

# BILLY ELLIOT

**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.

Billy exits with dad. Mrs. Wilkinson stops in her tracks and watches Billy follow Dad out. She suddenly lost, running through all the possible courses of action. The class are starting at her, startled by Dad's instruction. She turns and very calmly says:

**MRS. WILKINSON**  
All right, which way are we facing?

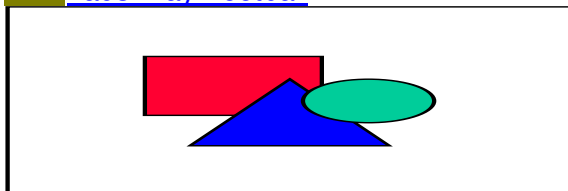
And carries on with her next exercise as if nothing had happened.

CUT TO:  
INT. ELLIOT HOUSE – MORNING

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, savouring it as if it was the most delicious meal in the world. A long staring match, Dad is expecting Billy to apologize.



[Lads Play Football](#)



**DAD**  
Ballet.

**BILLY**  
rong with ballet?

**DAD**  
What's wrong with ballet?

**BILLY**  
It's perfectly normal.

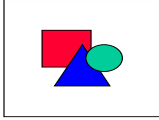
**DAD**  
Perfectly normal!

**GRANDMA**  
I used to go to ballet.

**BILLY**  
See.

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**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.**

**DAD**  
**You know perfectly well what's wrong with it.**

**BILLY**  
**No, I don't**

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**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?**

**DAD**  
**You're asking for a hiding son.**

**BILLY**  
**No, I'm not. Honest.**

**DAD**  
**You are, Billy, Billy!**

**BILLY**  
**It's not just for 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!**

**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".



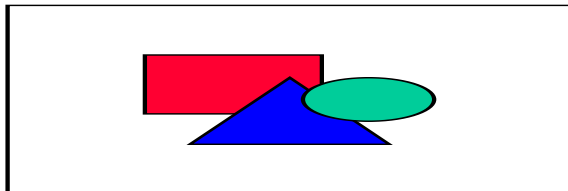
[T-Rex - Children of the Revolution](#)

**CUT TO:  
EXT. STREET**

BILLY runs up the street.

**CUT TO:  
EXT. WASTEGROUND/STREET – EVENING**

BILLY kicks a "Strike Now" poster.



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**CUT TO:  
EXT. A STREET OF POSH HOUSES – LATE AFTERNOON**

BILLY is walking down the street.

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

**CUT TO:  
INT./EXT. THE WILKINSON'S HOUSE – DAY**

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.**

Mrs. Wilkinson goes back into the house.

**BILLY**

**Blows what, Miss?**

**MRS. WILKINSON**

(calls)

**Debbie.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MRS. WILKINSON HOUSE. DINING ROOM – DAY**

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 hear 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 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. If it costs more 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**

If it was up to me I'd shut a 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.

**CUT TO:**  
**INT. WILKINSON HOUSE. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM – LATER**  
BILLY and DEBBIE. The bedroom is typically feminine with its 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?

**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. Se seems uneasy with her advance.

**BILLY**

**You're family is 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 lift down. Billy suddenly notices he is on top of Debbie. There is a sudden moment of sexual tension. 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's 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**

(off-screen)

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

Billy turns and stands.