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I Really Hate My Job

By Jennifer Higgin

[cars passing by]
[woman narrating]
What if good things
don't come to those who wait?
I mean, do you just
keep waiting or what?
God, everyone else
is going home.
Why do I have
to go to work?
How is it possible
to feel both isolated
and claustrophobic
at the same time?
Maybe that's my problem.
I think too much.
Christ, all these people.
They're probably
all thinking, too.
But what are they thinking?
Maybe my hopes
are too high.
What I need is not to need
and to live in the moment.
That's it.
I should live in the moment.
What on earth does that mean?
As if I could avoid
living in the moment.
I mean, I'm in it
whether I like it or not.
Breathe.
[exhales]
Breathe.
Okay, I'm fine. I'm fine.
Oh, God, I'm late.
Every day,
another day closer
to the day I'll never
have to do this again.
- Hi, Alice.
- Hey, Suzie.
- [door closes]
- [gasps]

Madonna, I'm sorry I'm late.

It's fine.

Suzie, could you
make me a coffee?

Sure. Cappuccino?

Yeah, thanks. Yeah.

[beeps, whirrs]

[woman]

Hang on.

- [baby yells]

- [woman]

There, there.

- Good girl.

- [coos]

- Sit nicely.

- Hi.

- [phone rings]

- [Madonna]

Hello. Stella Bar.

Uh, I'm sure
we can fit you in.

One moment.

I'm just going to my book.

Right.

Can I take your name?

Yes. Great.

Thanks.

- Thank you.

- See you tonight. Thanks.

- Bye-bye.

- Thanks. Bye-bye.

- See you again soon.

- [baby cries]

Hey, Alice.

- [camera shutter clicks]

- Smile.

I met a guy last night
who said he could smoke
with his eyes.

- How?

- I don't know.

- Didn't you ask him?

- No.

[laughs]

How could you not ask?

[laughing]

I don't know.

Uh, guys, I hate to nag,
but it's getting late.

Did you know it's a fact
that 70% of women
live their lives embroiled
in a miasma of disgust?

- A fact?

- Seventy percent.

Where did you get
this... fact?

The news.

And it wasn't a headline?

Nope.

What's a miasma?

It's sort of like, you know,
a cancer or a dry rot.

Women spend most of their time
in a dry rot of disgust?

[Alice laughing]

Oh.

How's your book going?

I finished it a week ago.

Alice, that's great.

- Congratulations.

- Well done.

What's it about again?

About a woman who runs away.

Where does she go?

To the sea.

What then?

She sits on a pier
and looks at the sky
for about 150 pages.

- [sighs]

- I'd like to read that.

- Thanks.

- I mean, I'd like to read it
if it was interesting.

[phone rings, beeps]

Hello. Stella Bar.

Your name?

Could you please
stop doing that?

Dave, you should be
here cooking. What?

- He hung up.

- Who?

Dave... barking.

- Barking mad?

- No, like a dog...

- Oh.

- drunk.

Right.

So, can Paolo cook tonight?

- Paolo resigned at lunch.

- What? Why?

- He burnt his arm.

- Is he okay?

He works in a kitchen,
and I'm sympathetic
to a point.

[sighs]

There's only 25 booked.

- What?

- Bonus?

For what?

But I've never
done it before.

Dave told me once he thought you
had real potential as a chef.

You're recommending the opinions
of a man who just barked at you?

He said that
before he barked.

I'm a kitchen hand.

Alice, we are
a family here.

Families pull together.

[whimpers]

[Alice narrating]

Families don't pay by the hour.

[Madonna thinking]

Please, please, please?

Sixty quid

and no more bookings.

Ugh.

- Rita can help you.

- Rita burns water.

[Madonna]

Maybe you should
get started now.

- Can I just finish my coffee?

- Of course, yes. I'm sorry.

[phone rings, beeps]

Hello. Stella Bar.

Greg. Hi.

There's been
a change of plan.

[clears throat]

Yeah. Um...

"Dear Alice..."

Dave can't come in.

He's had some kind
of terrible accident.

But Alice is cool to do it.

Yes, she is.

Oh, she'll be fine.

She'll be fine.

Okay. Bye.

[beeps]

[sighs]

Where is Abi?

Hey, ladies.

Abi, I hate to mention this,
but you are 15 minutes late.

I am not.

- Yes, you are.

- Sorry. My yoga teacher died.

[camera beeps]

Rita!

You sure you're gonna be okay
doing this by yourself?

- Can you smell something?

- [sniffs] Like what?

You can't smell flesh?

[chuckles] No.

[sniffles]

Did your yoga teacher
really die?

Right in the middle
of a downward dog.
How's the acting going?
I didn't get that job
I was going for.
- Which one?
- Kitchen sink drama.
Depressing, really,
considering what
an expert I am.
Well...
anything else lined up?
Did you get up to anything
last night, Al?
Don't call me Al. No.
I'm too broke. You?
Broke up with the boy.
How old are you, Al?
Thirty-three or -four
or something.
Hundred.
[chuckles]
I'm sorry about--
What was his name?
- Phil.
- Phil.
Yeah.
[chuckles]
I'm 30 today.
Oh, my God.
Happy "get older" day.
Hey, don't tell anyone,
all right?
What, about Phil?
God, no.
About my birthday.
Why'd you tell me, then?
I needed to tell
someone older.
Tell Rita, then. She's 48.
Hey, is this okay?
[sniffs]
Mm, I don't know,
borderline.

Marinade?

Yeah.

- You know Keats?

- The poet?

- Yeah.

- What about him?

Dead at 26.

[Madonna]

Rita, Alice would love
a hand when you're ready.
I had such a vivid dream
last night.

[groans]

I can't bear dreams.

It concerned light.

I'm not listening.

- The light had a face.

- I'm warning you.

It was singing.

It had a nose.

Okay, stop.

[laughter]

[quiet chatter]

Can you ask them to leave?

- No.

- [groans] Come on.

You get them out.

I mean, come on.

It's policy.

Policy? This isn't NATO,
for Christ's sakes.

You need to learn
to be more assertive.

- Really?

- Yeah, and less sarcastic.

You are the sarcastic one.

Oh, really?

[sighs]

[groans]

[clears throat]

Excuse me.

She demanded it
in the zoo?

- [both laughing]

- Guys, I'm sorry.
I have to ask you to leave.
We have to prepare
the place for dinner.
So tell me, do you find
your job abhorrent?
Just curious.
No, I find it challenging.
Really?
What do you do?
I waitress.
[man]
Do you want to be a waitress?
- [laughter]
- I am what I do.
No, no, no, no.
You do what you are.
[both laughing]
[laughter continues]
Okay, we're leaving.
Thank you.
- Suze, how old are you?
- Twenty-four.
Oh, God, you have
so much time.
How old are you?
Twenty-eight.
That's only
four years older.
First World War
lasted four years.
A lot happened.
[spits]
Did I tell you that
Harry said in London
no one is more than 20 feet
away from a rat at any time?
Remind me how Dave
does the chicken.
Yeah.
Well, let's... So...
"Marinate the chicken
in lemon juice,
balsamic vinegar

and olive oil
so it's really juicy,
even if the chicken's old.
Char-grill."
All under control, Alice?
Mm-hmm, like
a well-oiled machine.
Rita, you're happy
to do salads?
- I'm not going--
- Fantastic.
Do you know
it is so great
to have all women
in control in here tonight?
Right on, sister.
[man on sound system]
Love is #
- # The sweetest thing #
- [humming]
What else on earth
could ever bring... #
What are we listening to?
A happy air
to everything... #
[kisses, sighs]
Al Bowlly.
He died in the war.
Caf de Paris,
the Ritz in the Blitz.
Don't tell me
he wrote hits.
He did. He's got
a better range than Sinatra.
- Sinatra didn't have a range.
- Exactly.
Suzie, you are
twenty-fucking-four.
You're meant to be listening
to Justin fucking Timberlake.
- [music stops]
- Will you please
stop swearing?
No one ever tell you

what language is for?
It's for fucking
expressing yourself.
That mirror is
absolutely filthy.
It would be great
if you guys could use your
initiative a little more.
Toilets and fridges?
[sighs]
- [sizzling]
- [classical music playing]
Will you kill
the goddamn funeral music?
- Cheers me up.
- I can't bear it
a second longer.
Oh, change it, then.
[sizzling]
- [classical music stops]
- [salsa music playing]
[squeaking]
Rita, can you start
the salads, please?
[sniffs]
I can smell rat shit
with my mouth.
God, whatever happened
to unions?
I don't know
if I can do this.
- Put it in perspective.
- Hmm? What perspective?
It's only cooking for
people you don't care about.
I mean,
it's a shit kitchen...
[Alice thinking]
Shouldn't have just stopped
when she's on the pier.
It needs
a stronger transition.
I need to rewrite it.
I need--

Why are you doing this?

- What do you mean?
- You don't have to do this.
- I have bills to pay.
- You are an intellectual.
- Yeah, right.
- You are smarter than you give yourself credit for. You're just saying that. Well...

how else am I meant to communicate?

Suzie, you're on tables one to seven. I can do the rest.

Abi, you're doing the bar, and you can help us out when we're busy.

[Abi thinking]

Oh, my God, I'm going to die.

And please, g--

guys, we really need to work as a team tonight, so no annoying the intercom or sneaky wine tasting.

[Abi thinking]

I'm going to be 70 in 40 years.

- [salsa music playing]

- [rats squeaking]

[rat feet pattering]

[squeaking continues]

- [phone rings]

- Hello.

I'm sorry.

We're pretty full tonight.

Four?

Um, well, maybe...

Sorry. Could you just hold the line a moment?

Excellent.

[yells]

Rat.

- Under the table.

- [squeaking]

- Oh, my God, it's huge.

- Beat the fucker to death.

Suzie.

Hey, Donna, how old are you?

- Why?

- Just curious.

I'm 28. Why?

How old are you?

Twenty-six.

Ha.

So were you

actually born Madonna?

Was I born?

You told me you were 28.

Well, no, I figured

you were born.

But were you christened

Madonna or did you borrow

it off someone else?

Oh, shit, it's gone.

The question is,

where did it go?

I met someone

who knew you at school.

- [phone beeps]

- Uh, hello.

Sorry about the delay.

How can I help you?

Yes.

- Rats are significant.

- [yelps]

The fact that the worker here
today was burned is significant.

Okay, I know.

You think you know,

but you don't.

We constantly function from
the position of received ideas.

Can I take a name?

You promised Alice

no more bookings.

Danny? What, three?

Could you spell that?

H-U-S-T-O-N?

Lovely. 9:

Can I take

a contact number?

Lovely. Thank you.

Bye-bye.

[beeps]

Who?

Uh, Danny Huston.

As in the actor

Danny Huston?

I didn't ask

what he does, Abi.

Well, did you

speak to him?

- No. It was his P.A.

- How do you know

it was his P.A.?

Uh, she said...

"I am Danny Huston's P.A."

[laughs]

I love Danny Huston.

[Suzie]

What's he been in?

Oh, God, everything,

but, um...

that film where he plays

a producer or something,

um... in Hollywood

and he dies at the end.

You know, that Danny Huston.

Abi, there's a Steve McQueen

who works in my post office.

This Danny Huston might not

be that Danny Huston.

How many post office

workers have P.A.s?

You really like him.

Suze, God, he is like a proper

old-fashioned movie star.

Now I know who you mean.

He has the eyes of

a beautiful wild animal.

I wouldn't put it

exactly that way, but...

Oh, yes.

Sorry. Yes, I know

who you mean.

Um, he was in that, um...

that film called...

uh...

Suzie, have you got

your camera on you?

- Of course.

- Great.

Could you kind of

surreptitiously, um...

- What?

- Take a shot of... of...

[laughing]

You want me

to take his photo?

No, you can't do that.

That is so what

my mother would do.

- You can't do that.

- Only takes one star

to cause a stampede of them.

A stampede of stars?

Would you agree that,

as a culture, we are overcome

not by the sense

of possibility

but the banality

of the social orders

we have erected

for ourselves?

Salads.

Customers arriving in 10.

- I need to do his table.

- You're doing the bar.

I help out on the floor

when necessary.

This is necessary.

What, you think

he's going to insist

you are given a role

in his next film?

Stranger things
have happened.
- I don't know if that's true.
- Suzie, I am begging you.
This is me begging you.
Movie stars hate to be bugged
by desperate waitresses.
Okay, I might be desperate,
but I am not above humiliation.
Toilets, Abi.
Suze, water, please.
Suzie, please, please, please?
Please, please, please?
Please, please,
please, please.
Okay, you can do his table,
but only if I get to play
at least four Al Bowlly songs
without complaint.
I love you, Suzie.
I love you, I love you,
I love you.
God, imagine
his handsome face here.
Abi, you're behaving
like a teenager.
If only I was one.
At least I'd have a future.
You're not even 30.
What's it like
being you?
Fucking sad.
Abi, please
don't drink on shift.
First customers due.
[Abi thinking]
In reality,
he might be a midget.
He could be
the actor equivalent
of the fake moon
landing theory.
He might love me.
[Al Bowlly]

Thanks for all
the lovely delights #
I've found in your embrace #
Greg's coming in
tomorrow to talk.
What about?
I think maybe we
need to rationalize
our business strategy
to become
more cost effective.
What does that mean?
Uh, that we need
more customers.
How's Simona?
Oh, yeah, you know,
she's, uh...
she's really great.
What?
She keeps saying how
maybe we should be friends.
Aren't you friends already?
Lovers say they want
to be friends when they
want to leave you.
Oh.
I'm sure it's just a hiccup.
Have you tried
drinking her upside down?
What?
Um...
I'm sure everything
will be fine.
Oh, no. Yeah,
absolutely it'll be fine.
You know, there was
this couple in last night
who seemed really in love,
so I gave them
really great service.
Then the phone rang.
It was his wife.
She was in hospital,
in labor with

their first child.
So he was with his mistress.
Yes.
So I told them
we were closing.
What time was it?

- Around 11:

- But that's when we close.
But they didn't know that,
did they, Suzie?
No.
This... was made
by a street cleaner
who spent his life
photographing snowflakes.
Well, that's very good.
Isn't it?
[sighs]
[chuckles]
Are you enjoying art school?
- Oh, my God, yes.
- What is it you're working on?
Well...
mainly portraits of the hands
of people I have loved
and a video of people
trying to remember
the lyrics of
their favorite songs.
But for my final year show
I'm thinking of
filling the gallery
with tiny photographs
of precious objects
you have to really peer at
to see properly.
Simona said
my slippers repulsed her.
That's not good.
I'm really glad that she
felt she could tell me.
- [door opens]
- May I help you?

First orders of the night:
no starters, two chicken,
one salmon.

Can you believe
who's coming to dinner?
Virginia Woolf?

No. Table for four at 9:00
in the name of Danny Huston.

- As in the actor?
- As in the actor.

He's a very
versatile actor.

[Abi]

I didn't know you were
a movie buff, Rita.

Oh, I like well-crafted,
morally complex movies
with strong narratives
and powerful acting.

Who wouldn't?

Stop it.

Madonna promised me
no more bookings.

- This is an exception.
- Why?
- He is an amazing actor.
- Wow.

What do you got
against actors?

- They're like tribute bands.
- Excuse me?

They speak someone else's words,
interpret someone else's ideas,
and try to look
like someone else.

- The joy.
- They're faded copies
of a vibrant original.

Blah, blah, blah,
blah, blah.

What is the justice
in George Clooney
getting millions
for playing, say, a doctor

when real doctors get
a fraction of that?
Or a cook.
How much did Julia Roberts
get for Mystic Pizza?
More than I get, I bet.
Julia Roberts was
the waitress, not the cook.
Yeah, okay, whatever.
Two chicken, one salmon.
Most of the world doesn't
even have clean water.
That doesn't mean
we shouldn't drink it.
Has there ever been
a film that truly showed
the life of a woman?
That would be
a really boring film.
Take the bread.
You know, you guys
really need to lighten up.
[banging, squealing]
Bloody fans.
Order, table 10.
Two soups,
one linguini,
one jamon.
Table eight ready?
Oh, it is hot in here.
Madonna, you promised
no more bookings.
Sorry, Alice.
It's only four.
Can't turn down
celebrities.
- I am not a cook.
- Alice, you gotta remember
it's very good for
the restaurant to have
well-known people eat here.
[coughs]
I cannot stand
celebrity culture.

It's only one celebrity,
not the whole culture.
Man, a real movie star
here tonight.
I still can't
quite believe it.
- Oh, for God's sake.
- So, Mrs. Manager,
what you doing about
the worker being burned today?
- Rita, are
those salads ready yet?
- I feel really bad about it.
You've got to remember
that everybody gets
burned in a kitchen.
- Aah!
- [Rita] The heat
probably drove him crazy.
Alice, it's Danny Huston.
I mean, what is not to love?
We're in this together.
I'm sorry, but I don't
really believe
you are that affected by
the workers under your care.
I don't know him.
People don't love movie stars
because they "know them"
know them.
Okay, whatever.
That's patently unfair.
I started the recycling scheme.
[laughs]
That's about rubbish.
No, that's about
Mother Earth.
Yours is a drab, drab world.
How's table eight?
...perpetuating
an exploitative system?
Rita, you've got to get
past the blame here
and embrace the positivity

of what you're doing.

We're not exactly
down a diamond mine
in Sierra Leone here.

Okay, table eight.

If it's such a nice job,
why is it so hard
to get the fans fixed
in such a nice job?

- The fans are being seen to.

- The fans are symbolic.

- Of what?

- Of the possibility of air
and movement and pleasure,
of the possibility of being
able to breathe freely.

Hey, ladies.

Suzie.

Abi, can you take these
to eight, please?

Will you take these soups
to 10, please, my love?

I need to have
a little chat with Rita.

[Madonna]

You know, I think
it's great we're talking
and that you feel
you can express your
feelings to me about--

And the rats?

What about the rats?

You know that every cafe
in Soho has rats.

So give me one reason
why I should care
about the fate
of this gilded cage.

Would a hug help right now?

No.

Madonna, you forgot
the salad.

[clears throat]

No, I'm okay, really.

I'm just...

I really appreciate
this chat.

Thanks, Rita.

Blimey.

What's with the hugging?

What can I get you to drink?

[patrons chattering]

[sighs]

How's your boyfriend?

I have no boyfriend.

[banging]

[squeaking]

What about that guy

with the haircut?

- Gone.

- Oh.

[squeaking]

[Abi thinking]

Seventy-three minutes to go.

Good evening.

How are we tonight?

[man]

Yeah, great, thanks.

[screaming]

What can I get you to drink?

A bottle of champagne,
please.

- A very good choice.

- [screaming continues]

[pop song playing

over sound system]

[sniffles]

Dancing at discos,

eating cheese on toast #

Yeah, you make me merry,

make me very, very happy #

But you obviously

- [sobs]

- # You didn't wanna

stick around #

So I learnt from you

[salsa music playing

over sound system]

Table four:

no starters, one chicken,
two salmon, one lamb.

Hey, Rita, parking meter.

Hold that pot up

like you're in a dream ranch.

Dream ranch?

Great.

Alice, do you think

oysters ever feel aggressive?

Hard to say.

They flinch.

Oh, not flinch.

- They're not people.

- It would be hell

to be an angry oyster.

- Busy in there?

- No fists to shake...

- Suzie.

- because you have no fists.

Can you take

these starters to 12?

Okay.

But you'll like this.

I went to a Chinese

restaurant the other night,

and on the menu--

- Stop now.

- Okay, okay, I'll be quick.

On the menu

they had fish lip

with couch

and a small pan of greed.

[Rita laughing]

Imagine the size

of a fish lip

on a couch.

- [door closes]

- [laughing continues]

[Abi muttering]

Right.

Fuck it.

Hey, are you okay?

[sighs]

Phil keeps texting me
that breaking up with me
is the best thing
he has ever done,
like, repeatedly,
like he is ecstatic.

He says that

I am self-obsessed.

But self-obsession is
just my way of trying
to work things out.

- Why can't anyone see that?

- I can see that.

I really can.

- You can?

- Mm-hmm.

Two glasses of house red
and a sparkling.

[Rita]

You lost weight, haven't you?

- Jesus.

- It's good to drop some pounds.

You were enormous.

So what happened
to the guy you were seeing?

I only saw him once.

Did you get down and dirty?

High-waisted jeans.

- So?

- They were ironed.

- Ah.

- It is such a relief...

I have finally reached the end
of my life as a sexual being.

- Enormous?

- Yeah.

I didn't want to say it.

Yeah, I've been thinking
of writing a story

about how love affairs
and murder

both begin with

the discovery of a body.

You actually
ever had a boyfriend?

- Rita.

- Name one.

- Stefan.

- So you're not a virgin?

One bottle of sparkling
for eight
and two San Miguel
for 10.

Hey, what do you think
makes Danny Huston
so utterly appealing?

What? I don't know.

Come on.

He's talented,
he's a time traveler,
and he has empathy.

Thank you.

You know, millions
of lepers have empathy,
but you don't necessarily
want to sleep with them.

I don't want to
sleep with him.

- You don't?

- No.

Here you are.

Thanks.

What do you mean,
"time traveler"?

What you love
about him is both--
real and a phantom image.

Two espressos for 11, please.

What do you mean,
"phantom image"?

All movies are
like ghost stories.

I don't follow.

Every movie is
an image of the past
played out in the present,
and, therefore,

all movie actors are,
in a sense, phantoms.

[sizzling]

Tennis players eat bananas.

- What?

- Tennis players eat bananas.

Sports people used to think
you had to have

little section of oranges,

and then someone

thought of bananas.

It's the potassium,

so no more cramps.

Rita, please.

All I'm saying here

is maybe, just maybe,

there are some aspects

in our life

in which we are

still eating oranges

when we could at least

be thinking about

the possibility of bananas.

What are you talking about?

[shrieks]

You've never been married.

Who mentioned marriage?

[shudders]

- We've got work to do here.

- Pot calling kettle.

What do you know about me?

What do you know about anything?

You don't know me--

my feelings,

my pain, nothing!

Rita, calm down.

It's...

It's true I don't really

know a lot about you,

but, I mean, we're not

on a date here.

What do you want me to say?

I really am sorry if you're

going through stuff,

but I'm kind of
preoccupied here!

[whispering]

We can still talk, can't we?

Okay.

[Suzie]

Two linguine for table four.

[Madonna]

Salmon starter, two linguine...

[hacks, spits]

- [mutters]

- Sorry.

- [argues]

- I've had it.

So naive.

How the days just fly...

- How is table seven doing?

- How's table four?

[chattering]

- Abi.

- Watch it.

Table four.

- All done?

- Yeah. Thanks.

[man]

I haven't seen you
for months.

- Can I have the bill, please?

- Of course.

I think he has
a very manly figure.

I don't know.

I like men a little fatter.

- You have met someone.

- Okay, yes.

Dreamy, arty, weirdo type?

- Maybe.

- Where did you meet him?

Whitstable, at Adam's house.

We talked all night
without touching.

- Oh, how touching.

- Don't be mean.

How old is he?

Nineteen.

You're in love
with a chubby embryo?
I thought you were keeping
an open mind about men.
My options do not include
children or the obese.
His weight is irrelevant.
How many pounds?

- Abi.

- How fat?

Kind of...

Kind of... like...

Santa?

Jesus.

- Is that so weird?

- Yes.

Order, table four.

I think you guys are doing
an amazing job in here.

Tarts, table nine.

Keep up the good work.

She ever try to hug you?

Mm-hmm. A couple of times.

I find hugging
as a management strategy
sinister.

[chuckles]

Hey, Suze, can I run
something by you?

Wait. I'll just
deliver these, yeah?

[sighs]

I got offered
a job yesterday.

- No.

- Yes.

A friend of my mother's
who works
in this crappy publishing house
offered it to me.

It's ghost-compiling
a newsreader's favorite poems.

Okay.

- You know Tony O'Donnell?

- Yeah, sure.

A book is coming out of
his favorite poems, but he
doesn't want to choose them.

That is hilarious.

[whispering]

I have been offered a...
a role in a porn film.

- Oh, my God.

- [groans]

I have studied
Ibsen and Chekhov.

I'd love to see
one of the three sisters
deal with this one.

- [man] Waitress.

- It's you.

You finish your book
and get a job in publishing.

That's so great.

So when are you going to start?

- I'm not.

- What?

I cannot, in all conscience,
accept such a job.

But it could get you
out of here.

At least in here
it's honest.

Bullshit.

Don't romanticize it.

At least I'm not lying.

You know,

sometimes you have
the smugness
of a hippie fascist.

One glass of merlot
and one still.

Go on.

It's a new line
in art porn.

You know, like porn
in black and white.

- Mm.
- You know, like, um...
examining the texture
of your knee
as his gnarled hand
moves across it.
They're offering me
a thousand quid.
[sighs]
I'm so fucking broke.
I have no electricity.
I have a Visa bill
at 17.9% interest.
Whose gnarled hand?
My elderly fictitious uncle's.
Wow.
At least the director is gay.
- Man or woman?
- A man.
- Why is that at least?
- Somehow it seems less creepy.
Mm-hmm. Wait a sec.
Okay.
[creaks]
[bangs]
[rattles, slams]
[woman]
Waitress.
You should get a low-interest
loan and pay it off.
- Suzie.
- I'm with you.
- This is serious.
- I realize this.
What's the story?
An innocent but literary
blind girl
is sent to stay
with her crippled,
gnarled-handed uncle
in the country.
Things transpire.
[sighs]
The gateway to my guts

on the big screen.

What do you think?

Should I do it?

- The gateway to your guts?

- Don't be naive.

Okay, okay.

So you'll be playing
an innocent but literary
blind girl.

That will be acting.

Exactly. The fact that sex is
involved should be irrelevant.

How about the fact that
you'll be causing erections
of the penises of men
you haven't met?

Never think of your audience--
number one rule.

Way too paralyzing.

Besides, I bet there's
some sickos out there
who carry wood 'cause a bee's
landed on a fucking rose petal.
You should aim higher
than this.

I am aiming
at the fucking moon,
but like I said,
I got no electricity
and 17.9% fucking interest.
Weird they call it interest.
It's so not interesting.

Suzie.

- God, but...

- [sighs]

can you imagine your...
you know, um...
stretched across the screen
the size of a bus?

Don't say bus.

Strange, but the energy
feels really, um...
distracted in here tonight.
I'm sorry.

Did you say something, Madonna?

[snickers]

Please, guys, we really need
to develop a more positive...

Good night.

Thank you.

energetic vibe.

Bottle of cab sav for 10,
please, Abi.

You know,

you lost your mojo.

Okay, it's interesting
you know me so well, Rita.

When did this legendary time
exist that I actually had
a mojo to lose?

Come on, Alice.

You're an intellectual.

You can work that one out.

I am not an intellectual.

I am just tired!

- Intellectuals can be tired.

- Actually, you're right!

That's true.

They can!

[man on radio]

From the very beginning.

[Latin dance music plays]

Mmm

Suzie, can I ask you something?

Of course.

Do I, um...

look okay in the mornings?

Most people look better
at night.

I wonder...

if you've kissed her
for the last time.

No, I mean...

I'm sure you will again.

I just always think

it's so strange

that we will do things

for the last time

in our life one day,
and most of the time
we won't realize
it's the last time.
I don't believe
in such negative thinking.
It's not negative.
It's just real.
Reality's what you choose
to make of it, Suzie.
Table four need help.
[chuckles]
What would you say
if I said I don't believe
table four exists right now?
Uh, I would acknowledge
your right to that belief.
But if you were to believe it
for more than about...
two minutes,
then we'd have to discuss
your future shift allocations.
Fair answer.
[laughs]
Table four it is, then.
[exhales]
[water running]
[woman vocalizing]
Yeah, yeah, yeah #
[laughs]
[sighs]
Did I ever tell you
about Salvadore?
No.
He was a communist, too.
Was he?
If it weren't for
the tragedy of his violence...
The tragedy of his violence?
I thought
the thieving was petty.
I mean, he was
the kind of guy
who cried over leaves

falling off trees.
And can I go with him?
He wanted me to go
with him. Yes.
And can I lend him some money?
So I say, "Sure. Why not?"
'Cause I had
a little money saved.
And then I discovered
about the guns.
Rita, can we just finish what
we have to do here, please?
Okay.
So tell me what
you want me to do.
Have we decided yet?
He should be here
any minute.
Stay calm. Stay calm.
[woman] Do you mind
going through the menu?
My eyesight's really bad.
Sure. Um, French onion soup
for starters
with crustini linguine
with Sicilian tomatoes and basil
finished with an aged
Castellini parmesan.
Rocket salad with crushed broad
beans from the vale of Evesham
served
with baked goats cheese...
He'll look at me
and just think, "No."
Or he wouldn't even say no.
He just won't notice me.
Shropshire lamb shanks
marinated in Puglian red wine...
Dismiss my whole life
without letting me
give him any real reason
to reject me.
If only he would
give me that chance.

...with a Roman
telleglio risotto.
Sides are green salad,
beans, or spinach.
Is the salmon very filling?
Well, that depends
on how much you like to eat.
I'm sorry?
How could I possibly know
what you need or like?
Or if you have, say,
eating disorders
or dairy
or wheat intolerances
or if you are
a glutton or a picker.
I am not psychic.
Oh, God, I am so sorry.
I think we'd better go
somewhere else.
I'm real sorry. I'm just
a little strung out tonight.
- I'm sorry, too.
- [Madonna] Thank you.
I really like your shirt.
It's my birthday.
Is that really necessary?
Yes.
Why?
Because I want to leave
this place clean.
Obviously.
I mean, leave it, leave it.
As in I am leaving it.
What do you mean?
Have you noticed
I'm a dishwasher?
Uh, yeah.
And you don't think
I should aim a little higher?
- Of course I do.
- [clattering]
I've been half asleep.
- Can we discuss this later?

- Yeah. Sure.
Defer any real
discussion again.
[Madonna] Order.
[Rita] Great.
[Madonna] Salmons.
[sighs]
God, Greg bizarrely
just phoned me
asking about takings.
As if I can
predict takings
on a night
that's still young.
The world is
a complex beast, isn't it?
That's because
it's full of humans.
Madonna, I may as well
tell you now. I quit.
What?
I'm giving you
a month's notice.
Why?
Because I think workers
deserve more respect
than is given here.
How have I not
shown you respect?
That you don't know
the answer of this question
is significant.
Rita, like I said before,
I think it's really great
that you are expressing
your confusion about
your role here.
Aah!
How can I be confused
about dishwashing?
There is
no confusion here.
I'm really sorry,
but I really need you

to understand
that I'm really
very busy right now,
and I would be very happy
to discuss this
with you later,
but right now I really need
to get these meals out.
Okay. Eleven.
You're really quitting?
Yeah. I'm going to Chile.
He rang me.
Chile? Huh?
Oh, Jesus, Alice,
haven't you been listening?
Not the "tragedy
of violence" guy.
Yeah. Salvadore.
[clanking]
Madonna, the lights have gone.
Repulsive.
[sniffles]
He was arrested.
What? When?
When we were
practically kids.
I went to prison
for a little while, too,
as an accessory.
When I was released,
I wasn't allowed
to contact him.
I thought
I'd never see him again.
Ay!
- But then he rang me.
- Shit!
Pick up. Pick up.
And, Madonna,
can you get in here?
The electricity's
gone again.
[Suzie] Abi, I need
some help on the floor.

Join the club.
Abi, can I have
two house white--
What are you doing?
I think there's some fruit
stuck in the plug.
Can you
do it later, please?
Really lodged in there.
It's really solid fruit.
Oh, my god.
Did anyone see that?
[Abi retching]
No one is gagging.
At least no customers
are gagging.
[Abi] Oh, my god.
Is this what my life
has come to?
Oh, my god. Dead rodents
are really bad for business.
[Abi retching]
Can't work like this.
Alice.
So how did he get
your number?
I don't know.
Google?
Your phone number's
in Google?
What if he doesn't live up
to your memory of him?
He would have still
served his purpose.
Which is?
A reminder
of possibility.
Everything
all right here?
Yeah. Lovely.
Great.
[both gasp]
Omni ma shivayar.
Omni ma shivayar.

[exhales]

Suze, could you please
wrap up the vessel?

Wash your hands
afterwards, please.

Abi, could you
disinfect yours?

- The vessel?

- Yes, Suzie.

That's all that poor rodent
is now-- an empty vessel.

There's nothing
to be frightened of.

You know the feeling
when you're walking up
the aisle of a plane
and you have to pee
and it's kind of embarrassing
because everybody knows
you're about to pull
your pants down?

Well, that reminds me
of waitressing.

Everyone fucking knowing
that you're the one
whose career
is either fucked up
or hasn't happened yet,
the one who is metaphorically
pulling your pants down
eight times a week.

You've got to stop this.

God, he is so late.

[Madonna] Hello there.

Can I take your name, please?

[man #1] Huston.

[Madonna] Huston.

Excellent.

Come in.

Sir, if you'd like
to come round.

[man #2] Thank you.

- [Madonna] Just three?

- [man #2] Yes.

[man #1] We are three. Yes.

Three of them?

Only three old people?

And no Danny.

Career. That's what happens

when you lose control

of a car on a wet road

and it slams

into a brick wall.

Crash.

[Rita] It's not going

to be easy going back

after all these years.

I don't know.

Sounds like you've

made up your mind, though.

It's not that simple.

Okay, just do

what you have to do, Rita.

Okay, Mrs. Clarity,

when was the last time you

knew what you really wanted?

I know exactly

what I want.

What?

I want to want the last

six years of my life

not to be a waste of time.

I wanna publish a book.

I wanna live a rewarding life.

And when was the last time

you wanted to make love?

- Rita.

- When?

[Alice] Christ,

what I want is a clean pan.

Mineral water, please.

- Fissy.

- I'm sorry?

Fissy.

Fissy water.

Fissy. Oh. Fizzy.

Sure.

Is anyone else coming?

May I see
the wine list, my dear?
Sure. I'll get you one.
Anyone hungry?
Something to nibble?
I think we just wait
for Danny.
[Chorus]
Hallelujah #
Hallelujah #
Halle-lujah #
Sure.
I wonder if they're
his grandparents.
Oh, God, I hate it
when Madonna does
that "kneel down to take
their order" bullshit.
She looks so phony,
like everyone's
on the same level.
I think they're
eastern European.
That doesn't surprise me.
Why?
Well, Danny Huston
looks kind of...
well, like he's
from Vienna or Bucharest
in about 1921.
That's incredibly specific.
I've never believed time
was linear.
Huh. So when am I from?
Well...
Hmm.
What was I doing in 1953?
- Waitressing.
- Huh?
In Minnesota.
That's a terrible date.
Give me another one.
You can't argue
with my dates.

Please, guys,
don't congregate.
There's work to be done.
Abi, bottle of Pinot,
table two, please.
[Abi] Can I have some what?
[Madonna] Two cabernet
sauvignons, Abi.
- [Alice] Rita, the tarts.
- [Abi] Bream for number seven.
- [Madonna] Ten, Alice!
- [Suzie] Two tarts
for table five.
[Madonna] Abi, come on.
[man]
Just not eating that salad.
[Suzie] I'm sorry.
There's grit on the salad.
Ah!
Abi!
I'll take your glass.
Chop, chop.
Turn it down!
Ah! Aah!
Right. I need two steaks,
medium rare, table two.
Ally, please, not burnt.
Ah!
[Madonna] Are you okay?
Never better.
You hear the news, Madonna?
There is an eagle loose.
There was a warning
for everybody with small dogs
to keep them inside.
You read it?
No, I didn't.
And to be honest, Rita,
I don't quite understand
why you're... sharing
this information with me.
Because nothing happens
like you think it will.
I mean, you have

a little dog, right?
And everybody saying
how cute it is.
And then, whoa,
an eagle takes it.
Man and eagle in the city.
Nature's coming. Whoa!
Whatever, Rita.
[gasps]
Ohh!
Table two.
You know, that actually
looks pretty good.
You're a genius, Alice.
Let go.
[squeaking]
What's it like being you?
[Abi] Hey, Alice.
Can you give Danny's
musical grandparents
some fancy toast or something
on the house while they wait?
Danny's
musical grandparents?
Uh-huh.
- Why?
- P.R.
Don't mention P.R.
in my kitchen.
Whoo. Al, your kitchen.
Anyway, it's not toast.
It's bruschetta.
Don't call me Al.
- Ooh!
- Ooh!
Jesus, Abi, as if I haven't
got enough to do here.
[Abi] Come on. It's just
four bits of toast.
- Well, three at this point.
- Okay, okay.
If it'll shut you up.
You're an angel.
He is coming.

The Iceman Cometh.
Christ, it's hot in here.
Could you not pick, please?
I'm running out of everything.
Can you get us
some drinks in here?
Couple of Cokes?
Thanks.
Mineral water. Sparkling.
[Abi] Oh, come on, chef.
Go crazy. Have a Coke.
I've never had a Coke
in my life.
- Not even a sip?
- No.
But drinking Coke is like
getting your period.
It just happens.
Pepsi?
No.
Have you had McDonald's?
[scoffs]
But you smoke, right?
It's human nature
to be inconsistent.
[Rita] You know,
if every year you smoke
takes five years
off your life.
And I've
been smoking for...
That means I have lost
one hundred and...
ninety years...
off my life.
That means
I should have died in...
Which was...
I was born.
Which I didn't.
So why worry?
Take that. Go, go.
It's on the house.
[woman]

Oh, that's very kind.

[man #1] Why you
give people free toast?

Oh, um, we like to give it
to people who are waiting.

But we are
not waiting, are we?

Yes, you are, actually.

[woman] George,
Danny is coming.

[man #1] Oh, oh, yeah.

I'm sorry.

I'd forgotten, yes.

So why did you
break up with him?

I left him. I didn't want
to be around when he left me.

[rat squeaking]

[screams]

But-- but why-- why do
you give free toast?

Well, it's bruschetta.
It's kind of complicated.

[laughing]

Like rocket science.

That is such
an easy clich.

Clich? No.

It is metaphor.

[both screaming]

Actually,
it's not a metaphor.

Rocket science
is, literally, complicated.

Yet, as an expression,
it has become a clich.

[screaming]

- [screaming]

- Get it!

Can I get anyone
anything else?

- [man #1] No. We are fine.

- Yeah.

Oh, that was so disgusting.

Like a fat octopus
pouring itself
into a keyhole.

Abi, I think you and I really
need to have a talk later.

"Abi, I think you
and I really need--"

Abi, it's obvious that
you have personal issues,
but I really don't

think it's fair of you
to take it out on--

I will not dignify
this abuse with a reply.

- That was a reply, Jane.

- What?

Your friend
from school told me.

Told you what?

That she once knew you
as Jane.

I'll not dignify this.

[speaking German]

Do you have any idea
where my marzipan could be?

Abi, have you
seen my marzipan?

You think I'm fat?

That depends.

On what?

You're the type of girl
who's always too fat
because she always
thinks she's too fat.

It's like
your brain is fat.

I have a fat brain?

I thought you were
doing yoga to calm down.

Oh, it does calm me down.

But contorting my body
is not gonna get rid
of the wall-to-wall frustration
that carpets my fucking mind.

Well, don't
take it out on me.
Okay. Okay. God.
It's like a fucking
morgue in here.
You're such
a drama queen.
Did you just mutter at me?
You don't exactly encourage
people to speak their minds.
Okay. Fine.
I'm listening.
Talk. Talk to me.
What? What is it?
What do you want to tell me?
Fuck!
Abi, you're not
your best self tonight.
Is that breast milk I smell
on your gilded fucking lips?
How much have you
drunk tonight?
Come on, guys.
We are really
not functioning
as a team here.
[Abi]
Fat brain. Fat brain?
[Suzie]
Yes, fat. Fat, fat, fat!
Okay, I need two ros and
three sparkling, please.
"...two ros and
three sparkling, please."
I got to go pee.
What is wrong
with her tonight?
I think she's going through
some kind of crisis.
She's always going through
some kind of crisis.
Doesn't mean it's any less
of a crisis, does it?
[pouring wine]

Do you have any idea
where my marzipan could be?

Oh. Table 12.

And two lemon tarts
for nine, please.

Abi.

Abi, are you okay?

I'm sorry.

I was mean just then.

[sighs] That's okay.

Two sparkling on seven?

I'm pre-menstrual.

Are you taking
evening primrose oil?

Yeah. I took some
in some vodka

before

I left home tonight.

Good.

Um...

[rattling]

Hi.

One minute of air.

Okay, one minute.

Old people are smug.

Musicians

are always smug, too.

Old musicians. What

a terrible smug combination.

Maybe they

are fantasists.

Danny is probably

in Los Angeles right now

having lunch

with a starlet.

- Is that still a term?

- What?

Starlet.

It's like, um...

It's like "kitchenette."

It's such a great word.

Oh, to be a starlet

with a kitchenette.

So why does this girl

in your book run away?
I don't know.
You have to have a clear idea
why things happen.
Otherwise, you are dealing
in generalities,
and the narrative
loses its punch.
But life has no plot.
And book is not life?
Books without plots
are boring.
I mean, is Anna Karenina
only the story
of a woman who threw
herself under a train?
Or is Ulysses
just about a day
in the life
of a man in Dublin?
Okay. Point taken.
Is The Great Gatsby
only about a rich man?
Okay, okay.
[humming]
You're okay?
I'm fine.
[knocking]
Coming.
Alice, I know you've
been trying really hard.
I'm really so impressed
with how you've been
coping so amazingly well.
We just had another complaint
about the chicken.
Apparently,
it was burnt and raw.
Oh, God, burnt and raw.
It's actually quite
a difficult thing to do
if you think about it.
I had to have two
knocked off their bill.

[Rita]

Is something burning?

[coughs]

They're fine.

Burnt.

Chargrilled.

God!

Come on.

Don't listen to her.

The chicken looked good.

I keep thinking

about this cartoon

I saw the other day.

It was two guys talking,

and one says to the other,

"Do you dwell on

the wasted years behind you

or the terrifying

years ahead?"

What are they

having again?

One bean starter.

One soup, two lamb,

three chicken, one salmon.

Take... Take a little sip.

I'm tired.

I'll do plates

and vegetables.

Get the chicken.

Okay. Okay, okay.

Okay.

Oh, okay.

Okay.

[Alice laughing]

Alice, are you okay?

[crying]

What's up, chef?

- [Alice laughing]

- Abi.

What?

I think hysteria's

a fairly reasonable reaction

to working

in this shithole.

[crying]

What's happened?

[gasping]

I'm sorry.

I'll be okay in a moment.

Did you burn
yourself again?

What would you care
if she burnt herself?

You care more
about the rubbish.

I quite simply reject
your anger, Rita.

[Abi] Yeah, stop
trashing her, Rita.

[Rita laughing]

My ex-agent
described my book
as a "saxophone solo
of misery"
and said
the publisher rejected it
because it was too French
and they didn't know
how they could market it.
Too French.

I was born
in fucking Crouch End.
a va, a va.
a va, a va.
Alice.

Have you got
the miasma of disgust?

[squeals]

I am fond of the oboe,
although I prefer the violin,
which I do play,
as does Cecile.

And Gaiog--

Gaiog is a percussionist.
The triangle is so unexplored
as an instrument,
don't you think?

[Cecile] Oh, you

couldn't be more right.
But if I could
have a word.
That other waitress
is just so rude.
I do apologize.
[man] Yes. Very rude.
She, um...
She actually has
personal issues
to deal with
at the moment.
Her mother
is terminally ill,
so she's returning
to Quebec tomorrow.
[Abi] There you go.
Thanks.
And the bill, please.
This is actually
her last shift.
I'll just go and check on your
order in the kitchen, okay?
I'll get you an ashtray.
Do you think
this fish looks okay?
Looks great.
You're sure?
Yeah.
Are the lights
really low out front?
[Suzie] Pretty low.
Suzie. Goddamn it.
She didn't even take the food.
Oh, please, don't cry.
It will be okay.
I'm not gonna cry.
I'm gonna commit murder.
Pick this food up now,
or I will bludgeon
you all to death.
That's the spirit.
Excuse me. Could you
please not do that?

We have to sweep it up,
and these floorboards
are like a billion years old.
- [clatters]
- [man] My dear young lady.
We are sorry
about your mother,
but there's no need
to take it out on us.
My mother?
In Quebec.
A tragedy.
What?
Your colleague
told us
about your mother
in Quebec.
My mother is fine.
And I am not Canadian.
That was
a direct sabotage
on any chance
I might have with him.
I was trying to deal
with those clients.
Quebec? My mother
has a terminal illness?
And by the way,
I cannot stand
the way you keep using
the word "excellent" tonight.
What's wrong with
the word "excellent"?
Please take these meals.
You have never said the word
"excellent" before tonight.
- Admit it.
- You are insane.
- [Suzie] Abi. Abi, Abi, Abi.
- Has Miss Jane ever said
the word "excellent"?
That does sound odd
from your lips, I must agree.
Can I have two lemon tarts,

please? Table six.

[Suzie]

Abi. Abi, come quickly.

You don't need
an acting job, Abi.

You never
stop performing.

Oh, well, I'd better
call Equity then
because life
ain't paying me right.

Excellent.

Okay. Let's get
the desserts out.

Okay.

You are a champion.

[man singing in Spanish
over radio]

They left
just as he arrived.

He looked kind of sad
and thoughtful.

I kept buzzing you.

[music on radio continues]

What are you doing?

Abi.

[dinging]

[Abi] I just wanted
to tell you all
it's my birthday today.

I'm...

Get dressed.

I guess none of you know
that I trained as an actor
for three years...

Alice, Rita.

Alice, Rita,
come out front now.
in New York.

I've had enough.

But those creative,
giddy Lee Strasberg days
are but a distant memory.

Now I can't even afford

my flight home.
Please get dressed.
I have a huge debt.
Get dressed.
I've just had
my electricity disconnected.
Please.
My Visa bill
is at 17.9% interest.
I have been a waitress
for about 10 years now,
and the only job
that I have been offered
recently is in porn.
[whistling]
[woman giggles]
So what I really
wanted to ask you all
is if anyone has any tips
on how I might change my life,
I would really
appreciate hearing them.
Perhaps you didn't hear me.
But as one miserably
failed human being
to a bunch of probably
enormously successful ones--
which you must be
if you can afford to eat
in this overpriced,
rat-infested shithole--
I'm merely asking
what the fuck am I meant to do
with my life.
Just keep walking.
I am so sorry.
Nothing like this
has ever happened before.
Just gather up
your things.
- I'm so sorry. Um...
- Good night.
Thank you very much.
I'm sorry.

[man]
I've never seen anything
like it in my life.
[woman] Do you wanna go
somewhere else?
Major muff.
I have no fucking power.
Oh, you do.
You're like Carrie.
You know what you
should do tomorrow?
What?
You should go
to the museum
and look
at really old things.
It'll put everything
in perspective.
What, so that
I can fully realize
how totally insignificant I am
in the grand scheme of things?
Exactly.
You're such
a fucking victim, Abi.
Alice.
Here's your bonus.
Thanks again.
All things considered,
you were great.
You'll all
be pleased to know
that thanks to Abi's
performance tonight,
we've made about 10
in tips in total.
You're so anguished
and artistic,
but all you're really
good at is complaining.
Wow. You think
I'm good at something.
Do you know, Abi,
you've never been

anything but rude to me?
Have you ever asked me
about the dreams and hopes
of my life journey?
Hmm? Do you even know
my girlfriend's name
or whether she still
is my girlf--
Do I have sisters?
Was I beaten as a child?
I am 23 today.
No. You are fired!
I'm sorry to interrupt.
Ladies.
I had some
friends here earlier.
One of them lost
a libretto.
I don't suppose
you've seen it.
Anyone seen a libretto?
No. Sorry.
No?
What a shame.
What the hell
is going on here?
[music plays]
Al Bowlly.
You know Al Bowlly?
Oh, yes, of course.
Wrote hits,
died in the Blitz.
Whether to 30
you've grown #
Whether to 40
a husband and wife.
Whether you're 50 #
Whether to 50
a Darby and Joan.
There's one thing certain...
that you have to own.
Love is #
The sweetest thing #
What else on Earth

could ever bring #
Such happiness #
To everything #
As love's old story #
Love is #
The strangest thing #
No song of birds
upon the wing #
Shall in our hearts
more sweetly sing #
Than love's old story #
Whatever hearts
may desire #
Whatever fate may send #
This is a tale
that never will tire #
This is a song
without end #
Love is #
The greatest thing #
The oldest #
Yet the latest thing #
My only hope
that fate may bring #
Love's story to you #
[music continues]
Yes, and you, my dear.
And you.
They're fresh.
[crying]
Ma, you okay?
I'm fine.
I...
I really hate this...
bloody job.
Let's go.
So you're really
going to Chile?
Correct.
And this doesn't
terrify you?
Of course it does.
It fills me
with fear and dread.

So...
remind me why
it's worth it again.
Because fear and dread
mingled with
an overwhelming memory
of intense
sexual compatibility
is more appealing to me now
in this moment of time
than the crushing
predictability
of everyday life.

Okay.

Sounds like a plan.

No, I really think maybe
we should go somewhere
and have a beautiful
drink like a bellini.

Or... I don't know.

Why are you saying
all the time,

"I don't know"?

You know, I don't know.

They serve bellinis
at the Cafe de Paris.

The Cafe de Paris
it is, then.

I can tidy up tomorrow.

Alice, Rita, you coming?

- You're paying?

- No.

Oops.

Maybe we should
all go dancing.

[Alice]

What's a bellini?

Champagne and peach juice.

Oh.

Named after
a painter in Venice.

He painted
beautiful clouds.

All kind of colors.

Yellow, red, purple, rose.

So beautiful.

Is everyone invited?

If they keep
their clothes on.

So, Madonna,
you got any sisters?

I do, actually.

Two.

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