
That's the last time I take you
into my confidence, Velvet Brown!
May I come in, Mother?
Yes.
Are you angry, Mother?
I had to come.
Of course I'm not angry.
What's disturbing you, Velvet?
You're all lighted up.
Did you know Mi Taylor's father?
Perhaps when you were a swimmer?
When your pictures were
in the paper and all that?
Way back, I mean.
Way back.
Know how I came to swim the Channel
and have my pictures in the paper?
Mi Taylor's father showed me how.
Mi Taylor's father?
He was my trainer.
It was he told me what to do.
Worked with me for months.
Followed me in a boat.
Leaned over and fed me.
Breathed the spirit into me.
Made me do it when I was
ready to give up.
Why didn't you tell Mi
about his father?
It wasn't the time for it.
There's a right time for everything.
But he'd be so happy.
It'd give him something to go on.
He needn't go. He can stay.
Ten bob a week and his keep.
It's not charity.

He'll work his way.
I know he will.
May I go and tell him?
Only tell him he can stay.
He'll not trade on his father's name.
If the stuff is there, it'll show.
Yes, Mother.
You still up?
Yes, I'm still up. Come in.
I know something.
You do?
You can stay. Not just for tonight.
Mother did it. Ten bob a week,
food and keep to help Father.
Isn't it wonderful, Mi?
The room may look a little shabby...
...but you'll find it very comfortable.
The floor does that in places.
But the bed's good.
This yours?
Yes, thank you.
You can fix it up bit by bit,
in your spare time.
You can paint it, perhaps.
And you can raise this
and get a nice breeze.
And in the winter you can
put it down again.
- You can get a stove.
- I didn't say I'd stay.
I'm considering.
Considering? Don't you know
if you'd be happy?
It isn't the happiness I'm considering.
It's where it'll get me.
It's for the lack of considering
that people stay poor.
Have you ever been quiet
for a few hours, and just think?
All the time.
All the time, about horses.
All day and every night.
I want to be a famous rider.
I should like to hunt...

...ride to hounds.
I should like to race.
I'd like to have so many horses,
that I could walk between the boxes...
...and ride what I choose.
Do you feel all right?
That's Miss Ada.
Who?
Miss Ada. She pulls the cart.
Meet her yet?
She is a little old and tired.
We love her.
Don't you love horses?
I hate 'em.
I don't believe it.
You know too much about them.
You hate a thing when you know
too much about it.
Perhaps you're just scared by horses.
You will stay, won't you?
Yes, I'll stay.
Perhaps it's smarter.
I'm sure it is.
Better get to bed.
Father leaves early.
- She wants another carrot.
- One is her usual.
If we don't give her another,
she might whinny all night.
I'll get it myself.
See, Miss Ada?
He's ashamed to admit he likes you.
- Here you are.
- No, you give it to her yourself.
Why be ashamed of your feelings?
If you like Miss Ada,
why pretend you don't?
Because I told you I hated horses.
You'll have to get over that, Mi.
Why?
Because I love them so.
Every day I pray to God
to give me horses...
...wonderful horses.

To let me be the best rider in England.

- Hello, Velvet.

- Good morning, Miss Melbert.

- I brought Miss Ada, Mother.

- Good.

Miss Ada here?

Boy! Come, lad.

I've sluiced the runway.

I have an order for Mrs. Ede.

Velvet's brought the cart.

You know where the Ede farm is?

Past Table Gully, near the sea wall.

I'll show him.

He must learn by himself.

Please, let me.

You can get lost on those hillocks.

There's one road to Ede's

and one to Tupper's.

It's terribly confusing, Father.

The ride will sharpen her appetite.

Yes, it will, Father.

Sharpen my appetite!

Come on, Mi.

Mrs. Brown, I've been thinking.

Mind you, I'm not against this lad.

But not for him.

You'll allow tramping the road's

not a proper upbringing for a lad.

Would you guarantee there's not a bit
of lying and sharp dealing about him?

I guarantee there was.

But what's the meaning of good

if there isn't some bad to overcome?

What I figured.

Thought I'd get lost?

You could. You're a stranger.

Not to the ways of a woman.

Am I deceitful?

Why didn't you say you wanted to come
to visit a horse?

What have horses ever done to you?

Nothing.

There's got to be a reason.

I took a spill once.

You'd hate them if you had sense!
A horse is an animal
that breaks his back to earn his keep.
I'll be a horse till I use my head
again.
Again?
Thank you, Mi.
Jacob, come back here!
Stop it!
Pie! Get away from that wall!
He didn't do it!
I don't believe it!
Must be something wrong with my eyes.
He'll trample someone in the village.
He didn't!
But maybe he did.
We'll be generous, call it two feet.
Is that two feet?
Maybe it's a little bit more.
We'll call it two, anyway.
Do you know what that crazy horse did?
He leaped Beecher's Brook.
He did?
What's Beecher's Brook?
Jacob, leave that meat alone.
Leave that meat alone!
Give me a hand with these.
We'll wash them in the gully.
Might give them more flavor.
What's Beecher's Brook...
...that The Pie leaped?
Forget it.
It never happened at all.
Nice way to deliver meat.
Come on, Jacob.
Third time this week
your animal's cut loose.
You'll have to make
restitution no doubt. Let's see...
There's Mr. Illdale's begonias.
And over here we have two seed frames...
...measuring about five by ten feet.
That doesn't absolve the jeopardy
to life and limb...

...or safety to traffic on the highway,
occasioned by this horse!
You are responsible,
because you're the rightful owner.
Not for long!
I see you've been busy in my absence.
I see no great harm in it, Mrs. Brown.
This is a butcher shop,
not an auction room.
Mr. Ede came and asked
as a special favor.
- Now, how could we refuse him?
- We?
In every sound partnership one does
the work and the other the refusing.
You shouldn't have
left me alone so long.
The Pie!
They're raffling him.
Put your bands back in.
Your father's watching.
Bread. Best smell on earth!
A stinging ant just stung me!
Is it true Mr. Ede's gelding
could be won for a shilling?
If you won, you'd lose.
What good is the brute?
You'd have to feed and lodge him,
and pay for all the damage he does.
Father, do take in some tickets,
won't you?
Didn't you hear what I said?
But, Father... you don't understand.
Sit down, Velvet.
The food will get cold.
I said a stinging ant just stung me!
Will you keep that up all day?
Where'd it sting you?
On my thumb.
Not a mark. Besides,
ants don't sting, they bite.
Eat, Velvet.
What's this?
For raffle tickets.

For each girl and for Donald.
Are you challenging my authority
in this family?
No, I'm buying raffle tickets.
Pick your own numbers.
They're nearly all open.
I don't want one.
Mi, you're wonderful! I'll take 62.
Me, 119.
It's on my brain in letters of fire!
You're sweet, Mi. I'll have 10.
I'll have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11.
We'll get the tickets after dinner.
Boy...
...it's one thing to outthink a man...
...another to outsmart him.
And who will say which is which?
- Little Velvet Brown!
- Hello, Mr. Hallam.
I hear you say
that you'll win the raffle.
Of course!
Are you now?
- What's the lucky number?
- 62.
Your father promise?
I can keep a secret.
I promised myself.
Number 62 is bound
to come up, isn't it?
There's ways of arranging it.
Your father's clever!
I didn't bother him.
I just arranged it with God.
I'll not waste your time with talk.
We're all gathered...
...and I'll ask my friend, Mr. Brown,
to reach in his hand...
...to see who's to take that gelding...
...for the price of a shilling.
Watch the winning number
doesn't stick to Mr. Brown's fingers.
What's that you imply?
I imply nothing.

But some feel the horse is in the hands
of the Browns, and there he'll stay.
Williams, you've said as much.
Velvet's been whistling around the
village the horse is as good as hers.
There's a pastime!
Casting mud on the name
of an honest man!
Never mind.
Pick the ticket yourself.
- You can't make me.
- I can break your head.
Look lively!
Go on!
Stir them up.
Sing it out!
The winning number...
...is 113!
Mine was 119.
Velvet's teeth go...
Take him out, will you?
Mother, I'm sorry.
A cup of tea will fix you up.
Anyway, I didn't faint, Mother.
Thank you, dear.
Sometimes it frightens me.
I see things.
I see things as big as life
and think they're real.
At this moment,
I can see plain as day...
...the whole village coming here,
bringing me The Pie.
I suppose it's 'cause
I want him so much.
Don't fret.
If you see things that way,
you'll grow up to be a poet or prophet.
They are bringing you The Pie.
Is it true? The Pie is mine?
He's yours.
Mr. Hallam drew an unsold number...
...so we had to start over again.
Hallam's hand went into the bowl

and out it came with 62, your number!
Fate.
The number Hallam said I was going
to pick. The fool was fit to die.
You should have seen
the expression on his face!
You'd better sleep,
you're all lighted up.
I don't know why I'm so pleased.
The joke's on me.
I'm saddled with a crazy horse
I don't need.
If there isn't enough trouble in the
world, you people draw it out of a hat.
I've something to ask you.
What?
What's Beecher's Brook...
...that The Pie leaped over?
The sixth jump of the Grand National,
the world's greatest horse race.
You measured it with the string
off the mutton chops?
Don't float around.
Lie down or your ma will blame me.
- Do something for me?
- What?
Just walk The Pie up and down,
under the windows.
And have you faint again?
Cross my heart,
I'll just shut my eyes and listen.
Come on, Pie, faster.
You're a sweet one, Pie.
Now, here's a jump.
Easy.
There.
Well-done, Pie!
Come on, faster!
Come on, now, faster!
It's like riding a fairy horse...
...who knows what you want
before you do.
When he jumps, he gives a hitch
and tucks his feet up under him...

...so he's a body without legs.
You have to sit on him.
The horse is tired, his coat shiny
from sweat and he needs water.
You likely had him over
six counties already.
Your pa wants you home for lunch.
Watch.
Velvet, don't!
What's in the bag?
Seems you're afraid of it.
It's odd a man should be
afraid of his own dinner.
That's enough for dinner?
Sure, generous!
Two big claws for you and me.
Donald can scoop in the tail,
child just fiddles anyhow.
The middle part for the girls,
with a crumb for Jacob.
And Mi?
- You can't accept him in the family.
- It's not that.
Traacherous beast bit me.
That's the first time I got
into trouble listening to you.
"He crossed the room
in determined strides...
...and stood there
looking down at her. "
I want my insect bottle.
Shut up and stop being disgusting.
"He did not speak for a moment,
but his face softened.
'Oh, Gwendolyn' he whispered,
'forgive me. "'
It's in the cupboard.
Somebody will use it.
What kind of savagery is this?
- Paint.
- Only in fun.
We thought it would look pretty.
I don't like it.
I want my insect bottle

and 'Dwina hid it.
He doesn't like it. Wipe it off.
I don't mind it.
First he says he doesn't like it...
...then he says he doesn't mind.
You take the saddle, Mi.
I'll cool him off.
Where are you taking him, Velvet?
Water and rubdown.
And good oats and grains,
buckets of them?
If your show horse is to eat,
he must work.
Take an order to Meade's before lunch.
But, Father, he does work.
Jumping, racing and leaping.
Isn't it good work just to be beautiful?
Boy, harness Prince Charming
to the cart, will you?
A horse that consumes oats
must pull his weight in the home.
Velvet, you're worse than Donald.
It's economics, of which you
know nothing due to your youth.
But in a way of speaking,
it's a matter of decency.
Will you get down off there?
I want my insect bottle.
He'll bolt!
I'll teach him to bolt!
He isn't worth his salt.
Steady there!
He'll stop somewhere, Father.
I'll catch him.
If you hadn't defied me
and bought those tickets...
...we wouldn't have a broken cart.
- Look what you've done!
- It's jam!
I told you not to put
his insect bottle there!
I cut myself.
I only wanted my bottle.
The papa ant's dead.

I'll have you know it's both wasteful
and sinful to destroy good foodstuffs!
You had no call
to take the child's bottle!
I hope it'll teach us not to meddle.
If we'd learned the lesson sooner,
we'd still have a cart.
Did your pa calm down?
He's furious. He won't speak
to anyone. He's gone to bed.
I'm frightened.
Father said he'd send The Pie
to the knacker's yard... for cat's meat.
If anybody ever sells The Pie...
...I might as well die.
He didn't mean it.
He couldn't!
The Pie's too wonderful,
and noble and great.
Great?
You think greatness hatches,
like Mally's canaries?
Someday you'll learn greatness
is the seizing of opportunity...
...with bare hands
till the knuckles show white.
That's all I want for The Pie...
opportunity.
I haven't told you...
...but the fence you said was
as tall as Beecher's Brook...
...three times today he sailed over it.
I should be whipped
for giving you that notion.
You'll talk and dream of it
until I get sacked.
Could The Pie win the Grand National?
Velvet Brown, who do you think you are?
I'm the owner of The Pie.
Does that mean you can
poke your head amongst the stars...
...to take the grandest prize
a horse ever won?
That's for kings! You're just

a butcher's daughter in a stable.
You should be in bed with a doll!
The Pie's a king.
A king without money
or a jockey or a trainer!
And your pa wants him for cat's meat!
Could he win with the money,
the jockey and the trainer?
He could fly with wings!
But with the money, and you
as trainer, could you find a jockey?
You're too lighted up.
You've done something terrible.
Answer me.
I could get a jockey. What then?
Is Weatherby's in London
where horses are entered?
Would this be the letter to send?
"Messrs. Weatherby,
Racing Commissioners...
...Cavendish Square, London.
Dear Sirs, Please,
I am the owner of a horse.
Could you send rules of entry
for the Grand National Race?
Your obedient servant...
...Velvet Brown. "
Is it a proper letter to send?
You're not sending it.
But I did. Last week.
Here's the reply.
You won't tear this up,
till you help me fill it in.
Name of horse, sire and dame...
...where purchased, the owner's colors.
You know you need
100 pounds to enter?
We'll come to that later.
Do you know what you're
bringing on yourself?
To get him fit, summer to winter
you'd be riding, riding, riding.
Hard, heavy going.
Over fences and ditches and walls.

Until you're worn to a shadow.
Up early every day for weeks and months,
till you destroy yourself.
For what, Velvet?
You can't answer that, can you?
It's his chance to be great.
And your chance too.
My chance will come
when your pa sends me packing.
- Did Mi put you up to this?
- No, he's against it.
He begged me to change my mind.
- Are you sure?
- It's the truth, Mother.
Many times today you might've talked
to me and you waited till now. Why?
Because large dreams come easier
when it's dark and still?
I didn't think of that, Mother.
- What will you win, if you win?
- Money and a cup.
But it's not for that.
It's for The Pie.
For the glory of it for him.
He'll prove he belongs
in the history books...
...not in the knacker's yard.
The Grand National.
Large dream for a little girl.
Fetch Mi.
Mi! Mother wants to...
Well, you've done it.
If it's about that National business,
it's me that said it was folly.
It's me that was against it.
- The expense?
- A fortune of expense.
100 pounds to enter, jockey fees,
money for a van, lodgings at Aintree...
All folly for nothing.
- The horse not good enough?
- The Pie?
It's not only The Pie, nor the money.
It's other things.

30 jumps, the world's hardest course.
The greatest race on earth.
Training him month on month.
It'd just be folly for nothing.
Tell me...
...what's wrong with folly?
Come along, Velvet.
- Did Mi say jockey fee?
- Yes, Mother.
Doesn't he ride?
Did. Had a spill once, though.
I nearly drowned once in the firth.
But I swam the very next day.
He must have had a nasty fright.
So did I. That wears off.
Mi had more than a spill.
Dan Taylor?
My trainer.
You thought a heap of him,
didn't you?
There was greatness in him.
In you too, Mother.
Often I just sit and wonder about you.
I wonder what you're thinking.
You don't think like us, Mother.
You think back here.
I've seen you do the same.
We're alike.
Everyone should have a chance
at a breathtaking...
...piece of folly, once in his life.
I was 20 when they said a woman
couldn't swim the Channel. You're 12.
You think your horse...
...can win the Grand National.
Your dream has come early.
But remember, Velvet...
...it'll have to last you
all the rest of your life.
Make a lap.
It's your prize money
for swimming the Channel.
You knew I still had it.
Be truthful.

Yes, Mother.
I always hoped I'd find
the right use for it.
There's paper money for other expenses,
but this is your entry money.
We'll use the gold sovereigns for luck.
We'll win for you!
Win or lose, it's the same.
It's how you take it that counts.
And knowing when to let go.
When it's over and time
to go to the next thing.
The next thing?
Things come suitable
to the time, Velvet.
Enjoy each thing,
forget it and go on to the next.
There's a time for everything.
A time for a horse
in the Grand National...
...being in love, having children.
Yes, even for dying.
All in proper order at the proper time.
Tuck the coins under your pillow.
Say your prayers and sleep.
But who is going to tell Father?
I'll do the telling.
I don't think your Father believes
in the importance of folly.
Clean collar for Weatherby's.
Brush and comb.
Your hands don't even tremble.
Why should they?
I've been in London before.
The hundred quid?
Heavy, isn't it?
I can't complain.
There's an extra
half crown in the bag.
I saved it.
It's for you to spend.
I'll finish alone. We'll talk on
and the train will leave me.
All right. I'll saddle The Pie

and see you off.
Good luck to you.
Thanks to you.
My lad...
...your big chance came to you
in the village of Sewels.
Going to London town with a hundred
golden sovereigns in your pocket.
Mrs. Brown wishes you good luck.
I wish you a good time.
Goodbye, Mi.
Goodbye, ma'am.
400...
...500...
...600...
Making calculations, Mr. Brown?
I am.
Calculating how many chops I must
hack to make 100 golden sovereigns.
Because I'll lay both ears on this block
if you ever see your money again...
...or the hide of Master Taylor
this side of doomsday.
That boy crammed everything
he owned into that carpet bag.
Goodbye!
Half and half.
Right you are.
Aren't we pretty?
There she goes!
Here's Mister Greenford.
And a good man he is to know.
What do you want, lad?
I've got a mount
and I'm looking for a rider.
In carny stuff? County fair?
No, Aintree.
- Who you acting for?
- Owners. Take it or leave it.
Why wouldn't a lad
like you go to a place like...
...Manchester to find a rider?
Why did you say Manchester?
That's where you had your spill,

wasn't it, lad?
What's your game?
I'm taking these to Weatherby's.
He means it. He's serious!
Got the papers in his hands
and the money in his pocket.
Hands off!
There's no need to get ratty.
No harm in horseplay
among horsey men, is there?
Where's a table?
Don't talk on your feet.
Think of it sober.
This Miss Brown, entering a horse
what never run anywhere.
You might as well go down
to the Thames...
...take your 100 quid and fling
it right in the river.
- It ain't mine to fling.
- What's the odds?
Flinging it would get
you in the paper...
...but taking it to enter
a whiskey horse will get you nothing!
'Cause your nag
ain't going to win the National!
Mr. Greenford here, he's been picking
National winners all his life.
Gentlemen...
...what do you suggest?
Listen with your wits.
The horse taking the National,
is in betting now at 40-to-1.
Can you count? 4000 pounds
for your hundred!
And all I ask is a little commission.
- What could I tell them?
- Tell them anything.
Tell them you lost the money.
Tell them...
Tell them you went to a pub and a couple
of touts like us pinched the money!
After Aintree, you slip away...

...come to London and live like
quality for the rest of your days.
What do you say, son?
Victoria stuff!
What's that, half a crown?
You got this bag watered down?
She gave it to me to spend.
Saved it.
And she was glad to give it to me.
Generous owner you got!
Old lady sweet on you, is she?
Husky lad!
Not old!
Not old.
Not sweet on me.
She trusts me.
She trusts me.
I see you took me at my word...
...and had a right good time.
Here's the receipt
for your money at Weatherby's.
And you get five pounds change.
Yesterday you calculated how many
chops went to make 100 sovereigns.
Yes, and today I'll calculate
in mutton head.
No need for too much humility,
Mr. Brown.
Everything all right?
Did they take the money?
- They took it.
- Did you find a jockey?
I thought you'd find a jockey.
Be grateful. You're entered, you got
expense money, you have the horse.
I know. I ought to be grateful...
...but I can't help it.
I want it quickly because
I don't want God to think...
...Im getting more than my share.
I'll do what I can about the jockey.
I'll write a few letters
to London but that's all.
You've bit off a big piece of dream.

Now it's your show.
I couldn't do it without you!
The National's not my business.
Your pa won't let me
chase around a horse.
But you know how to train him.
And what the jumps are going to be like.
Half The Pie's in my heart...
...and the other half's in yours.
I swear by The Pie that
half whatever he wins is yours.
I'll buy a hat with my half.
A castle with your half.
The Pie's going to win.
Half the sweeps.
Tidy.
A man could get a real start.
Buy himself a livery stable
in a lively little town.
Drop anchor and raise
some young ones like Donald.
All right.
You dream of glory for your Pie.
As for me...
...I'll take the cash.
They go twice around the course.
30 jumps in all.
It's a job of training them
to jump and to keep going.
But he's got a heart. He can do it.
The first 5 jumps are thorn fences,
4 and 5 feet high.
We'll teach him those
on the hedges by Meade's.
The third jump there's a ditch...
...on the take-off side.
I can dig him one.
There's also a guardrail.
Faster!
Faster!
Steady.
Lift his head.
We'll try it once again now.
You training him for a hearse?

Steady now!
That's it!
There's Beecher's. Sixth jump.
It's not the tallest but it'll be
one of the meanest for him.
There's a bad drop on
the landing side over here.
It'll look rough to him on the course...
...but if he goes over it enough,
it won't scare him so much.
Go, carefully. Dont jerk his head!
I just sit still as a dummy
and let him handle it. Watch!
Passed it fair!
Are you all right?
Come on.
Up you go!
Nothing like salt water for his legs!
Makes muscle!
Thank you.
You're wanted home at once.
Is it Donald? It's not Mother?
What is it? What's happened?
Is somebody ill?
It's Ted!
They've sent him away
to live with his aunt in Lancaster.
You mean you're sniveling for a boy?
You brought me home for that?
The Pie?
Sniveling for Ted!
That's better than sniveling
for a dirty old horse!
I hope he dies!
What's wrong?
Tell me what hurts.
Tell me.
I'll understand.
Is he very bad?
- I'll go get a vet.
- No, no vet.
There isn't a good one in town.
Please!
You can help him.

He's ours.
Would you trust me, Velvet?
I'm not lucky, I might guess wrong.
But would you trust me?
You won't hurt him more than need.
Go get some blankets, some whiskey
and some more hot water.
So, tragedy stalks the house.
Pearson's Weekly came today.
I put it on your bed.
Not going to bed yet.
Atmosphere is too disturbed.
I don't hear a sound in the house.
Won't Velvet catch her death
out in the stables?
It can't be helped, she's beside
herself.
- You need your sleep.
- Not at all.
When tragedy stalks the house
once in ten years I can stay up.
Come in, Mi.
- Down, your feet are wet.
- Any change?
Sit down and pour for yourself.
Thank you, ma'am.
You worried about the animal?
He's sick.
I wouldn't be surprised if you
and Mrs. Brown were sick too.
Matter of a cool 100 pounds
with those racing people.
What can you do,
take the carcass...
...and demand a refund?
We're not thinking of the money.
Not you, Mrs. Brown. You're a
woman of deep feelings and faith.
I mean Master Taylor's half interest...
...in the winnings.
Once you entered
a competition for five shillings...
...which the headmaster
posted for spelling.

Was it love of spelling
or the love of five shillings?
That was entirely different.
It was love of shillings,
don't be ashamed.
Sometimes even money can be a faith.
I haven't sat up so late
since Donald arrived.
Which, of course, was late at night.
No need to sit up.
Tragedy can stalk the house
without assistance.
I sleep too much.
I'll decide. Upstairs.
Is the child in the habit
of coming down at this hour?
You heard your mother, back to bed!
I'll only fall asleep.
That is the general purport
and intention.
I've been sick all night.
- You haven't.
- Why haven't I?
Don't let him start why-ing.
You changed my sheets in the night,
and the new ones was cold.
I changed your sheets
for other reasons. Get on!
I must have been sick all night.
Mother, he's fine!
Stood up on his own legs and said,
"Thank you" as perky as Donald!
- Steady.
- Mi cured him!
He's up on his feet!
The horse is up and you'll be down.
You haven't eaten, haven't slept.
Is it fair to impose illness
on a household?
I won't be ill. I'll show you.
I'm quite well. Like The Pie.
I could sit up a thousand nights!
I'll be late for school!
Are you letting her go to school,

Mrs. Brown?
If that's what she wants.
You think school is the place
for her today?
I like the spirit that makes her go
after no sleep.
She'll collapse by afternoon.
She'll be home in half an hour.
This is Saturday
and there is no school.
Today we'll teach him the Canal Jump.
That's a bad one.
There's a fence and
a sharp turn. That's a teaser!
Got to teach him not to run out.
He's got to start turning while in air.
If he learns the Canal Jump
we'll have taught him plenty.
It's over here.
I'll show you.
There's a guardrail, a 6 foot ditch
and a 5 foot hedge.
The real danger is at the turn.
That's where they pile up and go wild.
That's where things happen.
We'll start him
on the hedge by Tupper's.
Steady now!
Careful!
No, no!
Don't start him straight off!
You'll run him into the canal!
Turn him, I told you!
That's good!
He's well away! That's the canal turn!
Good boy! That's the fastest time yet.
Look at that!
Paper horses just before
the Grand National.
I've been neglecting them.
Somebody's been changing
these all around.
Who's been at my box?
Me.

I.
You too?
Good evening, Ede.
I expected to see
more excitement tonight.
There's nothing to be excited about.
- When do you leave?
- 5 in the morning.
Before breakfast.
Got any tips on the Grand National?
The Pie.
In that case I'll put a pound on him.
That's a pound wasted.
We can't let down the home colors.
Pound to win.
Thank you, I'll put it in
with the other bets.
- Other bets?
- You're the ninth one here.
Mr. Jenkins bet three pounds.
Didn't know Mr. Jenkins
had three pounds.
- Good luck, Velvet.
- Thank you.
Good night, all.
A fool and his money are easily parted.
It's bad enough to see
this family waste money...
...on hired horse vans
and fancy jockey silks...
...but when I see
the village of Sewels...
...throw good money after bad...
...it's enough to make me
lose my faith in humanity!
I'm glad to hear you have
got faith in humanity.
As for me, I'd sometimes
sooner put my faith in a horse.
Tell me that one.
Bedtime, Donald.
I'm busy. We're all busy.
Tell me a horse.
One more.

This was a horse called Moifaa.
Came from...
...New Zealand, on a big ship.
They sent him around the world...
...and finally one day
the ship went down.
And the horse swam off to an island.
There was nothing to eat there...
...so the horse run up and down
the seashore, gazing out at the sea.
And then what?
He whimpered and neighed for help.
The horse did?
There was nothing to eat
on the island but...
...salt grass, and salt water
And him used to a good stable!
Did he die?
No.
Yes, he did, I know he did.
Some fishermen saw him
and fetched him.
He won the Grand National that year.
He died! He died
on that island! I know!
- How do you know?
- I was there!
You weren't! You weren't born.
I was born!
- That's a story.
- You weren't born. You were a star.
I wasn't a star. I was born,
and I was there and that horse died!
He died on that salty place.
And he lied down,
and his eyes was dead...
...and he died! I know he did.
He died! He died!
On that island!
Hysterics. Past his bedtime!
You too, Velvet.
- Bedtime.
- Bedtime now?
But I just ate my supper.

Go to bed, Velvet.
- Good night, Father.
- Good night, Velvet.
We're almost ready.
Goodbye, 'Dwina.
Forgive for what I said about The Pie?
Of course. You didn't mean it.
- Goodbye, Velvet.
- Goodbye, Mally.
- Remember the Finch's canary catalogue.
- Goodbye, Donald.
Bring me back a monkey!
You'll be proud of The Pie, Mother.
I want to be proud of you.
All right, push!
Heave!
You'll understand
I'm not a frivolous man...
...but I'd like to risk
a couple of pounds.
Put it on The Pie for me.
Yes, sir.
I'll not be angry if you say
nothing to the missus about it.
Good luck, my boy.
Father, do you mind about all this?
I'm not angry, Velvet.
Run along with you!
Go on!
Let me see it again, the letter.
Why not settle back and try to sleep?
We got a long trip ahead of us.
Please!
"Lvan Taski. "
I wonder what he'll be like.
It's important.
You think he'll like The Pie?
He'll like him. A jockey knows
a good horse when he sees one.
How do we know
these clothes will fit him?
All jockeys are the same size,
same brain, same vision...
...seeing the world from a horse.

Just this once! I've got the rest
of my life to wear them.
Horses!
Count Carlo, a good horse!
"The Great Count Carlo" they call him.
He jump like no jumper I ever see.
And where is he? Dead.
What's he talking about?
A horse he was going to ride died.
That's bad luck, Mr. Taski.
You've got a fine mount now.
The Pie's great.
This every owner believes,
he has best horse.
Such a little girl.
Her money's as good as anybody's.
I have not seen it yet.
There's your money in advance.
My papers.
We'll take them around tomorrow.
So, business is finished.
Tomorrow I ride your horse,
at night, I take train to Seaport.
You're a man for speed.
Don't you like England?
I must like England too?
Your food? Your climate?
It kill Count Carlo.
It can kill me too.
Little Taski goes home tomorrow night.
When Miss Brown
leads you in as the winner...
...you'll stay for the fun.
Such a little girl.
Only in England can it happen...
...that a child brings
a plow horse from the field.
I know you feel bad now,
about having lost your mount.
That was bad luck.
But wait till you see The Pie.
Eat, then we'll go...
Tonight? You're serious?
Why not? See him, say hello,

get the feel of him!
Shake his hand, give him
a visiting card, make a bow!
Mr. Taski's right, it would be
foolish...
...to go out there tonight.
And just as foolish for you
to ride him tomorrow, Mr. Taski.
You may be a fine rider, but The Pie
would know your heart's not in it.
He'd know you don't believe.
He'd say...
..."Why bring me a rider who
doesn't believe we can win?"
What you call crazy, eh?
No, what you call the truth, Mr. Taski.
Looked everywhere.
Tried everything, asked everybody.
No jockey.
Looks like there'll be
no race for The Pie.
The waste! The sickening waste
of it on a scatterbrain dream.
Snow, slush, mud...
...mornings, nights, Sundays.
The sore back, the rawness
of your hands and face in the wind.
Searching for weeks for a rider...
...then you say,
"No, Mr. Taski, goodbye. "
But that man Taski
lost the race tonight.
You know that.
He didn't believe. What good's
a jockey who's only riding for the fee?
He's a rider. Things happen in a race.
Not with The Pie, he would know.
He'll know when I take him home...
...before he's had a chance
to run the course.
Why don't you ride him?
Want to know why?
I'll tell you why, if you want to know.
It's been going around

in my mind all night.
Yes, I'll tell you!
I was a jockey...
...and I rode at Manchester
one fine day.
Three of us were going
for the final jump...
...and I saw a chance to win the race.
It was me that did it.
Then there was a tangle...
...a tangle of reins...
...and jockeys.
One got killed.
That's why I don't ride anymore.
I'm afraid!
I'm all soft inside, so I don't ride!
I'm no good to you when you need me!
You kept me going, breathed the spirit
into me. There's greatness in you!
There's nothing in me!
Come on, Pie, we're going home.
Tough luck, old boy.
You'll never have a chance
to walk in that paddock.
And it's all my fault.
Because if I wasn't a coward,
I'd ride you myself.
But you wouldn't know me if I rode you.
You'd say. "That isn't Mi Taylor. "
Because I'm always down here
on the ground...
...never up there on your back.
It is Mi Taylor!
I dare you to throw me!
You'd better take a good look at it.
Tomorrow you'll not have the chance.
Because we'll fly around that course
like the devil was at our heels!
Up there somewhere, watching,
will be the King and Queen.
What in the name of
all that's crazy are you doing?
Look. Isn't it perfect?
Perfect for what?

It's a wonderful idea!
You'll have to cut my hair
but the clothes are just right.
And the description
on the clearance paper fits.
The Grand National
is no game for a little girl.
They won't know I'm a girl.
Cut my hair and I'll be exactly right.
And you'll get your neck exactly broken.
The Pie will take care of me.
Don't be angry. You know
The Pie would burst his heart for me.
40 horses ready to trample you over!
I'll not let you ride!
He'll be enchanted,
with invisible wings...
...to go over every jump, if I ride him!
I'll ask you a question. I want you to
think it over before you answer.
Suppose I told you now
that I found a rider?
I'd still want to ride myself.
I know you're angry
but you'll understand.
If you ever rode again,
you'd want to win. That's how I feel.
Now it's the glory of winning
for yourself, is that it?
You want to race,
take your risks and win.
To win over them all,
in sight of the world...
...before the King and Queen,
is that it?
Perhaps you're right.
Perhaps I'd want that
if I'd ever ride again.
Someday I may get the chance.
All right. You ride.
I knew you'd see! Thank you!
There's lots to do!
You've got to be Ivan Taski.
The description will be all right.

"Eyes, blue. Hair, brown. "
You'll have to cut my hair.
Here.
The Pie won't mind you
using his scissors on my mane.
Go ahead, cut it
quite short at the back.
I wish your mother were here.
She is here. She's inside me.
You'll be disqualified at the
end when they find out you're a girl.
You'll forfeit the prize money.
Maybe even go to prison for fraud.
If there's trouble, say it was me.
I put you up to it. It was my idea!
There won't be any trouble.
If you're going to ride,
there's tricks of the race to learn.
Start as fast as you can,
and jump sure and clean.
And you go twice around the course,
that's thirty jumps in all.
Let's start at the beginning.
The first jumps a plain hedge jump...
Don't tell me anymore.
You've got to know the jumps
and the tricks of the race.
There's a lot to know!
It's no use.
Everyone riding tomorrow
will know more than I do.
It's no use.
Do you think a race like this
is won by luck?
No.
By knowing The Pie can win.
And telling him so.
100-to-30, number 22.
Two pounds on Tantibus.
40-to-2, Tantibus. Number 23.
A pound on Folsum.
10-to-1, Folsum. Number 24.
I want an outsider.
Who has the longest odds?

The Pie. 100-to-1.
- I'll take a pound on it.
- Here you are, Lady.
The Pie, a hundred pounds to one.
Keep your mouth shut
and your eyes down.
Sit down here.
They're staring!
They're whispering.
Let them.
I seen you somewhere.
Newmarket, last year?
I've been about.
I thought I knew you.
Pretty young, ain't he?
A Latvian.
They teach them young there.
You know, like for the Russian ballet.
Going to waltz over the course, matey?
Save your breath,
he doesn't speak English.
- What's his horse?
- The Pie.
Never heard of him!
Where's he been running?
- The merry-go-round?
- Come on, Beasley.
Going to ride the National
in the skin for England!
10.10.
- Weight?
- 10.7
- They ask your weight and you sit.
- I thought he didn't understand English.
He's got to learn sometime!
All right, off you go.
Chair!
Sit down.
- Weight?
- 10 even!
He doesn't speak English. Latvian lad.
You'd think he'd never
seen a scale before.
9.13...

...and 11.
Penny piece...
...and a half.
All right, go on.
Dull of comprehension.
I'm going to saddle The Pie.
I'll meet you in the center.
Where?
In the middle of the paddock.
Don't talk to anybody.
Up you go!
Grand National brings
contestants and spectators...
...from all the corners of the world.
We have perfect weather
for the most hazardous of all races.
32 entries are ready for...
...four and a half miles,
over thirty hair-raising jumps.
They're parading past the stands.
There they are!
The best jumpers in the world,
here from Ireland, France...
...America, Spain, India
and a dozen other countries.
There's Blue Tommy, the favorite,
number fourth in line.
Ebony Star, number 9,
with Martin Trilby up.
Number 3, Miracle Lad,
ridden by Cudahy.
Number 17, Tantibus.
There's a good, long-odds chance.
This is where I leave you.
I can't!
You'll beat them all.
Think of your ma.
All right, gentlemen.
Let's do this quickly.
No rushing now!
Steady, number 13.
No hurry!
You're not going on a sprint.
This is almost a five-mile race!

Take your time, number 16.
It doesn't get dark till 6 o'clock.
Get them in!
14 back!
Back, that's it!
Bring up 31!
Can't you keep that Irish horse quiet?
You're in England now.
Take it easy, number 8.
Steady now!
Come on, Pie, boy!
Steady, boy!
Where are they?
The fifth jump now.
Percy Flage is down!
Approaching Beecher's Brook.
It's Beecher's, Pie!
Here comes Beecher's!
Nothing to be frightened of.
Just like the hedge at East Meadow.
What's happening? Who's down?
I haven't the slightest idea.
I can't see.
They're going over the seventh.
Now, Tom Foley at the Canal Turn.
This is Foley. Here they come!
Blue Tommy! Faraday! Ebony Star!
Folsom! Tantibus!
Moonray and Jumping Star are down!
Others are refusing, running out.
- What's happened?
- Something wrong at the Cabal Turn.
What's wrong at the Turn?
Who's fallen?
Don't know. Can't see a thing.
Did The Pie get past the Canal Turn?
The who?
- The Pie!
- Never heard of him,
They're approaching the thirteenth
jump. Blue Tommy leads.
At the Water Jump, Blue Tommy still
in the lead. Ebony Star is second!
Here they come, a beautiful sight

as they soar over the pit water!
Come on, Pie!
She made it!
Taken like a champion!
- It's still not done!
- That's a girl, Velvet!
Hang on!
Starting around the last lap.
Blue Tommy still leads,
Ebony Star second.
Duke Arthur's losing ground.
They're tiring. It's a long, hard race!
Come on, Pie!
My horse, Ebony Star,
is doing jolly well.
I hope it wins.
I've got fifty quid on him.
Blue Tommy, the favorite, is down!
Blue Tommy's out! He's out!
That leaves my horse,
Ebony Star, in the lead.
Jolly good, what?
Where's 28? Where's The Pie?
Where's 28?
Somewhere out there. I don't know.
They're at Beecher's Brook again.
A bad spill at Beecher's. They're
piling up!
Six of them! Others refusing.
Beecher's took a toll today!
Who's over? Who's over Beecher's?
Where's 28?
Ebony Star's over and doing well.
Keep it up, old boy!
Where's The Pie? Where's 28?
- I don't know.
- Has she fallen?
Really!
Sorry.
Here they come again to the Canal Turn.
It's now Ebony Star, Ragaway,
... Silver Puff, Tantibus...
Ebony Star, Tantibus. Wait!
A horse coming up fast on the far side!

I can't see who it is.
It's number 28...
...The Pie! A hundred to one shot!
The Pie in fifth place!
What was that number
you were interested in?
28!
It's still up.
Just saw him take the jump.
Doing jolly well. In fourth place.
What?
Ebony Star still leads,
Tantibus second.
Faithful Lad and The Pie
are neck-and-neck in third place!
Come on, Velvet!
Hang on, Velvet! Come on, Pie!
Approaching the 30th, the last jump!
It's Ebony Star, Tantibus, The Pie!
Is he badly hurt?
The Pie won!
The Pie won the Grand National!

Repeat:

the rider slid to the ground.
This is a rules infraction and an
objection will surely be launched.
Wait! Something's wrong!
Objection flag is up.
Rule 144 states the winning jockey
must not dismount...
...before reaching the enclosure.
Will the objection will be sustained?
Put your screens around!
Constable, run for one of the stewards.
- Is she all right, sir?
- She only fainted, exhausted.
She? What do you know about her?
Urgent Bulletin!
Astounding rumor circulating track!
Is winning jockey a girl?
It seems absurd but
the rumor's gaining credence.
Excuse me, sir.

Read it.
The head steward reports
for your information...
...that the doctor finds
the winning jockey...
...is an adolescent female.
I'm a doctor, sir, and
believe me, that's a girl!
A girl! A girl clutching the neck
of a bandy-legged outsider...
...crossed the line to win the
greatest race in Turfdom.
A girl wins the Grand National!
Objection sustained,
The Pie is disqualified.
Ebony Star wins, Tantibus second,
Faithful Lad third.
Put down Velvet!
Hurrah for Velvet!
- Nice going, Velvet!
- Good old Velvet!
Goodbye, Velvet, and good luck to you!
Velvet and The Pie, they're here!
It's our own Velvet Brown!
Mother...
...we won!
Were we the best in the world?
Yes, dear...
...the best in the world.
I say, Brown...
...what's the bow tie for?
Lord Darby wears one just like it.
He's got a couple of champion race
horses too.
Has he got a daughter
going to prison for fraud?
You'll be surprised to learn
there won't be charges.
Englishmen treat their heroes better.
They were satisfied to disqualify her.
And she forfeits the money!
Would you expect them
to be both forgiving and generous?
Tell us more about your sister...

...when she was a little girl.
Sometimes she doesn't wash her neck.
Tell us something nice.
Yesterday I caught a stinging ant.
I ate it.
What?
It said I could eat it.
Take my picture.
All right.
Smile.
You've lost a tooth.
I swallowed it in my suet pudding.
See?
I thought you said you'd swallowed...
About these telegrams.
Decisions must be made!
Cablegrams too.
It's become international!
Offers for Velvet and the horse:
Cinema, American Wireless, music halls.
Our daughter's famous!
Famous.
There's fortunes of money in this!
Are we in need of money?
Am I to understand you've taken
to despising money?
Did I ever say a man need worship it?
But then, need he despise it?
- There's making too much too quick.
- You'd rather make too little too slow?
Let Velvet decide.
Let a child make
such an important decision?
- It's in her to do right.
- You'd sway the child!
Put it to herself, Mr. Brown.
Would you come down a minute?
You want me, Mother?
Now then, it seems you're famous.
All the excitement,
you liked it, didn't you?
Yes!
There'll be more of it.
More?

Want to go to America
and act in the cinema?
Leave here? Leave school
and Donald and everybody?
And Mi and The Pie?
They'd bring The Pie.
They want him too.
It'd be fun for us to see me
doing things in the pictures.
Donald would love it.
But The Pie...
...he wouldn't understand.
No, he's better here,
safe in the fields.
What good is that?
You didn't run the National alone.
They want the horse too.
To stare at?
Do they want me to pretend he's a human
and knows how to be funny?
Is that it, Mother?
It's your father talking to you.
Is that it, Father?
If a horse and rider do something
never done before...
...is it strange or wicked
for people to stare...
...or newspapers to write?
I can't drag him about
for people to stare at.
You saw he did for me,
he burst himself for me!
When I asked, he burst himself more.
I asked him again and he doubled it.
Would it burst your heart to stare
at an account of 5000 pounds...
...in a solid bank?
I can't help it, Father.
I'd sooner have that horse happy
than go to heaven.
Run along now, Velvet,
and change your dress.
Your mother says to run along,
so it's all right.

It's all right!
Your braces, Velvet.
Now, Mrs. Brown...
...I put it to you calmly.
Is that a good reason to
throw away a fortune?
Unwilling for people
to stare at a horse?
That's a dispute till the end of time.
To do the right thing
for the wrong reason...
...or the wrong thing
for the right reason.
You packing?
I thought to find you unpacking.
I'm going, I'm leaving.
Leaving? But why? Where?
Nowhere special.
You're taking to the roads again?
My pa gave me every road in the kingdom.
I'm ready to see them.
I'll be back one day.
I don't understand you.
And then again, perhaps I do.
Perhaps you are right, Mi.
That's the first time
you've ever called me Mi.
It's been "my boy" or "my lad"
but never my name.
I get your meaning, Mi...
...but there's character to consider
when a man takes a stranger in.
Rightly so.
Because there was a certain
watchful sharpness about you.
But I was wrong and I'm sorry.
No, you were right.
I was waiting for my big chance,
to see how I could use you.
I don't blame you.
These days a lad must look ahead.
I meant something different.
To be frank, I thought
you'd steal that hundred sovereigns.

I nearly did.
Goodbye, Pie.
You did, huh?
Why didn't you steal them?
What kept you from it?
I don't know, perhaps it was
the village of Sewels...
...or The Pie, Miss Ada in her stall...
...Donald or Mrs. Brown.
Perhaps it was Velvet.
Maybe someday I'll know.
If I was a sheep, you could
quarter me and search me.
Did you say goodbye to Velvet?
Does she know you're going?
I told her someday I'd be leaving.
Mr. Brown, I don't like goodbyes.
Would you say goodbye
to Velvet for me?
Would you say goodbye to...
...Jacob, and Donald...
...Mrs. Brown?
Mrs. Brown, she's a fine woman.
But I don't have to tell you that.
There's nothing better I'd like than to
go away with her thinking well of me.
She does.
Goodbye.
God bless you.
Jacob, how can there be so many
currents in such a little puddle?
Mother, he's gone!
Mi's gone!
I know, Velvet.
Sit down.
Remember when we talked...
...we said things come suitable
to the time, all in proper order?
Tonight I was proud of you. When we
asked you, you knew the race was over...
...and it was time
for the next thing.
Wouldn't you allow the same for Mi?
It's time for him to go

and make his way in the world.
Or would you say, "Don't go, Mi,
because I'll be unhappy?"
The world's opened up for him again.
He'd shut himself away,
he was angry with it. But that's over.
I think he'll come back.
That's what he said, Mother.
He said, "Only way
to come back is to go. "
We've never told him what he asked,
what he wanted to know.
His father, remember? We didn't tell
him because it wasn't the right time?
Now shouldn't he know, Mother?
He deserves to. He's earned it.
Let me tell him.
He can't be far up the road.
The Pie could find him.
Please, Father!
That child's more yours
than all the rest...
...Araminty.
That child's got something.
Sometimes you haven't known
how to value it.
I knew how to
value you once, Araminty...
...didn't I?
Yes, you did, Herbert.
Although that might have been
because of the Channel swim.
You know it wasn't.
Perhaps I lost my head
a bit about those telegrams.
It's like the sweepstakes you read
about that break up the home.
But we won't let this to-do
break up our home...
...will we?
You always was a nice chap, Herbert.
Nothing will break us up,
even if you do lose your head.
But it'll be easier if you keep it.

You see that I do.

You know the way I act, sometimes...

...I feel I belong in Donald's bottle.

Can't!

No room!