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The Pumpkin Eater

By Harold Pinter

What are you doing?

What are you doing?

- Nothing.

- I thought you were going shopping.

It's late. I have to go.

- How are you feeling?

- All right.

Look, I have to go to this dinner.

I'm sorry.

All right.

Do you think you're going to
get over this period of your life?

Because I find it very depressing.

All right.

Daddy, I want to be
the signal-box man.

Darling...

Yeah, all right.

This is Jake Armitage. My wife, Jo.

- Hello.

- Hello. How do you do?

- Daddy, Daddy!

- Sit down over there.

Oh! Excuse me.

- Who's he, Mummy?

- A friend of Daddy's.

- Why did you put that on the line?

- I'm joining it to the diesel.

This is a non-stop express.

You shouldn't do that.

- What do you think of them?

- Marvellous.

Here you are.

- Do you like my car?

- Is this your car?

Yes.

- Where did you learn how to sew?

- I...

You know in the car, on the way here,
I said to you, " Mummy... "

Why isn't there a front to it, then?

- Well, it's not quite finished.

- I see.

- Give it back!

- Really, you two boys!
Jack, will you stop breaking down
the partitions!
- Tea?
- I'll help you.
What's that?
That? The windmill.
Well, where's the... thing?
Oh. I don't know.
- Does anybody live there?
- No, I don't think so.
Why on earth
do you want to marry my son?
- Why not?
- It's incomprehensible.
He'd be an impossible husband.
- Just a minute, I...
- No, I assure you. He's got no money.
He's bone-lazy, he drinks too much.
- Oh, he's quite useless.
- Thank you.
He's going to be
a very successful writer.
Do you think so?
What do the children say?
We haven't actually
discussed it with them.
Do you like children?
Of course, I do. Yes.
Have you ever actually known any?
Do you realise what
you're saddling yourself with?
- Yes, yes.
- A zoo.
A children's zoo. And their keeper.
Are you reconciled to keeping
a zoo and its keeper?
- Yes, of course. I mean, yes.
- Are you fit?
You know my daughter's record,
I suppose.
Yes, I do.
I want to marry her.
Then you're a fool.

The least I can do is to give you a start. Do you think that's fair?

- Fair?

- You're a fool but I'll give you a start.

- Do you think that's fair?

- Yes, very fair.

Right. The first thing we must do is shed the load.

- Far too many children.

- What do you mean?

I suggest we send the eldest two to boarding school.

- No. That's ridiculous.

- The burden on Jake is ridiculous.

I don't want them

to go away to school.

- They'd love it.

- They wouldn't.

I'd love it. Jake'd love it. They can stay with us during the holidays.

- We don't we just give them away

- Only the first two. There are others.

I won't have you trailing home with six more children in five years' time and another messed-up marriage on your hands.

Don't crush this poor boy before he starts.

He'll have to work

like a galley slave as it is.

We can't afford to send them away to school.

Well, I'm paying.

Oh! Thank you very much.

I've also bought you a fairly good lease on a London house.

It's quite reasonable.

It's old, but it should suit you very well.

It'll clean me out, but you may as well have the money now as when I die.

Oh, Mummy!

Do you like it?

Yes! It's super!

Look, Mummy,
they' re here before us!
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
Yes, isn't it!
Yes, isn't it!
Look, Mummy,
they' re here before us!
I think it's going to be wonderful
with all of us here.
What do you think of it, Elizabeth?
- It's gorgeous, Mummy.
- Yes, it is quite gorgeous.
- What do you think of it, Dinah?
- I think it's absolutely lovely.
- Gosh, I'm sorry.
- It's all right.
- Oh!
- Well, this is it.
Here we go round the mulberry bush
On a cold and frosty morning
Here we go round the mulberry bush
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush
Here we go round the mulberry bush
On a cold and frosty morning #
You're
my first marriage, my first husband.
You've been married
three times.
No. You're the first.
Are the children asleep?
Yes.
I'll close the door.
I want to go away with you...
and come back with you...
and live with you.
You will.
You'll never go from me.
We'll have the same life.
Do you want anything else?
No.
I don't want anything else.
- Can I tell you a story?
- Oh, yes!

- Do you like living in this house?

- Yes. Don't you?

- Yes...

- A story about a killer whale.

- How long will we live here?

- We're moving tomorrow.

We're not! Where?

We're building a big house

near the windmill on top of the hill.

- What hill?

- Lift your foot.

- It's about this whale.

- What hill?

By the barn

where we used to live.

- Are we moving to that windmill?

- Sure.

- In the morning?

- We'll have lunch first.

Can't we just

go back and live in the barn?

- Hurry up.

- A story of two whales and a shark.

- What sort of a house?

- With eight bathrooms, all for me.

- One for me!

- None for you.

- Where's the opener?

- Just a minute!

- Mummy?

- Yes, darling, what is it?

- Where's the opener?

- This drawer.

Look, I'm upside down!

Do you want one?

Oh! I'll have one.

Oh, thank you, dear.

Oh! That one got me.

It'll wipe off.

Oh, dear.

- Let's go out today.

- Go where?

I don't know. Take them out.

What, all of them?

Good God! Who's that?
I've never see half of them.
Who are they?
You know who they are.
They' re friends of Elizabeth's.
I'll take them out if you like.
- You can get some rest.
- Don't be silly.
- No, I will.
- I won't hear of it.
It's Saturday. We can go out.
What are you doing in there?
What do you want,
turnips or swedes?
- Turnips or swedes?
- Yes.
Or both, if you like.
Turnips or... swedes.
Turnips or swedes?
Just a minute,
I'll have to think about that.
What's her name?
- Philpot.
- That's ridiculous.
Why does she have to stay with us?
She's got nowhere else to go.
Don't mind, do you?
Anyway, she'll be company for you.
Wives don't usually like me.
I like them - that's the funny thing.
I seem to worry them somehow,
I don't know.
They get so ratty, people's wives.
Funny, but I like them better
than their husbands.
Do you think that's funny?
Perhaps I'm not normaI.
I'm sure I'm normaI, really.
Perhaps it's just I'm abnormaI.
I can't see how I can be, can you?
I mean, I've been told I'm frigid.
I don't see how you can tell.
I mean, honestly,
how can you tell whether you' re...

I shouldn't think you are.

Just a minute.

- Anyway, you don't look it.

- I think you' re marvellous.

I really do. I think

you' re absolutely marvellous.

You' re so capable, all you do,

all the children and everything.

The way you cope.

Of course, Jake is the most fabulous husband and father.

He's the most fabulous husband and...

- Can I get into the...?

- .. most fabulous husband.

- How many are his?

- Uh... One.

One?

- One is his, the others aren't his?

- No, they' re not.

Still, he's a wonderful father

to them all, isn't he?

Why does Philpot

have to stay with us?

- She had to leave her flat.

- Why with us? We've enough people.

- She's looking for another one.

- I've never seen it.

- Who is she?

- A friend of a friend of Daddy's.

Why does she have to sleep

in my bed?

- Why can't I sleep in my bed?

- Why doesn't she go home?

Because she hasn't got a home.

- She smells of fish.

- She smells of onions.

She had a spot on her chin, but

she squeezed it out this morning.

- Ugh!

- She stinks of fish.

No, she doesn't stink. Now stop it.

- What's the difference?

- It's just perfume.

- It's fish!

- I like her.

Dad had to catch her yesterday
when she fainted.

- I bet it was awful, the smell.

- Fainted?

Is this how you faint?

Do you faint like this?

For goodness' sake, get up.

You're covered in mud! Look at it!

Now hurry up. It's turning cold.

I want no more talk about Philpot.

That's the end of it.

It must be wonderful to have a man
working in the house, mustn't it?

Working at home.

Oh, you shouldn't have
brought me tea, really!

I should get up.

I mustn't have tea in bed, really.

It's bad for me.

But honestly, it must be challenging,
don't you think, to write for the films?

It must be so challenging,

don't you think, the cinema is?

Wouldn't you say?

Of course, his understanding

is so extraordinary, his innate...

Like the way he draws his characters.

Swift strokes, so swift.

And, of course, for you,
after all your struggles,

to suddenly have

success on the doorstep.

After all those husbands

you've had and everything.

Of course, you're so intelligent
and everything,

and, of course, so beautiful.

Do you help him much with his work?

No, not much.

Are you feeling any better?

Better?

You weren't too well.

Oh, I'm perfect.

It's... It's so warm here.

So real.

I've never felt such a sense
of reality as there is here.

Do you know what I mean?

- Does Philpot faint much?

- What?

Philpot. Does she do a lot of fainting?

How the hell should I know?

And why should she faint?

What's she got to faint about?

- Children said she fainted yesterday.

- I don't know.

Did she?

- They said you caught her.

- Me?

- Yes.

- Well, why should I catch her?

- To stop her head from banging on...

- What are you talking about?

- Did you catch her when she fainted?

- How would I know?!

- There's no need to shout.

- Shout?!

My God. I'm not shouting.

You're the one who's shouting.

Where's she gone?

She's just gone out the front door.

Has she?

- Don't you think that's a bit odd?

- What?

I mean, we've just come in,
haven't we? Now she's gone out.

She's probably gone for a walk.

Why don't you take your coat off?

What?

Why is she gone?

- Do you want some coffee?

- No, thank you.

What did you think of the film?

What did you think of the bloody film?

Nothing.

I didn't think anything about it.

Is your film going to be

any better, the one you' re writing?
- Do you think it'll be better?
- Now, listen...
Do you like sitting between
two women? Does it give you a thrill?
Yes, it does. It really does.
What do you think
I ought to do about it?
Should I go and see a psychiatrist
about it?
- All right. What's...
- Look. Listen, it was nothing.
Do you understand?
What do you mean, it was nothing?
What do you mean, nothing?
- What do you think I mean?
- Why did you catch her?
- I didn't!
- She fainted.
What does it matter?
I didn't catch her.
What does it matter?
Don't you understand? Who cares?
- I care.
- About what?
I care about you. Who else?
Me? You don't care about me.
All you care about is
that bloody great army of kids
I'm supposed to
slave my guts out for.
That's all you care about.
Where do I come in?
I can't even have a bath in peace.
I can't even go to bed with you
without one of them barging in.
But so what? You don't care.
I'm sick of living in a bloody nursery.
Where do I come in?
What are you sniggering for?
Think it's funny
because I tell the truth for once.
The truth?
That I'm capable of fancying

somebody else.

I'm a perfectly normal man and I'm capable of fancying somebody else.

Come on.

She was just here, that's all.

I was bored with the script.

It was nothing. Forget it.

- Did you sleep with her?

- Don't be silly.

- You didn't?

- No.

- Promise?

- Yes.

- Do you still want to?

- Yes.

Come on, Daddy.

What do you want?

Jake, my...

Jake, my...

Oh! Oh!

I couldn't find Daddy.

I called the studio

but he wasn't there.

I left a message.

- Shall we go in here?

- Yes.

- Would you like a drink?

- No, not for me, thanks.

I should have got in touch with you before.

It's been getting worse all the time.

Going on for ages.

A girlfriend of hers was staying with us at the time, then she left.

Yes, it was around that period, but it's been getting worse all the time.

What exactly?

I don't know.

I can't get near her.

She thinks everybody's against her, keeps finding fault all the time.

Haven't you any idea why?

No.

I mean, breaking down in Harrods

like that.

Harrods, of all places!

- Any kind of trouble between you?

- No.

There's nothing particular,
no specific problem?

No. Nothing at all.

I think perhaps she should see
a psychiatrist.

- Should she?

- It might be a good idea.

All right. If she wants to.

- He might want to see you, too.

- Me?

Yes. After all, you are her husband.

I don't really see what I... She
probably wants to have another child.

Why doesn't she?

She's a healthy woman.

We've got enough.

Have you counted them?

Any sane person would know
we've got enough.

When is she going to face facts?

She's beautiful.

She could join in, live.

But all she wants to do is
sit in a corner and give birth.

Well, I'll get in touch with this man.

- Be kind to her.

- Kind? I'm always kind to her.

Good night, Doctor.

No, I tried.

I couldn't get through to you before.

No, there was somebody here.

I just couldn't...

- Asleep?

- No.

- Has he gone?

- Mm-hm.

- What did he say?

- Oh, nothing much.

- You'll be all right.

- Yes.

I am.
When are they going
to finish the new house?
Soon.
We've finished the script.
Mmmm.
We' re going to Morocco
in a couple of weeks.
Would you like to come? I mean...
it would mean living in tents
and all that, but if you feeI like it...
Well, I couldn't just sit in a tent.
You wouldn't
have to stay in the tent.
You could come and watch
what's going on, if you wanted to.
Anyway, there's all that sun.
You could drive about.
- It's a beautifui country.
- Fergus loved the train.
What train?
Your birthday present.
The one your secretary sent for you.
Anyway, the doctor...
We arranged for a good psychiatrist
for you to go and see.
Why don't you come down
to the studio tomorrow?
- What for?
- To meet everyone.
They all want to meet you.
Watch the work. It might interest you.
- I don't want to.
- You' re not interested in what I do?
- You never ask me.
- I just did.
- I've asked a dozen times.
- You don't want me to come.
- That's silly.
- No.
It's not what you want.
You never show the slightest
interest in anything I do...
Why are we talking about it?

You' re just not interested
in what I do, are you?
You leave me. You' re never with me.
I have to work. It's my life.
- Where's mine? Where's my life?!
- With me!
I've worked. I've had to.
The children go to good schools.
- Do you love me?
- I wouldn't be here if I didn't.
- You'd always be here if you did.
- That's ridiculous.
- Always.
- You resent the money.
Money! It has nothing to do
with the money.
Look at that damned kitchen!
And all of this!
What about the new house?
You wanted it. I did it.
You just want to go back
and live in that barn!
It has nothing to do with the kitchen.
It has nothing to do with the money.
It has nothing to do with any of it.
Well, what? What is it?
What do you want? Hm? What?
- You' re going out.
- I have to.
Don't go out now.
Why are you going out now?
I've got to. You know that.
I can't not go.
Stay.
Not for long.
I'm late. It's business, not friends.
- If it was friends, you could come.
- What friends?
We haven't got any friends.
The only friend I ever had
was Philpot.
But she was more YOUR friend,
wasn't she, than mine.
But you've had lots of friends

since Philpot.

Lots of nice friends. For years.

You' re quite wrong.

I don't want to come to the studio.

I don't want to meet your... people.

Never.

Never.

They' re ready for you to say
good night to them, Mrs Armitage.

Mrs Armitage?

Are they out of the bath?

Yes, sir.

- Bye, Dad.

- Bye.

- Say goodbye to Daddy.

- Goodbye, Daddy.

Bye!

Bye!

Bye!

Goodbye, Daddy!

Goodbye!

So you do like children,

Mrs Armitage?

- Well, they don't do you any harm.

- Yes.

Yes. Let's see.

- Now, you have...

- I had them of my own free will.

- Of course.

- Nobody forced me to have them.

Your two eldest boys have been
at boarding school for some years.

- Yes. For some years.

- You agreed to their going away.

Yes.

Have you seen them recently?

No. Not recently.

Do you want to see them?

I believe they' re doing terribly well.

Tell me about your first husband.

- I can't remember.

- Oh?

You were married to him
for two years.

Well...

He was sweet.

Quite sweet.

Drank a bit, I think.

He was nice.

He was killed.

The second one was a violinist. Giles.

He was nice.

We lived in this, uh...

barn with the children.

Hardly went out, really.

For some years, I think.

Why did you leave him?

What happened?

Happened?

Jake happened.

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

I do hope you don't mind.

I've just been looking at a photograph
of you in one of these magazines.

A photograph of you all,

all your family,

your wonderful children

and your wonderful husband.

I thought it must be the same person.

Yes.

I think you're much lovelier
than your photo.

I do, really.

- Do you mind my speaking to you?

- No.

To tell you the truth,
my life is an empty place.

To tell you the honest truth.

Your eyes are much more beautiful
than your photograph.

You didn't always have things
so good.

That's why you appreciate, don't you?

I never dreamed I'd meet you like this.

And, well, you're so kind to me,
you're so full of sympathy for me.

My husband

doesn't come near me any more.
No, nowhere near me.
But don't you think I'm still attractive
any more? I think I am.
Of course you are.
I'm not as attractive as you are.
But in a different way I am.
That's one thing I do know.
I had a hysterectomy operation
four months ago.
Yes, a hysterectomy.
You know, they take it all away.
You should see the way men look
at me. The way they still look at me.
You can tell by that, you see.
I'm desirable.
I'm not old. I know.
But... he doesn't seem to care
about cheering me up any more.
I'm so thirsty.
- Would you like some tea?
- I'm off liquids.
Oh.
- I am sorry.
- It's no use your being sorry!
What are you going to do about it?
I've just told you,
my life is an empty place!
Well, what do you want me
to do about it?
Well, don't do me any favours,
for a start.
Don't patronise me, for a start!
But I'm not.
- I'm really not.
- " I'm not. "
" I'm really not. "
God, I thought you'd be different.
I thought you'd be
a very different woman, miss.
Very different
from the woman you are!
- I'm sorry.
- Are you? Yes, you look sorry

You've got such wonderful children.
Well, they' re wonderful, wonderful.
I think you' re wonderful, too.
You must be a lovely woman.
You must be such a lovely woman.
I think women are the only ones.
I think they' re the only ones.
I can see your grace and
sweetness just sitting there.
What does your husband
think of you?
Does he find you attractive?
Hm?
Hey! I've been thinking,
do you think your husband
would find me desirable?
- Look, I really...
- I'd show him some tricks.
I'd show him some tricks.
You want to bet?
I'd show him a few things
I bet you don't know.
My love. My little darling.
Anyone ever clawed your skin off?
Hm? You see these claws?
Ever had your skin clawed off?
Is your hair dry yet, madam?
Are you...
Are you going to give me
two little curls this time?
Are you? Over the ears?
You know, one each side?
Are you? Are you?
What has Jake got to do with me?
Why do you keep asking me
about Jake?
I come here and all you ask me about
is Jake. Why don't you see Jake?
Perhaps it's him
you should be seeing, not me.
Besides, there's nothing to say
about him.
Do you like him?
No.

- Do you love him?

- Yes. So what?

- You don't...

- What?

I've forgotten what I was going to say.

Do you think Jake is likely to change?

No.

What would you say

was the difference

between Jake

and your previous husbands?

They weren't necessary.

When you say

they weren't necessary...

You need a bowl

in front of that gas fire.

- A bowl?

- Of water.

- A bowl of water.

- Ah, yes.

- You need it, for God's sake.

- Mm.

Trouble is, if you have

a bowl of water,

people throw matchsticks into it.

They float about for days and become

soggy, the water becomes black,

and anyway... it all dries up anyway.

Do you find the thought of sex

without children obscene?

No.

Are you sure the idea doesn't

disgust you?

Perhaps you find the idea... messy.

Perhaps sex is something you feel

you must sanctify, as it were,

by incessant reproduction.

I shall have to give that question

a little thought.

You would do well to, I think.

I won't be seeing you

for a couple of weeks.

- Just go on with the pills.

- A couple of weeks?

Didn't my secretary tell you?

I'm off to Tenerife on Friday

for a spot of water-skiing.

- It's my great passion.

- Water-skiing!

And cut down on liquids

as much as you can.

Can we make an appointment

for the 19th?

Can't make it.

No. Can't make the 19th.

Then what about the... 20th?

- Can't make it.

- Oh, come now.

- What liquids?

- Well, liquids.

Yes, but what liquids?

Listen, why are you going

to Tenerife?

Why don't you go to Cannes?

Why Tenerife? Where is Tenerife?

Why the hell don't you go to Cannes?

Or Portofino?

Why Tenerife?

Come on, quick! Dad!

Where's the boy? Hello.

Where's Mummy?

There.

Come on. Come on. Let's go.

Elizabeth, give me that parcel.

Here. It's supposed to be lucky.

Hey, don't open those all at once.

- None of you have been good.

- Yes, we have!

- They've got our names on!

- What?

- Did you see any elephants?

- Of course.

- What's in here?

- I don't know. You open it.

- Did you see any lions?

- Yes.

Mm... Who put all the soda in that?

- I got a star for spelling!

- There's a special one for you.
Cor! Thanks, Dad!
What's in here?
I'm all right now.
Darling,
I wish you'd been there.
It was a marvellous place.
- Was it?
- Come here.
Hurst and Beth hated each other
on sight, of course.
- Did they?
- Mm.
Some ridiculous business
about a camel.
He got her up on this camel.
Pure spite, of course.
She was dead drunk. Anyway...
Give it to me!
It's mine! Give it to me!
I'm going to tell about you! Cry-baby!
I'm going to tell on you!
- So, what happened?
- Hm?
Well, what was so funny was
really what she was wearing.
- On the camel?
- Mm. What she had...
Mark!
What are you doing?
Nothing!
- We've got lunch ready soon for you.
- Mm.
- Bit of a racket.
- Saturday morning.
- Turn one of those off!
- I had mine on first!
I said turn one of those off,
this minute!
It doesn't matter.
Turn them both off!
- Tell me about it.
- What?
- About the camel, and...

- It's pretty uninteresting, really.

What's the matter?

- You're not going to cry, are you?

- No.

There's nothing to cry about,
is there?

- Look, why don't we ask them out?

- Who?

- All of them. Tonight.

- Tonight?

Yes. Why not? All of them.

- Who?

- Hurst, the Conways, all of them.

Then I can find out all about it
properly. Come on.

No. You don't want that lot
around here tonight.

- Anyway, they're probably not free.

- Well, ring and find out.

- Do you want to?

- Yes, I do.

I'll ring.

- What's the Conways' number?

- Hey!

Have you been having an affair
with that doctor or something?

Yes. How did you know?

What are you up to, hm?

Professional people

are just a lot of bloody parasites.

The lot of them - doctors, lawyers...

You know what I mean.

Parsons. The whole bloody crew.

Now, I call myself a tradesman

because, in my opinion, it's the only
thing left to respect in this world.

Yes, in my honest opinion.

An honest tradesman is the only

thing left to respect in this world.

A man like me, for instance,

a common or garden stockbroker.

The rest of them

are just a lot of bloody frauds.

What do you think?

Come on, what do you think?

- Well, I...

- What?

Excuse me a second.

You want another drink.

Well, you see, there was this man.

All his life, the one thing
he wanted more than anything else
was to beat a woman.

No, no. It's quite true.

Really. It's a true story.

The one thing he really wanted to do.

But he never met anybody
who wanted him to do it, you see.

But actually, he was a very nice chap.

- How's things?

- Oh, fabulous!

Dad's really with it tonight, isn't he?

I didn't know Beth Conway was
blonde. I thought she was red.

She's lovely, isn't she?

Isn't she smiling at you?

- Have you spoken to her?

- Here you are, dear.

- Oh, thank you.

- Well, who's this?

- My mother.

- Really?

Hello. Just a minute.

It's got nothing to do with you,
darling.

It has absolutely everything to do
with me, as a matter of fact.

- You really are terribly masculine.

- Am I really?

"There's nothing I'd love more
in the whole world. "

Well, he couldn't believe his ears!

I had three showers a day
absolutely every single day.

What were the peasants like?

Extraordinarily
interesting. Fascinating faces.

Lots of character, I suppose.

- Lots, lots.
- Peasants usually do have.
After all that,
at last they stood there,
stark-naked,
looking at each other, you know.
He had the cane in his hand!
And then suddenly, to his amazement,
to his horror and amazement,
he saw that
she was holding a cane, too!
"What's all this?" he said.
And suddenly she thwacked him
with all her might!
Argh!
You know the man!
Darling, Beth wants your advice. I've
told her you know all about children.
Well, I wouldn't say that.
What my wife needs is
another half-dozen, and quick.
- Did you like Morocco?
- Oh, it was quite fun.
Quite fun, really.
Professional people
are just a lot of bloody parasites.
Doctors, lawyers, parsons.
You know what I mean, Jake.
The whole bloody lot of them.
Now, I call myself a tradesman,
because it's the only thing left
to respect, in my honest opinion.
An honest tradesman's the only
thing left to respect in this world.
My honest opinion.
- You'd say that in all honesty?
- In all honesty, Jake.
In complete honesty, old boy.
You ask Beth.
She knows that I mean what I say.
Ask her.
My husband
always means what he says.
Does yours?

You'd better ask him.

He writes film scripts beautifully anyway, doesn't he?

He's got such, oh, extraordinary understanding, such swift...

you know,

kind of illumination of people.

Some of the scenes with John

actually really made me cry.

You must have got sand in your eye.

Lots of sand in Morocco,

was there?

Mm.

- Another drink?

- I'm fine.

- Mr Conway?

- No.

- I don't think I will, thank you.

- I will.

I looked after our baby girl

when Beth was away.

- How did she respond to that?

- How did she respond?

I'm her father.

She's an intelligent woman, your wife.

Oh, no. I'm not at all.

I think he's right.

You look very intelligent.

I like intelligent women.

They're stimulating.

And vital. Vital.

- That's what makes them intelligent.

- Yes.

It depends which way you look at it.

Jake's got an idea for a new film.

It takes place on the Italian Riviera.

We could all go,

all of us together, the four of us.

Well, think what fun we could have!

- They've nearly finished the house.

- Have they?

Good.

You're a marvellous colour.

It was hot.

You smell of the sun.

- Do you think she's attractive?

- Who?

- Beth.

- Oh.

She's all right, I suppose.

I need you.

What about those Arab women?

- I can't begin to tell you.

- Did they like you?

Wouldn't leave me alone.

Did they touch you like this?

Jo! Jo!

- Where's Mummy?

- She's upstairs, finding more plates.

- I want my ball!

- After tea.

Jo!

Mummy! Mummy!

- Can I have the big red ball?

- What?

- Mark wants the big red ball.

- Here it is.

Catch!

- Going to throw it at Sharon!

- Bertie, Bertie, run!

- What are you looking at?

- The barn.

- Does anybody live there?

- No.

- I don't think so.

- I love you.

He was such a good man.

Nobody knew how good he was.

Have you told Jake yet?

He was very fond of George.

And George was fond of him.

- George really was fond of him.

- I know.

He didn't care for the others much,

but I don't know...

He was really fond of Jake.

- Jake was fond of him, too.

- I know he was.

I'll never see him again.
I'm glad he wanted to be cremated.
I wish I could believe
I'd see him again.
But I'm glad he'll be cremated.
I couldn't bear
to think of him... buried.
The thought of him under that...
I mean, just the thought...
- Mother.
- Just to think, just to think...
Mother, listen.
I want to tell you something.
- I'm going to have a baby.
- What?
No! You can't.
You're not... You're not. You can't.
Well, there it is.
But what can Jake be thinking of?
He doesn't know. Nobody knows.
You must be mad.
- Won't you ever get any rest?
- It'll be all right.
How can you be so careless,
and so thoughtless?
How can you want
to start all that over again?
He was so fond of you, he was.
And so proud of you, too.
Only the other night he said we must
go and see your new film, he did.
- Of course, he couldn't go.
- No.
No. Oh, no, he couldn't go.
Oh, dear, there they are.
There they are.
You go and wait in the garden
and I'll...
Thank you, sir.
I'm very sorry to trouble you, sir.
He loved his vegetables.
We never bought
a single vegetable until last winter.
He just couldn't manage it any more.

Remember the strawberries,
Dinah?

- You loved his strawberries.
- Yes. They were marvellous.
- I know you did.
- In a few minutes.
- How's things at home?
- Fine.
- Chaos.
- It isn't. All in order.

I don't know what George
would have said if he knew.

Knew? About what?

- You could let this off for allotments.
- He loved the children,
but he always thought
there were too many.

I don't know
what you' re thinking of, Jake.

- What do you mean?
- Are they ready yet?

It's too much.

I'm glad he didn't live to see it.

- Go and find out if they' re ready.
- See what?
- Won't they tell us?
- No.

They might be waiting. Go on, please.

OK.

At least he's going to be cremated.

- I'm so glad about that.
- Live to see what?

On top of everything else.

As if she hasn't got enough.

Mind you, he loved...

he loved the children.

Look, the boys are here.

The boys have come.

They' re ready, Mummy.

Hello, Mum.

Hello. Hello.

Hello.

Dinah.

What do you think of your sister?

Pretty good.

- Everything all right?

- Fine.

Yes, fine.

Come along.

It was when the coffin went
in. You know, when they pushed it in.

I think that's when it was.

I suddenly thought:

well, it might be possible.

You know, God might be possible.

Have you read Thomas Aquinas?

I'm reading a book. It's marvellous.

"That the divine being cannot be... "

Wait a minute.

".. cannot be specified by the addition
of a substantial difference. "

- See what I mean?

- Mm-hm.

"Since all things
which are subject to divine... "

- You look awful.

- I feel it.

- You must be tired.

- Mm. And you?

Mm-hm.

- I'm sorry.

- Sorry?

I know you don't want it.

I know you don't want the baby.

Can't be helped.

It will be all right. It will.

I mean, you'll like it.

I mean, perhaps it'll be a girl.

You've never had a daughter.

When the house is ready,
we could spend the summer there,
spread out a bit. I mean...

- You won't notice.

- It really doesn't matter.

It does. It does matter.

You really don't want it?

No.

- What do you want, then?

- It doesn't matter.
- Why?
- Because I don't want it, that's why.
I wanted us to change,
and now we can't change, you see?
I thought we could change,
branch out, be free.
Now we can't.
We're back where we started.
I'm not blaming you. I blame myself.
It's my fault, I know that.
But we haven't lived.
I don't want it. It'd kill us.
I really thought
that we could begin and...
Remember you used to say that you
wanted to be with me wherever I went,
wanted to go with me everywhere?
Well...
We could travel. We can afford it.
Even have a proper honeymoon.
Go for a world trip or something.
Now with this,
we're trapped here, again.
I mean, there is a world apart...
apart from birth.
There's a world apart from...
Look, we don't want any more.
How can we have any more?
Darling,
I know the idea of abortion's
repellent to you. It is to me, too.
It's ghastly, the idea of abortion.
But it would be legal.
You've been treated for depression.
The psychiatrist says that...
he advises that medically,
for your health's sake,
you shouldn't have this child.
There wouldn't be anything
underhand.
I got you into this
and I just want you to be happy.
I want to get you out of it.

I want to get us both out of it,
while there's still time for us,
that's all.

Now, you're certain, Mrs Armitage,
that you don't want this child?

Yes. I'm quite certain.

I have, in fact, already had a long talk
with your doctor
and your psychiatrist, Mr Ingram.

We all appear to be in complete
agreement on this matter.

We do consider that,
by having this child,
your health would be
severely affected.

But we also feel
that we should point out
that the reasons for recommending
that this pregnancy be terminated
must apply with equal validity
to any future pregnancy.

Do you see what I mean?

You've had
a considerable number of children.
Perhaps it would be wise for you
not to have any more.

It's, um... It's a matter of sterilisation.
Perfectly simple and straightforward.

And afterwards, you can live
a completely normal married life.

But, of course,
you'll never conceive again.

What did my husband say?

Oh, he left the decision
entirely to you, of course. As we do.

Oh, darling, be careful.

You'll hurt yourself.

- I'm so happy.

- Good.

I'm free, you see.

- I'm free, aren't I?

- Yes, I know.

Completely free.

We don't have to worry

about it any more.

It'll just never happen. We don't have to worry about it any more.

Never.

Oh, I'm going to get rid of that nanny, for a start.

I've always hated her.

Then we can move to the country, to the new house...

Yes.

.. and live with the children again, properly.

And then we can go away together, hm?

And just do anything.

And just do anything.

Yes.

- Be careful. Be careful.

- Yes.

- Hello, Mummy.

- Hello, darling.

- I brought you these.

- Thank you.

They don't stand a chance with these others.

- Ah, yes, they do.

- Look at them!

Whew!

- Who are they all from?

- Oh, mostly friends of Daddy's.

- Are you feeling better?

- Marvellous.

- How are the children?

- Oh, fine.

It was a sort of womb thing, I suppose, was it?

Yes. Something like that.

Does it happen to everyone?

No.

Of course not.

- It just happens to some women?

- Mm-hm.

Oh, look, help me make this list.

- We'll make a clean sweep.

- What list?
There'll be some changes.
We' re going to do things.

- What?
- Moving things to the new house.
- All that junk in the attic?
- All that junk.
- Not all!
- Put it down!
- How?
- " Move junk to the new house. "
We'll buy furniture for the new house.
Lots of new furniture.

- Send everything to the cleaners.
- We forgot to phone the removal.
- Hello! What's going on?
- Nothing.
- Eh? Let me see.
- No.
- Let me see.
- You can't!

Oh, there's a pile of old sheets
in the cupboard.

- We never use them.
- Throw them away.
- Put it down.
- All right.

Hey, what are you writing?
" Love, Jake"?

What a funny thing to put!
They' re a beautiful lot of flowers.

- Nice of everyone to have sent them.
- Mm-hm.
- Did you write thanking them?
- Mm-hm.
- Have you written to the Conways?
- Mm-hm.

Good. Good.
Ooh!
Oh!
Oi!

- Oh, my dear.
- Darling, give me a kiss!
Keep that upright.

- Let the gentleman get by.

- That one?

No, that stays.

That's just about the lot, then.

- Hello.

- This is Bob Conway.

- Who?

- Conway. Beth's husband.

Mr Conway. How are you?

I'm afraid Jake's at the studio.

- Actually, I wanted to...

- Could you hold on for just a minute?

Mrs Tedd will be waiting

at the house.

- Mrs Tedd. Right. Thank you.

- Thank you. Sorry.

Could you have tea with
me tomorrow? I want to talk to you.

I don't think I could manage.

I'm taking the children to the zoo.

- Splendid! What could be nicer?

- What?

- I mean, why don't I see you there?

- All right.

Why don't you meet us all
at that tea place by the penguins?

- Perfect!

- Fine.

I shall look forward to it.

Thank you.

- See you there about 4:00.

- Bye, now.

Bye-bye.

Don't you look pretty in that dress!

What animals do you like best?

- Mark?

- What about you, huh?

Penguins!

- Aren't they delicious!

- May we see the bears now?

- All right. But stay with Nanny.

- Elizabeth!

Elizabeth, come here!

Come here, Elizabeth!

- Well, how are you?

- Fine.

This is nice. I hope you don't mind my gate-crashing the party.

Oh, no. Not at all.

Well, why don't we have some tea?

Miss?

I bet you were surprised

when I phoned, weren't you?

I think that secret meetings

are rather fun. Don't you?

- That depends on what they're about.

- Ah, too true.

Ah. Now, we can have

brown bread and butter and jam,

brown bread, butter and marmalade,

scones, toasted tea cakes,

lettuce or cucumber sandwich,

cakes, gateaux, Welsh rarebits.

- Anything you like. Isn't that true?

- What?

- We can have anything we like.

- Oh. Anything that's on there.

Yes. Well, what's it going to be?

- Just tea.

- Just tea? Is that all? Really?

Well, tea for two and, uh...

Tea for two.

Wait. What about lemon tea?

Look, it's on the menu.

- All right. Lemon tea.

- Lemon tea for two.

You know, I nearly missed that.

Nearly missed it on the menu.

I didn't see it, and then suddenly

I looked and there it was, lemon tea.

Well, how are you?

You look marvellous.

Yes? Thanks.

- You're in pretty good trim yourself.

- Yes, I am, frankly.

As a matter of fact,

I'm always on top of the world.

Quite rested now, are you,

after your stay in the nursing home?

- Yes. Thank you for the flowers.

- Oh, not at all.

Beth and I thought a lot of you.

Yes, we did. A great deal.

Especially quite recently.

Ah, lovely! Thank you.

Thank you.

This is fun, isn't it, like this?

Just the two of us... all alone.

You're an intelligent woman.

Why don't we make a habit of this?

What do you think?

I'd have to ask my husband.

Oh, yes, of course.

We're married, aren't we?

Yes. And that reminds me

of what I wanted to talk to you about.

I'll tell you what it is.

It's nothing much.

It's just that, um...

a letter has come into my hands.

I won't bother to tell you how.

Well, anyhow,

I've got this letter on me, you see.

I mean I've got it on me now,

in my pocket, you see.

Can I read you some of it?

- Why?

- It's from my wife.

"Jake, baby,

how are you, honeylamb?

"Are you still managing without me?

Poor darling!"

Mummy, look! Look at the bears!

"Don't let your eyes stray to those
luscious bits hanging around the set.

"They are no good

when it comes to it, as well you know.

"I'm saving myself for you,

like you told me,

"although it's pretty difficult.

"I'm only waiting to soothe you,

honeylove.

" How brave, courageous and tough
you are to face it all alone. "
I've been checking up.
He rang her this morning.
Did you know that?
At the studio, he sent her flowers
every day, you know.
He's crazy about her, ducky.
He's mad about her.
He can't keep off it. Before Beth,
there was that other one.
What was her name?
Doesn't matter.
Until she got fed up with him.
He's not much good in bed,
I understand.
- Let go!
- You had an abortion. You know why?
Because Beth's good at heart.
She would have left him.
He made you have it
so he could keep Beth.
Well, she told me, for God's sake!
She a lovely girl.
She's gonna starve for me.
She's gonna starve.
I wouldn't touch her,
even if she came crawling.
- I want to go home.
- If he sees her again, I'll fry him.
- I'll boil him. You tell him.
- No.
He's not a grown man, your husband.
He's a puking boy.
He can't lay a girl without the world
knowing it. He makes Beth sick.
I made her swear on the baby's head
that she was telling the truth.
If ever I hear his voice,
I'll pull it out of his throat.
You tell him to keep off, well off.
- Tell him yourself.
- Tell me something.
Is it true that he likes to...?

- Did you sleep with her?
- I've told you.
- Did you sleep with Philpot?
- It's years ago.

Did you?

Yes. Of course I did.

- You told me you hadn't.
- So I lied. So what?
- What did you expect me to do?
- Here, in the house?

I can't remember. Yes.

Often?

As often as we could.

Well, what's the point?

What the hell does it matter?

- What about the others?
- What others?
- The others!
- There weren't any others.

How many?

Half a dozen, a dozen.

What do the numbers matter?

When you were here

or when you were away?

Away, if that's what you want to hear.

- If it's true.
- All right, then. When I was away.

You live in a dream world,
you know that?

Why did you marry me? Why?

- Answer me!
- You know why.
- What do you think of marriage?
- It doesn't exist.

So what? What do you mean?

It doesn't matter what I think.

It exists. That's what I think.

- Why did you go to bed with Beth?
- Oh...
- Didn't you ever try not to?
- Yes.

Yes.

When I was in the nursing home,
didn't you mind?

Shh! I minded.

I went to see you every night.

- And met her afterwards.

- This is ridiculous!

Where did you meet?

- It's not true.

- Near the nursing home?

Somewhere.

What are you trying to do?

You' re not exactly

a modeI of faithfulness yourself.

I was never unfaithfuI

to anyone in my life, ever!

What a bloody hypocrite you are.

Did you stay the night?

I wish you'd shut up.

I wish you'd die!

How should I die?

I don't know. Leave me.

I can die here.

What shall we do?

Nothing.

I love you.

I've always loved you.

He says you love her.

He says you make her sick
with your love.

He's crazy! He's a madman.

Was Philpot the first

or were there others before?

- There weren't.

- How many? Who?

- How often?

- There weren't any others.

- Did you bring them here?

- How here?

- Where did you take them?

- It never happened.

Did you sleep with her? With Philpot?

I knew you would come, my darling.

Oh, my darling.

I don't know what to do.

I wish I knew what to do.

I've been sitting here

thinking about it.

And then you came.

Oh, you' re trembling.

- Are you cold?

- No.

No, it's not cold.

But we've got to face it.

George loved his garden.

He wouldn't want strangers

in his garden,

with spades and things,

digging up his garden.

I'll not do it. I've made up my mind.

- Don't you think I'm right?

- Yes.

When the boys get back,

we'll have tea.

- Boys?

- Pete and Jack.

They came to see me yesterday.

They'll always come, they say.

I'm so pleased

you had that sensible operation.

So sensible.

It must be so wonderfuI for Jake

not to have that awfuI worry

over his head any more.

He's worked so hard for you.

There they are.

They came in the back gate.

To you!

Kick it, man. There you are.

Did you come in the back gate?

Mm-hm.

Did you see who's here?

- Hello.

- Hello.

Hello.

- You' re looking very well.

- Very well.

In a minute we'll have tea.

Pete won the 100 yards.

- Did you?

- Yes.

- The 220, too.

- Good.

I like your car.

- It's a Florida.

- Yes.

It's a good car. Fast.

Did you have lots of traffic?

- Traffic?

- On the way down.

No.

I often think...

I often think...

the birds wake me up now,
every morning.

Here you are, then!

Well, pick it up!

Good evening.

Good evening.

I hope you're not alarmed by my call.

No.

May I introduce myself to you?

Yes, do.

I'm the new King of Israel,
appointed by Yahweh,
the Eternal Lord God.

I've come to give you my blessing.

May I come in for a moment?

Yes. Yes, of course.

Thank you.

I've been anointed.

I am the King of Judea.

I see.

Just a minute.

I have been appointed
to fulfill the prophecy in Ezekiel.

The prophecy occurs 72 times
in the Book of Ezekiel.

The people are unhappy because
they give the gift of their love
to unworthy men
and unworthy women.

The continents are no obstruction,
oceans are no impediment.

The Word is the work.

- Here, please.

- Thank you.

This will help me.

My aim is to build
a radio station in Jerusalem.

Excuse me.

The music of the Word
can emanate and issue out
through the miracle of the medium
of the modern channels
of communication.

- Hello?

- Mrs Armitage?

- Mrs Armitage?

- She's not here.

- That's you, isn't it?

- I don't know what you mean.

All right, give her a message.

Tell her that Beth Conway is pregnant.

And it's not mine.

I thought she might be interested.

I'll tell her.

Tell her that my wife will
have this kid in a public ward,
and if there's any way of stopping her
getting a whiff of gas, I'll find it.

- She can't have it.

- She's going to have it, all right.

She's going to wipe its bottom,
she's going to stare at its ugly mug
for the rest of her life.

No more gay life for my little Beth.

Oh, dear, no.

This kid's going to mak e her
curse Jak e Armitage until she's dead.

I'm gonna grind the slime out of her.

I'm gonna see that she...

You will be blessed for this.

Cut it out, you...

- Bastard!

- Cut it out!

Stop! Cut it out, will you?

You always were
the sexiest of my husbands.

- Was I?
- Mm-hm.
Why did I leave you?
I was too sexy?
Yes.
Perhaps that was it.
Perhaps I should try
all my husbands in turn.
Yes, you could.
One of them's dead,
that's the trouble.
Which one?
The one I took over from, remember?
You were a widow at the time.
Oh, yes. Of course.
- He was in the army or something.
- That's right.
Killed in action.
You cried when I left you.
You were heartbroken.
Yes, I cried.
That means you must
still be mad about me.
Well, I'm not.
Why not?
You've changed.
You go to bed with your clothes on.
That's because I have scars
I don't want you to see.
You always had scars.
I have a very new scar.
What about your husband?
Doesn't he mind?
No, he doesn't mind.
He did it himself
with a monkey wrench.
Excuse me, Mr Armitage.
The gentleman at the end.
Cheers!
How's the wife?
Excuse me a minute.
- Old friend of mine.
- Yes, of course.
I'll tell you

the last time I saw CyriI...

You don't mind my coming up
and speaking to you?

I mean, I know that scriptwriters
after a hard day's work at the studio
like to have a little drink in peace.
But when I saw you, I said to myself,
" My goodness, there's Jake Armitage.
" I've been to his house, I know him.
" I wonder if he'd mind
if I spoke to him. "

What makes you think scriptwriters
mind being spoken to?

- Don't they?

- Scriptwriters love being spoken to.

- Really?

- Anyway,

it's not often I get a night out
with the boys.

Uh-huh.

Where is your little wife this evening?

She's opening
the Chelsea Flower Show.

Go on!

Tell me, do you play snooker?

- Yes, I do, as a matter of fact.

- What a shame. I don't.

- What games do you play?

- What games?

You know,

I honestly can't remember.

What games do you play?

Snooker, for one.

I bet you' re pretty good.

- Not as good as you are.

- I don't play.

- I don't believe any of that.

- Cheers.

You haven't heard

the glad tidings yet, have you?

- What's that?

- My wife's going to have a baby.

Is that so? I say.

Yes. You and your wife

will have to come over and see it.
I understand that
she's very interested in children.
Yes, we'd adore to.
How is your wife, by the way?
She's tip-top.
She's attending a reception
for the Duchess of Dubrovnik.
I thought she WAS
the Duchess of Dubrovnik.
My wife? No, not at all.
Well, you' re not
the bloody Duke, anyway.
You've made me wet!
Yes.
Shall I stay?
No, you can't.
- Killer.
- What do you mean, killer?
Who have I killed?
It's him.
He's responsible.
I've been faithfuI. I've cared.
But his child's inside her.
He phoned while you were asleep.
Did he?
Why?
Is his bed cold?
What has he suffered?
It's me.
Look at me.
I am.
What should I have done?
I didn't want anything else.
There was something we had,
for us to keep.
I didn't trust it.
It's gone.
My life is an empty place.
Oh, God.
All this waste.
He phoned to say
his father's dead.
.. to all that love

and fear thee, saying,
Come, ye blessed children
of my Father.
Receive the kingdom prepared for you
from the beginning of the world.
Grant this, we beseech thee,
O merciful Father,
through Jesus Christ,
our Mediator and Redeemer.
Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ
and the love of God
and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost
be with us all evermore.
Amen.

Come on!

Wait till Mummy sees these!

Come on, Daddy!

- I got some sugar.

- Good.

He's run off with my stick.

I'm not pushing you all the way up.

Mark, I thought you were
going to shoot me a moment ago.

Understand?

I'll tell you what. If you...

Oh, boy, I'm flaked!

.. cross over my path any more,
I'll shoot you.

Yes!

Where is she?

Upstairs.

Come on!

- Where is she?

- Upstairs!

- She must be here. The car's outside.

- I'll feed the cats.

- Jo?

- Mummy! Mummy!

We wondered

where you were.

It's Saturday.

We thought we'd join you for a while.

Where's the coffee pot?

Uh, you clean it out.

And, Dinah, will you get the cups?

Where are they?

I know.

Anybody bring the milk?

I want the big red ball!

Where's the milk?

Dinah, give us the milk.

- Anybody seen the milk?

- My big red ball!

- Did you bring any milk for us?

- Just a minute.

Where's the opener?

Up on the top shelf.

- Shall I tell you a story?

- Here it is.

- And I got ten for algebra!

- Do you want cabbage or carrots?

- Oh!

- Oh, my word!

Anybody seen the tea cloth?

I've got it. I'll do it.

Do you want one?

Mummy, the goldfish is dead!

Of course it's dead.

Where's the kittens?

They're upstairs.

We'll go upstairs.

Mummy,

I want the big red ball!

Yes.

I'll have one.