

Dialogue taken from "Sorry we missed you" by Ken Loach (2019)

RICKY : Mostly building work, ground work, drainage, digging out, marking out, concrete in, roofing, [...] I've done it all.

BOSS: So why'd you give it up.

RICKY: Well, there's always someone on your back in there, and after spending a lot of time every winter on sites freezing your balls off, well, it just gets a bit much.

BOSS: What about the landscaping work?

RICKY: Yeah, i loved it. You know, out and about, different customers every day, different houses, different jobs. You know i'm a bit of a crafter and that as well. It's just a shame the lads was working we weren't a set of lazy bastards. So, um, yeah i'd rather work on my own now and be my own boss.

BOSS: Have you ever been on the dole?

RICKY : No. No, no, no. I've got my pride. I'd, er... I'd rather starve first.

BOSS: Music to my ears, Ricky. Henry was right. You are a trooper. Let's just get a few things straight at the start, though, shall we? You don't get hired here. You come on board. We like to call it on-boarding. You don't work for us. You work with us. You don't drive for us. You perform services. There's no employment contracts. There's no performance targets. You meet delivery standards. There's no wages, but fees. Is that clear?

RICKY: Yeah.

BOSS: Clear?

RICKY : Yeah, yeah, yeah. It sounds all right, yeah.

BOSS: Good. Yeah. No clocking on - you become available. You sign up with us, you become an owner driver franchisee. Master of your own destiny, Ricky. Sorts the fucking losers from the warriors. You up for that?

RICKY : Yeah. I've been waiting for an opportunity like this for... ages.

BOSS: Just one more thing before we go ahead with the franchise. You bringing your own van or are you gonna hire with us?

RICKY: Erm... I'll have a word with Henry, if that's all right.

BOSS: Just let me know. Like everything around here, Ricky, it's your choice.

[..]

RICKY: I, erm... I just wanted a quick word. You know I'm a grafter and there's no bullshit with me. But I'm just having some problems at home at the minute with my teenage son. He's... He's skipping school and he's just on the warpath. But it's affecting everybody in the house. My daughter, Liza Jane, she's... she's 11 and she's not sleeping right and... My wife's up the wall with it. So, erm... Well, I just need a week off. I'm not finishing till late. It's gone nine o'clock by the time I'm getting back. We're just all knackered.

BOSS : Why are you asking me? Just get a replacement driver, won't cost you a penny. It's your business. Remember? RICKY: Yeah, well, I've tried. I've already spoke to eight of my mates. But, erm... I can't get one

until after Christmas. I've been speaking to the drivers as well about us getting a driver between us and, you know, chipping in. But, erm... Well, it's not that easy.

BOSS: It's good you're using your initiative, though. It shows planning ahead.

RICKY: Yeah. The thing is, though, I could do with a week now. It's just, erm... Abby, she, erm... Well, she's just really struggling again. I mean, even five days would be good.

BOSS: I had four drivers in here last week. First driver's sleeping on his mate's couch, cause his wife's kicked him out. Second driver, his sister had a stroke. Third driver, he's got fucking piles and needs an operation. Fourth driver, his daughter tried to commit suicide. I can go on. See, at some point, every family is gonna have a problem. My old man was a farmer. He milked cows. Do you think he got a day off?

RICKY: Three days? You know, please, that'd... that'd do.

BOSS: Everyone in this building knows I am "nasty bastard number one". But I am greatly misunderstood. All the complaints, the rage, the anger, the hate, I soak it all up... ..and I use it as fuel. And with that energy, I create a protective shield around this depot - this depot, with the best performing figures in the country bar none.

Do you wanna know why I'm number one? Cos I keep this happy. (shows the tracker) All the houses you go to, all the faces you see, the people you speak to... ..has anyone ever genuinely asked you how you are? They couldn't give a shit if you fall asleep at the wheel and go head on into a bus. All they care about is price, delivery and the item in the hand.

And all of that gets fed back into this box. And this box is in competition with all of the other little black boxes round the country. And it's that what decides the contracts. This decides who lives and who dies. I want Apple, Amazon, Samsung, Zara, here for my drivers and your families. This place might look like a shithole but this depot's a fucking goldmine. The shareholders should erect a statue in the car park of me, Maloney... patron saint of nasty bastards.

You want a day off? It'll cost you fucking £100 a go.