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Metroland

By Adrian Hodges

The phone's ringing.

What time is it?

5:

It's a wrong number.

Might be something important.

Oh, it's woken Amy.

Oh, I'll get up.

There, there, there.

Hello.

It's about bloody time.

Who is this?

Who do you

think it is?

Toni?

How are you,

you old bastard?

Bloody hell!

Do you know

what bloody time it is?

What? Shit, no.

No, I don't, mate. No. Sorry.

It's not even 6:

Shit, I should be in bed.

I was.

Where are you?

Bugged if I know, mate.

Are... Are you in England?

Yeah, it's definitely England.

Yeah, yeah.

Without a doubt. Yeah.

This is a surprise.

What's it been...

like five years?

Yeah, yeah. Something like that.

Listen, listen.

So, what, what?

We going to meet?

Yeah.

Yeah? What, tomorrow? Lunch?

Lunch. Yeah. Yeah, sure.

Right, right. Well,

I'll come over at 1:00.

Okay.
Yeah? All right.
Ciao fornow.
Can only be bad news
at this time of the morning.
That was Toni.
He's not gone
vegetarian, has he?
No. Well, he didn't say.
I doubt it.
Knowing Toni,
he could have aligned himself
with some vegan
terrorist faction-
The Popular Front for the
Liberation of the Frozen Pea.
Look, I'm sorry.
I should have asked you first.
For God's sakes,
stop apologizing.
It's only
Sunday lunch.
He's not
moving in... is he?
He really likes you,
you know.
Oh, gosh.
I feel somehow validated.
It's just...
What?
I never understood
why he had to be so angry
all the time.
He was always angry.
We both were.
We were part
of the Anger Generation.
You angry? Come on.
Petulant, perhaps.
Anyway, he's a writer.
He believes
in telling the truth.
He's not a very good writer.
He's not successful.

That doesn't mean he's not good.
Doesn't make him
Proust, either.
You always defend him.
Of course I do.
He's my best friend.
Stop now.
Ne bouge pas.
Comme a.
Don't look at me like that.
Oh... Ohh! Oh, Chris!
Chris?
Oh, Chris! Ohh!
I know you want
to sleep with other women,
Chris, and I understand.
There's nothing
to feel guilty about.
In fact,
I want you to have affairs.
It'll be good for our marriage.
And, of course,
I'll still cook your dinner
and do your washing
and ironing.
Mmm.
I'm quite tired, Chris.
It's the weekend, love.
Sunday tomorrow.
I'm not really in the mood.
We never make love anymore.
We make love constantly.
I can't even remember
the last time.
Yesterday morning.
Yeah? We used to do it
three times a day.
Well, that was when we
were new to each other.
Anyway, it only happened once
and you complained
about being sore
for a week afterwards.
Sore, but very smug.

Lloydy!
Come here!
You're ruined!
Now, Africa, Chris.
You must get yourself
to Africa.
Black women... Ah!
I was in Italy.
I went to Spain.
Spun me around, really.
Ended up in New York.
I kept meaning
to send a postcard.
You know how it is.
Why did you come back?
Oh, it's difficult
to talk about.
Not bad news, I hope.
No, it's okay. It's...
What's up, mate?
This is really hard.
Do you want me to leave you two
alone for a minute?
No.
No, you stay.
It concerns both of you.
You can hide from the truth
for only so long
before it all gets too much.
Time I faced up
to the way things really are.
You see, Chris...
I had to come back because...
I love you.
I always have.
You're the only person
in the world for me.
I'm sorry, Marion.
I know this must come
as a bit of a blow
but Chris and I were meant
to be together.
Very funny.
Your faces!

What's her name?
Her name's Kally,
as in "California. "
It's where her folks were born,
only she's spelt with a "K."
Oh, you should
have brought her along.
Naw. We believe
in having separate friends.
I met her in a creative
writing course in Pasadena.
Yeah? What the hell
were you doing there?
I was teaching it.
I didn't know you went in
for that
sort of thing.
Which?
Teaching or seducing students?
Huh? No. No, I don't
if I can avoid it, you know
but you got to subsidize
the old poetry somehow.
I mean, come on.
If poetry's going
to mean anything
you got to take it
directly to the people.
That is pure paranoia.
That is pure paranoia.
Anybody who wants to
can read poetry.
Yeah, but they don't
want to, do they?
'Cause they're told what?
It's... It's
a minority taste.
Late night slot.
You know,
pigeon fancying...
goat fucking...
whatever it is
they fucking get up to.
I see... I see loads

of poetry in the shops.
But you don't see poetry
in the shops, Marion.
You see
golfing limericks
and jolly
historical ballads.
Dead, unthreatening stuff.
There's nothing vital!
There's nothing...
Hey! Hey! Hey!
Nothing about
what's happening now.
Sorry, baby.
What you actually mean is
nobody stocks your books.
Exactly.
Bastards.
Chris?
Hmm?
What do you get up
to on your walks?
Nothing.
Think a bit.
What about?
I don't know,
serious shit.
The past, future
meaning-of-life stuff,
you know.
Um, I make a few...
mental lists.
What kind of lists?
You know,
some people count sheep.
Uh... I make lists.
Chris Lloyd...
the story so far.
Healthy.
Not poor,
not... deformed
not... starving.
Not asleep.

Married:

Children:

Job:

Mortgage:

Arguably.

So on, so on.

Till the panic subsides.

What have you got
to panic about?

Nothing.

That's what worries me.

Love you.

Love you back.

And your friend.

Toni hasn't changed, has he?

Toni's incapable of change.

Like the dinosaurs
and look what
happened to them.

Marion...

Mmm...?

Would you still love me
no matter what I did?

Why, what have you done?

No. Nothing.

It's a... rhetorical question.

Would I still love you
no matter what?

No matter what.

You must be joking.

What kind of yield
do you expect, then?

Oh, a good few pounds,
I suppose.

No, listen, you dig up
these escapist
bloody flower beds
you'll triple your output.

Yeah, well, I'm sticking
a few veg on the table
not provisioning

the bloody Ukraine.
Good to see you, mate.
This is really something,
this is, Chris.
What is?
All this.
I mean, you've got
the lot, haven't you?
Everything a man
could want.
I'm impressed.
Are you taking the piss?
Is this it?
Oh, bloody hell.
If you're asking me,
am I happy
with the vegetable patch,
the flower beds
the wife and baby
the job and the mortgage
the answer is yes- I am
strangely enough.
I believe you.
There's nothing wrong
in any of that.
Okay, no problem.
Just surprised
that's all.
Chris Lloyd
happy ever after in Metroland.
Who'd have
thought it?
They're already calling
them the sexy '60s.
Sexy, saucy '60s.
Oh, it gives you
a hard-on just saying it.
Yeah, Brigitte Bardot,
Anna Karina
Francoise Dorleac.
Think of the sex
going on
in France.
If we were in Paris now...

Strolling down
the Boulevard St. Germain.
Stopping chatting
with friends
kissing on
both cheeks.
Pernod and coffee
with Sartre and de Beauvoir
at Les Deux Magots.
Not much point being
a boulevardier
in the suburbs, is there?
No boulevards
for a start
and Acacia Avenue
doesn't have
quite the same appeal.
I tell you one thing
to be said in favor

of nuclear war:

At least this place
would go up in smoke.
Imagine that,
the whole of Metroland
disappearing in one
brilliant, blinding flash.
A million sand wedges
melted into scrap.
Smoldering mountain
of occasional tables.
Middlesex's topiary
incinerated in an instant.
Could you throw us
our ball back, please?
Talk to yourself.
Only the bloody English.
Tennis in the rain.
Tsk.
Poor sods.
Pathetic, isn't it?
And what will they all
end up doing?
Bank managers, the lot of them.

Oh, they can't all
be bank managers.
'Course they can.
Metroland was built
for bank managers.
Actual bank managers.
Retired bank managers.
Student bank managers.
Baby bank managers.
It's like
Invasion of the Body Snatchers.
Instead of aliens-
bank managers.
Yeah.
Not me.
Come on.
This one, Chris.
Come on.
God, you're ugly.
This one.
Monsieur, that is wrong, no?
Epaté la bourgeoisie?
Excusez-moi, monsieur.
Mon ami et moi voudrions
coucher avec votre femme.
Sorry, old man?
Nous passerons donc
la culbuter samedi
l'heure du thé?
Parlez-vous anglais?
Non.
Je crois pouvoir
vous aider.
Je vais traduire
la question.
The young man
wishes to know
if he might come to tea
on Saturday afternoon
with a view
to mowing your lawn.
Mm.
Merci, merci.
Those silly games

we used to play.
Those silly games
we used to play.
What's so silly
about them? Huh?
I mean, all ri ght,
we were childish about it
but at least
we had the right idea
sticking one up
the bourgeoisie's
fat, complacent bum.
Yeah, those were great days,
weren't they?
Great. Come on, man,
you're talking
like it was
a hundred years ago.
It feels like it was.
Does it?
So when am I going
to meet this Kally, then?
Kally.
We're having a party.
Why not come along?
Great.
Soon, yeah.
Just don't wear that.
I haven't been
to a party in ages.
You know what
it's like, having a kid.
No, I don't, actually.
So, are you in love
with her, then?
In love?
What?
What's wrong with that?
Oh, come on.
It's just the way you say it.
I mean, what,
you sound like my dad.
Yeah. I mean, yeah
things are going

all right with Kally
I suppose, you know.
She's a smart girl.
She's...
You'll like her.
Yeah.
We have a non-monogamous
relationship, man.
Really? Christ.
Is she all right
about that?
It was her idea.
I mean, neither of us
wants a relationship
based on possessiveness,
jealousy and that shit.
Hmm.
What, so you just,
you just go off and...
I just...
Yeah.
Whenever I feel like it.
So, you been unfaithful
to Marion yet?
You're serious?
Mm.
I'm very happy with my wife.
Are you?
No, I haven't been
unfaithful to her.
Oh, that was
interesting.
What was?
That strenuous denial,
you know.
I mean,
what does that mean?
"No, but I wouldn't
half mind a bit.
"No, but I, you know
nearly got some last week. "
No, it means no,
because I don't want to.
What about sex?

Plenty of sex.
All right.
I'm only asking.
I mean, I'm sure Marion
sticks her heels in your ears
and drains you as dry
as a loofah, but...
Kindly... Kindly keep
your disgusting similes
away from my wife.
Come on.
You're only human.
I mean, what,
you've been together, what
eight years now.
Don't you ever wonder
what it'd be like
to go to bed
with another woman?
Of course, um...
Of course,
but I mean everybody does.
That's-That's-That's
just fantasy.
That's nothing to do
with actual life. That's...
I mean, I don't
lie in bed thinking...
"Oh, Christ," you know
"I hope I have it away with
somebody else before I die. "
Hmm? And I would never
do anything to hurt her.
You might...
She might not mind.
Oh, we've won an award.
Yes, I have.
"Christopher Lloyd.
"Advertising Design Awards
winner, Gold Loom. "
Hey, now, now this is it.
This is more like it.
Yeah, I thought
you'd like that one.

I'm impressed.
It's not exactly, uh
Cartier-Bresson
though, is it?
Hey, you always were
a bloody good photographer.
Oh, not quite
good enough, though.
Ah, could have been.
You could have been.
Whatever happened
to that book
you was always going to do?
Do you remember?
Yeah, yeah.
Well, um...
I thought it was time
to get serious about the career
when Amy came along, you know.
It's still
on the back burner, though.
What's it about?
Well, it's, um...
It's really...
It's in here?
No, I'm not saying.
It's in here.
I'm sitting on it.
My God.
Christopher Lloyd's
deep, dark secrets.
No, no, don't, Toni.
No, leave it.
You'll only laugh.
What's the matter?
I won't laugh-
Chris, come on.
Friends since the cradle.
It doesn't matter
what it is, I promise you.
However ludicrous,
trivial, obscene...
I'm not going
to laugh, am I?

Let me see.
Watch out.
What I'm planning
is, a, uh...
a photographic...
history of travel in London.
You know, I mean
the premise being
sort of the extraordinary
within the ordinary, you know,
because everybody's
so familiar with,
you know, the trains
and they cease to see anything
special about it, really
but this is one of
the ideas I've got
for the cover
at the moment.
It's just a rough
thing you know, but...
Fuck me.
An illustrated guide
to the Metropolitan Line.
Yeah, thanks, Toni.
What an enticing
prospect.
Thanks, you bastard.
Hey, come on.
I'm sorry.
Yeah, don't overdo it,
you know?
You know, it's just
one of a lot of ideas.
It's a great idea.
I'm really not
sure that it's...
I'm gonna do
that one yet.
I look forward to it,
honestly, all right?
What's happened to you, Chris?
What do you mean?
You know what I mean.

Punk concert?
Yeah. He's got a friend
in the band.
You hate punk.
No, I don't.
Yes, you do.
You know you'll hate it.
Anyway,
you're only going
because Toni
wants you to go.
I happen to be
very interested.
They might have
an age policy on the door:
"Middle-aged swingers
strictly banned. "
I'm not that old.
You know,
you've developed this
very annoying habit
of constantly telling me
how I should be feeling,
what I will and won't like.
I am capable
of independent thought,
you know?
How long's Toni
staying around this time?
I don't know.
He didn't say.
What's he living on anyway?
Dole and savings, I guess.
You know, he doesn't seem
to be short.
He's probably taking
that Kally woman
for all she's worth.
Well, that's a very...
aggressive way of putting it.
Just an educated guess
based on what
I know about Toni.
You've never liked him,

have you?
No, I like him.
I just don't have
a rose-tinted view
of him, that's all.
You can sound very cynical
sometimes, Marion.
Don't tell me
you've only just noticed.
Yeah, well, anyway,
I'm gonna...
I am gonna go to this gig.
It will be an experience,
you know?
It'll be something...
different.
Be fun.
Destroy! Destroy! #
Destroy the hoi polloi! #
Destroy! Destroy!
Destroy the hoi polloi! #
Nice shirt, wanker!
Destroy the hoi polloi! #
Destroy! Destroy! #
Hey!
Mwah!
Wonderful, aren't they?
Yeah, very talented.
Destroy! Destroy! #
Destroy the hoi polloi! #
Take it!
Destroy! Destroy! #
Go on! A big one!
Destroy the hoi polloi! #
Destroy! Destroy! #
Destroy the hoi polloi! #
Destroy! Destroy! #
Destroy the hoi polloi... #
Hello.
Oh, look at that nonce.
Hello there.
Mr. Nonce to you.
Man with a dress on.
I saw you!

What are you doing?
Chris, you all right?
Yeah!
This is fun!
This is fun, Toni!
You, you always knew
how to have fun,
didn't you?
I always, I always...
I always felt
a bit dull next to you.
What's the...
What's the secret?
No secret.
No, really.
What is it?
What's the secret, Toni?
Your problem, Chris,
is you're busy doing
what other people
want you to do.
Your parents,
Marion, everyone.
The trick is to do
what you want.
Sod what he wants.
What about me?
Are we shagging or not?
I should know better
better than to try
screwing old men.
Fun!
I'm having fun!
Yeah, this is it.
Come on, then.
Up you get.
Up you go.
Up, up, up.
From now on
I'm going to do
what I want.
Of course, you are.
Come on.
No. No, really.

Come on.
Let's get you home.
I'm gonna do
what I want.
No, Toni,
I mean it.
From now on.
I mean it.
What's Marion going to say?
Taxi! Taxi!
Hey, stop there!
In you get.
In you get.
Chris, Chris, Chris,
you do not want sex.
I bloody do.
No, you don't.
Come on.
You're going to bed.
You're going to bed.
You are in the first stage
of a three-stage hangover.
Marion.
Oh, Toni...
I say, sir.
Toni.
I say, I've never seen
the likes of it.
I said the sofa.
Go on. Get out.
Out, out.
This is private.
Private.
Chris, come on.
Yeah.
Come on. Come on.
Stage one
of this hangover:
Start feeling randy...
Yeah.
And stage two
is pass out-
halfway through.
No. Feeling ran...

Rubbish!

Rubbish.

Anyway, I want it to be you
that I make love to.

It's me.

No, it's not.

It's me, darling.

No, it's eight pints
of lager with an erection.

No.

Yes, it is.

Get into bed.

Stage one.

Then stage two.

What's stage three?

Stage three, my dear,
is wake up
with a blinding headache.

Bollocks!

I feel
absolutely fine.

Bed, bed, bed!

No, I feel... Yeah.

Into bed.

Go on. In, in.

I'm going
to get the baby.

Oh, Chris, for God's sake.

Are you coming back?

How you feeling?

Fine, thanks.

I phoned the office
and told them
you were ill.

I got to get going.

Thanks for the sofa.

Everything okay?

Fine.

You and Toni...

you had a row
or something?

'Course not.

Saw you snapping
away on the platform.

Interested in trains,
are you?
Not really.
Just there's not much else
to photograph around here.
It's very fancy.
Got it for my birthday.
I retired today.
They gave me
a whisky decanter.
42 years
in the same company
and nobody's noticed
I never drink.
This is the last time
I'll ever make this journey.
This used to be
a grand line, you know?
Used to have ambitions.
Do you know
there was a Pullman car
right up until
Hitler's war started.
It was called the Mayflower.
It wasn't just ambition
with the Victorians,
you see.
There was confidence as well.
Confidence in ambition.
I mean,
can you imagine?
They wanted to join
the Metropolitan Line up
with Northampton
and Birmingham.
Have a great link through
from Yorkshire and Lancashire
through Quanton Road,
through London
joining up
with the Old Southeastern
and through
a channel tunnel
to the Continent.

Monumental.

Is that when they started
calling it Metroland here?

That bloody nonsense.

No, that was
just a name made up
to please the estate agents
during the war
before Hitler's.

Catchy name
to make it sound cozy.
Cozy homes for cozy heroes.
25 minutes from Baker Street
and a pension
at the end of the line.

Turned it into
what it is now...
bourgeois dormitory.
Aren't you bourgeois, then?

'Course, I am.

So are you...

I shouldn't wonder.

No, I'm not staying
in Metroland.

I'm gonna live in Paris
and take pictures.

French never could run
a decent rail service.
You see, it doesn't matter
where you go.

Metroland isn't a place.

It's a state of mind.

Oh, Amy...

Aw, sweetheart,
what are you doing?

Marion!

There's a good girl,
sweetheart.

There's a good girl...

Marion!

Sorry, love,
she's just...

Come on.

...taken everything down.

Aw...
Daddy's had a bad day...
Come on.
Stop now.
Ne bouge pas.
Comme a.
The camera...
No more. No more.
You taught me
to say what I'm feeling.
Now you're blaming me
when I do.
You know...
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Yes, but I was teaching you
to be sincere, not cruel.
Chris?
If you're going
to look at dirty pictures
of your old girlfriends
at least have the style
to do it openly.
Sex with me
was always wonderful, Chris.
Better than it is now
with Marion.
No, that's not true.
That's just nostalgia.
No...
you gave me
multiple orgasm every time.
Did I?
You never said.
Mmm.
You were
a fantastic lover.
Marion doesn't
appreciate you.
You might be right
about that.
Face it. You don't
desire her anymore.
No, I do.
Just not in the same way.

You never stopped
desiring me.
Yeah.
I didn't fall in love with you
either though, did I?
Are you sure?
Maybe you were just
too young to know.
Maybe you just lost
your nerve and ran back
to where you felt comfortable.
What do you mean?
I thought you came to Paris
to be an artist.
I did.
So what are you doing
ten years later
living a mile
from where you grew up
doing a job you despise?
Face it, Chris...
you've become your parents.
That's not true.
Oh, yeah?
Why didn't you stay in Paris?
Tu devrais tre dehors
dans la rue avec eux.
Tu prendrais
de bonnes photos.
Je suis un artiste,
pas un journaliste.
Comment va madame aujourd'hui?
Trs bien.
Malheureusement.
A vez-vous du feu,
s'il vous plat?
Merci.
Ciao.
C'est qui,
cette fille?
Quelle fille?
Euh, lopard plastique,
cheveux foncs.
L opard plastique,

cheveux foncs, trsjolie?

Oui.

Aucune ide.

Chris...

Ne te fatigue pas, hein?

Ne t'approche pas des filles.

Elles ne pensent

qu' te couper les couilles.

Regarde-moi.

Dis-donc.

Tu gagnes ta vie

avec des photos?

Pas avec les miennes,

en tout cas.

Parce que j'ai besoin

d'aide pour le week-end.

A moins bien sr que...

ce ne soit pas digne

d'un artiste de ton envergure.

Non. Oui.

Merci, Henri.

"Africa's where

it's happening, Chris.

"Vibrant culture.

"Great people.

"Thinking of hanging out here

for a while...

"or maybe heading down

to Afghanistan

"'cause apparently they grow

"the best pot

in the world there.

"You wouldn't believe

the skirt out here.

"The American girls.

Jesus, even you could score. "

"I'm working on getting

to Paris.

"Just not sure when.

"Don't start the revolution

without me.

"Eat the rich.

L ove, Toni. "

You're meant to be here

you bastard.
Not bloody Afghanistan.
a y est.
C'est fait.
Quoi, donc?
Ce matin madame m'a dit
que son chocolat tait froid.
a a fait tilt.
Je suis descendu
la cave
j'ai pris une hache
je l'ai dcoupe
en tous petis morceaux.
T'aurais vu le sang.
Vous avez tu votre femme?
Pas vraiment.
Mais on peut rver.
Bonjour.
C'est vous qui
les avez prises?
Oui.
Elles sont gniales.
Ah... Non, elles
sont pas mal.
Je m 'appelle Chris.
Chris Lloyd.
Enchant.
Enchant.
Je m 'appelle Annick.
Annick.
Vous tes anglais, alors?
Oui.
J'entends a.
Alexandria Quartet. Ah.
Yes.
Vous lisez mountolive?
Yes.
Anglais?
Uh-huh.
I'm practicing.
I love speaking English,
but, uh...
you know, I make
so many mistakes.

No... It sounds good to me.
Um, did you read
the first two?
Yeah, of course.
I mean, if I started
reading a quartet
on the third book,
I might get a bit lost.
Yeah... Yeah, right.
Absolutely.
Yeah, you'd have to be
really stupid
to start on the third book,
wouldn't you?
Yes, of course.
Which, um, you're not,
I'm sure... stupid...
I mean.
Would you like
another drink?
Yes.
Right.
I'd like that.
a commence toujours
comme a avec les filles.
Un petit blanc sec-
et boum.
Your cock in the mangle.
I love to drink
a little bit.
Mmm.
Makes me
less inhibited.
Yeah, me, too.
Trouble is, I get
so uninhibited, I pass out.
What's wrong?
Nothing.
You keep staring at me.
I'm sorry.
Have I got something
on my face?
No! No, no, no,
not at all, um...

It's just... you're so...
Oh, God. Sorry.
No, I'm just...
What I'm trying to say is,
you're really...
Well-read?
Yeah, exactly.
Annick.
Hmm?
Ony va, on va tre en retard.
Oui, j'arrive.
Well...
It was, uh,
real nice meeting you.
Yeah.
Bye.
Annick! Do you want
to see a film on Friday?
There's a new Bresson.
Friday, um...
Yes, at, uh...

6:

Yeah.
Bye.
So what did you think?
Oh, I think it
is so, so sad.
It's so true,
you know?
And lots of
little things.
Lots of humor.
Humor... maybe.
Ah, no...
you mean sad humor.
You're absolutely right,
yeah. Um...
not the funny sort.
No.
The human comedy.
Yes.
No, not the kind of humor
you laugh at.

No, no.
Well...
So...
Let's walk.
Yeah.
Yeah, where to?
I don't know.
Who cares?
What?
Oh, no, sorry.
No, I just wish, um...
My friend Toni
was here to see this
'cause we always dreamed
about being boulevardiers.
Now I'm about to be one.
Quite.
Tous les garçons et les filles
de mon age #
Se promnent dans la rue deux
par deux#
Tous les garçons et les filles
de mon ge #
Savent bien ce que c'est
d'tre heureux #
Et les yeux dans les yeux #
Et la main, dans la main... #
Oh, qu'il fait beau.
So French.
Ah, c'est
le Palais Royal, a.
I had lunch there
with my boss.
Oh, nice.
#... Je vais seule
par les rues... #
You're very clever.
No. I'm not.
You think so?
#... Carpersonne ne m'aime... #
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Mesjours comme mes nuis #
Sont en tous points pareils #
Sansjoies

et pleins d'ennuis... #
You're mad.
Personne ne murmure "je t'aime"
mon oreille #
Les garçons et les filles
de mon ge... #
Sorry.
Slowly. Slowly.
Slowly.
Is it the first time?
Huh?
Is it the first time?
No.
No, I've slept
with loads of women.
Er... Well, you know,
a... some.
Well, one or two.
Um, shall I...
Shall I put something on?
Yes.
Please.
Okay.
Oh, shit.
No, I can't...
Let's try.
Okay, give it to me.
God.
Dear, dear.
Uh...
No. I'm going to do it.
It's okay.
Did you come?
No.
Oh, God. Sorry.
Oh, no, it's okay.
I usually don't
the first time.
Oh.
I like the sound of that.
Implies there's
going to be a second.
Oh, I hope so
if it's what you want.

Well, yeah, I like
to sell my women into slavery
after ravishing them
usually, but, um...
Is that right?
In your case, I'm prepared
to make an exception.
Mm-hmm.
I'll be back.
Look, um, I'm sorry.
I'm...
You probably noticed.
I'm not...
I'm not very experienced.
Uh...
Have you been with many men?
Oh, thousands.
Silly.
I never thought the sound
of a flushing toilet could be sexy
but I guess it depends
who's doing the flushing.
Very funny.
Well, at least I can
keep you entertained
while you're not coming.
Hmm?
Pourtoi.
We're here.
Mmm...
How are you feeling?
Wonderful.
You don't have to speak English
if you don't want to.
No. I want to improve.
I want to.
I want to...
What the word?
"Impress" on you.
You do impress on me
all the time.
Your English hardly needs
improving at all.
Your English

is wonderful.
Oh, liar.
Tell me what you're feeling
but not just
generally like- exactly.
Fine.
Normal, I suppose.
Okay, now, I want really
what you're feeling.
Tell me.
Um...
Um...
Uh, I don't know.
Um...
I don't know.
You go first.
Well, okay, let's try.
Um, well, um, I'm amused
and surprised
that I have a beautiful
English boyfriend
and, um...
guilty about what my mother
would say about the sex.
And, um...
anxious for her
opinion of you
and, uh, maybe
a little bit worried
that I'm not quite
clever enough for you.
And that you might
want a girlfriend
who's more
than just a secretary.
That's it.
Now you try.
Right, um...
Well, I'm content,
peaceful, tranquil
with, um...
an undercurrent of turbulence.
My God, what was that?
The weather forecast?

Or...?

Please.

I mean, it's not a test.

Don't look so worried.

No, no. It's...

In England, when, uh,

you ask somebody

how they are, you know,

it's just... words.

It's just a courtesy.

The last thing in the world

that you expect

is that they're going

to actually tell you.

Yeah.

You're so direct.

Where did you learn

to be so sincere?

What do you mean, "learn"?

I mean, either you say

what's truthful

or you don't.

That's it?

Yes.

You look so scared.

Comment savoir

si je suis amoureux?

Quand ta maison est en feu,

tu le sais.

C'est tout.

Right arm around the wicket.

Four balls to come. Play.

It's a glorious run-

surely the century.

Sorry.

Oh, it's a good one.

My run!

Putain!

God... Sorry.

Are you okay?

Pourquoi les Anglais

sont-ils toujours si anglais?

Je suis venu ici

pour éviter tout a.

I think the natives
are getting restless.
Why, what did he say?
Um, something unflattering
about the English, I think.
Ecoutez, a va, allez faire
les idiots ailleurs.
Did you get
any of that?
Maybe he wants to take
our picture.
Do you think
he's putting on an act?
Do you think
he's English himself?
Are you?
He certainly acts
like the real thing.
Well, speaking for myself
I could do with a vin rouge.
Any takers?
Yeah.
Come on.
Are you coming?
Why not?
Monsieur et madame.
So, why were you pretending
to be French, then?
Well, you know
the bloody English abroad-
they're always complaining,
aren't they?
It's always something.
It's either the food or the beer
or the terrible service.
"Oh, aren't
the Parisians rude?"
Or something like that.
I mean... and shouting.
As though that's going to make them
understood or something.
Why would I want
to be English?
Well, surely

there must be something
you like about us.
I can't think of anything.
Don't you miss home?
No, of course not.
Oh.
What?
Don't you believe me?
Of course I believe you.
Bonjour.
Le monde, s'il vous plat.
Vous parlez anglais?
Monsieur?
Non.
Hmm.
What are you doing today?
Nothing special.
Okay.
Then, see you.
Dear.
And I've started thinking
in French, you know?
I feel French.
I'll wave my hands about
when I talk, you know?
I have, uh...
sex in the afternoon.
I mean, if that's not French,
I don't know what is.
I mean, I...
I belong here, you know?
I feel like I'm at home.
But?
It's...
It's not that I
miss England, exactly
but there's... one part of me
that feels like
it's being disloyal
to the other.
Maybe you're just homesick.
No.
Lonely?
Hardly.

Oh, yes, you've got thingmy-

What's her name?

Anyway, what's she like-
this girl that you're having
a relationship with
as you put it?

Her name's Annick.

What's wrong
with putting it like that?

You don't have
to tell me about her.

It's none of my business, anyway.

No, I don't mind
telling you about her.

She's, um...

She's really... direct
and, uh, emotional,
and sincere- everything.

I mean, we've got this
real connection between us.
We never lie to each other.

What? Never?

No. Never.

Don't worry.

I'm not trying
to embarrass you.

I'm not embarrassed.

What are you
going to do, then?

Do?

For a living.

Take photographs.

Does it pay well?

I don't know.

I haven't actually
sold any yet.

Oh.

How are you going to provide
for your family then?

What family?

Oh, the one
you'll have one day.

Bloody hell.

Give me time.

Why?

Well, 'cause I'm 21.

I'm still...

you know...

still having
relationships.

What, more than one?

Well, not simultaneously, no.

Anyway, marriage
is a relationship.

Yeah... So?

Well, you said you were going
to have relationships
and then get married
as if they were
two different things.

No, I didn't say I was
going to get married.

Well, no, I suppose you didn't
technically, no.

Too bloody right,
I didn't.

I'll never get married.

Oh, I think you will.

Why?

You're not original enough
not to.

Chris... does Annick
know about me?

She knows I see friends.

Does she know you see
this particular friend?

Not specifically, no.

It's never come up.

It's no big deal,
though, is it?

It's not as if...

we've got anything to hide.

I thought you
never lied to her.

I'm not lying.

If she asks me, I'll tell her.

Well...

if she doesn't know I exist

how can she ask?
Fair enough.
I'll tell her then,
shall I?
Don't start reading things
into these conversations,
will you?
What do you mean?
Well... if you analyze
them too much
you might just get the idea
that I fancy you.
Do you?
I'll see you then.
What shall we do tonight?
I don't know.
See a movie?
How about the new,
uh, Truffaut?
This English girl I met
said it's pretty good.
That's settled, then.
Yeah.
She really liked it.
Good.
Yeah, um...
Marion, this English
girlfriend of mine
uh, said it was, um...
one of her favorite films.
Are you trying
to tell me something?
What do you mean?
Is this the famous English tact?
No.
Merely pointing out
that apparently
the film is quite good.
Good.
Who told you that?
A friend.
An English girlfriend?
Well, not "girlfriend. "
You know, I mean, a friend

who happens to be a girl.
You've got, uh, French boyfriends,
haven't you?
Yes! But I don't mention them
three times running
unless I have
a very good reason.
Well, I'm just explaining that,
you know, she's a friend.
Um... see each other
from time to time
and... I've been meaning to
mention her to you. That's it.
I think that you mean
you've been meaning
to mention that you're
sleeping with her.
No. Of course not.
I sleep with you.
Or that you want to.
No. Hold on.
This is getting ridiculous.
I'm not being, um...
What's the bloody word?
I'm not being perfidious.
You know,
Albion is always perfidious.
They teach you that in school.
No, I'm not... Listen, I just...
I'm trying to be honest.
I don't hide things
from you.
Are you sleeping with her?
No.
Are you in love with her?
Bien sur que non. Je...
Je t'aime bien.
Thankyou very much.
So kind.
Of course you do.
No, I mean, I really do.
I love being here,
being with you and everything.
You know, I love it.

I think, um... I like...
like you a lot.
How...
How rational!
How...
How measured!
How English you are!
You say it as if you'd
known me for 20 years
rather than a few months.
Well, you taught me
to say what I'm feeling.
Now you're blaming me
when I do.
I thought... you know...
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
I was... I was...
I was teaching you
to be sincere, not cruel.
I'm sorry. I mean, not 'cause
I've done anything wrong.
I haven't,
but I'm sorry because
you've misunderstood
the situation.
No. No.
Why are you...?
Annick...
Why are you crying?
Huh?
Is it because
I mentioned that girl?
I don't know.
Tell me.
Is it because
you think
I don't love you enough,
or something?
Is it because
you love me?
Tell me.
Annick?
It's all right.

God save the Queen.
Oh...
Perhaps he has
been malade, huh?
He looks
healthy enough to me.
Perhaps he
has been sulking.
Mais, il n'est pas
boudeur, non?
Perhaps he work hard.
Perhaps his duck
she has given him
the elbow.
Oh, perhaps that, yes.
Anyway, how could we let you
spend the evening by yourself?
We thought you
might be ill.
I thought you might
not like me anymore.
I made a terrible mistake.
Annick... meant
everything to me.
I... loved her.
I loved her.
I realize it now.
I don't want to go
to bloody England.
I hate England.
I'm staying here.
I'm going to stay in Paris.
I'm going to be an artist.
I don't want a wife.
I don't want bloody kids.
I don't want responsibility.
I don't need any of that.
Well, at least
we know where we stand.
Attagirl. That's it.
It's Mummy, Amy.
Hey, hey.
Watch what you're doing
with those hands.

Oh, that's great.
Yeah, that looks lovely.
On this beach,
sun coming down
music playing,
campfire
and the women-
unbelievable.
Incredible.
Do you ever think
about... somebody else
when you're having sex
with Kally?
Of course.
I mean, who doesn't?
Me.
Until recently, just lately.
Um, whenever I make...
Fucking.
Yeah, uh, with Marion. Um...
Annick keeps
popping up.
You know, I mean, it's not
that I physically want her.
If she walked
in the door right now
I might not fancy her at all
but I've just been thinking
about the past a lot.
And I'm wondering
what that says
about... me and Marion.
To be honest, we haven't been
getting on that well recently.
Are you going to leave her?
No. No. I haven't
even thought about that.
It's just I feel...
Trapped.
You feel trapped.
Quite frankly, Chris,
I'm not surprised.
Look what you've done
with your life.

No wonder
you're bored.
Oh, and I suppose your life
is something wonderful
by comparison.
I do what I want to do.
I'm proud of my work.
Can you say
the same?
I'm your oldest friend, Chris.
I know what's going on
in your head.
I can read you
like a book.
You keep thinking to yourself,
"Did I make the right choice?"
Well, did you?
Toni did ask you, you know.
Of course he did.
"Come to Toni's party.
"Dress informal.
Wives optional. "
Rubbish.
He wanted you
to come.
Well, someone's got
to look after Amy.
We could have got
a baby-sitter.
We never go out
together.
We haven't been
at a party in decades.
You always say
you hate parties.
Yeah, well,
I want us to have fun.
You mean you want
you to have fun.
Well, go on.
I'm not stopping you.
You know what I really hate
is that you feel this need
to drive a wedge

between me and Toni.
Like you've got something
against there being anybody
who knew me before you.
I think you'd better go.
I hope it's fun.
Strolling along,
minding my own business #
Well, there goes
a girl and a half #
She's got me goin '
up and down #
She's got me
goin ' up and down #
Walking on the beaches,
looking at the peaches #
Well, I've got
the notion, girl #
That you've got
some suntan lotion #
In that bottle of yours #
Spread it all over
my peeling skin, baby #
That feels real good #
All the skirts
lappin ' up the sun #
Lap me up... #
Lloyd!
Why don't you
come on over here? #
Hey, how you been?
What did you do?
Raid an art gallery?
What are you doing
with your trousers still on?
Where's Kally?
Downstairs, I think.
Bit of a sausage roll
crisis going.
Listen, go down
and cheer her up.
She just had an abortion.
It was her decision,
you know, but I agree.

I mean who wants to bring
another little bastard
into this shit heap, huh?
Except budding
bourgeois fat cats, of course.

Enjoy yourself,
for fuck's sake.

Walking on the beaches,
looking at the peaches #

Well, you just take
a look over there #

Where?

Is she trying
to get out of that...? #

So you win again,
you win again #

Here I stand again

The loser...

Prawn vol-au-vent?

They're, uh, part-raw,
part-incinerated

barbecued-sushi effect
sort of thing.

I know you.

You were staring at me
in the hall.

Well, not staring, exactly.

You were checking me out.

Oh, it's all right-

I was doing the same to you.

I'm Joanna, by the way.

Chris.

Are you a friend of Toni's?

Mmm, that's one way
of describing it.

Has anyone ever told you
you have a nice face?

"Nice"? Ugh.

I, uh, suppose my mother
might have mentioned that.

You can get me a drink,
if you want.

Oh, can I?

Mind if I get myself one?

Oh, it's so funny to see you
after so long #
And with the way you look #
I understand that you
were not impressed #
But I heard you and that
little friend of mine... #
Hello again.
Hello.
I was wondering
where you'd gone.
I was looking for you.
So now that you found me,
what are you going to do?
Do?
Well, you're interested,
aren't you?
I know I am, so I assume
we're going to fuck.
Oh, I... don't know about that.
I'm married.
I'm not prejudiced.
No, it's not that easy.
If you're worried
about getting involved, don't.
I'm not into that shit.
You're a married man.
You got it all
out in the open.
Well, good for you -
on both counts.
Can we go to bed now?
Well, that wasn't
so difficult, was it?
I want you to have affairs.
It'll be good for our marriage.
I'll still cook your dinner
and do your washing
and ironing.
It's a little more practical
if you're within reach.
Have you got any Durex?
I'm not on the pill.
No...

It's, um, not
the kind of thing
you carry around with you
when you're married, really.
You'd be surprised.
Toni keeps them in the bathroom
cabinet just under the sink.
Right.
Marion! No!
No...!
Chris?
You okay?
Good old Joanna...
Go on, Joanna.
You go for it, man, all right?
What are you doing?
I'm going home.
Why?
Because Toni
put you up to this.
You sleeping with him?
Sometimes.
I'm not a whore.
I decide who I sleep with,
not Toni.
But he suggested
it might be a good idea
provided you didn't find me
too repulsive, right?
He just wanted you to be happy-
He really cares about you.
I'm really touched.
Chris, what difference
does it make?
Whatever Toni did,
the point is
you still wanted
to sleep with me.
I wanted to, but I didn't.
'Cause you were scared.
Possibly, yes!
Isn't that as good a reason
as any?
Hi.

Joanna found this
in the spare bedroom.
Joanna?
A friend of Kally's?
Want to watch this husband
of yours, Marion.
Right little raver
on the dance floor
when they put
the oldies on.
It was his wild streak
that I
married him for.
What the hell
are you doing here?
I know what you did.
About what?
That whole bloody little
adolescent game with Joanna.
It wasn't a game.
I was giving you
what you said you wanted-
helping save you
from yourself.
If you've said anything
to Marion...
What are you
frightened of, Chris-
upsetting the whole cozy
little middle-class applecart?
Losing your perfect wife
and your neat little flower bed?
Have you said anything?
What's happened
to you, man?
You've just given up...
down the line.
Come on. What went wrong?
Paris wasn't that long ago.
It's been nearly bloody
ten years since Paris!
Most of my adult life!
New definition
of the word "adult":

"Time in which you've sold out. "
A few years of freedom
then back to the safe job
and the tennis club.
Yeah, and yet another triumph
for the bourgeoisie steamroller!
What are you doing here?
What the fuck were you
doing with Marion?
Why don't you ask her?
I'm asking you!
Well, let's just say
Marion doesn't share
some of your inhibitions.
For Christ's sake,
Chris, stop it!
Stop it, Chris!
Stop it!
Get off!
Stop it! Stop it!
Did you sleep with Toni?
Is that what he said?
Not precisely.
And what do you think?
I want you to tell me
you haven't.
Does it really matter
if I have?
The way you've been
behaving recently
I wouldn't have thought
you cared.
Of course I care.
He made a pass at me.
More than once.
I turned him down.
But I...
I nearly said yes.
Oh, I was tempted.
He happens to be
rather attractive.
I really don't know
what's going through him.
I don't understand him.

Oh, Chris...
you're such an innocent sometimes.
Don't you see?
He's jealous ofyou.
Jealous?
Toni's jealous of me?
Yes.
And ifyou can't see why...
then we really
have got a problem.
Hello, darling.
Hello, sweetheart.
Good girl.
You all right?
Marion...
you know Toni's party?
Mmm?
Something happened there.
There was this girl.
Well, what's important
is she, um...
tried to get off
with me.
I'm glad I'm not
the only person in the world
who finds you attractive.
She really tried
quite hard.
I can't say
that I blame her.
Just thought you
ought to know.
Is this a confession?
No.
'Course not.
You didn't sleep with her?
No.
I just want to get everything
out in the open...
well,
with the circumstances...
But I was wondering
How would you feel
if I had?

Well, I suppose that depends
on the circumstances.
I expect we'll find out one day.
What?
Well, you'll probably sleep
with someone else
sooner or later.
It's too interesting not to.
No.
I don't see why.
I don't think either of us
went into this marriage
with ridiculous expectations.
I mean... I do know what it is
to be sexually bored.
Do you?
Are you?
Sometimes...
but mostly not.
The thing is, Chris, it...
It isn't what you think it is.
It doesn't prove anything
and it doesn't
disprove anything.
Yeah.
Well, you know, it's...
a hypothetical situation, anyway
so...
Well, not entirely.
I... Since we're discussing it
I might as well tell you
that... yes
I have been unfaithful
to you once
and, yes,
it was only the once
and, no, I haven't been
tempted to since
and I don't think
I will be now.
Fuck!
Was that better?
Better than what?
You did sleep

with her, didn't you-
that girl
at Toni's party?
I told you...
Well...
she was all right,
I suppose...
but who wants fast food
when you can eat at the Ritz?
Listen, I just came
to say good-bye.
Yeah. Yeah, back to
the States, I think.
What are you going to do?
I don't know,
maybe some screenwriting.
Kally's people
are in the film game.
I might, you know...
Going to stay
at their place in Malibu.
Mmm?
It's lovely, yeah.
So, when you coming back?
Oh, I don't know.
I'm leaving it open-ended.
Listen, Chris...
why don't you come?
You're serious.
Yeah, of course
I'm bloody serious.
Why don't you just
let it all go, huh?
I mean, come on.
Doesn't your heart just sink
at the thought of it all?
Knowing what,
you're going to spend the rest
of your life here-
knowing how every day
is going to begin and end
day after monotonous day
until what?
You keel over

with a heart attack
well before your time?
The thing
you don't understand, Toni
the thing
I didn't understand...
is that I like it here.
I like my life.
I'm content.
Making lists again?
Yeah.
What about "happy"?
What about it?
When you're drawing up
your lists
what do you put
in the column next to "happy"?

"Happy:

"If not now...
never. "
Yearning, we were yearning #
Green light blinding
on the rail #
Burning, we were burning #
And the line unwinding
to the Holy Grail #
To the future gleaming
on a blue horizon #
And a golden girl
on golden sand #
Dreaming, fantasizing #
In another world
from Metroland #
I've danced in rain #
And I've been Django #
And I've got laid #
I've been a rollin 'stone #
I've been Verlaine
and I've been Rimbaud #
Not afraid to walk alone #
And now I take
my midnight ramble #
Do I fold or play

what's in my hand? #
What's at stake
and what's the gamble? #
Do I stay in Metroland? #
Dreams, yesterday's laughter #
Ghosts and lovers
come back to play #
But dreams
have a morning after #
And run for cover
in the light of day #
I got something real,
worth holding onto #
I can belong to
and understand #
I've made my deal #
I will go on to #
Make my peace
with Metroland... #
With Metroland... #
Metroland... #
Metroland... #
In Metroland