

BILLY (*trying to escape*). Hey up, shift. Let me out you rotten dogs!

MR SUGDEN. Got a sweat on, Casper?

BILLY. Let me out, sir. Let me out.

MR SUGDEN. I thought you'd like a cooler after your exertions in goal.

BILLY. I'm frozen.

MR SUGDEN. Really?

BOY 1. Shall we let him out now, sir?

BOY 2. He'll get pneumonia, sir.

MR SUGDEN. I don't care what he gets.

BILLY. Give over, sir. It's not right, sir.

MR SUGDEN (*becoming increasingly frightening*). And was it right when you let that last goal in?

BILLY. I couldn't help it.

MR SUGDEN. Rubbish, lad. It's not a time for shirking. It may be called Games but there's more to it than playing. It's not the taking part it's the winning. You should be changed. Changed and out. On the field, boy. On the field! Games is no time for shirking. If you think I'm running my blood to water for ninety minutes and then having the game deliberately thrown away you've got another think coming. You're not going anywhere until you've had a proper wash.

Scene 10

The Playground, 12.40 pm

The playground has filled up with PUPILS. Some smoking, others keeping watch, others playing ball. This extended until BILLY is dressed.

MACDOWALL. Got owt, Casper?

BILLY *walks away.*

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MACDOWALL. No. You never has. You just cadge all t' time.
'Casper the Cadger' that's what we should call you.

BILLY. I wouldn't give you owt if I had it, MacDowall.

MACDOWALL. I'll give you something in a minute. What's
you going over there for, Casper?

BILLY. Mind your own business.

MACDOWALL. What's up? Don't you like company? They
say your mother does! Takes after his mother. She's always
running. After blokes, I've heard.

BILLY. Shut your mouth. Shut it, can't you!

MACDOWALL. Come and make me.

BILLY. You wouldn't say that to our Jud.

MACDOWALL. I bet I know someone who could do him.

BILLY. Who? Your Dad?

MACDOWALL. At least I've got a Dad. Yours ran off, me
mam says. When your Dad caught your mam with your
Uncle Mick.

BILLY. Shut it.

MACDOWALL. I've heard you've got more uncles than any
kid in this City.

BILLY. Shut it, I said.

MACDOWALL. Is your Dad gonna run back and stick up for
you?

BILLY. Shut it. Jud'll murder you.

MACDOWALL. Would he heck, he's nowt, your Jud.

BILLY. You what? He's cock of the Estate that's all.

MACDOWALL. Who says?

PUPILS (*gathering around. Under dialogue, very gradually,
starting quietly*). Fight. Fight. Fight.

MACDOWALL. Your Jud won't stick up for you. He isn't
even your brother.

BILLY. What is he then, me sister?

MACDOWALL. He's not your real brother, me mam says.
They don't even call him Casper for a start.

BILLY. Course he's me brother! We live in t' same house don't we?

MACDOWALL. He don't even look like you. He's twice as big for a start. You're nowt like brothers.

MACDOWALL *and* BILLY *fight. Firstly* MACDOWALL *pushes* BILLY *off with his foot, and as BILLY comes back he punches him hard which sends him flying.*

MACDOWALL. Get away, you little squirt, before I spit on you and drown yer.

They continue to fight. A crowd of PUPILS surrounds them until MR FARTHING appears, blows his whistle and pushes his way through.

MR FARTHING. What's going on?

BILLY (*tearful*). It was him, sir! He started it.

MACDOWALL. I didn't, sir! It was him.

MR FARTHING. Shut up, both of you. It's the same old tale. It's nobody's fault and nobody started it. You just happened to be fighting for no reason at all. Don't look so sorry for yourself, Casper, you're not dead yet.

MACDOWALL. He will be when I get hold of him.

MR FARTHING. You're a brave lad aren't you MacDowall? He's just about your size, Casper, isn't he? Well if you're so keen on fighting why don't you pick on someone your own size eh? Eh?

MR FARTHING *jabs* MACDOWALL *in the shoulder, and as MACDOWALL backs away, he walks after him, punctuating his speech with jabs.*

What would you say if I pinned you to the floor and smacked you across the face? You'd say I was a bully, wouldn't you lad? And you'd be right because I'm bigger and stronger and I know I could beat you to a pulp before we started. Just like you know MacDowall with every boy you pick on.

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