

ACT TWO

Scene 9

After the Football Match, 12.25 pm

BOYS are all talking amongst themselves, getting changed out of their football gear and into their uniforms, coming back from the showers, drying themselves off.

ALLEN (*jumping to keep warm*). I hate games with him. It's always football. This weather and all. Me feet were frost-bitten out there. We haven't been in the gym for years now. Other classes do basketball sometimes. He just shouts 'On the field. On the field.' And he's like a chuffing carthorse.

MARTIN (*whistles*). Hey, he's coming.

MR SUGDEN *enters*.

MR SUGDEN. Stop bouncing, lad.

ALLEN. I'm still frozen, sir. I'm just jumping to keep warm, sir.

MR SUGDEN. Well stop jumping before I make you red hot. You should have done more running on the field. On the field, boy.

TIBBUT. Who were you playing as today, sir, Liverpool?

MR SUGDEN. Rubbish, lad. Do you mean to tell me that for ninety minutes you thought I was Liverpool. It was Manchester United against Spurs in the vital fifth round F.A. cup tie at Old Trafford.

TIBBUT. But Liverpool are red, aren't they sir?

MR SUGDEN. Yes, but they're all red. Shirts, shorts and stockings. These are Manchester United colours.

TIBBUT. Course they are, sir, I forgot. What position were you playing?

MR SUGDEN *turns round revealing a number ten on his back.*

TIBBUT. Bobby Charlton? I thought you were usually Dennis Law when you were Manchester United, sir?

MR SUGDEN. It was too cold to play as a striker today. I was scheming this morning. All over the field. Just like Charlton used to do.

TIBBUT. Law played all over t' field, sir. He wasn't just a striker.

MR SUGDEN. He didn't link like Charlton.

TIBBUT. Better player though, sir.

MR SUGDEN. Are you trying to tell me about football, Tibbut?

TIBBUT. No, sir.

MR SUGDEN. Well, shut up then, unless you'd rather do some maths for the rest of the term. Anyway, Dennis Law's in the wash this week.

TIBBUT. Well, United 2 Spurs 3, bad luck, sir.

MR SUGDEN. Shut it, Tibbut! Maths! Ten press-ups.

TIBBUT. Ah, sir, I can't do press-ups, I'm knackered.

MR SUGDEN. You'll be more than knackered in a minute. Press-ups, Now. One, two, three, four, five . . .

MR SUGDEN *moves down the line of BOYS. To BILLY who has nearly finished changing.*

Now, Casper, what happened out there? What were you doing, lad? What position do you play?

BILLY. Don't know, sir – I've not decided yet.

MR SUGDEN. Goal, Casper. You were in goal. You were in goal because you're no good elsewhere.

BILLY. It's not my fault we lost, sir. I told you I were no good in goal.

MR SUGDEN. Well it was your chance to learn wasn't it, Casper?

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