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# The Go-Between

By Harold Pinter

The past is a foreign country.

They do things differently there.

- This is Dry Toast.

- Hello Dry Toast.

Come on slug.

That's my father.

Come on !

...or, as he was called usually

by the company,

who affected what Nate

called "napping English",

the squire, who was leader

of the opposite faction.

The rank and fortune of the lady,

Who's that ?

The pretensions to beauty

as well as talent,

though the former was

something faded,

My sister is very beautiful.

Yes.

What's that ?

It's a deadly nightshade, you oaf.

Atropa belladonna.

- Atropa what ?

- Atropa belladonna. It's poisonous.

Every part of it is poison.

Die !

Lady Penelope shrieked faintly, hid her

eyes and hurried back from the bed.

while Lord Etherington, his look startling

with the complication of feelings,

remained gazing on the poor woman.

Didn't you say his mother was

a widow, Marcus ?

I think so.

I don't really know very much about him.

He seems to be a nice lad.

I do have an impression that he lives in

rather a small house with his mother.

Yes. He seems a very nice boy.

Now, is everyone here ?

Ah, Leo. Good evening.

Good evening, Mrs. Maudsley.

Mr. Maudsley.

Now, let us go in to dinner.

You were in cranking form

today at croquet, Marian.

- Was I ?

- Come along, Marian. Marcus.

Marian is quite formidable at croquet.

Am I ?

I believe we must be weary

of you, Leo.

I understand you're a magician.

Is that true ?

Well, not for real. Only, you know...

At school. Anyway, it was supposed

to be a secret, actually.

His curses are fearful.

He cast a fiendish spell

on two boys at school.

They fell off the roof.

And were severely mutilated.

Did they die ?

Oh, no. They were just a little,

you know... severely mutilated.

Was it difficult to arrange ?

I mean, to get them to fall off

the roof without killing them.

Well, it wasn't a killing curse, you see.

There are curses and curses.

It depends on the curse.

How frightening.

You're not going to bewitch

us here, are you ?

Oh, no. I shouldn't think so.

Hello.

Have you been enjoying yourself ?

- Yes, sir.

- Good.

Pretty warm. What does it say ?

- 83.

- Warm.

The suit is a little warm, isn't it ?

No, sir.

Enjoying yourself ?

Yes, thank you, sir.

Good.

There's another thing.

When you undress you mustn't fold up  
your clothes and put them on the chest.

You must leave them lying wherever  
they happen to fall.

The servants will pick them up.

That's what they're for.

You are looking hot. Haven't  
you anything cooler to wear ?

I'm not hot, really.

- That's a Norfolk jacket, isn't it ?

- Yes.

Well, it's quite appropriate,  
then, isn't it ?

After all, we are at Norfolk.

Have we a pair of bellows, mama ?

Why ?

To cool Leo.

Does Leo need cooling ?

I may look hot, but I'm really  
quite cool underneath.

Did you leave your summer  
clothes at home ?

I expect mother forgot to put them in.

Why don't you write and ask  
her to send them ?

Oh, that would take too long, mama.

Let me take him in to Norridge tomorrow  
and get him a new outfit.

Would you like that, Leo ?

Well, I haven't any money.

At least only...

Oh, they can be your birthday presents  
from us. When is your birthday ?

Well, it's on the 27th of  
this month, actually.

I was born under the sign of Leo.

Oh, good. I can give you a lion skin.

Or a mane.

Well, we'll go tomorrow.

Wouldn't you rather wait until  
Monday, when Hugh will be here ?

Norridge would hardly be a treat for

Hugh, mama. Trailing around the shops ?  
Besides, by Monday Leo  
will have melted into butter.  
And all he'll need will be a muslin bag.  
May we go, mama ?  
Yes, of course you may.  
You flew too near the sun  
and you were scorched.  
What did your father do ?  
He worked in a bank, actually.  
And he was a pacifist.  
And he was a book collector.  
He liked books very much.  
And so he collected them.  
That was his hobby.  
Mother said they're quite valuable.  
We might have to sell them.  
Here's your pudding.  
- What's it like ?  
- Very good.  
Used any black magic on  
anyone lately ?  
Not really, no.  
I envy you in your power.  
What's it like to have such  
power at your fingertips ?  
Oh, it makes you feel fairly good.  
But I only have used it  
at school, you know.  
Can you teach me?  
I could use it here.  
Would you really want to ?  
No, not really.  
The results might be too alarming.  
Would you like to amuse yourself  
in the cathedral for a while ?  
I have some shopping to do.  
Yes, certainly.  
Can you amuse yourself  
in a cathedral ?  
Well, it wasn't a killing curse, you see.  
There are curses and curses.  
It depends on the curse.  
150 guineas. Mr. Curteen.

All right, gentlemen.  
Next lot, number 68.  
Lot number 68. Property of a gentleman  
named Ditto.  
Bay guilding. Seven-year-old.  
Sixteen, two hands.  
How much do I say for it ?  
300 regularly.  
How much for it ? 150 guineas. 120.  
Who will stop at 100 ?  
100 guineas, thank you. sir.  
Most impressive. Superb.  
What a splendid green.  
Remarkably elegant.  
- Most fetching.  
- Charming.  
Did you get the tie at Cello and Cello ?  
Of course.  
And where did you get the shoes ?  
Sterling and Porter.  
What green is this ?  
Lincoln green.  
I thought so.  
I shall dub you Sir Robin Hood.  
Do you feel different ?  
I feel quite another person.  
Let me have a proper look at you.  
I think he does very well.  
And I hope that your mother  
will think so too.  
Have you written to her, Leo ?  
- Yes, I have.  
- Good.  
You've chosen very well, Marian. Did  
you do any shopping for yourself ?  
Oh, no, mama. That can wait.  
It mustn't wait too long.  
You didn't see anyone in Norridge,  
I suppose ?  
Not a soul. We were hard at it all  
the time, weren't we, Leo ?  
Yes, we were.  
Your mother has written to me that  
you are liable to colds.

But you can watch the others  
bathe, of course.  
Why are you bringing your bathing  
suit if you're not allowed to swim ?  
It's just a bathing party.  
But you're not going to swim.  
I know I'm not.  
In that case, why ?  
What cheek ! The man's trespassing.  
What should we do ?  
Order him off.  
What cheek !  
Who can he be ?  
I don't know.  
He's a good swimmer.  
And really rather well-built.  
Don't you think ?  
Come on, Jane. Let's go and change.  
Shall we order him off ?  
- It's Ted Burgess.  
- Who's he ?  
The tenant of Blackfarm.  
We can't be rude to him.  
He farms the land on the other side.  
Perhaps you'd better be nice to him.  
I should just say how do you do.  
We don't know him socially, of course.  
But I think I'd better be nice  
to him, don't you ?  
I would say so.  
I didn't know anyone was going  
to be here.  
Just started on the harvest.  
- It got so hot.  
- Don't worry at all, please.  
We were hot too, up at the hall.  
Very hot.  
I won't be long. Just one more header.  
Absolutely, absolutely.  
I think I put him at his ease, don't you ?  
I shouldn't put on a bathing suit  
if you're not going to swim.  
It would look absurd.  
What do you think you're doing ?

I'll get you for that.  
No.  
Revenge !  
No ! Stop it.  
I'll get you for that.  
My hair's gone down. It's all wet.  
I'll never get it dry.  
Oh, you do look so dry and smug.  
I should like to throw you in the river.  
Is that man gone ?  
Yes. He went off in a hurry.  
His name is Ted Burgess.  
He's a farmer.  
Do you know him ?  
Oh, I may have met him.  
Oh, it's dripping on my dress.  
Here's my bathing suit.  
It's quite dry.  
If you fasten it around your neck,  
so that it hangs down your back...  
...then you can spread your hair on it,  
and your hair will get dry  
and your dress won't get wet.  
Spread my hair on it.  
Take care not to pull it.  
Is it well spread ?  
Is it dry ?  
What a comfort.  
Your bathing suit on my shoulders.  
Is my hair well spread ?  
Oh yes, it is.  
See then that ye walk circumspectly,  
not as fools, but as wise,  
redeeming the time because  
the days are evil.  
Wherefore be not unwise,  
but understanding what  
the will of the Lord is.  
And be not drunk with wine,  
wherein is excess.  
But be filled with the spirit,  
speaking to yourselves in psalms  
and hymns and spiritual songs,  
singing and making melody



in your heart to the Lord.  
Giving thanks always for all things.  
Let us pray.  
Keep us, we beseech Thee oh Lord,  
with Thy perpetual mercy.  
And because the frailty of man,  
without Thee, cannot but fall,  
keep us ever, by Thy help,  
from all things hurtful  
and lead us to all things profitable  
to our salvation,  
through Jesus Christ, our Lord.  
Amen.

More sugar ?  
Now, everybody, let us decide  
what we are to do today.  
Hugh, come sit down here.  
And advise us.  
Now what do you suggest ?  
Well, ummm...  
What's up ?  
It's decent of you to trickle  
along, but don't come in.  
I have a headache and some spots.  
Mama thinks it may be measles.  
Ah, Jeez !  
Seen Trimingham ?  
Is he the man with the face ?  
Yes. Got it in the war.  
He was gored by the Boers.  
Ah, Jeez !  
I don't think we've been introduced.  
My name is Trimingham.  
How do you do, Trimingham ?  
You can call me Hugh, if you like.  
Or Trimingham, if you prefer.  
Why not Mr. Trimingham ?  
I think Trimingham is slightly more  
in order, if you prefer it to Hugh.  
But why not Mr. Trimingham ?  
Well, as a matter of fact, I'm a viscount.  
- Viscount Trimingham ?  
- That's right.  
Oughtn't I to call you Milord ?

No, no, Hugh will do.  
Or Trimingham, if you like.  
What's your name ?  
Colston.  
Mr. Colston ?  
Oh... Leo, if you like.  
I'll call you Leo, if I may.  
Yes, that's quite all right.  
Does Marian call you Leo ?  
Oh, yes. I think she's ripping.  
I'd do anything for her.  
What would you do ?  
Oh, anything. Anything.  
Would you like to take her  
a message for me ?  
Oh, yes. What shall I say ?  
Tell her I've got her prayer book.  
She left it behind in church.  
How careless. I forget everything.  
Please thank him for me.  
What the hell do you  
think you're doing ?  
I could give you the biggest thrashing  
you've ever had in your life.  
- My knee.  
- Get up.  
What are you doing here ?  
Who are you anyway ?  
I know you. We've met.  
Met ?  
At the bathing place. You were bathing.  
I came with the others.  
You're from the Hall.  
Can you walk ?  
I saw you dive.  
You did it jolly well.  
You were lucky.  
You might have spoiled your suit.  
Miss Marian gave it to me.  
Miss Marian Maudsley.  
Bandaging.  
Is it stinging ?  
Yes.  
You're a Spartan.

Won't you want that ?  
Oh, I've got plenty more.  
Try walking.  
Thank you very much, Mr. Burgess.  
Is there anything I can do for you ?  
Well, perhaps there is.  
Could you take a message for me ?  
Of course. Who to ?  
How old are you ?  
I shall be 13 on the 27th of this month.  
Can I trust you ?  
Of course you can.  
There's a boy, isn't there ?  
A lad of your age.  
- He's in bed with measles.  
- Oh, is he ?  
Are you ever alone with  
anybody in the house ?  
Nobody talks to me much.  
They're all grown up, you see.  
Except Marcus.  
He's in bed.  
Marian talks to me. Miss Marian.  
Ah, does she ?  
She often talks to me.  
She talks to me most.  
- When her hair was wet...  
- Are you ever alone with her ?  
I mean just the two of you in  
a room with no one else.  
Well, sometimes.  
Sometimes we sit together on the sofa.  
On a sofa ?  
Could you give her a letter ?  
Without anybody else seeing.  
Of course I could.  
But can I trust you ?  
To keep your mouth shut ?  
Because, you see...  
It's a secret.  
All right ?  
I'll trust you.  
There.  
- Is this his ?

- Yes.

He said he wouldn't want it back.

Shall I throw it on the rubbish dump ?

Oh, I don't know.

Perhaps I'll wash it out.

Seems a quite good handkerchief.

Wait.

He asked me to give you this.

It's a bit crumpled.

This dress is.

Now, the bandage.

You've put it on.

Oh, yes.

Now I'll put on your stocking.

- I can do that.

- No, no. I'll put it on.

You won't tell anyone about  
this letter, will you ?

You wouldn't, would you ?

Of course I wouldn't.

There.

Shall you be going to Goodworth ?

I think I shall go to Goodworth.

Shall you ?

Yes.

Are you referring to Gussy Tom ?

- Gussy Tom... ?

- Hello. There's Mercury.

Why do you call him Mercury ?

'Cause he takes messages.

You took your message for me,  
didn't you, old child ?

To this young lady here on  
the way from church.

You didn't fetch a very warm response.

Do you know who Mercury was ?

Mercury is the smallest of the planets.

Ah, but before that he was  
the messenger of the gods.

He went to and fro between them.

Do you know Ted Burgess ?

Ted Burgess ? We all know

Ted Burgess.

He's a bit of a lad, Ted Burgess.

What do you mean by a lad ? I should  
have said he was a full grown man.  
Enjoying yourself ?  
Oh, yes thank you, sir.  
Miss your mother ?  
Yes, sir.  
I mean, no, sir.  
A little, sir.  
Pretty hot today.  
Is it a record ?  
I shouldn't be surprised.  
I'll have to look it up.  
- Hot weather suit you ?  
- Yes, sir.  
Hi ! Mercury !  
Come here. I want you.  
Trying to sneak past in dead ground.  
Where were you off to ?  
Nowhere.  
Ah, nowhere. Well, would you  
like to go somewhere ?  
Yes, where ?  
It's up to you.  
I want you to find Marian.  
We need her to make a four at croquet.  
No idea where she is.  
Can you find her ?  
- I don't know.  
- Well, no one else could.  
But you can.  
- Will you do that ?  
- Yes.  
You must bring her back  
dead or alive.  
What are you doing here ?  
- Hugh asked me to find you.  
- Why ?  
He wants you to play croquet.  
He said I was to bring you  
back dead or alive.  
Well, which am I ?  
I'm going to luncheon with some  
neighbors tomorrow.  
They're very old and mossy. I don't

suppose you want to come, do you ?  
Oh, no. I can stay here.  
What will you do ?  
Oh, anything.  
Yes, but what ?  
I might go for a walk.  
Where to ?  
I might slide down the straw stack.  
Whose ?  
Farmer Burgess.  
Oh, his ?  
Oh well, Leo, if you go that way  
perhaps you'd give him a letter for me.  
I was hoping you'd say that.  
- Why, because you like him ?  
- Yes.  
But there's another reason.  
What is it ?  
Because I like you.  
Hello.  
Tell her that's all right.  
Look what you've done.  
Tell her that's no go.  
You may now enter boldly.  
My disease has fled.  
But you don't look better.  
Of course I'm better. I shall  
be down this afternoon.  
You can bore me with your life story.  
Marian, Marcus is better. He...  
Ah, a conspiracy. A love scene.  
May I seize you from  
this fortunate fellow ?  
Is "seize" an appropriate word ?  
"Gather", then.  
May I gather you from  
this fortunate fellow ?  
Do you mind if I'm gathered, Leo ?  
Oh, no.  
Not at all.  
Hello.  
How's the postman ?  
Very well, thank you.  
Brought anything for me ?

I'm afraid I shan't be able to  
bring you any more letters.  
Why not ?  
Marcus has got over his measles.  
You said he wasn't to know.  
If he came here with me.  
Then he would know.  
Have you told Miss Marian this ?  
No.  
She won't know what to do.  
Nor shall I.  
What did you do before I came ?  
Well, it wasn't so easy then.  
She likes you, doesn't she ?  
You want her to like you, don't you ?  
You wouldn't want her  
to stop liking you.  
No, you wouldn't.  
She won't be the same to you  
if you don't take her letters.  
That's the truth.  
They're not just ordinary letters.  
She'll miss them.  
So shall I.  
She'll cry perhaps.  
Do you want her to cry ?  
It's not hard to make her cry.  
She used to cry before  
you came along.  
Did you make her cry ?  
She cried when she couldn't see me.  
How do you know ?  
Because she cried when she did see me.  
I've been busy. Smiler's  
going to have a foal.  
She's ill.  
Why does she have it then,  
if it makes her ill ?  
She hadn't much choice.  
What made her have one ?  
- What ?  
- What made her have one ?  
Between you and me...  
She did a bit of spooning.

Spooning ? I didn't know  
horses could spoon.  
That's a silly word, really.  
What's it mean ?  
You seem to know  
something about it.  
I don't know anything about it.  
That's the point.  
It's all this kissing, isn't it ?  
That's what it is.  
I've seen it on postcards  
on the seaside.  
You can't tell me horses do that.  
No. Horses don't do that.  
Well, what do they do ?  
What does anyone do ?  
There's more to it than  
just kissing. I know that.  
But what ?  
You'll find out.  
Could you marry someone ?  
Without ever spooning with them ?  
Spooning is a silly word.  
Well, whatever the word is.  
Could you marry someone ?  
And never do whatever it is ?  
You could.  
But it wouldn't be a very  
lover-like thing to do.  
Lover-like ?  
- That's enough questions anyway.  
- But you haven't told me anything.  
All right. Let's make a bargain.  
I tell you all about it...  
on the condition that you  
go on being our postman.  
Why did you say I couldn't  
wear my cap ?  
Because it's a school cap.  
If it was an England cap, or  
a county cap, or club cap...  
then, of course, you could wear it.  
But to wear a school cap in a private  
match simply isn't done.



Stump pump.

- This is Charles Weston. Mr. Crick.

- How do you do ?

- Mr. Page, Mr. Bush. Mr. Burgess.

- How do you do ?

And this is our twelfth man,

Mr. Colston.

Mr. Page, Mr. Bush, Mr. Burgess.

Oh, we know each other, milord,

Mr. Colston and me.

He comes to slide down

my straw stack.

Of course. He's told us all about it.

Are you a good batsman ?

Oh, no, not me. I'm not much

of a cricketer, really.

He can be very dangerous in the open.

- We've got to get him out quickly.

- I'm not a cricketer.

- I just hit.

- Well, we're going to get you out...

before you get the chance.

The burrough's all here.

I haven't seen him for years.

He's on the top. He's batting.

- Good luck.

- Thanks, Leo.

Wasn't he fine ? Such

command and elegance.

Good ol' boy. Good ol' boy.

We're in trouble. There's

only me to come.

I mean, that's only good,

quite frankly.

Come on.

That's me. It's absolutely up to me.

But he's not young. I mustn't tire him.

- Yes !

- No !

- Run !

- No !

Why does he keep saying no ?

He wants to save my father's

strength.

Which is a little unnecessary,  
I think.

- No !

- Go on !

- Beautifully played, sir.

- Thank you very much.

Now, what are we going  
to do about you ?

Oh, I shan't give you much trouble.

We'd better get Burgess  
out whatever we do.

Trimingham is far too cunning for him.

Burgess has no sense of culture  
or discipline.

- Mrs. Maudsley, are you all right ?

- Oh, yes. Perfectly all right.

- That was a close shave.

- What a shock !

He's terribly savage.

Where's our twelfth man ?

Are you all right, Marian ?

Yes, mama, thank you.

- The ball didn't hurt you ?

- It didn't touch me, mama.

Magnificent catch !

I didn't mean to catch you out.

With a damned good catch.

I never thought I'd be caught  
out by our postman.

- Well played, Ted.

- Yes.

Good ol' Ted !

And last but not least,  
except in stature...

...our young David, who slew the Goliath  
of Blackfarm, if I may so describe it.

Not with a sling but with a catch.

And now I believe it is time  
for the music.

Who, I wonder, will be prepared  
to give us the first song ?

Ted's the one. He's the beginner  
and he's the best shot with a gun.

Come on, Ted.

I can't see the piano player.  
There is no piano player.  
He's got a player-finger disease.  
Come on, Ted. Don't be shy.  
You don't need no music.  
- Give us a song.  
- Come on Ted.  
Take your collar off first,  
it's gonna strangle you.  
Come on Ted.  
Come on, be a gentleman.  
You just act like one.  
Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes.  
What'd you say ? Speak up !  
Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes.  
Take a pair of sparkling eyes  
Hidden ever and anon  
in a merciful eclipse.  
Do not heed their mild surprise  
Having passed the Rubicon  
Take a pair of rosy lips  
Take a figure trimly planned  
Such as admiration whets  
Be particular in this  
Take a tender little hand  
Fringed with dainty fingerettes  
Press it, press it in parenthesis  
Ah, take all these you lucky man  
Take and keep them if  
you can, if you can  
Take all these, you lucky man  
Take and keep them if you can.  
If you can.  
Take my counsel, happy man  
Act upon it if you can,  
if you can, if you can.  
Act upon it if you can  
Happy man, if you can.  
Well, Leo, what's it to be ?  
I can sing Angels Ever Bright and Fair.  
But it's a sacred song.  
All right.  
Angels ever bright and fair  
Take, oh, take me to your care.

Speed to your own courts my flight  
Clad in robes of virgin white  
Clad in robes of virgin white.  
Well, thank goodness we said  
goodbye to the village for a year.  
Did you notice the stink in that hall ?  
No.  
What a whiff.  
I suppose you were too busy wooing,  
and rolling your eyes and  
sucking up the applause.  
Still, it takes two. I must admit  
you didn't do too badly.  
- Oh, thank you.  
- Except that it was rather horrific...  
...to see your slimy serpent's tongue  
stuck to the roof of your mouth.  
And your face like a sick cow.  
You poofey !  
Nanny's bed wetter !  
Hey, I'll tell you a secret.  
What ?  
Marian's engaged to marry Trimmingham.  
It could be announced after the ball.  
Are you glad ?  
Yes, I am.  
I'm sure I am.  
Are you going out ?  
Yes. Shall we ?  
I'm afraid I can't.  
Why not ? Sorer ?  
Nanny Robinson isn't well.  
She lives in the village.  
Marian says I have to spend  
the afternoon with her.  
Isn't it boring ?  
Marian said she was going  
herself after tea.  
What will you do ?  
Where will you drag your  
evil-smelling carcass ?  
Oh, I might hang around  
the rubbish heap for a bit.  
Well don't get carted away

by mistake.

Hello, Leo. Just the man

I was looking for.

Will you do something for me ?

Yes, what ?

Take this letter.

- But who to ?

- Who to ?

Away to the farm, you silly.

What's the matter ?

But I can't.

Can't ? Why not ?

- Because of Hugh.

- Hugh ?

What has Hugh to do with it ?

He might be upset.

What has Hugh got to do with it ?

I told you this is a business matter  
between Mr. Burgess and myself.

It has nothing to do with anybody  
else. No one else in the world.

Do you understand, or  
are you too stupid ?

You and Hugh...

- You and Trimingham...

- What are you talking about ?

You come into this house. Our guest.

A poor little thing out of nowhere.

We take you in. We know  
nothing about you.

We feed you. We clothe you.

We make a great fuss of you.

Then you have the damned cheek to say  
you won't do a simple thing that any...  
some roughneck lad out in the street  
would do for nothing.

Nothing !

You want paying, I suppose.

I see. How much do you want ?

Hello.

Mr. Postman.

How are you ?

You've been crying.

What's the matter ?

Here.

Do you want to have a shot  
with my gun ?

I was just going to clean it but  
I can do that afterwards.

Come and watch me then.

There are some rooks around here  
that could do with a peppering.

You got a letter for me ?

Looks as though you've  
been sleeping on it.

You'd like some tea, wouldn't you ?

I'm on me own today.

My daily woman doesn't  
come on Sundays.

Oh, you do have a woman  
every day ?

No.

I told you. She doesn't  
come on Sundays.

Have you any message for her ?

Who ?

Marian.

I might have.

You want to take it ?

Not very much.

But she'll be angry if I don't.

So it was her.

It's not fair to ask you  
to do it for nothing.

What can I do to make  
it worth your while.

Last time I was here...

...you said you'd tell me something.

I did that ?

Yes.

You said you'd tell me about...  
spooning.

I don't know any other word.

Is there another word ?

You said you'd tell me.

Yes.

- But now I'm not sure that I shall.

- Why not ?

It's a job for your dad, really.  
My father's dead.  
And I'm quite sure he never did it.  
Oh, yeah.  
You can't break your promise.  
Well, it means puttin' your arm  
around a girl and  
kissin' her, that's what it means.  
Oh, I know that. But it's  
something else.  
It makes you feel something.  
What do you like doing best ?  
The kettle's boiling.  
It's like whatever you  
like doing best.  
- And then some more.  
- Yes, but what more ?  
What's a lover like ?  
What does it mean ?  
What is a lover ? What  
does a lover do ?  
Are you a lover ?  
What do you do ?  
You know. I know you know.  
And I won't take any more messages  
for you unless you tell me.  
You get out of here, quick !  
Wait !  
Dear mother,  
I am sorry to tell you  
I am not enjoying myself here.  
I would like to come home.  
Hello.  
Come in.  
- Never been in here before ?  
- No.  
Sit down.  
Cigar ?  
No, thank you.  
Can I ask you something ?  
You can.  
I've been reading a book.  
And in this book, two men  
fought a duel.

Over a quarrel about one  
of the men's wife.  
And then, in this duel...  
the wife's husband...  
the husband...  
was shot.  
What's your question ?  
Well, I thought, when I read it,  
that it was probably  
the lady's fault.  
But she didn't have  
to fight the duel.  
And I just thought that  
it was a little unfair.  
Nothing is ever a lady's fault.  
Does that answer your question ?  
Yes.  
Any other questions ?  
No.  
What do you think of Ted Burgess ?  
What do I think of Ted Burgess ?  
He's a powerful hitter.  
But you had the measure of him.  
You defeated him, didn't you ?  
Ted Burgess is quite  
a decent fellow.  
- But wild.  
- Wild ?  
Do you mean he's dangerous ?  
Well, he's not dangerous  
to you or to me.  
He's a bit of a lady killer, that's all.  
A lady killer ?  
Sit down, please sit down.  
A new recruit to the smoking room.  
Have you been telling him some  
smoking-room stories ?  
Or showing him the pictures ?  
Have you looked at the pictures ?  
He doesn't like them.  
We were talking about Ted Burgess  
when you came in.  
I told Leo...  
that he was a lady killer.



He has that reputation,  
I believe.  
I've been talking to him  
about joining the army.  
A likely man, single, no ties.  
And a pretty good shot too  
with a rifle by all accounts.  
He has that reputation, I believe.  
Do you think he'll go ?  
I think he may. Seems  
quite interested.  
He won't altogether be  
a loss to the district.  
Why ?  
For what you were saying just now.  
They say he's got a woman  
up this way.  
I know.  
But she doesn't come on Sundays.  
Cigar ?  
Hello.  
I didn't think you'd come again.  
I'm sorry I shouted at you.  
I didn't mean to.  
I just didn't feel like telling you  
what you wanted to know,  
that's all.  
But I'll tell you now, if you like.  
Do you want me to tell you ?  
Because I'll tell you now  
if you want me to.  
No, no. I wouldn't dream  
of troubling you.  
I know someone who'll tell me.  
As a matter of fact, I know  
several people who will tell me.  
As long as they don't  
tell you wrong.  
How could they ? It's a common  
knowledge, isn't it ?  
What are you doing with  
your bathing suit ?  
I told Marcus you were going to  
give me a swimming lesson.

I've come to say goodbye, you see.

Oh, you're off, are you ?

I'm expecting to hear from my mother by Friday at the latest.

I think I really should go.

She does miss me, you know.

I'm sure she does.

Is it true you're going to the war ?

Who told you that ?

Lord Trimingham.

Did you know that Marian was engaged to him ?

Yes, I did.

Is that why you're going ?

I don't know that I am going.

That's for her to say.

It's not what I want.

That's what she wants.

Well, goodbye.

So long, postman.

Goodbye, Ted.

Shall I take one more message for you ?

Yes.

Tell her tomorrow's no good.

That Friday, after 5, same as usual.

So you met my grandson.

Yes, I did.

Does he remind you of anyone ?

Of course.

Ted Burgess.

That's it. That's it.

He does.

Why don't you marry Ted ?

I can't.

I can't. Can't you see why ?

Why are you marrying Hugh ?

Because I must. I must.

I've got to.

What about this mysterious outpost ?

Good idea.

Not that there's anything  
worth seeing.  
Apart from a lot of dreary  
old outhouses.  
- There's the deadly nightshade.  
- Oui, la belladonna.  
You mean... Atropa belladonna.  
I don't mean that at all.  
I mean deadly nightshade.  
Mama's ill in bed.  
Why ?  
I don't know.  
What do you think  
of my mother ?  
I think...  
she has a lot to look after.  
with the house and everything, and  
organizing the ball and everything.  
She has, yes.  
She undoubtedly has.  
My sister is very beautiful,  
isn't she ?  
Yes, she is very beautiful.  
- She's going to London tomorrow.  
- What for ?  
Firstly, to buy a dress for  
the ball, you oaf.  
The engagement ball, you oaf.  
And then, to get something  
for you.  
What do you mean ?  
A birthday present, frog's ball.  
Now, shall I tell you what it is ?  
Or shall I not ?  
Do you know what it is ?  
Yes. But I don't tell little boys.  
Well, you won't tell anyone  
I told you.  
I swear.  
- It's a bicycle.  
- What ?  
And you know what color it is ?  
It's green. Green,  
you imbecile.

Bright green.

And you know why ? Because you  
are green yourself.

It's your true color. Marian said so.

Green. Green. Green.

Did she say that ?

But of course. Green.

Green. Green.

Do you know where Marian  
is at this moment ?

- No. Do you ?

- Yes.

- Where ?

- I don't tell little boys.

Little boy. Little boy.

Little boy.

Do you really know where she is ?

Aha !

Dear Leo,

I think it would be ungrateful  
to Mrs. Maudsley,  
after all her kindness to you,  
if you were to leave so suddenly.

The ten days will soon pass,  
my darling,

and then you'll be home.

We can't expect to be happy  
all the time, can we ?

Die. Die, all evil.

Delenda est belladonna.

Delenda. Delenda. Delenda.

Delenda est belladonna.

And now...

today is Leo's day.

You've opened your presents.

At seven o'clock you'll  
cut your birthday cake,  
and receive a rather special  
present, so I believe.

Now, how would you like  
to spend the day ?

Unfortunately the weather's  
changed.

But if it clears, perhaps you'd

like to go for a drive  
to Beeston Castle after luncheon.  
You haven't seen it, have you ?  
That would be very nice.  
Well, we shall do that.  
If the weather clears, we shall  
decide at luncheon.  
What if the weather doesn't clear ?  
Well, then we shall have  
to think again.  
We shall make our decision  
at luncheon.  
- Don't you think Huge ?  
- Quite a fair plan, I should say.  
But it may not clear.  
I think it will.  
The rain seems to have stopped.  
For the moment, anyway.  
It seems that all will be well  
for Leo's birthday.  
Hi, Leo.  
Come with me and tell me what  
the weather means to do.  
Do you think the summer's over ?  
It's one of the hottest summer's  
on record, Marian.  
Of course it isn't over.  
- Tell me, would you like to walk ?  
- Oh, yes.  
Where shall we walk ?  
I can't, I'm afraid. You see,  
it's this kind of walk.  
- Oh, no.  
- Oh, yes.  
Marian. Leo.  
What are you fighting about ?  
Oh, I was just teaching  
him a lesson.  
Was that the bone of contention ?  
Yes, it was, mama.  
I wanted him to take this note  
to nanny Robsy.  
To tell her that I'm going to see  
her this afternoon, some time.

And would you believe it ?

Leo didn't want to.

He pretended he had something  
on with Marcus.

- But I...

- Yes you did.

Well, I shouldn't really worry,  
Marian.

You say she often doesn't remember  
whether you've been or not.

She is growing old, poor  
nanny Robinson.

I think it's about time that Leo  
and I took a walk in the garden.

Come on, Leo.

I don't believe you've seen  
the garden properly, have you ?

You can spare Leo now,  
can't you Marian ?

Oh, yes.

- Would you like Marcus to come with us.

- Oh, no.

Marcus isn't interested in flowers.

But you are, aren't you ?

Yes, I am.

Well now, here's the garden.

The rain has certainly stopped.

What kind of flowers truly  
interest you ?

Poisonous ones, really.

I don't think you'll find many of those.

But there is one in the out...

In the what ?

Well, I've seen...

What have you seen, Leo ?

Well, there is a deadly nightshade  
in one of the outhouses.

Oh, you mean where the old  
garden used to be.

Yes, somewhere there.

Do you often go to the outhouses ?

Oh, no. Not often.

These always remind me  
of Marian.

How sweet of you to say you'd take  
her note to nanny Robinson.  
Does she often send  
you with messages ?  
Oh, no. Just once or twice.  
It sort of worries me that I stopped  
you from going just now.  
Perhaps you'd like to go.  
You know the way, don't you ?  
Well, not quite.  
- But I can ask.  
- You don't know the way ?  
But I thought you had taken  
messages there before.  
Yes.  
Well, yes, I have.  
But you don't know the way.  
I think perhaps the note  
should be delivered.  
You have it in your pocket,  
haven't you ?  
I'll call one of the gardeners  
and ask him to take it.  
Oh, no, really ! It isn't really that  
important. Please don't bother.  
It is important in a way, you see.  
Stanton. Could you come  
here a minute ?  
We have a note here for  
Miss Robinson.  
Rather urgent.  
Would you mind taking it ?  
Yes, Mam.  
I've... lost it... I haven't got it.  
It must have fallen out  
of my pocket.  
Feel again.  
I must have dropped it.  
Very well, Stanton.  
Take your hands out  
of your pockets.  
Has no one ever told you not to stand  
with your hands in your pockets ?  
I could ask you to turn

your pockets out.  
But I won't do that.  
I'll just ask you one question.  
You say you've taken messages  
for Marian before.  
- Well, I...  
- I think you said so.  
If you don't take them to  
Nanny Robinson,  
to whom do you take them ?  
So you met my grandson.  
Yes, I did.  
Does he remind you of anyone ?  
Of course.  
Ted Burgess.  
That's it. That's it.  
He does.  
It must be a comfort to you  
to have him near you.  
Yes,  
but he doesn't come to see  
me very much.  
I think he has a grudge  
against me.  
Oh, surely not.  
They tell me he wants  
to marry a girl.  
A nice girl.  
But he won't ask her.  
He feels... I think he feels...  
he's under some sort of spell  
or curse, you see.  
That's just plain silly.  
Now, this is where you come in.  
- I ?  
- Yes, you.  
You know the facts. You know  
what really happened.  
Tell him.  
Tell him everything,  
just as it was.  
Every man should get married.  
You ought to have married.  
You're all dried up inside,



I can tell that.  
Don't you feel any need of love ?  
Speak to him.  
Tell him there's no spell or curse,  
except an unloving heart.  
Tell him that.  
We're watching the lightning,  
mama.  
Rather good luck we didn't  
set out to Beeston Castle.  
Yes, it would have been rather  
a damp expedition.  
Sit here, please, Leo dear.  
You see, I don't like number  
thirteen.  
Isn't it silly of me ?  
So we put twelve candles  
round the big cake  
and then when they're blown  
out, you shall light that one,  
and blow that one out.  
- When will that be ?  
- When Marian comes.  
She has a rather special  
present for you.  
She wants to give it to you herself.  
Naturally.  
And let's all sit down.  
Marian should be back by six  
o'clock... from nanny Robinson.  
I haven't seen nanny Robinson  
for years.  
- How is she ?  
- Remarkably well.  
Isn't it time that Leo  
cut the cake ?  
Yes, if he can do it.  
That's unkind of you.  
Of course he can do it.  
He's a man of great capabilities.  
Considerable. And well loved.  
Didn't you know he was  
Marian's cavalier ?  
Bravo ! Bravo !

Leave a piece for Marian.  
She ought to be here now.  
It's still raining.  
We'd better send a carriage  
down to fetch her.  
Why didn't we think of it before ?  
The carriage is to go at once  
to Miss Marian.  
She may be walking up  
through the rain.  
Poor darling. She'll be soaked.  
What about your thirteenth candle ?  
Now you must cut a piece  
for yourself.  
He'd rather have his cake than eat it.  
Let's have a round of crackers.  
Here, dear. Come, hold  
one with me.  
Now, all together...  
Leo.  
Excuse me, Mam. The carriage  
has come back.  
But not Miss Marian.  
She wasn't at Miss Robinson's  
and Miss Robinson said  
she hadn't been all day.  
Well, all we can do is wait for her.  
I've just learned a wonderful  
riddle. Listen to this.  
What's the difference...  
No. We won't wait.  
I'm going to look for her.  
Leo. You know where she is.  
You shall show me the way.  
Madeleine.  
No ! You shall come !  
You came out of the blue  
to make us happy.  
And we made you happy,  
didn't we ?  
We trusted you with  
our great treasure.  
You might never have known  
what it was.

You might have gone through  
life without knowing.  
Isn't that so ?  
You see, you can tell him, Leo.  
You can tell him everything  
just as it was.  
Hugh was as true as steel. He wouldn't  
hear a word against me.  
But everybody wanted to know us,  
of course.  
I was Lady Trimingham,  
you see.  
I still am. There is no other.  
Remember how you loved  
taking our messages ?  
Bringing us together and  
making us happy.  
Well, this is another errand of love.  
And the last time I shall ever  
ask you to be our postman.  
Our love was a beautiful thing,  
wasn't it ?  
Tell him he can feel proud to be  
descended from our union.  
The child of so much happiness  
and beauty.  
Tell him...