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# Performance

By Donald Cammell

Chas?

Breakfast?

You're up.

Yeah.

You're gonna be late for work, Dana.

Cornflakes or Rice Krispies?

It's all right. I'll get my own.

Confirmed bachelor, aren't you?

A fella last night in the club...

...said that my voice

was wasted on cabaret material.

Oh, yeah?

Shall I come over tonight?

I'll call you at the club about 2.

Half past.

- Two?

- Two, or half past.

Morning, Rose.

**It's 8:**

The kiddies are still viewing, ain't they?

You bastard foreign female.

I mean, there's claret

all over the screen.

- Jesus got half his ear hanging off.

- Disgusting.

I mean, how are the kids

gonna grow up?

- It's not right.

- Definitely not.

- Where to, Chas?

- The minicab depot.

Put your tie on.

Gentlemen of the jury...

...I would solemnly suggest to you  
that what are really on trial here today...

...are the ethics of a community.

Our national economy,

even our national survival...

...devolves upon the consolidation,  
by merger...

...of the smaller and weaker  
economic units...

...with the larger and lustier pillars

of our commercial context.

What did I tell you? What did I tell you?

Look at this pigsty.

Correspondence not answered.

- Aren't you with us?

- Hey...

Hello? Hello?

I want that pig, Pooley.

- Are you Pooley?

- Yes, I am.

You're a disgrace,

an incompetent disgrace.

- You're not fit to run a...

- Business is business...

...and progress is progress.

- Where's your brother?

- At the pictures.

- Answer yes or no.

- It's around the office.

- Stretch your mind.

- Filth and disorder.

You need help. Help and protection.

Well, we offered it, my governor, personally.

You had an appointment.

He waited 15 minutes.

- You slag, 15 minutes.

- He checked the letter.

You call this a service to the public?

Look at this equipment.

Not maintained, is it?

You're a technician, Mr. Wilson.

Makes you weep, eh?

Yeah, makes me weep.

- No, don't.

- It's obsolete.

It is alleged by the prosecution...

...that the dividend of 15 percent...

...which was declared

on the non-voting B shares...

...was indeed fraudulently designed...

...solely to expedite

this admittedly bold...

...but in no way unethical, merger.

I say, merger, gentlemen, not takeover.

Words still have meanings...  
...even in our days of the computer.

**The question is:**

Was my client a party to that fraud?  
Innuendo is a method I despise.  
Therefore, I say bluntly...  
...that already, you have heard sufficient  
to point to the responsibility...  
...and guilt of another party.  
A guilty man, gentlemen...  
... whose identity I shall not shrink  
from establishing...  
... in the course of my presentation  
of the case for the defense.

Hello, Chas.

You be there tomorrow  
at Number 11 Monk Street.

Five thirty on the dot.

Do you understand?

Well, son,

how was the clientele tonight?

Spot on, Harry, no aggravation.

What about this lawyer geezer?

Did you see him?

That man, I submit, should be standing...

...where my unfortunate client  
now stands.

- I can rely on that, eh?

- It'll be straightened out in the morning.

He's a nutcase. Like all artists.

But I can rely on him.

- I know my...

- Business is business.

And progress is progress.

In the fluid state of business ethics,  
pertaining today...

...we must protect the inalienable right  
of the smaller businessman...

...to be conjoined in commercial union...

You want to turn off the electricity  
and cut the gas...

You're worth it. Come on, Greasy.

- Don't you understand?

- Eighty-five pounds.  
I've got the new furnace coming in.  
I already had to pay it.  
Mr. Molloy, you bleeding me white.  
- You're wasting my time.  
- Why does it work?  
Would you like a drink?  
You like it with ice or...?  
You stink. You stinking foreign parasite.  
Please, my customers.  
Theresa, please hold the door.  
You know, I don't think I'm gonna  
let you stay in the film business.  
British justice.  
Here, what the...?  
- All right, let's keep our hair on, eh?  
- Why?  
- Mr. Fraser?  
- Yes?  
I've got a message for you.  
From an old pal.  
An old pal and an old partner,  
who wants you to know, number one...  
...that he's ever so upset  
about all this aggravation you got.  
And number two, don't involve old pals.  
Not even a little bit.  
- You follow me, Mr...?  
- Lf you're an emissary...  
...from Mr. Harold Flowers,  
it would be most improper for us...  
Don't interrupt.  
And no subpoenas for old pals, old mate.  
And no snide insinuations  
in court, neither.  
Look here.  
I'm Mr. Fraser's counsel and I warn...  
I know that.  
Now shut your hole, Mr. Counsel.  
- What did you say?  
- Do you follow me, Fraser?  
- Hole.  
- Now let's face it.  
They're gonna convict you.

It's better to spend  
five years of your life...  
...in a nice comfy nick...  
...than rest of your miserable  
existence in a filthy wheelchair.

- Are you threatening my client?

- You bet I am, poncey.

Do you follow me, eh?

Boy?

I do.

- Yeah. Good.

- Now listen to me.

I must insist you address  
your remarks to me.

Address my remarks?

Okey-dokey. Why not?

Mr. Butler, we got his address,  
haven't we?

Why not, Mr. Humphrey? If he insists.

Best of luck, Mr. Fraser.

You don't intimidate me...

Nor my client.

- George.

- Fraser.

- Morning.

- Morning.

- Easy.

- Good morning, mate.

A tasty finish.

A man of taste.

Looks after his property,  
your owner, does he?

Does he?

We've only got a gallon and a half.

Better not waste it, eh?

Well, next time.

The foreign secretary...

Hold up, pal,

you'll do yourself a mischief.

This takes me back.

Your old man was a barber,  
wasn't he, Rosie?

No.

- No, he wasn't.

- Shut your hole, Moody.  
- No soap on the gentleman's collar.  
- Sorry, sir, it was an accident.  
Hair today and gone tomorrow.  
I said shut your bloody hole!  
He's a right nut, he is. Isn't he?  
Now, I want you to mention  
what's happened here to your owner.  
Tell him I'll be in touch.  
In the Mississippi Delta,  
an area of nearly 13,900 square miles...  
Trend-setting, sir, or what?  
I can rely on him.  
I can't say more than that, can I?  
Thanks, Harry.  
Fourteen thousand quid we offered.  
I call that equitable.  
Three grand a week that boy's grossing,  
or I'm a communist.  
- What's this about?  
- Gordon, what we got in that file?  
Joey Maddocks, Licensed Betting Office,  
469 Fulham Road, acquisition of.  
Plus our letters, sir.  
Now, what's all this about  
Joey Maddocks?  
- You steaming into that slag?  
- Of course not.  
He's been invited to join...  
...our associated group of companies,

**my son:**

All he needs, Harry, is a little nudge.  
I'll nudge him for you,  
don't you worry about that, pal.  
We've been courteous.  
Courteous and generous.  
He's an old friend of Chas'.  
Good pals, they was.  
Like that since they was kids.  
Game boy, eh, Chas?  
And a blinding left hand.  
Bastard. Soon as he come  
into the poxy business, he...

- Now, now, calm down, Chas.  
- Come on, Harry. You know I'm...  
He's a lying slag, he's a grass,  
and you know it.  
Come on, son,  
Water under the bridge, that is.  
- You know what I mean, Harry.  
- All right, all right.  
Well, tomorrow he learns...  
...what's true and what's not.  
Like small businesses  
in this day and age...  
...he's against nature.  
- Lovely, Harry, I'll learn him.  
No. Rosie's gonna handle  
this part of nonsense.  
I want that shop redecorated  
tomorrow night.  
- Get the Brown boys, they like a laugh.  
- Mad Cyril?  
- Why not?  
- What?  
- Pop in, pop out.  
- Absolutely.  
You know what I mean? Be...  
- Placatory.  
- Of course.  
- Hold on, Harry.  
- I like that, Gordon. Turn that up.  
- You want him to stay on and manage...?  
- Of course we do.  
His name stays over the door  
if he wants.  
- Right under ours.  
- Let me see to the ponce, Harry.  
I'll decorate him and his shop.  
Don't you ever listen to a word I say?  
Keep personal relations out of business.  
- Excuse me, but...  
- Out!  
But your relations with Joey  
was double-personal.  
Right?  
Right then.

And what's my other thing I say?

My motto?

At the death, who is left  
holding the sodding baby?

No, go on, what else?

Harry Flowers.

Right again.

Me.

Me.

Me.

Me.

All right. At ease, gentlemen.

Anyone for a nightcap?

- We need a signed statement.

- What for?

Containing your allegations  
against Mr. Flowers.

- Allegations?

- Allegations.

Found it outside. Clean it.

Lots of filth around.

Yeah, cheers, Steve. Listen...

I'm not making actual allegations.

I can't do that.

Well, I mean, I...

I got no proof, have I?

Looks like you've got a war  
on your hands, Joey.

I'll give a grand...

...if I could get

that Mr. Harry-Pervert-Flowers...

...right here, right now.

I'll give a grand in readies.

Dirty degenerate.

Will I do?

What?

I'd have rung up first, Joey,  
but your lines is always busy.

All five of them.

- Let's go.

- What do you mean?

Harry Flowers is waiting for you.

That geezer, that's the one, ain't he?

- Ain't he, Joey?

- You stay out of this.  
Hold up, that was him that left with him.  
Look at this Vietnam strife.  
Down with red tape, eh?  
No taxman around here, my son.  
But, Harry, I'm still a bit worried  
about my future.  
Worried? That I will not allow, my son.  
Anyone worries you, you tell me about it.  
You're on the firm now, Joey.  
One of me own.  
United we stand, divided we're lumbered.  
Took over? No, Joey.  
The word is "merged."  
You was merged, my son.  
To old England.  
Jack, tell Chas to come over  
and have one with us.  
- Yeah, sure, Harry.  
- Harry, that shop...  
- Exactly.  
- Listen, no, it's my whole life, Harry.  
Exactly, Joey. Mine too. Mine too.  
Speaking of which, Dennis...  
...I'm not at all happy  
about the tactless manner...  
...which Joey was brought here in.  
Chas, I told you not to bother  
Mr. Maddocks, didn't I?  
A whiskey, please, Dave.  
- Right away, Chas.  
- Oh, was I tactless?  
Making him say that thing  
about his poor dead father? My God.  
- Let's take this chat upstairs, shall we?  
- Who do you think you are?  
The Lone Ranger?  
- I know who I am, Harry.  
- Of course you do, son.  
You're Jack the Lad.  
I've known a few performers in my time.  
But I tell you this, he's got the gift, boy.  
- Right, Denny?  
- He enjoys his work.

- That's the half of it.  
- Do you think he does, Denny?  
- Oh, I do. I get a load of kicks out of it.  
- Which can be a good thing, Chas.  
Putting a little stick about.  
Putting the frighteners on flash little twerps.  
But it can also be a tricky thing.  
And I'll tell you why.  
Because you can get to enjoy  
your work too much, my son.  
And it can slip your mind that...  
...you're bloody working for me,  
you berk!  
And when I say me, I mean...  
Tell him what I mean, Jack.  
- You mean you, Harry.  
- No.  
- The business.  
- The business.  
- That's what he means.  
- Correct him one.  
In which you're a cog, boy.  
A cog in an organ.  
- Go to hell, Dennis. I know what I am.  
- It's the business of business...  
...to push the buttons.  
And I'm alive and well.  
You push the buttons on that thing.  
Right. We push them. Us.  
This terrific democratic organization.  
Right, Joey?  
- Right, Harry.  
- Same again. All around, Dave.  
- Let me do this one, Harry.  
- The world's a dodgy place, my friends.  
I can't help that. But we've got progress.  
Look at the Yanks.  
- The New World.  
- Organization.  
Listen, Chas...  
That boy's in bother.  
Up here.  
He's an ignorant boy.  
An out-of-date boy.

Let go.  
Get it. Get it.  
Come on, Joey.  
Come on, you slick...  
Hold his arms now. That's it. Hold him.  
Go on then.  
Come on, Brien.  
Give us a hand over here.  
Shall I...? Shall I decorate him, eh, Joey?  
No. No. I'm not one of those.  
I'm not him.  
- You love that, don't you?  
- You little twerp.  
You vicious little twerp!  
Say it!  
Say it.  
Say it.  
Say it.  
Come on! Say it!  
Chas, say it.  
I am...  
Yes!  
He's out, Joey.  
Get some water. Water.  
- Give him the kiss of life, Joey.  
- You shut your filthy mouth!  
Chas.  
Look.  
Chas.  
You remember me, Chas.  
We...  
Listen, look...  
Do you remember Mick?  
Remember?  
Chas, what's the point...  
...of this?  
You can't do that.  
I am a bullet.  
Oh, God, my chest hurts.  
Look what you've done.  
Help me.  
You're dead, Joey.  
You can stay...  
...yesterday...

...until...  
...tomorrow.  
Get out of my flat.  
Hey, you!  
Just a minute.  
Don't you bloody move.  
Harry, I won't mince words.  
You're more than involved.  
You're incriminated. Look at the facts.  
- The facts.  
- One...  
I'll tell you the facts. Business facts.  
Soon as they pick up Devlin,  
they'll be all over us, my friends.  
Press, taxman, copper, the lot.  
You know what they're gonna call us?  
They'll call us gangsters.  
- It'll be goodbye to business.  
- We'll be as popular as Hitler.  
I know you would, pal. I know.  
Well, I just don't know  
anywhere, mate. But honestly...  
- Where is he?  
- We're looking, Harry.  
Six figures a year, we're into. Six figures.  
And now this little bastard...  
He's put us in the stuck.  
Pity he exists.  
I never sent him.  
It was me told him not to go.  
Don't get your personal relations  
mixed up in my business.  
- I told him.  
- Told him? Oh, that's a joke.  
Like telling a mad dog  
who to bite, that is.  
I was bitten by a dog once.  
When I was a kid.  
- It was a wirehaired terrier.  
- Harry, I'm your legal adviser.  
You could be charged  
with conspiracy to murder.  
- Hello?  
- Hello? Can I speak to Mr. Flowers?

- Hello, Chas.  
- Is Harry there?  
Yes, Chas, of course he's here.  
Harry, it's Chas.  
Hello, Chas. Are you hurt bad?  
Not too bad. You know already, eh?  
It was just...  
Just an accident.  
Harry, I've gotta get off the street.  
Yes, Chas.  
Yes, all right.  
We'll try to work something out.  
Harry, you know I'd never lumber you.  
It's down to me this aggravation,  
but I've gotta get in.  
Where are you?  
Chas, hold on a minute.  
He's at Wandsworth Bridge Road.  
Moody?  
What?  
What would you do, Moody?  
Me?  
With a mad dog, Moody?  
When a poor sick animal  
is liable to bite you?  
Bite me?  
Without meaning to.  
I'd put him to sleep, Dennis.  
Harry? Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello? Harry?  
I don't need the details, my son.  
Off you... Off you go.  
I can rely on him. I can't say more, can I?  
He's an artist, eh?  
My bath's running.  
I can't explain now, Mom,  
but it's as bad as can be. Now listen...  
- But, Charlie...  
- Now listen, Mom.  
- But where are you, Charlie?  
- I must go away.  
Now. Right away.  
I might go to Aunt Mary.

- Your Aunt Mary?

- Down in Devon.

Yes, go there.

They won't know of her.

Not down in Barnstaple.

- Right.

- Now, behave yourself, mind.

Yeah.

- Give her my love, won't you?

- Okay, thanks.

- Ta-ta, Mom.

- Bye, Charlie.

I said Barnstaple, not Exeter.

I said change at Exeter, mate.

Seven twenty-two. Platform four.

Gets in at 10 past.

One and 10 for sandwich, love.

- Hello, Ma.

- Noel.

Thanks, Ma. You're a darling.

He said, "You call that rock 'n' roll?"

I said, "That's the sound, Mr. Payne.

That's what I'm selling you, man."

He said, "My God, that's a black sound.

It's four times blacker than you."

Liverpool.

So I said, "Cool it, man. Cool it.

It's a bad sound."

I'll tell you who comes from Liverpool.

- Mary Tinkling.

- "I'll buy it," he says.

- "You got a gig for six weeks."

- He's a shrewd one, is that.

So Mr. Turner's gonna sublet

your room then, is he?

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, that's cool.

I told him.

I said, "Turner, you are my landlord...

...to which I owe 41 pound back rent...

...which I will send to you

from Liverpool pretty soon."

He said, "Yeah?"

So I said, "Listen. Listen, baby.

All my things.

All my gear, all my sounds,  
my big horn. Everything.  
My whole life stays right here...  
...at 81 Powis Square  
in this little basement room."  
He says, "Okay, my son, go."  
I should try to find a cool subtenant...  
...who has respect  
for another person's life.  
That Turner, drug addict.  
- Come on, Mom. He's just like...  
- He's peculiar.  
He's peculiar. He's a hermit.  
He can't face reality. That's what it is.  
A world of their own, these kids.  
Powis Square, Notting Hill Gate.  
This is a recording.  
Speak now what you want.  
Hello, is Mr. Turner there?  
Speak on the third peep.  
Peep. Peep. Peep.  
I'm a... I'm a friend of Noel's.  
An old friend.  
It's about the room.  
The basement room.  
I've just seen him off actually.  
Me and his mom.  
Oh, good morning. Are you there?  
I'm a bit on the early side.  
You've got the wrong house, mister.  
- Fruit off.  
- No, listen.  
- I've got it right here.  
- Right where?  
The back rent. It's 41 pound, right?  
He said, "Just settle up with Mr. Turner  
and the room's yours, pal."  
- Stroke of luck, eh?  
- You think so?  
I'm in the entertainment business.  
You know...  
...show business.  
And I saw Noel at the railway...  
Hello? Hello?

- Oh, yes, yes. Is that you?

- Yes.

The basement room, in the basement.

That's it, dear. That's it. Yeah.

- Down the back stairs.

- Yeah.

Push!

Do it again a bit longer.

- Hello.

- I didn't recognize your voice.

- No?

- No.

Oh, no. I've been away, haven't I?

And I don't recognize your face.

My face?

Well, you should see the motor.

- See the what?

- My motor.

We had a little argument with a cement wall  
on the way up from Dover.

Goodbye, the Ferrari.

It's down here, right?

First left I think he said.

Oh, my mistake.

Goodbye, the Rolls Royce.

I know what you mean.

Look after my gear, pal. My big horn.

Yeah, there I was just back  
from the continent...

...from a continental tour  
and this had to happen.

Oh, very nice.

It's characteristic.

I'll take it.

Dean's the name. Johnny Dean.

Look, regards from Noel.

I got the 41 pounds for you.

I owe it to him actually...

...but that's another story  
and I won't bore you with it.

So a week in advance will be...

Sixty-six pounds.

- Sixty-six pounds.

- Plus...

...one week deposit on the fittings  
and the fixtures...

...plus, I should have  
a banker's reference.

Listen, that's...

Extortionate?

- Of course.

- Well, I'd say that was...

One hundred and thirty-two pounds.

How do you entertain?

- I juggle.

- Juggle?

Juggle, juggle. I've got a load  
of bookings here in London.

They're all A-one venues.

- No luck, have I?

- No.

Hey, Mom, when's Christmas?

Goodbye, the Ferrari.

You're pissed.

You've had one over the eight.

No, I haven't.

I'm the new lodger.

Do you want an aspirin?

- Want a cup of tea?

- Yeah, that'll be lovely.

- Have you got some turps?

- Turps?

- Do you wanna earn a bob?

- Two bob, mate.

All right.

Go and buy me a bottle of turpentine.

Five bob, mate.

Half a dollar.

Okay.

So I say to this guy at the office:

"Why are you so mean?"

- And he just say, "Your visa is finished."

- Please.

"And... And you're..."

You're not in a place of learning, right?"

Right.

"And you've got..."

And you've got to get out

of the British Kingdom...  
...and to go back to France."  
That's really insanity.  
You poor little thing.  
When was all this?  
I don't know. Last week I think it was.  
Last month.

**So I say:**

"Pherber is teaching me English,  
you know...  
...and that his boyfriend  
is learning me his books...  
...and everything... My magic stories!"  
First thing in the bloody morning.  
And then he asks me,  
"Where are you living?"  
- I say, "I don't remember."  
- I've got a crippled tap dancer...  
...in my bloody basement.  
- He said, "This is very illegal."  
- Yeah, he said that.  
So I said, "The Hilton Hotel."  
Listen, I don't want any more bums  
in my basement.  
A juggler, madam.  
- I don't want her.  
- Juggler.  
- I don't want her.  
- You'd love her.  
Yeah, you might like her.  
You'd love him.  
Do you think I should wash my hair?  
- No.

**- And he said:**

"You juvenile in moral danger."  
- Go on.  
- "And you're not desirable."  
So I said, "You stupid shit."  
And I spit and I ran away.  
Well, just when I got  
my skull completely empty.  
Shower?

Plus banker's deposit.  
Plus money for fixtures and fittings.  
So I didn't get my visa.  
Plus references for one week.  
- Well, I'm not worried.  
- Plus one week on account...  
...that makes 167 pounds.  
Here, give it to me. I'll do it. I'll do it.  
- Oh, they'll never find me.  
- There you are. Beautiful.  
- I'm not worried.  
- Nope, you shouldn't worry.  
Anyone want a cup of tea?  
Where's my porridge, Lorraine?  
Tony! Your uncle for you!  
Put them over there, mate.  
Oh, yeah.  
- Chas?  
- What's happening in the outside world?  
Ain't you seen the papers yet, mate?  
- No, I haven't bothered.  
- They're really gonna turn on you, my son.  
- You are the front page.  
- Oh, yeah?  
- What else?  
- Well, I've had the filth.  
And I've have the firm.  
Well, the law, that was nothing.  
But your friend, Rosybloom,  
he's funny, isn't he?  
- No aggravation?  
- No, no.  
But stand on me, uncle.  
It weren't your welfare he was on about.  
Actually...  
...he's obviously very, very  
deeply involve with Noel.  
I don't want any invalid...  
...washed-up cabaret artists  
in my beautiful basement, sir.  
Tony, I'm getting out.  
Out of the country.  
Out of the country?  
Now listen, Tone.

I'm gonna tell you  
where I keep my rainy-day money.  
You shoot too much of that shit, Pherber.  
Too much vitamin B12  
has never hurt anybody.  
- Behind the boiler, you mean?  
- Well behind. Persevere.  
There's two grand in that bag, Tone.  
First off, I want you to nick a drink  
for yourself. Five hundred quid.  
You're a gentleman, Chas.  
No, I want you to have it.  
You and Marge.  
Now second off...  
...I've gotta get a passport.  
There's a geezer... Have you got a pencil?  
Cypriot geezer. His name is Thanopoulos.  
Hey, Johnny,  
Mom says do you want an egg?  
You got that, Tone? Goodbye.  
And Turner says will you come up  
and see him, please.  
All right, Lorrie. I'll be up.  
- What a freak show.  
- Where are you then?  
Oh, you know, on the left.  
- Oh, yeah, yeah.  
- I tell you, it's terrible.  
It's a right pisshole.  
Long hair...  
...beatniks...  
...druggers, free love...  
... foreigners, you name it.  
But I'm not bothered, Tone. I'm well in.  
And you couldn't find  
a better hidey-hole.  
In you go, Dad.  
Afternoon, Mr. Turner.  
Good afternoon, Mr...  
There's been a mistake.  
You can't have the room.  
What?  
It's not for rent.  
Wait a minute. The lady just said...

The lady said?  
I don't tell her everything.  
She's my secretary.  
I got a lot of work to do.  
Under a lot of pressure.  
Here.  
No, I don't want it.  
That carpet's 200 years old.  
It looks it.  
A valuable antique, is it?  
Listen, I got to say goodbye now.  
Mr. Turner, I've got all my luggage,  
my stage gear...  
...it's all coming here from the continent.  
Your what?  
My luggage.  
My juggling, you know, stuff.  
Why don't you go to a hotel?  
A hotel? You must be joking.  
Look, I need a...  
I need a bohemian atmosphere.  
I'm an artist, Mr. Turner.  
Like yourself.  
- You juggle?  
- Why not?  
Why, why not? Why not a jongleur?  
It's the third oldest profession.  
You're a performer of natural magic.  
L... I perform.  
I bet you do.  
I can tell by your vibrations...  
...you're the anti-gravity man!  
Amateur night at the Apollo.  
Cheops in his bloody pyramid.  
He dug a juggler or two, didn't he?  
Remember?  
And the tetrarchs of Sodom...  
...and Orbis Tertius.  
Am I right? Am I right, babe?  
More or less.  
Personally, I just, you know...  
...perform.  
Oh, you're a modest chap.  
Because after all, there was only one.

Only one.

- Only one what?

- And right you are.

Enrico Rastelli.

- You said it all, pal.

- Juggler to the King of Tuscany.

Now, about the room...

Fourteen balls.

How about just on a...

On a nightly basis?

Right. On a nightly basis.

On a horse.

And blindfold.

Talk about a performer.

Of course, I'm not telling you anything  
you don't know, am I, old man?

You can't stay here, old man.

Not in the mood?

Why don't you play us a tune, pal?

I don't like music.

Comical little geezer.

You'll look funny when you're 50.

You'll have to go.

You wouldn't like it here.

Not like it?

A charming little basement suite?

I paid for it.

I love it.

No.

You wouldn't fit in here.

I would.

I'm determined to fit in.

I've got to fit in, Mr. Turner.

I see.

It's that bad, eh?

I wonder, Mr. Dean...

...if you were me, what would you do?

I don't know.

It depends.

It depends who you are.

Which I don't know.

Who I am? Do you know who you are?

Yes.

Well, that simplifies matters.

You can stay.  
On a daily basis.  
Yesterday until tomorrow, all right?  
Thanks.  
He wasn't that big.  
I remember him quite well.  
He was and all.  
He was world-famous.  
Well, when I was a nipper  
he was chart-buster.  
They come and they go. Pop stars.  
He had a following.  
I never fancied his stuff, myself.  
I fancied him.  
Old rubber lips.  
He had three number one's...  
...and two number two's  
and a number four.  
Fetch that tea over here, Lorrie.  
Didn't last though, did it, his success?  
- Well, he retired, didn't he?  
- Oh, did he?  
So, what's he do now then?  
He stays... He stays here.  
He's writing a book and some music.  
Oh, yeah?  
Is that why he's got a secretary?  
That foreign bird, you know,  
not the skinny one, the other one.  
Pherber? Pherber's his lover, mate.  
She cohabits with him  
since years and years.  
- Their love story's famous.  
- Oh, yeah?  
Yeah, you don't know nothing,  
do you, Dad?  
- When's Mom coming?  
- Tonight.  
That won't fit in, honey.  
Look, it's all holes.  
That won't fit in.  
I know. I know how to do it.  
Come on, I know. Here it is.  
Look, this is the one.

You're getting fat, Lorraine.  
Beans make you fat.  
I'm sick of beans.  
I don't really like that guy.  
I think he's horrible.  
You don't really like him, do you?  
- What do you want...?  
- I don't want anything!  
I just let things happen!  
Why did Turner let him stay?  
- He changed his mind.  
- Why?  
Why did he let him stay? Why?  
Mr. Dean?  
Would you like me  
to do your room now?  
Oh, hello, Mrs. Gibbs.  
No, thanks, dear. No.  
Tomorrow will be fine.  
Thanks a lot, love. Thank you.  
"At this point,  
something unforeseeable occurred.  
From a corner of the room,  
the old ecstatic gaucho...  
... threw him a naked dagger  
which landed at his feet.  
Dalman bent over to pick it up.  
'They would not have allowed  
such things to happen to me...  
...in the sanitarium,' he thought.  
And he felt two things.  
- The first..."  
- Yes.  
I know why.  
- Yeah?  
- Yes.  
- What is it?  
- I got a fly.  
A fly?  
In my eye.  
- Why?  
- Because you're afraid of him.  
Yes, right.  
Right.

And he's afraid too.  
Of you?  
Blower for you, Tony.  
- Hello, uncle. How are you?  
- Not bad, Tony.  
Listen, I saw Thanopoulos.  
He said, "Okay, yeah."  
He can get you on a freighter.  
Direct to the big city, New York.  
Yeah, it'll cost you though.  
This includes seaman's papers, passport,  
graft to the skipper, all included.  
Nine hundred quid.  
Nine hundred?  
The old robber.  
Well, that's his rate.  
No, Tony, you done very well.  
You done very well.  
- Good. When do I go?  
- This week. Definitely.  
Yeah.  
Now listen.  
He wants a little picture of you, mate.  
Yeah, a little photograph  
for your passport.  
- You know what I mean?  
- Oh, yeah. I get you. I get you.  
Thanopoulos, he said,  
"If you're friend's smart...  
...he'll wanna look decidedly different  
to what he normally does."  
Grow a beard.  
No, I'll think of something, Tone.  
Don't worry.  
Right then,  
I'll hear from you tonight...  
...at my gaff, 9:00, all right?  
Chin up, uncle.  
The land of opportunity awaits, eh?  
- Three years too late.  
- You said you wanted it.  
I can't afford it.  
I'm not sure if I like it, anyway.  
I'll keep the frame.

Oh, come on, forget it.  
He never buys anything.  
Let's go back to Ula's.  
Let's go.  
Don't.  
Oh, there you are.  
Sorry to disturb, but has anyone  
got a sixpence for the phone?  
Can I use the blower up here?  
We haven't got a blower up here.  
What in God's name has he done  
to his hair?  
He's blown it.  
Yeah, well, that's it, dear.  
- I gotta ring up my agent again.  
- Dye.  
- I fancied the red.  
- No, no, it was the red that was dyed.  
Dead. Dyed.  
- Red.  
- Dyed it.  
Dead.  
Red. Red.  
Van Gogh, eh?  
Oh, no. This is the normal.  
- The normal?  
- Yeah. I was just having a laugh.  
Having a laugh, you see?  
With my act. With my image.  
- You know what I mean?  
- I know exactly what you mean.  
Thought you would.  
He reckons, my agent...  
...that it's time for a change.  
It's time for a change.  
Well, I can see his point.  
Yeah, so can I.  
Personally, casting one's mind back.  
Yeah?  
- I rather liked it.  
- The?  
No, you fool. Your act.  
Your image.  
We just remembered, see.

We've seen it.

We caught it in Hamburg. Your act.

- Oh, yes, it was fascinating.

- Oh, mushrooms. I like them fried.

Hungry, eh?

Even though, as one artist to another...

...it is a bit old-fashioned.

Yeah, well, I am a bit old-fashioned.

Or was it Berlin?

No, thanks.

Was it last year? Or was it '67?

- Sixty six.

- Sixty nine.

- Was it Paris?

- Goodbye the Bugatti.

- It was Wembley.

- Why not?

No. Tokyo.

- Tokyo?

- Tokyo. The World's Fair.

Oh, yes. It was Tokyo.

No, thanks.

Yeah, it was Tokyo.

Definitely.

Speaking of which, I just come across  
downstairs on the floor.

This will sound funny,  
but have you got one?

A Polaroid?

Time for a change.

Have we got one?

- Yes, no.

- Yes, no.

Just for a lark, I thought, eh?

Little Lorraine set it off.

Gave me the idea.

Yeah, we often lark about  
with the Polaroid.

- Me and the girls.

- Oh, yeah? I got a Leica N3 myself.

- I never wear hats.

- Not even when performing?

- Never. No.

- What you wear then?

Look here.  
Well, loose...  
Loose things.  
Marvelous picture.  
Yeah, I never wear hats.  
Oh, right, you like the mushrooms fried.  
- Sorry.  
- No, no.  
Why don't you try this?  
- I'll try anything once.  
- You'll like it, it's continental.  
Yeah, you're a good cook, Pherber.  
Are these?  
Are these photographs for narcissistic...  
...or publicity purposes?  
What?  
Because if you're planning  
to disseminate postcard-sized...  
- Have you got a drop of Scotch?  
- No, I'm sorry.  
- Offset litho reproductions  
of these by the thousand, then...  
Oh, no, no, no.  
- These are just for my agent.  
- You see my point?  
Of course I can. Of course I can.  
Oh, no, no.  
No, I...  
I don't want these to be seen  
by the general public.  
- No.  
- Good.  
That's a load off my mind.  
That's a first-class photo, Turner,  
technically speaking...  
...but I don't think it's a suitable image.  
- You don't?  
- No.  
I think it's perfect.  
Perfectly brown.  
It's you.  
- Yeah, well, that's it. I don't...  
- It's perfect you.  
It looks... I look dodgy.

- You know what I mean?  
- I know what you mean.  
Yeah. We've gone too far.  
He means we haven't really got  
anywhere.  
He means we've got to go  
much further out.  
We have to go much further.  
Much further back.  
And faster.  
Wait a minute.  
Are you all right?  
Yes.  
Yeah, I'm fine, thank you.  
Look, what I've got to have  
is a little photo.  
I want a little black-and-white photo,  
yeah?  
Look, it's just gotta be  
a little bit different.  
Do you know what I mean?  
In black and white.  
It's nothing. It's what... The accident  
what done me up.  
You wanted a sort of passport size, eh?  
It's interesting how things  
grow quickly septic.  
I think maybe we ought to call  
Dr. Burroughs.  
Give you a shot.  
A shot?  
No.  
No.  
You know what you're doing, Pherber.  
I've gotta get... I've gotta get  
this little photo just right.  
What photo?  
Of who?  
Johnny Dean.  
Maybe he doesn't know who he is.  
He does.  
He does. He knows. He's the bogeyman.  
I'm alive and well.  
You push the buttons on that thing.

We push the buttons.  
He's the horror show.  
He's an old pro.  
He can take it.  
He takes it.  
He dishes it out too,  
bet your sweet fucking life he does.  
He's a mean bastard.  
I'm the Lone Ranger.  
He's a striped beast.  
You enjoy your work, eh?  
You've got the gift.  
- What's wrong with the lights?  
- Yeah.  
Artificial energy.  
It's pulsating into the voltage.  
The flame... Hey, man, hold it!  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
I've never seen that sort before.  
It must be scorching hot.  
This is a...  
This is a very pretty table.  
A very pretty table.  
I've an idea, I'd like a...  
How much do you want for this,  
Turner?  
America's a blinding place for nightlife.  
He's on his way, that man.  
How much did you give him?  
Two-thirds of the big one.  
That's insane. I can't make that scene.  
You should have thought of that before.  
Johnny?  
Johnny?  
You feel better, huh?  
Yeah. Not bad, not bad.  
Pretty sharp.  
- Gotta get a shift on.  
- Sure.  
Where's Rosie?  
We're gonna nudge that slag.  
Don't you worry about that.  
Johnny?

Chas?

- Yeah?

- Look at this.

What a horrible-looking thing.

No, it's not. It's beautiful.

You had one for dinner.

Yeah?

- You've poisoned me!

- Look, don't be crazy.

- You poisoned me!

- No!

- Oh, don't be ridiculous.

- No, no.

- Just to speed things up.

- You've just been drugged.

I want to get a shift on.

I just wanna go in there, Chas.

You see, the blood of this vegetable  
is boring a hole.

This second hole is penetrating  
the hole of your face.

The skull of your bone.

I just wanna get right in there,  
know what I mean?

- And root around like a mandragora.

- Am I going nuts?

Come on. You're beautiful.

We just dismantled you a little bit,  
that's all.

Just to see how you function.

We sat through your act.

Now you're gonna sit through ours.

His act?

- They never get fed up with it, do they?

- I'm a goer, myself.

It's been on the road a million years.

A million years people have been coming  
and dragging in to watch it.

I like a bit of a cavort.

I don't send them solicitors' letters.

I apply a bit of pressure.

He won't listen to me.

I know how you do it.

I know a thing or two about performing,

my boy, I can tell you.  
He had the gift too, once upon a time.  
You should have seen him 10 years ago.  
I'll tell you this.  
The only performance that makes it,  
that really makes it...  
...that makes it all the way,  
is the one that achieves madness.  
Right? Am I right?  
- You with me?  
- I'm with you.  
He wants to know why your show...  
...is a bigger turn-on than his ever was.  
- How should I know?  
Well, I know a thing or two  
about the clientele.  
They're a bunch of liars and wrigglers.  
Put the frighteners on them.  
Give them a bit of stick.  
That's the way to make them jump.  
They love it.  
Always on a bummer.  
Time for your new image.  
- So is it different?  
- Now we're getting somewhere.  
America's a blinding place.  
Must you really go tomorrow?  
Tomorrow. Tomorrow he learns  
what's true and what's not.  
Nothing is true.  
Everything is permitted.  
The last words  
of the old man in the mountain.  
His motto. It's a thousand years old.  
Imagine yourself being  
a thousand years younger.  
"The old man was called,  
in the language of Persia...  
...Hassan-i-Sabbah.  
And his people were called  
the Hashishin.  
He had caused a valley  
between two mountains...  
...to be enclosed

and turned it into a garden...  
...so large and beautiful  
his people believed it was paradise.  
And there was a fortress at the entrance,  
strong enough to resist all the world.  
Now, the old man who caused  
those of his young men...  
...whom he had chosen  
to be his Hashishin...  
...his assassins, to be given a potion  
to cast them into a deep sleep.  
And to be carried into the garden...  
...so that when they awoke  
they believed they were in paradise.  
And there were damsels  
and young girls there...  
...who dallied with them  
to their hearts' content...  
...so that they had  
what young men desire.  
Thus it was,  
that when the old man decided...  
...to send one of his assassins  
upon a mission...  
...such as to have a prince slain...  
...he would send for one  
of these youths and say:  
'Go thou and kill...  
...and when thou returnest  
my angels shall bear thee into paradise.  
And shouldst thou die, nevertheless...  
...I will send my angels  
to carry you back into paradise.''  
Enjoy doing work?  
Are you in that garden?  
Yeah.  
Stay there.  
Never trust old men,  
old showmen, old wankers.  
I'm gonna take you down the riverside.  
I might powder you.  
I might polish you.  
I might make you shiny like a mirror.  
I just don't know.

What's that? What do you call it?  
Pectoral.  
Do you like my physique?  
Yeah, it's in...  
It's in good condition.  
I've got two angles.  
One male and one female.  
Just like a triangle, see?  
- Did you notice?  
- Aye.  
Did you never have a female feel?  
No, never. I feel like a man.  
A man all the time.  
That's awful.  
That's what's wrong with you,  
isn't it?  
What do you mean?  
It's a man's man's world.  
There's nothing wrong with me.  
I'm normal.  
How do you think  
Turner feels like, huh?  
I don't know, he's weird.  
And you're weird.  
- You're kinky.  
- He's a man. Male and female man.  
And he feels like me.  
- No. No, he doesn't.  
- How do I feel, huh?  
Tell me. Female feel.  
You love it.  
Come inside my squares.  
I'll introduce you to Eek, the light god.  
But be fast and change  
your beautiful dress...  
...or my curiosity will go elsewhere.  
Tell me, my gluteus maximus,  
how does it feel like, huh?  
- I said I'm not one of those.  
- Big butch.  
- Rita Hayworth.  
- I said, no.  
You're sick.  
You...

You... You degenerate.

You're perverted.

- What's he wanna get out of my face?

- I'm gonna polish you.

The hole. The hole.

- What's he want?

- Maybe a little mirror.

- A little dark mirror.

- My mirror? No.

- A little dark mirror.

- No, he shan't. The thieving slag.

Listen!

He won't take it away, you fool.

He just wants to take a look in it.

He's stuck!

- Stuck!

- Why?

Why? Because he's lost his demon.

That's why.

- Yeah?

- Yeah, he thought he had it under control.

Juggling all those balls, millions of them.

Until one day he was looking

in his favorite mirror...

...admiring his image, see?

And when suddenly,

he saw it a bit too clearly.

And he was just a beautiful, little,

freaky, stripy beast, darling.

So he thought maybe...

Maybe it's time for a change, he thought.

Then immediately as he watched,

the image faded.

His demon had abandoned him.

- He was gone.

- Yeah?

He's still trying to figure out

whether he wants it back.

- He's gotta find it again.

- Listen, I gotta tell you something.

Go and tell Turner. He's waiting for you.

He's been waiting a long, long time.

You must be polite.

Right again. Me.

Me.

Me.

Do you call that equitable?

I like that. Turn it up.

It was Mad Cyril.

We've been courteous.

Let's have a look.

Let's have a look.

- Excuse me, but...

- Come in!

Take them off. Take them off!

Go and tell your agent.

Why? What time is it?

You forgot to phone your agent.

L... I forgot.

You forgot to phone him.

These two freaks

with shiny eyes like this:

And that guy like this:

You've been giving him a hard time,  
haven't you?

Did you screw him?

Hey, what is this?

Do you want it? It's yours.

You can have it.

Yeah?

Is he a real gangster? Is he?

No.

You done me up.

I forgot, didn't I?

He's got my passport.

He's got my...

- Hello?

- Tony?

Hello?

Hang on.

- There you go.

- Hey, Tony.

Hello, pal. Where you been?

You forgot.

Oh, Christ almighty.

No, I had a bit of aggravation, Tone.

It wasn't easy. I've got the picture.

I've got it right here.

Oh, that's great, great.  
Look, that ship.  
It looks as if it's leaving tomorrow night.  
Yeah, somewhere...  
I just need the photo.  
Yeah, well...  
...you got to pick it up.  
Yeah, let me think.  
81 Powis Square, Notting Hill Gate.  
He can come here.  
81 Powis Square, Notting Hill Gate.  
81 Powis Square, Notting Hill Gate.  
Yes, Chas, yeah.  
You'll pick it up at 9:30.  
I'll pick it up at 9:30.  
Are you all right, boy?  
No, no, no, I'm all right, Chas.  
I'm just feeling a bit tired, that's all.  
Tony...  
...I owe you for this.  
I'm going to miss you, Tone.  
Yeah, I'll miss you too, boy.  
Well, good night.  
Good night. I'll call you at 9.  
- God bless.  
- Thanks, Tone.  
Thank you, Tony.  
A wise head on...  
Still on those young shoulders, eh?  
So he forgot, did he?  
Forgot but not forgiven, eh, Moody?  
Pardon?  
It's funny. Wouldn't you say  
that was unlike him, Tony?  
It's unlike him to forget  
an important thing.  
Why is he going to America?  
Why? I don't know.  
Place to go isn't it, for gangsters?  
I don't think so.  
He's going to get in  
some bad scenes again.  
He should go here. Look.  
The mountains of Persia.

Yeah, maybe. Maybe you're right.  
I'm sure there's some bandits over there.  
- Don't you think?  
- Maybe.  
Yeah, I'll tell him.  
I'll tell him.  
Tell me something.  
Do you think the mountains  
would be improved without the bandits?  
Oh, my God.  
I feel like I've been  
through a cement mixer.  
- French, are you?  
- Yes, I'm French.  
You're a funny little frog.  
- You've got small titties, eh?  
- Yes.  
Bit underdeveloped?  
Yes. What does that mean?  
You're very skinny.  
Like a little boy or something.  
Some have mistaken this.  
Lousy morning.  
This is for you. I found it.  
- It's an amethyst.  
- Yes.  
It's a purple amethyst.  
Yeah.  
You can have this too.  
This is a magic one.  
Is it?  
Thanks.  
Pherber's got a visa.  
They don't wanna give you a visa?  
- No.  
- Why not?  
I don't know why not.  
Because you're foreign.  
He likes foreign birds, that Turner.  
Maybe I go with you. Why not?  
But I don't want to go to America.  
I wish you'd be a bandit in Persia.  
- What's your name?  
- Lucy.

He's got talent.  
He shouldn't have retired.  
He should keep at it.  
He's stuck.  
Everyone know who he is still,  
don't they?  
He likes you.  
Stay until tomorrow.  
I can't. I got to go along in a little while.  
I've got to go too.  
Maybe Pherber will come with me.  
For holidays.  
In the mountains.  
Oh, merde, shampoo.  
It's upstairs in the bathroom.  
I'll get it for you.  
Thanks.  
We've got to get off, Chas.  
Harry's waiting for you.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Some of the chaps come up  
to see you too.  
To see how you are.  
Rosie, I've got to pop upstairs  
for a second.  
No.  
We've not got time.  
We've got to get down to the country.  
We got time.  
We got a minute.  
Or else, you'll have to give it to me  
right here.  
Right here.  
Won't you, Rosie?  
All right. Make it two minutes.  
You'll let me have the shooter  
as soon as you come down.  
Right?  
Right.  
There's a couple of chaps  
on the roof, Chas.  
A couple in the garden.  
I've got to be off now.

No, I'm gonna talk to you some more.

No, I gotta shoot off now.

I might come with you then.

You don't know where I'm going, pal.

I do.

I don't know.

Yeah, you do.

Chas.

Chas.

Hello, Chas.