The Secret Laughter of Women

By Misan Sagay
I will rid the Universe of the accursed Recombinants hordes!
Sammy!
Sammy!
Saracen, Space Crusader,
Liberty, Honour, Justice,
with a body count.
Saracen, Space Crusader...
Sammy, hush...
- What's this?
- It's my Saracen communicator.
Well, wipe it off.
Church of the Anglican Ascension
The Carol Talking Drum,
is there peace with you?
We are thankful...
- Poor fatherless boy.
- Uh-um...
He can do it, mamma.
Sammy, come and
greet your Aunties.
Hi, Auntie Rosa.
Mmm, fine boy Samuel.
Scholarship boy.
Twelve times seven?
Eighty four.
- Have you seen this new Reverend?
- M-m-no...
Sammy...
From those of us who have been here
for thirty years to recent arrivals,
Francophones, Anglophones,
from Monte-Carlo to Marseille
we are all Africans.
Our ladies' Dance Committee...
Ah, your famous crab stew!
You know he can do it, mamma.
His wife is dead.
Misfortune!
Last year, of a fever.
But they are a very traditional family.
He would court someone with all respect.
None of this cinema-discotheque business.
Six times a week, too.
Rosa, how do you know such things?
Your smiles welcome me to your church.
Oh, Sweet Potato!
Just let me at him, that's all.
Recombinant...
Talk off... Before you bring bad luck on your head.
Ah, but luck is as changeable as a chameleon's skin.
Seen the Reverend looking at you, uh?
When I stain my cloth, I tie my head tie bigger, uh?
Takes attention away from the stain.
Then, you see, I have a married woman's head tie.
Very few stains a married woman's head tie cannot disguise.
Gardening.
What is your business?
You should be worrying about yourself and your son.
The lessons you don't teach him, life will teach him.
And life's lessons are bitter.
We are alright, Sammy and I.
But I'll beat him later if it makes you happy.
See now!
We need a man in this house to beat you.
If you beat children, they'll put you in a jail.
- Is that so?
- Yes. It's called "child abuse".
Oh, white people. That's why they don't respect their elders.
He swares me on a Bible, no more stories!
Lies!
How do I look?
"The cow that follows the herd
will not get lost."
- Which herd, mamma?
- Why are you not married?
If it matters so much to you,
then you find me a husband.
What kind of a husband,
Foolish Antelope?
Honest enough to take on
Sammy and me,
and brave enough
to know the truth.
And if he's romantic as well,
I'll marry him tomorrow.
- Mamma?
- What?
Why am I always a cow
in your proverbs?
Don't you wonder what it would be like
to live in the twenty-fifth century?
Sweet Potato,
I wonder what it'd be like
to live in the twentieth century.
Sweet Potato, hasn't this game got
you into enough trouble already?
See you later.
Rosa, this your yam plant
grows like the bush.
Oh, that's because Mamma
Sammy looks after it.
Why it never grows
in our houses?
Life never flourishes in
a house full of women.
Oh, that's because
you need men and love!
Somebody here must be
having plenty of sex
to cause that plant
to grow like this.
Mamma Sammy was looking
very beautiful today.
Bad mouth, what does she mean
by beautiful? We thank God!
We should find her
another husband...
She says she's looking
for someone romantic.
Looking for romance, when she cannot
even cook a decent pot of stew.
- Nonsense!
- What she needs is the Reverend.
That strong headed girl?
She will never agree.
Oh, we don't have to tell her.
We can arrange it between ourselves.
After all, "one finger cannot be expected
to bring in a harvest"!
No-no, "one finger
cannot wash a face",
or, "one man cannot
bring in a harvest". Still...
- And the evil Reverend?
- I proton-disrupted him.
You proton-disrupted a priest?
He wasn't a real priest, stupid.
Yeah, he wasn't a
real priest, stupid.
He was a recombinant
trying to prevent my re-entry.
He's a liar. His mother
won't let him out here at night.
I didn't have to go out, because I live
right here, in this villa. We moved.
- And how did you get out of the sea?
- I swam, stupid.
Yeah, he probably swam, stupid.
No, you couldn't.
Go on, go on.
Children! Get back!
A little boy drowned here last week.
It's time to go. And Sammy,
Jean-Claude's mother
has very kindly offered
to give you a lift home.
Where?
You can drop me here.
Let us see you go in.
For goodness sake,
somebody answer that bloody door?
Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?
Comment etes-vous rentre?
Sammy a laisse ca en voiture.
What on earth are
you talking about?
Is Sammy a renegade, and did he catch
a recombinant here last week?
You know as well as I do that
under Article 5, Subsection 3,
Paragraph 7.031 of the Space Penal Code
it's a criminal offense
ever to try to uncover the identity
of one of my agents,
in fact it's one of the few
hanging offenses left on the Book.
Well... can he swim?
You'd better answer that one.
Yes.
There, have your answer.
Good night.
Thank you, sir.
I take it you are Sammy.
Here's your book.
- It isn't mine.
- Ah, a fiendish trap, ey?
- Are you brave?
- What? Well, sometimes.
- Are you honest?
- Brutally.
- But are you romantic?
- To a fault.
You had breakfast?
You can't have breakfast
at four-o-clock!
I can do what I like.
Saracen, will you
marry my mother?
I only invented Saracen, I'm not him.
And I can't marry your mother.
Don't you travel the Universe,
protecting the weak
and destroying recombinants?
Is she pretty, your mother?
Mamma Sammy?
No...
- Will you be my "good deed"?
- I'm too busy for that.
You don't have to do anything.
I'll come and do things for you.
And what on earth could you possibly do for me?
I'll think about it.
Next time you come.
When can I come again?
When you have time.
And bring your mother.
I say, "the cow that was not taken
to market was not sold".
Ah, mamma, please!
All the Gods in Heaven,
come and witness my pain!
My child has killed me dead.
Don't talk too much madness.
- I'm going to be myself.
- A strong-headed girl!
Plenty of time to be yourself
after he has paid your dowry!
A dowry is a good thing.
Anyway, it's up to your mother to decide
exactly what you're worth to her.
Rosa, anybody comes now
with a tin of sardines can have her.
Oh, and remember, whatever happens:
don't mention Sammy, uhm?
And let us not forget that
in all the stories handed down
by our ancestors for thousand
years that Satan...
- Had a white face!
- Yes...
And only our tradition,
and our Gospel
keep him at bay!
So how we going to get there?
In the car.
Aren't you going to change?
What into?
Your Saracen costume!
Itches.
What are you going to say to her?
"Good afternoon, Mamma Sammy"!
Matthew, can't you think of something more exciting?

You remember:
"Come and end my eternal loneliness",
"let us surf Orion on my Cosmic Chariot"?
Definitely one of my earlier efforts.
You're sure she'll be pleased to see me?
Yes.
My daughter. BA Honours Law.
She is tortured by spiritual problems.
His mother...
You do not know my daughter?
- Mamma Sammy? The gardener?
- The landscape architect!
- Where is your junior brother?
- My son.
He's out doing his boyscout "good deed".
Good boy.
I'm walking in your direction.
So if you'd like to wait for me...
Mamma! Mamma!
Look who I've got for you!
Your son is calling you.
You are Mamma Sammy?
- Sammy!
- Oh dear, you're alright?
- Yes, thank you. Who are you?
- I'm Matthew Field.
- You write Sammy's "Saracen"?
- Sometimes.
Let's walk on,
people are staring.
What d'you expect?
Satan walking you home from church.
It's not you they're looking at,
they're looking at the stain
on my wrapper.
Let me see.
Well, I can't see any stain.
You're perfect.
It's because you're foreigner.
Women get bad names
walking with white men.
- Aren't we both foreigners?
- You're a tourist.
It's just a question of visas.
- We're exiles.
- What's the difference?
We speak English.
You pretend to want to go home.
- Call me.
- What for?
Well, I'd like to make
amends for today.
Very kind of you, Mr Field,
but you have nothing we need.
Let's go.
This time I really will beat you.
"Bonking Saracen survives
steaming night with MP's wife."
We asked you over
for spiritual guidance.
After he swore on the Bible,
no more lies.
"John Stein, Matthew Field's lawyer,
issued the following report:"
"He and Mrs Betridge are friends
of many years standing,"
"and there has never been
any inappropriate familiarity."
Satan, get behind me.
The man is a degenerate!
He's not a degenerate! He's my friend,
and he catches recombinants!
What is a recombinant?
Do you know the difference
between a lie and the truth?
- Reverend, it's just a game he plays.
- Leave this to me.
God sees how unhappy you have made your Mamma and your honoured Nanna.
Beg their forgiveness and His.
It's alright.
I absolutely forbid you...
I don't think you should forbid anyone in my house.
Sammy's right. He looked quite decent for a white man.
You must agree, that he should not see this man again.
Of course.
So, you do not have a husband.
You're not divorced?
No, my husband is dead.
I see why your baby's name is Big Beautiful Eyes.
He has eyes like yours.
Like an Angel's... of God.
Rosa, God has put up my bridge!
Hello, Sam!
- Are you angry at me too?
- No. Why, should I be?
For goodness sake,
stop looking like an Oxfam poster,
come and have some ice cream.
You get it?
Bad sign, clog sandals.
Always followed by a father with a shotgun.
You see?
Why did you tell me your mother wasn't pretty?
She's not. Nanna says she's too thin, like dried fish.
How'd you like it if I arrange to get her round?
She won't come.
Well, might put temptation in her way.
What does she like?
You have to keep
your room tidy.
Oh, as bad as that?
- Wear your uniform!
- All in good time.
She likes gardens,
and she likes me!
- Rosa!
- Ah-a-a! Mamma Sammy!
First church, now my salon,
next it'll be our Dance Committee?
Come in, sit down.
For you Madame Rosa's Special.
Let me see... Hot press,
or sexy bouncing Coco Curls?
Ah, yes, your nails!
Latest colour, Sunrise above Detroit.
Rosa! For God's sake,
the man is a priest!
Man? Did I men... Who ment...
Did you hear me mention any man?
I want you to tie me a head tie
that suits me.
Ah, sh-he whore!
- Experts!
- Francophones.
Is there anything
they cannot do?
Come, I hear white
men when they...
Sugar, my dear, go and buy me
some Coca-Cola!
I hear they chase you
up and down the bed,
turn you over and over
like grilling meat.
And they still conceive?
- Miracle!
- Sure.
It's called foreplay, mama.
- I've read it in a magazine.
- They can write what they like.
A man, a woman, a wrapper,
that's foreplay.
Impossible!
Tu comptes pas faire des affaires
avec ce machin sur la tete!
I believe you dropped this?
- Mrs da Silva, you design gardens?
- Yes.
Well, my garden... 15 acres
on Cap de Nice needs some...
- What do you really want?
- To make amends.
Chivalry, Justice, Honour?
With a body count...
You've read my books?
No, Sammy reads them.
You don't want to know about
my previous experience?
- I'm sure you can learn on the job.
- Learn on the job?
Mrs de Silva, I'm asking you
to dig up a few flower beds,
not to achieve world peace.
I'm here for three weeks.
We have a deal?
Don't look so worried,
we both have rules.
What rules, Mr Field?
My friends call me Matt,
what should I call you?
My clients call me
Mrs da Silva.
Well, those are the rules.
For now...
- Mr Field is occupied.
- I see.
Hello?
Mamma?
Sugar's boyfriend?
Mamma, I must go.
Mr Field, you need to tell me
what you want.
Oh, the garden?
That's a mess.
Who's Sugar?
Do you sleep at night?
Mr Field, you are interested in the gardens, aren't you?
- Not particularly.
- So what am I doing here?
Uh, you looked like you needed some space.
Because I live in Rue Bonaparte?
No, because you live with your mother.
Thank you, Saracen.
I don't need rescuing.
If you say so...
I have my family.
A good job.
- Ah, Frederic.
- It's enough.
Well, life isn't about enough,
Mrs da Silva, it's about more.
- More of what?
- More of everything.
And when there is no more?
But there always is more,
Mrs da Silva.
Your garden. It's... Too high maintenance.
Let's keep it simple.
Trim the hedges around my house,
improve my sea view...
I know what's on the table.
You'll be on the morning flight,
you need to work.
I'll be here another week.
- Doing what?
- Gardening.
Saracen is gardening?
Oh, not the boy scout's mother!
I've told you it's nothing like that, she's...
Her life is an accident waiting to happen.
- To whom?
- To someone else.
Oh-h, you call me if you need me.
And don't be too long, Matthew,
There is an offer on the table.
Talk to you soon.
Thank you again
for the ride home.
Have some coffee.
Real men knock a
handle off altogether.
How do you tell a
Saracen story?
I begin at the beginning,
and I know how I want it to end.
- Is that all?
- That's a lot, Sam.
Okay, "Once upon a time
there was a little boy... "
Sam, "Once upon a time",
that's for kids.
Real story starts with a punch!
You know what they say...
Defy authority, destroy property,
you get laid.
- My teacher says...
- Don't listen to him, he's a loser.
What's a loser?
Someone who has to do things
he doesn't want to, at my age.
At any age...
Our re-entry pod.
There you are!
Does it still work?
As soon as I finish my mission,
uh-u-sh!
Oh, Sugar, I can hear you.
She passes water like a man.
Stop and start it,
otherwise after children
you'll never keep your husband.
- Nonsense!
- A muscle control.
Rosa has news for you.
I wanted some privacy.
So people will think
we have something to hide.
The Reverend Fola has asked about Nimi. Reverend Fola has asked Nimi to his house! Two months for the second draft, plus revisions? Well, I can work here as well as anywhere!

Hang on, John... Well, come in, I don't bite. I'll call you back.

I'm so sorry, Mr Field. He arrived, he played for a while, and then fell asleep.

You know I can't stop him from coming here.

Let him sleep.

I'll order dinner.

So, what happened today?

Nothing.

Why?

Well, Sammy arrived very confused. About many things. Facts of life for example. Which facts of life?

Sex!

Is there any of it?

I don't want him to learn about sex from someone like you.

- Someone like me?
- I've read your books.

Saracen's always banging, and screwing, and nailing.

That’s not sex, it’s carpentry.

You don't know anything about me.

I know everything about you.

I designed your garden.

Where did you get that?

Sam. Apparently I'm the devil in this scenario.

I told him not to draw on my things.

You don't have to get mixed up
in our troubles anymore, Mr Field. 
Do you want to build this? 
I read somewhere, 
that in the garden of Eden 
Eve was tempted not by an apple at all, 
but by a tomato. 
Do you know what my mother would say, 
if she saw me now? 
Foolish Antelope. 
Foolish Antelope... that's me. 
Why? 
Sometimes you see 
a herd of antelopes. 
One road for thousands of miles. 
And on this road one truck 
passes every hundred days. 
And in the front of it one dead antelope, 
far away from its herd. 
Foolish Antelope! 
What's it doing there? 
It looks for all the 
world as though 
it's chosen to cross 
thousands of miles of savanna 
in order to be... 
run over by this truck? 
- Am I a truck? 
- A big one. 
And the constipated Reverend? 
He's my second chance. Have you 
ever needed a second chance? 
No, I believe in getting it 
right first time. 
Well, if I had, 
I wouldn't have Sammy. 
I see. 
- Foolish Antelope? 
- That's me. 
I think I should take you home. 
Nimi! Stop tending 
somebody else's garden! 
The owner will return 
and claim her own. 
Come and help me
grind some beans.
Sweat into the food
you cook for him.
You know what they say:
"once he tastes your sweat, he's yours"!
Ah, Nene, do not give us
such bad advice!
- Why? Because it's a witchcraft?
- Because it does not work!
Ah, Nene! Lord have mercy!
Are you're making a love potion?
She'll smell like a market.
Take my advice!
Ehh, Rosa, the man is a priest!
# Thank you Jesus,
thank you Jesus,
# Thank you Jesus,
thank you Jesus...
Mamma, they are here!
My mother sent some of her
famous coconut fried fish.
- She wasn't to know.
- In this house we fast on Sundays.
Oh, I'm so sorry!
- Something wrong with your boy?
- No, he is just tired.
Psst! Little son, what do you want
to do when you grow up, uhm?
Be a tax lawyer like me?
I want to be a predator. Matthew
says the predators are winners.
They hunt and kill honestly.
Their brains and balls
keep the world turning.
Lawyers are the scavengers
that feed on our crumbs.
Who is this Matthew?
When are you going to
carry out your mission?
We were at his house all day yesterday.
She ate my fish,
and he'll marry her tomorrow
if you don't proton-disrupt him.
Tomorrow?
What are you doing?
- We're having a shoot out.
Well, I don't approve
of shooting or guns.
We're playing men who are going
"bang" very loudly at each other.
- Is that alright with you?
- Careful.
Bang!
Welcome to our humble home.
What's happening?
Well, a man must be asked,
so they're borrowing your father.
He's dreamy, Mamma Sammy.
You don't think he
looks constipated?
Lord have mercy! On highest authority,
six times a week.
They're calling you.
This cull of Lord
is broken in friendship
and the hope
of things to come.
I went down the river
and saw a beautiful girl.
I made enquiries all over the city
and found she is the child of this house.
We wish permission for her
to be courted by our house,
for our eldest boy,
a widower.
Our daughter is a widow,
with a son.
"To die in the bush and be eaten

by hyenas:
She married early.
As our people say:
"a beautiful girl is like a banana leaf",
"they're picked when
they are ripe enough. "
I thought the proverb was:
"beautiful women are
like banana leaves"
"there're always plenty more of them!"
- Don't, Mamma!
My daughter is very educated.
And as they say,
"the brain is the best store
house for wealth".

They also say:
"In a woman a handful of luck is better
than a donkey load of learning." 
Women! Be silent!
Taboo!
Why they're talking like that?
- Proverbs! To be polite.
- Doesn't look very polite.
Our people shun the bastard,
because he has no name.
His son Fola is his son,
he bears his name.
He wishes to give it
to your daughter.
We would also like Samuel
to bear your name.
- This, too!
- Fola, how do you feel?
A name is a precious thing.
To give to the child
of a stranger...
I'm also a stranger to you.
Be quiet! Women are
not to be heard here!
He's a good child. Beautiful!
Look at his eyes.
'The dog with big beautiful eyes
may be a good hunter, or a thief!'
How dare you!
I remember when I was his age,
I was always having moods.
But boarding school
cured me of that.
Excuse moi!
S'il vous plait!
Aidez-moi!
He's sleeping.
You can go in.
I think they can't find anything
the matter with him.
The newspaper says
it's his heart.
Well, we can't send him anywhere
until we find his people.
You're not going to die as well, are you?
No, sorry Sam, I'm alive.
Oh, what's that, a banana?
- No, renegade Sam in his pod.
- So it is.
Matthew, what do you
know about sex?
Well... Men and women are built...
differently.
I know all that
penis-vagina-rabbit business.
I watched a film at Jean-Claude's.
Why do people do it?
Rabbits?
Oh, it's enjoyable.
It didn't look very enjoyable.
She was swearing and complaining.
Probably moaning, Sam,
It's a very important distinction.
- He says everybody does it?
- He's right.
- Everyone?
- Yes.
- Even people I know?
- Absolutely.
- Even people who get married?
- Especially people who get married.
Tough one, I know.
- How are you feeling?
- Never better!
Why do you always say that?
By the way, good news:
we found your wife.
- So, you are married?
- Yes.
- Happily?
- Happily.
I'm formally engaged now.
I know.
- Aren't you going to
congratulate me? - No.
Darling!
You look so well!
Never better!
You look wonderful!
Your hair's different?
I'm parting it on a side.
Yours is wild.
Like the house.
It's a disaster.
We'll never tame these grounds,
we should plant a lawn here.
Severe. Henry Moore,
"Seated on the Bench".
I brought John for
moral support.
I had a horror, I'd been expected
to mop your fever brow.
Already been done.
I'm glad to see you.
Burst of reality
into my confusion.
Oh? And what do you have
to be confused about?
Reality.
- Just that?
- No.
Does ever-ready-eddie
want to come out and play?
Mrs da Silva?
This is Mrs Field.
Jenny. Matthew's wife.
Would you like to come to lunch?
Nothing formal.
Jenny, no!
Isn't that normal practice
in these circumstances?
This isn't one of these
circumstances.
Oh, Matthew, spare me...
Yeah, drinks, twelve, for one.
Oh, super!
I really wish you
hadn't done that.
You'll rise above it.

Morning.

Matthew's poor widow, the mother
of his 'good deed' is coming for lunch.
He insisted that I read his story.
It was worse than anything I ever read.

Mrs da Silva.
And to think I was actually in fear
he was taken up good works.

Mrs da Silva!
You look wonderful.
Thank you for taking care
of my husband.
Let's get you a drink.

Stay where you are. Matthew...
Mrs da Silva, I hear you've
created a garden of Eden.

Uhm... Must we keep
calling you Mrs da Silva?
We believe that names have a very special,
almost magical significance.
And calling someone by their first
names is a very intimate act.
As intimate as making love?

Sometimes.
It's really very pretty. You've done
a wonderful job! Hasn't she, darling?
- Let's play a game!
- Ah, well, what are the rules?

For a game to work everyone
must play by the same rules.
- Okay, Truth Session.
- Ah-h!

Would you rather be successful
or healthy?
Successful, who want to be
a hundred-year old loser?
Your turn, Mrs da Silva.
Would you rather be
successful or good?
Good at what?
These aren't
doing very well.
You shouldn't waste time
on the weaker strains.
- That what Mr Field says.
- I know.
They're not ready, Jenny.
I'll take them back to London with me,
they can ripe on the windowsill.
There you are...
- I must go. My son.
- Oh, what a shame.
What, did I say
something wrong?
Listen, about tomorrow...
I think it's better
if you don't come.
Explain to him...
I'm sorry.
C'mon, Sammy, dance!
Matt, you came!
Come and look at my presents!
- Sammy!
- Yes, sir?
Where are your manners!
Welcome to our house, Mr Field!
Is there peace with you?
Not particularly.
I'm Fola Kayode.
You are welcome!
What a surprise!
My daughter says your wife was happy,
very happy with her work.
- It's not finished.
- My work in the garden is finished.
- No.
- Yes.
Do you mean my
last photographs?
Would Tuesday be convenient
for Mrs Field?
Well, she won't care either way,
she'll be back in England.
Excuse me. Sweet Potato,
take care of your guest.
Matt, come and look
at my presents!
What are you doing in here?
Snooping.
Nimi.
Your name is Nimi.
I've never known.
My name is Matthew.
I know.
Say it. Say my name.
Say "Matthew".
- Say it, say my name.
- Matthew...
Matthew.
Fola, why don't you to take
the place of honour.
We have a stranger among us.
He must take it.
Thank you.
Let us thank
God for the food.
For what we are about to receive,
may the Lord make us truly thankful.
Amen.
Do not mind the use of the word
"stranger", Mr Field.
It has no negative connotation
in our culture.
An outsider is always
welcome at our table.
Especially on feast days.
You don't put
your left hand into food!
I'm left-handed.
It's unclean. You wipe your bottom
with your left hand!
Not necessarily.
I must go.
No one get up.
You're leaving us so soon!
Please come again.
Are you coming
back with me?
I can't, I'm working
on something new.
Novel or short story?
I can't tell.
- New York, September?
- As usual.
Say my name!
Matthew.
I had you pecked
as a weeper.
What do you mean?
That afterwards you'd cry
and say 'what have I done'?
And instead you're laughing.
Isn't that what you do
when you're happy?
Your were late last night.
Where's your head tie?
- I'm not wearing it anymore.
- Has Fola called you?
- Why?
- Ah, there's an emergency.
You've got to be home early tonight.
For a family meeting.
- Is this about Sammy?
- No-o, it doesn't concern that.
- Sleep well?
- Yes.
Come and have lunch.
- I'm working!
- And I'm your biggest client.
Come and have lunch.
Please!
Yes.
If this really was Eden,
what would you leave out?
Shame and judgement.
You?
Fear.
Self-loathing.
As long as we stayed in here,
we'd have no problem.
So you understand
the boundaries?
Yes.
Mamma Sammy!
Sweet Potato is with Sugar.
We asked Dr Ade to come to the meeting,
because we are only women.
At Fola's family meeting
we need a man's wisdom. Ade...
The situation as
I see it is this...
Fola's parents did not come
to Sweet Potato's party!
- That's the emergency?
- Well...
- What does it mean?
- I don't know.
How can you not know,
you're the one being courted?
I don't know! Every time
I see him you ask me,
what does this mean,
what does that mean?
I feel like...
I feel like a Kremlin watcher!
If you want to know, why don't you
just phone him up and ask him?
Ask him?
As if we have no shame?
God have mercy!
As if we have no pride?
- If you want to kno...
- Ade, please, this is important.
The situation is ridiculous!
All these investigations...
All those who ask too many questions
in the market place, never buy!
Yes, but what can we do?
If you all be quiet for just one moment,
I know the problem!
The Reverent Fola's father
came to my surgery this afternoon.
Why didn't you say
so before now?
This is what he always done!
He says:

there should be no dowry.
This again?
Now?
  - It seems fair.
  - Foolish girl!
You want to make yourself
a cut price bride?
What respect will he have for
you in his house afterwards?
I must go home and consult
with the family.
After all they must know:
you also have a family!
Rosa, second daughter,
take care of her for me.
Thank God, you have finished
at the white man's house.
Otherwise that is something else
for me to worry about.
It is bad he came
to the party.
Mamma, all this fuss...
Please don't go!
Beautiful Eyes,
it's for the best.
  - Matt!
  - In here.
  - What's that?
  - Careful, it's new.
Saracen's Space Station.
Where's your mother?
I know a good game.
But you have to have one of these.
  - And why are they good games?
  - They are educational.
You can get the life and music,
of Beethoven on one of them.
What on earth for?
What good is a game,
unless you can blow something up,
or shoot something down, uhm?
Hello!
Where did you go?
- Matt, my story?
- Your story?
- Yes!
- Careful, Sweet Potato.
Well, a woman saw
the magazine photos,
and she wants me to design
a garden like this for her!
- Good.
- Aren't you surprised?
No.
Neither are you.
You do think about things,
don't you?
You mean I'm not
just a carpenter?
Do you mind...
- You're doing it wrong!
- Oh.
The Saracen brings justice with a
body count, and then he goes away!
I thought you wanted
me to marry her.
Well, not forever!
Run along, Sam.
Do you want to hear
the rest of my story?
Not particularly.
I don't like being crowded,
I don't like being moved in on!
Shame on you!
Jealous of a child!
It's always about
you and him, isn't it?
These are your rules, Matthew?
All of this is nothing!
Saracen distress call!
Saracen distress call...
Saracen distress call...
Yes?
I can't sleep.
I'm sorry.
That's not enough.
Why do you do this, Matthew?
- Okay, Truth Session...
- No.

No games.
Just tell me.
It's, uhm...
Well... I'm afraid.
I'm afraid of you, and of uhm...
wanting to be...
But you...
Mamma!

Love.
You love him.
I'm all he's got.
You are "enough".
Not "more"?
Well, sometimes
"enough" is "more".
I love you.
It's a zero gravity
orbital space module.
Just imagine...
you've got it all to yourself.
Then someone else comes along,
there's less to you.
You have to share facilities.
You're jealous of your space.
I know about jealousy, believe me.
It's not like that
with your mother.
She doesn't give anyone else
a berth on her space station.
She just puts a whole new one
on orbit for them.

Ah, Mamma Sammy.
The Reverend came to see me, poor boy.
He wants to know what your
quarrel with him means?
He wants to meet with you.
When?
Reverend!
My son!
These is no quarrel!
So bad of me to forget to tell you
that I was travelling.
And my daughter... so busy.
What can you expect?
Only foolish women.
That is why we need
a man's brains in this house.
I know you and
Samuel like them.
"A thing with horns cannot be
completely hidden."
- A white man stayed here one night.
- Said who? Madame Rosa?
- Fola wants to marry you.
- It's none of your business, mamma.
All the Gods in Heaven
come and witness my pain
- my child has killed me dead...
- I'm not a child anymore!
Stop interfering!
Who's interfering?
Madame Rosa.
Talking Drum. You.
Me interfering?
Our neighbours interfering?
Foolish girl!
This society we live in,
is a blanket against
the lonely cold outside.
Ask your white man,
what his privacy has brought him?
The right to suffer and die
alone and unmourned.
I have seen the way he lives.
Have you no shame?
Not particularly.
I can't wait much longer
for you to turn up.
Look, if there's a
problem down there,
you know what I mean,
let me deal with it.
It's what I do, remember?
I clean up after you.
Don't throw everything away, Matthew,
you are too old to be a loser. Call me.
I've always been such
a disappointment to you.
Accomplished Nene,
whose cooking is famous,
whose dancing is famous.
Everything about you is famous.
You look at me every day,
and you ask yourself, where I came from,
this gardener, who can't even cook
a decent pot of stew?
Listen to me...
who I am, what I want?
I'm in love with Matthew.
Beautiful Eyes...
I must be free to make
my own mistakes, mamma.
Again?
I hope I'm not disturbing
calling so late at night.
We are family.
This is ridiculous.
Let's go away. Just the two of us.
- Where to?
- Oh, anywhere.
It's a big world out there,
outside Rue Bonaparte.
Will you ask for me
in front of everybody?
Nobody has ever asked for me. Not Fola
with his family investigations and,
not Sammy's father...
with his stories.
Nothing is ever easy with you, is it?
Yeah, I already have a wife.
And I have a child.
We are "a package deal",
Sammy and I.
So bury your life under an avalanche
of duty and obligation.
You still haven't worked it out.
It isn't duty that binds people.
It's love.
Then I'm not ready for love.
I know. That's why I
have to say good bye.
About our dear daughter...
Beauty and virtue
should invite comment.
They say, not that
anyone believes them,
that she's always with a white man,
ever at home.
And that she even came home at
dawn one day... as our people say!
"Let no man say my pot is broken,
without his hand on his sword hilt."
That is men fighting talk.
We are women.
Of course... I told them
to shut up their mouths.
Let me try some of this.
I come in the name of love.
Love is like being possessed by a spirit.
It is deaf and blind.
So it is with my daughter!
A man in love is truly blind.
A woman in love has
her eyes half-open.
As our people say...
"A blind man must not pick up a stick,
it may be a snake."
Snake?
My daughter is out working!
Of course!
As they say - "Fire burns because
of the wood gatherer's work."
I hear someone at the door.
Shall wait to greet my daughter,
and help her with her
work load before I go.
Big Eyes is in my flat
so often these days,
this is as though I have...
a second child!
- She's with you?
- Whole evening!
You know girls before their wedding:
"Work, sew - sew, work... "
Big Eyes, are you spending the night
again at my house?
You should wear red sometimes,
let me help you with your load.
I came to show you
my new dress!
All these people getting married,
even me... I'm looking for a husband.
M - m - m...
As I said... no one believes.
The snake may let you
pass the first time,
take care,
you don't pass that way again.
Thank you.
- Hello?
- Jenny!
Matthew?
- How are you?
- Never better. Jenny,
- I'm going to get back to work.
- About time.
I'll catch the afternoon plane.
I told you he'll
get back to work.
You know, I'd almost given up hope
of seeing you like this again.
When are you gonna
sleep with me, Matthew?
I can't sleep.
Don't tell me you have a vulgar urge
to explain yourself.
No.
To explain our marriage.
You know, you've developed
the most alarming tendency
to meaning of life conversations
and always at the oddest times.
Our marriage works.
We are the fittest.
Look around you!
And what happens
when we're not fit?
When we need?
We rise above it.
I never normally interfere in Matthew's little adventures.
I wouldn't this time. Except I feel you're in over your head.
I think we both
know what I mean.
- You are here for my sake?
- Certainly not.
I'm here to avoid another mess.
My husband and I
have an arrangement.
It adds variety and excitement to our marriage.
- You've known.
- Of course.
That's why I went away.
To give him room.
And you're not ashamed of yourselves?
Shame...
I'm just letting you know who we are.
People in the way can get hurt.
- We're leaving tomorrow.
- I'm getting married the day after.
Sensible girl.
- Hallo, Sam!
- It's Matt!
- Did you get the communicator?
- Yes!
So we can communicate from the other side of the Universe.
Can it really?
Oh, not really.
Sammy, you know I'm leaving.
- In your pod?
- Yes, in my pod.
Without finishing your mission?
Situation is simple: you both need things
that I'm not capable of giving you, and I know, your mother and I both know what we need to be happy. She doesn't look very happy.

Good bye, Sam.

Don't take drugs and don't let anyone shake your faith in yourself, okay? Leave him alone.

You don't have any answers.
- You are alright?
- Never better.

Good bye, Mr Field.

Bye, Nimi.

Saracen, Space Crusader.

Liberty, Honour, Justice, with a body count.

Matthew!

Coming.
- Yes?
- Matthew, is Sammy with you?
- No.
- Oh God...

I can't seem to find him anywhere.

Why didn't you let me know?

Call me, if he turns up.

I expected something like this.

For goodness sake, let's just get out of here.

If you'll get embroiled in that you'll never leave.
- Where are you going?
- She needs me.
- You don't understand, so do I!
- Yeah, but I need her!
- Well, what about me?
- You'll rise above it!

What happened?

He's run away.

He hasn't run away, he hasn't run away from anything in his life, this is just a prank gone wrong.

Even with the wedding
I just can't believe
that he would run away
from me like this.
We are alright,
Sammy and I.
- What is Fola going to do...
- Oh, fuck Fola!
Exactly! I'm going to search
in the neighbourhood.
Oh God!
Oh my God!
Matthew, be careful!
Sam! Sam!
Can you hear me?
- Yes!
- He's alright!
Sammy!
I'll get him!
Oh, my God!
Oh, Sammy!
Are you alright?
Mamma, I'm so sorry, please,
don't be angry with me...
Oh, mamma, don't be angry
with me, please...
I'm so sorry...
Thank you, Matthew.
I nearly lost Sammy today.
So did I.
Come home with me.
Both of you.
I love you.
I'm getting married tomorrow.
- You can't be serious.
- I am. He has no name.
- I know, I don't care.
- I care.
He'll have a father, and a name...
before he's old enough to understand
what it means
to be without one.
And you?
I know who I am now:
I am Mamma Sammy... that's all.
Please, go.
Quickly.
I went onto the river,
and saw a beautiful girl.
We courted her, and married her.
Now we've come for our bride.
Is this the one?
She's young and beautiful,
as the year's first rains.
But our bride is more beautiful still.
No, she's not the one.
Is this the one?
She's healthy as
the ripening crop.
But our bride is more fruitful still.
No, she's not the one.
They're calling you.
- Is this the one?
- Yes, this is the one.
Nimi, woman-wife,
do not say harsh things.
Fola, man-husband,
do not do harsh things,
remember, a marriage
can break till afternoon.
You will escort her
to our house,
when she crosses the threshold,
she'll be ours.
Will you just behave yourself?
Mamma!
What is this?
All this neighbourhood!
I... uhm... read somewhere,
that Eve was tempted by a tomato.
Field is a name,
too, you know.
What is he talking about?
What about your wife?
You are my wife.
"The package deal".
Trust me.
Big Eyes...
I'm sorry.
Matthew...