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Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

By Alan Sillitoe

Nine-hundred and fifty-four.
Nine-hundred and fifty-bloody-five.
Another few more,
and that's the lot for Friday.
14, 3 and tuppence
for 1,000 of these a day.
No wonder I've always got a bad back,
though I'll soon be done.
I'll have a fag in a bit.
No use working every minute God sends.
I could finish in half the time
if I went like a bull...
...but they'd only slash me wages,
so they can get stuffed.
Don't let the bastard's grind you down.
That's one thing I've learned.
Jack's one that ain't learnt it.
He wants to get on.
"Yes, Mr. Robboe. No, Mr. Robboe.
I'll do it as soon as I can, Mr. Robboe".
And look where it got Robboe,
a fat gut and lots of worry.
Fred's all right.
He's one of them who knows
how to spend his money, like me.
Enjoys himself.
That's more than them poor beggars know.
They got ground down before the war
and never got over it.
I'd like to see anybody try
to grind me down. That'd be the day.
What I'm out for is a good time.
All the rest is propaganda.
- Do you want your money, mum?
- Okay.
Here you are.
Everything go off all right at work?
Aye, all right.
Did you hear about the accident
in the three-speed shop today?
No, not much.
Another cup of tea, Vera, luv.
I got you someaught good,
seeing as it's Friday night.

This fellow got his hand caught in a press.

He didn't look at what he was doing.

'Course, he's only got one eye...

...he lost the sight in the other
watching telly day after day.

Ta, luv.

Mind what you're doing, can't you?

That Arthur Seaton's going to get
a good rattling one of these days.

- Busy tonight, isn't it?

- You should see next door.

There's a boozing match going on.

A young chap.

- He's downed eight pints already.

- Eight pints? He's having a good time.

Bring us another couple of pints.

- Want help down there?

- I'll let you know if I do.

That sailor's near had it, if you ask me.

Thanks, George. Take one for yourself.

"What do you want

if you don't want money?

"What do you want if you don't want gold?

"Say what you want

and I'll give it to you, honey

"Wish you wanted my love, baby"

Come on, then, sup up!

I've lost count now.

All right, there's plenty of time.

Get the stuff down.

They'll be closed in a bit.

You won't get anymore

till 12:

Don't worry, I will.

He's out.

Make sure you don't fall.

I don't know how he does it, I really don't.

Not that it's anything to be proud of.

You get thirsty working

that machine all week.

- I'm going over.

- All right, but hurry up.

It will be closing time

in a couple of minutes.

Pint.

- Now then, what is it?

- A pint.

Time, now, ladies and gentlemen, please.

Look what that young beggar's done.

This is my best suit.

Cheeky daft, isn't he?

Don't even apologize.

Go on, apologize.

Don't just sit there. Do something!

Time, ladies and gentlemen, please.

Did you get in through

the scullery window?

You never think, do you?

You'll have all the neighbors talking.

I left the pub in a hurry,

or I'd have waited for you.

I heard all about it.

Falling down stairs and spilling

your beer on that woman.

Wasn't my fault.

Somebody pushed me from behind.

I tripped on the rail

coming down the stairs.

I'll believe you. Thousands wouldn't.

I'm not going in that pub again

until they get that rail fixed.

Come here.

What for?

You shouldn't have drunk all that beer

with that loudmouth.

You've had a drink.

I can smell it a mile off.

I don't know what you're talking about.

I've had two beers

and a couple of orange squashes.

You can't call that boozing, now, can you?

Don't let's stay down here too long.

Let's go upstairs.

Come on.

I wish Jack would bring your lad

from Skeggy every week.

I'll bet you do.

He'll be gone till tomorrow.

Best make the most of it.

- Don't worry.

- Can't you wait till we get upstairs?

Come on, Brenda, wake up, duck.

That's nice.

What's the time, luv?

It's half past 11:00.

What?

You're having me on again.

Of all the liars,

you're the biggest I've ever known.

I always was a liar, a good one and all.

Liars don't prosper.

It's only 10:

Good.

What a time we had last night.

It seems years.

You're lovely Brenda.

Pour us some more tea, duck.

It's thirsty work, falling down stairs.

Two, ain't it?

Thanks.

You're good to me Brenda, luv.

And don't think I don't appreciate it.

It'll be the last breakfast you have
in this house if you don't hurry.

Jack will be home soon.

No more kiss and cuddle if he sees you.

- When shall I see you again?

- I don't know. Not for a while.

We don't want Jack catching on, do we?

What about the welfare club?

Can't we meet there for a change?

Tell him you're in the dance team.

He'll believe you.

I don't know. Work next week.

I'll be hard at it,

sweating me guts out at that lathe.

It's a hard life if you don't weaken.

No rest for the wicked.

Come on, hurry up, will you, please?

He's coming on the bike, I think.

Get a move on.

- I'll see you.

- Get going, will you?

Hello, Mum!

Come on, Tommy,

let's get your clothes off.

Give us that.

How did my duck

get on at the seaside?

Have a nice time?

- We had a good time, didn't we?

- Smashing.

I didn't expect you back so soon.

We had a clear run

all the way down from Lincoln.

Who's in there?

Nobody as I know.

Perhaps a cat got in.

- He was on the run, remember?

- He settled her, though.

- Threatened to chuck her off Trent Bridge.

- I'd forgotten.

She decided to settle for a quid a week
out of court rather than get a good wash.

- Never heard a word after that, did we?

- No!

You're out of your way, aren't you?

Your two kids are outside

covered in ice cream.

- No wonder they never eat dinner.

- Go out last night?

Yes, we went to Flying Fox, and oh, dear!

I had so many gins,

I thought I'd never get home.

As long you as had a good time.

A beer and stout.

- What you having?

- Same again.

I'll have a stout as well.

You should have been with us.

Ethel clicked with a bloke and he

brought us all drinks, the whole gang of us.

He must have gone through 5 quid,

the soft bastard.

He had a car. I suppose he could afford it.
He thought he had a good thing.
You should've seen his face drop when
she went home with us instead of him.
I wish I'd been there.
You can't beat a bit of fun can you?
- How's your mum these days?
- She's all right. She's got a lot to do.
How's Johnny getting on in Australia?
You know, I reckon
Johnny's better off out there.
- He never did well in this country, did he?
- Though he always was a good worker.
He had to be, poor beggar.
He had it hard when he was a kid.
Me and your mum struggled
to bring your lot up.
- Them was rotten days.
- I know.
- It won't happen again, I'll tell you that.
- I was talking to a bloke.
He's always going on, you know,
"You can't beat the good old days".
I got hold of my pick, and I said:
"Say anything else about the
'good old days', as you call them...
...and I'll split your stupid head open".
I would, too!
Look at him. Can't take his eyes
of that young girl over there.
Not me, I'm courting already.
I was looking at the calendar.
I believe you.
- Are you coming, Mum?
- All right, I'm coming.
I'll be going now. You coming, Bert,
or shall you stay with Arthur?
If I don't get home,
they'll fetch me for fear that she'd starve.
I'm hungry myself.
How about some fishing this afternoon?
Okay, we'll get the bikes out.
I'll meet you at Trowel Bridges.
Remember me to your mum.

Bit quiet today?

Isn't it? Should've seen it a couple of weeks back. Nearly lost our license. Didn't you hear about it? Big fight. Took us a couple of days to clean up after that little lot.

- Yes, what can I get for you?

- Two packets of crisps.

Are you sure you can afford it?

What are you drinking?

Sharp, ain't he?

Is it somebody's birthday?

Mum's anniversary, if you want to know.

- I can't see your dad.

- That's because he's not there.

- Is he coming?

- I shouldn't think so.

He left her 15 years ago today, and she's just having a drink on it.

I'm glad someone thinks it's funny.

Have a drink, while you're here.

- All right, I'll have a small shandy.

- Small shandy, please.

What's that you're drinking?

It looks like treacle.

- Beer and stout. Try a drop.

- No. I tasted it once, it was horrible.

I'm not a boozier, either, but I'm going fishing, and I like a drop beforehand.

Just a minute, I'll take these to mum.

- You've been taking your time.

- I've been waiting to get your crisps.

Another beer and stout.

I won't be long.

I'm just talking to this bloke I know.

- Is your mum a bit deaf, then?

- Yes, she is, a bit.

No, thanks, I don't smoke.

- What's your name?

- Doreen.

- Rotten name, ain't it?

- What's wrong with it?

Mine's Arthur. Neither of them is up to much but it's not our fault, is it?

- Where do you work, then, Doreen?

- Me?

Iris's, the hairnet factory.

I've been there ever since I left school.

All right, I will have a fag.

I'm in the engineering trade myself.

Drink up. Have another shandy.

It's your mother's anniversary.

No, thanks.

What do you do in the week, Doreen?

Do you ever go to pictures?

Only on Wednesdays. Why?

That's funny, I go on Wednesdays.

- Which one do you go to?

- The Granby, as a rule.

I'll see you next Wednesday, then, at 7:00.

Fast worker, aren't you?

All right, but not in back row.

I can't see unless I sit in back row.

If I get any nearer to the front,

the picture gets all blurred.

You want glasses, by the sound of it.

I'll get some, but they make me look like
a cock-eyed rent collector.

I expect they do.

- I'll see you on Wednesday, then.

- All right.

Don't be late.

I won't be, but if I am,
you'll just have to wait, won't you?

I noticed that girl meself this morning.

Smashing bit of stuff.

Shouldn't think she'd want aught to do
with a madhead like you.

They all want a good time.

That's what you all think.

This one looks different.

First kiss and she'll expect
an engagement ring.

I took a tip from the fishes.

Never bite unless the bait's good.

I won't get married till I'm good and ready.

- Got to get married sometime, right?

- Why don't you try, then?

Ain't found anyone who'd have me yet.
It costs too much to get married.
A lump sum down
and your wages a week for life.
- Most blokes got nothing else to work for.
- I have.
I work for the factory,
the income tax, and the insurance already.
That's enough for a bit.
They rob you right, left, and center.
After they've skinned you dry,
you get called up in the army and get shot.
That's how things are.
It's no good going crackers over it.
All you can do is work and hope
one day something good will turn up.
Maybe. But you've got to be as cunning
as them bastards.
Take a few tips from the fishes.
They all get caught in the end.
Can't keep their chops off the bait.
Wasn't a bad-looking girl, was she?
Sharp and all.
Still going round with this married piece,
ain't you?
It'll be a good job when you're married.
Her poor husband will be able
to get a bit of rest, then.
Serves him right for being so slow.
If he made her like being in bed with him,
she won't go out with me.
You'll get your face bashed in
one of these days.
Don't worry, I can look after meself.
Just you be careful,
and use a bit more sense.
I'll watch it.
I don't know...
Work tomorrow.
Aye, me and all.
There's Old Ma Bull with her halfpenny.
She's naught else to do, the nousey parker.
Spreading tales about me going with
married women and boozing.

It's all bloody lies.
Make sure it is...
Any room for a rabbit's arse, Jack?
You've clicked, by the look of it.
I'll tell Brenda if you're not careful.
She wouldn't believe you.
She can trust me.
Can she, though?
That stuff will give you
galloping dog rot, it's poison.
A bloke in frame shop got laid up
for six weeks from drinking the firm's tea.
Stomach trouble.
You should bring your own flask.
If it's good enough for others, for me also.
Don't bet on that. Think of No. 1.
Share and share alike's no good.
You wouldn't think like that
if you won the pools.
Wouldn't I? I'd see the family right
but nobody else.
If I got begging letters like most blokes,
know what I'd do?
- What?
- Make a bonfire.
Have you had aught to do with
putting a rat on her bench?
- I don't know what you're talking about.
- I bet it was you, you young rogue.
Me, Mr. Robboe? I've got so much work,
I can't move from my lathe.
I don't go around tormenting women.
You know that.
I don't know. Somebody did it,
and I reckon it's you.
You're a bit of a Red if you ask me,
that's what you are.
That's slander.
I'll see my lawyers about that.
I've got a witness.
I don't know,
but I'll get the bloke that did it.
What a life, I get blamed for everything.
He came up to me earlier on.

Said I was to go on nights in frame shop.

What?

In frame shop, on nights.

I wouldn't fancy that.

I don't mind. It'll be a change.

That's not the first time

that bastard's called me a Red.

Not that I wouldn't vote Communist

if I thought it'd get rid of blokes like him.

I did vote for them last election.

Did I tell you?

I shouldn't have voted

'cause I was under 21...

...but I used my dad's vote

'cause he was in bedridden.

I said my name

was Harold Spencer Seaton.

I didn't believe it till I was outside.

You could've got ten years

if they caught you.

- You were lucky.

- I told you I was.

That's what all these loony laws are for,

to be broken by blokes like us.

You might cop it one of these days.

Perhaps you won't be so cocky,

once you settle down.

- I shan't be doing that for a while.

- There's naught wrong with married life.

I'm married.

Went into it with my eyes open.

Married life's all right if you're good

to each other and not too bossy.

I believe you, then.

Thousands wouldn't.

You off out again?

I'm up to Minnie's for a bit.

- She's expecting her baby next week.

- You've been seeing a lot of her lately.

It isn't much fun being on nights.

We never get out together now.

How much longer do you think it will last?

- You've only been on a fortnight.

- I know. It might be another six months.

Still, you don't mind it all that much,
do you?

It means more money, and that's useful.
We could get a television and
you won't have to go out so much.

No, I won't, will I?

I won't be long.

Peggy will be here soon
to look after Tommy.

That sounds like Jack's bike.

Can't be. Jack's not been at the club
for weeks.

- Are you fit?

- Yeah.

You've got a bit of lipstick on you.
There.

I wonder if Jack does know anything.

'Course he don't.

Funny, isn't it?

- I told him, once or twice.

- What?

That I was going
up to the club to play darts.

He said he'd come one of these days
to see if I really did.

He'll believe aught.

He never did come, though.

I'm sure he doesn't suspect anything.

- Do you think he does?

- No, we're too cunning.

I wonder what we'd do if he did find out.

We could always get married.

Can't imagine that. He'd never make
a divorce of it, anyway. I know Jack.

As long as we go on loving each other,
that's all that matters.

- That is Jack's bike, isn't it?

- What? Where?

It's his, you know.

What should we do?

You said you were going to your sister's.

You'd better go there.

- You coming back with me?

- I'll show my face, and he won't suspect.

- When will I see you again?
- I don't know.
- Better wait a bit, hadn't we?
- I'll come round in a night or two.
Come on, Charlie, give us a pint.
- What are you drinking?
- Ta.
- I'll have a mild.
- Another mild please, Charlie.
- When's the next strike, Tom?
- There's naught to strike about yet.
I expect you're too busy
with young women for that, anyway.
- Not me, I spend my time at the bookie's.
- I believe you!
How are you getting on? How's Brenda?
All right. Can't grumble.
This ale tastes as if it has been pumped
straight out of the Trent.
Mine's all right.
I don't suppose you get out much,
now you're on nights.
It's a dog's life.
I'm going out this weekend.
My brother's on leave from Leicester.
He's doing his stretch in the service?
No, he's a regular.
He's a big, broad lad, strong as a bull.
You wouldn't think we were brothers.
His pal's coming over as well.
Expect we'll have a night out somewhere.
It's good to get out a bit.
I do a spot of fishing, now and again.
- Your brother home for long?
- Fortnight.
There's one thing about him. He'll always
help if I'm in any sort of trouble.
If anybody does aught against me,
I can always rely on him.
I was with him and his pal once,
and we set on a bloke.
I never want to do that again.
But people like that should be careful,
though, never to pick on the wrong bloke.

I saw fight like that once.
This was with two soldiers and all.
They set onto a bloke,
and he wiped the floor with them.
It was horrible, blood all over.
I had to turn me head away.
- This place is more dead than alive.
- You want another?
I've got a date. You have work soon, no?
- I'll see you.
- All right.
That wasn't a bad picture.
I knew it would end like that, though.
You could see it a mile off.
Pictures always make me thirsty.
- Fancy a drink?
- No.
Let's get a bus home
so you can meet Mum.
She'll get some supper for us.
Will she mind you bringing me back?
No, she likes company.
All right.
- Don't be long there, Doreen.
- I shan't be, Mum.
How about tomorrow?
If you like.
We can go to the White Horse for a drink.
I'm not all that keen on boozing.
All right, I'll get somebody else
for tomorrow.
See if I care.
Don't get like that, duck.
Come on in, and shut that door!
I shan't be a minute, Mum.
I'll see you next Wednesday.
Okay, see you next Wednesday.
I thought you were never coming in
off that porch.
It's all right, Mum, I'm coming up.
If you'll spare me a minute,
I'll give you your wages.
- I shan't say no.
- You'd be the first one who's ever did.

How much this week?
14. It's more than the tool setters get.
When I started here,
I took home 7 bob a week.
But in them days,
A packet of fags were a tuppence.
You had a marvelous time starving.
But they've stuck me
near 3 quid tax this week.
Don't blame the firm for that.
Don't grab so much.
I don't grab. I earn every penny of it.
I don't say you don't. I don't want anyone
to know how much you take home.
They'd all be at my throat
asking for a raise.
You could sack them, couldn't you?
Just like them good old days
you were just telling me about.
Here you are, Mum, me board.
Six bob this week, buy yourself something.
Thanks, Arthur, me old duck.
- He's a good lad to you, ain't he?
- He is and all.
Takes after his dad for hard work,
don't he?
Come here, you!
Another cup of tea, love.
He's paying that, you know.
Old blood chop, that's what you are.
You shouldn't be so rough with him.
He's all right. What do you feed him?
He's like a cannon ball.
Eats like an horse.
Our Bert didn't want his dinner last night,
and that little beggar scoffs every bit.
Get out, eh! Look at him.
Can't keep his hands off it.
Lock up your hair clips,
else he'll be in the gas meter.
Shut up, you daft nit,
putting ideas into his head.
Go to the shop, and buy
a fiver's worth of dolly mixtures.

Stop tormenting him, Arthur.

- He's all right.

- Come back here!

Quick one, eh?

Give me that fiver back,

and I'll give you a tenner. Come here!

Give me that!

I'll get you some toffees.

Chalk it up, will you, Mrs. Roe?

There was someaught else I wanted,

but I can't think of it.

I'll buy you some caramels.

Look where you're going.

Sorry, I didn't see you.

Sixpence of caramels, please.

You think you own the place,

young bleeder.

What are you talking about? You're daft.

I'm not so daft that I don't know

about your games.

I've seen you out with them

as you shouldn't. Not the first time, either.

- You have, have you?

- I have.

I know about you and all.

You're not past a bit of rum stuff, are you?

- Bet your old man doesn't know about that.

- Go on, you!

Come on, let's go, we're not safe.

She's a nutcase.

I'll clout you one of these days!

Ta-ta, Fluffy!

- What's all the rush?

- Come on, shift.

I'll help you with the tea in a minute.

I'm bringing it in, if Tarzan here will let me.

Why are you frightened?

A kiss won't hurt you.

What do you think I am?

I don't even know you!

- Give us a kiss, and then you will.

- No, get off!

- You men are all the same.

- I'm different.

You don't look it to me.

I am.

I think you're a little cracker.

Looks as if you're having a birthday party.

I don't know, what a mess the house is.

I thought you were clearing up for me.

I was, Mum.

I just brought my pals up for a moment.

You know Arthur, me young man,
don't you?

How do, Mrs. Greatton?

Look at this mess. I don't know.

You might help me a bit at times.

- I was going to clear up in a minute.

- I'm sure you were.

People coming to supper and all.

That's one way to make you feel at home.

- We'll be going, Bert. Are you fit?

- I'm sorry about my mum.

If you've got company coming,
we'd better go.

You can always drop in to our house,
you'll be welcome.

It's not my fault my mum's like she is.

Ta-ta, sweetheart.

Say good night to your mum for me.

- Since when's he been your young man?

- Not long.

- He looks a bit rook, if you ask me.

- He's all right.

You don't know him yet, do you?

Not like you know him, I don't suppose.

Anyway, I like him.

- Did you get anywhere?

- No. You?

No. That Betty's barmy.

She wouldn't let me get near her.

You've got to marry them

these days before you get aught.

Not if they're already married.

What's up with you?

Stop it. You make too much fuss.

What's the matter with you tonight?

I'll tell you what's the matter with me.

I'm pregnant.
Good and proper this time,
and it's your fault.
It's bound to be my fault, isn't it?
Of course it is. You never take care.
You just don't bother.
I always said this would happen one day.
What a wonderful Friday night.
How do you know?
You never believe anything, do you?
I suppose you've got to see the kid
before you believe me.
I'm 12 days late.
That means it's dead sure.
- Nothing's dead sure.
- This is.
Don't.
How do you know it's mine?
Don't you want to take the blame, now?
- You're backing out.
- Blame? There's no blame.
I want to know if it's mine.
It's not sure.
It's yours, right enough.
I haven't done aught with Jack
for many months.
I don't want to have it,
I'll tell you that now.
Have you tried aught? Took aught, I mean.
Some pills. They didn't work.
- God Almighty!
- He won't help you.
Look, you've got to do something,
you know.
Don't you want to have the kid?
You'd like me to have a kid by you?
Another one won't make a difference.
Don't talk so daft.
What do you think having a kid means?
You're doped and sick for nine months,
your clothes don't fit, nobody looks at you.
One day you're yelling out,
and you've got a kid.
That's not so bad.

But you've got to look after it
for the rest of its life.
You ought to try it sometime.
If that's how you feel.
How do you expect me to feel?
I'll see Aunt Ada. She'll know what to do.
She's had 14 kids of her own, and I'm sure
she's got rid of as many others.
I hope she knows something...
...because if she don't,
there'll be a hell of a row.
Don't worry.
You'll be as right as rain in a week or two.
We'll go see about it tomorrow.
- I'm all right.
- Okay.
Come on.
Anybody in?
Bring out your dead, Aunt Ada.
It's you, Arthur, come in.
- Where's the tribe?
- Gone to the pictures.
Sit yourself down,
and I'll give you a cup of tea.
I can see Bert still works at pit.
I'm glad you've come. Sunday afternoon
is the only time I get a bit of peace.
I like somebody to talk to.
I thought I'd come see you.
I'm worried about someaught.
What would a good-looking chap
like you worry about?
I'm not worried, I never worry,
you know that.
It's a mate of mine at work.
He's got a girl in trouble
and doesn't know what to do.
That's a daft thing to do.
Couldn't he have been a bit more careful?
He'll just have to face the music
like our Dad did.
Give me that kettle.
Isn't there someaught to be done? People
can get rid of it by taking things, right?

- How do you know about that?
- I read about it in the Sunday papers.
You don't want to mess with such things.
It's for me mate. He's in trouble.
He's a good bloke. He'd do it for me. You
can't let a mate down at a time like that.
It's you, isn't it?
It's you who's in trouble.
It is, if you want to know.
I knew a woman who went
to prison for doing that.
I don't know what to tell you.
I thought you'd be able to help me.
Thought I'd be able to help you?
Just like that? You brainless loon!
You ought to have more bloody sense.
You can't expect to get out of fixes
as easy as that.
I've got nobody else to turn to.
Why don't you marry her,
if she's a nice girl?
She's already married.
You are in a bloody fix.
That's why I came to you.
I don't know.
All right, then, bring her to see me.
Thanks.
- I can fetch her now, if you like.
- The sooner the better.
Let's get it over with.
- I'll be back.
- All right, get going.
You didn't take long, did you?
Come in, Brenda, duck.
- This is my Aunt Ada.
- Hello.
Let's hope you get out of it
as quick as you got into it.
I don't expect it will be that easy, either.
It won't. Come on in.
Sit yourself down.
How are you feeling?
You know how it is, I'm not too bad.
It ain't right, is it?

I think men get away with murder.
They do don't they?
I don't know that much.
Don't be such a big head.
And get cracking so I can talk to her.

- What's your name, duck?
- Brenda.
- Hello Arthur, how are you?
- All right.

Been to see my mum?
- Don't tell us aught.
- There's naught to tell.
- I'll go get my tea, then.
- Come for a walk.
- What's up? You don't look happy.
- I'm all right. Come on.

Okay.
- What's up?
- It's that fella!

Let's see what's happened.
Hey, you!
I saw you, I saw what you did.
Get down to that phone box
and get the police.
Here, take his other arm.

- What's he done?
- Threw something through that window.
We're holding him for the police.
He ought to get put inside.
Don't worry, we're holding him.

- Rat face.
- You'll get the strap for this.
Right across your back.
- I wanted a vase for my mother.
- That window wasn't worth breaking.

Don't talk to him.
He can do his talking to the police.
He'll talk to them.
I only buried her three months ago.
I wasn't doing any harm.
You didn't have to do this.
Why don't you leave him alone,
you old bag?
Cheeky young beggar!

You'll get six months in Lincoln.
Let me go.
Listen to the way he's talking to her.
Walk off, nobody'll stop you.
Don't put ideas into his head
or you'll be in trouble.
Shut your bleeding rattle, rat face.
What good is it to you,
handing him to coppers?
Go on, get going. Run.
All right! What's the trouble?
This man smashed that window.
I saw him and that woman did.
Any other witnesses?
I don't know how rat face
could do a thing like that.
Because she's a bitch and a whore.
She's got no heart.
She's a swivel-eyed get.
She wants poleaxing.
Some people would narc
on their own mother.
We're living in a jungle.
That bloke was a spineless bastard.
He should've run.
I don't know.
Still, there's one thing I can do...
Right.
We held him till the police came.
But that Arthur Seaton was
telling him to run away.
He never was any good, that one.
He went off when the police arrived.
...always the same. Breaking little
Johnny's toy train when he was five.
Don't worry, he'll get checked
one of these days.
Strewth!
God all-bleedin'- mighty, somebody got me.
What's wrong? What happened?
Who's done that?
I know who did it.
I'll wait until tonight till
my old man gets home. Come on.

Always gossiping about me, so smack!

- A pellet gets her right on the arse.

- I'd like to have seen that.

- She didn't know what hit her.

- Fat old cow. Serves her right.

If you get put in clink,

I'll send you a file in a cake.

She'll have a bruise as big as a pancake.

Right.

- Tenner.

- Tenner, I'm with you.

- Two bob.

- Two bob? In that case, I'll see you.

Beat that.

Done.

- I'll go.

- If it's anybody for money, say Mum's out.

It's old Ma Bull, I thought she'd be back.

- Shall we let her in?

- Yeah, I'll get my gun.

Don't do that. I'll bluff it out for you.

She won't twig aught.

Go in.

What do you want?

I hear you've been shooting at my missis.

Who me? You've got the wrong bloke,

I don't even live here.

Perhaps it wasn't anybody at this house.

Couldn't have been.

There ain't any guns here for a start.

- Arthur's got a gun, I know he has.

- He ain't. You've got the wrong house.

I'll have less of your cheek.

I got shot and I'll find out by whom.

- It weren't Arthur, he's ain't home.

- I didn't think it was anybody here.

Shut your mouth.

- I ain't found him yet but...

- Get out else you'll get another.

That's it. He is the one who shot me.

In your fat gut this time.

What are you standing there for? Hit him!

Take laughing boy with you.

We'll see about this!

I'll settle that beggar, once and for all.
Did you see her old man's face
when she told him to hit you?
If she goes to the cops,
she can't show them the bruise.
Whose deal?
We'll have no cheating this time.
- That was the Bulls, wasn't it?
- Yeah.
They said I shot Mrs. Bull with an air gun,
but they are lying as usual. Shilling.
I told you never to let them in the house.
I hate nosey parkers like that.
It's a wonder they didn't want
a pound of sugar too.
They just barged in, couldn't stop them.
I'd have stopped them.
- What have you got?
- A full house.
What a twister!
- I'll go.
- Pack it up now, Bert, I'm mashing tea.
Doreen! Hello duck, come in.
A work pal of mine lives near here
so I thought I'd drop in.
Take your coat off. My mum's out
but have some supper.
I won't stay long.
- How do, Doreen? How's Betty?
- She's all right, thanks.
I thought it'd be daft
not to call being so near.
I'm glad you did. I'd have been mad
if you hadn't and I'd found out.
- Was your mum mad at us on Sunday?
- No.
That door never stops, does it?
Mum's all right, but she's a bit
funny sometimes, being deaf like she is.
This woman says he shot her
with an air gun.
Air gun? There's no air gun in this house.
- We'll have a look, shall we?
- What?

Come in, then, if you like.

Shut the door after you, will you?

- Which one was it?

- Him.

She says you threatened her
with an air gun, is that right?

When was this?

You know when it were, just now.

What have I been doing for the last hour?

Don't be bloody daft, what do you mean?

Tell them, go on.

You know what you've been doing.

Playing cards with Bert here.

And losing, too.

It's no good, they'll never own up to aught.

You've got cheek coming here,
saying we've got an air gun.

Some would do aught to cause trouble.

Look, I can't mess around here all night.

Stop making trouble in the yard.

If there's any more row I'll be down
with the Inspector to sort you out.

Just watch it.

And I don't want to come back here again.

- That put him in his place.

- About time, I should say.

Ta very much.

Just keep away for a bit, will you?

Did you see that kitchen?

- They didn't get much out of us.

- They never would.

It's not every day we beat the coppers.

Bert, clear the floor.

Come on, let's dance.

- Dad, this is Doreen.

- Hello.

Do you come here often?

Hello, duck.

Been here long?

Ten minutes.

I was just looking at the lovely view.

You'd better come down to earth, then,
hadn't you?

How did it go at Aunt Ada's?

Did it go all right?

No, it didn't.

It was just one of them old wives' tricks.

She made me sit in a hot bath

for three hours and drink a pint of gin.

I'll never go through that again.

It was terrible.

I thought I was going to die.

And it didn't work.

- How do you feel now?

- What do you think? I got over it.

I don't know, I can't think of aught else.

Somebody told me the other day

they'd see you out with a young girl.

He was a bloody liar, then.

Do you think I'm daft, Arthur?

You don't care as much for me as you did.

That ain't true, you know I like you a lot.

I know you do. You can see it a mile off.

It's not my fault

if you don't believe me, is it?

You know the trouble with you?

You don't know the difference

between right and wrong.

I don't think you ever will.

Maybe I won't, but I don't want

anybody to teach me, either.

You'll learn, one day.

We'll see.

But it's now that matters, isn't it?

We've still got to clear this mess up.

I'll try one last thing.

What?

A girl I know told me of a doctor

that would do it.

- Where?

- It doesn't matter where, I've the address.

I don't know, all this mess...

You got me into it. Don't back out now!

I'm not trying to.

And I never would, either.

I may as well tell you.

This doctor wants 40 quid.

- I'll get that for you.

- When?

I'll have it for you in a couple of days.

You're getting off light.

- You know the girl in our firm?

- Which one?

You know. Tina, the one in the photo.

What about her?

She got married yesterday.

She looked ever so nice.

What was the bloke like,

could you smell the drink?

He must have been drunk to get married.

You're in a rotten mood today.

I lost five quid at the races.

Serves you right,

you shouldn't waste your money.

It's not wasted, I enjoy betting.

I don't care what you do with your money.

It's naught to do with me.

Stop telling me off, then.

I'm not telling you off. You don't think

I'm bothered about you like that do you?

That's not what you just said

in the pictures.

You're a pig bringing it up like that.

I like you telling me off.

I like it a lot in fact.

- You ought to show it.

- I do.

No, you don't.

Why don't you ever take me where

it's lively and full of people?

- It's always the pictures or a walk at night.

- That ain't true.

- One would think you're ashamed of me.

- I'm not, I can tell you that.

I'll take you to the fair on Saturday night.

If you like.

Having a good time?

Not bad, I'm with some pals from work.

I had to come out or I'd go crackers.

I've been worrying about you all week.

You can stop worrying.

Is it all right?

- Did you see that doctor?
- I went. I didn't stay.
- Why?
- I've decided to have it, face what comes.
You want to have the kid now?
- I must get back. Jack will wonder.
- I want to help you.
Do you?
Yeah, what can I do?
There's nothing much you can do, is there?
I must go. Jack will be looking for me.
I must get back. I've got to get back.
- Wait.
- They mustn't see us together.
Come here!
What the hell have you been doing?
They busted me, right enough.
Still, I'd had my bit of fun.
It ain't the first time
I've been in a losing fight.
It won't be the last, either, I don't suppose.
How long have I been lying here?
A week?
I can't think.
Mum called me barmy when I told her
I fell off a gasometer for a bet.
But I'm not barmy. I'm a fighting pip
that wants a pint of beer, that's me.
But if any bastard says that's me...
...I'll say I'm a dynamite dealer waiting
to blow the factory to Kingdom Come.
I'm me and nobody else.
Whatever people say I am,
that's what I'm not.
Because they don't know
a bloody thing about me.
God knows what I am.
Come in.
Come in, this is a surprise.
I came to see how you were.
I'm not bad,
I'll be as right as rain in a day or two.
Take your coat off and sit.
This is a nice room.

Are all the clothes yours?
Just a few rags.
They must have cost a pretty penny.
I get good wages.
I've been worried about you all week.
You were in a state when we brought
you home. What happened?
I got knocked down with a horse and cart.
I didn't see it. I thought I was a goner.
You even told your own mum you fell off
the gas works for a bet.
You won't tell anybody, will you?
Why should I?
It pays to keep your trap shut.
No, it don't.
I've just told you, haven't I?
I told you I got run over
with a horse and cart.
You are a liar.
You won't like it if I tell you.
I won't mind.
I got beat up with two soldiers.
What for?
I was seeing a married woman
and her husband set them on me.
Two on one, so they beat me.
I'd have flattened them
if it had been one at a time.
That's why you left us at the fair?
It wasn't. I saw a mate on the Dodge-'ems,
owed me five quid, I went to collect it.
I didn't see you after that,
what happened to you?
You talk to me like I was a bit of muck.
Don't look at it like that, I'm sorry.
You look it.
Come here.
Come on, come here.
I'm glad you came. I'd have been
down in the dumps if you hadn't.
I wondered how you were.
- I bought you some fags.
- Thanks.
What's it like outside?

- It's a bit cold.
- Not in bed.
It's warm under the blankets. Come try.
- What do you take me for?
- We're courting, aren't we?
You might call it courting.
You're a nice girl, I like you a lot.
I'd like you to stay with me for good so
I don't get run down by any more horses.
The trouble with me is
I'm always bumping into things.
It's not much of a paying game.
You'll have to watch where you're going.
I've never seen anybody look
as nice as you.
I'll buy you a ring next week if you're nice.
Come on, give us a kiss.
Come in, Bert.
Hello, Aunt Vera. All right, Uncle Harold?
All right. How's things at the pit?
Black, but I can't grumble.
Where's the lad?
Still in bed. Take his clean shirt up
while you're about it.
Right-o!
It's time he got up.
What's up, the telly's broke?
Here comes the laundryman.
- Sorry, I didn't know you were here.
- Hello, Bert.
- How are you feeling, Arthur?
- I'm all right.
Your mum sent this shirt up.
Thanks, I suppose it's time
I was getting up.
I'll be going now, Arthur.
Don't go! I just popped up.
I have to go now, my mum's expecting me.
- How's Betty these days?
- She's all right, thanks.
- Okay, I'll see you later.
- Okay.
- So long, Bert.
- Ta-ta.

Ta-ta, love. I'll see you at your house.

Goodbye.

Smashing nurse. I'm sorry.

I didn't know she was here.

- Come plodding in here.

- Nobody told me downstairs.

- Are you two going steady?

- What does it look like?

- What do you think?

- She's lovely, I must say.

- How are you feeling?

- I feel fine, now.

- Fancy fishing this afternoon?

- No, I'll go tomorrow.

- Why not this afternoon?

- I've got a date with Doreen!

You were born dead lucky.

Your mum takes all night

to read the paper.

Does she read slow

or is she looking at the adverts?

She reads every word.

She loves the newspaper

more than a book.

Mum, your kettle's boiling.

I heard it.

I thought she was never going

to get out of that chair.

She won't be a minute. She's just

filling her hot water bottle.

I'm off to bed.

Don't be long yourself.

I won't be. Arthur's just going in a minute.

He's got ever such a long walk home.

I have and all. I'll get cracking in a bit.

Don't be late.

It's after 11:

I'll wash cups up before I come.

I'll take these cups...

Let's make as if you're going first.

- Good night, then, Arthur.

- Good night.

We'll have to do it a bit louder,

you know she's deaf.
Good night, then, Arthur.
Good night, duck. See you soon.
What are you doing round this way, then?
I'm just going to press shop.
I'm on days now.
I thought you might be coming to see me.
- No good in that, is there?
- Isn't there?
You thought the swaddies had killed me?
- I don't know what you're talking about.
- I didn't think you would, you're that sort.
Until you get bashed in the face,
then you squeal like a stuck pig.
You caused a lot of trouble
between me and Brenda.
You can't deny it, neither. It wasn't right.
You don't have to tell me
what's right and what isn't.
How is Brenda, anyway?
She's okay.
She'll be all right with me.
I'll look after her.
Keep that between you and me.
If you ever try to see her again
you'll get more trouble from swaddies.
They won't find it so easy next time
whether I'm on my own or not.
You're too much of a trouble maker.
You should take things as they come
and enjoy life.
I do enjoy life.
Just because I'm not like you,
don't think I don't.
I'll see you sometime.
Yeah.
Give over.
I thought you weren't going to get
married till you were good and ready.
I hadn't met Doreen then.
- What's the score with Brenda?
- Finished. We packed it up.
I reckon it was time. Don't you?
Maybe.

She's a good sort, though.
I've given her lots to put up with.
What's her husband like?
A bit of a dope.
He's not a bad bloke.
I told you to lay off weeks ago,
not that you took a blind bit of notice.
You've got to enjoy yourself.
You've got to keep
your feet on the ground.
I can't see much use in that.
People settle down, before they know it,
they've kicked the bucket.
It ain't altogether like that.
I know.
It would be, if you didn't watch it.
Easier ways of getting things
than lashing out all the time.
You think so? If I get mixed up
in what goes on, that's my business.
- I suppose it is.
- You bet it is.
I've got some fight left in me,
not like most people.
I'm not saying you ain't.
Where does all this fighting get you?
Ever see what not fighting's got you,
like Mum and Dad?
What do you mean?
They've got all they want.
They've got television and a packet of fags
but they're both dead from the neck up.
I'm not saying it's their fault.
Their hash has been settled for them
so all the bloody gaffers...
...can push them around like sheep.
I've seen you in some funny moods...
...but I've never seen you like this before.
There's a lot more in life
than mum and dad have got.
I've got one!
It's good to be out.
It's nice out here.
Peaceful, for a change.

I asked mum if we could live at home.
She said it would be all right.
Until we get a new house.
I wouldn't mind living in an old one myself.
I would.
I want a new home
with a bathroom and everything.
Me and Bert used to roam all over
these hills when we were kids.
Blackberrying.
There won't be blackberries
or a blade of grass here much longer.
What did you do that for?
I don't know, just felt like it, I suppose.
Maybe one of those houses will be for us.
I know.
You shouldn't throw things like that.
It won't be the last one I'll throw.
Come on duck, let's go down.