

Billy Elliot

By
Lee Hall

1 INT. BILLY'S ROOM. THE SAME.

1

A pair of hands carefully slides a record from its sleeve and puts it on a battered record player. He lifts the needle, places it on the record and then quickly lifts it off as the record starts, mid-song.

BILLY

(softly)

Shit!

He places the needle back on the record. The music starts. COSMIC DANCER by Marc Bolan.

CUT TO an empty space on the wall. The music is playing:

"I was a dancer when I was twelve/ I
was a dancer when I was twelve..."

BILLY's head moves up into our view in extreme slow motion. BILLY is bouncing up and down on the bed to the music. He is dancing freely, we feel his joy and the freedom of his movement.

"I was a dancer when I was out. I was
a dancer when I was out...."

We gradually PULL OUT to reveal more of him, but still we see his intimate grace as he moves in and out of the frame, seeming to fly like a humming bird almost frozen in flight.

MUSIC

"Danced myself right out the womb.
Danced myself right out the womb. Is
it strange to dance so soon."

BILLY's hands lift into an almost balletic position. The extreme slowness and close up is strangely moving juxtaposed to the Marc Bolan song.

2 INT. KITCHEN. HOUSE. THE SAME.

2

BILLY runs into the kitchen. The music is still playing.
"Danced myself right out the womb..."

BILLY takes the eggs off the stove. He puts them in egg cups with slices of bread on a tray.

MUSIC still playing. BILLY pushes open the door to GRANDMA's room with his foot.

3 INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM. HOUSE. THE SAME.

3

BILLY looks at the bed, which is empty.

BILLY

Ah no!

He drops the tray onto the bed and rushes out.

4 EXT. BACK YARD. THE SAME. 4

Over COSMIC DANCER, BILLY looks for GRANDMA. BILLY runs through the yard. The camera follows him up the back lane.

5 EXT. BACK LANE. THE SAME. 5

Running up the back lane. Past the backs of the terraces and further onto the field at the end of the street.

6 EXT. FIELD AT THE END OF THE STREET. THE SAME. 6

BILLY runs into the long grass. To BILLY it is almost a jungle. The camera follows him at his own eye level running and running as the Marc Bolan track reaches its climax. Through the long grass a figure emerges. BILLY gets closer and we realise it is GRANDMA. She is wearing her night dress and is wandering aimlessly in the field in a daze. BILLY, out of breath, reaches her and clings to her side in a desperate cuddle.

GRANDMA looks at him incredulously as the music comes to an end. BILLY looks up at his GRANDMA sadly. The old woman is close to tears in her confusion.

BILLY

Grandma. Your eggs.

BILLY looks up at GRANDMA. The camera pulls out. In the distance, at the brow of the hill, we see a police van with policemen pouring out in riot gear. They seem to be dark crows on the horizon, an almost surreal, malevolent presence, quite at odds with the fragility of BILLY and GRANDMA. BILLY starts to lead GRANDMA back to the house.

7 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 7

BILLY is in one bed reading a comic. TONY his brother, 20, is sitting on his bed. He wears head phones and listens to a record. Long pause.

TONY

Fuck!

TONY turns and looks at him.

TONY

You been playing my records, you little twat?

BILLY

I never played nowt.

Tony snatches the comic from BILLY and smacks him with it.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (cont'd)

Ow!

TONY

Knobhead.

TONY picks up a joint off the record player and takes a drag.

BILLY

If Dad knew you smoked that stuff he'd go mental.

TONY

Look. Fuck off will you.

TONY sits back on his bed and puts his head phones on and turns off the bedside light.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

8

BILLY is at the piano picking out the tune to Cosmic Dancer with one finger.

TONY (O.S.)

Here we go, Dad. Come on, man.

GRANDMA is sitting up in her bed.

TONY (cont'd)

Dad.

TONY appears in the open door.

TONY (cont'd)

Ha'way, Dad man, we'll be late. I'm tellin' you, whole friggin' world's gonna be on that picket line this morning.

Tony walks back out of the room.

TONY

You tided our room? Dad.

Dad enters clutching a coal scuttle.

DAD

There's not much of this coal left.

Tony re-enters.

TONY

It's fine, we'll be diggin' it up again next month.

(CONTINUED)

DAD
Don't kid yourself.

TONY rushes out, grabbing a stack of placards as he goes.

TONY
I'm not waitin' for youse.

Tony walks past DAD.

DAD
Tony. Tony!

TONY (O.S.)
See you down the picket line, Dad.

DAD turns and looks down. BILLY plays the piano.

DAD
Leave it, BILLY.

BILLY
Mam would have let us.

BILLY carries on playing. We watch his fingers, suddenly the lid snaps down violently.

DAD exits.

DAD (O.S.)
Your fifty pence is on the fridge.

BILLY continues to play the piano. On the piano we see the picture of MUM, in the same dress we see her later wearing in the kitchen. Other pictures of MUM and DAD and MUM and BILLY.

9 EXT. COAL MINE. DAY.

9

A group of striking miners are on the picket line.

MINERS
Scab! Scab! Scab! Scab!

10 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOXING HALL. A LITTLE LATER.

10

BILLY is on the steps about to go in, MICHAEL is mooching in the carpark ready to go off.

BILLY
Are you sure you're not going to come?

MICHAEL
Am I fuck. It's a right load of old bollocks.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
No it's not.

MICHAEL
It's a load of old shite. Kicking
people in. Anyway, I don't know why
you bother.

BILLY
I'm good at it.

MICHAEL
Are you shite. Look at your gloves,
man. They went out with the ark.

BILLY
Hey. They're me Dads these.

MICHAEL
Exactly.

11 INT. BOXING HALL. DAY.

11

Along the other side of the hall is a row of nervous
girls all in tutus ready to do their dancing lessons.
GEORGE WATSON addresses the room, as he steps into the
ring.

*
*

GEORGE
Now, because they're using downstairs
as a soup kitchen for the striking
miners. I'm going to let Mrs.
Wilkinson use the bottom end of the
boxing hall for her ballet lessons. So
no hanky-panky. Understood?

BILLY is looking at the girls at the side room. His Dad,
Jackie Elliot, sits to one side watching young Billy with
nervous concentration.

*
*

GEORGE
Elliot, you're late. Get changed and
get in here.

BILLY goes over to the ring and climbs in. He looks over
at GREAVES. GREAVES is a fat lad a good few inches taller
than BILLY.

GEORGE
Right then, lads. Now give it all you
got. Round one.

BILLY comes tentatively out of his corner. There is a
determination in his face but his punches just don't seem
to land. He gets whacked.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Well don't just stand there, Elliot.

GEORGE lets them spar again. BILLY dances around. He appears to be enjoying the dancing around more than the boxing as he bounces around indiscriminately.

GEORGE

Ah, no, not again. This is man-to-man combat, not a bloody tea dance.

GEORGE looks over to DAD who shakes his head. *

GEORGE (cont'd)

What are you doing, man? Hit him!

BILLY sees one of the ballet girls and smiles.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Greavesy, he's just pissin' about. Now get stuck in and give him a belt. He's like a fanny in a fit.

DAD (O.S.)

Billy, hit him!

We see a huge glove coming straight towards his face. Bang.

BILLY is flat out on the ground.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ, Billy Elliot you're a disgrace to them gloves, your father and the traditions of this boxing hall. You owe us fifty pence.

He turns and looks at MR. BRAITHWAITE, the pianist.

GEORGE (cont'd)

How! Liberace will you give it a rest?

12 INT. BOXING HALL. DAY.

12

BILLY is trying to hit the punchbag. *

GEORGE

You're not going till you do it properly. *

BILLY starts swinging wildly at the bag in his anger. Music is playing from the dance class which is in full swing at the end of the hall, obscured by the boxing ring. He calms down and tries to hit the bag properly. GEORGE throws BILLY the keys, amazingly BILLY catches them in his gloves. *

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Give these to Mrs. Wilkinson when you've finished. I'll see you next week.

BILLY uses the rhythm of the music to hit the bag effectively. Making it a little "dance" allows him to achieve his goal.

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)

Okay, girls, left hand on the barre. Thank you, Mr. Braithwaite. And...pretty arms. Bottoms in. And where are you looking, Susan? Lift. Feel the music. Feel it.

BILLY leans on the punch bag and sways with it.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)

In time, Debbie, please. And one, and two, and three, and four and five, six, seven eight.

BILLY continues to move around the punch bag.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)

And one, and two, and three, and four, five...

BILLY punches the bag and then clings to it.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)

And Hold. Hold it. Support yourselves. Don't look at me, look ahead. Where's your confidence? Come on. And down. Lovely. Oh God. And, Debbie, eyes front. And five, and six, and seven, and stop. For God's sake. Thank you, Mr. Braithwaite. Right in the centre, girls please.

BILLY stops and creeps around the boxing ring to investigate the ballet class. We see Mrs. Wilkinson for the first time. She is moving round the room reciting instructions in a rather world weary tone.

As she passes the piano player she nicks the fag from his packet and lights it without missing a beat of her mantra.

Mrs. Wilkinson spots him. BILLY opens his mouth about to say;

BILLY

Miss. Miss, the keys.

(CONTINUED)

As if by sixth sense MRS. WILKINSON addresses him whilst looking in the opposite direction. *

MRS. WILKINSON
Not. Now. Three, four. *

BILLY is startled. *

MRS. WILKINSON
Right, Mr Braithwaite, 'The Sun'll
Come Out Tomorrow', fat chance. *

Ready. And...port de bras forward and
up. *

BILLY watches the class with fascination. One girl turns and stares at him. *

DEBBIE
Why don't you join in?

MRS. WILKINSON
Port de bras forward and up.

BILLY
(to DEBBIE)
Nah.

He glances at DEBBIE and the girls as they continue to dance.

MRS. WILKINSON
Port de bras, forward and up. And
hold.

CUT TO:

13 INT. BOXING HALL. LATER.

13

The girls continue to do their exercises at the barre.

MRS. WILKINSON
And three, and four, and...
Debbie, straight leg. Seven, and
eight. And one, and two, and three...

We see BILLY's legs, still wearing boxing boots, dancing.

MRS. WILKINSON
...and four, and five, boots off!

Mrs. Wilkinson stands on BILLY's foot.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Seven and Eight.
(to BILLY)
What size are you?

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Miss, what about the keys?

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
Into the centre.

BILLY shakes his foot as the girls turn to go into the centre. He crouches down and unties his boot, as a pair of ballet shoes drop in front of him.

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
Go on, I dare you.

BILLY picks them up.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Prepare.

BILLY looks at the shoes.

14 INT. BOXING HALL. LATER.

14

MRS. WILKINSON walks between the girls whilst clutching a cigarette.

MRS. WILKINSON
And one, and two, and three...and
four, and five, and six, and...

She draws on her cigarette and walks back.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
And eight, and hold.

We see BILLY and DEBBIE, stretching their legs. MRS. WILKINSON stops.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Hold it..Hold it.

She turns and looks at BILLY.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Hold it.

BILLY's leg begins to shake.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Oh, what have we got here then?

BILLY grimaces. MRS. WILKINSON crouches by his leg. He turns and looks at her.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Heel out. Drop your hip.

He turns and glances down.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Nice...

She runs her hand over his toes.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
....straight leg. Good arch.

She turns his leg out.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Turn that leg out.

She releases her grip.

MRS. WILKINSON turns, takes the cigarette that she has given to a girl to hold and walks away.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Right, class dismissed. Home time.

BILLY turns to look at MRS. WILKINSON and sees DEBBIE staring at him.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Debbie, get the fifty 'p's.

15 EXT. STREET. LATER.

15

BILLY is walking along and suddenly WILKINSON's car pulls along side meeting his pace as he walks along the road. The window comes down and MRS. WILKINSON looks over as she drives. DEBBIE is in the back.

WILKINSON
You owe me 50p.

BILLY
I don't

WILKINSON
You do. Why don't you bring it along next week.

BILLY
I can't miss. I've got to go boxing

DEBBIE
But you're crap at boxing.

BILLY
No I'm not.

WILKINSON
Shut up. Thought you enjoyed it.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINSON

Please yourself darling.

The window moves up and the car accelerates away. BILLY stops and stands still for a second.

The window moves up and the car accelerates away.

BILLY stops and stands still for a second, staring at the car. Without changing his gaze, he taps the stick on the floor twice, kicks it with his foot and swings it over his shoulder, like a cane. As he does so we hear the music of Top Hat, White Tie and Tails.

CUT TO:

16 C/U SCREEN SHOWING TOP HAT AND TAILS (BLACK & WHITE) 16

It's the Fred Astaire clip from Top Hat. He, and twenty other dancers are dancing with canes.

DISSOLVE.

17 EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY 17

BILLY and GRANDMA walk along the Lane. BILLY strides ahead holding a small bunch of flowers. Grandma dawdles:

GRANDMA

He was a perfectionist, was Fred Astaire.

BILLY

Was Ginger Rogers a perfectionist?

GRANDMA

We used to watch them. Saturday afternoons at the Palace. Then I'd take your mum down Oxford Ballrooms in Newcastle. Marvellous! Mind, they said I could have been a professional.

GRANDMA stops and stretched her arm.

BILLY

Come on. Grandma, not now.

BILLY runs back towards her and pulls her by her arm.

18 EXT. GRAVEYARD. LATER. 18

BILLY is in the graveyard with GRANDMA. They come to MAM's grave. It is covered in beer cans and it has been defaced by an aerosol spray.

BILLY

Ah, no.

(CONTINUED)

He rushes over and starts to clear it up. He is engrossed in clearing away the cans, then realises GRANDMA is not with him. He looks round. He gets up panicked, but quickly sees her sitting next to another grave.

BILLY
Grandma. It's this one here. Grandma!
It's over here!

19 INT. BILLY'S ROOM. NIGHT 19

BILLY in one bed awake, TONY in the other, almost asleep.

BILLY
Tony. Do you ever think about death?

TONY
Fuck off, will you.

There is a silence.

BILLY
Night, night, then.

20 EXT. STREET. LATER. 20

BILLY and DEBBIE are walking.

DEBBIE
Plenty of boys do ballet, you know.

BILLY
Do they nick. What boys do ballet?

DEBBIE
Nobody round here, but plenty of men do.

BILLY
Poofs.

DEBBIE
Not necessarily poofs.

As they walk up the street they pass a row of policemen with riot shields. BILLY and DEBBIE walk past them completely oblivious.

BILLY
Who like?

DEBBIE
What about Wayne Sleep. He's not a poof.

BILLY
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE
He's as fit as an athlete.

BILLY
I bet he couldn't beat Daley Thompson.

DEBBIE
Maybes not in a race but in stamina.
Why don't you come tomorrow? You could
just watch.

BILLY
I can't. Gotta go to boxing, haven't
I?

BILLY starts to go his own way home.

DEBBIE
Please yourself. See you around then.

BILLY
Aye. See you. Tarra.

21 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. EVENING 21

BILLY plays the piano.

22 INT. BOXING HALL - CHANGING ROOM. EVENING. 22

Boys hurry out of the cubicles.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Right, lads, look sharp. Everybody
out.

BILLY hangs from beneath the cubicle door. He leans up
as the boys exit and girls pass wearing tutus. BILLY
stands up. He is wearing boxing gloves around his neck.
He hangs them on a hook and follows the girls.

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
Turn, turn and stop. One, two, three.
One, two, three.

23 INT. BOXING HALL. LATER. 23

BILLY is dancing amongst the girls.

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
Arms are in fifth. One, two, three.
One, two, three. Turn, turn and stop.

BILLY stops and watches the girls.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
One, two, three. One, two, three.
Where are those arms?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON looks at BILLY

BILLY
I don't know what to do.

MRS. WILKINSON
Follow the others.

BILLY starts to dance.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
shut up, Debbie.

BILLY turns and watches the girls.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
One, two, three. One, two, three.
Nice pretty arms. And stop.

24 INT. BOXING HALL. LATER.

24

BILLY sits on a bench and pulls on a jumper, as Debbie skips. She sits down.

DEBBIE
See, I told you it takes loads of
practise.

MRS. WILKINSON walks in.

MRS. WILKINSON
Debbie?

She stops by BILLY and leans against the wall.

DEBBIE
What, mam?

MRS. WILKINSON
What do you call me?

BILLY glances at them.

DEBBIE
Miss.

MRS. WILKINSON
Shove off.

Debbie stands and walks off, as BILLY picks up his bag.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
So, do we get the pleasure of your
company next week?

DEBBIE exits, as BILLY packs his belongings.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
It's just...I feel like a right sissy.

MRS. WILKINSON
Well don't act like one. Fifty 'p',
please.

She holds out her hand, BILLY reaches into his jacket pocket and hands a coin to her.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
If you're not coming again, give us
your shoes.

Billy hesitates and then turns to her.

BILLY
Nah, you're all right.

MRS. WILKINSON
Right.

25 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE. LATER.

25

BILLY sneaks along the corridor. He lifts up his mattress to hide his ballet shoes, when DAD appears suddenly. He bears down on him.

DAD
What are you doing going round here
like creeping Jesus?

BILLY
Nowt.

BILLY lies on top of the bed, hiding the shoes.

DAD
Where have you been anyway? We found
your Nana in the Spa Stores.

BILLY
Boxing, where do you think?

DAD looks at him suspiciously. BILLY is terrified that he will spot the ballet shoes.

DAD
What are you doing?

BILLY peers under the bed.

BILLY
I forgot me gloves.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

They were me Dad's gloves. You
better take better care of them, okay?

26 INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY 26

BILLY sits at his desk, Michael sits behind him. BILLY
stares into space.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Copy down that diagram. We only have
five minutes left.

MICHAEL smacks BILLY's head with a ruler. BILLY turns
and looks at him and slaps his arm.

27 INT. SCHOOL CHANGING ROOM. DAY 27

BILLY sits on a bench, MICHAEL stands behind him, BILLY
pulls on a shoe as MICHAEL jumps down. BILLY stands up
and rushes out. As runs past a mirror he turns and
stares at his reflection in the mirror. He draws himself
up like a dancer and then runs out.

28 EXT. THE TUNNEL. MORNING. 28

The LADS run across the fell. BILLY and MICHAEL sneak
behind a wall and watch the others pass by.

MICHAEL

Howway, this way.

BILLY and MICHAEL take the short cut.

MICHAEL

So you go every week?

BILLY

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Does your dad know?

BILLY

Does he fuck? He'd go mental if he
found out.

MICHAEL

Do you get to wear a tutu?

BILLY

It's only for lasses.

MICHAEL

Are you any good at it?

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Course I am you divvy. That Debbie
says I'm promising.

MICHAEL
What's that supposed to mean?

BILLY
I dunno.

MICHAEL
Do you like DEBBIE?

BILLY
She's all right.

MICHAEL
I think she's weird.

BILLY
come on.

29 INT. LIBRARY VAN. DAY

29

BILLY goes in the library van. It is empty. A tough old
bird peers down at him suspiciously. BILLY find a book
about ballet.

LIBRARIAN
I don't know why you're looking at
that. You can't take that out on a
junior ticket.

BILLY looks through the book Suddenly a man wanders into
frame and pulls his pants down and moons. The LIBRARIAN
is obviously distracted. Then all of a sudden a Police
car chases the guy. BILLY hides the book under his
jacket.

BILLY
See you then.

30 INT. BOXING HALL. STAIRWELL. DAY.

30

Girls hurry up the stairs, wearing tutus. BILLY leans in
and moves to follow.

31 INT. BATHROOM. ANOTHER DAY.

31

BILLY stands by the wash-basin. He looks down at the
ballet book and puts it on the shelf.

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
Okay, Billy Elliot into the centre.

BILLY takes hold of the wash-basin and raises his leg.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Right now, I want you to watch
carefully, girls. First, arabesque.

BILLY peers at the book.

32 INT. BOXING HALL. EVENING. 32

The girls watch BILLY and MRS. WILKINSON.

MRS. WILKINSON
(softly)
Drop your shoulders.

BILLY moves.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Look forward beyond your fingertips.

33 INT. BATHROOM. HOUSE. THE SAME. 33

BILLY leans on the wash-basin and tries to do the dance
move, whilst glancing at himself in the mirror.

34 INT. BOXING HALL. 34

Ballet class. BILLY is trying to do a pirouette.

MRS. WILKINSON
Right, spin it, Mr. Braithwaite. Spin
it. Come on, spin it. Now focus.
Look at yourself in the mirror.

35 INT. BATHROOM. HOUSE. THE SAME. 35

BILLY wears school uniform. He stares at his reflection
in the mirror. He spins and accidentally knocks the book
from the shelf.

36 INT. BOXING HALL. 36

MRS. WILKINSON
Christ Almighty, what was that?

37 INT. BATHROOM. HOUSE. THE SAME. 37

DAD (O.S.)
Oi. What's going on?

BILLY
(under his breath)
Fuck it.

DAD
Er, nothing.

- 38 INT. BOXING HALL. 38
 BILLY standing in the middle of the room.
 MRS. WILKINSON
 Prepare one, an two. Strong position.
 They take up their positions.
- 39 INT. BATHROOM. HOUSE 39
 BILLY staring at himself in the mirror. GRANDMA's false
 teeth are underneath in glass.
 MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
 Weight on both legs.
- 40 INT. BOXING HALL. 40
 BILLY frowns.
 MRS. WILKINSON
 And...
- 41 INT. BATHROOM. HOUSE. 41
 BILLY spins.
 MRS. WILKINSON
 ...pirouette and down.
- 42 INT. BOXING HALL. 42
 MRS. WILKINSON tries to catch BILLY as he stumbles.
- 43 INT. BATHROOM. 43
 BILLY falls into a full bath.
- 44 INT. BOXING HALL. 44
 The girls giggle. BILLY is on the floor.
 MRS. WILKINSON
 Up you get.
- 45 INT. BATHROOM. 45
 BILLY stands up. He is soaked. He spits out water.
- 46 INT. BOXING HALL. 46
 MRS. WILKINSON
 (slowly)
 Find a place on that bloody wall...

- 47 INT. BATHROOM. 47
 BILLY looks at his reflection and straightens his soaked shirt.
- 48 INT. BOXING HALL. 48
 MRS. WILKINSON stands behind BILLY and points out in front of him.
 MRS. WILKINSON
 ...and focus on that spot.
 BILLY stares in front of him.
 MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
 Then whip your head round and come back to that spot, prepare.
- 49 INT. BATHROOM. 49
 We see BILLY's reflection in the mirror.
 MRS. WILKINSON
 One, and two, and...
- 50 INT. BATHROOM. 50
 BILLY breathes deeply and raises his arms.
 MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
 One, and two and...
 BILLY lowers his arms, moves to turn.
 BILLY
 Fuck it.
- 51 INT. BOXING HALL. 51
 MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
 Have you got the spot.
- 52 INT. BATHROOM. 52
 BILLY looks at his reflection, as he prepares.
 MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
 Prepare.
 BILLY takes up his position.
- 53 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. BEDROOM. EVENING 53
 BILLY stands by the bed and takes up his position.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON (V.O)
Prepare.

54 INT. BILLY'S ROOM. NIGHT. 54

BILLY is lying on his bed.

BILLY
(softly)
Prepare.

55 INT. BATHROOM. MORNING. 55

BILLY stares at himself in the mirror.

MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
Go.

56 INT. BOXING HALL. EVENING 56

BILLY spins.

57 INT. BILLY'S ROOM. EVENING 57

BILLY spins, wearing TONY's headphones.

MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
Go.

He wraps the headphone lead around himself.

58 INT. DAD'S BEDROOM. 58

MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
Go.

BILLY spins and falls.

59 INT. BOXING HALL. 59

BILLY stands amongst the girls.

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
Go.

BILLY and the girls spin.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Go BILLY.

60 INT. BATHROOM. 60

BILLY spins and completes a double pirouette at massive speed. He finally finds himself looking into the mirror the same as when he started. He smiles.

61 INT. BOXING HALL.

61

Having achieved the pirouette BILLY stands there flushed. He looks to MRS. WILKINSON for approval. She simply says:

MRS. WILKINSON
Right, back to the barre.

BILLY is crestfallen by her lack of encouragement. Suddenly he realises this is a tacit recognition of his success. He smiles. She winks as he walks away.

MR. BRAITHWAITE walks up to BILLY and draws on a cigarette.

MR. BRAITHWAITE
You look like a right wanker to me,
son.

62 EXT. STREET. EVENING.

62

BILLY dances down the road, with his ballet shoes round his neck. This is intercut with shots of him playing the piano at home.

63 EXT. PICKET LINE. NIGHT.

63

There is a huge crowd. The police are pushing and shoving in amongst the crush GEORGE has a word with DAD. Their concentration is focussed on the immense scrum the picket line has become.

GEORGE
Listen Jackie. If it's the fifty pence
a session, you know I can do without
it. I don't do it for the money you
know.

DAD
What are you talking about?

GEORGE
The boxing, man, I haven't seen hide
nor hair of young BILLY for months. I
was gonna say somethin' but I thought
it might be embarrassin'.

DAD
First I knew about it. He's never got
the gloves off.

GEORGE
Well, send him round to my house and
I'll sharp knock some sense in to him.

A line of policemen restrain the miners as they struggle.

(CONTINUED)

MINERS
Scab, scab, scab...

A coach travels slowly past. The miners throw eggs at the coach window.

64 INT. BOXING HALL. EVENING 64

BILLY dances amongst the girls. Mrs. Wilkinson watches.

MRS. WILKINSON
Step open and balance, balance...

65 EXT. COAL MINE. DAY. 65

GEORGE and DAD are swept up in the crowd as the police move the miners back.

MINERS
Scab, scab, scab...

66 INT. BOXING HALL. 66

MRS. WILKINSON pushes BILLY amongst the girls.

MRS. WILKINSON
Right, let's do it again.

67 EXT. COAL MINE. DAY. 67

The police push the miners back as they chant.

68 INT. BOXING HALL. DAY. 68

MRS. WILKINSON positions BILLY.

MRS. WILKINSON
Open and lift your chest. Right let's do it again.

MR. BRAITHWAITE sits at the piano and draws on a cigarette.

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
Thank you, Mr. Braithwaite.
(to BILLY)
Step...

69 EXT. COAL MINE. DAY. 69

MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
...open, open your arms, do it. Arms.

70 INT. BOXING HALL. 70

MRS. WILKINSON
Pay attention.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY turns to MRS. WILKINSON, she pats his arm.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Arms. Like this. All right. Thank
you, Mr. Braithwaite. Step, really
open and powerful. Proud.

BILLY dances.

71 EXT. COAL MINE DAY. 71

The miners push against the police.

72 INT. BOXING HALL. 72

MRS. WILKINSON
You're not concentrating.

BILLY
Yes, I am concentrating.

MRS. WILKINSON
You're not even trying.

DEBBIE
Can we have a go of it, Miss?

MRS. WILKINSON
Let's do it again.

73 INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY. 73

DAD and TONY are doing the shopping.

DAD
Listen, have you noticed anything
weird about our Billy lately.

TONY
What you after like, a list?

Across the supermarket they spot GARY POULSON appears
down the aisle with a full shopping trolley. TONY bears
down on him and bangs his somewhat empty trolley into
GARY's. *

TONY.
Aye, aye.

GARY backs away with his trolley. *

TONY. (cont'd)
Got enough food there, scab? What are
you doing? Eh?

DAD (O.S.)
Scabs eat well, eh?

TONY.

You, you're me best mate. First rule of the union Gary, you never cross a picket line. We're all fucked if you forget that.

*
*

GARY shakes his head.

GARY

Fucking hell.

TONY.

We're all fucked if you forget that.

74 INT. MORNING. STAIRS.

74

BILLY is stuffing his ballet shoes down his trousers. He has his boxing gloves slung as usual over his shoulders.

BILLY

See you, then.

TONY (O.S.)

Wait. Your breakfast's ready.

BILLY slams the door. DAD runs out of the downstairs bathroom.

DAD

What the hell's he up to?

75 INT. BOXING HALL. LATER.

75

CUT TO LATER: Another exercise. MRS. WILKINSON is concentrating her attention on BILLY. BILLY suddenly sees DAD and freezes. His reaction puzzles WILKINSON for a second. The music comes to a standstill. WILKINSON turns to see DAD.

DAD

You. Out. Now.

MRS. WILKINSON

I beg your pardon?

The mood has been fractured by DAD's aggressive tone. Everybody stares at DAD. The girls start to giggle. BILLY is shitting it. He gives an embarrassed look to MRS. WILKINSON and starts to walk out embarrassed.

BILLY

Please, Miss...

(softly)

...don't.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY exits with DAD. MRS. WILKINSON stops in her tracks and watches BILLY follow DAD out. She is suddenly lost running through all the possible courses of action. The class are staring at her startled by DAD's intrusion. She turns and very calmly says:

WILKINSON

All right, which way are we facing?

She carries on with her next exercise as if nothing had happened.

76 INT. THE HOUSE. MORNING.

76

BILLY is sitting at one end of the table. DAD is sitting at the other staring at BILLY. GRANDMA is in the middle eating pork pie, savoring it as if it was the most delicious meal in the world. A long staring match, DAD is expecting BILLY to apologise.

DAD

Ballet.

BILLY

What's wrong with ballet?

DAD

What's wrong with ballet?

BILLY

It's perfectly normal.

DAD

Perfectly normal!

GRANDMA

I used to go to ballet.

BILLY

See.

DAD

Aye, for your Nana. For girls. Not for lads, Billy. Lads do football or boxing or ...wrestling. Not friggin' ballet.

BILLY

What lads do wrestling?

DAD

Don't start, Billy.

BILLY

I don't see what's wrong with it.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

You know perfectly well what's wrong with it.

BILLY

No I don't.

DAD

Yes you do.

BILLY

No I don't.

DAD

Yes, you bloody well do. Who do you think I am? You know quite nicely.

BILLY

What? What are you trying to say?

DAD

You're asking for a hiding.

BILLY

No, I'm not. Honest.

DAD

You are, Billy, Billy!

BILLY

It's not just poofs, Dad. Some ballet dancers are as fit as athletes. What about Wayne Sleep. He was a ballet dancer.

DAD

Wayne Sleep?

BILLY

Aye?

DAD

Listen, son from now on you can forget about the fucking ballet. You can forget the fucking boxing as well. I've been busting my arse for those fifty pences. From now on you'll stay here and look after your Nana. Got it? Good.

GRANDMA

They used to say I should have been a professional dancer.

DAD

Will you shut up!.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
I hate you. You're a bastard.

DAD
Get off! Billy! Billy!

DAD lunges for BILLY. BILLY struggles free, runs out the house. We hear Marc Bolan's Children of the revolution.

EXT. STREET

BILLY runs up the street.

77 EXT. WASTEGROUND/STREET. EVENING 77

BILLY kicks a STRIKE NOW poster.

78 EXT. A STREET OF POSH HOUSES. LATE AFTERNOON. 78

BILLY is walking down the street.

BILLY comes to a halt. He looks at a house. He surveys it carefully and tentatively goes up the driveway. We can tell already he is uncomfortable. He passes a big Ford Granada. He reaches the bell and it rings.

79 INT./EXT. THE WILKINSON'S HOUSE. DAY. 79 *

BILLY rings the bell. MRS. WILKINSON answers it. *

MRS. WILKINSON
Oh, hello.

BILLY
Me Dad'll kill me if he knows I'm here. *

MRS. WILKINSON
He's stopped you coming to classes.

BILLY
It's not his fault, Miss.

MRS. WILKINSON
That's all right with you, is it?

BILLY
I suppose so.

MRS. WILKINSON
You should stand up to him.

BILLY
You don't know what he's like.

MRS. WILKINSON
Well that blows it.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON goes back into the house.

BILLY
Blows what, Miss?

MRS. WILKINSON
(Calls)
Debbie.

80 INT. DINING ROOM. DAY.

80

DEBBIE and BILLY sit at the dining table which is being laid by MRS. WILKINSON. MR. WILKINSON is sitting there with a Gin and Tonic.

MR. WILKINSON
I've heard a lot about you.
Everington's little Gene Kelly, eh.
Your Dad work down the pit then?

BILLY
Yeah.

MR. WILKINSON
Must be hard on the family being out
on strike. He is out on strike isn't
he?

BILLY
Course.

MR. WILKINSON
Shouldn't worry. They won't last
long.

Mrs. Wilkinson comes in with some plates and puts them on the table. *

MRS. WILKINSON
Tom, don't.

She puts the food on the plate.

MR. WILKINSON
If they had a ballot they'd be back
tomorrow. It's just a few bloody
commies stirring it up. But let's
face it they don't have a leg to stand
on.

BILLY
Who doesn't?

MR. WILKINSON
The miners. Well, it stands to
reason, doesn't it? Some pits are
just uneconomical.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. WILKINSON (cont'd)
 If it costs more money to pay
 everybody to dig the coal out than you
 get for the coal when you sell it,
 what does that tell you?

BILLY
 Dunno.

MR. WILKINSON
 Well, you wanna think about that don't
 you, son.

MRS. WILKINSON enters carrying bowls of food.

MRS. WILKINSON
 Tom.

MR. WILKINSON
 It it was up to me I'd shut the lot of
 them down tomorrow.

MRS. WILKINSON
 For God's sake.

BILLY
 What do you do Mr. Wilkinson?

DEBBIE
 He's been made redundant.

BILLY glances at DEBBIE and smiles.

81 INT. BEDROOM. LATER.

81

BILLY and DEBBIE. The bedroom is typically feminine with
 it's pinks and cuddly toys. Again, BILLY seems
 uncomfortably out of place. *

BILLY
 I thought he was gonna hit me or
 something. *

DEBBIE
 Don't be daft, he's just under a lot
 of pressure. That's what Mam says. I
 think it's because he drinks too much. *

BILLY
 Does he drink too much like?

DEBBIE
 He's always pissed. Once he pissed
 himself.

BILLY
 Your Dad?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Cos he's unhappy and that, because they sleep in separate beds.

BILLY

Why do they sleep in separate beds?

DEBBIE

So they can't have sex.

BILLY

Do they not have sex like?

DEBBIE

Dad did it with this woman from work but they don't think I know. Do you miss your Mum?

BILLY

I don't really miss her, as such. It's more like just feeling sad. Specially when I remember her all of a sudden when I'd forgot she was dead and that. What about your Mam? Does she not have sex?

DEBBIE

No. She's unfulfilled. That's why she does dancing.

BILLY

She does dancing instead of sex?

DEBBIE comes closer to BILLY. He seems uneasy with her advance.

BILLY

You're family's weird.

DEBBIE

No they're not.

BILLY

They are though. They're mental.

BILLY surprises DEBBIE by hitting her on the head with a pillow. DEBBIE scrambles for a pillow to hit BILLY back but this just presents an opportunity for BILLY to bash her a few more times. DEBBIE retaliates and BILLY yelps and jumps back. They both end up on the bed having a pillow fight. BILLY hits her. His pillow bursts and feathers scatter everywhere. DEBBIE screams. BILLY is on top of her.

The feathers fly everywhere. DEBBIE is laughing. The feathers drift down. BILLY suddenly notices he is on top of DEBBIE. There is a sudden moment of sexual tension.

(CONTINUED)

They are both very still. DEBBIE reaches a hand up and touches BILLY tenderly on the cheek. She stares at him intently. BILLY is very uneasy for a moment.

BILLY

See you're a nutter you.

BILLY breaks the moment and he is back to being a little boy. He slumps to the other side of the bed and surveys the debris. DEBBIE is hurt by this moment of rejection, but is trying hard not to show it. *

MRS. WILKINSON (O/S)

Debbie. It's time for Billy to go home. Come on, BILLY, I'll drop you off at the corner.

BILLY turns and stands.

BILLY

I'll see you DEBBIE.

He exits.

82 INT. CAR. NIGHT

82

The car pulls up through a gateway, onto waste ground.

MRS. WILKINSON

Okay then.

BILLY

Miss. What have I blown?

MRS. WILKINSON

This'll sound strange, Billy, but I thought of auditioning for the Royal Ballet School.

BILLY

Aren't you a bit old, Miss?

MRS. WILKINSON

You, Billy. I'm the teacher.

Pause.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)

They hold auditions in Newcastle.

BILLY

I'd never be good enough. I hardly know owt.

MRS. WILKINSON

Look. They're not interested in how much ballet you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
They teach you that, that's why
they're a ballet school. It's how you
move, how you express yourself that's
important.

BILLY
Express what?

MRS. WILKINSON
I think you're good enough to go for
it.

MRS. WILKINSON
But it would mean an awful lot of
work.

BILLY
But I'm banned.

WILKINSON
Maybe I should have a word with him.

BILLY
No, Miss.

WILKINSON
You know, I could teach you on your
own if you want.

BILLY
We couldn't afford it.

WILKINSON
I'm not doing it for the money.

BILLY
But what about Dad?

WILKINSON
He doesn't need to know.

BILLY
And what about me boxing and that.

WILKINSON
For fuck's sake Billy. If you want to
piss about with your little mates.
That's fine with me.

Silence.

BILLY
Well all right, don't lose your blob.

MRS. WILKINSON
Blob?

BILLY
So we could do it private, like?

WILKINSON
Just you and me.

BILLY
Miss, you don't fancy me do you?

WILKINSON
No, Billy. Funnily enough I don't.
Now piss off. *

BILLY stares at her. Makes his decision then; *

BILLY
Piss off yourself. *

BILLY turns to get out of the car.

MRS. WILKINSON
See you Monday then?

BILLY closes the door.

83 EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE. THE SAME. 83

BILLY arrives at MICHAEL'S house and knocks at the door.
MICHAEL opens the door. He is wearing a dress. BILLY is shocked.

MICHAEL
Are you coming in or what?

BILLY
What are you doing?

MICHAEL
Nothing. Just dressing up.

BILLY
Whose dress is that?

MICHAEL goes in.

MICHAEL
Come on.

BILLY follows him in.

84 INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE. MAIN BEDROOM. 84

Michael pulls dresses out of his Mother's wardrobe.

BILLY
Whose dress is that?

MICHAEL
It's me sister's.

BILLY
Did she give you it?

MICHAEL
She doesn't know. Do you want to try?
You could have one of me Mam's.

BILLY
No, you're alright.

BILLY looks round the room. He looks back to see MICHAEL trying on some lipstick and some blusher.

BILLY
What are you doing that for?

MICHAEL
I'm just trying it on.

BILLY
Christ.

MICHAEL
Come here.

MICHAEL grabs BILLY for a moment. BILLY squirms.

MICHAEL
Now stay still.

BILLY acquiesces. MICHAEL puts on some lipstick.

MICHAEL
There.

BILLY
Won't we get in trouble?

MICHAEL
Don't be stupid. Me Dad does it all
the time.

BILLY
What he dresses up in your Mam's
clothes?

MICHAEL
Only when he thinks everybody's out.

MICHAEL is now fiddling about looking for shoes.

MICHAEL
Have you got a tutu yet?

BILLY

Do you think being a ballet dancer
will be better than a miner?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

BILLY

It's just I've got this audition in
Newcastle in a couple of weeks.

MICHAEL

What for?

BILLY

For to go to ballet school.

MICHAEL

Ballet school? Is that in Newcastle?

BILLY

London.

MICHAEL

You'd have to move with your Tony and
everybody?

BILLY

No. By meself.

MICHAEL

That's a bit steep. Can't you be a
ballet dancer here like?

BILLY

Divvint be stupid.

Pause.

MICHAEL

So when are you going there then?

BILLY

I don't know. I haven't even got in
yet.

MICHAEL

What does your Dad say?

BILLY

Doesn't know.

MICHAEL

Fucking hell. Are you not going to
tell him?

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Not yet anyway.

MICHAEL
He might be quite pleased about it. He
could rent your room out.

BILLY
He couldn't. What about our Tony?

Pause.

BILLY
What you reckon?

Pause.

MICHAEL
I think you shouldn't bother.

BILLY
Why not?

MICHAEL
I'd miss you.

Pause.

BILLY
Fucking hell.

85 INT. BOXING HALL. EVENING

85

BILLY comes in his dancing kit rather tentatively. He
looks down the empty hall into the shadows at the end.
MRS. WILKINSON appears and obviously means business.

MRS. WILKINSON
Brought your things?

BILLY
I don't know if they're right, Miss.

MRS. WILKINSON
If they're special to you , they're
right.

BILLY
What are they for?

MRS. WILKINSON
To give us some ideas for a dance.
Come on then let's see 'em.

BILLY delves into his plastic bag and brings out a
Newcastle United strip, a football, a tape and a letter.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
What's that?

BILLY
It's a letter.

MRS. WILKINSON
I can see it's a letter.

Billy pauses.

BILLY
It's me Mam's

WILKINSON looks at him.

BILLY (cont'd)
She wrote it for when I was eighteen.
But I opened it. Here.

He gives the letter to MRS. WILKINSON. She is not sure whether to open it. She does so tentatively. She looks at it with trepidation. She reads:

MRS. WILKINSON
Dear Billy, I know I must seem like a distant memory to you. Which is probably a good thing. It will have been a long time. And I will have missed seeing you grow, missed you crying and laughing and shouting and...

BILLY takes over, having memorized the letter.

BILLY
...I will have missed telling you off.
But please know that I was always there...

Mrs. Wilkinson joins him.

BILLY & MRS. WILKINSON
...with you all through everything.
And I always will be...

BILLY
...And I am proud to have known you.
And I am proud that you were mine.
Always be yourself. I love you forever.

MRS. WILKINSON checks to see if it's the end.

MRS. WILKINSON
Mam.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON
She must have been a very special
woman, Billy.

BILLY
No, She was just me Mam.

She hands the letter back.

BILLY
And I brought a tape an' all.

MRS. WILKINSON
What is it?

BILLY
"I Love to Boogie." It's one of our
Tony's.

MRS. WILKINSON raises a wry smile.

CUT TO:

They dance. This is intercut with scenes of BILLY's
family doing their daily routines whilst moving to the
music.

86 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. EVENING 86

BILLY walks into the kitchen, he puts down his keys and
lifts a box of eggs.

BILLY
(calls)
Grandma, teatime.

87 INT. BEDROOM. VERY EARLY. 87

TONY gets out of bed early. He tries not to wake BILLY.

BILLY
Where are you going?

TONY
Go back to sleep.

BILLY
It's four o'clock.

88 INT. KITCHEN. THE SAME. 88

TONY goes into the tool box which is in the cupboard
under the sink. He is rooting through it, he takes out a
hammer. He hasn't noticed DAD sitting waiting. TONY looks
at DAD.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

You weren't thinking of taking it with you?

DAD looks at TONY.

TONY

You just wanna stand round...getting the shit kicked out of you, that's your funeral. But some of us are ready to fight back for once. They're already after you, for fuck's sake.

DAD

You're no good to us in jail.

TONY

I don't plan on getting caught.

BILLY appears.

BILLY

What's going on?

DAD

You get back to bed! Both of you!

TONY

Fuck you.

DAD

Put it down.

TONY

Are you going to stop me?

DAD

I'm warning you.

TONY

You haven't got it in you, man, you're finished. Since mam died you're nothing but a useless twat! What the fuck are you gonna do about it?

DAD hits TONY in the face. TONY staggers back.

BILLY screams in slow motion:

BILLY

Stop it!

BILLY stands there terrified. TONY gets up grabs the hammer. For a moment we think he might use it on DAD but he puts it into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

TONY is shaken too but he leaves. DAD makes no attempt to stop him. DAD sits down at the table. BILLY stares at him.

DAD
What the fuck are you looking at?

MRS. WILKINSON (O.S.)
You haven't been practising.

CUT TO:

89

89

90 INT. BOXING HALL. LATE AFTERNOON.

90

BILLY is dancing. He is incredibly tense. He is unable to do his combination because he can't relax.

MRS. WILKINSON
Prepare. One, two. And one and two.

BILLY spins and falls on the floor.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Get up.

BILLY
Miss. I can't do it.

MRS. WILKINSON
That's because you're not concentrating.

BILLY
Miss, I am concentrating.

MRS. WILKINSON
You're not even trying.

BILLY
I am, Miss.

MRS. WILKINSON
Do it again.

BILLY
I can't.

MRS. WILKINSON
You do it again.

MRS. WILKINSON is at her most tyrannical. BILLY is frozen in hopeless indecision, terrified by her. He then builds himself up to a small defiance.

BILLY
No.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY looks at her and runs out.

MRS. WILKINSON
(softly)
Shit.

91 INT. BOXING HALL - CUBICLES. THE SAME.

91

BILLY is crying. MRS. WILKINSON comes up tentatively.

MRS. WILKINSON
I'm sorry.

BILLY
It's alright for you. It's not you who
has to do it.

MRS. WILKINSON
I know.

BILLY
You don't know anything. What do you
know in your posh house with your
husband that pisses his self. You're
the same as everybody else all you
want is to tell me what to do.

MRS. WILKINSON
Now wait a minute.

BILLY
Look, I don't want to do your stupid
fuckin' audition. You only want me to
do it for your own benefit.

MRS. WILKINSON
Look, Billy....

BILLY
Because you're a failure.

MRS. WILKINSON
Don't you dare talk to me like that.

BILLY
You haven't even got a proper dancing
school. You're stuck in some crummy
school gym. Don't pick on me just cos
you've fucked up your life.

MRS. WILKINSON slaps BILLY. She realises what she has
done. BILLY just stares at her. She is shaken. She
reaches out to hug BILLY we don't know whether he will
run away. Suddenly he bursts into tears and hugs MRS.
WILKINSON. We see MRS. WILKINSON is in tears too.
Finally, BILLY pulls away.

92 INT. BOXING HALL. THE SAME. 92
 BILLY dance.

93 EXT. ROAD. DAY. 93
 MRS. WILKINSON's car drives up the road.

BILLY & MRS. WILKINSON (V.O)
 Can I put a tape on, Miss?

MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
 Oh, all right, if you must.

94 EXT. TRANSPORTER BRIDGE. THE SAME. 94
 The car drives onto the bridge.

95 INT. CAR. THE SAME. 95
 MRS. WILKINSON is listening to the music as intently as BILLY now. She is smoking a fag, obviously effected by the emotion. The tape runs out.

BILLY
 It's cush isn't it.

BILLY
 So is there a story, Miss?

WILKINSON
 Of course. It's about a woman who has been captured by an evil magician.

BILLY
 It sounds crap.

WILKINSON
 And this woman, this beautiful woman is forced to be a swan, except for a few hours every night when she becomes alive. When she becomes real again. And then one night she meets this young prince and he falls in love with her and she realises this is the one thing that will allow her to become a real woman once more.

BILLY
 So then what happens?

WILKINSON
 He promises to marry her and then goes off with somebody else of course.

BILLY
 So she has to be a swan for good.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINSON

She dies.

BILLY

Cos the prince didn't love her?

WILKINSON

Come on, it's time to go. It's only a ghost story.

WILKINSON starts the engine.

96 INT. HOME. LATER.

96

BILLY, dressed in a dressing gown, clutches a drink. He peers through the glass panelled door and slowly slides it open.

Grandma is lying in bed. She sits up quickly.

GRANDMA

No! No. No.

BILLY

It's me.

Pause.

BILLY (cont'd)

It's Billy.

BILLY walks back into the dark kitchen. He opens the fridge and takes out some milk, in the light we see MUM is standing in the kitchen. He drinks from the bottle. MUM speaks. BILLY acts as if this is perfectly natural.

MUM

Oi, little'un...

BILLY turns round and sees Mum.

MUM

...What have I told you about drinking from the bottle?

BILLY

Sorry, Mam.

BILLY takes a glass and pours himself some milk. He puts the milk on the top of the fridge.

MUM

Well, put it back.

BILLY picks up the bottle and puts it back. He turns round. MUM is gone.

97 INT. BOXING HALL. DAY.

97

BILLY and DEBBIE sit on a bench. DEBBIE suck a lollypop and glances at BILLY,

DEBBIE
When's the audition then?

BILLY
Tomorrow morning.

Pause.

DEBBIE
I'll miss you if you go away.

BILLY
Who do you think's better. Fred Astaire or Ginger Rogers?

BILLY bends to pick up his ballet shoes.

DEBBIE
Billy, do you not fancy us, like?

BILLY
Dunno, never really thought about it. *

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

BILLY
Nah, you're all right.

98 EXT. STREETS. DAY

98

Miners hurry down hill chased by armed police. A miner trips, others gather around him and help him up.

Tony runs through a series of houses, chased by police, spitting at a police van as he goes.

When he reaches the last house to runs out the back door only to be greeted by a large line of riot police. TONY runs back and up a street filled with washing.

BILLY who has been caught up in the fighting, stands on a wall watching. He sees TONY running up the street, covered in a sheet. He is running towards a group of police.

BILLY
Tony!

TONY is beaten by the police and trundled into a police van.

99 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. EVENING 99

BILLY sits on the floor clutching the telephone. He glances around as he dials.

100 INT. WILKINSON'S HOUSE. 100

DEBBIE is in the living room. The phone rings he picks it up.

BILLY & MRS. WILKINSON (V.O.)
(on phone)
Miss? It's about the audition,

101 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. EVENING 101

BILLY frowns.

BILLY
Hello?

102 INT. WILKINSON'S HOUSE. 102

DEBBIE puts the phone down.

103 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. EVENING 103

BILLY slowly replaces the receiver.

COURT USHER (V.O.)
Right, listings for court four.

104 INT. COURTHOUSE WAITING AREA. DAY 104

COURT USHER
Tony Elliot. George Brunton.

Tony walks into the court room, BILLY follows.

BILLY
(To a Policeman standing at
the Court door)
What's the time?

POLICEMAN
It's ten past ten.

105 INT. BOXING HALL. THE SAME. 105

MRS. WILKINSON stands in the middle of the boxing ring.

MRS. WILKINSON
Oh, Billy!

She turns, picks up her bag and steps between the ropes.

106 EXT. STREET. DAY

106

MRS. WILKINSON walks up the road, glancing at a piece of paper in her hand. She sees a little girl in the street.

MRS. WILKINSON

Hello.

A neighbor, Sheila, leans over a gate.

SHEILA

Can I help you?

MRS. WILKINSON

Yeah, I was looking for...

SHEILA

They're out.

MRS. WILKINSON

Sorry.

MRS. WILKINSON turns. She sees BILLY, TONY and DAD walking up the road.

BILLY

Please Miss. Don't.

MRS. WILKINSON

What's going on Billy?

TONY

Who the fuck are you?

DAD

I think we better go inside.

107 INT. HOUSE. THE SAME.

107

DAD, BILLY, TONY and MRS. WILKINSON are in the front room. They are all sat round the table. TONY seemed amazed at what he is hearing.

MRS. WILKINSON

I know this might be a bit difficult for you, but Today Billy missed an important audition. *

Stunned silence. TONY is trying to take this all in.

TONY

Audition!?

MRS. WILKINSON

For the Royal Ballet School. *

DAD rubs his face. Silence. No one knows what to say.

(CONTINUED)

TONY
The Royal Ballet. *

MRS. WILKINSON
School. Where they teach the Ballet. *

TONY is completely gobsmacked. He slowly bursts into hysterical laughter.

TONY
You've got to be joking though.

MRS. WILKINSON
No, I'm perfectly serious. *

TONY looks at BILLY.

TONY
Have you any idea what we're going through? ...and you come round spouting shite. And you...fucking Ballet. What you trying to do make him a fuckin' scab for the rest of his life? Look at him. He's only eleven for fuck's sake.

BILLY
You've got to start training from when you're young.

TONY
Shut it. I'm not having any brother of mine running round like a right twat for your gratification.

MRS. WILKINSON
Excuse me it's not for my gratification.

TONY
And what good's it going to do him. You're not taking him away. He's only a bairn. What about giving him a childhood? *

BILLY
But I don't want a childhood; I want to be a ballet dancer.

TONY
And anyway what do you know about it. What qualifications have you got?

MRS. WILKINSON
Look, I haven't come here to defend myself.

TONY

For all we know you could be some fuckin' nutter. Get the fuckin' social on you. *

MRS. WILKINSON

I think you should calm yourself down, son.

TONY

Well, you say he can dance. Well, go on dance, then.

BILLY looks in surprise.

TONY

Lets see this fuckin' dancing.

BILLY does not move. TONY suddenly grabs him and sticks him on the table. *

MRS. WILKINSON

Oh no. No. This is ridiculous.

TONY

Go on then. If you're a fuckin ballet dancer, then let's be having you.

MRS. WILKINSON

Don't you dare.

BILLY is stood on the table in shock.

TONY

What sort of Teacher teacher are you. He's got the chance to dance and now you're fucking well telling him not to. Dance you little twatt. No? So piss off. He's not doing any more fuckin ballet. And if you go anywhere near him again, I'll smack you one, you middle class cow. *

Whilst TONY and MRS. WILKINSON battle it out. We see the room from BILLY's perspective and he is shut off from the mad argument.

Whilst MRS. WILKINSON speaks we see BILLY dancing a dance of anger outside the house.

MRS. WILKINSON

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 or grow leeks or piss his wages up the wall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)
Listen, I've been with him every night
for two months now and you haven't
even noticed. So don't lecture me on
the British fucking class system,
comrade. See you Billy.

MRS. WILKINSON turns and leaves.

108 EXT. BACKYARD.

108

We see BILLY continue to dance angrily outside. He kicks
and stomps all his anger out. He kicks at the wall and
leaps up it. He winds down the lane; it is a dance as
well as a cathartic fit. *

CUT TO: *

BILLY tap dancing wildly up a street. He reaches a
brickwall at the end and collapses. We pan back round to
see MICHAEL now in winter clothes and the street covered
in snow. *

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Are you coming or what? *

BILLY now also in winter clothes kicks away from the wall
and walks towards Michael through the snow. *

GEORGE (V.O)
(shouts)
Merry Christmas, everybody.

109 INT. SOCIAL CLUB. EVENING.

109

A banner says "Merry Christmas - 9 months. We shall not
be moved".

The club is full of people and there are many children
running around. GEORGE is on stage. The crowd begins to
chant:

CROWD
Here we go, here we go, here we go.

110 EXT. BACK YARD. DAY.

110

It is freezing. A layer of snow covers everything. DAD is
in the back yard with an axe. He is hacking away at the
carcass of the old piano.

BILLY
Do you think she'll mind?

DAD
Shut it, Billy. She's dead.

111 INT. HOUSE. THE SAME.

111

BILLY puts bits of the piano onto the fire and then joins everyone at the table. TONY comes through with a chicken. They are all wearing party hats.

DAD

Well merry Christmas, everybody.

BILLY

Merry Xmas.

GRANDMA

Merry Xmas.

TONY.

Merry Xmas.

Suddenly, BILLY looks over at DAD we see tears in his eyes. HE is sitting upright as if ready to eat dinner, but he just stops staring at the food. We see that he cannot take the strain any more. BILLY looks on helplessly.

112 EXT. THE STREET. EVENING.

112

BILLY and MICHAEL alone. They are building a snowman.

BILLY

A fuckin' great Xmas this has been.

MICHAEL

Go on. Have some.

MICHAEL passes BILLY some cider.

BILLY

Where did you get it?

MICHAEL

Me Dad's got loads in the kitchen.

BILLY

Won't he notice?

MICHAEL

He never knows how much there is.

BILLY

Tastes of piss.

MICHAEL

You get used to it. Maybes, you could run away or something. You know, join a dancing troop.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Don't be so stupid.

MICHAEL
Well, maybe it's all for the best.

BILLY
What do you mean?

MICHAEL
Well, you won't have to go away or
nothing.

BILLY
My hands are freezing.

MICHAEL
Givez'em here.

MICHAEL grabs BILLY'S hands and sticks them down his
jumper. They stand very close to each other. The tension
is palpable.

BILLY
What are you doing?

MICHAEL
Nothing. Just warming your hands.

BILLY
Your not a puff or owt?

MICHAEL
What gave you that impression?

BILLY
Aren't me hands cold.

MICHAEL
I quite like it.

MICHAEL can stand it no longer he kisses BILLY. BILLY
pulls away.

BILLY
Just cos I like ballet, doesn't mean
I'm a puff, you know.

MICHAEL
You won't tell anybody will you?

BILLY smiles.

BILLY
Come on.

113 INT. BOXING CLUB. THE SAME.

113

BILLY and MICHAEL sneak in. They turn the lights on. He plugs in the tape recorder.

MICHAEL
It's fucking freezing in here.

BILLY
Here.

BILLY hands MICHAEL a tutu.

MICHAEL
What's this?

BILLY
Just put it on.

114 EXT. STREET BELOW. THE SAME.

114

GEORGE and DAD and several blokes are walking home.

MINER
George. George there's somebody in the club.

GEORGE
This kangaroo, he's walking away over it, right? And he's called, er, Norman. And then round the corner came this wallaby.

GEORGE approaches the hall.

115 INT. BOXING CLUB. EVENING. NIGHT.

115

The boys are in the boxing ring. MICHAEL is wearing a tutu. BILLY demonstrates ballet moves, BILLY copies them.

BILLY
Plie, first.

MICHAEL
What's a plie?

BILLY
It's French.

MICHAEL
Why is it French?

BILLY
I dunno. Second. Like a princess.
Second, and down. And first.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (cont'd)
Carry on. Fifth. Shoulders down.
Long neck.

MICHAEL
How do I look?

BILLY
Shut up, you poof!

MICHAEL
Fuck off.

GEORGE enters, clutching a bottle and stares at the boys.
The boys don't see him.

BILLY
Second and down. And first. Fifth.

116 EXT. STREET. LATER

116

DAD is walking down the street. GEORGE comes running up.

GEORGE
Jackie. Jackie man.

DAD looks at him.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Here.

117 INT. BOXING CLUB. EVENING. NIGHT.

117

BILLY and MICHAEL are messing around. BILLY hangs on a rope.

MICHAEL
Give us your hand.

MICHAEL takes BILLY's hand and pulls him.

MICHAEL
Dance.

DAD enters.

BILLY looks at DAD in surprise, unsure as to what this really means.

MICHAEL takes off the tutu.

BILLY starts to dance. He is tentative but as the music rises and BILLY rises to it. The dance is a culmination of all the movements we have seen so far.

BILLY stops. MICHAEL claps. DAD walks out.

118 EXT. STREET. EVENING.

118

DAD walks down the road. BILLY follows him.

BILLY

Dad!

DAD

Go home, son.

119 EXT. WILKINSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

119

DAD in his donkey jacket trudges through the snow. He sees the WILKINSON's house. He rings on the bell.

120 INT. WILKINSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

120

MR. WILKINSON opens the door.

MR. WILKINSON

(to MRS. WILKINSON)

Is this a friend of yours then?

MRS. WILKINSON is slumped on the sofa.

DAD

How much is it gonna cost?

MRS. WILKINSON

And a happy Christmas to you too.

MRS. WILKINSON shakes her head.

MRS. WILKINSON (cont'd)

Not as much as you might think. Maybe two grand. But there's a good chance the council's..

DAD

Two grand? I was, I was talking about the auditions.

MRS. WILKINSON

Look, if it's just a matter of the trip to London. I'll give you the money for the fare.

DAD

I didn't come here to be patronised.

MRS. WILKINSON

Oh no-one's trying to patronize you. You're being ridiculous.

DAD

Am I?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON

Yes.

DAD

Thanks for everything you've done for BILLY. But he is my son, isn't he?

121 INT. BILLY'S ROOM. THE SAME.

121

DAD is pissed, he stumbles into BILLY's room. TONY is fast asleep. DAD maudlin drunk sits on the bed he looks at BILLY. BILLY is awake. He sits up but doesn't say anything.

122 EXT. WASTELAND. EARLY MORNING.

122

DAD trudges across wasteground. As he continues we see a crowd of men in donkey jackets and two coaches. There is an official with a clipboard, who is calling out names.

DAD nervously walks up to them. He goes towards the official.

A BLOKE recognises DAD.

OFFICIAL

Is that the lot then?

BLOKE

Fuckin hell. I never thought I'd see you down here.

OFFICIAL

Right, you, name?

DAD

Jackie Elliot.

OFFICIAL

Glad to see you've come to your senses.

GARY

Who's the big man now, eh?

DAD walks away and stands alone at the corner of the field and lights a roolly. He looks around at all the blokes. A cluster are laughing together but the whole thing has a sombre air.

OFFICIAL

Right. Okay, you lot, away. All aboard the skylark. Look lively.

DAD goes to get on the bus.

The bus drives away.

123 INT. COACH. MORNING 123

The men are on their way to the pit.

MINER

Can't smoke on here, mate. These are private buses.

DAD throws his fag away.

124 EXT. THE PICKET LINE. DAY. 124 *

The picket line is in uproar as news of the impending arrival of the scab 'battlebus' filters through. The pickets try and block the road but are held back by the police.

125 EXT. THE BUS. DAY. 125 *

DAD stares ahead as the bus passes lines of Police and reaches the pickets. The bus stops, lurches forward but is stopped by the pickets who have pushed the police into the road. The scabs begin to get worried as the pickets start rocking the bus from side to side. The grill on the back window gets pulled off. Missiles are thrown.

126 EXT. THE PICKET LINE. THE SAME. 126 *

TONY is yelling amongst other pickets on the other side of the road to DAD's seat.

127 EXT. THE BUS. THE SAME. 127

DAD looks out at the mayhem to his left as a missile hits his window and the side grill is pulled away.

DAD moves over to the other side of the bus to avoid the faces of the pickets. As he sits he glances out of the window. He sees TONY shouting at the bus.

128 EXT. THE PICKET LINE. THE SAME. 128 *

TONY sees DAD. TONY stares in disbelief. His face is a picture of disbelief then anger. He pushes his way forward.

129 EXT. THE BUS. THE SAME. 129 *

DAD turns away. Through the window we see TONY fighting his way through the crowd until he reaches the window. He shouts:

TONY

Dad. Dad. What are you doing? Dad?

The bus pulls away and TONY is left speechless.

130 EXT. THE PICKET LINE. THE SAME. 130 *

TONY pushes his way through the crowd of pickets. He ducks through the Police line and runs back towards the main road, pushing through Police who try to stop him.

131 EXT. THE BUS. THE SAME. 131 *

The bus pulls up in a deserted part of the yard away from the pickets. The perimeter fence is nearby.

132 EXT. THE PERIMETER FENCE. THE SAME. 132 *

TONY is running at full pelt down the side of the perimeter fence after the bus.

133 EXT. THE PERIMETER FENCE. THE SAME. 133 *

He is standing alone holding on to the fence. He sees DAD.

TONY

Dad! What the fuck are you doing?

DAD

I don't know what else to do.

TONY

You can't go back. Not now.

DAD

Look at the state of us, man. What have we got to offer the poor sod?

TONY

You can't do this. Not now. Not after all this time. Not after everything we've been through.

DAD

It's for wee bairn.

TONY

Fuck?

DAD

* He might be a fuckin' genius for all we know.

TONY

For fuck's sake, Dad, you can't do this, man. Dad. Dad.

A group of miners have followed TONY.

(CONTINUED)

MINER

Tony!

TONY

Dad, he's only eleven for fucks sake.
He's a kid.

DAD

I'm sorry. Sorry, son.

TONY

Dad. Dad. Please. Please.

DAD

I'm sorry son. We're finished, son.
What choice have we got, eh? Let's
give the boy a fuckin' chance.

TONY

Please. Please, don't do this to me,
Dad. We'll find him some money.
We'll find it for him.

MINER

What the fuck is he doing, Tony?

TONY

It's okay. He's gonna be okay.

MINER

Away, leave it. Go on.

MINER 2

Just get him out of here, Tony.

MINER

Come on.

134 INT. BEDROOM. DARKNESS.

134

BILLY and TONY lie in adjacent beds. Long pause.

TONY

Dad's right, you know. Mam would have
let you.

135 INT. HOUSE. LATER.

135

BILLY has the table covered with piles of coins.

GEORGE

All them fifty pences. Here, it was a
toss up between a new punch-bag or
you.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

It's not even enough for the bed and breakfast, man. Forget about it, you're dreaming. Look at youse. Fucking scrabbling around for fifty pences. You've gotta do better than that.

GEORGE

How, I'm gonna have a raffle at the welfare...and I'm gonna organise a concert.

BILLY

Thanks, George.

136 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. DAD'S BEDROOM. DAY 136

We see DAD looking at MUM's jewelry.

137 EXT. PAWN SHCP. NEWCASTLE. 137

DAD walks towards a pawnshop. He opens the door and goes in.

138 EXT. STREET. DAY 138

DAD and BILLY walk down the road. DAD carries a suitcase. BILLY dances.

BILLY

Is that absolutely necessary? Walk normal, will you.

139 INT. BUS. MOTORWAY. LATER. 139

BILLY and DAD sit on the bus. BILLY looks out at the motorway.

BILLY

So what's it like, like?

DAD

What's what like?

BILLY

London.

DAD

I don't know, son. I never made it past Durham.

BILLY

Have you never been, like?

DAD

Why would I want to go to London?

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Well, it's the capital city.

DAD
Well, there's no mines in London.

BILLY
Christ is that all you think about?

140 EXT. MOTORWAY. AFTERNOON 140

From outside the bus we see BILLY look out. The bus becomes a blur as it races past us.

141 EXT. ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL. 141

DAD and BILLY walk towards the school.

142 INT. ENTRANCE TO ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL. 142

A receptionist is sitting at a desk. BILLY and DAD enter.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

DAD
BILLY Elliot. We've come for an audition.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, you mean William Elliot.

DAD
Yeah, William.

RECEPTIONIST
Ah yes. Can you go upstairs please?

DAD glances at the stairs.

DAD
This way?

RECEPTIONIST
Yes.

DAD
Thanks.

They climb the stairs.

143 INT. ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL. CHANGING ROOM. DAY 143

BILLY walks in past some other boys.

SIMON
This your first time?

JOHN
Yeah.

SIMON
Cor, I've been doing this for two
years now.
(to BILLY)
Hello. Nerve-racking isn't it? Where
are you from?

BILLY
Everington. County Durham.

SIMON
Durham? Isn't there an amazing
cathedral?

BILLY
Dunno. Never been.

144 INT. ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL. MEDICAL ROOM. DAY

144

BILLY is measured by a tutor. A doctor enters.

DOCTOR
Up on the box, please. Right, bend
over. Right down and come up. Up.
Head UP. Tiny curvature here. Head
down! How tiny? Might not be a
problem. Come on, keep coming.
Right. Right. Jump up, William.

BILLY
It's Billy. Billy Elliot.

145 INT. ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL. HALL. LATER.

145

DAD hangs round. He watches the LITTLE BALLERINAS dance.

BILLY comes out in his dancing gear. He stands in the
doorway. DAD goes over to him.

BILLY
Dad. Dad. Dad. For fuck's sake!
I've changed me mind.

DAD
Get back in there! Don't be so
stupid!

146 INT. AUDITION ROOM. LATER.

146

BILLY comes in. He looks over at a long desk behind which
are several TUTORS all looking solemn.

(CONTINUED)

We see in his body language that he has lost all of his natural confidence. He looks small and vulnerable.

TUTOR
And you are?

BILLY
Billy Elliot. From Everington.

TUTOR
I beg your pardon.

BILLY
Billy Elliot.

TUTOR
Ah yes, of course. Well then, come to the barre, please, Billy.

BILLY walks to the barre.

TEACHER
Left arm on the barre. Feet first.
Arms second. Demi-plie and hold.

147 INT. ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL. HALL. DAY 147
DAD paces.

148 INT. ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL. AUDITION ROOM. DAY 148

TUTOR
Now Billy, we'd like to see you move to some music. Do you have a piece prepared?

Music starts. BILLY stands there terrified. The music goes on. BILLY still stands there. The music goes on and on BILLY is just frozen. He feel his deepening crisis and humiliation. Finally....

BILLY dances. He finishes. He is out of breath.

TUTOR (cont'd)
Mmm. Thank you.

149 INT. CHANGING ROOMS. THE SAME. 149

BILLY is in the changing rooms. He is in tears trying to contain himself. SIMON is in there on his own.

SIMON
Are you alright.

BILLY ignores him and sits down.

SIMON
What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
It was a waste of fuckin' time.

SIMON
Don't be upset. It's only an stupid
audition.

SIMON sits next to BILLY rather too close to comfort
BILLY. SIMON puts his arm around BILLY. BILLY shrugs him
off. SIMON comes back.

SIMON (cont'd)
It's all right.

BILLY
Fuck off!

SIMON tries to calm him.

SIMON
There's always next year.

BILLY
Look. Fuck off will you.

BILLY hits SIMON and throws him viciously against the
bench just as a CLIPBOARD WOMAN comes in

BILLY
You bent bastard.

WOMAN
What on earth is going on here!

BILLY looks at her in horror. SIMON is lying across the
benches - shocked and hurt.

150 INT. WAITING ROOM. THE SAME. 150

BILLY comes through looking like someone had died.

DAD
How did it go?

BILLY goes off his eyes full of tears.

DAD
Shit.

151 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. THE SAME. 151

The panel of interviewers are behind a long desk. BILLY
and DAD are facing them nervously.

(CONTINUED)

TUTOR

Mr. Elliot, I'm afraid that mutual respect and self-discipline are absolute pre-requisites of any pupil at this school. Such displays of violence cannot be tolerated under any circumstances. Do you understand?

BILLY nods his head in embarrassment. DAD is equally embarrassed.

TUTOR

You realise that we shall have to consider this very seriously and it will be bound to affect our final decision. Yes, well, just a few questions then. Billy, could you tell us why you first became interested in ballet.

Long pause.

BILLY

Dunno.

DAD looks at him.

BILLY

Just was.

TUTOR

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

BILLY just stares.

BILLY

The dancing.

DAD

He dances all the time. Every night after school.

TUTOR

Yes, we have a very enthusiastic letter from Miss Wilkinson. She has told us of your personal circumstances.

TUTOR

Mr. Elliot are you a fan of the ballet?

DAD

I wouldn't exactly say I was an expert.

(CONTINUED)

TUTOR

You do realise that pupils must attain the highest standards not just in ballet but also in their ordinary academic work. No child can succeed without the 100% support of his family. You are completely behind Billy? Are you not?

There is a pause before DAD answers.

DAD

Yes. Yes, of course.

The panel sense DAD's uncertainty.

TUTOR 2

Do you want to ask us any questions?

DAD looks blankly, then looks at BILLY. BILLY looks blank.

DAD

No. Not really.

TUTOR

Well, in that case, we shall let you know in due course.

DAD and BILLY look devastated. It couldn't have gone worse, but just before they get up a voice on the panel pipes up.

WOMAN

Just one last question. Can I just ask you, Billy, what does it feel like when you're dancing?

BILLY

Dunno. Sort of feels good. It's sort of stiff and that but once I get going then I like forget everything and, and sort of disappear. Sort of disappear - like I feel a change in me whole body - like there's fire in me whole body. I'm just there flying - like a bird. Like electricity. Yeah, like electricity.

Everyone has been stunned for a second by BILLY's speech.

TUTOR

Have a safe journey home. And Mr Elliot, good luck with the strike.

152 INT. CORRIDOR. THE SAME. 152

DAD and BILLY walk down the corridor in silence.

153 INT. HOME. DAY. 153

DAD and BILLY sit on GRANDMA's bed.

GRANDMA

I think you should get yourself a trade, son. Something useful.

DAD gives GRANDMA a stern look.

GRANDMA

I could have been a professional dancer you know.

DAD gives GRANDMA another withering stare.

154 INT/EXT SCHOOL. CLASSROOM. MORNING. 154

BILLY is in the class. He is sitting next to MICHAEL. They are all listening to the teacher, who has a diagram of the earth on the board. She is explaining what coal is.

GIRL

So what happened to the dinosaurs, Miss?

TEACHER

They became crushed as well. And the pressure of all this caused the plants and trees to change into coal.

MICHAEL

(to BILLY)

That must have been what happened to her.

BILLY

Shut up!

TEACHER

MICHAEL Caffrey, if you have something to say you can say it to the whole class.

MICHAEL

Sorry miss.

TEACHER

So gradually over hundreds of thousands of years...

155 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. GRANDMA'S ROOM. DAY 155

Grandma stares through the window. She sees the postman clutching letters.

GRANDMA

Post!

156 INT. ELLIOT HOUSE. HALL. SAME 156

DAD enters and takes the letter from the letter box. He looks at it.

DAD

This is it.

157 EXT. STREET. THE SAME. 157

BILLY is walking home. He bumps into GEORGE.

GEORGE

Have you heard anything yet?

BILLY

Not yet.

GEORGE

You'll have no problem. Fingers crossed, eh?

BILLY smiles, but as he turns away we see the look of anxiety on his face.

158 INT. HOME. LATER. 158

CLOSE UP of the letter on the table. TONY is there too looking stern. In the background, we hear the door open. BILLY comes into the room and looks at DAD, who looks at the letter. BILLY stands still, struck dumb with nervousness. Everyone waits with anticipation. The process is long, drawn-out and extremely nerve-wracking.

BILLY tentatively goes over to the letter. Picks it up and goes into GRANDMA'S room. He sits down and opens it. And starts to read it to himself. BILLY'S face is, however, immobile. Then very slowly his hands shake and he breaks into silent tears.

DAD and TONY wait outside. The tension is too much. They run into Grandma's room. They see the shock on BILLY'S face. DAD and TONY are almost on breaking point. BILLY looks up.

BILLY

I got in.

159 EXT. STREET. DAY. 159

DAD running at full pelt down the street.

160 INT. CLUB. THE SAME. 160

The door bursts open. DAD runs in. He sees GEORGE et al in the corner. DAD shouts, breathlessly.

DAD

He did it. He fucking did it.

No reaction. DAD is taken aback by this singular lack of enthusiasm.

MINER

Jackie? Have you not heard, man. We're going back.

MINER 2

It's over, Jackie.

MINER 3

We lost. Back to work on Monday.

161 EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY. 161

BILLY is sitting by his MUM's grave with DAD.

BILLY

I think I'm scared, Dad.

They stare at each other.

DAD

That's okay, son. We're all scared.

BILLY

Well if I don't like it, can I still come back?

DAD

Are you kidding? We've let out your room.

BILLY smiles. DAD smiles back.

162 INT. BOXING HALL. DAY. 162

BILLY is waiting for MRS. WILKINSON. She is teaching the girls. We hear her shouting her instructions.

BILLY

Miss, I just came to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WILKINSON
It's alright, Billy, I heard it from
Debbie.

BILLY
Look it was just, well you know, after
everything.

MRS. WILKINSON allows some space.

BILLY
I'll miss you, Miss.

MRS. WILKINSON
No you won't.

BILLY
I will, honest.

MRS. WILKINSON
This is when you go out and find life
and all those other things. The best
of luck, Billy.

That's it. BILLY looks at her. She turns and goes back to
the class. BILLY turns and walks away.

163 INT. THE HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

163

DAD and TONY are waiting for BILLY with coats on. BILLY
runs in from seeing MRS. WILKINSON. GRANDMA sits at the
table.

DAD
Was she there?

BILLY
Yeah.

TONY
You'll miss the bus.

DAD
We're off.

Tony turns to pick up the suitcase.

BILLY
I'll take it.

DAD and TONY walk out. BILLY goes to GRANDMA. She leaps
up and hugs him.

164 EXT. THE BACKYARD

164 *

BILLY struggles up the steps with his case. DAD and TONY help. BILLY looks up at MICHAEL's house opposite. No sign of MICHAEL, only the SNOTTY LITTLE GIRL who is always in the lane.

SNOTTY LITTLE GIRL
Goodbye Billy.

BILLY
See you.

The trio walk down the hill. We see MICHAEL climb onto his coal shed. As BILLY, TONY and DAD reach the end of the lane MICHAEL yells.

MICHAEL
Oi. Dancing boy.

BILLY runs back.

DAD
We'll miss the bus.

TONY
Will you stop being an old fucking woman.

BILLY places his hands on MICHAEL's shoulders, pulls him close and kisses his cheek.

BILLY
See you then.

He smiles and runs off.

165 EX. BUS STATION. LATER.

165 *

DAD hugs BILLY.

BILLY climbs onto the bus.

BILLY watches DAD leave the bus and looks out the window at TONY. TONY mouths something that BILLY cannot hear or understand.

BILLY
What? What?

TONY is obviously saying it much louder now.

BILLY (cont'd)
What I can't hear you.

The bus pulls off. We cut to TONY outside the bus shouting:

(CONTINUED)

TONY
I'll miss you.

BILLY runs to the back of the bus as it drives off.

166 INT. CAGE. PIT. THE SAME. 166

All the MINERS stand in the cage ready to be taken down to work. They stand tightly packed. The lift door shuts and the lift descends plunging all the faces into darkness.

167 INT. MRS. W'S DANCING SCHOOL. DAY. 167

Ballet class. MRS. WILKINSON is doing her "UP, two, three, four".

168 INT. COACH. DAY. 168

BILLY is looking out of the window going down the motorway to London.

CUT TO:

169 EXT. LONDON. DAY. 169

A modern day tube train draws up. Out gets an older DAD and TONY. DAD wanders in the wrong direction.

TONY
Dad. Come on, man. We're gonna be late.

They exit up the escalators.

170 EXT. THE THEATRE ROYAL. THE SAME. 170

DAD and TONY walk up to the front door.

DOORMAN
It's just started.

171 INT. THE AUDITORIUM. EVENING 171

DAD and TONY are ushered to their seats.

DAD
Excuse me...can you tell BILLY ELLIOT that his family's here? Okay?

TONY accidentally bumps the young man next to him.

TONY
Sorry, mate.

MICHAEL
It's alright, Tony.

(CONTINUED)

TONY is amazed.

MICHAEL

It's me. Michael. Remember?

TONY

(to DAD)

It's Michael.

TONY

What the bloody hell are you doing here?

MICHAEL

I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

172 INT. SIDE OF THE STAGE.

172

The music increasing in tension. BILLY now in his early twenties is looking on to the stage. We don't see his face but see the back of his head as the music is playing loudly in his ears. We feel his heart beating fast. The music whells up still further.

173 INT. AUDITORIUM. THE SAME.

173

CLOSE UP of DAD and TONY. Ballerina's are on stage. Swan Lake. The music increasing in tension - yet again.

174 INT. SIDE OF STAGE. THE SAME.

174

The music gets louder and louder. The anticipation cannot get any higher. BILLY's heart pounding. He leaps onto the stage. Silence. As if we are inside BILLY's skull. The bright lights seem blinding.

Then a cranking guitar suddenly strikes in and the music accompanying BILLY's dance is not Swan Lake, but "Ride a White Swan" by T.Rex.

SONG

Riding on out like a bird in a sky
race/ riding on out like you were a
bird.

the end