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# Billy Elliot the Musical Live

By Unknown

For over 70 years,  
miners of Durham County  
have come together once a year  
for their demonstration on Gala Day.  
This was the first Durham rally since  
the pits were handed over to the people.  
This year, one of the popular attractions  
was Mr Herbert Morrison,  
who spoke of the link of solidarity  
between miners and other workers.  
I want you men  
of the pits to come through.  
I want this great scheme of nationalization  
to succeed triumphantly.  
The whole country is watching to see  
how this great new organisation,  
this new adventure,  
- this new experiment comes out.  
The great experiment of socialism  
in a democracy depends on you.  
The whole future  
we are trying to build up in our country  
is for all our people and all our children  
and it depends on you.  
Through the dark  
and through the hunger  
Through the night and through the fear  
Through the fight and years of hardship  
Through the storms and through the tears  
And although your feet are weary  
And although your soul is worn  
And although they'll try to break you  
And although you'll feel alone  
We will always stand together  
In the dark, right through the storm  
We will stand shoulder to shoulder  
To keep us warm  
Any news?  
Still waiting.  
And the stars look down  
on the mean and hungry  
And the stars look down and show the way  
And the stars look down  
and we'll stand together

To see a day  
When the stars look down  
and know our history  
When the stars look down upon our past  
And the stars look down  
and see a future bright at last  
When we'll stand as one  
Sit down.  
Beneath the sun  
And though our hands...  
...are bruised and bleeding  
And our lungs...  
And our lungs  
...are full with dust.  
Are full with dust  
And our hearts...  
And our hearts  
...are near to breaking.  
Are near to breaking  
We will never...  
We will never  
...forgo the trust.  
Forgo the trust  
Thank you.  
We will fight through pain and hunger  
Every arrow, every knife  
We will never give the hope up  
Of a proud and honest life  
So we will always stand together  
Through the frost, the hail, the snow  
The stars are our redemption  
And so we know  
He's heard!  
We're out. We're on strike!  
The stars look down when we're abandoned  
Look down in the heart of night  
And the stars look down and give us vision  
More Tory!  
To see the light  
The stars look down upon our struggle  
The stars look down and know the past  
The stars look down  
and see a future bright at last  
When we'll stand as one

beneath the sun  
All out together  
Kevin!  
All out as one  
All out for victory  
Get home, now!  
Till we've won  
All out together  
All out as one  
All out for victory  
All out till we've won  
Billy, do you know why  
they're on strike, like?  
It's to do with Maggie Thatcher, isn't it?  
Maggie Thatcher? Why?  
What's she done, like?  
Fucked if I know.  
See you at boxing, then?  
Yeah, see you, Michael.  
Take me up and hold me gently  
Raise me up and hold me high  
Through the nights under darkness  
Will come a day when we will fly  
And although we've been rejected  
And although we've been outcast  
We will find a new tomorrow  
When we come to rest at last  
And we will stand there proudly  
And we will never walk alone  
And we will be returned  
Back to our home  
- Cush!  
- Piss off, man.  
And the stars look down at their reflection  
And the stars look down and there's a light  
When the stars look down  
they'll see the justice  
And the right  
And the stars look down  
and see the struggle  
And the stars look down and know the pain  
And the stars will lead to  
where light shines again  
Where we'll stand as one

beneath the sun  
One beneath the sun  
When we'll stand as one  
All out together  
When we'll stand as one  
All out as one  
When we'll stand as one  
All out for victory  
When we'll stand as one  
Till we've won  
When we'll stand as one  
All out together  
When we'll stand as one  
All out as one  
When we'll stand as one  
All out for victory  
When we'll stand as one  
Till we've won  
When we'll stand as one  
All out together  
When we'll stand as one  
All out as one  
When we'll stand as one  
All out for victory  
All out till we've won  
It came from a ruthless determination  
from a few men to create mounting chaos.  
Billy!  
Now these few men  
are the wreckers in our midst.  
- Billy! Shit!  
- They're not the mass of trade unionists...  
What am I gonna do with you, lad?  
...but there are a few militants  
who are the wreckers.  
Billy! Get down here now  
before I tan your hide for you!  
Hey! Not on the table.  
They seek to use freedom  
in order to destroy freedom.  
Turn that bloody witch off, will you?  
Hey, I was listening to that.  
Don't you want to know  
what's going on in the world?

I know what's going on in the world.  
We're on bloody strike. Billy!  
- Get this off the bloody table.  
- Eh!  
Socialist workers, my arse.  
What do you know about political agitation?  
What do you know  
about political aggravation?  
You're not wearing any trousers!  
Exactly!  
You're wearing a bloody bikini!  
Billy!  
I don't know what you want to  
keep the pits open for, anyway.  
If it was up to me,  
I'd close the bloody lot of them.  
- Billy!  
- That's exactly what they're gonna do.  
Where's my pasty?  
Will you forget about your bloody pasty?  
I am making you a nice cooked breakfast.  
I don't want a cooked breakfast.  
- I'll have some, though.  
- Shit!  
Not your cooked breakfast.  
Billy, get down here now!  
What he lacks is a mother's touch.  
What he lacks is a kick up the arse!  
Look at the state of this!  
Howay, man. Jackie.  
- Oh, no.  
- Breakfast!  
Good morning, everyone.  
What's good about it?  
They've purloined me bloody pasty.  
- Get off!  
- Right, bugger off!  
The lot of you!  
You're eating me out of house and home.  
Oi, the police are bussing  
the scabs in early. Come on!  
Shit!  
- Maggie, Maggie, Maggie!  
- Out, out, out!

- Maggie, Maggie, Maggie!  
- Out, out, out!  
Billy, your 50p's on the side.  
Arthur Scargill  
We'll support you ever more!  
We'll support you ever more!  
If I were you, Big Davy,  
I wouldn't eat that.  
- Hello, Grandma.  
- Hello, son.  
Grandma, I found this  
in the airing cupboard.  
What the hell is that?  
It's your pasty.  
Oh!  
Thank the Lord.  
I thought they'd eaten it.  
Nobody'd eat that, Grandma. It's mank.  
You lot have it too bloody easy.  
I can remember the General Strike...  
- Grandma!  
- Hmm.  
You'll make yourself ill.  
Look, it's got mould on it.  
- You're driving me mental.  
- Oh.  
Anyway, how come  
you can remember the General Strike,  
but you can't remember  
where you hid your pasty?  
Mmm.  
- Ugh!  
- Grandma!  
It's absolutely disgusting.  
Where are you going now?  
I've got a nice sausage  
roll on the landing.  
Oi, little 'un.  
- What have I told you about the bottles?  
- Sorry, Mum.  
- You're gonna be late.  
- Mum...  
- Have you got your 50p?  
- Dad gave it to us.

- Have you got your trainers?  
- Yeah. No.  
- They'll be in your bedroom.  
- No, they're not.  
- Billy!  
- I'm absolutely positive they're not.  
Found 'em!  
You'd forget your head if it was loose.  
I think Grandma must have moved 'em.  
Mum?  
Mum?  
Come on, get them knees up,  
you lazy little buggers.  
This is a boxing club, not Butlins.  
Right, drop down there and give us 20.  
Bloody hell!  
Oh, no!  
What bloody time do you call this,  
for Christ's sake?  
Go on, get changed now.  
Do I have to?  
Of course you bloody have to.  
You haven't done any boxing yet.  
But it's nearly finished.  
- Get changed or I'll knock your block off!  
- Ow!  
Jesus!  
Jesus!  
Jesus!  
Do you call them press-ups,  
you lazy little twat?  
I've seen more life in  
Maggie Thatcher's knickers.  
Right, yous lot, piss off.  
- Oi!  
- Ow!  
Where do you think you're going?  
I'm pissing off.  
You're pissing me off.  
You can bloody well stay where you are  
and fight Joe Bugner there.  
I think you've knocked a tooth out.  
Serves you right. Over here now!  
Oi, Michael!



But I need the toilet, sir.  
It's not my fault I'm late.  
I had to see to me Nana.  
I'll see to your bleeding Nana in a minute.  
Do you think I do these classes  
for the good of me health?

**It's half 11:**

Anyone would think you didn't like boxing.

- I don't.

- 50p.

You, bonny lad, are getting your 50p's  
worth whether you like it or not.

But look, everybody else is going home.

Aye.

That's because they've done their boxing.

See you, George.

See you, sunshine.

Wanker!

Oi, Michael, where you going now?

I need the gents'. I give up!

Jesus Christ! Right!

In this alternative universe  
that we have created for ourselves,  
you are Muhammad Ali  
and you are Cassius Clay.

Right. Hit him.

Do I have to?

Well, of course you have to hit him.

It's boxing, not flippin' macram!

What, man?

Please, sir, can I have a word?

Aye, you can have two.

- Bugger and off!

- Ow!

His dad doesn't even like him coming.

You can shut your cake hole,  
or else I'll clip you myself.

All right, smart aleck. You hit him.

Ding, ding, ding! Seconds out. Round one.

Come on. Let's do a bit of boxing.

That's what we're here to do.

Howay, son! Put a bit of beef into it.

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Whoa!

Shirley Bassey, what the hell are you doing?

I'm just trying to put him off.

Put him off? It's not a bloody tea dance, man.

- Hit him in the head.

- Are you sure?

Of course I'm sure. Twat the little bastard!

Well, get up.

Sorry, Billy.

"Sorry, Billy"?

"Sorry, Billy."

"Sorry, Billy"?

What do mean, "Sorry, Billy"?

He's supposed to hit you, you're supposed to hit him.

It's boxing!

- Jesus Christ!

- Are you all right?

Well, of course he's all right, you stupid fat fanny.

Howay, Michael, come on.

Let's show him how it's done.

Give us a left.

And a right.

And a left. You see...

You little bastard!

- Sorry, George.

- Piss off.

You can stay where you are.

- But...

- No buts about it.

You're a disgrace to your father, to them gloves,

and to the fine traditions

- of this boxing hall.

- ...of this boxing hall.

I'm off to the picket line.

You can stay here and practise with the punch bag by yourself.

Aye, and make sure Mrs Wilkinson gets these keys before you leave.

Who?  
She's coming.  
Chairs!  
Oi, Rocky, bugger off.  
And arms!  
Alison Summers, get that coat off!  
Full pli.  
Get rid of the pie, Tracey Atkinson. Up.  
I'm telling you, Tracey,  
you will end up like your mother.  
And second!  
Miss, the keys!  
- Who the hell are you?  
- Billy. Billy Elliot.  
Oh, pleased to meet you. I'm Margot.  
Margot flippin' Fonteyn.  
It was a rhetorical question.  
Now piss off up there.  
Keeley Gibson,  
how many times have I got to tell you?  
But miss, my mum...  
I don't care if your mother  
has got cerebral palsy.  
You have to bring your shoes.  
Try to keep your arm in line  
Come on, at least pretend you're doing fine  
Don't forget the golden rule, girls.  
Never hide your light under a bushel.  
No matter how big the bushel,  
Tracey Atkinson.  
You can wow them every time  
Even you, Susan Parkes!  
All you have to do is shine  
Jets!  
That's it, girls, so our tawdry little lives  
can be transformed by the power of art.  
Forget about content  
Oi, you!  
Focus on style  
Steal an inch on 'em  
And they'll give you a mile  
Chair!  
Everybody ready for the big number.  
And smile, smile,

smile, smile!

Right.

We've only got another  
seven and a half months to rehearse this.  
So, for Christ's sake, concentrate!  
It doesn't matter if you're large or small  
Trapezoid, short or tall  
Even if you can't dance at all  
All you really have to do is shine  
It doesn't matter if your life's a mess  
The whole process will coalesce  
Girls, just try to effervesce  
All you really have to do is shine  
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle  
Turn on the old pizzazz  
Miss, the keys!

There won't be time to shilly shally  
Give it backbone, give it welly  
Bowl 'em over, knock 'em out  
Show what life is all about  
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle and shine  
Oi, you, join in or bugger off!  
It doesn't matter if you're unemployed  
Only partially humanoid  
An octopoid whose mind's a void  
All you really have to do is shine  
Come on, Debbie, it's your big moment!  
It doesn't matter if you're special needs  
Maimed or lame, or born in Leeds  
They love to see a heart that bleeds  
All you really have to do is shine  
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle  
Turn on the old pizzazz  
There won't be time to shilly shally  
Give it backbone, give it welly  
Bowl 'em over, knock 'em out  
Show 'em what life is all about  
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle  
And shine!

Oi.

Where the bloody hell  
do you think you're going?  
I'm going home.  
Oh, no, you're not.

You haven't done any dancing yet.  
What do you mean, dancing?  
You wanna stay.  
Be in the show.  
Oh, no. It's gonna be rubbish.  
I couldn't give a monkey's cuss  
I couldn't give a fig  
Come on, son, get over it  
It's all part of the gig  
Smoke, Mr Braithwaite, please.  
That's it, girls, hide behind those fans.  
No faces now, just tiny smurfs!  
Give 'em the old rinkle tinkle  
Out, in!  
Show 'em the old kabam  
Line!  
Knock 'em sideways  
Blow their minds out  
There's no time for half-arsed frolics  
Grab the buggers by the bollocks  
Show 'em what class is all about  
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle  
And shine  
Lights!  
It doesn't matter if you're short or squat  
Cerebrally challenged, completely shot  
You might have it or might not  
All you really have to do is  
Shine  
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle  
And shine  
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle  
And shine  
And shine  
And shine  
50p's.  
Oi, you owe me 50p.  
- No, I don't.  
- Yes, you do.  
- What for?  
- Your lesson.  
You don't think I do this for  
the good of me health, do you?  
What you on about? That wasn't a lesson.

Of course it was a bloody lesson.  
It nearly killed me.  
Margaret Gormley!  
Admittedly, your fan work wasn't so hot,  
but you have quite a nice turnout.  
- A what?  
- 50p, stop pissing about.  
I haven't got 50p. I spent it on boxing.  
Well, you can bring it next week.  
What do you mean "next week"?  
Well, you're coming back, aren't you?  
You've got to be joking. To this crap?  
Please your Bessie! Debbie, bring me stuff.  
So what do you reckon?  
You look like a right dickhead to me.  
Grandma! What are you doing?  
I know it's here somewhere.  
You've hidden it.  
Grandma. That's me private stuff!  
- What's that?  
- Nothing.  
It's private. Mum left it for me.  
Where's she gone?  
She's dead, Grandma.  
You were at the funeral.  
Was I?  
'Course you were.  
She was buried next to Granddad.  
Not him and all.  
Christ, Billy, they're dropping like flies.  
For Christ's sake.  
- I've got you a pasty.  
- Really?  
From the Co-op.  
Just don't tell Dad I was late or anything.  
Go on, then.  
Oh, come off it. Do you really  
not remember about Granddad?  
Of course I do.  
How could I forget your Granddad, Billy?  
We were married 33 years.  
So what was he like, like?  
He was  
a complete

bastard.  
I hated the sod  
For 33 years  
We should never have married  
Of that I'm quite clear  
He spent the housekeeping money  
On whisky and beer  
And never lifted a finger  
Times were hard  
But the swine rolled back pissed  
So we'd fight and he'd swing  
And he rarely missed  
So I clobbered the sod  
When he couldn't resist  
Asleep, you can't lift a finger  
But we'd go dancing  
And he'd hold me tight  
He was air, he was water  
He was breath, he was light  
And he would hold me there  
with all his might  
And it was bliss for an hour or so  
But then they called time to go  
And in the morning  
We were sober  
Oh! He'd drink and he'd talk  
Just like a fool  
Lie like a bairn and snore like a mule  
Rarely was sober, pretty much was the rule  
And he never lifted a finger  
I suppose times were hard  
Things were different then  
Women were women  
and men, they were men  
Seventeen, that was it, your life ended  
When you had a ring around your finger  
But we'd go dancing  
He was my own Brando  
And for a moment there  
My heart was aglow  
We had dust in our hair and nowhere to go  
But we were free for an hour or three  
From the people we had to be  
And in the morning

We were sober  
But if I went through my time again  
Oh, I'd do it without the help of men  
Or at least your Granddad  
But then again, you know  
Best not to linger  
What is the use of dreaming now?  
I had my chance, well, anyhow  
If I'd only known then  
what I know now  
I'd have given them all the finger  
And gone dancing  
And not give a shit  
Spin around and reel  
and love every bit  
And I'd dance alone and enjoy it  
And I'd be me for an entire life  
Instead of somebody's wife  
And I never  
Would be sober  
And I never  
Would be sober  
What are you doing here?  
Keeping the peace.  
What for, like? There's nothing going on.  
Well, we're doing a good  
job then, aren't we?  
Now sod off.  
- So are you going to go back then?  
- What, to ballet?  
- Plenty of lads do ballet.  
- Aye, puffs.  
- Not necessarily.  
- Who, like?  
What about Wayne Sleep? He's not a puff.  
Anyway, I don't know why you bother going.  
You're crap at it.  
No, I'm not.  
Anyway, I don't have much choice, do I?  
Oi, Debbie, get a move on.  
How do you put up with her?  
Oi! How would you like it  
if I slagged off your mum?  
- Me mum's dead.



- Oh.  
See you then.  
Everybody,  
positions, please. Girls to the front.  
And five, six, seven, eight, turn!  
And rocking the baby, stretch.  
Pie, Tracey Atkinson.  
Debbie, you're late, girl.  
And washing those windows,  
five, six, seven, eight.  
- Hello.  
- Hello.  
- Shoes.  
- I haven't got any.  
Well, you have now. Put them on.  
As two groups.  
I can't wear them. I'll  
look like a right sissy.  
Well, you should have thought about that  
before you came in.  
- 50p.  
- What?  
50p.  
Again, six, seven, eight.  
Arms, Susan Parkes.  
- What about last week?  
- Rip-off!  
Crossing!  
Well, you joining in or what?  
Debbie, count, girl,  
count for Christ's sake.  
Oi, Billy Elliot!  
And airing the sheets.  
And hang them on the other line.  
- What am I supposed to do?  
- Get down for starters!  
- I just gave you 50p.  
- Travel back. That's lovely.  
- What do I do?  
- Follow the others.  
And marching forward to socialism, and...  
I don't know what I'm doing.  
Arms, Sharon Percy.  
Miss, I don't know what to do.

Floor-Barre.  
What barre?  
Pli. Tendu second.  
Pli. Tendu close.  
Dvelopp devant. Left leg.  
Oi, Geordie, wanna see something  
you've never seen before?  
Right leg.  
And that's just off the overtime  
Wanna see some more?  
Left leg.  
You think you're smart, you cockney shite  
You wanna be suspicious  
Two lines.  
When you were on the picket line  
We went and fucked your missus  
- All of us at once.  
- All of us at once.  
Solidarity, solidarity  
Solidarity forever  
All for one and one for all  
Solidarity forever  
Solidarity, solidarity  
Solidarity forever  
All for one and one for all  
Solidarity forever  
Girls to the centre.  
Right, here's the lesson  
you've all been gagging for.  
Pirouettes, God help us.  
Right. I want you all  
to find a spot on that wall.  
That'll be this wall, Susan Parkes.  
And I want you to focus on that spot.  
Do not take your eyes off that spot.  
Right, then you turn your bodies around  
and your head follows,  
but your head is the last thing to leave  
and the first thing to come back,  
understand?  
- Yes, miss.  
- Yes, miss.  
Everybody in the centre.  
Thank you, Mr Braithwaite.

And here we go,  
and one, two, three, Billy...  
...five, six, seven, eight.  
And for God's sake, spin 'em,  
Mr Braithwaite, spin 'em!  
I'm spinning them,  
Mrs Wilkinson, I'm spinning them.  
Absolutely bloody hopeless, the lot of you.  
And you're the worst of the bleeding lot,  
Billy Elliot.  
Okay, forget it, forget it.  
Everybody in the corner.  
We'll do some chans.  
And five, six, seven, eight. Go, go, go.  
Beautiful arms, Susan Parkes.  
Lovely, much better, Alison Summers.  
Gold star, Keeley Gibson.  
Try not to kill yourself, Tracey Atkinson.  
Oi, Rudolf Nureyev, over here.  
Okay.  
Class dismissed.  
Keep it up till Christmas, lads  
It means a lot to us  
We send our kids to private school  
on a private bus  
We've got a lot to thank you for  
Geordie, you're a corker  
A nice extension on the house  
and a fortnight in Majorca  
Solidarity, solidarity  
Solidarity forever  
Don't worry, lads, we're on your side  
Solidarity forever  
Solidarity, solidarity  
Solidarity forever  
We're proud to be working class  
Solidarity forever  
You're late.  
Look, Jackie, I wanted to have a word.  
If things are a bit difficult for you,  
we could sort something out.  
What do you mean?  
I mean, if things are a  
bit tight with the 50p's.

50p's?

Yes, man, your Billy's not been to boxing  
for over four weeks now.

What do you mean

he hasn't been goin' to boxing?

If he hasn't been goin' to boxing,  
where the bloody hell has he been going?

Solidarity, solidarity

Solidarity forever

We're proud to be working class

Solidarity forever

- Quiet in my lesson.

- Oi!

Where've you been going

Saturday mornings?

Boxing, where'd you think?

- Dad. Dad, home.

- Boxing?

- Tony's waiting.

- I'll see you later, young 'un.

Okay, girls, forget about

what's going on outside. Just concentrate.

- Do some soubresauts.

- Yes!

And five, six, seven, eight.

Shoulders down, pointed feet.

Pretty arms, Sharon.

That's both arms, Keely Gibson.

Feet in fifth, tendu second,

thank you, Debbie, pli fifth, retir.

And five, six, seven, eight.

One, two, three, four,

five, six, seven, eight

- You're crap at that.

- No, I'm not.

Lovely legs, Tina.

Arms, Debbie.

Arms! Temps lev!

Susan Parkes,

you look like a spastic starfish.

- You're crap at that.

- Oh, piss off, man, will you?

Oi! Attitude. Promenade. Prepare and...

What's the time?

No, on the wall.  
Pick up the biscuit.  
Much better, Sharon. Arms up, Billy.  
Debbie, get your bum in, for Christ's sake.  
Other way round, Susan Parkes.  
Lovely little fairies  
on top of your music boxes.  
Elbow.  
Wrist.  
Tummy.  
Chin.  
Please, Mum, can we have a go?  
Right.  
Baskets of pansies, ladies.  
Yes, thank you, Mr Braithwaite.  
And five, six, seven, eight.  
You fucking worms, you fucking moles  
You fucking Geordie shits  
We're here to kick your Geordie arse  
You little Geordie gits  
We're terrified, we're petrified  
Those words are so obscene  
We'll boot your fuckin cockney skulls  
right back to Bethnal Green  
Ha!  
- And one.  
- Two, three.  
- And two.  
- Two, three.  
- And three.  
- Two, three.  
- And four.  
- Two, three.  
- And five.  
- Two, three.  
- And six.  
- Two, three.  
And smile, smile, smile, smile.  
Solidarity, solidarity  
Solidarity forever  
We're proud to be working class  
Solidarity forever  
Solidarity, solidarity  
Solidarity forever

We're proud to be working class  
Solidarity forever  
Billy, spot!  
Come on, lads, get at them  
Really get stuck in  
It's not a bleeding tea dance  
Do the fuckers in  
- Solidarity, solidarity  
- Shine  
- Solidarity forever  
- Just shine  
- We're proud to be working class  
- Shine  
- Solidarity forever  
- Just shine  
- Solidarity, solidarity  
- All you have to do  
- Solidarity forever  
- Is shine  
- We're proud to be working class  
- All you have to do  
- Solidarity forever  
- Is shine  
- Prepare for pirouette.  
- Hit it!  
- Solidarity, solidarity  
- One, two, three, four  
- Solidarity forever  
- Five, six, seven, eight  
- We're proud to be working class  
- One, two, three, four  
- Solidarity forever  
- Five, six, seven, eight  
Ever, ever, ever, ever  
- Ever, ever, ever, ever  
- Forever, forever, forever, forever  
- Ever, ever, ever, ever  
- Forever, forever  
- Forever, forever  
- For ever and ever and ever and ever  
- Forever, forever  
- And ever and ever and ever and ever  
- Forever, forever  
- For ever and ever and ever and ever

- Forever, forever  
- And ever and ever and ever and ever  
Forever and ever  
And ever!  
What the bloody hell's going on here?  
Can I help you?  
What the hell do you think  
you're playing at, son?  
- Naught.  
- Naught?  
I thought you were at boxing.  
You're here messing about  
with lasses in tights.  
- Excuse me! I'm trying to teach a class!  
- Shut it!  
But it's healthy, man, Dad.  
It's just like sport.  
- Ballet? - It's not just puffs  
that do ballet, you know.  
Look at that Wayne Sleep.  
Wayne Sleep?  
Wayne Sleep!  
He's as bent as a nine-bob note, son.  
I am busting my bollocks  
trying to find you 50p's  
and you were running around in here  
like a fruit!  
Mr Elliot, I've never heard anything  
so bigoted and ridiculous in my life.  
Don't you call me bigoted,  
you ignorant cow.  
- But I like it, Dad.  
- Right, that's it.  
No more bloody boxing,  
no more bloody ballet.  
From now on, you're stopping at home  
to look after your Nana.  
Listen, if anyone's going to do the  
ordering around in here, it's gonna be me.  
You listen to me! This is my son,  
so don't you dare tell me what to do.  
This is ridiculous. You're supposed to  
be encouraging us to do things.  
Well, I don't see why

he shouldn't do ballet.  
Fred Warmsley used to do it.  
Yeah, but he was crap.  
Well, I don't give a fuck about  
Fred Warmsley or any of you.  
You are banned. Full stop.  
I hate you.  
You're a bastard!  
Oh, shit!  
Well, that was a very mature and  
intelligent way to handle the situation.  
Don't you ever come near our Billy again!  
Oh, Jesus Christ!  
Okay. Class dismissed.  
What did you have to do that for?  
Now I'm banned!  
I don't want to come to  
your stupid ballet anyway.  
I'm not even any good at it.  
- Bullshit, Billy Elliot.  
- No, it's not.  
It's absolute bullshit and you know it.  
Billy, I know this might sound a bit weird,  
but I've been thinking about  
the Royal Ballet School.  
The Royal what?  
The Royal Ballet School.  
Aren't you a bit old, miss?  
Not for me, you stupid idiot. For you.  
They have regional auditions soon  
in Newcastle.  
But what about my dad?  
It'd take a lot of work,  
but I thought if you had some  
proper lessons with me on your own,  
you might have a chance of getting in.  
But I've only just learned to pirouette!  
They're not looking for something fully  
formed that's leapt from the brow of Zeus.  
They're looking for potential, Billy.  
They teach you the ballet.  
But I'm banned, miss.  
- For Christ's sake.  
- Shit! You can't come in here.



Just come after school.  
Nobody else need know.  
You don't fancy us, do you, miss?  
No, funnily enough, I don't.  
I don't think I've got time.  
I mean, when would I play out and that?  
Look, Billy, if you want  
to stick round here  
and piss about with your little mates,  
that's fine with me.  
Look.  
I'll be here on Monday night.  
Just bring some things with you  
and we'll make up a special dance  
for the audition.  
- What sort of things?  
- Things that mean something to you.  
Things that tell me something  
about who you are.  
See you Monday, then?  
Well, sod you, then.  
See if I care.  
Michael!  
Michael!  
Fucking hell!  
What?  
You're wearing a dress.  
I know.  
Is it yours?  
Course it's not mine, you stupid idiot.  
It's my sister's.  
Do you want a go?  
No. Look, I need to talk to you.  
Are you sure?  
You can borrow one of my mum's.  
- What you doing?  
- I'm just trying it on you.  
Oh! That's mank.  
Won't we get wrong?  
"Will we..." Bollocks.  
My dad does it all the time.  
Hold it.  
Michael!  
That's me!

You know that week after  
I had to stay behind at boxing?  
Oi!  
When I had to give that wife the key?  
Howay.  
I did some ballet.  
- You did ballet?  
- Just a few steps and that.  
It's fucking weird, if you ask me.  
Bingo! Cush!  
- What?  
- Separates. Trackies off.  
The wife says I'm good at it.  
She's asked us to do an audition  
for the Royal Ballet.  
The Royal what?  
The Royal Ballet School.  
Do you get to wear a tutu?  
Don't be daft. That's only for the lasses.  
I wear me shorts.  
- Smile.  
- What are you doin'?  
One for the album.  
Ugh.  
Here, put this on.  
Arms!  
So do you think  
I should go back and do the audition?  
I wouldn't if I were you.  
People'll think you're mental.  
But you dress up in women's clothing.  
- That's different.  
- Is it?  
'Course it is. Time for  
a look in the mirror.  
- Go on, then.  
- Yes!  
And the finishing touch!  
Oh, for crying out loud!  
See, man, there's naught wrong with  
dressing up in women's clothing.  
Is it sinful if you're blue  
To cheer up the place?  
Ah!

What is wrong with dressing up  
in satin and lace?  
Oh, no!  
Get some earrings, some mascara  
Heels and a fan  
Pretty soon you will start to feel  
A different man  
Ol, baby!  
What the hell's wrong  
with expressing yourself?  
Being who you want to be?  
Howay, join in.  
Will anybody die if you put on a dress?  
Who the hell cares if  
your blusher's a mess?  
Start a new fashion  
Buck all the trends  
Emphasise integrity  
Shake them shoulders, Billy.  
Shut up, you puff.  
'Cause what the hell is wrong  
with expressing yourself?  
For wanting to be me?  
What the hell's wrong with wearing a dress?  
Being who you want to be?  
Who the hell is it you try to impress?  
All you have to do is learn to care less  
Start a new fashion  
Buck all the trends  
Billy, sing something to me.  
Whoo!  
'Cause what the hell is wrong  
with expressing yourself?  
For trying to be free  
Sing it, sister!  
If you wanna be a dancer, dance  
If you wanna be a miner, mine  
If you want to dress like somebody else  
Fine, fine  
Let's get these dresses dancin'!  
It's not a big statement  
It's not a weird act  
Just a good idea at the time  
We'll not complain about your boring life

If you'll just leave me to mine  
If you wanna be a dancer, dance  
If you wanna be a miner, mine  
Shoes!

- I'm gonna beat you, Michael.

- No, you're not.

Yes, I am.

- One shoe.

- That's one shoe!

- Oh, no, two shoes. Michael wins!

- You cheat!

Come on! Loser!

Push!

Follow me!

Arms!

- Keep up, Billy!

- I'm trying, Michael!

Shimmy shake!

We gotta do something better than that.

Oh, like what?

- Like this! Six, seven, eight!

- Whoa!

Show time!

Smile!

- So what do you think, dancin' boy?

- Not bad.

You ain't seen nothin' yet!

One, two, three, four.

Here they come!

What's that?

Me dresses!

Come on, Nana.

Trousers?

Women's clothing only!

Scene change!

From the top!

Oh, yeah.

Whoo-hoo!

Five, six, seven, eight!

Everyone is different

It's the natural state

It's a fact, it's plain to see

The world's Grey enough

without making it worse

What we need is individuality  
Go on, then!  
Finish!  
What are you doing with that?  
Naught.  
Well, put that back where it belongs.  
- This has got nothing to do with you.  
- Hasn't it?  
You're going nowhere with that.  
Don't you tell me what to do.  
Just put it back, son.  
Look, this isn't  
Camberwick fuckin' Green, Dad, man.  
If you want to go down there  
and get the shit kicked out of you,  
that's up to you.  
Oh, Che Guevara.  
Don't be so bloody stupid, man.  
There are 2,000 police on the doorstep.  
Argh!  
Did you see  
what they done to Harry Robson?  
They broke both his bloody legs, man.  
Yeah, so the last thing we need  
is you in hospital as well.  
Please, just put it back.  
Put it back.  
Make us.  
I said, put it back.  
What are you going to do  
about it, like? Hit us?  
Come on, then.  
Come on!  
No.  
You've been a complete waste of space  
since me mum died.  
Useless piece of shit!  
Stop it!  
Stop it, please.  
What the bloody hell are you looking at?  
Oh, hello.  
I thought you weren't going to show.  
I had to wait until me dad went out.  
Well, better late than never.

Come on, best get started.  
Have you brought your special things  
for the dance?  
Well, I've brought a few  
bits of stuff and that,  
but I didn't really know what you meant.  
Well, let's see, then.  
Rubik's Cube.  
- TV theme tunes?  
- Yeah.  
Mmm!  
Baked beans.  
- What's that?  
- It's a packet of soup, miss.  
What the bloody hell's that for?  
I don't know.  
Billy, I asked you to bring things  
that mean something to you.  
I know.  
Well, how the hell am I  
going to make up a dance  
about baked beans and a cup-a-soup?  
Oh, I don't know.  
At the risk of being totally boring,  
dancing is as much about you  
discovering things about yourself  
as it is about discovering about dancing.  
Do you understand?  
What?  
Look, it's not just about the steps.  
It's all about you.  
Why does it have to be about me for?  
Jesus Christ.  
'Cause I say so.  
What's this?  
It's a letter.  
I can see it's a letter.  
You can open it if you want.  
Thank God for that.  
The suspense was killing me.  
It's from me mum.  
Your mum?  
She wrote it for us for when I was 18,  
but I opened it a few years early.

I see.

You can read it if you like.

Read it out.

"Dear Billy, I must seem  
a distant memory...

"Which is..."

"...which is probably a good thing.

"And it will have been a long..."

"Long time.

"And I will have missed you growing

"And I'll have missed you crying

"And I'll have missed you laugh

"Missed your stomping and your shouting

"I'll have missed telling you off

"But please, Billy

"Know that I was always there

"I was with you through everything

"And please, Billy..."

"Know that I will always be

"Proud to have known you

"Proud that you were mine

"Proud in everything

"And you must promise me this, Billy

- "In everything you do..."

- In everything you do...

Always be yourself, Billy

And you always will be true

Don't go.

And I'll have missed you growing

And I'll have missed you crying

And I'll have missed you laugh

- Missed your stomping and your shouting

- "Missed your stomping and your shouting

- I'll have missed telling you off

- "I'll have missed telling you off

- But please, Billy

- "But please, Billy

- Know that I was always there

- "Know that I was always there

- I was with you through everything

- "I was with you through everything

- And please, Billy

- "And please, Billy

- Know that I will always be

- "Know that I will always be

- Proud to have known you

- "Proud to have known you"

Love you forever

Love you forever

"Mum."

She must have been a very special woman.

No.

She was just me mum.

Right.

Oh, Mr Braithwaite!

I thought you'd abandoned us.

I just got a little detained

at the Rose and Crown.

What's he doing here?

Well, you're going to need something  
to dance to, aren't you, you little wanker?

You see,

there are two main theories about dance.

One is that it's basically technical,  
something you learn from the outside  
and then repeat.

Or it's a very personal expression  
that you realise from within.

What's she on about?

Well, basically, it was all down to  
Diaghilev, who ran the Ballets Russes,  
who wanted to revolutionise what had  
become a purely decorative medium  
and reconnect it with dance's chthonic  
roots as a primordial means of expression.

Eh?

He did a BTEC

at Sunderland Poly.

What Mr Braithwaite means is that  
you have to release your inner caveman,  
and everything else will  
just flow naturally.

Hit it, Mr Braithwaite!

We weren't born to stand still

Ain't a question of will

What are you doing? Miss!

Gotta move, it's a fact

We were born to react



We weren't made to behave  
Like we will in the grave  
Join in!  
When the music is played  
Oh, the soul will be swayed  
And your feet, they will move  
As if only to prove  
Whoo!  
That it wasn't by chance  
We were destined to dance  
We were born to boogie  
Yeah!  
We were born to boogie  
It ain't a puzzle  
'Cause we're blood and muscle  
From the Day of Creation  
We were the dance sensation  
Right! Let's have some proper dancing!  
Oh, your feet and your hands  
Whoa!  
Oh, your toes and your glands  
Your eyes and your skin  
Well, your face and your chin  
Oh, your brawn and your brains  
Come on!  
Your balls and your chains  
We were born to boogie  
It ain't a puzzle  
'Cause we're blood and muscle  
From the Day of Creation  
We were the dance sensation  
We were born to boogie  
We're all born to  
Gee, my bum. My bum.  
Let's start at elementary level.  
Five, six... eight.  
- Long leg.  
- One.  
- Stretch.  
- Two.  
- Point. Flex.  
- Three.  
- In front, behind.  
- Four.

- Eyes front.
- Five.
- And in and in and over.
- Six.
- Face the barre. Oi, shift.
- Seven.
- Retir.
- Eight.
- Turn out.
- Nine.
- Shoulders down. Chin up.
- Ten.
- Rise, balance.
- Eleven.
- That's it, Billy.
- Twelve.

Chass turn.

Intermediate level.

Use the floor.

Strong arm, Billy.

Around,

again, and in and in, and chair.

- Oh, miss, I can't do it.

- Yes, you can. Push down.

Miss, I can't do it!

Yes, you can! Push down, Billy.

Balance.

All right, let's have it!

Next level.

That's it, Billy!

Oh, shit!

Right. Let's go, Baryshnikov.

Try this.

Watch me, Billy!

Shoes!

Sweat, Mr Braithwaite.

Easy.

Not bad for a big fella.

I'm concentrating!

- Faster!

- Faster!

Oh, Jesus!

Cheeky monkey!

Go, miss.

I'm doing it, you cheeky monkey!

- Boogie!

- Boogie!

We were born to boogie

We were born to boogie

We're all born to

Boogie

Are you nervous for your audition?

Hmm, not really.

You wanna be. You're shite.

I thought your mum said I was cush.

I wouldn't listen to her.

She's sexually frustrated.

Really?

Well, me dad was doing it

with this wife at work

but then he got made redundant.

He used to be a deputy manager,

but now he's an alcoholic.

Bugger off, will ya?

Billy?

What, man?

Do you not fancy us, like?

Well...

I've never really thought about it.

If you want, I'll show you me fanny.

Nah.

You're all right.

Debbie! Outside!

Right, here's the tape.

And remember,

once the audition starts, just concentrate.

Do exactly what you do in here

and you'll be fine.

Fuck a duck, miss, I know.

You've told me this before, man.

And another thing, Billy.

Try and keep your mouth shut.

Right. I'll pick you up

tomorrow morning at 8:00, here. Okay?

Listen... You can do this, Billy.

You've worked so hard,

and I know you can do it.

You just have to forget

about everything else.

Do it for you.

Mum.

Mum!

Right, Billy.

I'll pick you up tomorrow morning.

And for God's sake, don't be late!

We've got to be in Newcastle

**by 9:**

- Don't worry, miss, I'll put me alarm on.

- "Put me alarm on."

Ow! Get off us, will you, man?

We should get you to the hospital.

How the hell are we supposed to

get him to the hospital?

They've got the whole place

surrounded, man.

He can't stay here. They're after him.

Ow!

Fucking hell, man!

Anyway, the Union will sort it out.

The Union will sort out fuck all.

Right. You saw

what they did for Harry Robson, man!

The Union are doing what they can.

This isn't a strike any more.

It's a bloody class war.

Shit!

We should get him to hospital.

How the hell are we supposed to

get him to a hospital?

There were 2,000 police

taking six scabs to work.

Leave it!

- What's going on?

- It's all kicked off.

There's about a hundred police  
coming through the village.

Where do you think

you're going with that bag?

Nowhere. Out.

Get back upstairs.

But I said I'd see Michael.

- You're going nowhere today, son.

- Dad!

Back upstairs! Now!

Look, I'll be right back.

- For Christ's sake.

- Shit!

What is the matter with you today?

Hello.

- Can I come in?

- Hang on a minute.

- What the hell's going on, Billy?

- Just go away, miss.

I've been stood outside the Welfare  
for three quarters of an hour.

Do you know what the time is?

What the hell's she doing here?

You realise we're late already, don't you?

Late for what, for God's sake?

Please, don't tell him, miss.

Will somebody tell me

what the hell is going on here?

- Just go away!

- No, Billy.

We're going to have to sort this one out  
once and for all.

Look, I know this will be  
a little difficult for you to understand,  
but I think I have to tell you...

No, miss!

Billy has an audition this morning  
for the Royal Ballet School.

The Royal Ballet?

School.

- Where they teach the ballet.

- Oh.

You've got to be joking.

Billy has been coming to class  
and I have been giving him private lessons  
for the last two months.

What? Who gave you permission  
to teach him ballet?

Mr Elliot,

we're missing the audition as we speak.

Hang on a minute!

Have you any idea  
what we're going through in this village?  
Ballet?  
You trying to make him  
a scab for the rest of his life?  
He's only 12, for Christ sakes.  
You've got to start training  
from when you're young.  
Shut it, you.  
I'm not having any brother of mine  
poncing round for your gratification.  
Excuse me, this is not  
for my gratification.  
Billy is exceptionally talented...  
What good's it going to do him?  
He's only a bairn, for Christ sakes.  
What's wrong with giving him a childhood?  
I don't want a childhood.  
I want to be a ballet dancer.  
I'll give you a bloody  
childhood in a minute.  
What qualifications have you got?  
Teaching 12-year-olds in a miners' welfare.  
You could be a nutter for all I know.  
I think you should calm yourself down, son.  
Right. Argh! You say he  
wants to be a dancer.  
Well let's see this dancing then.  
- This is ridiculous.  
- Tony, man...  
Shut up!  
Come on. If you're supposed to be  
a ballet dancer, let's be havin' you.  
Don't you dare!  
What sort of ballet teacher are you?  
This is his big chance!  
Come on! Dance, you little bastard!  
- No.  
- No.  
He says he doesn't want to dance.  
So we'll be having no more ballet.  
And if you come near him again,  
I'll smack you one, you middle-class cow!  
Hang on a minute!

You don't know anything about me,  
you sanctimonious little shit.  
What are you scared of,  
that he won't grow up to race whippets,  
grow leeks, and piss his wages up the wall?  
Fuck off!  
I've been with this boy for weeks now,  
and you, and you haven't even noticed.  
So don't you lecture me on  
the British fucking class system, comrade.  
Tony, the police are coming down the  
street. Everyone out the back. Now!  
Tony, now! Move, man, move!  
I'm sorry, Billy,  
you haven't got a hope in hell.  
Jackie, away, man.  
- Me mum would've let us.  
- Well, your mum's dead.  
Jackie!  
Dad, you bastard!  
Shit.  
Piss off, man! Fuck you! Fuck yourself!  
Fuck off, you paps!  
Fuck off!  
Solidarity, solidarity  
Solidarity forever  
All for one and one for all  
Solidarity forever  
Get out, bastards!  
Dig deep for the miners.  
Dig deep for the miners.  
Welcome back to the second half  
of the Easington District Miner's Welfare  
temporary soup kitchen  
annual Christmas party!  
I'm deeply moved.  
Now, we may be eight months into the  
strike, but are we downhearted?  
No!  
Come on, you can do better than that.  
Are we downhearted?  
No!  
That's more like it!  
So, let's make this the best

Christmas party we've ever had.  
But before we do that,  
it's time to draw the winning ticket  
in the special meat prize draw raffle.  
But before we do that, I would just like to  
thank the various groups  
who have donated meat  
to the special Christmas strike pot.  
Firstly,  
Darlington Socialist Group Karate Circle  
have given us a couple of chops.  
Hetton-Le-Hole Amateur Operatic Society  
have given us a load of tripe  
and a pile of ham.  
And finally,  
I would just like to thank our  
lovely comrades from Newcastle upon Tyne.  
- Where are they? Give us a wave!  
Oh, there they are, Tony.  
The Newcastle upon Tyne  
Polytechnic Lesbian and Gay Caucus...  
...who have given us  
some mince and faggots,  
and a nice juicy Cumberland ring.  
So, here's me best mate  
and sparring partner, Mr Billy Elliot.  
And the winning ticket is, not that one.  
Eight and four, 84.  
So, if you've got this ticket,  
come up and see Santa  
and he'll give you a nice piece of meat.  
Oh, yes, he will.  
Hey, Santa!  
Whatta?  
Can you hear it in the distance?  
Can you sense it far away?  
Ooh!  
Is it old Rudolph the Reindeer?  
Is it Santa on his sleigh?  
- It's heading up to Easington  
- It's heading up to Easington  
- It's coming down the Tyne  
- It's coming down the Tyne  
Oh, it's bloody Maggie Thatcher



and Michael Heseltine  
So Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
May God's love be with you  
We all sing together in one breath  
Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
We all celebrate today  
'Cause it's one day closer to your death  
Two, three, four, look.  
Two, three, four, attack!  
And now, welcome to the stage  
a couple of volunteers  
from the Sunderland Barnardo's.  
They've come to raid your stockings  
and to steal your Christmas pud  
But don't be too downhearted  
It's all for your own good  
The economic infrastructure  
must be swept away  
To make way for business parks  
And lower rates of pay  
So Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
May God's love be with you  
We all sing together in one breath  
Moo!  
Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
We all celebrate today  
'Cause it's one day closer to your death  
And now,  
have we got a surprise for you.  
The Easington District Miner's Welfare  
present their political puppet  
workshop forum!  
Okay, lads, let 'em have it!  
And they've brought their fascist boot boys  
And they've brought their boys in blue  
And the whole Trade Union Congress  
will be at the party, too  
And they'll all hold hands together  
All standing in a line  
'Cause they're privatizing Santa  
This merry Christmastime  
So Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
May God's love be with you  
We all sing together in one breath

Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
We all celebrate today  
'Cause it's one day closer to your death  
Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
May God's love be with you  
Yeah!

We all sing together in one breath  
All together now!  
Merry Christmas, Maggie Thatcher  
We all celebrate today  
'Cause it's one day closer to your death  
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling  
Oh, my darling Heseltine  
You're a tosser, you're a wanker  
And you're just a Tory swine  
Yeah!

Right, who's next to give we a song?

No, Dad, no!

No, no, no, no, no.

Not after last year.

Now, I can see just the man,

Mr Jackie Elliot!

Give us Big Spender, Jackie!

Big Spender! Big Spender!

I'm not singing Big Spender,

I'll sing you all an old folk song.

No, we don't want an old folk song.

It's boring.

It was one of my Sarah's favourites.

It was three years ago last week she died.

- Dad, come on, man.

- I'm all right.

Oh, once I was a young man

I looked over vales and hills

Saw myself a future

of riches and of thrills

But on me 15th birthday

I paid my union dues

And they sent me deep into the ground

Oh, the winter wind can blow me colder

Oh, the summer's heat can parch me dry

But I'll not leave here for a fortune

I shall never leave here till I die

Oh, once I had a family

Sons to make you proud  
They have gone and left me  
And I count the time out loud  
Now I am an old man  
Just waiting for me turn  
Till they send me back into the ground  
Oh, the winter wind can blow me colder  
Oh, the summer's heat can parch me dry  
But I'll not leave here for a fortune  
I shall never leave here till I die  
Oh, the winter wind can blow me colder  
Oh, the summer's heat can parch me dry  
But I'll love these dark,  
dark hills forever  
And I won't leave them until I die  
Once, I loved a woman  
She meant all the world to me  
We dreamed ourselves a future  
As far as I could see  
I was only 37  
When they took her down from me  
And they buried her...  
I cannot.  
Oh, the winter wind can blow me colder  
Oh, the summer's heat can parch me dry  
But I'll love these dark,  
dark hills forever  
And I won't leave them until I die  
Merry Christmas, Dad.  
Merry Christmas, Son.  
Come on, let's go home.  
- Well, a fuckin great Christmas  
this has been. -  
I know. It's been a right load of shite.  
All I got was an atlas  
from the support group. Oi.  
Count yourself lucky,  
all I got was a bloody football kit,  
and a signed photo of Kevin fuckin' Keegan!  
But I swapped it  
for a brand new Cindy the nurse!  
Did you ever go back and see that wife?  
What wife?  
Debbie's mum. The ballet wife. Oi!

No. I've packed it in.  
Really?  
Well, maybe it's for the best.  
At least you won't be running away  
to that ballet school, will you?  
- What's good about that, like?  
- Well, I'd miss you.  
We'd best be going.  
Oh, it's freezin' in here.  
Wait.  
What?  
Come here.  
What are you doing?  
I'm just warming your hands.  
You're not a puff or owt?  
What gave you that impression?  
Aren't me hands cold?  
I quite like it.  
Just 'cause I like ballet,  
doesn't mean I'm a puff, you know.  
You won't tell anyone, will ya?  
Here, put this on.  
Cush!  
Ah! It's fucking freezing in here!  
It's a bit small.  
Oh, no, I'm not sure this red  
will go with me tutu.  
Oh, shut up, man!  
Come on, show us a bit of ballet then.  
No, I've told you, I've packed it in.  
Howay, just a little bit.  
Just a  
little bit.  
Just a little bit.  
Just a little...  
Oh!  
I can see why they call it The Nutcracker!  
Come on, man.  
Well, you do some dancing then.  
We'd best be goin', my dad'll be after us.  
Your dad's as pissed as a platypus.  
No, he's not!  
Well, a right barrel of laughs you are.  
If you want, you can keep the tutu.

Can I? Cush!  
You're not goin' home in it, are you?  
'Course I am. No one will notice.  
See you, then.  
Yeah. Merry Christmas, Michael.  
Go home, Billy! Go home!  
What can I do for you?  
I was looking to speak to Mrs Wilkinson.  
Sandra!  
Friend of yours.  
Oh, hello.  
How much is it going to cost, then?  
And a very Merry Christmas to you, too.  
I've been doing a lot of thinking.  
Well, that must have come  
as a shock to the system.  
Who is it, Mum?  
Bugger off, Debbie, will ya?  
I know I shouldn't have come.  
Not at all, it's Christmastime.  
Good will to all men and all that.  
Look, would you like to come in?  
I just need to know,  
is he actually good enough?  
For what?  
I don't know, for the school, the audition.  
Well, we'll never know, will we?  
Maybe he'd have gotten in.  
Maybe he'd have joined the Ballet Rambert.  
Maybe he'd end up on the scrapheap,  
like everybody else.  
How the hell should I know?  
Nothin' we can do then.  
Wait!  
Actually, we could still get him  
to an audition in London.  
Well, it's not too late, then?  
No.  
How much is it going cost,  
this ballet school lark?  
Maybe five grand a year.  
Plus, living expenses.  
Sometimes the local authority  
pay the tuition costs.

Five grand?

I was talking about the audition.

Oh, it's nothing. 20 quid or something.

- Mum!

- Five grand!

We haven't even got the money  
for a bus fare to London.

If it's just a question of the bus fare...

Mum!

Piss off, Debbie. I'm busy.

I don't want your money.

I didn't come here for charity.

He is my son.

Oh, for Christ's sake,

when are you going to get over  
your pig-ignorant working class pride?

The kid is gifted. He's got a chance.

What have you got to offer him? Mining?

This town has had it. It's finished.

You're fighting a battle  
that was lost years ago.

I'm not the enemy, Mr Elliot.

We're all in this together.

So for God's sake, talk to me.

Let me help.

I want to thank you for everything  
you've done for our Billy.

I really appreciate it.

Is that it?

Yeah.

This is ridiculous.

Why don't you come inside...

I'm the one who got us into this mess!

I'll be the one who'll get us out of it.

Oi, Sandra!

Well, stuff you, then. See if I care.

Merry bloody Christmas.

Right, let's be having you. Gormley.

Here.

Davidson.

Aye.

Summers. Summers?

I haven't seen you before.

Jackie? Jackie Elliot.

Christ, I never expected to see you here.  
Aye, well, things change.  
Well, I'm glad to see  
you've come to your senses, mate.  
Piss off, man, will ya?  
Howay, then. All aboard the Skylark.  
Scab, scab, scab, scab,  
scab, scab, scab, scab...  
Fucking scab bastard!  
Fuck ya!  
You fucking scab bastard!  
You fucking scab!  
You fucking scab!  
Dad!  
Dad, what are you doing, man?  
Dad!  
I can't take this any more, So  
It's tearing me apart  
It's lost, we're finished,  
man, we're through  
I need to give the kid a future  
I need to look him in the eye  
And believe me, Son, I'd  
do the same for you  
You can't give in now, Dad.  
We've all been out a year.  
I'll never be able to talk to you again  
You can't do this to me, Dad.  
You can't do it to yourself.  
He's just a kid, he's only just a bairn.  
But he could be a star for all we know  
And we don't know how far he can go  
And no one else can give what I can give  
What the fuck are you talking about, man?  
No one else can give what I can give  
Dad!  
He could go and he could shine  
Not just stay here counting time  
Son, we've got the chance to let him live  
We have got the chance to let him live  
This isn't about us, Dad.  
It's not about the kid.  
It's all of us, this is everybody's chance.  
It's everybody's future

It's everybody's past  
It's not about a bairn who wants to dance  
It's about our history.  
It's about our rights.  
Think about the sacrifice we've made  
It's what you always taught us  
since I was a kid  
Please, Dad, don't let that passion fade  
For Christ sake, Jackie.  
But he could be a star...  
Oh, fucking hell!  
...for all we know  
And we don't know how far he can go  
It's about our history.  
It's about our rights.  
And no one else can give what I can give  
It's what you always taught us!  
No one else can give what I can give  
Go fuck yourself!  
We're all in this together, Jack  
There is another way  
All for one. And one for all  
Take this and this  
And this and this  
And this and this  
And this and this  
Don't worry, lad, we'll never let you fall  
He could be a star for all we know  
And we don't know...  
I don't know...  
So we'll give  
all that we can give  
We will all give all that we can give  
We will go and we will shine  
We will go and seize the time  
We will all have pride in how we live  
Yes, we'll all have pride in how we live  
That makes 19 pounds, 17 and a half pence.  
And 12 pesetas.  
It's not enough for the bloody bus fare.  
Don't forget about the 30 pound  
from the 50p's.  
You can't do that, man.  
I thought that was for a new bag.



Well, we'll be supporting the arts!  
Just because we're a boxing club  
doesn't mean we're a bunch of Palestines.  
Eh?  
Philistines!  
Anyway, you're wasting your time, man,  
scrabbling round for 50p's.  
Hey! I've worked hard for them 50p's.  
You've never done a hard day's work  
in your life, man.  
Anyway, we're not scrabbling round.  
We've nearly got enough.  
You haven't nearly got enough, man.  
You haven't even got enough  
for the ruddy B and B, man.  
This is bloody hopeless.  
What the hell do you want?  
I don't want any trouble.  
Yeah, well, get out then,  
'cause we don't have scabs in here.  
Here, son.  
What's this?  
- It's for the bairn.  
- Yeah?  
I don't fuckin' think so, give us it.  
- We're not taking anything from you.  
- Hang on a minute!  
No. We don't have dirty money in here.  
But it would pay for everything.  
For Christ sake, Tony.  
Give the bairn a chance, man.  
We're not taking it.  
Scab!  
There must be hundreds here.  
Can we use it, Dad?  
Go on, then. Do your audition.  
What's left here, eh?  
We're screwed.  
They've already started going back.  
Go on, take the fuckin' money.  
Go to London.  
What's the point in trying  
to keep the community together?  
What's the point

in trying to keep your pit open?  
What's the point in trying  
to keep your family together anyway?

- Tony.

- No.

So, can we use it, Dad?

We will go and we will shine

We will go and seize the time

We will all have pride in how we live

We will all have pride in how we live

- We will always stand together

- We will all have pride in how we live

In the dark, right through the storm

- We will stand shoulder to shoulder

- Yes, we'll all have pride

- To keep us warm

- In how we live

Is this it?

Well, they said on stage.

Whoa!

Oi, Dad, look!

That man looks like Arthur Scargill.

He does, doesn't he? Look, look, look.

He's even got the comb-over and everything.

Is that absolutely necessary?

Name?

Name?

Billy. Billy Elliot.

And your son's name, Mr Elliot?

I beg your pardon?

You are here for the auditions?

No.

No, man. He's Billy Elliot.

Occupation?

He's still at school.

No. Your occupation.

I'm a miner.

Gosh.

You mean you actually go underground?

Not at the minute, like. We're on strike.

Right, This way, please.

Just the children.

We're holding the auditions on stage today.

Thank you.

Frightfully nerve-wracking, isn't it?  
I beg your pardon.  
Frightfully nerve-wracking.  
Do you know, sometimes,  
I think I get more nervous  
at these things than my Thomas.  
Well, it's wor forst time, like, y'knar.  
I beg your pardon.  
It's wor forst time,  
like, y'knar.  
- First audition. Sorry.  
- Ow!  
God, man! Get off me!  
Dad. Dad, for Christ's sake!  
I've changed me mind.  
Just get back in there, you little git.  
- Hold on a minute.  
- Security!  
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.  
Please clear the stage,  
ready for Royal Ballet School

**auditions at 2:**

**followed by a 7:**

this evening. Thank you.  
And you would happen to be...  
Billy.  
I'm sorry?  
Billy Elliot. From County Durham.  
Well, stand on the spot, please, William.  
Please clear the stage,  
this afternoon's auditions  
are about to commence.  
Clear the stage. Thank you.  
William Elliot.  
William, what is that you're holding?  
It's me money.  
Your money?  
For the audition. Some of it's in  
50p's, but the rest is from the scab.  
Would you like to put it down now?  
Sorry.  
And now, the piece that you've prepared.

You do have some music for us?  
Uh, no. I've got a cassette  
I made with Mrs Wilkinson...  
Shit... Shite.  
Sorry.  
It's all right. It's always doing this.  
I can get it back.  
Have you got a pencil?  
It's the next bit, you'll  
have to wind it on.  
You all right, pal?  
Aye. Aye.  
Sorry...  
Would you like a smoke?  
Thanks.  
Thanks.  
Thanks very much.  
Where the bloody hell are you from?  
Glasgow. Where the hell did you think,  
Milton Keynes?  
I came down when I was 13.  
It's a wee bit nerve-wracking, isn't it?  
It's not exactly  
what I expected him to be doing.  
Aye, my dad was just the same.  
Oh, aye?  
Oh, Jesus Christ!  
I suppose that, uh, well,  
he's used to it by now, is he?  
No, he's a complete arsehole.  
You get right behind your bairn.  
Understand?  
Yeah.  
Prick.  
Mr Elliot. No smoking in here!  
No, no, we're all right, he's...  
Sorry, sorry. I'll, uh...  
No!  
No!  
No!  
Are you all right?  
What's the matter?  
It was a complete waste of bloody time.  
Oh, don't be so silly.

It's only a stupid audition.

Piss off.

Look, it's all right.

Piss off, ya bent bastard!

What on earth is going on here?

- Thomas!

- Shit.

Billy.

Mr Elliot.

I'm afraid, Mr Elliot,  
that mutual respect and self-discipline  
are absolute prerequisites  
of any pupil at this school.

Such displays of violence  
cannot be tolerated  
under any circumstances.

Do you understand?

Billy's really sorry.

He's been under a lot of pressure lately.

Just a few questions to finish with.

Could you tell us why you  
first became interested in ballet?

I don't know. I just was.

Well, was there any specific aspect  
of ballet that caught your imagination?

- The dancing.

- He dances all the time.

Every night after school.

He does all the, you know...

Yes, we have a very enthusiastic  
letter from a Mrs Wilkinson.

She has also explained  
your personal circumstances.

Are you a balletomane, Mr Elliot?

I beg your pardon.

Are you a fan of the ballet?

I wouldn't exactly say

I was an expert or anything.

You do realise that pupils are  
expected to attain the highest standards,  
not only in ballet,  
but also in their ordinary academic work.  
A child can only succeed  
with the 100% support of his family.

You are completely behind Billy,  
are you not?  
Yeah. Yes.  
Yes, I am.  
Would you like to ask us any questions?  
No.  
Are you sure  
there's nothing else you'd like to say?  
Well, in that case,  
we will let you know in due course.  
Just one more thing.  
Can I just ask you, Billy,  
what does it feel like when you're dancing?  
I can't really explain it  
I haven't got the words  
It's a feeling that you can't control  
I suppose it's like forgetting  
Losing who you are  
And at the same time  
something makes you whole  
It's like that there's a music  
playing in your ear  
And I'm listening and I'm listening  
and then I disappear  
And then I feel a change  
like a fire deep inside  
Something bursting me wide open  
Impossible to hide  
And suddenly I'm flying  
Flying like a bird  
Like electricity, electricity  
Sparks inside of me and I'm free  
I'm free  
It's a bit like being angry  
It's a bit like being scared  
Confused and all mixed up and mad as hell  
It's like when you've been crying  
and you're empty and you're full  
I don't know what it is  
It's hard to tell  
It's like that there's some music  
playing in your ear  
But the music is impossible  
Impossible to hear

But then I feel it move me  
Like a burning deep inside  
Something bursting me wide open  
Impossible to hide  
And suddenly I'm flying  
Flying like a bird  
Like electricity, electricity  
Sparks inside of me  
And I'm free, I'm free  
Electricity sparks inside of me  
And I'm free, I'm free  
Free  
I'm free  
Hey! Hey!  
Have a safe journey home.  
Mine.  
And, Mr Elliot,  
good luck with the strike.  
Billy, did you really  
chin one of the dancers?  
I didn't actually chin him,  
I just sort of pushed him over a bit.  
You'll be trying for  
the royal boxing school next.  
Howay, now, lads. Maggie, Maggie, Maggie.  
Out, out, out.  
All right, Billy?  
How did you get on at your audition?  
Good.  
Well, fingers crossed, eh?  
Yeah. Thanks, Lesley.  
All right.  
Anyway, I'm quite glad, really.  
You heard anything yet?  
No. Not yet.  
Howay, Michael, let's get out of here.  
Oi, Billy Elliot. Have you heard owt yet?  
No, not yet!  
Well, divint worry,  
you'll get in, Ne bother.  
Oh!  
Do you reckon?  
What, that? He's got no chance.  
I thought you said he were a genius.

Genius? Is he, bollocks.

If I was his father,

I'd chop his bloody legs off.

Post!

Post!

Post!

Christ.

- This is it.

- Well, let's open it then, shall we?

What do you mean? We can't open it.

It's for the bairn.

- That doesn't matter.

- Of course it matters.

How would you like it

if someone opened your post?

Well, when was the last time

that I got a letter?

We could steam it open.

Give us it here.

Look, it's not fair. It's for the bairn.

We could take a knife

and slice along the bottom.

Look, nobody's gonna slice

anybody along the bottom.

Oh.

Grandma, I'm warning you.

For Christ sakes.

Right, we're gonna leave it here.

We're gonna leave it here.

We're gonna leave it here for Billy

for when he gets home.

- Come on. Let's just open it!

- Just fuckin' leave it!

- He's not gonna know...

- Let it go...

Give it here!

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

See you, Billy.

Yeah, see ya, Michael.

Shit.

Open it, Son.

"William Elliot is queer."

Oh, no!

"Esquire"!



Just open it, man.  
Open it, for Christ sakes!  
Just go ahead, man.  
Down, down, down!  
Well?  
I didn't get in.  
Oh, Billy.  
I'm sorry, Son.  
Oh.  
Billy.  
Never mind, kiddo.  
You little bastard!  
He got in, man! He got in!  
Who do you think you are kidding, Mr Hitler  
If you think Old England's done?  
You little bugger. He got in!  
Did you not hear us, man?  
He got into the school!  
Have you not heard?  
Heard what?  
We're going back. Strike's over, Jackie.  
I've just had a call from  
the regional committee.  
They've caved in.  
We've lost.  
- We've lost everything.  
- So that's it, then?  
A whole fuckin' year?  
- It'll be all right, Dad.  
- All right?  
When you come back here, Billy,  
everyone you know will be unemployed.  
In this village, in the next village  
and the village after that,  
and the village after that.  
In 10 years, there won't be any pits left.  
We're dead.  
We're dinosaurs.  
200,000 men.  
We can't all be fucking dancers.  
We'd better get down the hole.  
Anyway, congratulations, bonny lad.  
I always said you'd get in.  
Better get down the hole.

You all right, son?  
I'm scared, Grandma.  
Scared?  
What are you scared of?  
I'm not sure I want to go.  
Can't I stay here?  
No.  
No, you can't stay here.  
We've rented your room out.  
Not funny, Grandma.  
Did you really get in?  
Uh-huh.  
Will you sign this for us?  
Shh!  
Hello.  
Can I help you?  
I just came to tell you, I got in.  
Oh.  
Well, me dad thought you should know.  
It's all right.  
They sent us a letter when it happened.  
Miss, I know I should have come before,  
but, you know...  
I can imagine.  
Okay, girls, toilet break.  
Debbie, go on.  
And miss, I just wanted  
to say thanks, miss.  
For everything that you did.  
I could never have done  
it without you, miss.  
Well, good luck, Billy.  
Thanks.  
Well, goodbye.  
Goodbye, then.  
I'll miss you, miss.  
No, you won't, Billy.  
You'll get down there and realise  
what a crap little dancing school this was.  
What a complete second-rate training  
I gave you.  
And then you'll spend the next five years  
unlearning everything I taught you.  
- No!

- It's all right.  
That's the way it is.  
No, you don't understand,  
I'll come and see you  
every time I come back, miss.  
Here's a piece of advice, Billy.  
Piss off out of here.  
Don't look back. Start everything afresh.  
There's sod all left for you here.  
You are very fucking special.  
Now, piss off before I start to cry.  
Okay.  
And, Billy. Good luck.  
Good luck as well, miss.  
Yeah, thanks.  
Thanks, Billy.  
Once we built visions  
on ground we hewed  
We dreamt of justice  
and of men renewed  
All people equal, in all things  
We once were heroes  
Once were kings  
But all great things must come to pass  
We know the first will soon be last  
And in the ground we may be lain  
But a seed is sown to rise again  
So we walk proudly  
And we walk strong  
All together  
We will go as one  
The ground is empty  
And cold as hell  
But we all go together when we go  
Knock 'em dead, kiddo.  
Yeah.  
Thanks, Tony.  
See you, sunshine.  
We saw a land where wealth was shared  
Each pain relieved, each hunger fed  
Each man revered, each tyrant killed  
Each soul redeemed, each life fulfilled  
From each man's means to each his need  
We saw a time man would be freed

We fought for all the things we saw  
The battle's lost but not the war  
So we walk proudly  
And we walk strong  
All together  
We will go as one  
The ground is empty  
And cold as hell  
But we all go together when we go  
We will go down but our heads are proud  
We will go down with our voices loud  
We will go down but come again  
And we all go together when we go  
And we all go together when we go  
We walk proudly and we walk strong  
All together we will go as one  
The ground is empty and cold as hell  
But we all go together when we go  
We walk proudly and we walk strong  
All together we will go as one  
The ground is empty and cold as hell  
But we all go together when we go  
We walk proudly and we walk strong  
All together, we will go as one  
The ground is empty and cold as hell  
But we all go together when we go  
We walk proudly and we walk strong  
All together we will go as one  
The ground is empty and cold as hell  
But we all go together when we go  
You'd forget your head if it was loose.  
Bye, Mum.  
Bye, Billy.  
See you soon?  
No. I don't think so. Do you?  
No. Not really. I wrote you a letter.  
A letter?  
Me reply.  
It's a bit scrumpled.  
Dear Mum...  
"And please, Mummy know that  
"I will always be  
"Proud to have known you  
"Proud that you were mine

"Proud in everything  
"And I promise you this, Mummy"  
In everything you do  
Always be yourself  
Mummy  
And I always will be true  
Love you forever  
Love you forever  
Love you forever  
Billy.  
Mum.  
Bye, Mum.  
Oi, dancing boy!  
See you, Michael.  
Yeah, see you, Billy.  
Lights!  
Girls!  
Now, boys!  
Oh, yeah!  
One more try!  
Six, seven, eight!  
Five, six, seven, eight!  
It doesn't matter if you're large or small  
Trapezoid, or short or tall  
Even if you can't dance at all  
All you really got to do is shine  
It doesn't matter if your life's a mess  
The whole process will coalesce  
Just try to effervesce  
All you really gotta do is shine  
Everyone is different  
It's the natural state  
It's a fact, it's plain to see  
The world's Grey enough  
without making it worse  
We need individuality  
'Cause what the hell is wrong  
with expressing yourself?  
What we need is individuality  
Move over, dancing boy.  
It's time for the next generation.  
Whoo!  
Five, six, seven, eight!  
Keep on smiling!

Oh, yeah!

Oi! Oi! Oi!

We've got to have  
something better than that.

We need some backup.

Five, six, seven, eight!

Let's do this!

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Finish!