The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner

By Alan Sillitoe
Running has always been
a big thing in our family,
especially running away from the police.
It's hard to understand.
All I know is that you've got to run,
run without knowing why,
through fields and woods.
And the winning post's no end,
even though barmy crowds
might be cheering themselves daft.
That's what the loneliness
of the long distance runner feels like.
Cheer up, wack, it'll soon be Christmas.
Miserable sort of bloke, isn't he?
Back home again.
Nice little bunch we got this time.
What? This lot?
They'll all be over the hill within a week.
- Cheerful, aren't you?
- You know, I sometimes wonder
if I believe in all this setup.
When you've been in it as long as I have,
you stop asking yourself that question.
- Get back!
- What the hell are those fools trying to do?
- I'll get out and give you a lift, mate.
- I might have guessed.
It's that imbecile, Houghton, again.
It's a waste of time,
but I hope the officer books him.
What a garbage dump.
It looks like the bloody place
they shut Monte Cristo up in.
I'll tell you what, it looks like our house.
Cor, look at that, a right stackers Borstal.
- Do what?
- Long term place, mate.
Come on, sit down,
let's get these bracelets off you.
Bloody wrist is dropping off here.
- Look at that...
- Let's hope it's better than
- that detention center.
- I hope me Ma's got the dinner on.
- Hang on.
- Come on, then, we haven't got all day.
- All right.
- Say, "sir," when speaking to an officer.
- Wants teaching a bloody lesson, that one.
- In here, lads.
Line up in front of the officer.
Hello, Harry. Still busy?
Still working for that pension, such as it is.
Aren't we all?
Get your hands out of your pockets, lad.
Come on, line up!
Here you are. Six new receptions, and a right lot they are, too.
Yeah. Looks as if we're gonna have to fumigate.
Keep it quiet.
What do you think this is, a holiday camp?
Now, lads, listen to your numbers.
988, 989, 990, 991, 992, and 993.
- All right, all yours, Mr. Craig.
- All correct, Mr. Fenton.
Right, get your clothes off, all of you.
Put them on the floor. Come on, move!
- Underwear as well, sir?
- If it's not too much trouble, lad.
Get them off! Come on.
We're gonna put you in the latest fashions.
Pint-sized loudmouth.
Soon take care of him.
Yeah.
Come on, step on it.
The Governor's waiting to see you.
Good.
- Chief, this is a great day for us.
- How is that, sir?
Well, something I've been hoping for a long time.
Gives one a real sense of achievement.
Come in.
Fall in here! Look sharp!
Line up in front of the Governor.
Chins in, chests out.
Arms by your side, shoulders back.
- Where's your tie?
- I...

Don't answer back!
- What's your name, lad?
- Elliot, sir.
- And yours?
- Smith.

Say, "sir," when you answer the Governor.

Sir Smith.

That won't get you far here, lad.
Well, all I have to say to you is this.
I don't have to know what you've done.
You are here for us
to try and make something of you,
to turn you into
industrious and honest citizens.
Well, as we see it,
that shouldn't be too difficult.
We like things to run smoothly here,
of course.
Both for you and for us.
The sooner we have your cooperation,
the sooner you'll be out of here.
If you'll play ball with us,
we'll play ball with you.
We want you to work hard and play hard.
Good athletics, sports,
inter-house competition.
We believe in all that.
Come in.

Ah, there you are, Stacey. Just a moment.
Well, as I was saying,
we're divided into houses.
Now, none of you is proud of being here,
but there's no reason why
you shouldn't be proud of your house.
Stacey here, is proud of being
the leader of Drake house,
- aren't you, Stacey?
- I am, sir.

Well, Stacey,
I'm gonna put these lads in your charge.
- I want you to show them the ropes.
Splendid news.
Ranley School is going to compete with us on our Sports Day.
That's the first time in our history that a public school has joined forces with us. How's that, eh?
- That's good news, sir. Congratulations.
- Thanks.
Oh, but, it's the lads I'm thinking of. This will really give them a great kick.
- Really put them on their mettle.
- Is Ranley competing in all events, sir?
Yes, but they've been good enough to offer a special challenge cup for the cross-country run.
- I'd say that's our best chance, sir.
Well, I bet this Stacey ought to win that challenge cup for us.
I doubt if Ranley School has anyone to beat him.
If they had, he'd have to be a champion, sir.
Well, Mr. Brown,
I hope your first impression of us won't be too critical.
I know that some of you young chaps from training school think of us older men as back-numbers.
- Oh, not at all.
- Oh, yes, you do.
It's not surprising, after all those new-fangled theories that you've been stuffed with.
But theories don't always work out in practice, remember.
I'm greatly looking forward to doing what I can to help these boys.
Though, of course, I realize that a Borstal housemaster's job is not an easy one.
- Well, I suggest that you trail around
after me for a bit, just to get
the hang of things,
then we'll let you loose to do your worst.
I came, and broke and entered
and got detention-centered
- What lark got you here?
- Go on, tap off.
Who do you think you're talking to?
- A cockney berk by the sound of it!
- You Liverpool ponce.
All right, when we get inside,
I'll write it out on your face with this!
- Okay!
- Now, look, wrap it up,
or I'll knock the pair of you to bits!
You find something funny?
- No, no.
- Well, is there anything on your mind?
I was just wondering whether
you were the Governor's assistant?
You'll find it pays
to play the Governor's game here.
All of us is graded,
and you don't get out
till you make top grade.
I'm not taking any risks,
or losing any privileges
'cause one of you bleeders kicks up a stink
and gives the house a bad name.
And always remember,
they've got the whip hand.
Do you know what I'd do
if I had the whip hand?
I'd get all the coppers, governors,
posh whores, army officers,
and members of Parliament,
and stick them up against this wall
and let them have it,
because that's what they'd like to do
to blokes like us.
- Well, you'll learn.
- We'll see.
Burn, china?
- Snide.
- Use your loaf.
- He's the daddy. Stacey.
- What's "the daddy"?
Well, he sort of runs things around here.
- What? Again?
- Yep.
I pass. I pass.
Right, boys, by your beds.
Come on, line up.
- Come on, it's lights out. Come on.
- Come on.
Go on, line up there!
Come on, look sharp. Come on, Stacey.
- Cold, lad?
- I'm fine, sir.
For the benefit of the receptions,
no PT shorts under your pajamas.
- Take his name, Mr. Fenton.
- Right.
Right, come on, hit the sack.
Come on, socks off. Vests off. In our beds.
Quickly now, lads.
- Carry on.
- Goodnight, lads. Who's for morning tea?
Bring me a poet's stick.
Come in.
- Colin Smith, 993, sir.
- Good. Come in, Smith.
Sit down.
- Cigarette?
- No, thanks.
Well, you're a new boy here,
aren't you, Smith?
- Yeah.
- Yeah. Well, so am I.
Two new boys together,
in a manner of speaking.
Well, perhaps we can help one another.
How, sir?
Well, you can help me by telling me
all about yourself.
Now, for instance,
how'd you come to be here?
- What's that tape recorder on for, sir?
- Don't let it worry you.
- No, I won't.
- Anything you say is strictly confidential.
It won't go beyond these four walls.
Okay?
So, how'd you come to be here?
- Well, I got sent, didn't I?
- Yes, I know you got sent, but why?
I got caught. Didn't run fast enough.
Well, now, when you broke into this,
what was it?
- Bakery.
- Bakery, yeah.
What were you thinking about at the time?
I wasn't thinking about anything,
I was too busy breaking in.
Yes, but...
Well, just describe the action to me
in your own words.
Put me in the picture.
Got over the wall of this baker's yard,
broke into his office.
I think you can do
a bit better than this, Smith.
Surely your nerves were on edge,
weren't they?
You felt afraid.
Well, if I felt afraid,
I mean, I wouldn't have broken in, would I?
Yeah, all right, fair enough.
Look, I want you to help me.
I'm going to say a word
and I want you to reply with any word
that comes into your head, okay?
Like, if I say to you, "Food,"
what do you think of?
I'm sorry, I don't get the idea at all.
Well, would you like to do it to me?
- Say a word to me.
- Tape recorder.
Tape recorder. Desk.
I don't know why I said desk,
it just happened.
Now, I'll say one to you.
I mean, what are you trying to do to me?
- I don't understand.
- Now, come on, Smith, please, I'm trying to help you, help me.
- Girl.
- Boy.
Boy.
- Have you got a girlfriend, Smith?
- What's she got to do with you?
Oh, right, right.
- Gun.
- Horses.
- Knife.
- Smoke.
- Car.
- Compass.
- Father.
- Dead.
Why did you say that? Is your father dead?
Right.
- When did he die?
- The other week.
The other week?
I'm very sorry.
Your mother was very upset, I expect.
- No.
- She wasn't?
Not very.
Well, I think that'll be all for now.
Thank you.
- You mean I can go now, sir?
- Yes.
All right, thank you very much, sir.
- I hope you do well here.
- I hope you do, sir.
- What?
- In a manner of speaking.
Oh, I see. Right. Thanks.
Well, they certainly drive themselves hard on the playing field.
Well, they're high-spirited, Mr. Brown.
If they weren't, they wouldn't be here.
Each of us has to expend our energy on something, you know.
"Mens sana in corpore sano," eh?
Well, that's better than some of that psychiatric stuff they shove at us.
You mark my words.
Yes, but surely you believe that an emotional readjustment might be the answer to some of their problems.
Well, of course, I do, if I didn't, I wouldn't be here, would I? No.
But how do we tackle the basic aggression which these lads obviously feel?
- By channeling it in the right direction.
I was just wondering whether life wasn't a little more complicated than a football match.
Go on, Col, get to one. Go on then.
Come on!
- Did you see that?
- Oh, you had him there.
Right down the middle with it, Don.
- Get it.
- Foul ball!
- That's a foul, ref!
- Oh, come on.
Come on, ref, it's obvious...
- Swallowed your whistle, ref?
- Go.
- Come on.
- Go on, Col.
Get to one, go on then.
- Come on.
- Get around him.
- Come on, Col.
- Go, go. That's it. You're on your own.
- You're on your own, boy.
- Kyle!
- Shoot!
- Come on.
- Well done, mate.
- Great.
Great, everyone.
Get out of there.
Quiet! Quiet in the shower!
All correct, sir. Class 22.
It was that new lad, Smith,
who scored that goal, wasn't it?
- Yes, sir.
- He can run.
- He's not bad, sir.
- Well, he might be useful to us.
- We'd better keep an eye on him.
- Right, sir.
- Where is he?
- Oh, he's in the shower.
Oh, right. Come along, Brown.
All right, now, get on with it! Get moving!
That was a good goal, Smith.
- It was a good goal!
- Oh, thank you, sir.
Hello.
Often, a moment like that can make
a big turning point in a lad's life.
It's not hard to guess what
sort of home life that lad had.
- Where the bloody hell have you been?
- Out.
You're never around when I want you.
Here am I, struggling,
and I don't get a blind bit of help from you.
He's always out he is. He goes after girls!
- He goes after girls!
- All right.
Shut up, you lot!
- How's Dad?
- The doctor's with him now.
Poor devil. Breaks your heart to see him.
I don't know.
This is the last thing I expected.
- It'll be all right, Mum. Don't worry.
- Don't be daft.
Even the doctor said it's no use hoping.
He's trying to get your dad
to go to hospital,
- but I know he won't.
- No.
Mum, could I have some money
to go to pictures?
No, you can't.
You can go to your Aunty Vi's
- and look at her television.
- Don't want to.
- She only got BBC.
- Be quiet.
Can't you see your mum's upset?
You won't get me to go to no hospital.
I'm no bleeding guinea pig for anybody.
- When's Dad going to die, our Colin?
- He isn't gonna die, Johnny.
Doctor told Mum he was yesterday.
- We'd do best to leave him.
- It seems so, but he's very poorly.
He's in quite a lot of pain
and won't even have anything to help it.
I'll need you to see he takes this though.
It's a difficult time, but all we can do now
is see that he's comfortable.
I'll look in tomorrow.
I'll not go to no hospital, hear?
- I'm not going to no hospital!
- All right, we know you're not.
I'm going to be late for work.
Billy, take that round to the chemist.
- I'm not taking any pills.
- Suit yourself.
- Mum, can I go?
- Can I go!
Shut up!
Don't bother about the chemist.
He won't take it.
Here, run down to Mrs. Rolly's,
and get some of that herbal pain killer.
Mike! Hang on a bit.
Our Col.
- How's your dad then, Col?
- Oh, he's asleep.
- You coming?
- Where to?
I don't know. Come on.
Hey!
- Where'd you learn to drive like this?
- Me cousin had a taxi.
Hey, look. Keep death off the road.
Hey, get a load of this gear in the back.
- What's in here?
- I'll wear that.
- Hey, do you want a fag?
- Great.
- Here you are.
- Thanks.
Where should we go to then, James?
Who do you think I am,
the bloody chauffeur?
Just shut up, or you'll get out and walk.
Go on, run him over. Better luck next time.
- Let's go to London.
- We haven't got enough petrol.
- Hey, birds.
- Slow down, then.
- Slow down.
- We'll have these.
- Hello, gorgeous. Coming for a ride?
- Who are they?
- I don't know. Take no notice.
- Skid, show off.
Don't be like that, darling.
I'm just trying out me new car,
a birthday present from me old man.
Coming?
- I bet it isn't his.
- It is, honest.
- I'm 21 today, right, mate?
- That's right, yeah.
- You coming?
- Where you going, then?
- Where do you wanna go?
- London.
Me as well.
We're going to, aren't we, Colin?
Well, you can count me out.
I've got better things to do with my time.
Don't be like that, darling.
We could've been there and back by now,
scooting up and down them hills,
round them bends.
I said you can count me out.
- Anyway, that isn't your car.
- It is, honest.
- Come on.
- Hey, come on, let's go for a ride.
No, I've got to do
me mum's shopping today.
- Oh, do it tomorrow.
- Oh, shut up, you.
Look, well, I'll help you
if you want to do it later.
Come on, duck, don't play hard to get.
Come on, Audrey.
- Well, not too far then.
- In you get, love.
- Make yourselves comfortable.
- I mustn't be very long.
- All right?
- Okay.
Away we go.
- I'm puffed.
- Your old man must be well off, then,
- buying you a car for your birthday.
- Yeah, he is.
Where did you get it from?
We found it on a rubbish heap,
didn't we, Mike?
- Yeah.
- But keep it to yourself.
You pinched it, didn't you?
- Say I borrowed it.
- You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
I wanted a breath of fresh air.
I'll take it back tonight.
- You'll end up in prison one of these days.
- If he ain't careful.
It would get me out of this dump.
Is that the only way to get out of it?
- Tell me another way then.
- You can stop that for a start.
London's the place
I've always wanted to live in.
I went there once with a friend.
We went on a day excursion,
looked all around the shops.
Oh, Oxford Street was lovely.
You should have seen Piccadilly Circus.
Oh, it was wonderful,
all lit up like day.
- They get all the films there first, too.
- Yeah, I know.
Phyllis had a fair job dragging me
to the station.
I wanted to stay there, get a job.
There's other places
besides London, you know.
Well, I don't think so.
- Well, I'm off home now, anyway.
- Why?
- Come on, Gladys.
- What?
Oh.
- I'll drive you back.
- Don't bother, we'll take the bus.
Suit yourself.
- Hey, where'd you dump it?
- Where we found it. Nobody saw me.
Hey, he won't know anything,
till he looks in the back
and sees somebody's
pinched his hat and coat.
Well, that's me last.
That's five bob up the spout.
Get out the way. Hold your hands out.
Hey, great!
- See you.
- Goodbye, lads.
- Hey.
- Huh?
- Come on.
- What?
Share and share alike,
all for one and one for all,
united we stand, divided we fall.
You're a bloody poet, aren't you?
Here you are.
Anybody at home?
- I'm not taking any pills.
- Suit yourself.
Dad.
Faster.
This is where Stacey always leaves them, sir.
You keep back, Smith.
Well, slow the bastard down, then.
Well, well run, Smith. Well run.
I thought you were a sprinter when you scored that goal,
but you're a stayer, too.
That was a good spurt just now,
- you put it on just at the right moment.
- It just happened, sir.
- What do you mean, it happened? Instinct?
- Sir?
What, you mean you didn't plan it?
You didn't think it out?
- Just found I could do it, sir.
- Well, it was a good effort, anyway.
You don't get anywhere without effort,
do you, lad?
- No, sir.
- Eh, Stacey?
No, sir.
I used to be a runner myself.
Quite a useful one, too,
but a bit of a plodder.
You know, we might think of training you for that long-distance cross-country run, with Stacey's help here, of course.
And, who knows, with a bit more style, and more strategy, and, of course, effort, you might win that cup for us, eh?
- Sir.
- Well, be off with you.
And, you, too, Stacey.
Anyway, the competition
will put Stacey on his toes.
We've got to win that race.
- What the...
- Reeking bastard.
- What's up with you?
- I told you to hold back, didn't I?
Come on.
Get him, Stacey. Go on.
Break it up. Break it up.
Come on, break it up! Stop fighting.
- What's happening here?
- Put their names on report, Mr. Roach.
I'll see them tomorrow at 3:00
in my office.
All right, get inside there! Get moving!
Come on. Inside.
Don't force it, use the pliers.
Keep this out of there.
Looks like you're gonna be
our champion runner now, Smithy.
Yeah, don't talk so daft.
- Well, you beat Stacey.
- So what?
We'll both be in the block
on bread and water
by the time
the Governor's finished with us.
Nah, look, if he thinks
he can make you win that cup,
- he'll make you his favorite.
- Look, I'm nobody's favorite.
If I could run as fast as you,
I'd be out of this place.
What's the point of scarpering?
The best thing to do is to be cunning,
and stay where you are.
You see, I'm gonna let them think
they've got me house trained,
but they never will, the bastards.
To get me beat, they'll have to stick
a rope round me neck.
- That's a job they don't mind doing.
- Oi, nit, nit, the old man's coming.
The lads in here
are dismantling equipment for scrap.
Later, we try to find them
something more constructive,
you know, to find out if a lad
has any special aptitude or skill.
And that's not always easy, of course,
because sometimes
they can prove,
well, a bit uncooperative and, then,
or, if they're unsatisfactory
in any other way, a lad is sent back here.
It's not exactly a punishment,
but they just have to start all over again.
It's the only way.
Right. Well, I'll lead the way, shall I?
- All correct, sir.
- Morning, Craig.
Well, you can see what these things are,
or were.
I would be careful, sir. That is,
you know, sometimes it's absolutely...
Oh, look.
All right.
Oh.
Thanks, Smith.
Bread and water, my foot.
You won't see the inside of no cell.
He smiled at you, actually smiled.
- Mum, isn't Dad coming back anymore?
- Shut up. He's dead.
Come on, get inside, you lot.
I'll get your dinner ready.
Ta, love.
- Mrs. Smith? And, this is your son, is it?
- That's right.
Won't you sit down?
I was sorry to hear about your husband.
He was a jolly good worker,
and served the firm well.
We've arranged to pay you
the 500 insurance in cash.
- That is what you wanted, wasn't it?
- That's right.

You're the new breadwinner now, are you?
- I am.
- Well, he will be, when he gets a job.
- We could always fix you up here.
- No, thanks.

Would you sign this receipt, please?
It's a shame you have to wait
for a poor old devil to die
before parting with 500 quid.
Come on.

Goodbye to you both.
"Served the firm well." Like hell he did.
I expect they're glad this happened
after that last strike.
Dad gone out all right.
He got the raise as well.
- Did you see him all right?
- Yes, thanks.

Ma! Ma!
Have you all been good
while I've been away?
- Johnny kicked me.
- Oh, shut up, you big fat...
Oh, shut your big face!
- Hey!
- Okay, now, that will do.

What's up, then?
Couldn't you wait
for the poor devil to get cold?
Well, I just nipped in to see
if you needed any help, love.
- Don't get like that.
- I don't need any help with this.
- I can manage right enough.
- I'm not after your money, love.
I earn enough on me own.
- Cor, what's that?
- Wow, they're fivers.
- Look at that paper.
- They're fivers.
- What shall we do with them?
- Burn it.
You take after your dad right enough,
- you're a bloody loon.
- How much is there, Mum?
- Don't bother me.
- Shut up!
- You going to buy a new house.
- A Rolls Royce!
Get me a hair dryer!
Oh, run and buy some gobstoppers
and stop your rattle.
Mum, buy me a hairdryer!
- Come on, don't... Do as your Mam says.
- Keep your hands to yourself.
I'm the gaffer now.
- You think so?
- Don't think so, I know so.
Oh, for goodness sake, Colin,
haven't we had enough trouble?
Well, I'm going out to pick up
that television set.
All right, gaffer?
Look at little Miss Muffet with the hose.
You bastard.
I've had enough on my plate
without you lot starting.
- Moody, darling.
- What's got into you, Stacey?
I don't know what's the matter with him.
- I can't get a word out of him.
- I'm browned off.
- Do you mind?
- So what?
So are a couple of hundred
other perishing inmates,
but are we downhearted?
- Oh, no!
- No!
Oh, drop dead, you maggot.
- Come on, Stacey, have a cigarette.
- Two's up, Penny.
- Go look out for the screw.
- All right.
- I tell you, I'm right up to here.
- Why?
Look, everything's going fine, now, what?
Discharge up the wall,
and who knows what else.
Don't talk so daft.
Just 'cause the Governor caught you
having a punch-up, so what?
Yeah, you'll only get
three days bread and water,
- something like that.
- Make a nice change.
- Stuff their horse meat.
- And lousy taters.
- And their duff on Thursday.
- You kid yourselves.
The Governor will really have it in for me,
what with being his house leader and all.
The Governor only bets on certs,
and if you're not a lay-down cert, mate.
Well, you are.
- I was.
- Nit, nit. Screw's coming.
All right, lads, in line here,
and, Stacey, cut that hose off.
Put the tools away.
Come on, the rest of you, move!
Right, quick, march!
Come on.
- I think Stacey's got away.
- Oh, do leave off.
- I've been with him all morning.
- It's all down to that bum, Smith.
- Hold up, screws.
- All right, lads,
- have any of you seen Stacey?
- He's got a late lunch.
How many late lunches
you got, Mr. Craig?
Four late lunches,
Stacey's not one of them.
- What party was he on this morning?
- Cooper, what party?
- Come on, lad.
- Gardening party, sir.
I'll check it out with the officer.
Come on, Robins,
you know where Stacey is.
- Oh, leave me alone, will you?
- Walsh, you're his mate,
- what about you?
- I ain't seen him since yesterday.
- How about you? Where is he?
- He's gone on his honeymoon.
- What's the matter, then?
- When did you last see Stacey?

Just before lunch.
I sent him to cut the hoses off.
- I'll check and find out.
- Right.

Looks as if we got one away, Mr. Fenton.
- Yeah.
- I'll get the Chief.
- Yeah.

- Never mind about one away,
- this bloody potato tastes like cement.
- All complaints to the cook.
- This gravy's like water.
- All right, cut it out.

What they trying to do,
keep this meat a secret?
Yeah, you wanna kill this meat
before you give it to us.
If my old woman knew I was eating
this rubbish, she'd go bleeding nuts.
Cut it out.
Cut it out!
- Cut it out, lads.
- Lads, come on, break it up.
- Take it easy, take it easy.
- All right.

Cut it out!
Break it up!
Come on, cut it out!
That's enough!
Come on, keep it quiet!
Come on, quiet you down now! Come on.
Joseph, break it up!
Shut up! Come on, break it up!
- Shut up!
- Quiet!
Quiet!
Come on, cut it out!
This isn't funny. Keep it down.
The food in this place stinks!
Break it up there!
Stop that!
- Well, let's hear what you think, Roach.
- I feel it might have been Smith's fault, sir.
- He's a somewhat complex character. I...
- There's nothing complex about a fight.
In my opinion,
Stacey may have provoked him to it.
In any case, with Stacey gone,
there's no action that I can take,
so that disposes of the fight.
What do you say, Fenton?
Well, I suppose it's possible, sir,
that Stacey took it a bit hard.
He was proud of his position,
it meant a good deal to him.
Yes.
Mr. Fenton, surely it's part of our policy
here, to drive a boy hard,
and then, when he's in a tight corner,
watch the reaction.
- I suppose it is.
- Well, of course, it is.
By putting pressure on a boy,
you begin to know what he's worth.
No news of Stacey, yet, sir,
but we have the others under control.
- All quietened down?
- Yes, sir.
We have the three ring leaders
in the cellblock.
- I don't think we'll have anymore trouble.
- Good.
Chief, it wouldn't surprise you,
in view of what's occurred,
if I put off tonight's concert.
No, sir, it would teach them a lesson.
Perhaps, but I have decided against it.
The concert will take place,
and we'll have our Sports Day. Chief, I hope that you and the staff know me well enough
to believe that the last thing I'd do would be to make your work here anymore difficult by,
in any way, undermining discipline.
- Certainly, sir.
- If we make too much of this spot of bother, we may damage our relations with the public, generally, and also with the governors of Ranley School. Quite. Quite.
Well, it's no secret to any of you that I regard this opportunity of joining forces with a public school on our Sports Day, as a great step forward in our history, in Borstal history. So, Padre, there's no need for you to cancel any of your arrangements for tonight's concert, except, I want to talk to the lads - before it starts.
- Very good, sir.
Well, gentlemen, I think that's about all.
- Mr. Brown, may I have a word with you?
- Certainly.
Something on your mind, Roach? It's a pity about Stacey, sir. He'll be badly missed at the sports. Don't worry. We'll take that cup from Ranley. You're thinking about Smith? Well, I've seen some runners in my time. Believe me, he'll surprise us all. This morning's demonstration in the dining hall is something that I shall have to make a pretty good effort to forget. If you have any reasonable complaint about the food,
it must be made at the proper time
and to the proper person,
and that is to me.

Now, understand that and remember it.
Of course, I know what sparked this on.
A boy has absconded.
As it happens, he was a boy
that we thought very highly of.
He will be caught.
He'll be brought back
and severely punished.
I'm told that one of the reasons he did it
was that he was disappointed.
Disappointed?
I wonder if he realizes how
disappointing this is for me.

This place has a very good record,
and anybody who lets that record down
is letting each one of you down.
And, now, to look on the brighter side.
You all know about the Sports Day
against Ranley, with Ranley,
with boys very much like yourselves,
except they've had several advantages
that you have not.
I want you to win, and, in particular,
I want you to win that challenge cup
for the long distance.
For that, if for no other reason,
I've decided to let the curtain go up
on our concert tonight.
So, enjoy yourselves,
and give our friends here a good hand.
Lads, we are very lucky
to have here, tonight,
a very old friend of yours, and of mine,
Mr. Roland Benton,
with his bird imitations.
So, let's give him a really warm welcome.
Thank you.

And, I'd like you now to come with me
on a walk down an English country lane.
And, over there, what do we see sitting
on Farmer Giles' fence,
but a blackbird.  
Now, lads, I want you to join with us  
in singing that fine old hymn you've  
heard so often in chapel,  
Jerusalem.  
Thank you.  
Well, have you nothing to say for yourself?  
I'd just like to say that it was  
as much my fault as Stacey's, sir.  
We can leave Stacey out of this,  
he's in far more serious trouble.  
Yes, sir.  
We can't have you fighting  
like a wild animal.  
If you want to try your strength,  
I'm sure Mr. Roach, here,  
will be glad to take you on.  
Well, anyway, now  
I have some more cheerful news for you.  
You've shown yourself a willing worker.  
We're going to take you out of the shop,  
and upgrade you to the garden.  
Thank you, sir.  
I want you to promise me  
that you'll keep up your running.  
It's my ambition to see you  
take that challenge cup  
from Ranley School for us.  
- What do you say?  
- I'll do me best, sir.  
I'm sure you will.  
Come on, now! Wakey, wakey!  
Wakey, wakey!  
Rise and shine! Come on, Robins.  
Jump to it then! Let's be on your way!  
All right, then, that's my boy!  
Come on, what do you think  
you're doing there?  
Can't stay there all morning!  
Come on, you've got  
sleeping sickness, have you?  
Hello, hello.  
Housemaster's report. Come on!  
Come on, then! Enough stretching.
Come on. The pair of you.
- All right, then, come along!
- All right.
Down there, lads, up!
Come on, Tyler! That's not up.
Come on then, get dressed.
What's the matter with you, Smith?
You think you're exempt or something?
Come on then! Let's get up!
Shut up.
All right, get to PT and no skiving!
Come on, now let me out of here.
Hey, who's got my pot?
One, two. One, two.
One, two. Higher up with those knees!
Left, right, left, right, left...
Knees up higher, Smith.
Much higher than that! Left, right,
left, right. Higher up still!
Keep your chin up. Left, right.
One and two, and one and two.
One and two.
Touch your toes. Stretch those legs,
and get your head lower.
One, two, three, four.
One, two, three, four.
Stretch those elbows back there.
One, two. One, two.
One, two. One, two.
Faster! One, two. One, two.
- One, two. Come on.
- Morning, Craig.
Morning, sir.
All correct, sir. 34, five hospital,
two cook, one duty cook, sir.
- Carry on, Craig.
- Very good.
Class, still!
- Roach.
- Good morning, sir.
I see from the sports report that Smith
is making good time
in these practice runs.
Better than I expected, sir.
I think you were right.
- You still don't trust him, do you?
- I wouldn't like to say, sir.
Well, we'll soon see, shall we?
- Stand them at ease.
- At ease!
Well, lads, you've all heard me say
that if you'll play ball with us,
we will play ball with you.
I've told a boy here, that I and the staff
were prepared to trust him.
- And we keep our word. Smith.
- Sir?
Unlock the gate, Mr. Craig.
Smith, off you go. The usual run.
You've done it many times
under supervision,
only this time you're going to do it alone.
Be back at the usual time, hmm?
- Off you go.
- Yes, sir.
- What are you gonna buy me, Mum?
- Where are we going first?
You know what I want, don't you?
Oh, I like this.
Oh, stop it.
Behave yourselves.
Oh, that's nice.
Where are we going now, Mum?
Cor, I'm knackered.
- That's what I want.
- Oh, come.
- Quick.
- It's my gown.
That ought to keep them quiet.
Not bad for 20 quid, eh?
Ah, marvelous.
Marvelous how cheap things are
when you can pay cash.
- Let's hope it lasts.
- Don't worry, it will.
It had better.
Now then, you two, behave.
You've both been good to me,
so don't let's have any arguments.
Here you are, Colin, that's for all your help.
No, that's all right.
It isn't all right, take it. Go on, take it.
Oh, that's the man with ale.
Smith, come on. Get your skates on.
- Here you are, love.
- Thank you.
- Here's the change, Colin.
- Ta.
- Did you get the fags?
- Yeah, I got them.
- Here you are. Smoke yourself to death.
- Ta.
- Hide that for us, love, will ya?
- Audrey.
The bloke behind the bar
wouldn't sell me at first,
said I was underage.
Good mind to go back
and slap him in the teeth.
Don't be a mug.
Makes you sick.
What'd you tell your mum and dad?
I told me mum that I was going to be
with Audrey all night.
- I said I'd be with Gladys.
- Hey, crafty pair.
- Well, skin off your lips.
- Here's to us then.
Cheers.
Four to Skegness, please.
Four to Skegness. First class.
- I heard you.
- Didn't sound like it.
You shouldn't waste your money like this.
Don't worry, there's plenty more
where that came from.
Come on, lad. I haven't got all night.
Hey, hold it, hold it!
- Colin, get your hand in.
- Wait for me.
- No sign of stopping.
- Quit pushing.
Oh, that's better.
And get these down. That's right, love.
I'll help you.
Come on, doll, give us a kiss.
Wait a minute. Enough.
Oh, we don't want that.
Hey, come on.
- You're married, are you?
- Yes.
People get married young nowadays,
you know.
Well, you can pay me now, then.
It's 1 each room.
There you are.
Come on, you two.
Sleep well.
Come on.
Come on then. Come on.
The first one in the water gets wet.
I came to Skegness with me mum and dad
when I was four.
They were happy that day,
and flush with money,
and while they were paddling in the sea,
I ran away to try and get lost.
And I did get lost.
But I couldn't stay lost for long,
because after about four hours,
they came and found me sitting
on the steps of this big building,
singing, and waving this stick
at everybody that went by.
I didn't half cry
when they took me back to the beach.
I was always trying to get lost
when I was a kid.
I soon found out
that you can't get lost, though.
- What are you going to do now?
- Get a job I suppose.
What did your old man do before he died?
He was a laborer,
sweated his guts out for 9 a week.
- He never had it so good.
It's about the same for everybody. There was always rows in our house though, mostly about money. Mum and Dad fought like cat and dog. Dad threatened to bash Mum's face in because she was doing it on him with other blokes. Mum cursing Dad for not bringing enough money into the house. That's how most people live. I'm beginning to see that it should be altered.

- Come on, try and catch me.
- No, come back.
Col?
Col?
- Oh, Col, where are you?
- Hey.
I'm after you.
- Col.
- Boo.
Oh, I've got sand in me eye.
You all right?
It's nice up here.
Smashing.
What are we gonna do when we get back to Nottingham?
Live, I expect, enjoy ourselves.
Work.
I used to think it would be marvelous being grown up.
I reckon it is.
Oh, it is, but not in the way I thought, though.
Why, what did you think?
Oh, I don't know.
Maybe, we don't know much yet, anyway.
I know enough, you know, to want to know more.
I've been learning a lot lately.
Trouble is, I'm not quite sure what I've been learning.
I'll tell you one thing I do know,
I like you a lot, Audrey.
- I wish we could stay here forever.
- It's nice, isn't it?
You ever been out with anyone before?
Aye, yeah.
I mean,
not like last night.
How about another cup of coffee?
- I've only got enough for our fare back.
- Third class.
- Yeah.
- Oh, shut up, crumb.
Oh, don't be like that, duck.
Look, knock it off, guy, yeah.
I can't help it if we've got to go back.
Back, back, back.
I wish we never had to go back, don't you?
Oh, come on, let's go.
I want to talk to you tonight
about the challenge of prosperity.
Patriotism is out of favor
with the intellectuals now,
but I believe
that Britain is emerging into an age
when she will be greater than ever...
Hear, hear.
...and I ask you to hold fast to this faith,
because this is our strength.
What I am looking for...
I know what I'm looking for.
...is a spirit of rededication,
such as we feel at a coronation,
or at a royal birth.
- Oh, dear, look at him.
- Have a crown.
These days, when we are all enjoying
greater luxury than ever before,
with our unemployment benefits,
and our family allowances,
and our old-age pensions...
I wouldn't mind drawing mine.
...I believe
that a new mood of self-discipline
is abroad in the land.
Take a hold of yourself, lad.
Our young people
have never been infected
by the disease of continental
existentialism.
Unlike the Americans,
our cousins in affluence,
we have shown ourselves strong
in the face of the virus of the state...
Hey, look, the tellyboys.
...entirely to the general release
of Lady Chatterley's Lover.

- What's going on then?
- We don't want the sound on.
Well, I do. Do you mind?
- Yes.

...or the coast...
I told you, this is our house.
You're a real mixer, aren't you?
- Always stirring it up.
- And I give the orders here.
Not to me, you don't.
Don't know
what you're getting so narked about,
you nicked the bloody thing, didn't you?
- I did not.
- You got a fag?
No, don't make a monkey
out of me, chum.
And as for you,
I've just about had bloody enough.
You cheeky young bastard!
Get back. I'll kill you.
Colin! What the hell are you playing at?
Well, he's trying to tell me what to do
in me own house.
- I'll knock your block off.
- Now, look here... Shut up, you!
Everything in this house belongs to me,
so get that straight.
Nothing belongs to you.
- Now, turn it up.
- Do it yourself.
Don't you talk to me like that. Turn it up.
I'm not having anybody ordering me about.
That's what you think.
I slave from morning till night, and all you can do is sit around with that gormless good-for-nothing there.
You brought your fancy man in here before me father was cold.
Get out.
And don't come back till you got some money!
...of the great Elizabethan age.
Bloody idiot!
I'm cold.
I could do with a new coat.
Should have thought of that when your old lady was in the money.
We had a good time at Skeggy though, didn't we?
We did and all.
Hey, Col, what's the first thing you'd do if you won 75,000 quid?
Count it.
How do we get over?
Cup your hands. Come on.
Hey, we shouldn't have come in here, we won't find owt.
Oh, don't talk so soft.
Hey, do you know anybody who wants to buy some flour?
Put it out, you daft loon.
This is more like it.
- Have you found owt?
- No, have you?
No, nothing yet.
- This is it. Come on.
- Maybe, there's some more.
No, this is all we'll take. Come on.
Hey, Colin, we'll get a few quid for this.
Oh, it's too heavy, innit?
Put it back, and switch that light off.
Don't bang the door.
We're home.
Look at you, you look like a pregnant duck.
Now, then, now, then, now then, what's that lump in your guts, love?
- What lump?
- That lump there.
- Oh, right, it's a growth.
- A growth?
- Cancer.
- Cancer? A lad at your age?
Yeah, it's in the family, Constable.
Me Uncle Albert passed away with it last month,
and I'll be down going this month by the feel of it.
- He had it in the guts, too, did he?
- No, he had it in the chest.
I used to have it in the chest, only it slipped down, you see.
It seems to me a lad in your condition should be in hospital,
not roaming the streets.
I think you better come along with me. Get out of it.
- Come down here and open it.
- Yeah, okay.
No, no, no.
- Who's that?
- Only me.
Oh, you're back, are you?
What's all that noise?
Nothing. We're just cracking a coconut we won at fair.
There's enough nuts in this house.
Have you got no home to go to?
I've just come in to say goodnight, Mrs. Smith.
Well, be quick about it then, and make less noise.
Goodnight, then.
Oh, what a strong hand.
Money.
There's 45, 15 and four pence ha'penny.
- How much have you got?
- 25, 10 shillings, I think.
That's 25, 10 shillings, and
45, 15 and four pence ha'penny...
71, five and four pence ha'penny.
You coming to Skeggy with us then, duck?
What with, you cheeky thing?
71, five and four pence ha'penny,
that's what with.
Ah, yes, but we're not going to Skegness,
not yet, anyway.
- Why not?
- We're gonna hide it.
Hide it? What for?
We don't want to be like our Jack
down the road, do we?
He got 200 quid
when he robbed that office.
As soon as he gets it, he goes down south,
and gets himself a Teddy boy suit
and a set of skiffle drums.
Even takes a taxi back.
Everybody knew he'd done a job.
Soon as he gets home,
there's the coppers waiting for him.
- Somebody gave him away, you can bet.
- Of course, somebody gave him away.
There's always somebody wants to do
a good turn for the coppers.
If they've got tuppence
more than you have,
they think you wanna get it off them.
So, you've got to use a bit of cunning, a
bit of this, if you wanna make it anywhere.
Where are we gonna hide it then?
What, up there? Will it be okay?
Safe as houses.
We may be thieving bastards,
but we're not green.
I feel tired
after thinking up an idea like that.
- Aye, you're a genius.
- Go and get some fags.
- Go and get some fags.
- What am I gonna use for money?
- What's that, bread and dripping?
- Oh, right.
Hey, what about this?
We can't leave it here.
You've got something there.
- She'll never notice anyway.
- No, we're laughing.
In you go.
If they can't find this
and they can't find the dough,
they can't pin anything on us.
How's that for centered, all right?
A bit more around here.
Hey, we can water it in the morning.
- Colin!
- What.
There's a man to see you.
- Who?
- I don't know. Come on, get up.
- Colin Smith?
- Yeah?
I'm just asking a few questions.
- Why?
- Routine.
Do you know where Papplewick Street is?
Oh, ain't it off Alfroin Road?
There was a baker's halfway down
on the left-hand side.
- Do you know it?
- Oh, I know, next door to a pub.
- No, it's not.
- Oh, sorry, I don't know it then.
If you want to know, mate,
he never leaves that television set,
so you've got nowt on him.
You might just as well look
for somebody else,
'cause you're wasting the rates
you get out of my rent,
standing there like that.
All I want to know
is where you were last night.
Minding my own business.
There was a break-in last night,
and some money taken.
Tell me where that money is
and I'll try and get you off with probation. Do I look as if I know anything about money?
- Hey, what's up then?
- Just asking a few questions.
- You his father?
- No, I'm bloody well not.
Get me breakfast on the table, would you?
You can't con me, you know, so it's no use trying.
- Tell me where that money is.
- Oh, what was it?
- Was it three and eight pence ha'penny?
- You thieving young bastard.
We'll learn you to take money doesn't belong to you.
Hey, mother, get me lawyer on the blower, will you?
All right, Colin, just a sec.
Clever, aren't you?
We won't rest until this is cleared up, you know?
Look, it's all very well us talking like this, you know, like it was a game, but I wish you'd tell me what it's all about, because, honest to God, I just got out of bed, and here you are at the door talking about me having pinched a lot of money, money that I don't know anything about. I mean, you've got money on the brain, like all coppers.
I want an answer from you.
I'll tell you what. I'll do a deal. What sort of a deal?
I'll give you all of the money I've got, that's one and four pence ha'penny, if you'll stop this third degree and let me go inside and get me breakfast. It's bloody cold standing here, and I'm clamped to death. Can't you hear my guts rolling?
All right, me lad.
But you'll be hearing more about this,
you know.
Hey, be careful with that.
You can mend it while you're at it.
Do you mind?
Blame your lad, not me.
I'm just trying to clean up the mess
you made.
See you.
Hey, Sherlock Holmes,
I hope all bloody banks have been robbed
while you've been mucking around here.
Come to our house and all.
They're no wiser, though.
Just go on telling lies
till you're blue in the face.
Hey, why don't we get
the money out now?
We could take Audrey and Gladys
to Skegness,
and have the time of our lives
before we get sent down.
We won't get caught,
and we'll have a good time later on.
I hope you're right.
Hello.
What were those coppers doing
in the house today?
- Minding their own business.
- I'm not talking to you.
Trying to pin a robbery on him.
Aye, I'll bet they had good reason.
Listen,
I don't like living in a thief's kitchen.
Who's asking you to?
Is that you, Gordon?
That's right, love.
The telly's conked out again.
Will you come and fix it?
Right-o.
I've never been in trouble with the police.
You mean you never got caught.
Come on, let's find the girls.
- Give us a few chips.
- And one cod.
My luck's right out.
Had the cops at our house today.
Them bastards looked all over.
- What are they looking for?
- I wish you wouldn't pinch things.
- Oh, it's all right.
See, they can't pin anything on me
till they find the dough,
and they... Well, they won't find it.
- Be careful though.
- Oh, it's all right.
As soon as the heat's off,
we'll go to Skeggy for
the best time we've ever had.
Table over here.
Why don't you get a job, now, Col?
What's it got to do with you?
Col!
Don't worry, love.
- What's the matter with him then?
- I don't know.
Maybe I will get a job.
It's not that I don't like work,
it's that I don't like the idea
of slaving me good self
so the bosses can get all the profit.
It seems all wrong to me.
My old man used to say that
the workers should get the profits.
No, no, that's what I think.
I bet that's what it'll be like in the future.
It will if I have anything to do with it.
Thing is,
I don't know where to start, though.
What do you want to do, Col?
Don't know, really.
Live, I suppose.
See what happens.
Stay out with me tonight, Col.
Oh, hello. You here again.
- I've got some news for you.
- What?
- You've been identified.
- Who by?
There's a woman swears blind she saw you and your mate leaving that bakery.
She's a menace then to innocent people, whoever she is,
because the only bakery I've been in
is that one down our street
- to get some bread on tick for me mother.
- Now, stop messing about.
I want to know where that money is.
Money. You should have said. Ask mother.
She took it to work to get herself some tea in the canteen.
Couple of bob I think it was,
because I put it in the telly last night.
To tell you the truth,
I nearly had a fit when I saw it was gone,
because I was hoping to get some fags with it this morning.
All right, me lad,
but you'd better watch your step,
because if I can nick you,
you'll go away for a bloody long time.
Anyway, I don't think life's worth living without a fag, do you?
I mean, I suppose you could...
You couldn't even pick them up in the street, in this weather.
You could dry them out,
but it wouldn't taste the same, what, being out in the rain water,
it does something to them,
changes them back into off stuff, only without the taste.
Anyway, if I do see that money,
I'll be certain to let you know on the blower, well, I mean, because two bob's two bob, innit?
- You don't see them lying around in street.
- You thieving little bastard!
Good morning, sir. All correct.
- Morning, sir.
Morning, sir.
Morning, lads.
Morning, sir.
Oh, Smith.
I've had a word with the doctor about your check-up.
I thought you'd be glad to know, you're as sound as a bell.
Oh, good, sir. Thank you, sir.
Well, that's important, you know, if you should ever think of taking up athletics in a big way.
You know,
I don't suppose there's any honor that would give a man greater satisfaction, than to represent his country at the Olympic games.
Oh, no, sir.
The Olympics.
I still think that's one of the best ideas that civilization ever had.
Oh, by the way, is your mother coming down for the big day against Ranley School?
Oh, it's a bit too far for her to come, sir.
Oh, well, when the time comes for you to say goodbye to Ruxton Towers, you may find you have a great future ahead of you as an athlete.
Well, if you put your back into it.
Yes, sir.
Keep up those evening runs round the grounds, won't you?
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.
Here come the newbies.
All right, campers, get your keys at reception.
Here, mate, what you having, bed and breakfast or full board?
Come on, I need more than this, I'm a growing lad.
Screw your nut, will you?
You'll get me in a bother.
Look, here comes Flash Smith.
Hey, you'd better drop back, mate.
This guy's the daddy.
- That's me dinner!
- Shush, mush, it's Daddy Smith.
Come on, break it up. Keep moving!
- Give him another.
- Keep it moving!
What's this?
Sit over here with me.
- How did you get here?
- Oh, I got caught nicking a car.
Kicked a copper.
Gladys was put on probation.
Hard luck.
- How's Audrey?
- She's all right.
She'd like to hear from you.
- She can't wait till you get out.
- Well, neither can I.
- Notice a funny kind of smell?
- Horrible smell.
Wouldn't be you by any chance, would it?
If it is, we'll have to get you
cleaned up a bit, won't we?
Hey, lay off him.
He's a friend of mine from home.
I thought I could smell Nottingham.
Stinks worse than Liverpool.
- I said knock it off, didn't I?
- I can take care of myself.
- Sure you can, that's why you're here.
- It were bad luck, that's all.
Your mate's king of this Borstal,
you know?
- How do you mean?
- Well, he's a great sportsman.
Yeah, goes like a bleeding greyhound,
does old Smudgey.
That's the Governor. He's got me on this
long-distance running kick.
- What?
- Yeah,
racing against a bunch of berks
from a public school.
Turning me up like a race horse.
Only I don't get so well looked after
as a race horse, is the only thing.
He wants me to be a professional runner.
I'm pleased to work for money.
For a bob a puff, rising to a guinea a gasp,
and retiring with an old-age pension at 32.
Yeah, but just think, though.
Think of that load of cake.
You'll have a great big Jaguar,
and a fancy tart
answering your fan letters.
Think of it, Smudge,
mobbed in the streets.
Not this one.
Who's bloody side are you on
all of a sudden?
He's the Governor's blue-eyed boy now.
- Headmaster.
- Hello, hello.
I believe you know the chairman
of our Board of Governors.
- Of course.
- Yes, indeed, indeed.
Right, then,
I'll go and have a word with my boys.
- Well, I'll see you presently.
- Yes.
Right.
- I say, this is good of you to come.
- Oh, not at all.
My spies tell me
you have a champion running.
I think so.
We're hoping he'll take away
that long-distance challenge cup from you.
Between you and me,
I rather hope he does.
- Very generous of you, Peter, old boy.
- Oh, not at all.
I know how much it means to you.
Come along
and have a glass of sherry, will you?
Good idea.
Now, listen, you lot,
you'd better not let me down today.
I don't want any bloody messing about.
- Oh, hello.
- How do you do?
- My name's Mr. Craig.
- Mr. Scott. Pleased to meet you.
- Your boys take the pegs this side.
- Right, thank you.
This way, fellas.
- Hello, fellas, nice to see you.
- Hello.
- Hi.
- Heya.
- Hiya, fellas.
- How you do?
Hello.
- What's this joint like?
- Bloody awful.
- It can't be worse than ours.
- Do you wanna bet?
- How about your nosh?
- Pardon?
- Food. Grub.
- Oh, pretty dreary.
Oh, we do have a lot in common,
don't we?
Yes, we ought to get together
and join forces.
Yeah, that's an idea. Bit of a revolution.
Go on, Castro. Have a go.
- Very good.
- Hey, you haven't got a burn, have you?
- A burn?
- Yeah, a fag, you know.
No, sorry, we're not allowed to smoke.
- Yeah, what happens if you're caught?
- We get beaten on the backside.
- Do you pay to go to this school?
- Well, our parents do.
Stone me.
- Are the staff here tough?
- The screws?
Yeah, they think they are, but we can handle them. Yeah, we've got the skids on them, all right.

- Who's the opposition here today?
- Why, China over there.

Good luck then.

Oh, ta. Good luck to you. You're gonna need it, mate. You haven't got a chance. Come along, lads. Here we go.

- After you.
- No, after you.

Okay, come on. Sure you don't want to lock your gear up before you go, fellas?

Good afternoon. Good luck. Jolly good luck to you boys. Good luck. Jolly good luck, chaps. Good luck to you, boys. Oh, now, you're the one we've got to watch out for from Ranley?

- Yes, sir. Thank you.
- Good luck.

Good luck. Good luck. Good luck to you.

- Jolly good luck.
- Oh, this is Smith, sir, I was telling you about him. I've been hearing great things of you.

- Out to beat Ranley school, are you?
- Oh, we'll do our best, sir.

That's the idea. Yes, well, we're counting on you, Smith. Well, on all of you. Shall we go on, sir. Now, Roach, you take over, will you? I have a bet on number seven, Gunthorpe. My son, Willy, tells me he's the best runner in their school. I hope you're a good loser, Colonel. As soon as you're ready, Roach. All right, boys, take your positions on the start!
- Who do you fancy?
- Number 14.
Smith? Rather disloyal to Willy, isn't it?
It's Willy I'm thinking of.
If our son doesn't pull out of that ghastly Chelsea set he's in with, that's where you and I will be next year.
Ladies and gentlemen, this is a five-mile cross-country event between Ranley school and Ruxton Towers.
You ready, lads? On your positions.
Keep those knees up there.
Come on, Smith, higher up.
Well, when the day comes for you to say goodbye to Ruxton Towers, you may find you've a great future ahead of you as an athlete.
If you put your heart into it.
Great big Jaguar, and a fancy tart answering your fan letters.
Mobbed in the streets.
If you'll play ball with us...
Thieving young bastard.
...we'll play ball with you.
How do you mean?
Goes like a bleeding greyhound, that old Smudge.
Your mate's king of this Borstal, you know.
Athletics, sports.
Where the bloody hell have you been?
Johnny kicked me.
- Oh, shut up, you big fat...
- Hey, that's enough!
He goes after girls! He goes after girls!
Stop that for a start.
- I'm not taking any pills either.
- Shut up, you.
Everything in this house belongs to me, so just get that straight.
He wants teaching a bloody lesson, that one.
He'll learn.
They should be half way round by now.
It's my ambition to see you take that challenge cup from Ranley school for us.
- Keep back, Smith.
- Slow the bastard down.
You think you're clever, don't you?
Tell me where that money is.
I'll get you off on probation.
You his father?
Tell me where that money is.
What's the first thing you'd do if you won 75,000 quid?
Girl.
I can't understand why you're always trying to run away from things.
Why? Why, then?
There they are, coming over the top of the hill.
Yes, someone's coming over the top of the hill now.
We can't see who it is yet.
Is it gonna be Ranley school, or is it Ruxton? It's Smith!
- Looks like your man.
- The cup's ours!
...he's well in the lead.
Oh, it's a wonderful lead.
It's an easy win for Ruxton Towers.
I can't see who it is yet behind him.
Wait a minute. It's number seven.
Number seven is Gunthorpe.
I'm afraid your chap hasn't a hope of catching him now.
Gunthorpe trying to catch up, but he hasn't got a chance.
Gunthorpe's going on.
Good legs, Gunthorpe, but he's never gonna make it.
Come on, Smith, lad. Come on, Smith.
He's got a good lead there.
Oh, he's got energy in reserve.
Gunthorpe's trying hard to catch him. He'll never make it.
Come on, Smith. Come on.
The sooner we have your cooperation, the sooner you'll be out of here. And always remember, they've got the whip hand. What do you want to do, Col? You'd better curb your tongue, we get you down to the nick, you might get a few bruises for your trouble. I think you'd better come along with me. What the...

I can imagine no greater honor than for a man to represent Ruxton Towers at the Olympic games. Athletics, sports, on the playing fields... Of the National playing... You will learn to trust yourselves, and we'll go on trusting ourselves, and then there'll be a little bit of trust all the way round.

- That's what you think.
- Understand that, remember it.

Back, back, back. I wish we never had to go back, don't you? What's the matter with him? Do you think he's all right? Oh, taking a breather, I expect. We once had a runner back at the village who used to stop a minute or two on the touch line to show what he thought of the slow coaches behind. He's the Governor's blue-eyed boy, isn't he? Well, you'll learn. Who's bloody side are you on all of a sudden? You don't get anywhere without effort, lad. I'm no bleeding guinea pig for anybody. Run, run, run!

Come on, Smith. Run, run! Run! - Come on, Smith! - Run!
Run, run, run!
Come on, Smith, lad! Hurry!
- Run!
- Come on!
- Run!
- Run!
Come along, boy!
Smith! Come on!
- Come on!
- Quick, run!
Come on, Smith, run!
Run, run, run!
Come on!
Run, run, run!
- 26 all correct, sir.
- Right, carry on, Craig.
Have all this cleared up, Mr. Craig.
Right, the lad at the end, there, pick it up.
Move, lad!
Come on, Smith, get a move on!