Separate Tables

By Terence Rattigan
Maj. Pollock.
Maj. Pollock!
Well, hello, hello.
What's this? What's this?
Well, I... I was rather
worried about you.
Worried? Why?
Has anybody been talking about me?
O, no. No, no, Major.
It was just that, when you were...
away for these last 2 days.
Oh, I see.
Yes, well, I telephoned the hotel.
I talked to Miss Cooper.
I told her I was visiting a friend.
A company commander of mine...
served under me in the desert campaigns.
Ran into a bit of luck.
I thought I'd give him a hand.
You're always trying to help people,
aren't you, Major?
Well, yes, but, ah...
well, the fellow saved my life once,
just outside of El Alamein.
Pinned down. Short of petrol.
He was a good man.
Oh, yes.
Mark you, Jerry in the desert was
a very different cup of tea
from Jerry on the western front.
- W-were you in Normandy, too, Major?
- No, no, desert rats, you know.
- Still, we got to Berlin, eventually.
- Berlin must have been depressing.
Berlin depressing?
What with all those frauleins and
all those... all those madchens?
I should say not.
By Jove, I could tell you a thing or two.
Good life, yes, indeed.
Well, let's go and get
brushed up for dinner, what?
There you are, dear.

Having a stroll with the major?
- Yes, mummy.
- 'Evening, Mrs. Railton-Bell.

Good evening, Major.
- Had your watch stopped, darling?
- N-no, mummy, it's go...

Oh, well, t-the major was telling me all about the desert campaign.
Yes, I'm sorry to have kept your pride and joy out in the cold, Mrs. R-B.
The fact is,
I got on to the old days.
That's the trouble with us old retired warhorses, what, what?
We all talk too much.
Yes.
Well, if you'll excuse me.
Ah, Sibyl, my dearest...
do you mind if your tactless old mother whispers something in your ear?
No, mummy.
My dear, such a wonderful concert this afternoon...
Oh, yes, Gladys, yes.
I'll join you in the game room.
Oh, all right, dear.
It's just that, do you think it wise to make your feeling for the major quite so public?
- My feelings for the major?
- Yes, staring at him all the time.
Talking to him for hours on end.
Those meetings down on the front.
Quite a lot of people are beginning to notice.
You don't mean...
You can't mean...
Oh, no. How can people be so awful?
Control yourself.
- Don't get into one of your states now.
- It's all right, mummy. I'm not in a state.
- Good evening, Mrs. Railton-Bell.
- Good evening, Miss Cooper.
- Good evening, Sibyl.
- 'Evening, Miss Cooper.

Well, dear, I think you better
run upstairs and change for dinner.
You know Miss Cooper
likes us to be punctual.

- Ah, Stratton, still at it, I see.
- Yes.

I don't know how you do it, I must say.
Most praiseworthy effort, I think.
Thank you, Major.

Of course, when I was at Sandhurst...

Oh, I'm sorry,
I mustn't interrupt you, must I?
That's all right, Major.

Ah, when you were at Sandhurst?
Yes. Well, I was just going to say,
when I was at Sandhurst,
and when I was at Wellington, too.
I was a hit like you, you know...
sweating away at the books all the time.
Cramming away like mad, I was.
Military history, great battles of the past.
Clausewitz and all that sort of stuff.
I could have told you
a lot about Clausewitz at the point.

Oh, really, sir?
And you can't now, huh?
No, not anymore, I'm afraid.
Everything goes, you know. Everything goes.
Still, I don't regret it.
I did jolly well at Sandhurst.

Oh, did you get the sword of honor, sir?
Get the what?

- The sword of honor?
- Oh, the sword of honor.
No, I came close to it, though.

Passed out pretty high, pretty high.
Yes, you're quite right, sir.
Oh, I'm sorry, my boy. Please go on.

'Fraid I talk too much.

Not at all, sir, but Miss Cooper
just walked by and you were looking for her.
Oh, did she? Yes, I-I want to have
a little chat with her. Thank you.
- Keep up the good work, now.
- Well, I'll try, sir.

Good man.
Ah, there we are, Miss Cooper.
- What can I do for you, Major?
- It's nothing important, really.
It's just that they're sending me up
a copy of the West Hampshire Weekly News.
I wondered if it had arrived yet.
The West Hampshire News?
Yes, I'm told they have a pretty
good page of small ads.
I thought I might pick up
a portable typewriter.
I'm taking a stab at the old war
memoirs, you know.
Of course, if there are any bargains,
one has to be quick off the mark.
Yes, well, there are
some things in my office.
I haven't been through them yet.
- I'll have a look.
- Oh, that's very good of you. Thank you.
I can't understand it.
There's still no answer.
Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Fowler.
Will you excuse me?
- One of your old flames, Eh, Mr. Fowler?
- Old flames? Oh, no.
Um, no, it's an old pupil coming
down for a few days.
I used to teach him
classics at school, you know.
Rather backward, I thought him
in those days.
No, as far as old flames are concerned,
I leave all that to you galloping majors.
Oh, those days are all past and
gone now, I'm afraid.
Eheu, fugaces, postume, postume.
Eheu, fugaces, postume, postume.
But weren't they teaching the new
pronunciation in yourtime at Wellington?
Yes, they probably were. I forget now.
I never was much of a hand at Greek.
Latin. Horace.
Latin. Yes, of course. Stupid of me, yes.
- Here we are, Major.
- Ah! Good show. Thank you, Miss Cooper.
Miss Cooper, I think, if you don't mind,
I'd like you to still keep the room.
- After all, he may be on the later train.
- Yes, yes, of course.
And, ah, if anything has gone wrong,
which I don't for a moment believe,
I shall naturally expect to pay for it.
- Will you let me know when you can?
- Yes, yes, of course.
By the by, Major, you were in
the Highland division at Alamein, weren't you?
Not in the highland division, no.
- Oh, I thought you were.
- I never said so.
- Well, I was just wondering...
- Mr. Fowler, aren't we going to finish this game?
We have a shilling on it,
if you remember.
Oh, yes, of course.
Will you excuse me?
- Good evening, Maj. Pollock.
- Good evening.
- So this is where you've been hiding.
- I was not hiding. Now just you shush.
Charles, forget your work for once
and let's go play billiards.
But, darling, the anatomy exams
come up next month. Remember?
Oh, Jean, really.
Have you told your father about us?
What did you tell him?
Oh, Charles, what did you tell him?
Oh, for heaven's sake.
That—that—that we were in love with each other.
That we were going to be married.
Well, you told him
a dirty lie then, didn't you?
Why? I do want to marry you.
- You know, I can never understand why...
- You know my views in marriage perfectly well.
I intend to produce paintings, not children.
And be kept in luxury by
London's most celebrated surgeon.
- Wh-who has failed to pass his anatomy.
- Charles?
Let's go for a walk in the garden.
Hmm? Oh, darling, first it's billiards,
now it's a walk.
But it looks so romantic.
Now, how can I possibly mix
anatomy with romance?
Well, that shouldn't be too difficult.
Well, I'm obviously not going
to get any work done.
Come on.
The dinner gong'll go in 15 minutes.
Well, where on earth
are we going to walk in 15 minutes?
Oh, Charles, how dim can you be?
Well, I ratherthink
we better play billiards.
Go in, you blighter.
Bad luck, Mr. Fowler.
Oh, well, I only play for exercise.
That'll be a shilling, please, Mr. Fowler.
- You'll ruin me, Miss Meacham.
- Come on, Charles. They've finished.
I'll take all your money.
Poor Mr. Fowler, has he ever won?
Once in 1948.
It was her Christmas present to him.
There's stuffed pork tonight.
We ought to be ready for the gong.
That, I expect, is young Ridgewell at last.
What is it?
- A new arrival, apparently.
- Great Scott!
- What is it, Miss Meacham?
- You should see for yourself.
Slim as a willow,
dressed like a Parisian model
and not a day over 30.
This place is turning into a regular nursery.
Oh, 6 suitcases.
- And all matching.
- And a hatbox.
Mayfair from head to foot.
Can't think what she's going in a place like this.
Good evening.
- Mrs. Shankland?
- Yes, that's right.
Good evening. I have your reservation.
Will you sign there, please?
- My American address or my English?
- English, please.
Could you tell me if Mr. Malcolm is in?
Mr. John Malcolm?
He's out at present.
He'll be in for dinner.
- Was he expecting you?
- No.
No, I'd like to surprise him.
Well, I won't say a word.
Edgar?
- How long will you be staying?
- Well, I'm not quite certain as yet.
- Could I let you know later on?
- Yes, of course. Number 12.
I'll book you in just for tonight then.

**Dinner's at 7:**
You'll hear the gong.
- Edgar will show you to your room.
- Thank you.
- You're the new one, aren't you?
- Yes.
- You're over there.
- Oh, thank you.
Hello, Miss Cooper.
Major, dinner's nearly over.
Aren't you going in?
No, no. Mea Culpa.
Mea Culpa.
I'm so late, I think
I'll give it a miss this evening.
Everything all right?
Everything's fine,
Everything's on the top line.
The fact is, I got to thinking
about those memoirs,
and time rather ran away,
I'm afraid.
I, ah... I found 1 or 2, ah,
portable typewriters.
- Oh, good, good.
- Yes.
I don't suppose the, ah, West Hampshire
Weekly News is much read, is it?
What?
Mrs. Railton-Bell takes it every week.
Does she?
Whateverfor?
Well, there's not a lot goes
on in the world.
Even in West Hampshire,
that she cares to miss.
And she can afford four pence
forthe information.
Yes, I suppose so.
It's funny, though, I've never actually
seen her reading it, have you?
There's a lot of stuff she has sent it
she doesn't read.
Most of it she leaves
on this table.
You mean, her copy's been
here all the rime?
No, Major, that will be sent
up with the evening papers.
Oh, well, dash it all.
I've gone and wasted four pence.
For nothing, what, what?
I mean, I could have borrowed hers, eh?
Oh, sorry, Miss Cooper, mustn't
keep you gossipping.
Well, thanks again.
- Cheery-bye.
- Major.
I thought you said we were
going upstairs.
Darling, we've just finished dinner.
Well, I don't see
what that has to do with it.
Hmm? Well, this is more important, dear.
That's terrible thing to say.
There, now.
You better wipe the lipstick off.
The old girls might notice.
Even the old girls know the facts of life.
They may know them,
but they don't like them.
You know,
if you would only marry me,
we wouldn't have to worry
about the old girls.
In fact, we wouldn't have
to worry about anything.
We could lead a nice, normal,
peaceful existence, and...
Oh, damn, here they come.
Not so much the pork as the stuffing.
Excuse me.
Good evening.
Look at them.
There's your normal, peaceful existence.
Sh... darling.
Conventions and marriage...
I don't want to end up like them.
Will you shut up?
They'll hear you.
I've figured it all out.
Life isn't meant to be dreary,
it's meant to be exciting.
Will you shut up?
Bed.
I'm on... I'm on the trickiest duct
in the whole human body.
Now, please...
Bed.
Come on.
Good... good night, ladies.
Good night. Sleep tight.
Surely, a somewhat unnecessary remark, Gladys, dear.
Oh, They're... They're old friends.
Th-they're just here to study.
That's what they told Miss Cooper.
I think it most unwise of her to have them here.
Even at opposite ends of the corridor.
Quite obvious they were making love.
How do you know?
He was putting a handkerchief away with lipstick on it.
Oh, well, perhaps they are in love.
So why don't they say so?
I hate anything furtive.
Now, what were we talking about?
Oh, good gracious.
Oh, please shut that door,
there's a most terrible draft.
A draft?
Bless my soul, so there jolly well is.
- He's so amusing.
- He's drunk.
A brilliant observation,
Mrs... Railton-Bell. Brilliant.
- I'm sure she didn't mean...
- Oh, tut, tut, tut, lady Matheson.
It's nice to have a champion, thank you.
But she's right. Irish whiskey.
Hello, Sibyl,
how are you this evening?
Fine.
But if it hadn't been for the Irish whiskey, I'd have never broken my record.
I made it back here from the bar at the Feathers in 6 minutes flat, instead of the usual 10.
Of course, I had the wind at the back.
But as you and I know,
Mrs... Railton-Bell, we cannot deny
the propulsive powers of Irish whiskey.
Now, scotch, on the other hand...
through the French windows?
Miss Cooper, I cannot tell a lie.
You know that is strictly
forbidden after 7:00.
I'm sorry, I... I'd forgotten.
There's mud all over the floor.
Will you please hang this
in the proper place.
Yes, Ma'am.
Also, wipe your feet in the mat
provided for that purpose.
Yes, Ma'am.
I'm so sorry.
I shall see this doesn't happen again.
I must say, quite frankly, Miss Cooper,
I've never understood
how you could tolerate such boorishness,
and have done all this time.
In a hotel, one must
tolerate all sorts of things.
I suppose so.
But one hardly expects to find
that kind of person in this kind of hotel.
Why he should have selected
the Beauregard as a permanent residence
is quite beyond me.
He was stationed near here
during the war, I believe.
He used to stay here then.
Ah, he writes very nicely.
I read an article of this once,
Just out of curiosity. It was about labor.
Have you ever read...
I have no curiosity
about the working classes.
- How many have you had?
- 2, well, 3.
Definitely not more than 4.
I'm sorry, Pat.
I know I shouldn't.
You know that I love you, don't you?
Very sincerely.
That sounds like
what a brother says to a sister.
Sister? You know my feelings for you go beyond that. Just how far beyond, John?
Well, I had a dim recollection we were engaged, or hadn't I? I rather wondered if you had.
- What's the matter?
- I don't know what you mean.
Come on, now something's the matter. After all, most women feel rather odd about a proposal of marriage, especially if they hear it once rather late at night and the man's had a few drinks. All right, well announce it publicly, right now.
Oh, John.
- What?
- There's someone...
Yes?
Despite the hour and the drink, you did mean it? You go and have your dinner. I told cook to keep you something hot. Let's walk down to the beach tonight. Darling, I can't.
I... I've got to close up...
Let's walk down to the beach tonight. Well, you ask me again when you... when you've had your coffee. Miss Meacham. Oh, you in at last? Thank heavens.
The pork's off, Mr. Malcolm, and the goulash is drying out, but we kept you some soup. What a pity young Ridgewell wasn't here. He'd have enjoyed the turnover. The Cook's acquiring a lighter touch with her pastry, don't you think? Not judging by the tarts we had at tea yesterday... cannon balls, simply cannon balls.
Here we are.
Tuck into that while I get the goulash.
Not but what I wouldn't think
you'd had your liquid already.
What are you doing here?
Surprised?
I gave up being surprised
by you 5 years ago.
You gave up a lot of things 5 years ago.
- Is this your year for looking up old husbands?
- Only the special ones.
If you must know, I ran into some
friends of ours at a party in London.
- Friends of ours?
- All right, mine.
They said you were having
a pretty rough time getting along these days.
That's why I'm here.
I wanted to help you.
Well, that's really touching.
I'm overwhelmed.
Goulash.
- Aren't you going to eat your soup?
- I'll have 2 bowls tomorrow.
Tomato aspic tomorrow.
Oh, don't take long, will you?
My friend's waiting.
Now, is there anything else?
You find it impossible to believe.
I care about what's happened to you.
- Not impossible, Ann, just incredible.
- Call it selfish if you want, but I'd feel much better if I could
make up in some way for the past.
What is this, a bribe
to ease your conscience?
Now, look, John, I...
I'm not saying who was right
wrong over what happened.
I'm only concerned
seeing you like this.
You'll forget all about it
by the time you reach London tomorrow.
- Tomorrow?
- You are leaving in the morning?
- Well, yes. Yes, of course. It you like.
- Fine. That's settled then.
What do you possibly do here?
I enjoy one great luxury...
being left alone.
Well, it's a quaint spot
you've picked out for yourself.
Yes, your last husband
would've done wonders with this place.
Interior decorator, wasn't he?
When he worked.
How long were you married to him?
- 2 years and 6 months.
- Beats us by 3 months.
- Cruelty again, wasn't it?
- A legal device.
You mean he didn't break down
the bedroom door to get at you, hmm?
No.
He didn't try to kill me, either.
I saw the headlines of the divorce.
Educating, but not nearly
so sensational as ours, you'll admit.
Oh, you were you interested enough
to read about it.
Reading worthless items is
a bad habit I picked up in prison.
You see, there was nothing else to do.
My wife never came to see me.
I only did what I thought
was best for you.
You know something, Ann?
No one I know of lies with such sincerity.
Ow, if you'll excuse me.
Do you know what I think?
I think you've found a new girl.
- The morning train leaves at 10:45.
- You must like her a lot.
I do.
I'm going to marry her.
John...
Don't misunderstand.
I think it's really wonderful
you've found someone else.
I didn't mean any harm.
- That's when you do the most damage.
- We all make mistakes.
- You specialize in them.
- Only little ones, though.
I still have a scat on the side of my head
to remind me of one of yours.
Most, I suppose.
Not all, though.

Well, I...
I may not see you in the morning.
- Shall we say goodbye now?
- I think we've said it.
I'm awfully glad to see you again, John.
What are you laughing at?
Oh, John, that was an innocent kiss.
You have nothing I want.
I'm happily engaged to be married
and came to England to meet his family.
He's everything I want in a man.
He doesn't have to turn wild
beast to prove it.
Now you must feel as foolish as you look.
John.
If you didn't want to see the program, dear,
you should have said so.
Caught in the act, what, what?
I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. R. B.
The fact is, there was something
in the Evening Standard
that I particularly wanted to look at.
I'm afraid I appropriated your copy.
Would you mind very much
if I borrowed it for a minute or 2?
That isn't the Evening Standard
you're looking at, Major.
It's what?
No. It's the West Hampshire Weekly News.
Well, I'm blithered.
Absolutely blithered.
What an astonishing thing.
I must have pulled out
the wrong paper, I suppose.
- I can't understand how I did that.
- Neither do I. There's quite a difference.
Yes, indeed.
The West Hampshire News
is hardly my cup of tea. What, what?
Well. Ah, is it all right then,
if I borrow your Standard for a little while?
If you return it.
Jolly decent of you, Mrs. R. B.
Thank you so much.
Well, after that, I think I'll go
and take a look at some jolly.
I understand there's a new quiz program on.
A small boy of 9 just won over 40 pounds.
Yes, I... I hear he's very clever.
Shall I be seeing you in there,
then, dear Miss R. B?
Oh, yes.
Oh, no, I... I forgot.
I have to write a letter.
Oh, oh, I see.
Well, cheery-bye, both.
I wish he wouldn't use that revolting expression.
It's so common.
But, of course, he's such
an awfully common little man.
Oh, no, mummy.
Do you think so?
He was in a very good regiment.
You can be in the horse guards dear,
and still be common.
I don't know what you see in him.
Oh, it... it's just that I like
all his stories about the war
and the desert and the regiment,
and he's seen so much of life
and I haven't.
I don't know what you mean by that,
dear, I'm sure.
Oh, well, I only meant...
I'm sorry, mummy.
Of course, I realize that you must occasionally
miss some of the little gaieties of life...
the balls and cocktail parties,
and things that a few other lucky young people can enjoy.
- I do my best, you know.
- Yes, I know you do, mummy...

There was Scotland last year, and our
Scandinavian cruise the year before.
Yes, I... I know mummy, I know, and please,
please, don't think that I'm not grateful.
- It... it's only...
- Only, what, dear?
If only I could do something.
And, mummy, there's an advertisement
in the newspaper for a telephone operator.
My dear, we've been over this so often.
You'd never stand it,
even for a few days.
You remember Jones and Jones?
Yes, but it was so stifling hot there
in the basement of Jones and Jones,
and this... this job
in the newspaper is different.
Now, you're not a very strong child.
You must try and get that into your head.
Your nervous system isn't nearly
as sound as it should be.
Y-you... you mean my 'states',
but... but I haven't had
one of those for a long time.
I know, dear. You've been very good,
very good indeed.
But there's quite a difference in
not having an hysterical fit,
and being able to keep a job.
Now... Go and fetch me
that newspaper, will you, dear?
Yes, mummy.
- Uh, oh, which one do you want?
- The West Hampshire Weekly News.
I want to see what the major
was so interested in.
Oh, dear, what a silly-billy.
I've gone and left my glasses upstairs.
Oh, well, shall I go and get them for you?
Will you, dear?
That would be so kind of you. I hate you fetching and carrying for me, but you know, my poor old legs are a bit tired.
- I think you'll find them on the table by my bed.
- Yes, mummy.
Oh, my dear, there's the most wonderful quiz program in television.
- There's a little boy...
- Gladys, have you got your glasses?
- Yes, dear.
- Oh, good.
I idiotically left mine upstairs.
Here, read this out to me.
- 'Cab driver loses license.'
- No, no, no, no. 'Ex-officer pleads guilty.'
- 'Ex-officer pleads guilty. Offense in theater.'
- Oh, my dear, do we really want to read this?
- Y-yes, we do, Go on.
- But what about the television?
- This is infinitely more important.
On Thursday last, before the Bournemouth magistrate, 'David Angus Pollock, 55, giving his address as the Beauregard hotel, Morgan...'
Pollock...
- Maj. Pollock?
- Go on.
...Morgan crescent, Bournemouth, pleaded guilty to a charge of insulting behavior 'on a Bournemouth cinema.'
- Oh, he must've been drinking.
- No. He only drinks one glass of port a day.
Go on.
A Mrs. Osborne, 43 of 4 Studland Road, giving evidence, stated that Pollock, sitting next to her, persistently nudged her in the arm and later attempted to take other liberties. She subsequently vacated her seat and complained to an usherette. Insp. Brown, giving evidence, said that in response to a telephone call from the theater manager, Pollock had been kept
under observation by police officers,

**from 3:**
By which time he had been observed
to change his seat no less than 5 times,
always choosing a seat next to
a female person.
There had, he admitted,
been no further complaints.
But that was not unusual in cases of this kind.
On leaving the theater,
Pollock was arrested.
Is that all?
Oh, yes. 'Mr. William Cowther,
appearing on behalf of the defendant,
stated that his client had
had a momentary aberration.
He was extremely sorry
and ashamed of himself
and would undertake nevertobe behave
in so stupid and improper a manner in future.
He asked that his client's war record
should be taken into account.
He had enlisted as a private
in the army in 1925,
and afterthe outbreak of war in 1939,
was granted a commission
as 2nd lieutenant in the army...
supply corps.
During the whole of the war
he had held a responsible position
in an army supply depot in the west Indies.'
- The whole of the war?
- Yes, dear. I heard you. Go on.
In 1946, he had been demobilized
with the rank of full lieutenant.
The defendant was not called.
The chairman of the bench,
giving judgment, said,
you have behaved disgustingly,
but because this appears to be your 1st offense,
we propose to deal leniently with you.
The defendant was put
in probation for 12 months.
Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh, dear.
Oh, dear. Oh, dear.
He must have thought
he's got away with it.
- What a stroke of luck I take this paper.
- Luck? Humph. Was it luck?
I almost...
Oh, dear, poor Sibyl.
Maud, you mustn't tell her.
Not tell her?
I... I mean, not the details.
Not about the theater.
Oh, dear, I don't know how
I shall look him in the face again.
You won't have to, dear.
I'm going straight to miss Cooper
and insist that he leaves the hotel
before luncheon time tomorrow.
Oh, Maud, do you think you ought to?
Gladys, what's come over you this evening?
Of course I ought to.
Well, you know what Miss Cooper is...
She's so independent and stubborn.
- Perhaps she won't agree.
- She'll have to if we all insist.
We don't all insist.
Well, I... I mean, there's only two of us.
Ought'n we to consult the others?
Oh, dear, that means
we shall have to tell them.
An excellent idea, Gladys.
Let's go and get them all together.
I'm sorry it took so long, mummy.
Here are your glasses.
Oh, you found them, clever girl.
Well, I don't need them now.
Gladys, go and see who's in the game room.
Oh, Mrs. Shankland. We'd like you
to come to a meeting in the lounge.
- Oh, but I... I...
- Ah, I'll tell you all about it in a moment.
- Good evening.
- Good evening.
- Am I reading your magazine?
Oh, no, no. You go right ahead Mrs. Shankland.
I didn't expect to find a fashion magazine here.
Does Miss Coopertake it?
O-Oh, no. No, it's... it's, um...
It's yours, isn't it?
Yes.
You must forgive me for staring at you,
but you look so beautiful,
I really couldn't help it.
Thank you very much.
Y-you look just like
the pictures in the magazine.
Oh, but my picture hasn't been
in a magazine, not for years.
Oh, but I remember them, though, and...
and I've always wondered who you were
and the exciting kind of life
you must have led, and...
and you look just the same,
just as lovely.
Well, thank you.
That's very sweet of you.
- Sibyl?
- I recognized you the moment that you came into the...
- Sibyl?
- Yes, mummy. I'm here.
Forgive me for staring at you.
It was very rude.
Oh, Sibyl, dear, I think you'd better
go to your room, if you don't mind.
Oh, but why, mummy?
Because we're going to have
a little meeting in here
with some of the regular residents,
to discuss a matter of grave urgency,
which has just cropped up.
Oh, but how exciting. Well, can't I stay?
After all, I'm a regular, too.
Yes, yes, yes, I know, dear.
But I don't think the subject is
at all suitable for you.
- If this is to be a meeting of the residents, I'm...
- No, no, please, Mrs. Shankland.
Although you're only temporary,
we would so like you to feel that you're one of us,
and as a woman of the world,
we would value your advice.
- But what is it, mummy?
- Oh, what an inquisitive child it is.
Well, I'll tell you this much...
But only this much.
It concerns your friend, the Major,
and it's extremely grave.
But I don't understand.
What is it, mummy?
I'm not going to tell you any more.
- It might upset you too much.
- But I must know, mummy. I must...
Please, don't raise your voice so, dear.
- You really insist I should tell you?
- Yes, mummy. I do.
- Even after my strong warning?
- Yes, mummy.
Very well then,
I've no option.
Read that.
Middle column,
top of the page.
I couldn't find...
- Oh, Maud, you haven't told her.
- I did my best, but she insisted.
She absolutely insisted.
My dear, I'm so sorry.
Must be a dreadful shock for you.
It was for us, too.
Are you all right?
Sibyl, are you all right?
Yes, mummy.
Oh, S-Sibyl,
you've broken my glasses.
Ohh, and you've cut your hand.
Here, let me see it.
I think you'd better wrap
this around it for the moment.
It's only a scratch, Mrs. Shankland,
that's much too fine a handkerchief.
Oh, that's all right.
I have another in my bag.
Well, now shall we...
shall we all sit down?
Mr. Fowler, would you
draw up that chair, please?
- Gladys, where are the others?
- I couldn't find anyone else.
- Edgar's gone to look for Mr. Malcolm.
- Oh, I shouldn't have bothered.
He always has so much to say.
Now, let us all be seated.
...who, it turns out,
was only a lieutenant
in the service supply depot,
and was arrested in the cinema.
I can't believe it. Incredible.
The question now becomes,
'What are we going to do about it? '
The Major will be watching television for a while
and we don't want to be interrupted.
I feel we should act firmly
and quickly to rid ourselves
of this dangerous person in our midst.
I must admit, I always suspected
the public school education.
And only this evening,
he made a most shocking mistake in quoting Horace.
- Oh, please...
- Quite appalling.
Please, Mr. Fowler,
we're getting away from the subject.
The ugly fact remains
that this fellow resident of ours
was arrested and found guilty.
- Plead guilty.
- Please, Gladys.
Found or pleaded guilty
to a disgusting offense.
Which fellow resident?
What disgusting offense?
I don't think this is a matter
that would interest you, Mr. Malcolm.
It seems to interest
our newest resident.
I don't see why
it shouldn't interest one of our oldest.
Very well. If you must know,
Maj. Pollock has behaved immorally
to no less than 6 respectable women in a local cinema.
Well, that's quite a performance.
Really, Maud, on behalf of the Major,
I must remind you,
that we only know that
one of them was respectable...
the one who made a complaint.
And even she behaved very oddly.
I mean, why didn't she say
right out to the Major,
'Will you please stop doing
wh-whatever it is you are doing?'
That's what I would have done.
And we don't know
anything about the others.
We don't even know that
he nudged them o-or anything.
Of course he nudged them.
He was in that cinema
for an immoral purpose.
He admitted it.
And he was seen to change his seat
no less than 5 times,
always choosing one
next to a female person.
Well, now, let's see.
That would make 10 nudges, wouldn't it,
if he used both elbows?
No, no, 11 with the original one.
Or 12, supposing...
I consider this flippancy,
on a matter so serious, as utterly monstrous.
You're right, it is serious...
for the poor Major.
What are you proposing to do?
Have him thrown out of the hotel?
I'm proposing it ask the option
of the other residents.
I plainly have no need to ask yours.
I don't know why you say that,
Mrs... Railton-Bell.
I feel repelled by what the Major's done. I've always had an intense dislike for... well, shall we say, the more furtive forms of sexual expression. I think it's only fair to ask ourselves this question... what harm has the man done? Well, apart from bruising the elbow of a certain lady whose... whose motives in complaining... I agree with lady Matheson are extremely questionable Apart from that, and apart from telling us a few rather pathetic lies about his past life, which most of us do from time to time anyway. I can't see that the Major's done anything to justify our throwing him out into the street. Then it's quite obvious you're against any action at all. Well, I might give him a cool glance at dinner. - I think your attitude is shocking. - Do you? Why? After all, what has he done that's any worse than people who cheapen love-making, who use it as a weapon to get what they want? No, Mrs. Railton-Bell, I'm sure there are people... people in this very room... who have done their fellow man far more than the Major. I don't agree. I... I'm sorry. Just forget I said anything. No, that's quite all right, Mrs... Shankland? I'm sure that anything that you have to say will be right to the point. It wouldn't be fair. I don't even know the Major. We are talking about the Major? We are indeed. And now that we've heard your views on the subject, Mr. Malcolm... Odd, distasteful and dangerous
though they may be...
I think it's time we heard
from the others. Mr. Fowler.
Well, it's difficult.
Very difficult.
- I don't see what's difficult about it.
- Oh, but it is, you know.
I can't say that I see it like Malcolm.
Certain cats are wrong because they are,
in themselves and by themselves,
impure and immoral.
And it seems to me that this terrible
wave of vice and sexual excess
which has been flooding
the world since the war,
might well in part be due
to the decline of the old standards.
Tolerance is not necessarily a good.
Tolerance of evil can itself be an evil.
- After all, wasn't it Aristotle who said...
- Oh, really.
You've all gone on too long about it.
And when you start quoting Aristotle,
personally I'm going to me room.
You heard, Miss Meacham?
I couldn't help hearing.
I didn't want to.
I was doing me betting system.
And you need to concentrate like billy-on on that.
I had my chair against the wall
to catch the light,
and I certainly wasn't going to
get eyestrain just for you people.
Well, as you know the facts,
perhaps we'd better canvass your opinion.
I haven't any. Why should I?
I've been out of the world
far longer than any of you,
and what do I know of morals and ethics?
Only what I read in novels.
And as I only read thrillers,
that doesn't amount to much.
In Mickey Spillane, the hero does far worse
things to his girls than the Major's done,
and no one seems to mind.
It's hardly to the point what Mr. Spillane's heroes do to his girls, Miss Meacham.
- We want your views on Maj. Pollock.
- Do you?
Well, my views on Maj. Pollock have always been that he's a crashing old bore, and a wicked old fraud.
Now I hear he's a dirty old man, too.
I'm not at all surprised.
And quite between these 4 walls, I don't give a damn.
Sad, very, very sad.
Well, Mr. Fowler, I take it you are in the side of action?
I once had to recommend a boy for expulsion...
only once, in all the 15 years I was a house-master.
Are you in favor of action, Mr. Fowler?
Yes, I suppose so.
- Yes, I am.
- Gladys?
Oh, dear. Oh, dear...
Oh, there you go, shilly-shallying again, Gladys.
For heaven's sake, make up your mind.
Are you on the side of Mr. Malcolm with his defense of vice, or on the side of the Christian virtues like Mr. Fowler and myself.
Never in my life have I heard a question so disgracefully begged.
- You should be in politics, Mrs. Railton-Bell.
- Gladys?
Of course I am on your side, dear.
- It's only that...
- Well, Mr. Malcolm, apart from Miss Meacham and Mrs. Shankland, who may be counted as neutral, the count is 4 to 1 against you.
Now, shall we all go and see Miss Cooper in a body, or would you rather that...
I acted as your spokesman?
- Oh, I... I think perhaps, dear, if you went...
- Yes. Perhaps that would be best.
Well, it's...
It's a duty I hardly relish.
Just a moment, Mrs. Railton-Bell.
We haven't heard from your daughter.
My daughter agree with me.
I know her feelings on the subject.
I think she should be permitted
to speak for herself.
Sibyl, can we have your views?
Mr. Malcolm is speaking to you, dear.
- Yes, mummy.
- Can we have your views?
- My views?
What action should we take about him?
It's the shock.
You know what you've
just read in the paper, dear.
What do you feel about it?
- It made me sick.
- Of course it did.
- That's how we all feel.
- It made me sick.
- It made me sick!
- Oh, Sibyl, stop that.
Stop that crying! Now, darling...
It made me sick...
Mummy, I don't feel well.
No, of course you don't feel well.
- It made me sick.
- Come, we'll go up to our room and lie down.
- Is she often like that?
- Oh, no, not often.
But sometimes, I'm afraid.
Her mother ought never to have told her.
And I'm surprised at you, Mr. Malcolm.
You ought not to have brought her into it.
I suppose not.
I thought I might get her once,
just this once,
in the whole of her life,
to publicly disagree with her mother.
It could save her soul
if she ever did.
Oh, dear. Poor child.
Oh, the whole affair is too dreadful.
It's made me quite miserable.
Yes. The trouble about
being on the side of right,
as one sees it, is that one often finds oneself
in the company of such very questionable allies.
Oh, dear.
There's nothing to be done about it now.
Your young friend Mr. Ridgewell...
he never telephoned?
Well, he could still turn up.
I can hear the front doorbell, you know.
And, of course, with all this,
I won't get a wink of sleep.
I wish he'd taken the trouble to call.
You're making it a bit too obvious, you know...
That you hate the very sight of me.
The very sight of you, Ann,
is perhaps the one thing about you I don't hate.
Please, John, don't be so ill-mannered.
All this fencing is a bit idiotic, isn't it?
I am leaving in the morning.
And I certainly wouldn't be here
if I'd known you were going to be married.
- Credit me at least with some degree of tact.
- I do. You were always very tactful,
especially about my bad manners.
I never mentioned your manners.
Incidentally, if you disliked me so intensely,
why did you ever marry me in the first place?
Do you want it reaffirmed after all these years?
Does your vanity need it that much?
I wanted you desperately.
My craving for you was so violent,
I could deny you nothing.
Not even a marriage
that was bound to end in disaster.
Why disaster?
Ann, it's a long way from a Pennsylvania
steel town to upper park avenue.
Class distinction?
You always claimed it never existed.
Until I married you.
And then I really found out how wrong I was.
You see, Ann, my ideas
of a wife were influenced
by watching my mother ruin her health
to bring up 8 kids.
Not that my demands on you
would have been as high as that,
but they would've included the proper
running of a home and the bearing of children.
About children...
I did make it perfectly clear...
I know, I know.
The beautiful fashion model...
that little hobby of yours.
Your figure was too important
to risk for posterity.
I accepted the bargain.
I have no complaints.
But you have.
You know you have, John.
The same complaint as always...
that I didn't love you when we got married.
Oh, please.
Let's not go into that.
Why would I have married you,
if I didn't love you?
After all, there were others...
more important men.
They couldn't pay you the full price.
- What price?
- Enslavement.
Oh, John, really.
How ridiculous you are.
If all I wanted to do was
make my husband a slave,
why would I have chosen you
and not the others?
Because where would the fun have been...
where would the fun have been,
enslaving men like that?
At a millionaire a mincing baronet.
Too well brought up to say anything when you denied them their conjugal rights. Too well-mannered not to take your headaches at bedtime as just headaches at bedtime. Where would the fun have been turning your weapons on men like that? No, Ann, you were reaching onto another class. You were looking for wilder game. Remember that expression you used when you introduced me to your friends? 'My wild, roaring savage?' That was always good for a laugh. To turn your weapons on him, to... to make him sit up and beg at the whispered promise of what was his by right anyway. To goad him to such a fury of drink and rage that he'd kick open the locked door of your bedroom and damn near kill you. That really must have been fun. Forgive me, Ann, I... I don't get many chances at speechmaking these days. Besides, I'm a little drunker than usual tonight. Because of seeing me? - Yes. - I'm sorry. No, you're not. - You haven't changed much. - Haven't I? The same old John, pouring out the same old cascade of truths, half-truths and distortions. Well, human nature isn't as simple as you make it, John. You've left out the most important fact of all... You see, you're the only person in the world I've ever really been fond of. Notice how tactfully I leave out the word 'Love.'
Give me a cigarette.
Oh, no...
Not those awful cheap things.
Hand me my bag.
Do you dispute that?
Your fondness for me
was sometimes shown in surprising ways.
- Why are you staring at me?
- You know perfectly well why.
Well, don't.
It makes me embarrassed.
You really think I haven't
changed much?
- Uh, to look at, I mean?
- Not at all.
- Just the clever makeup, I expect.
- I don't think so.
I still think you're the most beautiful,
the most desirable woman I've ever known.
John, I really think you mean that.
You know, some of the things you used
to tell me might happen to me are happening.
Such as?
- Loneliness, for one.
- No friends?
Not many.
I haven't the gift.
What about your fiance?
You really think
I'm in love with him?
It's always been you, John.
All these years.
It's so wonderful
seeing you again like this.
I'm only sorry it's too late.
If only I could just...
just stay on a little while.
I won't be a nuisance.
I won't, John, really, I won't.
Darling, please.
This is a public place.
Anyone might come out at any moment.
There's no one here for it
to make any difference to me, I...
I was just thinking of you.
Miss Cooper has given me
what appears to be a very isolated room,
the number of which is... 12.
Shall we go?
How do I look?
All right?
All right.
Mrs. Shankland,
you're wanted on the telephone.
It's a call from London.
Oh, thank you.
- You know where the telephone is?
- Yes, I do. Thank you very much.
You knew who
she was, didn't you?
Yes.
I must say, she's exactly
as you described her to me.
- 'Carved in ice,' you once said.
- Did I?
So that's the woman
who smashed up your lift.
She didn't, Pat.
I smashed up my own lift.
- If I hadn't been the sort of man I am...
- I know the sort of man you are, John.
And the sort of woman she is.
- In all the years I've known you...
- You don't know me at all.
I'm sorry, Pat, but...
blaming her isn't going to help.
I see.
I always knew in my heart
you were still in love with her.
- Pat, Pat, I...
- No, don't John, don't say anything.
I've known it all along.
Will you be going away with her?
I don't know.
- I don't know anything about the future.
- Yes, I expect you will.
She looks as if she's got
some willpower, that girl.
If she's taken that much trouble
to run you to earth down here,
She's not going to let you go so easily.
She didn't run me to earth, Pat.
She came down here to help me.
You really believe that?
She was going to be married.
Her fiancé is in London.
- And she came here to help you?
- Yes.
It doesn't strike you as strange...
All right, let's leave it at that.
- What do you mean?
- Nothing.
- Tell me.
- No.
What is it?
Tell me.
Don't knock me about, John.
I'm not her, you know.
Now I'll ask you a question...
does she know about us?
- No.
- You're sure of that?
I told her I was engaged,
but I didn't say to whom.
The only person who would know
about us is your publisher, David Wilder.
That's right.
She's talking to Mr. Wilder
on the telephone now.
- No, John, listen...
- It's all right, I-I want to talk to her.
- Please, please...
- I've got to talk to her.
- John...
- Ah, Miss Cooper?
- I'm sorry, I...
- I've been waiting for you.
It's a matter of vital importance.
I can't go into it here.
- I merely ask you to read this.
- Very well.
And I may add, that I've taken
a consensus of the residents.  
And we are unanimous...  
virtually unanimous...  
that the gentleman in question be asked  
to leave before lunchtime tomorrow.  
Come in.  
I'll just be a minute, darling.  
Goodness, you didn't  
give me much time.  
I can wait.  
Oh, there's some brandy on the bureau,  
if you'd like.  
But I really don't think you should,  
do you?  
John?  
No.  
That's a good boy.  
Darling John.  
Listen.  
You can hear the waves rolling in.  
Just like that  
hotel in East Hampton.  
Like that first summer we met.  
A little big perhaps,  
a little grand.  
But... we could make believe,  
couldn't we?  
We could wipe out everything  
that's happened to us since.  
The waves rolling in all night long.  
Remember?  
That completes it,  
doesn't it?  
What?  
The stage is all set,  
just like it was that night.  
But I don't understand.  
Are you afraid of the light?  
- Why should I be afraid of the light?  
- People who hate the light usually hate the truth.  
The truth?  
John, forgive me, but I don't know  
what you're talking about.  
I'm talking about liars, Ann...
Liars and expensive tramps.
What are you trying to get at?
What did you say to Wilder?
How did you put it?
That you saved dear old John from
the hands of a grubby little hotel keeper?
and he was at yourfeet.
Why, his hands were shaking so much
he couldn't even light your cigarette.
Oh, John, please don't be angry with me.
I... I had to see you.
I was desperate to see you.
What for? Why?
To help me?
You wouldn't think of telling me the truth.
No. You had to have your conquest,
your unconditional surrender.
- And if you could do it by lying and cheating...
- All right.
I knew you were going to get married, but I...
and I should have said so from the beginning, but, I...
- I still have some pride left.
- Pride!
Yes!
I can see the makeup now, all right.
Little lines that weren't there before.
The beginning.
Soon there'll be more and more
and one day this face will begin to decay
and there'll be nothing left to make
a man grovel, to make him want to...
Why don't you?
John!
Don't leave me now, John!
John, come back!
Come back to my room.
John, don't go.
I can make you
forget all those silly lies.
John, come back!
What's happened?
I thought I heard...
Miss Cooper.
Miss Cooper,
Mrs. Shankland has had a fall.
I'm afraid she's hurt.
- I'll come at once.
- What is the matter? What's going on?
Mrs. Shankland has had a fall.
Oh? Miss Cooper,
I'd like my newspaper back.
- Yes. It's on my desk.
- You've read it, I trust?
- Yes, I have, Mrs. Railton-Bell.
- Poor dear. It's so dark on these stairs.
- Thank you.
- Think nothing of it.
Careful, now. Come along,
Mrs. Shankland.
- There now you're all right.
- That's all right, now.
- How's the weather, Miss Meacham?
- Dry as a bone outside.
I should have a winner
if it stays dry at Newbury.
- Did my handicap book arrive?
- Yes, I think...
That looks like it.
Miss Cooper, Mr. Malcolm wasn't in his room
when I took his tea up,
and his bed hadn't been slept in.
Yes, I know, Doreen.
- You know?
- I should've told you. I forgot.
Mr. Malcolm had to go to London
unexpectedly last night.
- Oh, he won't be in to breakfast then?
- No, I don't suppose he will.
That's something, anyway.
And what about the new lady?
She's not down yet.
She's down, Doreen.
I think she'll be in for breakfast.
Okay done.
She's leaving, isn't she?
The new one?
How did you know?
I heard her ask for her bags
to be brought down.
I knew she'd never stick it.
- 'Stick it', Miss Meacham?
- Oh, I don't mean the hotel.
Best for the price in Bournemouth.
I've always said so.
I meant the life.
She's not an 'alone' type.
- Is anyone an 'alone' type, really?
- Oh, yes. They're rare, of course.
But you are, for one, I'd say.
You're self-sufficient.
I've very glad you think so. Miss Meacham, perhaps even gladder than you realize.
What do you mean by that?
I haven't the faintest idea.
I'm a bit tired this morning.
I... I had very little sleep last night.
Well, I don't suppose you are glad, really.
Probably you haven't had to face up to it yet.
I faced up to it very early on.
Long before I was an old wreck.
People have always scared me a bit, you see.
They're so complicated.
I suppose that's why I prefer horses.
Feeling better?
A bit.
Any word?
No. But I shouldn't worry.
He's... been out like this before.
I'd feel much better if he'd come back.
I must catch that train.
Thank you for everything.
Hello, Miss R-B.
Enjoying the sunshine, what, huh?
By Jove, what a morning.
I've been walking on the Chins.
I must say, looking across that sea, that sky, it could have been Tunis. It really could.
I remember out there one morning.
I the spring of '43...
Please, don't pretend anymore.
- Pretend? My dear Miss R-B...
- The West Hampshire Weekly News.
Mummy's read it, you see.
Did she show it to you?
Yes.
And to all the others.
Miss Cooper as well?
Yes.
She's asked Miss Cooper
to tell you to go.
I see.
Well, that's it then, isn't it?
Yes.
Oh, god!
Why did you do it?
Why did you do it?
I don't know.
I wish I could answer that.
Why does anybody do anything
that they shouldn't?
Why do some people drink too much
and other people smoke 50 cigarettes a day?
Because they can't stop it,
I suppose.
Then this wasn't the first time?
No.
Oh, it's horrible.
Yes, it is, of course.
I'm not trying to defend it.
You've never guessed this,
I know, but...
ever since school I've always
been scared to death of women.
Of everyone, in a way, I suppose,
but... but mostly of women.
I had a bad time at school.
Which wasn't Wellington, of course.
It was just a council school.
Boys hate other boys to be timid and shy,
and they gave it to me good and proper.
My father despised me, too.
He was a sergeant major in the shots guards.
He made me join the army,
but I was always a...
A bitter disappointment to him.
He died before I got my commission.
I got that by a wangle, too.
It wasn't very difficult
at the beginning of the war,
but it meant everything to me,
just the same...
being saluted,
being called 'sir.'
I thought, "I'm someone now,
a real person."
Perhaps...
some woman might even...
But it didn't work.
It never has worked.
I'm made in a certain way,
and I can't change it.
It has to be in the dark, you see,
and strangers, because...
Oh, stop it! Stop! Stop!
I don't want to hear any more.
I don't want to hear any more.
It's just that you asked me
why I did such things and I...
wanted to talk to somebody about it.
I never have, you see,
not in my whole life.
- I'm sorry if I upset you, of all people.
- Why me, especially? Why not the others?
Oh, I don't give a hang about the others.
They'll all take in their various ways, I suppose.
But it won't mean much more to them
than just another bit of gossip
to snort and snigger over.
But it'll be different for you, Sibyl,
and that makes me very unhappy.
- That's the first time you've called me Sibyl.
- Is it? Is it really?
Well, there's not much point
in all that Miss R-B" stuff now, is there?
What makes me
so different from the others?
I suppose it's because
you're so scared of...
well, shall we call it... 'life?'
That sounds more respectable than
that word I know you hate.
We're awfully alike, you know,
you and I, in many ways.
I suppose that's why we've drifted
so much together in this place.
How can you say
that we're alike?
Well, it's just that we're both
so frightened of other people,
and we somehow managed to forget out fright
when we've been in each other's company.
Speaking for myself,
I'm grateful. I... I always will be.
I can't expect you to feel
the same way now, of course.
Well, I'd better start packing, I suppose.
I should be able to

catch the 10:
- The old wellingtonian colors...
- Why have you told so many awful lies?
Because I don't like myself
the way I am, I suppose.
I've had to invent somebody else.
It's not too harmful, really.
We all have our daydreams.
Mine have just gone a step
further than most people's.
Sometimes... sometimes, I've even managed
to believe in "the Major" myself.
Well, I'd better get cracking,
I suppose.
Packing up after 4 years
is hellish business, really.
Has to be done, though.
Well, if I don't see you again
before I go, I'll, ah...
I'll write and say goodbye.
- But where will you go?
- I don't really know.
There's a chap in London
who might up me up a couple of days.
Only, I don't really want to go there.
But why not?
Well, it's really rather a case of...
birds of a feather.
Oh, don't go to him.
Oh, you mustn't go to him.
- I don't really know where else.
- Another hotel.
Well, it can't be Bournemouth, you see,
or... or anywhere near here.
It would have to be London,
I suppose, and...
I don't know anywhere
there that I can afford.
- Well, I-I'll lend you some money.
- No, you certainly won't.
Y-yes, I can, I have
some savings certificates.
You can have those
and I can get you some more...
No, Sibyl.
No, thank you, but... but no,
I'll think of somewhere.
As a matter of fact, I've just
remember a place now, in Cheltenham.
L-it's a very pleasant spot.
I'll go and telephone them right away.
I hate to do this, but could you...
could you possibly lend me a sixpence?
Oh, oh, yes, of course, I can.
- Here you are.
- Thank you so much.
Oh, but...
No, don't bother about me.
Don't worry, please.
I'll be perfectly all right. Please.
Are you all right?
Yes, thank you, I'm quite all right.
- Is there anything I can do to help?
- No... no, thank you.
I'm perfectly all right, thank you.
You're...
You're fond of him, aren't you?
No, I hate him, I despise him.
He's a vile, wicked man
and he's dome a horrible, beastly thing,
and it's not the first time, either.
He admitted that.
Oh, god, it's so horrible!
It's so horrible!
He says we're alike, he and I.
Did he?
He says we're both afraid of
life and people and... and sex.
There, I've said it.
I've said the word.
He says I hate saying it, even.
And I do! He's right,
I do, I do!
Please, try and control yourself.
Someone may come in.
Will he be all right, do you think?
Because, in spite of what he's done,
I don't want anything bad to happen to him.
I just want him to be happy.
I want him to find anotherfriend in his other hotel,
help him to forget his fright.
Do you think that he will?
I hope so.
So do I.
Oh, god, so do I!
Here's your sixpence.
I'm afraid that place was full up, but, ah...
I'll find something else.
Well, ah... goodbye, Sibyl.
God bless you.
I know perfectly well
what you must think of me.
Thank you for being so kind to her.
I have a couple of pipes here somewhere.
I better take them with me
I suppose. That's everything,
I think.
- Are you all right?
- Yes, yes, I'm all right.
I'm all right, Pat.
Well, what... th-that was a-a fine way
to behave, dashing out into the night.
- Where've you been?
- I don't know. I-I walked a long way.
How is she?
Is she all right?
- Your hands are like ice.
- What about her? Is she all right?
She's all right, John.
I'll get you some tea.
- Did I hurt her?
- No.
She was pretty hysterical last night,
but that was hardly surprising.
She fell, though, didn't she?
I seem to remember pushing her.
Her falling, hitting her head...
She's all right, John.
Whatever you did, there's been
no damage, no damage at all.
She's leaving this morning.
Did you ring, Miss?
Some tea for Mr. Malcolm, please.
- Tea? Just before breakfast?
- That will be all, Doreen.
Oh, okay, Doke.
We talked most of the night. I...
didn't want to get a doctor.
John, did you know that
she took drugs?
Drugs?
It's only the kind to make you sleep,
but she takes about 3 times the proper dose.
- The damn little fool.
- She takes them in the daytime, too.
Why does she do it?
Why do you go to the Feathers?
But I don't understand.
She was going to be married...
That's not true.
- But she told me.
- I'm simply telling you, that's not true.
Well, there's not much to choose
between you two is there?
When you're together,
you slash each other to pieces,
and when you're apart,
you slash yourselves to pieces.
All told, it's quite a problem.
- I'm going to tell her that you're here.
- No, Pat, don't do that.
I'll just stay out of her way till she's gone.
- She's only waiting to hear how you are.
- You can tell her I'm all right.
You don't think perhaps
you might tell her that yourself?
No, Pat, no.
It's your own business, of course.
I think if I was in your place, I'd want to.
You don't know
what it's like to be in my place.
You can't even guess.
O, yes, I think I can, John.
I said there was a refuge for you here.
I was wrong. There is no refuge.
- There's no refuge from yourself.
- Stop it, Pat, please.
Listen, why won't you face facts?
Do you think I enjoy seeing your refuge
blow down over your head?
After all, I've shared it with you
for a good many years.
In a way, I'm under the debris, too, you know...
Pat, stop it, please.
I'm asking you to stop it.
Yes, all right. I'll stop it.
Here we are, all cozy now.
- Put it there, Doreen.
- Rightey-oh.
She'll have to go, that girl.
Pat... I'm sorry, but...
but give me one reason,
give me just one good reason
why I should ever see her again?
All right. Just one then,
and god knows it's not for me to say it...
because you love her,
and she needs you.
What went on between you two last night?
How did she win you over?
She didn't win me over,
John, for heaven's sake.
Feeling the way I do,
do you think she could?
Anyway, to do her justice,
she didn't even try.
I could see her as she is, all right. I...
I think all you've ever told me
about her is probably true.
She is vain and spoiled
and selfish and deceitful.
Of course, with... you being in love with her,
you see all those things as sort of...
monstrous sins.
I see them as ordinary faults.
I don't like them,
but it doesn't stop me being sorry
for a woman who's ill and lonely...
and desperately in need of help.
Well, shall...
I tell her that you're here?
No.
No, Pat.
Just let her go back to her own life, and...
leave me here to live mine in peace.
Well, that would be fine, John,
If you tell me just one little thing...
what sort of peace you
living in down here?
Is it even living?
- Is it, John?
- It'll do.
Thank you. At this moment,
I don't think I could have borne tact.
Well, if... If you won't face her,
there's the door, and outside's the street,
and down the street is the Feathers.
It's a bit early,
but I'm sure they'll open up for you.
Come in.
- I'm so sorry, you're busy.
- No, Major, come in. It's all right.
- Well, I can come back.
- That's all right, Major, I was just leaving, I've already taken up more of Miss Cooper's time than I deserve. I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have barged in. I'm afraid I've upset him. No, you didn't upset him. Now, what can I do for you, Major? It's just, if you don't mind, to, ah... to get my bill ready. I want to make it perfectly plain, Major. That there's no question whatever of my asking you to leave this hotel. If you wish to stay, you're perfectly at liberty to do so. Well, that's very good of you, but, ah... of course, I have to go. Very well. I'll send you a forwarding address when I... when I get something fixed. I hate to bring this up, but... would you mind very much if I... hid here in your office when I bring my bags down? - I don't awfully want to... - Of course. And thank you for being so kind. God knows I don't deserve it, but I'm... I'm very grateful. I do wish you'd change your mind. Miss Cooper, the plain fact is that... I'm far too much of a coward to stay on here now. At least you wouldn't be forced into any more of that 'Major' stuff, would you? I might be forced into something a good deal more... inclusive. Cleaning the old service revolver, perhaps. Make a nasty mess on one of your carpets and bring an ugly scandal to your hotel. I'd take the risk, it you would. You're thinking of Sibyl, of course? Sibyl, too, yes. Not a hope.
Not a hope in the whole blinking wide world.
I know my form, you see.
Still, that is the part about it that I...
that I hate the most.
She's distinctly an odd one, almost a case...
mind of a child and all that.
And yet, she means quite a...
quiet a lot to me.
I rather think you mean
a lot to her, too.
I would like to think so.
You know, one's awfully apt
to try and excuse oneself sometimes by saying,  
"well, what I do doesn't do
anybody else much harm.'
But one does, you see.
And that's not a thought that I like very much.
Well, mustn't miss
the old train, what, what?
I must... I must stop saying 'what.'
Cheery-bye.
Better stop doing that, too,
I suppose.
Charles...
Oh, Charles, you were asleep.
Darling, I just can't go on like this.
I just simply can't
Like what?
Well, y-you've just got to marry me
so I can get some sleep.
I'm never going to
pass these exams.
All right.
What?
All right, we'll be married.
Jean.
Well, after all, if really isn't
going to make the slightest bit of difference.
First of all, we'd better call my mother
so she can get started on the arrangements.
Oh, and you'd better call
your father in Liverpool.
Charles, how many children
do you think we should have?
I think maybe 3 to start, don't you?
Y-yes, dear.
- Good morning, Mr. Malcolm.
- Good morning, Miss Meacham.
- Are you all right, Ann?
- Yes, thank you.
- I was worried about you.
- You shouldn't have been.
- Toast, Mrs. Shankland?
- No, thank you.
- Haddock or boiled egg?
- Just coffee, please.
I'm glad you came in.
It gives me a chance to say
how sorry I am I had to lie to you.
Tell me something, Ann.
When you say you need me,
is it me that you need, or...
or just my love?
Because if it's my love,
you must know that you have that.
- It's you, John.
- Why? Why?
I suppose because
you're all the things I'm not.
You're honest and true and...
dependable and sincere and...
virtues that I don't have anymore.
So you see, Ann,
I could never satisfy your need.
And I know that you could
never satisfy mine.
I would never try to again.
I won't bother you anymore.
Going back to New York?
I suppose so.
You must have friends there...
hundreds of acquaintances.
You know better than that, John.
It's hard to believe, but...
you can be more alone
in New York than... in this hotel.
Even with their separate tables,
they can talk back and forth.
Being alone in a crowd is worse.
It's more painful, more frightening.
So frightening, J...
So frightening.
I'm an awful coward, you see, I...
I've never been able to face anything alone...
being ill, having operations and all that, and...
now I can't even face just...
just getting old.
Oh, that damn waitress will come back and catch me crying.
- How did you sleep, dear?
- Oh, not at all well...
that dreadful business about the Major.
I know. Never wracking, isn't it?
I'm utterly shattered, myself.
Poached eggs for you, isn't it?
You should know by now
that Miss Railton-Bell never has anything but a poached egg for breakfast.
I forget things, dear.
That's my trouble.
There you are.
Eat your egg, dear.
You don't want people to think that you're still upset over that horrible man, how do you?
No, mummy.
Sorry, Major, there's been a muddle.
I'll lay your table right away.
Mabel, no, 7's in.
You said he was out.
Well, that's what Edgar said.
Edgar said he was leaving.
- Haddock? It's nice this morning.
- Very well, thank you.
There we are.
All cozy now.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Good morning.
- Lovely day, isn't it?
- Yes, it is.
Should be fine for the course.
If the weather holds up,
I may be able to give you a winner tomorrow.
Well, thank you.
Thank you very much.
I may not be here tomorrow.
I see.
It's suddenly turned very cold
in here, dear, don't you think?
I think I shall move my chair around
out of the draft.
Good morning.
Have you seen the latest, ah, cricket score?
No, I haven't.
We're doing rather well.
Australia all out 246.
- Oh, I am glad to hear that.
- Yes, it is encouraging, isn't it?
Well, really.
Good morning.
Gladys.
I, ah... I hope you're having the haddock,
it's delicious.
- Yes, I am.
- Good.
Come, Sibyl.
- I haven't finished yet.
- It doesn't matter, dear.
Come with me into the lounge.
No, mummy.
Sibyl, come with me at once.
No, mummy. I'm going to stay here
in the dining room and finish my breakfast.
I saw the new moon
through glass last night.
Did you, indeed?
Some people think that's unlucky,
don't they?
Yes, they do.
But then, I don't believe
in superstition. Do you?
No, as a matter of fact,
I, Ah... I don't.
You know, don't you, Ann, 
that we don't have very much hope together. 
Have we all that much apart? 
Good morning, lady Matheson. 
- Good morning. 
- Good morning. 
Edgar says your taxi has arrived, 
Mr. Pollock. 
Ask him to send it away again, 
would you, please? 
Very well. 
Lunch at the usual time then. 
Lunch at the usual time then. 
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