

LIBRARIAN. But look at your hands, they're absolutely filthy.
We'll end up with dirty books that way.

BILLY. I don't read dirty books.

LIBRARIAN. I should hope you don't read dirty books.
You're not old enough to read dirty books.

BILLY. Can I just sit down at a table and read it then? I'll
bring this paper back on Monday then.

LIBRARIAN. No, you can't, you're not a member.

BILLY. Nobody'll know.

LIBRARIAN. It's against the rules.

READERS. Ssh!

Another READER hands a book to the LIBRARIAN to be stamped out. They chat pleasantly about the weather.

BILLY puts the book under his jacket and quickly leaves the library. The PUPILS leave, leaving just a row of desks for . . .

JUD. What' you want this for when you can't read?

BILLY. Thanks, missus. I'll bring this paper back on Monday.

Scene 7

Flashback. Billy's House. Evening

JUD has already entered in his vest and snatched the stolen book from BILLY's hand as he reads it. READERS in the Library have left. Some desks still remain.

BILLY. Gis it here. Come here.

JUD holds BILLY off at arms-length.

JUD. Falconry? What do you know about falconry?

BILLY. Gis it back.

JUD pushes BILLY onto the settee and examines the book.

JUD. *A Falconer's Handbook*. Where've you got this from?

BILLY. I've lent it.

JUD. Nicked it more like. Where've you got it from?

BILLY. The Library in town.

JUD. You must be crackers.

BILLY. How do you mean?

JUD. Nicking books. I could understand it if it were money, but chuff me, not a book.

They struggle with the book. JUD throws it up in the air several times and then across the floor. BILLY races around in circles trying to capture the book. JUD continues getting dressed. BILLY copies sections of the book into his exercise book.

JUD. Up! Up! Up! Here, have it.

BILLY. Look what you've done now. I'm trying to look after this book.

JUD. Anybody'd think it were treasure you'd got.

BILLY. I've been reading it all afternoon. I'm nearly half-way through. I know lots about 'em already.

JUD. And what better off will you be when you've read it?

BILLY. A lot, 'cos I'm going to get a young kestrel and train it.

JUD. Train it, you couldn't train a flea! (JUD laughs.)
Anyroad, where you going to get a kestrel from?

BILLY. I know a nest.

JUD. You don't.

BILLY. All right then, I don't.

JUD. Where?

BILLY. I'm not telling.

JUD. I said, *where*?

JUD jumps astride BILLY on the sofa, pushes his face into the cushion, and forces one arm up into a half-nelson.

JUD. I said, *where*?

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BILLY. Give over Jud, you're breaking me arm.

JUD. Where then?

BILLY. Monastery Farm.

JUD gets up and cuffs BILLY on the head.

BILLY. You big git, you nearly broke me arm then.

JUD. I'll have to see about going round there with a gun.

BILLY. I'll tell t' farmer.

JUD. What's he got to do with it?

BILLY. He protects 'em.

JUD. Protects 'em, don't talk wet. Hawks are a menace to farmers. They eat all their poultry and everything.

BILLY. They dive down on their cows and carry 'em away an' all.

JUD. Funny bugger.

BILLY. Well you talk daft. Kestrels are only small. Kestrels only eat mice and insects and little birds sometimes. You should have seen 'em today, Jud. They go like lightning. I was laid watching one for hours this afternoon. They're t' best thing I've ever seen. She was sat on this telegraph post.

JUD looks in the mirror to knot his tie.

JUD. I'm hoping I'll be laid watching a bird tonight but she'll not have feathers on, though.

BILLY. I was right underneath her.

JUD. Not all over, anyway.

BILLY. You ought to have seen 'em hovering though, Jud.

JUD. A few pints first.

BILLY. You ought to have seen 'em hovering then diving down.

JUD. Then straight across to t' Lyceum.

BILLY. Diving straight down behind this wall. Whoosh!

JUD. You think you know summat about 'em don't you?

BILLY. I know more about 'em than you anyroad.

JUD. You ought to an' all. You nearly live round in them woods. It's a wonder you don't turn into a wild-man.

JUD scratches his armpits and runs round the room imitating an ape.

Billy Casper, wild-man of t' woods. I ought to keep you in a cage, I'd make a bloody fortune.

JUD starts to throw BILLY around and BILLY's school exercise book up in the air again.

BILLY. Give over, Jud. Stop mucking about. Stop it. Stop it!

JUD. Up we go! Up! Up!! (*Reading cynically and laughing, hitting BILLY for the fun of it. BILLY trying throughout to get his exercise book back.*) 'I woke up and my mother says to me. Here, Billy, here's your breakfast in bed. There is bacon and egg and bread and butter and a big pot of tea. When I'd had my breakfast the sun was shining outside. I got dressed and go downstairs. Me and Dad and Mum live in a big house up on Moor Edge.' Cracked. Billy Casper, cracked wild-man of the woods.

JUD laughs cruelly. BILLY shouts. JUD returns to the ape imitation, pulling BILLY about. MRS CASPER enters.

MRS CASPER. You're a couple of noisy buggers, you two. What you been making him cry for, Jud?

JUD. I never touched him.

BILLY. Not much. Nearly broke me arm that's all.

JUD. I'll break your neck next time.

MRS CASPER. Shut it, both of you.

JUD. Well he's nowt but a big baby.

BILLY. And you're nowt but a big bully.

MRS CASPER. I said shut it. Jud, how did your horses gone on, Jud?

JUD. Not bad. I'd a double up.

MRS CASPER. You haven't have yer?

JUD. Aye.

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Scene 17**The Field, 7.00 pm**

BILLY *is working the lure in the field, a handkerchief tied to the end of it. Calling to Kes all the time. He shortens the chord and swings it round so fast that it unravels. Then he lets it go and shoots it up in the air. He runs to it as it falls to the ground. This happens several times.*

BILLY. Kes! Kes! Come on then Kes!

 Come on Kes! Come on then!

 Kes! Kes! Kes!

 Kes! Kes! Kes!

 Kes! Kes! Kes!

BILLY *runs to . . .*

Scene 18**Billy's House, 8.00 pm**

BILLY *bursts in through the kitchen and into the living room. The radio is playing. JUD is drinking tea. MRS CASPER is sitting at the table reading a magazine.*

BILLY. Where is it? What have you done with it?

MRS CASPER. Where've you been till now? Shut that door, Billy, there's a terrible draught behind you. Get some tea.

BILLY. I said where is it?

 JUD *continues to read the comic, dipping biscuits into his tea, then suddenly:*

JUD (*shouts*). What're you staring at?

MRS CASPER. What's going off, what's all t' bloody shouting about?

BILLY. Ask him, he knows what it's all about.

JUD. Yes lad, and you'd have known if I'd got hold of you earlier.

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MRS CASPER. Know what, what are you both talking about?

BILLY *is very distressed.*

Now what's the matter with you?

BILLY *can only point to* JUD.

What you done to him now, Jud?

JUD. It's his fault, if he'd put that bet on like he was told there'd have been none of this.

MRS CASPER. Didn't he? I told him before I went to work this morning.

JUD. Did he bloody hell.

MRS CASPER. I told you not to forget, Billy.

JUD. He didn't forget, he spent t' money.

MRS CASPER. And what happened, did they win?

JUD. Win! I'd have had a fair whack to draw if he'd kept his thieving hands to himself!

MRS CASPER. Oh, Billy, you've done it once too often this time.

JUD. They both won you know. A hundred to eight and four to one, they came in. I knew it an' all! 'Tell-Him-He's-Dead', was a cert, and I've been following that 'Crackpot' all season. It was forced to win sometime. I could have had a week off work with that money.

MRS CASPER. Well, what's he crying about then?

BILLY. Because he's killed me hawk instead, that's why.

MRS CASPER. You never have, have you, Jud?

BILLY. He has, I know he has, just because he couldn't catch me.

MRS CASPER. Have you, Jud?

JUD. All right then, so I've killed it. What are you going to do about it?

BILLY *screams an agonising cry and collapses onto the floor or sofa. He then rushes round to* MRS CASPER. *He*