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Stars Don't Die in Liverpool

By Matt Greenhalgh

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Harpoon Penelope's pansies leaving poor Penelope perplexed.

Whoo.

Major Mickey makes...

Major Mickey's malt makes me merry.

Five minutes, Miss Grahame.

Thanks, honey.

Ladies and gentlemen,

this evening's performance of The Glass Menagerie

will begin in five minutes.

Could you please take your seats?

Miss Grahame?

You might be in a luxury hotel, Bella,

three-star and that, maybe more.

I don't want to be staying in a bloody luxury hotel.

Oh, come on, Ma! What do you mean?

You don't want to get waited on hand and foot like the Queen of Sheba?

Joseph, my Queen of Sheba days went down the swanny

the day I married your bloody father.

You big lump of lard!

You forgot to tell me till now?

We're supposed to be off on Tuesday.

I'd never have agreed if I'd known.

Sod this.

- Come on, girl.

- What's going on?

Come on.

What, you mean apart from you wearing mascara?

Eh? Poncey actors getting dressed up as birds!

Weird job for a man, that, if you ask me.

Well, no one's asking you, are they?

Anyway, I'm not playing a bird.

I'm playing a nurse in an Alan Bleasdale play.

- Shut up, you knobhead.

- Joseph, enough!

Ma, you sound stressed.

- What's going on?

- Well...

I've just been reliably informed, by looking at the bloody tickets, that there's a 24-hour stopover in Manila when we fly back from Australia.

Well, what's wrong with that?

Manila's nice, isn't it?

- Yeah, it's lovely.

- No, Peter, it is not nice.

I'll have just said goodbye to your brother Billy for maybe the last time.

- Don't start, Ma.

- Don't be daft.

No, no, you two don't be daft.

I won't be going back all that way again.

And our Billy won't be coming back to Liverpool ever.

So, yeah, probably the last time I'll see him before I leave this world.

The last time.

And I'll be thinking about that, I know I will,

and I don't want to be thinking about it on a bloody 24-hour stopover in Manila.

Well, go on. He's waiting.

This is Peter Turner.

OK, Lancaster Hotel.

We'll be there as soon as we can.

I don't even know where the bloody place is.

Ma, you're stressed cos it's your first time on an aeroplane and that.

It'll be fine.

Come here, come here.

It's all right.

- God, I've missed them.

- I know you have.

I know you have. We all have, you know.

All bloody heartbreakers, the lot of you.

They don't tell you that when your legs are laced up in stirrups.

It's the Lancaster Theatre.

- Some director on the phone for you.

- You what?

Saying something about your Gloria.

She's ill or something.

Why didn't you tell me you were in England?

Please don't be angry.

You've been 60 miles away and you couldn't pick up a phone?

And now I hear you're ill.

I just have gas, that's all.

It's just gas.

That's not what they said on the phone.

Have you been to a hospital?

Yes, and I left.

- The doctors there got me like this.

- If you're still not feeling right,

don't you think you should go back so someone can see you?

I don't wanna go back.

I just wanna see your mom.

Gloria, it's Peter.

It's open.

Oh, could you turn that off, please?

Could you take me to your house, Peter?

Bella could take care of me.

Could you take me to Liverpool?

I could get better there.

I mean, do you really think that's a good idea?

I mean, me and you?

Mind your head.

There.

- OK?

- Yeah.

Bella!

- Gloria, love.

- Oh...

- How are you?

- Oh, I'm OK.

Or I will be.

I said she could stay with us, Ma, just till she feels better.

- Yeah, of course she can.

- Oh, this won't be for long.

Well, you can stay as long as you want, my love.

I've really missed you.

- Pops.

- Great to see you, love.

Oh.

Right, shall we get you off to bed, then?

You should have given me some warning.

I'd have put the electric blanket on.

- I'm sorry. All right, Da?

- It's freezing up there.

Do you want your PJs?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- There you go.

- Thank you.

- You kept it.

- Oh, of course.

It's beautiful.

I'll call your family, let 'em know you're here.

Oh, no, no.

Please don't.

They'll just gossip and worry and...

And I'm gonna be fine,
seriously, so please don't bother anyone.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah.

Do you remember when we bought these on Bond Street?

Yeah, they're my ruby-red slippers.

Primrose Hill.

We had fun, right?

Yeah, we did.

You all right?

I just can't... it's just the gas. I...

Oh, I can't...

Would you burp me, Peter, please?

- Could I have some milk, please?

- Yeah.

You know I love milk.

I'll get you some milk.

Fluffy, floppy puppy.

Fluffy, floppy puppy.

Here, that's my new tenant.

Ah. Fluffy, floppy puppy.

Fluffy, floppy puppy.

Look at her.

Ah, it's like My Fair bleedin' Lady.

- Who is she?

- She's an actress, a famous one, too,
or was.

- What's her name?

- Gloria Grahame.

- Always played the tart.

- Never heard of her.

Big name in black and white films.

- Not doing so well in colour, obviously.

- What makes you say that?

Well, she ain't swanning about Sunset Boulevard now,
is she, Peter, love?

No. She's renting a room in my house and talking a load of bollocks.

Sally saw Sylvester.

I've been on tenterhooks

Ending in dirty looks

Listening to the musak, thinking about this and that

She'll say that's that

I don't wanna chitter-chat.

Turn it down a little bit or turn it down flat

Pump it up when you don't really need it

Pump it up until you can feel it

Mrs Weston's up there.

Shit.

Hey, you're the next-door guy, right?

Which makes you the girl next door.

Hey, have you seen the movie Saturday Night Fever?

Er, yeah, I've seen it.

Actually, I saw it three times.

Oh, so you like disco dancing?

Oh, God, um...

Well, I like drunk dancing.

Oh, so if I make you a drink, will you come into my room and hustle with me?

I need a partner for my dance class.

I mean, if you fix me a drink, I'll come in and clean your bathroom.

Huh!

If you're thinking you're too cool to boogie-woogie

Boy, oh, boy, have I got news for you

Everybody here tonight must boogie

Everybody boogie

Let me tell you, you are no exception to the rule

Get on up on the floor

Cos we're gonna boogie, oogie, oogie till you just can't boogie no more

Can't boogie

Can't boogie no more

You can't boogie no more

- Ooh!

- Can't boogie

Wow!

- We got some moves going on here.

- They miscast that Travolta bloke.

Would you just watch the hair?

I worked a long time on my hair and then he hits it.

He hits my hair!

- It's him.

- No, I got a better bum.

Hoo!

Yeah, I noticed.

So, you're an actor, too, right?

Er, well...

- I pretend to be.

- What are you working on?

Er, the usual.

Tables, chairs, sideboards.

Huh?

I work in a second-hand furniture shop right now.

I'm in between acting jobs, I'm afraid.

Oh, don't be afraid, honey.

Happens to all of us.

Hey, let me fix you another drink.

Oh, shit. Shit.

No, no, no. I can't. Fuck.

Sorry. I've got to meet a friend at the theatre tonight.

Oh. A friend, huh?

Him friend or her friend?

- It's a him friend, yeah.

- Uh-huh?

- What are you gonna see?

- Krapp's Last Tape by Beckett.

- Hope it's better than it sounds.

- It's a one-man play.

- Oh, I love those things.

- Why?

You get to say all the lines.

OK, well, pop by any time.

We can talk about the craft.

Swap notes and stuff.

And maybe we could, er...

- More disco?

- Sure, you bet.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

It was, er...

It was really lovely to meet you, Gloria.

And you, Peter.

See you around.

Is this like a date or more...

Well, I thought you could do with a break from rehearsals.

Oh, gosh, you're so kind.

You were sending me spare with all that "laa, poo, bah, mah" shite.

Oh, honesty! I like that in a fella.

- Are you OK?

- I'm all right, yeah.

Wow, blood and guts everywhere.

Isn't that something?

That was fucking terrifying.

I could use a drink after that.

Er, pint of bitter for me, please.

- And you'll be having?

- I'll have the same.

- Two pints, please, mate.

- I'll be right with you.

Yeah, it's when the small aliens pop out from between your legs that things get complicated.

Oh, yeah? How many times has that happened to you, then?

Oh, uh, only the four.

Four?

Yeah.

What, you didn't think I'd have any kids?

No, I just didn't expect you to have four.

You know. That's like, er, well...

One more than three.

Yeah.

- So, where are they now?

- Oh, I keep them safe.

With my four ex-husbands.

I am going to go powder my nose.

Oh, right. I, er...

Howdy.

Howdy.

That's, uh, 90 pence, mate.

Um, listen, I don't mean to pry, but, um, that's not Gloria, um...

Oh, what's-her-face.

...Grahame, is it?

She says she is, yeah.

I recognise that pout.

She was in loads of things, in the '50s.

- Proper film star she was.

- Apparently so, yeah.

- Yeah, yeah.

- Thanks.

Won an Oscar, too, if memory serves.

What?

What?

What, what?

You, that's what.

- You've gone all quiet on me.

- Oh.

No.

I'm just the strong, silent type, that's all.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah. Yeah.

You should be thinking, you know,
Robert Redford.

You know? Sundance Kid, that's what you should be thinking.

- OK, I'm thinking.

- Yeah?

Yeah, I like it. I like that thought.

- What's your play called?

- Rain.

What's it about?

Oh, you know, sex, sin, salvation.

Yeah, just another day in the Gloria Grahame office, honey.
Becoming a bit of a habit, this.

Yeah, I guess it has.

I like habits, especially bad ones.

Hey, I got a question for you.

How do you join the Royal Shakespeare Company?

Er...

Well, I'm sure you don't just fill out a form, you know.

I think you, er...

- I think you get invited to apply.

- And how do you get invited?

Um...

I don't know.

- No?

- I think it's through your agent.

I'll have my agent check.

Why do you... why do you ask?

Because I really wanna play Juliet for the RSC.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

- Juliet?

- Yeah.

You mean the nurse, don't you?

No, I... do you think I'm... I'm too old to play Juliet?

Well...

Wait, you just think I'm an old lady?

I...

I'm just too old for you, that's what you're saying.

No. No, I'm sorry, um, I shouldn't have...

No, no. No, well...

I'll tell you something.

You're wrong.

OK?

And I am going to go down to the theatre right now
and I am going to see one of their shows
and I am going to check out the competition.

Yeah. Hey, thanks.

Thanks a lot.

- I'm sorry.

- You know what?

At least I have a chance of joining the RS goddamn C
because at least I'm an actor who works.

I'm sorry. I really...

- I didn't mean to...

- Move!

- No. It's OK. Just move!

- I'm not even sure

- if the RSC even has a show tonight.

- They do have a show.

It's at the Aldwych Theatre.

It's The Merchant of Venice and it's...

Whoo! Whoo!

Whoo!

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Thanks for coming back, Gloria.

- It was brilliant.

- Oh, thank you.

- Georgie!

- Darling.

- Mwah, mwah.

- Oh.

Superlatives are redundant.

- This is my good friend Peter.

- Hi.

- This is Georgie, who produced this gig.

- Hi.

There's an exquisite brasserie in Soho.

We can stay up, wait for the rave reviews.

Gloria, it's time for the photo shoot.

Oh, OK. Just give me a minute.

- Georgie, thank you.

- Darling.

- You were so beautiful.

- Oh, gosh.

- Congratulations, Miss Grahame.

- Thank you. Thank you so much.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

Georgie wants to fuck you.

Darling, everybody here wants to fuck me.

Gloria, you're great!

There's card men and crap-shooters

They congregate around the Metropole

Wearing flashy ties and collars

But where they get their dollars

They've all got an ace down in the hole

- How's she doing?

- Oh, she's all right.

She's still sleeping.

She looks in a bad way.

She has gas in her stomach.

Gas?

It's American for indigestion.

Well...

I don't know anything,

but I hope it's that, son.

I do hope so.

- I'll take this up.

- All right.

Dumped in the skip on Lark Lane.

That's probably for a reason.

Help us into the shed with it.

I'll treat you to a pint.

Your ma's here if Gloria wakes up.

She'll sort her out.

Come on, have a pint with your old fella.

Spitting feathers here.

Here you go.

Hold on!

Go on! There you go!

We saw all her films, you know, me and your ma.

- Big fans of Gloria we were.

- Yeah?

I knew you'd seen all her films.

I didn't know you were fans.

Well, we didn't know what to say when she turned up the first time.

We expected the sort of Gloria Grahame from Birkenhead or Penny Lane,
not that Gloria Grahame from the Woolton Picture Palace.

We never expected that Gloria Grahame in our kitchen,

necking a bacon butty, asking for tommy sauce.

Bit of a shock, huh?

- She were a bloke's actress, though.
- Mmm.
- That one with Bogart?
- Er, In A Lonely Place.
Gorgeous mouth.
You knew you'd get sore lips walking her home.
She needs to see a doctor.
Well, she won't. She won't.
And, er, she doesn't like 'em anyway.
Nobody likes them when they bring bad news but...
We'll care for her, though. It's just...
She needs her family if she's sick.
She needs to be with her own.
Operator?
Er, international, please.
United States, California.
And the number is 2-1-3-5-5-5...
Peter?
Peter!
Peter! Peter! Peter!
Peter! Peter!
White zone is for loading and unloading only.
Oh! Oh!
Well, baby...
Oh, my!
Look at that.
- Incredible, right?
- It's unbelievable.
God, everything just feels so sunshiney!
It's like the air is just full of, um...
Yeah, Hollywood horseshit. I know.
On a winter's day...
I'm so glad.
I, I'd be safe and warm
If I was, if I was in LA
Mmm, yeah
California dreamin'
Dream on
Oye, mira, yo quiero gozar en California
Porque yo me siento tan bien
Y por eso yo te quiero porque tu me tratas...
I'm so excited for you to meet my mum and sister later.
Come on in.
- Wow!

- The east wing.

The west wing.

- This is great!

- The north, the south.

That pretty much covers it.

I'll get some wine.

It's great, isn't it? I love it.

- Oh, cheers, cheers.

- Cheers.

Come on, I'll show you out back.

You are joking!

Yeah. Amazing, huh?

- Yeah.

- This is incredible.

Right?

Wow.

I lived in a mansion once, right next door to Bogie and Betty.

- Did you?

- Yeah.

- Next door?

- Yeah. He was so good to me.

He gave me the best acting advice once.

He said, "Just keep it in the shadows, Gloria.

"Let the camera come to you."

Isn't that great?

You don't miss it, though?

- That life, the mansions, all that?

- No. Who needs 12 bathrooms?

Plus, I'm not good with a vacuum cleaner anyway.

Here it's just, you know, I grow my own tomatoes.

I look out at the ocean.

- And you're here.

- I know.

- I missed you.

- I missed you so much.

- I've got another view to show you.

- Oh, yeah?

Yeah.

I hope you'll find it just as desirable.

Now, this view is my favourite.

- Yeah, me, too.

- Yeah.

Oh!

That's funny.

Peter, you do know Gloria's descended from British royalty?

No!

Like "God save the Queen" royalty?

- Really?

- Oh!

Yes, her father's line descends from John of Gaunt,
the Duke of Lancaster.

The Shakespearean one.

"This royal throne of kings,

"this sceptred isle, this earth of majesty,

"this seat of Mars,

"this...

"This...

"This other..."

Eden.

Yes.

Well done, dear.

"...this other Eden,

"this

"demi-paradise..."

"...this blessed plot, this earth, this England."

Oh, bravo!

Bravo!

Oh, the Bard's always been close to my heart,
from the first time I played Ophelia.

Ooh!

Among many other roles, I should add, of course.

Yep, the Bard's the nuts, Mom.

Gloria should have played more Shakespeare, in my opinion.

- I agree.

- Lady Macbeth springs to mind.

I can't believe she's never played Juliet.

I mean, look at her.

Doesn't she just ooze tragic romance?

Hmm?

God, you must be so proud of your daughter.

Oh, it was always obvious she would be successful.

I just wish she'd tried a little bit harder.

I'm right here, by the way, Mom.

Yes, she was just as good as the, um,
well, the other blonde.

Oh... Um...

You know, the nice girl who had an affair with the President.

- Thanks, Ma.

- How old are you, by the way, Peter?

If you don't mind me asking.

- I'm 28. Yep.

- Oh.

Not that much younger than Tim, then.

Tim is your first son, right?

Yeah.

Yeah, Tim's dad was Nick Ray.

He directed Rebel Without a Cause.

- That's right, yeah.

- Hollywood big shot.

Yeah, I love James Dean.

God, he was so cool.

- Amazing, wasn't he?

- Yeah.

Kind of a strange set-up, though, don't you think, Peter?

Er, what do you mean?

Well, Gloria must have mentioned her fourth husband, Tony.

Who also happened to be Gloria's stepson.

It wasn't like Tony was a child or anything.

Not when you got married.

But what about when you first screwed him?

Hey, Mom, take this bitch home before I take her fucking head off!

Er...

Well...

- I suppose this is, er...

- Peter... Peter, do us a favour.

Don't marry Gloria, even if she begs.

It would be so embarrassing.

Again.

I'll go and check on her.

That sister of mine, she can be such a jerk.

Listen, I'm a good mother, Peter, OK?

You just ask any of my kids.

They'll tell you, I promise.

Is what she said true?

No. But everybody in this town has already made up their mind.

I'm just sick of the yapping.

You gotta think what you wanna think.

Look, Peter, I'm being honest with you.

Come here.

I think

that it doesn't matter what Joy says or thinks or your mum
or anyone else.

- Really?

- Not to me.

Thank you.

I'm so relieved.

Thank you.

It's beautiful, right?

I've never seen anything quite like it.

I've got something to tell you.

And I don't think I've told anyone before.

Yeah?

Only tell me if you wanna tell me.

Well,

in the past I've, er...

I've enjoyed boyfriends as well as girlfriends.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Hmm.

I've enjoyed girlfriends as well as boyfriends.

So, I guess that makes us even.

It's OK.

It's OK.

I just want to be honest with you.

You hear that?

You see those little fish? Oh, wow!

The grunions are running.

Oh, my God!

That only happens once in a while.

They swim up to the beach and go crazy for each other.

- Are they all right?

- Yeah, sure they are.

They're just making love.

They're in love, just like us, Peter.

They're in love, just like us, Peter.

They're in love, just like us, Peter.

They're in love, just like us, Peter.

Hello. Could I speak to a Dr Taylor, please?

Dr Taylor?

Yes, this is Peter Turner.

I'm a close friend of Gloria Grahame.

Well, I'd just like to know a bit more about her condition,
the gas she's been complaining of in her stomach.

The gas, yeah.

Well, I'm the closest she has to family in England right now.

Er, I mean, she's staying with me until she gets better, so...

I'm sorry, what?

Yeah, I'm still here, yeah.

- Are you awake?

- Mmm, no.

- I am.

- I can tell.

When Peter came along, I was 40 by then.

I thought my child-bearing hips had long gone.

God, you must have been one healthy mama, Bella.

So, you were shocked, right?

No, not by then.

No, nothing shocks me much anymore, love.

- Mm-hmm...

- Apart from, uh,
stopovers in bloody Manila.

- Oh. Hey, you gotta go.

- Oh, I don't know.

No, no, listen. You have got to.

A son always needs his mom,
no matter how old they get.

Billy needs you and, uh,
if you've got to stay over in Manila in order to see him, you gotta do it.
OK?

Oh, I need you, darling
I want to see you right now
Can you slip away?

Slip away

Slip away, yeah

I need apricot kernels and, uh, black grape juice.

Uh, yeah.

You should get something for yourself, too, honey. You look wiped.
Are you OK?

Uh, yeah, I'm fine, yeah.

- Ma, I'm just gonna take this down.

- Yeah.

What would I give
For just for a few moments
What would I give
Just to have you near
Tell me you will try
To slip away somehow

- Hey, Peter.

- Hey.

Yeah, your mom's been ironing me out.

She's so bloody beautiful.

Well, I was.

Don't be daft. Those movie-idol looks don't just wither away.

They're with you for life.

- Hey, Peter?

- Hmm?

Uh, could you go to the health-food store for me?

I need, uh...

- Hey.

- Hiya.

- You're all wet.

- Yeah, I know.

I know. I got caught in it.

It's still lashing it down, actually.

Oh.

Thank you.

Glo...

You know I've got a show tonight, don't you?

Oh, yeah.

Me mum's downstairs, though, if you need anything.

OK.

Oh...

Could you hand me my make-up?

Yeah.

- There you go.

- Thank you.

I spoke to the doctor.

The one who treated you in Lancaster.

He's told me what's wrong with you.

OK, well, I don't want any fuss.

- No, but we have to...

- No, I can get better, OK?

- What he said...

- No, I can get better.

I know I can. I... I can do it.

OK?

- What about your family?

- They don't need to know.

- They should know.

- No, they would be scared.

Right?

You are all I need.

You and...

Bella and Pops and Joe.

You're all I need.

But we don't really know what to do for you.

You know? You should go to a hospital

- where they can treat you...

- No.

...where they can actually

- take proper care of you.

- No.

- Glo, please...

- No! No!

I...

can get better, OK?

I'm sorry.

I can do it. I can get better.

I promise you.

I'm better now, already.

Just us.

Yeah?

- Peter!

- Yeah?

Come in here, please.

Come and sit down.

What's up?

Well, we all know what's up, love.

With Gloria.

I don't know what you want me to say.

You can start with the truth.

For fuck's sake, it's cancer.

I knew it.

What's her family said?

- Er, she hasn't told them.

- Eh?

What? She needs to tell the family.

She doesn't want me to.

I've made a promise that I won't.

Gloria says she's gonna get better.

She's sure of it and I believe her.

Peter, someone needs to be told and they need to get over here quick.

There might be unexpected things to deal with.

Ma, I'm just telling you what Gloria said.

That's all.

- I can't deal with this.

- Ma, she's not delirious upstairs.

She knows what's going on.

She knows what she's talking about.

Cancel the flights.

I'm not going to Australia.

No, not with Gloria up there the way she is.

- Ma, you can't do that.

- No.

She needs me here so this is where I'm gonna be.

- Ma!

- Not in Australia, not in bloody Manila.

End of story.

- You best sort this.

- What do you mean? Sort what?

Sort this.

It's not right, Peter, lad.

But it's what she wants.

What she wants? This is my ma's house.

What about what she wants?

You need to tell that girl's family.

No, I don't, Dad.

- Yeah, you do.

- And neither will you.

Just leave her alone.

- Peter.

- Oh, sorry, mate.

I could have you both struck off for this, you know.

Now, this town is full of guys

Who think they're mighty wise

There's conmen and there's boosters

There's card men and crap-shooters

They congregate around the Metropole

Wearing flashy ties and collars

But where they get their dollars

They've all got an ace

Down in the hole

Some of them send to their old folks for dough

And that's their ace in the hole

Others have friends on that

Old tenderloin

And that's their ace in the hole

They'll tell you trips

That they're going to take

- From Frisco up to the North Pole

- ...North Pole

But their name would be mud

They'd be in...

Oh!

Bella! Bella!

I don't like you

But I love you

Seems that I'm always

Thinking of you, baby

Oh, my, my, my, my

You treat me wrong now

But I love you strong now

You've really got a hold on me

Place your bets, please.

Eileen.

Ah, Peter.

Hiya.

- Are you all right?

- I'm sorry, I know you're working.

- Don't be daft. How's Gloria?

- Sorry.

Auntie Bella told me ma.

What's going on?

Peter, she shouldn't be in the spare room at your ma's, you know.

She needs to go to the hizzie.

She doesn't believe in hizzies, does she?

Or doctors. She doesn't like 'em.

She hates them.

You know, Gloria's saying she's going to be OK.

You know, she's going to toddle off back to Lancaster
and keep playing Amanda in The Glass Menagerie.

You know, it's just...

It's just tough.

Because, er...

You know, she's hugging me and kissing me like...

Like she used to.

It's hard because I fucking love her.

Come on.

Come on, hey.

- I'm OK, really.

- Yeah?

Hey, do you remember that amazing day we all had together in New York, eh?

I couldn't wait to get my arse off that shitty cruise ship I was grafting
on.

But being met by a real-life movie star when I got off the boat?

I couldn't believe it.

I know.

Ready? Ah.

Come here.

So, one, two...

- Cheese!

- Everton!

Love you. I'll miss you.

Don't forget your bits and pieces.

- All right. Have a good trip.

- All right.

- I'll see you back there.

- I will do.

- Bye.

- Love you. Gloria, see you in Liverpool.

All right. I'll see you soon.

Bye. Love you. Bye!

See you.

- Crazy girl. I love her.

- She is, isn't she?

Liverpool.

I just wanna go back to Liverpool.

- Say it again, Peter.

- Liverpool.

Oh!

Wow.

- I'm in love. I miss it.

- That's crazy to me.

It's crazy that we're in New York and you miss Liverpool.

Oh, yippee, Liza's here.

- Liza?

- Yeah, Liza.

One more, Miss Minnelli.

Oh, Liza!

She practically lives here.

What kind of a person hangs out in a joint
where you're labelled on the lampshade, anyway?

I don't know why I brought you here.

- Why did you, then?

- I don't know.

Maybe I wanted to impress you.

- You wanted to impress me?

- Yeah.

Hey, can we just go back to my place and order pizza?

What do you mean?

Do you mean they'll actually... they don't deliver pizza to the apartment?

Yeah.

- It's America, baby.

- I love that.

Hey,

we can exit stage-left through the kitchen

and avoid the flashbulbs out front.

And Liza. Let's go.

Peter, before we go...

Tell me how I look.

Gloria, honey,

you look beautiful.

So you don't think I'm some old maiden

just trying to get my kicks out of a handsome young man?

Well, if you are, I'm not complaining.

Fuck you!

Whoa.

Whoa! Look, that was a joke!

Yeah, fuck you!

Gloria, I was... I was...

That was a joke. I was joking!

Gloria, come on, open up.

Hey, Stella!

So you got me figured as some pepped-up Blanche DuBois type, huh?

Careful with that. You might be right.

You know, I had to tip the concierge five dollars

- just to let me in.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

- He owes me 10 percent, then.

Has anyone ever told you you look like Lauren Bacall when you smoke?

- Yeah, Humphrey Bogart.

- Oh.

I didn't like it then, either.

All the stars are in the sky tonight, huh?

Yeah, I guess that's where they should be.

I like that thing.

- What thing?

- That Chrysler Building thing.

Do you know what I like?

Amuse me.

Your face.

I love it here so much.

You know, you ought to come over here and live with me.

Don't I already?

No, no, no. At the moment, you just stay where I stay.

I'm talking about, you know, moving in.

LA in the winter. Works for our careers.

If I've still got one.

And we love each other, so, yeah.

What do you think?

I think...

I think I'm just a boy who can't say no.

That means yes.

Yeah. But are you sure they said it's a straight offer?

Cos sometimes you can hear things funny.

I'm not going deaf, son.

It's the new Bleasdale play at the Liverpool Playhouse.

- I've got the number here.

- You can give me his number,

- but I'm not sure I can do it.

- Why not?

Well, I don't want to go all the way back there just for an audition.

Anyway, I live here now, don't I?

Things between me and Glo, they're, uh,

serious and, um,

you know, it's important to me that I'm here and I...

I don't want to mess it up by going back all the way there.

You need to earn a living, son.

That's how we brought you up.

Now, have you got a pen?

Yeah, I've got one. Go on, go on.

- 0-5-1...

- Yeah.

...4-9-6...

0-3-2-9.

I'm gonna have to go, Ma.

Gloria just walked back in the door.

Oh, OK, love.

I love you, too.

All right, ta-ra. Bye.

Hello, hello, hello!

Where have you been?

Where did I say I was?

Er, well, you said you were out with your agent.

Oh. That's where I was, then.

What, from 7:

Gloria?

Peter?

Is everything OK?

Huh?

"Huh?" Did you say "huh"?

You're in New York five minutes and you say that?

You sound like some plastic Hollywood Brit who forgot to leave.

I was just starting to get worried, that's all.

Yeah, well, I'm in a bad mood.

Could you just leave me alone?

I got a headache.

- Peter... Peter...

- Mmm?

Stop.

Do you fancy doing stuff today?

What about a matinee?

I'm... I'm busy.

Doing what?

Auditions.

What time are you finished?

Later.

- Hi.

- Hiya.

How were the auditions today?

Oh...

You know, no one knows anything in this business.

I'm gonna take a shower.

You didn't have any auditions today, did you?

- I called your agent.

- You called my...

Oh, Jesus!

Oh, so, what? Am I busted now?

Is it someone else?

Wow. Would you believe me if I said no?

Would you?

- Then no.

- All right, what is it, then?

Oh, for God's sake, Peter!

I've got four kids. I don't need five.

- I'm not a kid, Gloria!

- Well, then, stop acting like one, OK?

I was out and now I'm back.

Listen, I've been offered a job back in England.

It's a theatre gig in Liverpool.

- Oh. Good for you.

- I start rehearsals in three weeks.

Yeah? Well, have you taken it?

- Do you want me to take it?

- Do you want me to make up

- your mind for you?

- Fuck's sake!

Things, they haven't been right for the past few days now.

I'm just trying to get to the bottom of it, that's all.

You wanna leave me? Fine, leave me!

People have been walking out on me my whole life, honey.

That is not what I'm saying.

- Gloria, that's not what I'm saying.

- I got an idea.

Why don't you just go now?

OK? Just go right fucking now.

Are you fucking serious?

Did I say something wrong?

What did I do?

Glo, I just want to talk to you.

Would you just...

Listen, would you just talk to me, please?

Have I done something wrong?

Get out of my way!

Tell me! Tell me what I've done.

Pack it in!

You're acting like a crazy old fucking lady!

I'm not acting like a crazy... what?

So that's it, is it?

You're just going to fucking pack me up and send me out in the streets?

Is that it?

Oh, you're so fucking dramatic.

- Get the fuck out!

- You're not on fucking stage now!

No wonder they all fucking leave you!

Morning.

Morning.

Been out, then?

Er...

I just met our Eileen for a drink, yeah.

That's nice. Where did you go?

Just...

- Yeah, just down the casino.

- Casino?

That's great, that. Did you have a laugh?
Eh? Did you have fun?
Did you have a nice time?
Been on the piss, have you?
Eh? You been on the fucking piss?
Leaving her upstairs for all us to deal with?
- Fuck off!
- I'll fucking rip your fucking head off!
You little twat!
You fucking twat! I'll fucking kill you.
I'll fucking kill you, you little twat!
Fuck off, you little shit.
I'll fucking kill you!
- Dear God!
- Fuck off!
What are you thinking?
I'm sorry, Ma.
I couldn't take coming home to her tonight.
She's picking at herself.
It's what happens now.
According to the ambulance men, anyway.
Hang on. What do you mean, an ambulance?
- What?
- Yeah, I called a fucking ambulance.
- What did you expect?
- I told you to fucking
- leave her, didn't I?
- That's enough!
She doesn't want an ambulance!
It's not your fucking right!
Dry your eyes, soft lad.
She didn't get in the fucking thing.
She wouldn't get in.
No, she wouldn't go.
Ma, tell him what they said. Eh?
Right? The woman's dying.
She's dying in me ma's house.
Sick everywhere and me ma cleaning up after her and everything.
She needs to go to hospital.
Do you understand?
She can't stay here!
She can't stay upstairs.
Miss Grahame.
Eleventh, between Sixth and Seventh, please.

- That's the hospital?

- Yes, St Vincent's.

Paging Dr Grace. Paging Dr Grace.

Hi.

Dr Grace, how are you?

- I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

- That's OK.

- How are the pains?

- Oh... I'm sure it's just colitis.

I... maybe I should try the new antibiotics.

You know, I don't like taking drugs if I can help it, but...

It's not colitis, Gloria.

Sorry, Gloria, but it looks like it's come back.

What's come back?

No, I, I... my breasts are clear.

I had the tests in LA.

- When was that?

- Um... that was about two years ago.

Well, I'll need to call the oncologists in California when they wake up.

Well, the radiation killed it.

The only way to kill it is chemo,

which you should have had with your radiation.

You should have had chemotherapy, Gloria.

Did the doctors offer it in LA?

Uh, yes, but, um,

they told me that I'd lose all my hair.

And, uh, then everybody would have found out. I mean,

the casting directors and my family and...

And, uh,

I need to work and I can't work without my hair.

Well, I'll have it now,

just right away.

It may be too late, Gloria.

Just put your mouth closer to the phone.

No, your mouth closer to the phone.

It sounds like you're underwater, honestly.

There you go. There you go. All right.

But are you sure they said it's a straight offer?

Cos sometimes you can hear things funny.

You can give me his number but I'm not sure I can do it.

Well, I don't want to go all the way back there just for an audition.

Anyway, I live here now, don't I?

Things between me and Glo, they're, uh,

serious and, um,

you know, it's important to me that I'm here.
I don't want to mess it up by going back all the way there.
Yeah, I've got one. I've got one.
All right, go on.
Yeah.
All right, well, listen, I'm gonna have to go, Ma.
No, Gloria just walked back through the door.
OK. I love you, too.
All right, ta-ra. Bye.
Hello, hello, hello!
Oh, there you are. Where have you been?
Uh...
I, uh...
I...
Where did I say I was?
Well, you said you were out with your agent.
Oh.
Yeah, that's where I was, then.

What, from 7:

Gloria?
Peter?
Is everything OK?
- Peter.
- Mm-hmm?
Stop.
Things haven't been right for the past few days.
I'm just trying to get to the bottom of it.
What if it was Jessie?
You fucking love her, don't you?
Don't you?
Because I fucking love her up there!
Did I say something wrong?
What did I do?
Would you just talk to me, please?
Please!
Just talk to me.
Tell me what's going on.
You're acting like a crazy fucking old lady!
Do you think this is fucking easy?
Look at me. Look at me.
What's going on?
Look, I'm sorry.
Have I done something wrong to upset you?

I don't know what I'm doing!
Has anybody bothered to ask me how I might be feeling?
No wonder they all fucking leave you!
...on your high horses, aren't you?
She chose to come here so we could take care of her.
And now you want to turf her out?
You should be fucking ashamed of yourself.
Oh, Gloria, love.
I, um, think that we should call my family.
- Peter, go. Go on.
- Yeah, yeah.
- I missed you.
- I'm so sorry.
Oh, Glo.
Hello?
Hi, Tim?
It's, er, Peter.
Peter Turner.
Your mum is in Liverpool with me.
And she's not well, Tim.
A bit of soup, maybe, later.
Hi.
Hiya.
So, we've decided that Bella can be my mom, too.
Yep.
- Ma?
- What?
Can you help me get Gloria into something warm, please?
- What?
- Well, why?
Because we're going out.
- Out?
- What?
- Yeah.
- Out where?
I can't tell you, can I?
It'll ruin the surprise.
Don't be daft. It's cold out there.
She needs to be in here where it's warm.
Ma, it's just for a couple hours.
- No, it's a stupid idea.
- Mum!
No, no, that's final. No.
Bella, I love you but you know, I like surprises.

Are you sure?
Because I think it's going to rain.
Uh, yeah, I'll try.
Well, I think I've got some spare thermals somewhere.
Right.
Ahh.
It's beautiful.
They've been treading these boards since 1886.
Nice one, Jack.
Thanks, mate.
What's this?
Well, I thought we'd have some fun.
Oh.
- You OK?
- Mmm.
- Comfortable?
- Yeah.
The Bard's the nuts, huh?
Oh.
Hmm?
Act one, scene five.
Shall we?
- OK.
- Yeah?
If I profane with my unworhiest hand this holy shrine,
the gentle sin is this:
my lips,
two blushing pilgrims released into smooth and rough touch
with a tender kiss.
Good pilgrim,
you do wrong your hand too much,
which mannerly devotion shows in this,
for saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch
and palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Have not saints lips,
and holy palmers too?
Ay, pilgrim,
lips that they must use in prayer.
O, then, dear saint,
let lips do what hands do: they pray.
Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Saints
do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Then move not

while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine,

my sin is purged.

Then have my lips...

Then have my lips

the sin that they have took.

Sin from thy lips?

O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

You kiss by the book.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea.

My love as deep.

The more I give to thee,

the more I have,

for both are infinite.

Thank you.

- I'm tired now.

- Yeah.

Come on.

All the leaves are brown

And the sky is grey

I went for a walk

On a winter's day

I'd be safe and warm

If I was in LA

Oh, California dreamin'

On such a winter's day...

Well, baby, all the leaves

The leaves, the leaves are brown

And the sky is grey

Oh, I went for a walk

On a winter's day

I, I, I'd be safe and warm...

...airport straight to the hospital, uh, you know, so,

it's a hard enough journey.

Anyway, we gotta get the 6:20 flight to Heathrow tomorrow morning and then,
then onto JFK.

- Pete.

- Hiya, Tim.

- Finally.

- You all right?

- Thanks for all you've done for Mom.

- Oh, yeah.

It's above and beyond the call of duty.

What's going on?

Mom wants to see her doctor in New York.

So, Joe, we need to be leaving here at 4:00 am for Liverpool Airport.

Yeah, I'll, er, I'll have a word with me mate about that taxi.

- Thanks.

- I'll set the alarm,
get everybody up.

Thanks, Bella.

And all of you, for everything.

- Nice to meet you.

- You, too.

- Ta-ra, lad.

- See you tomorrow.

May I use the phone upstairs for final arrangements?

No need to ask, Tim.

She can't get on a plane.

The journey will kill her.

Peter...

Tim is Gloria's son.

If he makes that decision,
then our family must support him.

It's time to let her go, love.

Oh, be careful.

- Are you OK, Gloria?

- I'm OK.

OK?

- That's it.

- OK.

- Bring her down here.

- I got it. Let's set her down.

May the Lord protect you, Gloria Grahame.

Don't forget.

What, my love?

Manila.

OK.

One, two, three.

- That's it.

- Easy, easy, easy.

And over.

OK.

Watch her head, Joe.

OK, go on. Watch her head.

OK, all the way back.

OK.

You all right there, Gloria?

- Yeah, I'm OK.

- Are you OK?

- Yeah.

- There you go.

Hey.

How do I look?

You look beautiful, Gloria.

Forever.

OK.

All right.

Hey, come on, soft lad.

Yeah.

Hey, come here. Come here.

Come here, come here. All right?

Right, I'm getting off.

I'll see you later.

- Is he all right?

- Yeah. Yeah, he'll be fine.

He's sound. He'll be all right.

Don't worry about him.

Joe, before you go, will you fetch the big suitcase up from the basement?

Me and your dad need to pack.

Nice one.

Hmm.

Those nominated for the Best Performance

by an Actress in a Supporting Role

are Gloria Grahame, *The Bad And The Beautiful*, MGM,

Jean Hagen, *Singin' In The Rain*, MGM,

Colette Marchand, *Moulin Rouge*, *Romulus*, United Artists,

Terry Moore, *Come Back*, *Little Sheba*, Hal Wallis and Paramount,

and Thelma Ritter, *With A Song In My Heart*,

20th Century Fox.

The winner is Gloria Grahame,

The Bad And The Beautiful.

Thank you.

- There you are. Thank you, my love.

- Thank you.

Thank you very much.

She just made it.

Am I fine, am I pleasing?

Are you pitying, are you teasing?

You shouldn't look at me

You shouldn't look at me that way

Should a glance from you just shoot through me
If a glimpse of you could undo me
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way
Time among all of your enemies
Leaves you nothing but bitter memories
From the first blush of affection
To avoiding your own reflection
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me
That way
Now the flashbulbs bedazzle
While you're figuring out this puzzle
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way
Don't take more than I offer
All my love around make you suffer
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way
Time among all of your enemies
Makes disguises from drastic melodies
From the first blush of detection
To avoiding your own reflection
You shouldn't look at me
You shouldn't look at me that way
You shouldn't look at me that way