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# Repulsion

By Roman Polanski

- Have you fallen asleep?  
- Oh, I'm sorry!  
I think you must be  
in love or something.  
Why does the old bitch pick on me?  
That's the second time this week.  
I nearly told her what she  
could do with the job.  
- Hey, are you asleep?  
- That's what I asked her.  
She wants me to stay  
until seven again.  
What polish are you putting on?  
- The usual one Madam.  
- Oh, I'm fed up with it.  
I feel like a change.  
Give me Revlon's Fire & Ice.  
I'll go and get it.  
Madame Denise?  
Madame Denise,  
Mrs. Randlesham wants  
Revlon's Fire & Ice.  
I don't think there's any left.  
Put this on. She'll never  
know the difference.  
Hello, darlin'. How  
about the other then?  
You can't eat stuff like this!  
Come on, I'll take  
you to Wheelers. OK?  
I have to get back.  
Oh, we can have a, we  
can have a quick meal.  
Come on.  
I can't.  
- I'll be late.  
- Well, just...one thing then?  
No?  
I can't.  
- Well, goodbye.  
- But, just a, just a minute!  
What about tonight?  
I'm sorry, but I'm busy tonight.  
You really make me feel wanted.

Who's the lucky boy?  
I'm having dinner with my sister.  
She a cook good?  
I don't know...I haven't  
even thought about it.  
Well, at least it can't be  
any worse than Fish and chips.  
I think we're having rabbit.  
Rabbit? Oh!  
I thought they'd all been killed off.  
- No. She has a friend...  
- A rabbit?  
No, I think the friend has rabbits.  
Poor bunny.  
Well, what about tomorrow?  
- Tomorrow?  
- Yeah.  
What's doing tomorrow?  
I'll meet you at the Hoop  
and Toy, you know, the pub  
along there. But ah, seven?  
- Hello!  
- Hello!  
Come along, boy.  
Walkies! Walkies!  
Have a good day?  
- Darling?  
- Yes.  
How's work?  
All right.  
It's close today.  
Are you still going away?  
Oh Darling, please don't start that again.  
- How long are you going for?  
- I've told you.  
- Fortnight?  
- Mind.  
How long?  
Ten or twelve days.  
No more than that?  
I heard such a funny story  
on the news this evening.  
Does he have to leave his  
things in the bathroom?

The Minister of Health,  
what's his name?  
He found eels coming out of his sink.  
It was on the television.  
Even the announcer was laughing.  
Why does he put his  
toothbrush in my glass?  
Carol. Please!  
We must get this crack mended.  
What?  
- Hello!  
- Hello!  
You're early.  
I didn't expect you for hours!  
I couldn't live without  
you for another minute.  
Idiot!  
Anyway, you said eight-thirty.  
I haven't even started yet.  
There's a marvelous story  
in this evening's paper.  
Increase at least one hour.  
- Huh?  
- Your rabbit. I'm cooking it.

**Look:**

allow to simmer slowly for 1-1/2 hours.  
Yes, well, we'll go out  
tonight, I'll take you out.  
Here, read that.  
Oh, I know that.  
I saw it on television.  
That bloody bell!  
Eels...ha!  
Pity it wasn't lobster though.  
You never give me a chance to  
show you what a good cook I am.  
You can tell me over dinner.  
You think they'd have something  
better to do than clang away  
like that all the time.  
It's worse when they start  
ringing it at midnight.  
I wonder what they

ring it for, anyway?  
Perhaps they have wild parties.  
Maybe they'll invite me sometime.  
Go put your best bib and  
tuck on, I feel like a spree.  
Ah, the beautiful younger sister.  
Comment a va?  
I thought you were eating in?  
Aren't you going to have dinner?  
Yes.  
I'm going to have dinner.  
But not here.  
No, not here.  
Pass me that brush will  
you, there's a love.  
Just because I go out once,  
there's no need to start sulking!  
I'm not sulking.  
Hmm! Well, you're not exactly smiling.  
Come on, you're not going into  
the Miss World competition.  
- Will we go and see the Leaning Tower of Pisa?  
- I don't think Cinderella likes me.  
- Cinderella?  
- The little sister.  
Ugh, don't be silly.  
- Well, are we going to see the Leaning Tower of Pisa?  
- She's a bit strung-up, isn't she?  
- She's just sensitive, that's all.  
- Huh, you can say that again.  
She should see a doctor.  
- What do you mean?  
- Nothing, nothing, nothing.  
- No, you just tell me what you meant by that!  
- Nothing. Let's forget it.  
You want to see the tower of  
Pisa? We'll see the bloody thing!  
Now let's relax,  
we're going to dinner!  
You always change the  
subject when you start talking  
like that. Do you hear?  
Come along boy, din-dins.  
You like your din-dins.

Come along, boy.

Hu! I'm sorry.

Oh, look, I've got to run.

I've left something at the flat.

- What? Aren't you going to drop me off?

- I've got no time.

Mmm, that's bloody hot.

You'll have to take a cab.

Ah, here.

- Um, are you...am I going to see you tonight?

- Um...

I-I'll ring you.

I-I'll ring you.

Hello darling.

- How did you sleep?

- All right.

Is he going to stay here every night?

I really don't think that  
it's any concern of yours!

He's married, though.

Darling! It's my affair!

We all have to lead our own  
lives in the end, you know.

Well just don't stand around like  
that, go and answer the phone!

Can't you see I'm busy?

Hello?

- Miss Ledoux?

- Yes.

How longer are you going to  
keep me waiting for the rent?

Oh, you want my sister!

- Ahh...I suppose she's out!

- No, no. She's here.

Just a moment.

- Who is it?

- The landlord.

Oh, damn it! He would ring up today.

- Hello, yes?

- Miss Ledoux?

- Look, I'm terribly sorry.

- I bet you are!

Look, how longer much longer are  
you going to keep me waiting?

- I Promise You...

- I've had your promises before.

I-I promise you that you'll  
have the money tomorrow.  
That's what you said a fortnight ago.  
You'll have the money  
tomorrow without fail.

- Look, if you're not  
going to play fair by me...

- My sister will bring it round to you.

- Won't you?

- N-no,  
I'm going away on holiday.  
Now look, Miss Ledoux, this time  
I've had just about enough...  
She'll bring it around to  
you tomorrow, I promise!  
She'd better Miss Ledoux.  
That's all I can say!  
Just the sound of his  
voice makes my flesh creep.  
Money, money, money, that's  
all he every things about!  
Good heavens, I  
shall be late again.  
Is Bridget about?  
She's downstairs.  
Bridget!  
What's the matter?  
Nothing.  
Tell me.  
Nothing.  
Just bloody men! They promise  
you the Earth and then...

- Oh, I could cut my throat!

- Don't say that!

I thought this one was different.

- Was he...?

- Oh, he was a pig. Forget it.  
Oh, look at my eyes!  
Will Miss Bridget please come to the  
salon. Mrs. Prendergast has arrived.  
I'll tell you the sordid details later.  
Oh, why are they so filthy?

Don't be upset.

Will Miss Bridget please come  
to the salon right away.

Are you joking?

No, you should have seen them.

They went for each other like those  
women that addressed us in Hamburg.

One a big leg with bloody big charlies  
tried to claw the other girl's face.

Got her fist right down her throat.

Two pints of bitter, please.

- Two pints, sir?

- Lesbians?

No, no. They both fancied the same  
bloke. I should have his luck!

And then they started in with their  
teeth, rolling about on the floor,  
it was like a madhouse.

And I was the only mug who

tried to prevent them. I

ought to have my head examined.

I wouldn't have minded seeing it.

Feel free, anytime.

I ended up

with my coat torn, my

shirt covered with blood,

if you like that sort of thing,

I'll introduce you to my cousin.

- She's a black belt.

- Black belt?

How did you get on?

- What?

(What's your cousin like?)

- How did you get on

with little Miss Muffet?

(She sounds fun.)

- When?

- Well I thought you were  
taking her out to dinner?

(Y-your cousin, what's she like?)

- Is that the right time?

- No, sir.

Oh come on, fill us in

with the gripping details.



The gripping details are that  
she had dinner with her sister.  
Well maybe you should  
try the sister?  
Are you playing hard to get?  
I've been waiting over an hour.  
W-what for?  
Well not for Christmas.  
We made a date, remember?  
We're having supper tonight!  
I-I forgot.  
Well next time you forget,  
maybe you'll let me know.  
It's not that, but...  
Are you all right?  
You look...I don't know...you  
look sort of, sort of funny?  
I don't feel...  
I mean...  
I don't know...  
Oh well anyway come on. Now  
I've found you, let's go and  
eat something, I'm starving.  
...But, it's too late.  
Have-have you been  
fired or something?  
All right, come on.  
I'll take you home.  
- Listen, Carol, I-I don't understand...  
- Idiot!  
For heaven's sake!  
Carol!  
Carol!  
"Dane doing a little illegal  
head outside the ring with a  
neat head butt there by Larson  
"and over to the corner with Ray  
Hunter coming in after Stedman  
the Giant,  
"and Hunter hitting Stedman all  
over the place  
"and exchanging places with Larson  
"and Larson again for Hunter and  
now it's Hunter in against Stedman

"Hunter really throwing Stedman around I don't know why he goes out and now it's Larson in again..."  
Darling?  
What is it?  
Don't you feel well?  
Oh, I know you don't want me to go away, but...  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello!  
Hello!  
Why did you throw Michael's things away?  
- Why'd you do it?  
- I don't like them there.  
It's got absolutely nothing to do with you!  
You silly little fool!  
I've put the money for the rent on the table.  
Oh please, don't go.  
Now please, don't forget to give the money, otherwise we shall both be out onto the street.  
- Look, are you coming or aren't you?!  
- Yes, yes. I'm coming.  
Don't look so sad. The time will pass very quickly.  
Don't do anything I wouldn't do.  
Heh, heh; come on.  
- You're killing me!  
- Sorry, Miss Walsh.  
- There's only...  
- Good morning!  
Good morning!  
There's only one way to deal with men, that's treat them as if you don't give a damn about them!  
I told you all this before.  
Still, I'm glad to see that you have listened to me for just this once.

There's only one thing they want,  
and I'll never know why they make  
such a fuss about it, but they do.

And the more you make them beg  
for it, the happier they are!

- He rang me up this morning.

- I said he would!

He was practically on his knees.

Well make sure he stays that way.

I wonder...

- I don't suppose it would do me  
any harm if I had a little snack?

- What do you fancy?

They're all same, just like children.

They want to be spanked

and then given sweets.

Perhaps a...

- ...a little Danish pastry.

- Tsk tsk!

- And a cup of chocolate.

- Carol will order it for you.

Carol?

Stop dreaming!

You feeling all right, love?

Carol, what's the matter?

There's...nothing

you'd like to tell me?

I mean ah...

How do you feel now?

Still biting your nails, eh?

I think you'd better go home.

Would you like one of

the girls to go with you?

No, please.

I'll be all right.

Take a taxi, anyway.

- Uh, ask Millie to give you the money.

- Thank you.

Hello?

Hello?

Hello?

Hello, Carol?

This is Colin.

H-hello?

Carol! Carol,  
it's me!  
Carol!  
Please answe...!  
I'm running a business here  
Carol, not a rest home.  
You can't just disappear for 3 days.  
Are you sure...?  
I mean...you're not in any trouble?  
No, I'm not.  
I'm really...  
But surely you could have phoned?  
Well what is it?  
Mrs. Shaw Taylor wants to see you.  
All right. I'll be with you in a minute.  
Carol, I can't help you if you  
won't tell me what's the matter.  
Well...  
Hhh!  
...well, one of my aunts  
came to stay very suddenly...  
Oh-h. I was back at work 2 days  
after I had my first baby.  
If you're going to vanish  
every time a relative appears,  
we might just as well  
put up the shutters!  
I'd better go see what  
that old bitch wants.  
Now you get back to your  
work; I'll talk to you later.  
And Carol...  
- do something about your hair.  
- Yes, Madam.  
Out!  
I should have your luck  
getting off early.  
Come on, cheer up!  
Don't look so miz!  
You know, you really  
don't look well...  
Is it a man?  
A man?  
Well, I thought maybe that

smooth boy, what's his name,  
was making you unhappy.  
You know, the one I've seen you with.  
Are you in love with him?  
I'm not in love...with anyone.  
Well, what were you up  
to the last three days?  
Nothing. I stayed at home.  
Oh well! That's enough to  
drive anyone up the wall!  
You ought to go out. Go  
to a movies, or something.  
- Oh I'd love to!  
- Well that's it then!  
Do it!  
We saw such a funny Chaplin  
film at the Classic last night.  
What was it called?  
I thought I'd die laughing!  
He was so hungry he wanted to eat his shoes.  
- No!  
- Yes!  
He pretended the laces were spaghetti!  
And there was this huge  
great big fat man...  
...who wanted to eat him!  
- What?! Him?  
- Yes!  
He wanted to eat Charlie Chaplin.  
He thought Charlie was a chicken.  
- A chicken?  
- Yes!  
And the chicken walked  
like Chaplin, too.  
You know...  
Roger laughed so much I  
was quite ashamed of him.  
You should see it though to cheer you up.  
Still keeping her legs crossed?  
It's getting you down, you know.  
The old, old story...  
Not till we're married, darling.  
I wouldn't waste your money.  
She seems a dead loss to me.

I mean, don't let her  
being foreign fool you.  
They're all the same these bloody  
virgins, they just tease us, that's all.  
She seems to have old Colin  
nicely steamed up, though!  
She gets a big thrill out of it.  
You tell her; she'll soon strip off.  
When I want your advice I'll ask for it.  
Ah! I do believe the old lad's in love.  
- What about that, then?  
- Another good man gone.  
I think your friends are  
going to have to help you.  
Why don't you, um...  
take her over to Reggie's pad one evening?  
Here, steady on, John!  
Oh, Reg'll lay something  
on, won't you Reggie?  
Or on something.  
I can see the scene now.  
Sweet music, soft light, a  
big jug of ice gin with um...  
- orange or lemon on top of it.  
- Oranges.  
Tell her it's a fruit cup, and 3 of  
the most eligible bachelors in London.  
Here I'm getting excited already!  
The end of the evening,  
she'll be begging for it.  
You'll soon be able to stop twitching.  
- She'll weep with gratitude.  
- Here, maybe we will too.  
Maybe you want your face pushed in?  
- Here, take your hands off me!  
- Colin, for heaven's sake!  
Relax! Take a joke.  
Hit me, or something.  
Now look boy, you've got it bad!  
You see? He's been  
in the sun too long!  
Look, it was only a joke.  
There's no need to bloody  
well start going on like

Cassius Clay all over the place!  
A joke, boy. Joke!  
Fellas-fellas, please!  
If you go on like this, you'll  
be old before your time.  
Look. Relax, take it easy, enjoy life!  
Carol?  
Carol!  
There's somebody there,  
I can see your shadow!  
What's the matter? I just want  
to talk with you, that's all!  
Carol!  
If you don't open the door  
I'll bloody well break it down!  
No!  
What?  
[Thud]  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
It's all so sordid.  
What's-what's the matter?  
I'm sorry.  
I just...  
I had to see you, that's all.  
Honestly, it's been so  
miserable without you.  
I phoned and phoned!  
The ringing tone nearly drove me mad.  
Is it uh, is it something I've done?  
Carol.  
Please...  
Tell me.  
I'm not really like this, you know...  
Oh...I wish I could find  
the proper words to say  
they just keep going round  
and round in my head...  
I just...  
I want to be...to be with you  
all the time.  
Na ne na na...  
La le la la...  
"My darling, wonderful here.

A 1,000 things to tell!

"Did you pay the rent? Love, Helen.

"Don't make too much dolce  
vita while we're away!

"Michael."

Hello?

You filthy bitch!

I-I'm sorry...who is this?

Who is this? Who is this? Who do  
you think, you filthy little tart!

You think I don't know he's with you?

You think you're clever, but  
you're not that clever, you filthy...

[Flies buzzing]

[Guitar and spoon street music]

Come on!

Open up this door!

Come on, open up. I know you're  
in there. There's no use hiding.

I'll call the police.

Well!

Where's Miss Ledoux?

I am Miss Ledoux.

You don't look like her.

I expect you want my sister.

Expect?!

I certainly do!

- Where is she?

- She's not...

- But I can explain...

- Explain!

Ehh. I doubt that, my dear!

I can see it with me own eyes.

Now, then.

What's the idea of barricading  
the door against me?

You're not only late with the rent,  
but you're damaging the property!

I've got the rent here.

- Let's have a little

light on the subject...

- No!

I'm not a bloody owl, you know.

Ah. I thought I'd seen everything.



This is a flamin' nut house!  
Tsu. I duh know...  
Uh, do you always, uh,  
run around like, uh, this?  
I mean to say, it's a bit, uh...  
What's the matter?  
You ill?  
The, uh, heat's  
gettin' you down, eh?  
Uh, I don't like it myself.  
I'll, uh, get you,  
uh, a glass of water  
You're white as a sheet.  
What the hell's this?!  
No wonder you look ill if you have  
things like this hangin' around.  
It's the dustbin for you, my lad!  
Good Lord!  
Beats me how you young people  
can live in such a mess.  
It's like a pigsty!  
Hm. Hi, love. A nice hot cup of  
tea might be better perhaps, hm?  
Course, uh...  
your sister's gone away, hasn't she?  
Yes, ah.  
A nice hot cuppa tea and an aspirin  
and you'll be as right as rain.  
You must be a bit lonely,  
I expect, now she's gone.  
So I...  
I should have guessed it.  
All alone, by the telephone.  
There's, uh, no need  
to be alone, you know.  
Poor little girl!  
All by herself.  
All shaking like a  
little frightened animal.  
Hm, ah! Your family, um?  
Very nice.  
There's no need to be  
frightened of me, you know?  
Is that you?

Ah hah!

Where was it taken? In London?

Brussels.

Ah, Brussels, hm?

I...could be a very good  
friend to you, you know.

You...

look after me...

and you can...forget about the rent.

Come on. Come on.

Just a little kiss

between friends, come on.

You go on up, I'll park the car.

Carol?

Carol? Are you in?

Carol?!

I say, what's the matter?

What a terrible smell!

What the hell's going on?

Get a grip of yourself, will you!

Now what's the matter?

Oh, d...

Go in there.

Just sit, sit there.

- Have you got a phone?

- Who are you?

I need to phone.

- I to phone!

- Want a telephone?

Yes, a telephone!

"FIRE EXIT"

Everything'll be all right.

He's gone to the porter's room  
to make a telephone call.

She doesn't speak English, does she?

Yes, I think she does.

- What's happened?

- I don't know, we just came in here.

No, you'd better not touch her.

They've sent...I wanted to get  
to like her honey...[muttering]

Don't touch her.

I'll get us some brandy.

Has anyone called for an ambulance?

Yes, he's gone to telephone now.

Who?

The man we saw on the stairs.

Can anyone do artificial respiration?

You shouldn't touch her,

you shouldn't move her.

I'll get us some brandy.

- Somebody must help her.

- Don't go in the bathroom.

- Why?

- Please, someone help her.

I wouldn't touch her.

Don't touch her!

What's he doing?

- He's got no right...

- Please!

- You shouldn't touch her.

- He shouldn't touch her.