

MR FARTHING. Do you fly it at home?

BILLY. Yes, sir. In t' fields at t' back of our house.

MR FARTHING. That's Woods Avenue isn't it?

BILLY. Yes, sir. One hundred and twenty-four.

MR FARTHING. Right then, may I come down later?

BILLY (*unsure*). Yes, sir.

MR FARTHING. Good. Thanks, Billy.

BILLY *runs off to . . .*

Scene 11

The Betting Shop, 2.00 pm

MRS ROSE *is here and a lot of PUNTERS reading newspapers, writing betting slips, smoking and listening to the racing commentary on the radio.*

BILLY. I say, mister, what odds are these two?

MAN. What you got?

BILLY. A Double: 'Crackpot' and 'Tell Him He's Dead'.

MAN (*he takes the betting slip*). 'Crackpot' . . . 100 to 6, and 'Tell Him He's Dead', that's . . . where is it? I've just been looking at that myself. 'Tell Him He's Dead', here it is: 4 to 1, second favourite.

Gives the slip back to BILLY.

100 to 6 and 4 to 1.

Pause. BILLY looks down at the slip.

BILLY. Have they got a chance?

MAN. Now then, lad, how should I know?

BILLY. Would you back 'em?

The MAN consults the newspaper again.

MAN. 'Tell Him He's Dead' has got a good chance. It's top weight. It's t' best horse in t' race. It must be or it wouldn't

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be top weight would it? I don't fancy t' other though. No form. Not even a jockey on it in here. It'll have some lad on it you can bet. No, I wouldn't bother with that one.

BILLY. You don't think they'll win then?

MAN. How've you got 'em – doubled?

BILLY. They're not mine, they're our Jud's.

MAN. He'll be all right if they do.

BILLY moves to one side to consider a risk of his own.

BILLY. Heads I place the bet. Tails I don't.

Tosses coin.

Heads. Shit. Best out of three.

BILLY tosses the coin again.

Tails.

BILLY grins and walks round a little thinking what to do next.

MAN. I can't see 'em winning myself though.

BILLY smiles broadly and rushes out with the money.

BILLY. Thanks, mister.

Scene 12

The field behind Billy's House, 2.30 pm

BILLY is busy with the lure and Kes.

MR FARTHING (*entering*). Casper.

BILLY. Bloody-Hell-fire.

BILLY winds up the lure. They both address the bird from a distance.

MR FARTHING. You think a lot about that kestrel, don't you, Billy?

BILLY. 'Course I do. Wouldn't you if she was yours? Me and me Dad reared a young fox-cub one time. Then let it go. It