



Scripts.com

# Summer in February

By Jonathan Smith

Come on! Come on!

Come on!

- Oh, look.

- Common gulls, do you think?

Yes, I would think...

I don't know. Maybe.

You were made for each other,  
you and Merrilegs.

You're a little beauty, aren't you?

Where did you meet him?

In the pub, not surprisingly.

Eyes front, Dolly.

You've got your clothes on now.

Do stop shivering.

No, not AJ. Your husband?

Oh, him.

In Nottingham. I was 14.

- 14?

- Harold was 17.

And he taught me everything I know  
about painting.

Oh, Harold.

- Well, what about the outbuildings?

- Ruins, aren't they?

They could be converted into studios.

There are enough artists  
on my land already, aren't there?

I think we should be proud of the  
artists, sir. They're a great bunch.

What's all this I hear  
about this Munnings chap?

- Not sure what you mean, Colonel.

- What do they call him?

Is it AJ? There's nothing a bit off  
about the fella, is there?

- No, he's great fun, sir.

- Where's he from?

- Suffolk-Norfolk way, I think.

- He's upset some people in Penzance.

I don't want a cad living on my land,  
Evans. Not a cad, is he?

- They tell me he's a genius.

- Oh, Lord, not another one.

- Gilbert! Give me a hand here!

- AJ!

Quick, grab the bridle!

Grab the bridle!

- Got it!

- Shh. Calm down.

- Come on.

- Keep turning him.

There we are. Mind you give him  
a good rubdown there, eh?

Sir.

- Who's coming to the party?

- Why everyone in Lamorna, of course.

No half measures, then.

Laura? Laura!

Get Gilbert a drink, will you?

Coming up, sir!

And pour one down your husband's  
neck while you're at it.

Leave Harold alone!

He's all right, aren't you, Knighty?

Joey! Joey, logs, man, logs.

But there may be  
regimental business in March.

I hope that's not the case. I do.

You're going to stay down here,

Gilbert? You're not leaving?

Well, it depends on the regiment.

- But we couldn't get on without you.

- That's very sweet of you, Laura...

Aha, I knew that was you. Not in  
my house. Get off her. Get off her.

- You been busy, Dolly?

- I've never been busier, AJ.

Mm, me next, then, is it?

Why don't you join the queue  
and take your chances?

- Join the queue...

- I'm sorry, Dolly.

- Go on.

- Go on what?

- Do what you promised.

- What did I promise?

You know what I'm talking about.

Oh, no, not now.

Right, everyone, quiet, please!

- Oh, no.

- Shh!

I want to hear this piece of lemon...

- ...hiss.

- Sorry.

When I put it on the fire.

"Once upon a midnight dreary,

"while I pondered weak and weary,

"Over many a quaint and curious

volume of forgotten lore,

"While I nodded nearly napping,

"suddenly there came a tapping,

"As of someone gently rapping,

rapping at my chamber door -"

Who on earth is that?

- Florence, my God.

- Joey.

What are you doing here?

I asked at the pub.

They said you'd be here.

Everybody,

this is my sister Florence.

- Hello, Florence.

- This is one of your parties?

One of AJ's and he does love a party.

That's Alfred Munnings?

Yes, this is Laura, Laura Knight.

She's a very famous painter.

- Oh, yes, very famous.

- This is her husband Harold.

- How do you do.

- Lovely to meet you.

This is Dolly. Now, Dolly,

she models for us painters.

If they ask nicely.

Hello.

And this is my dearest friend,

Captain Gilbert Evans.

- How do you do, Miss Carter-Wood.

- How do you do, Captain Evans.

Gilbert, please. Come and get warm.

Please, can I take your cloak?

- Yes, thank you.

- It's very free down here, Flo.

We do what we like.

We say what we like.

- So are you a soldier?

- Some of the time, yes.

And the rest of time you do what you like and say what you like.

No, the rest of the time, he keeps us all in line.

And you're down here in Cornwall to paint as well?

Yes, I'm joining Joey at his class in Newlyn.

I'll just hang this up and I'll get you a drink. Ah, AJ. If I may continue...

- Shh.

- I'll start again, shall I?

"Once upon a midnight dreary,

"while I pondered weak and weary,

"Over many a quaint

and curious volume of forgotten lore,

"While I nodded, nearly napping,

"suddenly there came a tapping,

"As of someone gently rapping,

"rapping at my chamber door... "

Horribly wet.

Studio party.

Stayed late.

Met Miss Florence Ca/fer- Wood.

AJ rather stole the show.

Oh, Joey, it's perfect.

I can't wait to see the view.

- And you know AJ Munnings.

- So do you now.

Everybody's talking about him in town. He has an exhibition coming up.

- That poem was amazing, wasn't it?

- You thought so?

Oh, yes, didn't you?

Was it really worth all the effort of committing it to memory like that?

- It seemed quite strange.

- Here we are.

I still can't get over it.

You seem fully recovered.

- Did Father let you come?

- What?

No, I just left.

You just left?

I told him what I thought  
of his Julian.

Ah.

He told me that I was a fool.

I wouldn't do better.

Any girl would be fortunate  
to marry his precious Julian  
and I told him that I wanted to come  
down here, as far away as possible.

What happened with Julian?

- Nothing.

- Nothing?

Julian does not exist.

Did you break it off?

- Not now, Joey, I'm tired.

- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I'm so glad you came.

You're going to love it here.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- What do you make of her, then?

- Of whom?

Come on. You know

who I'm talking about, the new girl.

I hardly had

a chance to speak to her.

I could have sworn

I saw you gazing at her.

- Nonsense.

- Very paintable.

- Ah, so it's over to you, then.

- There'll be a stalking party.

- Oh, I'm sure.

- Might be a gent she's after.

Remember, whatever I say or do,

I'm your friend,

even when I'm a silly bugger.

All right, come on, Gilbert.

I'll beat you this time.

I've been in the rock pools again  
and I'm just bringing them in,  
putting them in the big tank  
and the little devil stung me.

- Gilbert, what a pleasure.

- Florence, how are you?

Here he is. Look, Gilbert.

This one here.

- That's extraordinary.

- Yeah.

Beautiful, aren't they?

When is your first class?

Tomorrow at Newlyn.

Joey's going to take me, aren't you?

Yes, of course.

If Father thinks we're wasting his  
money, it's straight back to London.

None of us would want that.

That's exactly what Mr Munnings said,  
isn't it?

- AJ's been around already?

- You just missed him.

He came to see

some of Florence's paintings.

- I see, of course.

- And very impressed he was.

- I'm sure.

- He was just being polite.

When's AJ polite?

So Joey tells me you fought  
in the South African war.

- Florence.

- What?

- You did. Did I say something wrong?

- No, not at all.

Do forgive me. Joey assured me  
you all spoke about everything here.

That's what made this place special,  
that sense of frank discussion.

Absolutely.

Yeah.

Well, drink in the Wink?

- What, now?

- AJ said he was going.

Well, the Wink it is, then.

- Dolly, you'll like this one.

- Try me.

When Titian mixed his rose madder,

"His model he placed on a ladder.

"Her position to Titian

suggested coition,

"so he mounted the ladder

and had her!"

- Same again, Dolly?

- AJ, you're a gent and it's a gin.

- Joey?

- To Omar Khayyam!

If everyone could write

like Omar Khayyam.

Who's this Omar Khayyam?

Weren't you educated at all?

No. Not much.

- He does makes lots of references...

- AJ.

Erm...

Who's this Omar, then?

Arab horse thief?

Er, "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

It's a poem,

translated from the Persian.

Which Persian?

So it's a poem.

Let's hear a bit, then.

- I like a bit of poetry.

- Alfred.

No, stay out of this, Laura.

Well, come on.

- Do you...?

- A couplet.

- Bertie...

- A line? A word?

So you like this Omar, but you don't

know a bloody word of his?

- Right, Jory!

- Yes, AJ.

Get me a drink, will you,

and I'll give this lot a bit of poetry.



A bit of bloody "Hiawatha".

"Never stoops the soaring vulture

"On his quarry in the desert,

"On the sick or wounded bison,

But another vulture, watching

"From his high aerial lookout... "

Florence, I would very much like  
to paint you.

I was wondering

whether you would sit for me.

And when I'm with you,

I could pick your brains,

because I came here to learn from

you. I want to learn from all of you.

- Well, if you wish.

- Would you excuse me.

Mightn't it be easier

if you asked Dolly?

- Dolly?

- Yes.

No, Dolly's game enough,

but she has nothing to hide.

"And filled the silent wigwam... "

Oh, Howard, I'm sorry. I can't.

I've just remembered.

I promised to sit for Mr Munnings.

"Hiawatha could hear a rustle... "

- On a horse.

- On a horse?

Yes.

Well, that's what he does,

doesn't he? Horses.

AJ doesn't do women.

Excuse me.

"Felt the cold breath

of the night air,

"And for the moment

saw the starlight,

"But he could see

the ghosts no longer,

"Saw no more the wandering spirits

"From the kingdom of Ponemah,

"From the land of the Hereafter. "

And that was

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
and he is not a fucking Persian.  
Well done, AJ. Well done.  
I must say that is quite a feat.  
Jory, get these gentlemen a drink  
and a slice of humble pie.  
Well, now, AJ, I was wondering  
if we could have a little settle up.  
- Excuse me.  
- I've been totting up here.  
And erm... there we are.  
Oh, I see.  
Well, I can do better than this,  
Mr Jory.  
- Can you, now?  
- Yes, I can.  
I'll give you something priceless.  
Oh. Oh, dear Lord.  
- Is that us?  
- It's us.  
Well, I suppose I'd better  
add it to my collection.  
I can tell you like it here.  
- A man, was it?  
- I'm sorry?  
Are you escaping from a man?  
I was.  
Thought as much.  
Wait, don't move.  
It was my father.  
Worries about you, does he?  
- And I can see why.  
- What can you see?  
A talented girl who wants  
what she wants.  
And that's worrying, is it?  
Hm, for some men.  
Not for me.  
All right.  
Come on. Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
- Calm down.  
- Whoa, calm down, now.  
Calm down, calm down, calm down.  
That's it. You're such a good girl.

Let's get back to work, eh?  
Good girl.  
Gilbert.  
Gilbert.  
Come on. No, that's not it.  
Lighter, man. Blast.  
Bloody Gilbert.  
Would you like me to help you?  
- Help me?  
- I could make you better.  
What's Joey been saying to you?  
He's been talking  
about me, hasn't he?  
Make you a better painter.  
Oh, I see.  
Lighter, lighter! Blast.  
What on earth?  
Wait, you can't leave now.  
Oh, for God's sake,  
get back on the horse, woman.  
I have pins and needles  
and I have my own work to do.  
I can't be on both sides  
of the easel at once, can I?  
Come back tomorrow. Will you?  
But I'm on the edge.  
What is that?  
It's a rabbit.  
What's it doing there?  
It brings the trout up.  
How?  
Maggots breed inside it,  
drop down into the stream.  
It attracts the bigger fish.  
That's all.  
What's the matter? You're shivering.  
Is something wrong?  
Here, take this.  
Thank you.  
- Better?  
- Yes.  
Will you stay for a bit?  
Only if you go on fishing.  
All right.

That is if you...  
if you don't mind me watching.  
There's nothing I'd like more.  
- What a wonderful walk.  
- Let's do it again.  
- I'd love to.  
- Tomorrow morning, then.  
- Erm, I'm meeting AJ for a lesson.  
- Ah, lucky man.  
You're very loyal to him, aren't you?  
I like him.  
Whatever he does?  
His bark's worse than his bite.  
Come on, Doll!  
- It's not too bad.  
- Joey!  
I'm going now!  
Then get it on you!  
Come on! Here!  
I need a place of my own.  
You're not going away?  
No. No, a... a studio.  
However small, somewhere  
I can work and be alone.  
- I'll keep my eye open.  
- Would you?  
- Of course.  
- Come on in, it's lovely!  
- Come on, Gilbert.  
- Oh, that boy.  
Wait here.  
on!  
Joey! Dolly!  
Joey, come in at once!  
The tide will drag you out to sea!  
Come in, both of you! Dolly!  
- Woo!  
- Come on, Dolls. Let's go.  
Caught red-handed.  
Nice out here,  
isn't it, Captain?  
Dolly, the tide is  
especially dangerous here.  
You a prefect at school,

were you?

Of course I was.

Oh, hurry up, Dolls.

It's freezing.

- Come on, get your clothes on.

- All right, then.

Fuck!

AJ!

Ad!

Where were you? I thought

I was sitting for you this morning.

I can't paint, Florence.

Everybody has off days.

Don't talk to me about off days.

I paint. That's what I do.

Nothing else matters.

I see it and I paint it.

I thought you understood that.

- Where are you going?

- As far away as I can.

- Here we are, ma'am.

- Anything interesting?

- It's from Father.

- Father? What does it say?

He's coming down.

What on earth is he coming down for?

To spoil the fun.

That's what he does.

He'll miss the main show.

There's no AJ.

Can you imagine how

the two of them would get along?

I've got it.

We get Gilbert over.

- That's perfect.

- Gilbert won't let the side down.

- We'll ask him now.

- I promised I'd sit for Harold.

All right, in demand, are we?

Joey, whatever happens when Father comes, you mustn't lose your nerve.

- Right.

- We're not going home.

Come on, kids. Clear off.

And leave his painting.  
Don't touch those paints.  
Don't touch the paint!  
Beautiful.  
Get! Hey, give me that.  
Bugger off, you little rats.  
Well, how are you both getting on?  
We're having great fun, Father.  
I meant the art classes.  
Well, they're going very well.  
They're costing me a fortune.  
Anything to show for it?  
- More cake, Father?  
- Er...  
Just a slither,  
if I may, Florence, thank you.  
More cake, Captain Evans?  
If I may.  
So, Captain Evans, you're  
with the Monmouthshire Militia?  
Yes,  
Colonel Paynter's regiment, sir.  
But he also keeps an eye  
on all the wayward artists.  
Don't you, Captain Evans?  
Never lets us out of his sight.  
But you're called back regularly  
for training?  
When required, yes,  
every few months or so.  
Very good, very good.  
And where were you at school?  
- I was at Rugby, sir.  
- Rugby...  
Very good, so, er...  
- Who's going to show me round?  
- Joey said he'd like to.  
Gilbert's already asked me for a walk  
to Mousehole along the cliffs.  
Yes, marvellous views along there.  
Good, excellent.  
Do you ever come up to town,  
Captain Evans?  
The colonel can't spare him,

I'm afraid.

Occasionally, yes, sir.

Do call in on us, er, if you do.

Thank you very much.

You were wonderful at tea. Thank you.

- And you were naughty.

- Was I?

- Very naughty.

- Yet I've never felt so good.

You've never looked so good.

Haven't I?

Will you come with me

to the races on Saturday?

I'd love to.

And Father will be gone!

Keep them in line. Move them up.

That's it. Steady, now.

Altogether, keep them in line.

- Good to see you again.

- Good to be back.

- I'll see you later.

- Yes.

- Have you missed me, then?

- Oh, have you been away?

- Have you got it?

- I have. Sovereign to win.

And is he a winner, do you think?

- Undoubtedly.

- Are you ready, gentlemen?

Go on, boy!

Go on! Go on!

- Go on!

- Look, he's leading.

- Joey, time for a pint.

- Absolutely.

- Be a dear. Dolly?

- I don't want to miss the finish.

Don't be silly.

There's plenty of time.

What do you think?

There's no one like him.

Really? No one?

No one.

He's a genius.

Come on, Charlie! Come on!  
Oh, he was doing so well.  
Give that to him.  
Give that here.  
- Tell me something.  
- What's that?  
Is Laura in love with AJ?  
- With AJ? No.  
- No?  
No, she... loves his work,  
but... deep down  
she's devoted to Harold.  
Deep down. It's a lovely phrase.  
Do you know who you are deep down?  
Yes, I think so.  
I wish I did.  
And I know what I want.  
I That's why I'm lonely  
I No home at all  
I After the ball is over  
Morn! Morn!  
I After the stars are gone  
I If you could read them all  
I After the ball I  
Oh, very good.  
Oh, I wish I could play.  
So do I. I...  
That was fantastic.  
Where did you learn to sing?  
It's so beautiful down here,  
isn't it?  
Yes, it is.  
It's the most beautiful place  
I've ever been to.  
- Florence.  
- Yes.  
- I've something I want to ask you.  
- Yes.  
What on earth are you doing  
mooning about out here?  
We're dancing inside  
and only yesterday  
you said how much you loved dancing.  
And I am the best dancer in Lamorna.



Eh, Gilbert? Come on.

Florence!

Florence!

I need you this afternoon.

- I'm sorry, I can't. I'm busy.

- Busy doing what?

Sketching.

In your bedroom?

Hey. Well, bring it with you.

Well, come on.

What are you waiting for?

- Give me ten minutes. I'll be down.

- I'll give you five.

- What have you been up to?

- Me?

- Mm.

- Oh, you're not interested.

- No, don't stand up.

- I am going to draw you now.

No, you're bloody not.

You have told me a number of times  
that you'd help me.

Yes and I will,

once this is finished.

You... you storm off.

You don't tell me where you're going.

You come back and you use me.

It's all you, isn't it?

Well, now it's my turn.

Sit down, please.

Right.

Knees together.

- This is not easy for me.

- It's not easy for me either.

- I feel like a bloody fool.

- Oh, poor you.

Laura says that you are going to be  
the most famous artist in England.

No, she'll be the famous one.

Energy of six.

But she's a woman.

Is she?

- That's very rude.

- You shouldn't have laughed, then.

I think I saw your father  
the other day in the lane.  
Not easy to miss,  
is he, Mr Carter-Wood?  
Nor are you.  
Yes, a different breed, though.  
Different stable.  
- Quite a different class.  
- Does that matter?  
Does it to you?  
No. No, it doesn't.  
Oh, come on,  
are you feeling brave yet?  
I'm not sure what I'm feeling.  
Yes, all right, you may look.  
And here is Mr AJ Munnings.  
- It's a rabbit.  
- So it is.  
There's more to you  
than meets the eye.  
Is there?  
Look, take this section here.  
Just here. Come on. Come on, girl.  
A little bit more. That's it.  
Good girl. Good.  
Dodger, here.  
Oh.  
Ah.  
May I have a look?  
Of course.  
Thank you, Mr Munnings.  
You have to be daring and bold.  
Layer the paints out how you feel  
they should be layered.  
Just do as you feel  
just as long as you feel it.  
Paint like that or like this.  
Like Laura?  
No.  
- Like you?  
- Yes.  
Do not under any circumstances  
paint like this.  
Because that is Piss-casso, that is.

- That is piss.  
- We wouldn't want that, would we?  
No, we would not that, so be bold.  
Be... be brave.  
Dive in at the deep end.  
That's art.  
Come here.  
Look at me. Stay there.  
Look at me.  
Because I will bring you alive  
And I will capture you... forever.  
Years from now they'll look at you...  
...and they'll know  
exactly what I was thinking.  
You and I are getting on  
rather nicely.  
- You think so?  
- Yes, very nicely.  
Does that surprise you?  
You civilise me.  
Is that what you want, Mr Munnings,  
to be civilised?  
Yes, Miss Carter-Wood.  
Is that all you want?  
No.  
So I'm going to ask you something.  
- Are you?  
- Just once.  
You are?  
Will you marry me?  
- Yes. Yes, I will.  
- I knew you would.  
I knew you would. Yes, yes, yes,  
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! Yes!  
Oh.  
- Laura.  
- Gilbert.  
You won't believe  
what I have to tell you.  
What is it?  
So you haven't heard.  
- AJ has just called round.  
- Really? What's he up to now?  
They're engaged.

Who? Who's engaged?

Florence and AJ.

Right.

Well, thank you for telling me.

I'm so sorry.

We both are.

You'll come and see us, won't you?

Yes, I expect so.

Mr Munnings.

Yes, that's me.

Well, where is the old boy?

Mr Carter-Wood

is in the drawing room, sir.

Very good.

- Ah, good afternoon.

- How do you do.

- How do you do.

- A long old journey for you.

No, no, I like to be on the move.

Plenty to catch the eye.

Do sit down.

Missed you, it seems,

when I was down in Lamorna.

Yes,

out and about,

doing what I do.

- Some tea, I thought.

- I thought maybe...

Yes, tea, I think.

In my experience, I have to say,  
artists are an irresponsible bunch,

who often fail to provide

a proper home for themselves,

let alone a wife and family.

Yes, that does sound like us.

My daughter has not been

short of suitors, Mr Munnings.

- I should think not.

- And as for you,

as a token of your intent

and before we can discuss

any serious arrangements,

I would expect you

to earn

1,000 guineas a year.

Done.

I do already.

Do you? Oh, of course.

But you know,

the most important thing  
is that you make her happy.

Mm?

Of course.

Cheerio.

Are you happy?

Very.

I should think so.

Have you seen Gilbert lately?

Only from a distance.

He's stopped coming to the pub.

Perhaps he has a lot to do.

He did write me the most lovely  
letter congratulating us.

Always the gent is our Gilbert.

Oh, come on. That's enough of that.

Let's have a look.

To the most beautiful girl  
in the whole world!

Second, second most beautiful.

Congratulations.

To the love birds.

What do you think he sees in her?

- What do you see in him?

- He's fun, Harold. Fun.

You'll be saying

he's a force of nature next.

Perhaps she thinks

she'll change him.

- Fat chance.

- Some girls are like that.

Before they're married.

Knighty!

Evening.

- You seen Florence's new work?

- I have.

Howard has been very encouraging.

- Do you like it?

- I do. I do.

- Bolder, more striking.  
- Yes, as long as she takes her time.  
No, no, no, no, Knighty.  
Strike while the iron's hot, Harold.  
That's what Florence and I do,  
isn't it, mm?  
Ah, the old boy.  
Gilbert, old boy,  
haven't seen you in a while.  
Terribly busy spell.  
You know how the colonel is.  
- I've been up to London.  
- Yes? Another exhibition, is it?  
No, I wish it was. Old Carter-Wood.  
Prospects, all that nonsense.  
How did you find him?  
I found him a silly old bugger.  
There they are, the love birds.  
I'm only resting my eyes.  
Please do carry on.  
May I ask you something?  
Of course.  
When you're painting,  
you often hit the canvas quite hard.  
It's so different to Laura and Harold  
and the technique  
that they use to apply paint. I...  
- It often looks quite er...  
- What?  
- Clumsy?  
- No, not clumsy at all.  
- I was just wondering -  
- Just wondering?  
Just wondering, were you?  
You'd better just take  
a bloody good look.  
Look at my right eye. Do you see?  
- Look at my right eye. Look.  
- I'm looking.  
And the reason for this,  
my dear Florence,  
the reason for this clumsiness,  
my dear Miss Carter-Wood,  
is that I'm completely blind

in my right eye.  
Blinded as a boy, by a blackthorn,  
chasing a bloody, silly dog.  
And that is why this...  
...bumps into that.  
Flo, come on. Hey.  
It's a big change ahead of you...  
and it's a big step.  
But he's a great man AJ.  
He's going to be famous.  
Yes. You're right.  
Of course you're right.  
Yes?  
Hey.  
All right.  
Any luck?  
Not yet.  
I don't suppose  
there's any news on my hut.  
Surely once you're married,  
you'll have everything you need.  
No, I still need a place of my own.  
Do you?  
Yes. Somewhere that I can be  
away from everybody else.  
I'll have a word with  
the colonel when I get back.  
Back? From where?  
I'm wanted for a training exercise.  
You won't miss the wedding,  
though, will you?  
When is it, exactly?  
Two weeks from Saturday.  
- Two weeks Saturday?  
- You'll be there, won't you?  
Please.  
Fancy a drink?  
Now?  
- Can I come in or was I...  
- No, please do.  
Bit of a strange request,  
to tell you the truth.  
Sit down.  
I have to go up to London early,

a few things to do, this and that.  
And one way or another,  
I won't be back before the wedding.  
And it's soon, I hear.  
Mm, the point is...

...Florence and I would like you  
to accompany her to London.

Me?

- What about Joey?

- No, it has to be you.

I think she needs you with her.

You mean a great deal to me, Gilbert.

You mean a great deal to both of us.

You know that.

You do realise

what you're asking me?

Yes, of course I do.

We need your help.

All right.

Top man.

Morning.

- Florence.

- I know what you're thinking.

I know what you're going to say,  
but please don't.

Come on! Come on!

None of this mooning about.

Plenty to see in here.

Plenty to see.

One thing in particular.

What would Constable  
make of this lot, eh?

I cannot believe that I've dreaded  
rejection from this bunch of pansies.

- I rather like this one.

- Huh?

It has something.

You do, do you?

Yes, the blues and reds,

I think they work.

I'd leave the art to the artists  
if I were you, my love.

I've seen better work  
in a Cornish urinal.



And this is why you're here.  
May I present "Morning Ride".  
What do you think?  
Is it me?  
Well, it's a picture of you.  
What about the other one?  
Yes, he has caught them, hasn't he?  
No, I mean the gypsy woman.  
I hadn't noticed her.  
Well, have a good look...  
...because she...  
because that  
is one of his as well.  
- And Dolly.  
- Dolly?  
You didn't know? You're his friend  
and you didn't know.  
No, not Dolly, I doubt they...  
Because now the whole world  
knows about AJ and his women,  
of whom I am one.  
Then why...?  
Why?  
Why am I happy one day  
and bored the next?  
I can't begin to account for it,  
can you?  
It's all so... unaccountable.  
It is a strange feeling,  
having given oneself away so lightly.  
Lightly?  
But then...  
...AJ is a genius.  
And there's no one else  
in the world like him.  
And he loves me.  
I'll ask him  
to take that down and he will.  
Excuse me.  
A quick word.  
I'm not going to do it tomorrow.  
- Oh, you're not?  
- No.  
But you will be there?

I don't know.

Oh.

But I...

I'm sure Joey will step in.

Up to you.

People at the back,

a little bit in, thank you very much.

- AJ, if you love me, take it down.

- Take what down?

A-J, I meant what I said.

Take it down.

If you love me, take it down.

My portrait? My portrait of you?

Are you mad?

No, I'm not. Leave your other women  
up there, but take me down.

Well, friends, my Suffolk friends...

- Sons of the soil.

- Yeah!

And my... Cornish friends.

My Cornish family in a manner of  
speaking,

who see the world as I do,

who capture the world

as it passes...

...who see the sparkle of the sea,

or the shimmering coat of a horse.

And the light of a beauty

on a lovely day.

Hear, hear.

And what a beauty she is.

Hear, hear.

I'm truly a very lucky man,

because

I get to see this wonderful woman

for the rest of my life,

but if you want to see Florence

you don't have to go to Florence.

You don't even have to go to Paris.

If you want to see

this beautiful woman,

captured for all time,

all you need

do is go to the Royal Academy.

Yes, go directly to room nine.

The rest is a load of old nonsense  
in my opinion.

And go and see my beautiful wife.

I'd like to raise a glass  
and toast Mrs AJ Munnings.

To Mrs Munnings.

I wanted to say...

- To you, Gilbert.

- Cheers.

I say-

I'm not interrupting anything.

Florence!

Florence!

Call a doctor! Florence?

Did she fall?

Where and when

she got the poison I do not know.

They took her to the London Hospital  
and, thank God, saved her life.

Now they're coming back to Lamorna  
and staying here...

...at the hotel.

Gilbert...

Gilbert.

Good to see you, old boy.

What's for dinner, hmm?

Come on.

- You heard Joey's staying in London?

- Yes, very sudden, wasn't it?

No appeal, I'm afraid.

Father was adamant.

He preferred life to art,  
didn't he, our Joey?

- What exactly do you mean?

- He preferred life to art.

Nothing wrong with that.

Preferred Dolly to daubing.

So what's he up to now?

At it hammer and tongs, I imagine.

You can hardly blame him... Dolly.

Time for a drink, I think.

Gilbert?

Yes, thought as much.

Mrs Jory!  
He insisted on coming back  
straightaway.  
I'm sorry?  
He seems on top form  
when you're near.  
He wanted you to come back here?  
Yes.  
And... and you had no choice?  
I had a choice.  
As my father would say,  
I've made my bed.  
Now it seems as though  
I must lie on it...  
and in it.  
So you'll still want  
that studio, then?  
More than anything in the world.  
It's good to see him, though.  
Very.  
Good old Gilbert.  
It feels better being here.  
Yes, I think it will be better,  
for both of us.  
Yes, I thought it would have...  
...pleased you.  
It does.  
You could always talk to Laura...  
...about things.  
You know, woman to woman and all.  
- It's perfect.  
- There's a few things need doing.  
No, it's perfect.  
Somebody else  
has moved into the cottage.  
Thank you so much.  
I'm glad you like it.  
I'm going to fetch my things.  
Will you wait here?  
What, now?  
- Yes, will you wait for me?  
- Of course.  
- Morning, AJ.  
- Morning.

Ah.  
AJ.  
You're looking well.  
Roses in your cheeks.  
Yes, you are looking well.  
Am I?  
Suits you.  
You should get out more.  
I am. I'm going now in fact.  
- Going where?  
- Don't.  
Come on.  
Let's be seeing you.  
- All of you.  
- AJ, not now.  
So when is now?  
Not in the day, not in the night,  
not this week, not next week,  
not sometimes, not ever.  
- Just not now.  
- Yes now!  
Go on. Try that again.  
Try that again.  
Why don't you do  
what you bloody well should do?  
Ow!  
Aow!  
Don't you dare.  
I'm not your gypsy!  
- No.  
- And I'm not Dolly!  
You're damn right you're not.  
Florence, what is it?  
No, don't touch me!  
It's all right. It's all right.  
I just wanted to say...  
I just wanted to say  
that she's told me.  
Told you?  
Told you what?  
About the hut.  
- Wherever it is.  
- Oh, it's nothing.  
I'm happy to do it for her,

for you, for both of you.  
It's been made crystal clear  
to me that it's out of bounds.  
Come to think of it, to tell you the  
truth, quite a bit is out of bounds.  
- Sit down, AJ.  
- I don't want to sit down.  
It used to be so easy, didn't it?  
Paint,  
have a drink...  
...ride, everything full tilt.  
But this...  
God, this beats me.  
The whole fucking business.  
Dodge!  
Morning, ladies. Morning, AJ.  
Thank you.  
- Morning.  
- Good morning.  
Oh, I've just seen  
old Harold in his car.  
Exciting, isn't it?  
Is it?  
Stink of petrol.  
- Is the stink of petrol exciting?  
- All I meant was that er...  
The hunt is exciting.  
The smell of a horse,  
that's exciting.  
Besides, he never goes anywhere,  
does he?  
Runs around after Laura.  
Perhaps that is because he loves her.  
Is that what you want, is it?  
Errand boy? Lap dog?  
I have applied for a position  
in Africa, surveying.  
I'll be hearing within the month.  
Not back to South Africa?  
You're not going back there?  
- It's West Africa, Nigeria.  
- Nigeria?  
But for how long?  
- I might not get it.

- How long, she asked?

Three years.

Jumping off to the jungle.

Fuck Africa. I need you here.

She needs you here.

Some bloody friend you are.

- AJ...

- And talking of a friend,

I'd like to offer you a bit of advice  
because I've seen something of life.

You've seen a little bit, but you  
don't know what you're talking about.

AJ, do you know what we did in  
South Africa when we were starving?

No breakfast like this,  
no breakfast at all, no lunch.

No dinner, no food.

Do you know what we did?

You like horses, don't you, AJ?

You love them. We both do.

Well, we killed them.

We beheaded them, we skinned them  
and we boiled them into soup,  
horse soup.

Horse soup, so do not talk to me  
about what you have seen.

Do not talk to me about petrol  
and, above all,  
do not talk to me about art and life!

Stay where you are.

Don't move.

Stay exactly as you are forever.

You already have the letter,  
haven't you?

Yes.

And you're going to accept?

I must.

Hm.

Howard says there may be another war.

What will you do then?

I'll join my regiment if I have to.

There's no drink here, AJ.

You know.

He called in, yes.

Joey gone, Dolly gone.  
Gilbert... going.  
Going.  
Gone.  
Yes.  
They're all gone.  
You'd better sit down for a moment.  
Friends, one sees how it ends.  
"A woman looks,  
"Or a man lies.  
"And the pleasant brooks,  
"And the quiet skies,  
"Ruined with brawling,  
"And caterwauling,  
"Enchant no more,  
"As they did before,  
"And so it ends,  
"With friends. "  
Thank you.  
Life goes on, AJ.  
- Yes, it certainly does.  
- And you have a wife now.  
- She's no wife.  
- What on earth do you mean?  
She's with him.  
That's what I mean.  
Do you know that we're sitting  
on 264 million years of rock?  
No.  
I'm going to paint you now.  
Close your eyes.  
Does AJ know?  
He knows.  
- What on earth...?  
- I'm painting. I'm painting you.  
- Give in. Just give in.  
- Stop it. Stop.  
And, Captain Evans, did you know...  
Did you know they've put a telegraph  
cable all the way under the sea?  
All the way to America.  
Imagine all of that cable,  
all those voices saying,  
"I love you", echoing along it.



Will you write to me every day?  
Where shall I write?  
The hotel.  
Are you sure you'll still be here?  
You're so beautiful.  
My beautiful soldier.  
My captain.  
Why can't there be  
a telegraph cable to Nigeria?  
There will be.  
It's like a summer's day,  
isn't it?  
Summer in February.  
Which train is it?  
The first one in the morning.  
Come back for me.  
I will.  
Tell me again.  
I love you.  
I love you.  
- Afternoon, madam.  
- Hello.  
Florence.  
Mm-hmm.  
I was just wondering  
how your work is coming along.  
It's gone.  
I can't.  
Yes, you can.  
Unless he comes back.  
Some tea, I think.  
Are you going to come to the party?  
Oh, er, I expect so.  
We always do.  
Fancy dress wouldn't be  
the same without you.  
Does he know?  
What?  
Oh, come on, Florence.  
I can't tell him.  
You'll have to... fairly soon.  
It's not his.  
Are you sure?  
It can't be his.

AJ's coming over to us.  
What are you up to, Laura?  
Painting some fishermen  
over in Newlyn.  
No.  
Not that.  
With her?  
What were you up to just now?  
- We were just talking.  
- Just talking.  
Just talking.  
Look at her.  
Go on.  
Off you go.  
You whore!  
Florence, my dear,  
are you all right?  
Oh.  
How do?  
Captain Evans.  
Gilbert.  
Harold.  
Good to see you.  
Very good.  
So you don't want me  
to come with you?  
No, thank you.  
Do give my love to Laura, won't you?  
I will. I will.  
One moment. One moment, there's...  
There's this for you.  
Thank you, Harold.  
Dear Gilbert, one day  
you'll come back to Lamoma.  
I know you will.  
And when you do, I hope that you will  
accept this from your old friend.  
AJ.