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# All About 'Abigail's Party'

By Unknown

(DOG BARKS)

(CARS RACE BY)

# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# When you're laying so close to me  
# There's no place I'd rather you be  
than with me here  
# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# Do it to me again and again  
# You put me in such an awful spin  
In a spin  
# Oh  
# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# I love to love you, baby  
# Lay your head down real close to me... #  
- All right?  
- Fine.  
- You're late.  
- Sorry?

(TURNS VOLUME DOWN)

- I said, "You're late".  
- Sorry about that. Unavoidable.  
- What happened?  
- Some clients were late.  
Laurence, don't leave your bag there, please.  
I'll move it in a minute.  
- Did you eat?  
- No.  
No? I had to throw your pizza away. I'm sorry.  
# Oh, love to love you, baby  
# When you're laying so close to me  
# There's no place I'd rather you be  
than with me here  
# Oh, love to love you, baby... #  
47-3-4-1.  
I've got to make a couple of phone calls.  
Do you want me to make a sandwich?  
Not at the moment.

I must get these out the way.  
Laurence, you want to have your bath.  
They'll be here soon.  
- Come on!  
- Laurence, you'll get heartburn!  
Mr O'Haligan? Mr Moss here, Wibbly Webb.  
Where's that key to 15 Clittingham Avenue?  
You were supposed to have it back before lunch.  
That's no good, I need it now.  
Will you be in in the morning?  
Tonight? Where?  
Belfast? What time's your plane?  
All right, train, then.  
What? A party?  
I thought you said you were going to Belfast?  
All right, what time are you going to Kilburn?  
What time are you having your bath?  
I'm not asking you to bath in cold water!  
I just want the key to 15 Clittingham Avenue.  
Yes!  
What? All right, I WILL come and get it.  
- Now.  
- Laurence, no!  
Yes, I do know how to get there.  
OK, I'll see you shortly. Goodbye.  
...That stupid man!  
- Oh, Christ, Laurence!  
- What?  
- How long's this going to take, please?  
- I'm sorry.  
It won't take long.  
Did you get those lagers?  
Er, no, I didn't have time.  
Laurence!  
Get them when you go out,  
and don't forget, please.  
Hello, Mrs Cushing?  
Laurence Moss here, Wibbly Webb.  
Yes, we've finally run him to ground.  
You'll be happy to know  
I'm in the throes of retrieving the key.  
Not at all, not at all. All part of the service!  
Yeah, surely. When would be best for you?  
No, no. I'll fall in with you, Mrs Cushing.

- What about tomorrow morning?

- Laurence!

My pleasure, Mrs Cushing.

What time suits you best?

No, I am at your service, Mrs Cushing.

He who pays the piper calls the tune.

You name the hour, I shall appear.

No, really, I insist. Now, what time?

- Eight o'clock?

- Laurence!

Early? No, not at all, no.

Up with the lark, you know!

Yes.

Don't mention it, Mrs Cushing. My privilege.

See you tomorrow morning, then.

Yes... Bye now!

- You'll kill yourself, you know, Laurence.

- Yes. It can't be helped.

Ridiculous.

- It's not a nine to five job, you know, Beverly.

- You can say that again!

- Gonna get changed?

- Oh, yes.

I'll drink this, I'll get changed, and then I'll go out.

And don't forget those lagers.

- Beverly, where are the olives?

- In the kitchen, Laurence.

Laurence, if you want olives,

would you put them out?

(DOORBELL)

- Oh, no, they're early!

- No, they're not. And you're not changed.

Yes, I know that.

Beverly, get the olives.

- Hello, you must be Laurence.

- That's right.

- I'm Angie.

- Do go in, won't you?

Thanks. This is my husband, Tony.

- How do you do?

- Hello.

- Hi, Ange!

- Hello, Beverly.

- Oh, what a lovely dress!

- Thanks.

- Were we meant to wear long?

- No, no, it's just informal.

This is my husband, Tony.

- How do you do? Pleased to meet you.

- How do you do?

He's got a firm handshake, hasn't he? Fantastic.

- Like to come through?

- Mmm.

Angela... Tony.

This is the suite I was telling you about.

- It's nice, isn't it?

- Lovely.

- Drink?

- Yes, please.

- Laurence, would you take Angela's coat?

- Surely.

- Thanks.

- Pleasure.

It's funny, he's a lot bigger than I thought he was.

I've seen him across the road and thought he was

the same size as Laurence, but he's a lot bigger.

- Like a drink?

- Yes, please.

- What would you like?

- Bacardi, please.

- Ice and lemon?

- Please.

- Angela?

- Gin?

- Gin and tonic?

- Please.

- Ice and lemon?

- Yes, please.

Laurence, would you get the drinks?

Tony would like Bacardi with ice and lemon.

Angela would like gin and tonic,

ice and lemon and I'd like a fill up. OK?

- Fine.

- Thanks.

- Like lager, Tony?

- I'm OK with Bacardi, thanks.

No, as a chaser, a bit later.

Laurence is going to get some.

- OK, thank you.  
- Or a light ale. Which do you prefer?  
- Light ale.  
- Light ale? Laurence, get some light ales too.  
Yes.  
Ange, it's going to be really nice tonight.  
I've invited Sue from Number 9.  
- Oh, lovely.  
- I thought it would be nice for you to meet her.  
Her daughter's having a party. So I said,  
"Pop down and spend the evening with us."  
That'll be really nice,  
'cause I want to meet all the neighbours.  
Just say hello, Ange, and break the ice.  
That was what was so nice when you came over,  
'cause it really made me feel at home.  
Yeah, it's funny Ange, as soon as we met  
I knew we were gonna get on.  
Mmm. Well, we're alike, aren't we?  
- Thanks.  
- Thanks.  
- Ta.  
- Cheers, everyone.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers, Tone.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers.  
- Darling, are you staying or going?  
- I'll stay for a while.  
Laurence has to pop out on business,  
I'm afraid, so...  
Who'd like a cigarette?  
Laurence, would you, please? Angela?  
- No, thanks.  
- Tony, would you like one?  
- No, thank you.  
- We've just given up.  
Oh, yes. Sorry.  
- Who'd like some olives?  
- Not for me. Ange?  
- No, thanks.  
- Tony, do you like olives?  
- No, I don't.  
- Horrible, aren't they?

- Told you nobody would like olives.

- Not "nobody", Beverly.

I like olives.

And that's 25% of the assembled company.

- We've met you before, haven't we?

- Really?

- He IS the one you remember, isn't he?

- Yeah.

Do you remember us?

We came looking for a house.

No, I can't say I do.

Of course, we see a lot of clients.

- We saw a lot of estate agents.

- Yes, we went to all the ones in the area.

We got the house from Spencer's in the end.

- Anthony Spencer.

- Anthony Spencer, yeah.

- He's very nice. Do you know him?

- Yes, I know him.

We were very lucky

because we got the price of the house down

- from 22,000 to 21,000.

- Really, Ange?

Oh, that is fantastic, isn't it? That's really great.

- Is it your first house?

- Yes. We were in a furnished flat before.

- That's a bit grim, isn't it, Ange, furnished flats?

- Yeah.

- Your bed arrived yet, Ange?

- Oh, don't talk about that!

- It's a sore point.

- Is it?

Well, it's funny, really.

I came home today

and saw this big parcel in the hall.

- Yes?

- Then I saw his face and he looked furious!

I thought, "Ooh, what's happened?"

And you know what?

The bed head had arrived and no bed!

No, Ange! Oh, that's disgraceful, isn't it?

- You've been sleeping on the floor, haven't you?

- Yes.

We've got a mattress from Tony's mum's,

but it's not the same.

No.

Well, let's face it, Tone.

You can't do much with a bed head, can you?

- What line of business are you in?

- He's in computers.

- That's funny, my brother's in computers.

- (ANGE) Is he?

- Yes, he's a programs?

- Analyst.

Oh, yes. Tony's just an operator.

Oh. I know it's a fantastic job, though, Tone.

'Cause my brother, Ange,

he had to go to college and get exams.

- And he studied for years, didn't he?

- Yes.

Did you have to do that, Tone,

go to college and all?

- You didn't really, did you?

- No.

- No.

- Hmm.

- These are lovely.

- They are, aren't they? Nice and dainty.

- Nine to five, is it?

- No, there's a lot of variation.

Shift work.

It's a two-weekly system.

One week I work from 8am to 4pm,

then I work from four till midnight,

every other Saturday off.

- Were you off today, Tone?

- Yes, I was.

It's lucky, 'cause if I'm working on a Saturday,

and he's off, he can do the shopping.

Oh. Don't you find shopping boring, Ange?

- Mmm.

- I do. I hate it.

He takes me down in the car, I get my wheelie,

Tone, I whiz in and grab anything I can see,

bung it in my wheelie, he writes me a cheque,

we bung it in the car,

- and then it's done for the week.

- Beverly's not very organised.



She doesn't believe in making shopping lists.

- You have a car, do you?

- Yes, an Escort.

- A yellow one?

- Yes.

- I've seen it.

- Yes, it's beautiful.

- Beverly was saying you only like Minis.

- No, no, not at all, no.

I don't only like Minis. No, I like lots of other cars.

But I find the Mini economic, efficient and reliable.

And the most suited for my purposes.

Of course, I change my car every year.

Yeah, but what I say, Ange, is this.

What's the point in changing your car

just to change the colour?

That's not all you change, Beverly!

The design does alter!

- You're not a motorist. You don't understand.

- OK, Laurence!

- I know I failed my test three times...

- Three times!

Plus, Ange, I'm his wife. A wife

should have a little say in choosing the car.

When you've passed your test,

you can have a little say.

Until then, Beverly, please leave it to me.

Let me put it this way, Ange.

When we chose the furniture,

we chose it together.

When we chose the house, we chose it together.

- But when it comes to...

- Beverly, that is a ridiculous argument.

Buying a house is one of the most important

decisions you ever make in your life.

- Don't you agree?

- Yes.

- Isn't it, Tony?

- Definitely.

'Cause it was so worrying

with the mortgage and everything.

- 'Cause I never thought I'd live in a house.

- Didn't you, Ange?

- No.

- Excuse me, I'm afraid I really must be off.

- Don't be all night, please, Laurence.

- No.

I do apologise. I shan't be long.

- Don't forget the light ales!

- No. And the lagers.

- Are you going to take your test again?

- I'll have another try, Ange.

Don't get me wrong, Tone. It's not that I can't drive. In fact, I'm a good driver.

But let me put it to you this way.

When I get to my test, my nerves fail me.

D'you know what I mean?

It was my nerves

that failed me last time, Ange.

Because I set off, Tone, behind this bloke who was taking his test - a Chinese bloke, actually.

Right, so we were going along. Now...

My examiner had told me to turn left, right?

So we came to the first "Give way".

Now, the bloke in front, he slams his brakes on.

Now, I'm going behind him, I suppose a bit too quick with my nerves, you know.

Right, so I slam my brakes on and I went slap in the back of him.

Now, I reckon that prejudiced my examiner against me.

- See what I mean?

- Oh, what a shame.

It was, actually. Can you drive, Ange?

No, I'd like to learn, but Tony won't let me.

He doesn't think I'd be any good.

It's a shame 'cause it's so awkward for me to get to work since we've moved.

- Yeah.

- I could use the car when he wasn't working.

That would make you completely independent of Tone.

- Hmm.

- Yeah.

- Did you pass your test first time, Tony?

- Yeah.

Yeah, I thought so, actually.

He looks the type, doesn't he? Yeah.

- Who's for another drink? Ange?

- Yes, please.

- Thanks.

- Tony? Another drink?

- Ta.

- Thanks.

- What's the matter?

- Nothing.

Er, Tony, could you give me a hand, please?

Won't the car start?

No.

- Go on, Tony!

- All right!

You mind you don't

get dirt on your suit, Tone, OK?

- Ange.

- Thanks.

- Cheers!

- Cheers!

Ange...

Can you take a little bit of criticism?

Please don't be offended when I say this,

Ange, but I can see what you've done.

OK, you've sat in front of your mirror

and put your lipstick on.

Next time, will you try this for me?

This is something, Ange, I always

used to tell my customers, and it always works.

Now, next time, sit down in front of your mirror

and just look at yourself and relax.

And just say, "I've got very beautiful lips."

Then take your lipstick and apply it.

And Ange, you'll see the difference,

because then you will be applying that lipstick

to every single corner of your mouth.

- Know what I mean?

- Mmm.

- Will you try it for me?

- Yes.

Just sit in front of your mirror,

look at yourself, relax, and just say?

"I've got very beautiful lips."

Yeah. I promise, Ange,

you'll see the difference! OK?

Mmm. Thanks.

(DOORBELL)

Would you excuse me, Ange,  
for one minute?

- That'll be Sue.

- Oh.

- Hi, Sue.

- Hello, Beverly.

- Come in.

- Thank you.

- All right, Sue?

- Yes, thank you.

Come through.

- I'm sorry I'm a bit late.

- Don't worry, Sue.

Would you like to slip your little jacket off?

- Everything all right, Sue?

- Yes, I think so. I hope so!

- That's it. Thanks.

- Thank you.

Like to come through and say hello?

- Ange, this is Sue. Sue, this is Ange.

- Hello.

- How do you do?

- Sue's at Number 9.

- We've just moved into Number 16.

- Really?

- You know the MacDonalds' house?

- Yes.

Sit down, Sue. I won't be a second,  
I'll just pop your coat away.

- Make yourself at home!

- Thank you.

- We've only been here a fortnight.

- Oh, really?

- Did you bring that, Sue?

- Yes.

- Is it for us?

- Yes.

- Oh, thank you, Sue.

- It's nothing special, I'm afraid.

- Isn't that kind, Ange?

- Yes.

- Not at all.

- Lovely. Laurence likes a drop of wine.  
Fantastic, it's Beaujolais. Lovely.  
Won't be a sec. I'll just pop it in the fridge.  
I'm so pleased to meet you.  
- I want to meet all the neighbours.  
- Yes.  
Now then, Sue. What would you like to drink?  
I'll have a glass of sherry, please.  
- A sherry? Are you sure?  
- Yes, thanks.  
'Cause we've got everything. Gin, whisky,  
brandy, vodka, whatever you like.  
Would you like a gin and tonic, Sue?  
Me and Ange are drinking gin and tonic.  
- Oh, all right.  
- Ice and lemon?  
- Er, yes, please.  
- Great.  
- It's a nice drink, gin and tonic, isn't it?  
- Yes, it is.  
Refreshing.  
Sometimes, I drink lager and lime.  
Say I'm in a pub with my husband, I'll drink that.  
But I prefer this!  
- Can I wash my hands, please?  
- One second, Tone, while I make Sue's drink.  
- Ooh, sorry. Sue, this is Tony.  
- My husband.  
(BOTH) How do you do?  
- Did you push it all right?  
- Yeah.  
Battery was flat.  
- Sue.  
- Thank you.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers.  
Now, Tony, hands. Come through.  
This is our downstairs toilet. OK?  
Ta.  
- Do you work?  
- No, no, I don't.  
- I'm a nurse.  
- Oh.  
- At St Mary's in Walthamstow.

- Oh, yes.
- Beverly says your daughter's having a party.
- That's right, yes.
- Has it started yet?
- Yes, it has.
- All right, Tone?
- Yes, thank you.

Come through.

- Drink's on there. Like to sit down?
- Ta.

Now, then, Sue. Let's see.

- Would you like a cigarette, Sue?
- No, thank you.
- Sure?
- Yes, thanks.

Perhaps you'll have one later on. OK?

And I know Angela doesn't want one.

- Everybody OK?
- (ALL) Yes, thank you.

Great!

(MUSIC STARTS)

Aye aye! It's started, Sue!

- Yes, they've got the record player going.
- Yes.
- They're going to have fun, aren't they?
- Sounds like it!
- I hope so.
- How old is your daughter?
- 15.
- What's she look like? I might have seen her.

Oh, well, she's quite tall  
and she's got fair hair, quite long fair hair.  
She hasn't got a pink streak in her hair, has she?  
Yes.

Yeah, that's Abigail, Ange.

And she wears those jeans with the patches on  
and safety pins  
going down the side of a scruffy bottom.

- And plumbers' overalls.
- Plumbers' overalls. She makes me die!

I saw her, she was standing  
outside your gate with a friend.

And you've seen her as well,  
getting off that motorbike.

Yeah.

- How many are coming to the party?

- About 15, isn't it, Sue?

Well, it was 15, then it went up to 20,  
and last night I gathered it was 25.

- It's creeping up, Sue.

- I've told her that's the limit.

- Well, I think that's enough. Don't you?

- Definitely, Sue.

But this is it with teenagers.

OK, they tell you 25, but a friend invites a friend.

That friend invites another friend,  
until you end up with about 70 or 80.

Now this is it. This is the danger.

I saw a couple of people arriving.

Yes, it was nice of them to help you with the car.

Not them. Two coloured chaps  
and a girl roared up in a Capri.

Oh, really.

There were only half a dozen there  
when I left - when I was asked to leave!

This is it, they don't  
want Mum sitting there, do they?

No, not when they get to 15!

When I was 15, I really wanted a party of my own.

And my dad, he'd never let me.

You see, he was worried about people  
pinching things and things getting broken.

- Have you locked your silver away, Sue?

- No, I haven't got any. Well, not much.

But I have put a few things upstairs,  
in case of accidents.

Yes, it's better to, isn't it?

'Cause it can easily happen.

Don't get me wrong, Sue. I wasn't meaning  
that any of Abigail's friends are thieves.

Please don't think that.

But you don't know who you get at a party.

- Let's face it, people are light-fingered.

- Yes.

- Did you leave your carpets down, Sue?

- Yes.

- Have you got fitted carpets?

- Yes.

Yes, we've got fitted carpets.  
The MacDonalds left them all.  
They were inclusive in the price of the house.

- Oh.

- And we were very lucky,  
'cause we got the price of the house down  
from 22,000

- to 21,000.

- Oh, really?

I don't know what we'll do  
about our carpets when we have a party.

- We're having a party soon, aren't we?

- House warming.

- Yes. You'll have to come.

- Thank you.

With fitted carpets you don't know what to do  
for the best, particularly with teenagers,  
because, let's face it,  
they're not as careful as we would be.  
Know what I mean? They don't think.  
A drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other.  
They're dancing and the next thing,  
it's cigarette on your carpet and stubbed out.

- Did you get that beer, Sue?

- Yes, four of those big tins and some pomagne.

- That's nice, isn't it?

- Yes, it is.

Yes. It's funny,  
at that age we used to drink Bulmer's cider.  
We used to say,  
"A glass of cider and she's anybody's!"  
I got very drunk on champagne at our wedding.

- D'you remember?

- Yeah.

- Gives you a terrible headache, champagne.

- Yes, in the morning.  
Shocking.

- Did you get any spirits, Sue?

- No, I didn't.

Very wise. They're so expensive, aren't they?  
Let's face it, if they want spirits  
they can bring their own.  
Particularly the older boys,  
'cause they're working, aren't they?



There will be older boys at the party, won't there?

- Oh, yes. A few, anyway.

- Yeah.

Let's face it, Ange, when you're 15, you don't want to go out with a bloke who's 15, do you?

They're babies, aren't they?

I mean, when I was 15,

I was going out with a bloke who was 21.

Hey, Sue, how's Abigail getting on with that bloke, by the way?

- I'm not sure. I daren't ask.

- Yeah.

Mind, I reckon you're better to let her go out with as many blokes as she wants to at that age rather than stick to one. Do you agree, Ange?

- Yes. How many boyfriends has she got?

- I don't know.

- I don't think she knows herself, really.

- Footloose and fancy free!

Actually, Sue, I was just thinking.

It might be a good idea if a bit later on Laurence and Tony popped down there.

Now, I don't mean to go in Sue, no.

Just to check everything's OK and put your mind at rest. Don't you agree, Ange?

Yes, it's a good idea. You don't mind, do you?

- No.

- It's very nice of you, but not necessary.

- Your husband's away, is he?

- No, we've split up, actually.

- Are you separated or divorced?

- Divorced.

- When did you get divorced?

- Three years ago.

Oh, that's given you time to sort of get used to it, hasn't it?

We've been married nearly three years.

Three years in September, isn't it?

- We've been married three years.

- That's funny.

We were all getting married about the same time as you were getting divorced.

- What a coincidence.

- Yes!

- Where is he now? Do you know?
- Yes, he lives quite near here.
- Oh, that's nice. Do you keep in touch?
- Yes.
- He pops over to see the kids.
- Every Sunday.
- Does he?
- For lunch.
- Oh, lovely. Is he coming tomorrow?
- Yes, I expect so.

That's nice, for the kids.

Yeah.

Let's face it, Sue, whatever you say about him, he is their father.

Yes.

You all right, Tone?

Yes, thank you.

- What did your husband do?

- He's an architect.

That's a good job, isn't it?

- It's a good job, architecture.

- Well paid.

- It can be. It's quite a long training though.

- Yes.

- Has David married again, Sue?

- Yes.

Oh, well, it's a good job that he's got a... good job, then.

I mean if he's got two families to support.

- Have they got any children, Sue?

- No.

She wants some, so they're trying, but they don't seem to have had any success so far.

- Does she come over on Sundays?

- No, he comes on his own.

Oh, but I suppose, like, when your kids go over there it's nice for her

- 'cause she's got a ready-made family.

- They don't go over there.

- Well, hardly ever.

- Don't you get on with her?

No.

Well, I hardly know her.

Well, I mean,

if your husband runs off with another woman...

Let's face it, Ange,

you can hardly be the best of mates!

- Now, who's for another drink? Ange?

- Please.

- Thanks.

- Thanks.

- Sue? Another drink?

- I've still got some, thanks.

Come on, I'll give you a top-up. That's it. Lovely.

Tony, another drink?

- Ta.

- Thanks.

I think more and more people  
are getting divorced these days.

Definitely, Ange, definitely.

Mind you, I blame a lot of it on women's lib.

And on permissiveness  
and this wife-swapping business.

- Don't you, Tone?

- I s'pose so.

- Don't you, Sue?

- Possibly.

I mean, take Peter Sellers, for example.

- He's been married five or six times.

- Four, actually.

Is it four, Sue?

Look at Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

Now, to me, Ange, their relationship is ridiculous.

I think they make a mockery of marriage.

It's disgusting.

- They only do it for the publicity.

- Yeah, let's face it, with film stars,

I reckon the attraction is purely physical.

- They did it in the jungle.

- Yeah.

I mean, let's face it, getting divorced,  
to a film star, is like going to the lavatory...

...if you'll pardon my French!

But to us, it's a big wrench, isn't it, Sue?

- Yes, of course.

- Yes.

But I think film stars only get married  
because the public expects it.

- Do you?

- Yes.

I think people take divorce for granted.

I think if they stuck it out,  
they'd be all right, don't you?

But there are times when you could hit 'em  
on the head with a rolling pin and clear out!

Well, it's like Tony and me.

We've only been married nearly three years,  
but we're always having rows, aren't we?

Yeah.

- Does she give you a bad time, Tone?

- Ta... Shocking.

- I think it spoils things, doesn't it?

- Yes, it does.

Mind you, I reckon, sometimes  
a little row adds a sparkle to a relationship.

- Did you have a lot of rows with your husband?

- No, we didn't, actually.

There you go, Ange,  
it doesn't always follow, does it?

- No.

- No, it's funny.

- Do you think people should get married, Tony?

- Sometimes.

Ah, he's not so sure, you see,  
since he's been married to me!

Perhaps we should live in sin  
and forget the whole thing!

Did you live with Laurence  
before you got married?

- No, I didn't, no.

- Do you think if you had done,  
you'd still have married him?

No!

Don't get me wrong.

I do love Laurence... in my own way.

But, if we'd lived together, say for a year,  
I don't honestly think it would have worked out.

- If you have kids you ought to get married.

- Definitely. Give 'em a name.

- Yes.

- You'll be having all this soon, Sue.

- Do you think Abigail is the marrying type?

- I hope so.  
- You'll probably get married again yourself soon.  
- That's not very likely.  
You never know, 'cause  
I never thought anyone would marry me.  
And I met Tony and we were married  
within a year, weren't we?  
- Eight months.  
- Yes.  
- So, you see, it can happen.  
- Really?  
- Have you got a boyfriend?  
- No.  
Would you like kids, Ange?  
- Yes, I would.  
- Would you?  
- Would you, Tone?  
- Not for a while.  
- Not till we're settled in.  
- Yeah, get sorted first.  
- He'd make a nice dad, though.  
- Yes.  
Yeah, I could just see you with a little boy,  
taking him out and looking after him.  
- It would be nice to have one of each.  
- Yeah, like Sue.  
Mind, it's funny, Ange. Sue's kids, Abigail  
and Jeremy, aren't a bit alike, are they, Sue?  
- No.  
- Like chalk and cheese, Ange.  
Sue, how did Jeremy get on  
packing his overnight bag?  
- He loved it.  
- Did he?  
You know what kids are like.  
He was so excited about packing all his things.  
- He'd have taken the kitchen sink.  
- Where's he gone?  
- Around the corner.  
- How old is he?  
- Eleven and a half.  
- Would you like kids?  
No, I don't think I would, really.  
Don't get me wrong.

It's not that I don't like kids, because I do.

But let me put it to you this way.

I wouldn't like to actually have to have them.

- Did you have yours in hospital, Sue?

- Yes.

You see, to me, having to go into hospital would be like being ill, and I couldn't stand that.

I know it sounds horrible,

but having to breastfeed and change nappies would actually make me heave.

- I don't think I've got that motherly instinct.

- No. You see, it would be different for me

- 'cause I'm used to looking after children.

- Mmm.

With children that are ill,

you've got to watch them every minute.

- Yeah.

- Recently, we had this little girl.

She was only about two

and she kept picking at her dressing.

She picked it all off

and got right down into the wound.

Sorry, Ange, but would you stop?

If you carry on, I'll faint.

- Leave it out, Ange.

- It's all right, she wasn't in any pain.

- But she got the stitches out...

- Drop it!

Did you know

my husband used to be a professional footballer?

- Really?

- He played for Crystal Palace, didn't you?

- Yeah.

- Oh, fantastic!

- It was before I knew him.

- For the reserves?

Oh, no. It was the first team.

- Honestly, is that true?

- For a bit, yeah.

Oh, Tony, that is fantastic!

Sue, we didn't know we had a celebrity in Richmond Road, did we?

- No, we didn't.

- Tony, that's great.

That's made my night, honestly.

Laurence!

Would you excuse me, please, one minute?

Laurence!

(REGGAE MUSIC FILTERS THROUGH)

Nice music...

...isn't it, Tony?

- Would you like one?

- Thank you.

Ta.

I shouldn't be eating these, we had a big tea.

- Did you eat earlier?

- No, I didn't.

Oh, you must be hungry. Here...

- Have some peanuts.

- Thank you.

Thanks.

Eh, Sue, it's all happening at your place!

Ange, it's so funny!

Your bay window, Sue, at the front, it's wide open and there's this bloke, he's gotta be 20 stone, and he's wedged in your bay window.

He's got one of those purple vests on and a great big fat belly sticking out, like this!

There's this girl, Sue, standing in your front garden, she is as thin as he's fat, right, and she's like this, Ange,

draped around him, and they're snogging away.

- You've never seen anything so funny in your life!

- Oh, dear.

Don't worry, Sue, they're only having a bit of fun.

They're only teenagers.

I wonder if I dare pop down for a minute.

- Shall I go and have a look?

- No.

- It's no problem.

- No, thank you. Better not.

Sue's right. It's best not to pop down.

They're only having a bit of fun. Let's face it, when Laurence gets back, we can discuss it.

OK?

Now, who's for another drink? Come on, Ange!

- Sue, another drink?

- No, thanks.

I'll just give you a little top-up. That's it. Lovely.

Just to settle your nerves, Sue.

Tony, another drink?

Ta.

- Cheers, Ange.

- Cheers.

- Where is Laurence, anyway?

- I don't know, Tony. I wish I did know.

What a lovely table!

This is what I'd really love.

- What's that, Ange?

- The candelabra? It's brilliant, isn't it?

- Is it real silver?

- Yeah. Silver plate, yeah.

Oh, it looks so lovely.

And with the light.

- Sue.

- Thank you.

- Are you all right, Sue?

- Fine, thank you.

Yes.

Sue, you must think I'm dreadful.

I'm sorry, I do apologise.

I haven't offered you anything to eat.

Have some nuts.

Thank you.

Take some crisps as well.

- That's it. Lovely.

- Thank you.

Now then, Sue, let's see.

A little cheesy pineapple one?

Thank you.

- Tone, a little cheesy pineapple one?

- Ta.

- Take another, Sue. Save me coming back.

- Thank you.

That's it. Lovely.

Now then, Sue.

Would you like a little cigarette, Sue?

- No, thank you. Not at the moment.

- Sorry, Sue. This is what I'll do.

I'll pop it on here for you. You can

light that when you've finished those, OK?



- Tony, come and see this beautiful kitchen.

- It's lovely, isn't it?

Oh, these tiles are gorgeous.

- Were they here when you came?

- Yeah, we were lucky.

You were, 'cause our kitchen's nothing like this.

- Tony, come and have a look.

- Have a look, Tone. They're beautiful.

Tony!

- He's nice, isn't he?

- Yes.

He's fantastic.

- Actually, they're a very nice couple.

- Yes.

Oh, and you've got one of these!

What's that, Ange?

- Oh, the rotisserie. Yeah.

- Do you do chickens and things on it?

Well, you can do. To be honest, I'm not much of a cook, so I haven't used it yet. But you can.

- Laurence, where have you been?

- To the off-licence!

- Hello, Sue. All right?

- Fine, thank you.

Those want to go in the fridge, Laurence, to chill.

- All right, Ange?

- Yes.

Come through, Tone.

- Like to sit down, Tone?

- Ta.

Now, then, Sue. How about a little cigarette?

- There we are, Sue. OK?

- Thank you.

Lovely.

- Now, everybody OK?

- (ALL) Yes, thank you.

- Now, who's for a drink? Tony, light ale?

- Not just yet, thank you.

Go on, Tone. He got them specially for you.

If he doesn't want one, Beverly,

he doesn't have to have one.

- Sue?

- No, thank you.

- Angela?

- No, I'm all right, thanks.

- Beverly?

- I'm fine, thanks.

Laurence? ...Yes, please!

Thanks very much.

- Well, the party's hotting up at your place, Sue.

- So Beverly said.

Yes, Laurence,

we were saying it might be a good idea

if a bit later on you and Tony popped down.

- What for?

- To check everything's all right for Sue.

Put Sue's mind at rest,

because she's a bit worried.

- It'll be all right.

- There won't be any problems.

Laurence, I'm not saying there'll be problems,

I'm saying would you check for Sue.

I've just been past and everything seems OK.

- Did you see what was happening in the garden?

- Well, yes.

The couple snogging through the window.

- Through the window?

- With the dirty vest.

No, no. I saw a couple

down the side of the house.

And there were a few in the porch.

But I didn't see anybody in the window.

- Want to sit here, Laurence?

- No, stay where you are.

- Sit here. There's plenty of room.

- Thank you.

- Anyway, Sue, these things happen at parties.

- Yes, of course.

- I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

- No.

Actually, Laurence,

you're being very unfair to Sue.

- Not at all.

- No, don't make excuses for him.

Apart from anything else,

Tony has already agreed to go.

- Have you?

- Yeah.

Yes, well, I didn't say I wouldn't go. If Sue wants us to go, of course we'll go down there.

- I don't know that I do.

- Fine.

- Tony doesn't mind going on his own.

- No, I don't.

- I didn't say I wouldn't go.

- Fine, Laurence, are you going?

- Yes.

- Thank you.

That's quite all right.

I'm not saying there'll be any trouble, but teenagers have a drink and get over-excited.

Yes, well, it starts with one kiss...

This is it. Then they find their way to the bedroom.

- Sue, do you like olives?

- Yes.

Fine!

- I'll get you some.

- Thank you.

- You've got a friend for life, Sue.

- Oh?

- None of us like olives.

- Oh, I see.

I can't stand them.

Those stuffed olives,  
the little red bit that sticks out.

It reminds me of a little...

I'm not saying what it reminds me of!

- But it puts me off. I can't eat them!

- Not everyone can like everything.

It's like Tony. He doesn't like curry and I love it.

- So we never go in Indian restaurants, do we?

- No.

And he won't even eat curry at home,  
which is a shame, 'cause I enjoy making it.

- Have you ever tried pilchard curry?

- No...

That's a very economical dish.

You just get one of those big tins  
of pilchards in tomato sauce  
and mix it with onions and curry powder  
and it's really tasty.

But Tony won't touch it.

- Darling, have you got heartburn?

- No.

I haven't got heartburn,  
just slight indigestion, that's all.

I thought so!

This is it, Ange.

He came in late and was all upset.

He's very highly strung, Sue.

It gives him heartburn.

Ah, he must be careful,

because when I was working in intensive care,  
the people who'd had a cardiac arrest,

they were nearly all businessmen

and those who were worrying about their work.

- I hope you're listening to this, Laurence.

- Yes, I'm listening.

- Cigar?

- No, thanks, I've given up.

- Sure?

- Go on, Tone, take a little cigar.

- Enjoy yourself. Go on, take one.

- Take one.

- Ta.

- Tony!

Well, that counts, doesn't it?

- If he's having a cigar...

- Come on, Ange.

- Sue, would you like one?

- No, thank you.

- Some women do like them.

- So I understand. But I've got a cigarette.

Oh.

- Light?

- Ta.

- Laurence, would you put a record on?

- Yeah, surely. What would we like to hear?

- Demis Roussos.

- Oh, no, Beverly.

We don't want that fat Greek  
caterwauling all night!

- Darling, not classical.

- Light classical, just as a background.

- Sue, do you know James Galway?

- Yes, I've heard him.

He's an up-and-coming  
young flautist. Do you like him?

- Yes, he's very good.

- I'll put it on for you.

Laurence, we don't want to listen  
to classical music at the moment.

- Well, what DO we want to listen to, Beverly?

- Demis Roussos.

Well, if everybody else wants to listen  
to Demis Roussos, we'll put him on.

- Tone? Do you like Demis Roussos?

- Yeah, he's all right.

Fantastic, isn't he? Sue?

- I don't know him, I'm afraid.

- You'll like him, he's lovely.

- Sue, he's great. Would you like to hear him?

- Yes.

Yes? Laurence, Angela likes  
Demis Roussos, Tony likes Demis Roussos,  
I like Demis Roussos  
and Sue would like to hear Demis Roussos.

So do you think  
we could have Demis Roussos on?

- Yes.

- Thank you.

How are you enjoying your cigar?

Very nice, thank you.

- How's your cigarette?

- Oh, it's lovely.

Mind you don't choke on it.

You see, he's not used to smoking a cigar.

He doesn't know what to do with it!

He'll be all right.

Tone!

- Another drink?

- Ta.

- Ange? Another drink?

- Please. Thanks.

- Sue, another drink?

- No, thank you.

Come on, Sue, I'll just give you a top-up. Lovely.

- Like to help yourself, Tone?

- Ta.

- Fantastic drink, Bacardi.

- Yeah.

It's a knock-out.

- I started drinking it in Majorca.

- Have you been to Majorca?

- Yeah.

- Whereabouts?

- Palma.

- Not Palma Nova?

- That's right.

- Oh, Tony, isn't it beautiful?

- Yeah.

- Yes.

They drink it very long there  
with ice and Coke and lemon and that.

It's my dream to lie on a beach  
sipping Bacardi and Coke.

- Have you always had a moustache?

- What do you mean?

- Have you had it for a few years?

- Yes.

- Never thought of having a beard?

- No.

Laurence wouldn't suit a beard.

His face is too small.

Actually, I think a beard can look very scruffy.

(ANGE) Yes...

...but I think a man with a moustache  
AND a beard, they look more masculine.

- Sexier, isn't it?

- Has your husband got a beard?

No. No, he used to have,  
a long time ago, when I first knew him.

- Why did he shave it off?

- Well, he grew out of it.

- Do you play any instruments, Sue?

- No.

I used to play the piano when I was a child.

- The piano?

- Just a bit.

I once went for guitar lessons  
but I never kept them up.

- That's a pity.

- Yes, I've often regretted it.

You know, I think that musicians

and artists are very lucky people.  
They're born with one great advantage in life.  
Do you know what that is?  
Their talent.  
They've got something to cling to.  
I often wish I'd been born with that sort of talent.  
Most people, they just drift through life  
without any real aims.  
They're weak.  
It's no good just sitting there whining.  
You've got to get up and do something about it.  
Not that it isn't a fight. Of course it is.  
Life is a fight.  
People, er...  
...they always seem to be against you.  
Not that I've done badly.  
No, no. I've done all right.  
But, er...  
...certainly an uphill battle.  
I once went to a party  
and they said, "Can anyone play the piano?"  
I said, "Ooh, yes. I can."  
And I can't play the piano.  
I'd just learnt this one tune from a friend.  
It was, # Buy a broom, buy a broom  
# Buy a broom and sweep the room #  
And that's all I knew.  
You see, they wanted me  
to play for musical chairs.  
So I started, # Buy a broom, buy a broom #  
I played it a few times,  
- then thought, "I must do something different."  
- Yes.  
So I started, you know...  
- Vamping, type of thing?  
- Yes.  
But as I can't play, oh, it sounded terrible.  
- I felt such a fool.  
- Yes.  
I thought, "Why did I say I'd play?"  
- When was this, Ange?  
- It was only when I was eight.  
- Oh, I see.  
- Yes.

- I still felt a fool, though.

- Yeah.

Would anybody mind if I turn this next track up?

It's my favourite. It's "Forever and Ever".

I'd like us all to hear it. Anybody mind?

(ALL EXCEPT LAURENCE) No.

#... Forever and ever you'll be the one

# That shines on me like the morning... #

- Isn't he great?

- Yes. I know this one.

# Forever and ever you'll be my spring

# My rainbow's end and the song... #

- D'you think he's sexy, Ange?

- Yes.

It's a pity he's so fat.

Yeah, but he doesn't sound it, though,

when you hear him.

It's funny. He's still fantastic, though, isn't he?

#... come true, my consolation... #

- Do you like him, Tone?

- Yeah.

#... and ever... #

Knockout, isn't he?

#... dream

# My symphony

# My own lovers' theme

# Ever and ever, forever and ever

# My destiny

# Will follow you eternally #

Ange...

Imagine making love to this!

You all right, Laurence?

- (STOPS MUSIC)

- Ready, Tony?

- Thank you, Laurence!

- Don't mention it! Ready?

- What for?

- Sue wants us to go and inspect the party.

- Fine. Would you go now, please?

- Really, it's all right.

- Are you coming, Tony?

- I think so.

Well, come on, then!

- I think it would be better if you didn't.



- It's all right. Just walk past your house.  
Put your mind at rest.  
Don't worry, Sue. Tony will handle it.  
Won't be long.  
Take care.

- I'm sorry about that.  
- That's all right.  
- Shall I put the record on again?  
- Don't bother, Ange. He's spoiled it now.  
- Forget it.  
- And you were enjoying yourself.  
Yeah. We were all enjoying ourselves,  
weren't we?  
To be honest,  
he's a boring little bugger at times.  
Anyway, sod 'im, let's all have  
another drink. Come on, Ange.

- Sue?  
- No, really.  
A little top-up. That's it, lovely.  
Tell you what, listen. We'll all get pissed!

- Yeah?  
- Yes, we can enjoy ourselves.  
- That's it, Ange.  
- Cheers.  
- Here we are, Sue.  
- Thank you.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers.

Tell you what, Ange.  
- Have a cigarette while he's gone. Sod him.  
- While he's out.  
Here we are. That's it. Lovely.  
- I think I'm going to be sick.  
- Are you?  
Come along, then. That's it.  
- Where's the toilet?  
- We've got a downstairs one in the hall.  
- Hold on a minute.  
- Take deep breaths, Sue!  
- (SUE COUGHS)  
- That's the way.  
(ANGE) Bring it all up.  
That's it.

- Are you all right, Sue?
- Yes, thank you.
- She still looks a bit pale, doesn't she?
- Yes. I'll take that.

Come and sit down.

That's it. You sit down here.

And your soda water's there. All right?

- Just lean forward a minute. Lean forward.
- That's it. Lean forward, Sue.
- Make you comfy.
- Angela knows.
- Lovely.
- Now, look, Sue,

I've made you a black coffee.

I've made it nice and strong. I haven't put any milk in it in case that makes you sick again.

Now, will you try and sip that for me, Sue?

It will help to revive you a little bit.

OK?

(MUSIC CONTINUES AT PARTY)

- Sorry about that.
- There's no need to be sorry.

Sue, don't worry.

Let's face it, it could happen to any of us.

Yes, and it's better to happen while those two are away.

Mmm, definitely, Ange, definitely.

- Vomiting in front of blokes is embarrassing.
- Yes.
- And they're not usually sympathetic.
- No.

Well, I know Tony isn't.

'Cause if I've got a headache or my period pains, he doesn't wanna know.

In fact, it annoys him.

This is it, you see, Ange.

I reckon a woman, she needs love and affection from a bloke.

OK, sex is important, but it's not everything.

No. You see, if Tony comes home and he's in a bad mood, I can't do anything right.

- They pick on you, don't they?
- Is he like that?
- Yes, he's very quick-tempered.

- Mmm.  
- I think it's because of his red hair.  
- Yeah.  
Funny, though, isn't it, Sue?  
- Sitting there, he looks so quiet and gentle.  
- Yes, he does.  
- Is he very violent?  
- No, he's not violent.  
He's just a bit nasty.  
Like the other day,  
he said to me he'd like to sellotape my mouth.  
No, Ange!  
- That's not very nice, is it?  
- It certainly isn't, Ange. It certainly isn't.  
- Was your husband violent?  
- Oh, no, not at all.  
She's one of the lucky ones, isn't she?  
Definitely, Sue, yeah, definitely.  
- Mind you, if Tony wasn't around, I'd miss him.  
- Would you?  
- Mmm.  
- Yeah.  
Funny, isn't it?  
I suppose I would miss Laurence,  
inasmuch as I need a bloke.  
Let's face it, we all need a bloke, don't we?  
OK, credit where it's due,  
he's very good with money.  
I mean if I want a new dress, make-up, have  
my hair done, whatever, the money is there.  
But apart from that, it's just boring.  
Know what I mean?  
- I think that comes from being married, though.  
- Do you?  
- The fun wears off.  
- Yeah.  
- (ANGE) Everything all right down there?  
- I think so.  
- How many's at the party, then?  
- I didn't stop to count them!  
This is my glass.  
- It's all right, is it?  
- Yes!  
Oh, I'm sorry, Sue. Yes.

Yes, I went in and had a few words with them.

Everything seems to be all right.

Where's Tony got to?

You'd better ask him when he gets back.

- Did you see Abigail?

- I certainly did.

- Is she all right?

- I think so.

- Where is he?

- I don't know. I'm not his keeper!

- Did you talk to her?

- I asked her to turn the music down, yes.

- He's stayed at the party!

- Was she upset?

I don't think so.

He's probably being raped, Ange,

by a load of 15-year-old schoolgirls!

- Lucky them!

- Listen, I'll tell you something,

at least they had a bit of taste -

they didn't pick him!

I hope he's being a bit more enthusiastic

than when I leap on him!

- Is he one of those?

- Yes, he turns over!

- I've met those before!

- That's enough, Beverly!

- Christ, Laurence, as soon as I enjoy myself...

- Can't you see you're embarrassing Sue?

- I'm sorry, Sue. I didn't mean to embarrass you.

- That's all right.

Sue, it was only a little joke.

- Sue's not been feeling too good, anyway.

- What's the problem, Sue?

- She's been vomiting!

- Thank you, Beverly! Sue can speak for herself.

She's had a few too many gin and tonics,

and you've not had any tea, have you?

- No.

- Hasn't she, Ange?

- No.

- Like one of these?

Laurence, she doesn't want that

on an empty stomach!

- A sandwich, would you like a sandwich?

- She doesn't want a sandwich!

Well, I want a sandwich!

- Do you want a sandwich, yes or no?

- No! Thank you.

OK, fine!

I hope it chokes you!

What did you say, Beverly?

- Oh, my God! I'm gonna get stabbed!

- Don't tempt me!

Well, go on, then, do it!

Laurence, would you please

go back in the kitchen

and finish making

your little sandwich, all right?

- Sure you don't want a sandwich, Sue?

- Yes, thank you.

Fine.

(DOORBELL)

- Everything all right?

- What do you mean?

- I wondered where you'd got to.

- I wondered where YOU'D got to.

Come in.

What's that for?

I'm making a sandwich. Go in.

- Where have you been?

- Southend.

- Did you enjoy yourself?

- Wonderful.

Where have you been?

Laurence has been back ages.

- It's OK. Nothing to worry about.

- Good. Not too rowdy?

- No.

- Thank you.

- Like a drink?

- Please.

- What would you like?

- Light ale, please.

- A little Bacardi to go with it?

- No, thanks.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah.

- Are you all right?

- Yeah.

Great.

- Was Abigail all right?

- I think so.

- You saw her?

- I didn't see her, but I think she's OK.

- Tone?

- Ta.

- Your shirt's wet.

- What is it?

- Nothing.

- It's soaking wet.

- What were you doing?

- Nothing! Get off!

Bumped into somebody accidentally.

Nothing to worry about.

- Want to sit down, Tone?

- Ta.

Laurence didn't come back

with his shirt all wet, did he?

I don't think you two have been to the same party!

'Course we have! What are you talking about?

- Lay off her, Tone. She's only having a joke.

- See what I mean?

- What?

- Are you all right, Sue?

- Yes, but I think I should see Abigail myself.

- No. Sue, please don't go down there.

Listen to me, Sue. You know what Abigail's like.

She'll only shout at you and make you upset.

Please, Sue, sit down.

Sue, Tony has only just come back.

- It was all right, wasn't it?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Nothing to worry about.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah.

Yeah.

Now, come on, Sue. Sit down.

That's it!

Tell you what I'll do.

I'll put a little record on for us all, eh?

Then we can all have a listen to that.

Now, let's see what we've got.

Ooh, I'll tell you what, Sue.

Do you like Tom Jones?

- He's all right.

- He's great, isn't he? Do you like him, Ange?

- Yes.

- Yeah, he's fabulous!

Now, we'll put this on for Sue.

Is Abigail always having parties?

- No.

- Oh.

- Ready, Ange?

- Mmm.

**(MUSIC:**

Oh, isn't he great?

I won't be a sec, I'm just going to the toilet.

#... to be loved by anyone

# It's not unusual to have fun with anyone

# But when I see you hanging about with anyone

# It's not unusual to see me cry

# I wanna die

# It's not unusual to go out at any time

# But when I see you out and about

it's such a... #

(BARELY AUDIBLE)

- That's better. Now we can hear ourselves think.

- Do you want to sit here?

- No, thanks.

- Come on!

- No, thanks.

- Steady!

Seen a few changes

since you've been here, Sue?

Not really, no.

Come on, Sue.

Surely you must have seen some changes.

New houses on the other side of Raven's Way.

Yes, the houses. But what about people?

What about them?

The class of people.

Don't you think that's changed?

- Not really, no.

- The tone of the area, don't you feel it's altered?  
- Not particularly.  
- You don't think it's gone down?  
No.  
And you, Tony, come on!  
- What do you think, eh?  
- I wouldn't know, would I?  
Oh, no, of course not.  
- You've just moved in, haven't you?  
- Yes.  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
- A drink?  
- No, thank you.  
- Angela?  
- Mmm, please!  
- It's more mixed, that's all.  
- Mixed?  
Yes, I suppose you could say it was mixed.  
- More cosmopolitan.  
- Nothing wrong with that.  
- Oh, you don't think so?  
- No.  
Well, that's a matter of opinion.  
- Would you like another drink?  
- I'm on soda water.  
- Fine. Would you like more soda water?  
- Thank you.  
We like to keep our guests happy.  
- Do you read, Tony?  
- Sometimes.  
- Sue?  
- Thank you.  
- And just what do you read?  
- All sorts.  
"All sorts."  
- You know Shakespeare?  
- Not personally.  
- I read it at school.  
- At school.  
- Well, I have the complete works here.  
- They're a lovely set, aren't they?  
Yes, they are very well bound.  
- They're embossed in gold.



- Mmm, really nice.

Sue...

Very nice.

Part of our heritage.

'Course, they're not something  
you can actually read.

- Your house is a lot older than ours.

- Yes.

- Sue, 1936, yes?

- I'm not sure. I know it was built before the war.

- I thought so.

- (ANGE) There's nothing wrong with an old house.

There's some quite nice ones.

I like old and I like new.

I like the Tudor houses...

- All right, Sue?

- Fine, thanks.

- You don't feel sick again?

- No.

- No?

- It's settling.

- (LAURENCE AND ANGE CONVERSE)

- All right, Tone?

Yes, thank you.

- Great.

- Do you know the Belvedere Hotel?

- Yes, I do.

- Originally on that site stood a Tudor mansion.

- Did there?

- The official residence...

- Another drink?

- Ta.

...They owned...

- Angela, another drink?

I've seen to the drinks, thank you, Beverly.

Sorry, it's just that I can't hear  
through two brick walls.

Yes, it was all part of the Belvedere Estate.

Laurence, would you turn that record UP, please?

How can we hold a conversation  
with that racket blaring out?

We're not here to hold conversations,  
we're here to enjoy ourselves.

Beverly, we are enjoying ourselves.

We're enjoying this conversation.

#... to take to dinner

# Well, she always knows her place

She's got style, she's got grace

# She's a... #

All right, Laurence, all right.

- Sorry about that.

- That's all right.

We're all getting a little bit merry, aren't we?

It's nice for us to have a bit of a break.

Since the move, we've hardly been out.

- Where are you going, Sue?

- I was going to the toilet.

- Not feeling sick again?

- No, I'm fine.

- Shall I come with you?

- No, thank you.

You see, Sue's been vomiting up her gin.

While you were away,

I had to take her to the lavatory.

- Ange, shall we have a little dance?

- Yeah, it would be nice!

- Tone, do you fancy a dance?

- Yeah, I don't mind.

There's no room to dance in here, Beverly.

Laurence, if I wanted somebody to put  
a damper on the idea, I'd have asked you first.

OK?

Ange, give us a hand to move the couch.

(LAURENCE) I'll sort that.

(TONY) I'll do that.

- I'll take this corner.

- You just sit down.

Cheers, Tone.

- Got it, Laurence?

- Yes.

- For Christ's sake!

- Don't interfere, Beverly!

- Ready?

- Where do you want it?

Where do you want it?

For God's sake, just move it back there, please.

Just back?

Got this fantastic record I'll play, Ange.

Hang on a sec.

Now, this record, Ange,

it turns my husband on.

And when he hears it,

he cannot resist my charms.

- They're still enjoying themselves down there.

- Yeah.

What were they getting up to?

- Nothing much.

- Ready, Ange?

**(MUSIC:**

- Isn't it great?

- Mmm.

- Fancy a dance, Tone?

- Dance with Beverly.

Perhaps Laurence would like a dance.

No, I don't think he would, actually.

Come on, Tone. Have a dance.

- All right, Sue?

- Fine, thanks.

Yeah.

- You don't mind me mauling your husband?

- No, go ahead!

- Dance with Laurence.

- No, I can't.

'Course you can. Get up and dance!

Don't worry, Ange, you're quite safe

with Laurence. He won't rape you.

- Do you wanna dance?

- Surely, if you'd like to.

- I'm not very good at these slow dances.

- No.

I'm better at this sort.

- D'you wanna dance with us?

- No, thank you.

- We can all three dance together.

- I'm fine, really.

- Thank you.

- Thanks.

- Laurence was shaking my hand.

- Oh, was he?

Christ, he'll be shaking mine next!

Now, who's for another drink?

- Ange?  
- Please.  
- Never say no?  
- Thanks.  
- Tony, another drink?  
- No, thanks. I'm all right.  
- How about you, Sue?  
- No, thank you.  
- Are you sure?  
- Yes, thanks.  
- He's a good dancer, isn't he?  
- Fantastic.  
I never knew you could dance so well.  
- We don't usually dance like that, do we?  
- No.  
- Ange.  
- Thanks.  
- Cheers, everyone.  
- (ALL) Cheers.  
Cheers.  
Darling, why don't you dance with Sue?  
I don't think Sue wants to dance,  
thanks, "Darling".  
Then why don't you ask her, Laurence?  
- Sue, would you like to dance?  
- No, thank you.  
- Sue doesn't want to dance!  
- Of course she does!  
Go on, Sue. Have a dance with Laurence.  
Enjoy yourself, go on.  
- Would you like to, Sue?  
- All right.  
- I'll take the glass for you.  
- Thank you.  
Come on, Tone.  
Ange, do you wanna dance with Tone?  
No, you're all right.  
Are you going on holiday this year, Sue?  
- I hope so.  
- Expensive business, holidays.  
Yes.  
- Do you know Paris?  
- A little.  
Do you?

No.

(MUSIC ENDS)

Thank you.

(NEXT TRACK STARTS)

- Tone, come and sit down.

- Ta.

- Ange, would you throw us some fags, please?

- Mmm.

Cheers, Tone.

- Mind your head!

- It's too big!

- What?

- It's too big!

- What is?

- Your head!

Give it a rest!

- Are you feeling better?

- Much, thank you.

- Ange, like a cigarette?

- Oh, I would.

- Can I have a cigarette?

- Do you want one?

- I'd love one.

- Have one, then.

- Ange, give us a light, would you, please?

- Mmm.

Cheers.

Once you've had one cigarette,  
you want to keep on smoking.

This is it, yeah.

- What sort of work do you do?

- I'm in computers.

He's an operator.

- Still play football, Tone?

- No...

He gave it up when he was 20.

He plays for the firm's team, though.

- But he's much better than the others.

- I've only played twice.

He looks so funny in his shorts!

- Why did you give it up?

- Things didn't work out.

- You've got footballer's legs, though.

- Has he?

Have you? Let's have a little look.

Ooh, yes, so he has!

I like footballers' legs.

Nice and muscly, aren't they?

I can't stand blokes

with skinny legs, Ange. Can you?

Puts you off, doesn't it?

- Talking of Paris, Sue, do you like art?

- Yes.

So do I, but Beverly doesn't.

You know that Paris

is the centre of the art world.

- Do you like Van Gogh?

- Yes.

- This is a Van Gogh.

- Yes.

They called him a Post Impressionist,  
but to my mind he was more of a Symbolist.

- Do you like the Impressionists?

- Yes.

Oh, you do. That's good. That's fine.

Fine.

- You all right, Tone?

- Yeah.

Of course, you know Van Gogh,

he was a very unstable man.

Not only did he cut his ear off

and leave it in a brothel,

he also ate paint and he shot himself.

Thank you, Laurence,

we don't want all the gory details.

I am talking to Sue!

And Sue is interested in these things!

Now, this is a picture of his chair

in the corner of his room at Arles.

It wasn't actually yellow, no. He painted it yellow

because yellow symbolised so much for him.

- Shall we liven things up?

- (TONY AND ANGE) Yeah.

- Do you like art?

- Yes.

This is a Lowry.

Did you know his father was an estate agent?

For Christ's sake, Laurence, give it a rest!

- Give what a rest?  
- Nobody is interested.  
Oh, yes, they are!  
- Oh, no, they're not!  
- Do you know something, Beverly?  
- You're ignorant!  
- Oh, I'm ignorant now, am I?  
Now? You always have been!  
It's not a question of ignorance,  
Laurence, it's a question of taste.  
Taste? What would YOU know about taste?  
The trouble with you is if somebody doesn't like  
what YOU like, you say they've got no taste.  
- That's rubbish!  
- Oh, is it rubbish?  
- Yes!  
- Then what about my picture in the bedroom?  
That is cheap, pornographic trash!  
Laurence, just because a picture happens  
to be erotic, it doesn't mean it's pornographic!  
Shut up, Beverly!  
I've got this fabulous picture, right?  
It's really beautiful.  
I brought it home  
and he wouldn't let me put it up in here.  
- I had to hang it in the bedroom.  
- If I had my way, it would be in the dustbin!  
- Well, you're dead from the waist down, anyway!  
- Can I see it?  
- Do you wanna see it?  
- Yes!  
Angela's got work in the morning.  
We ought to be going.  
- I should go.  
- See it another time.  
- We don't have to go early, just 'cause of me.  
- Sure?  
- I'll be fine.  
- She's gotta get up!  
- Oh, shut up, Laurence!  
- Don't tell me to shut up!  
- Angela, coat!  
- It's all right!  
- I really think I ought to be going.

- Don't be silly, we haven't had a coffee yet!  
Sit down.  
- Beverly!  
- We're going soon, anyway.  
- Beverly, don't bring that picture down.  
- Sod off, Laurence!  
- Beverly!  
- Drop dead!  
You just can't keep your big mouth shut!  
GET UP!  
Sit down! ...Please.

**(MUSIC:**

Laurence!  
- Laurence!  
- What's the matter?  
(ANGE) Just a minute!  
- Ange, what's wrong with him?  
- I don't know yet!  
Tony, help me get him on the floor!  
(LAURENCE GASPS FOR AIR)  
Get me something for his head.  
Get his feet up higher!  
- Here you are.  
- That's too big.  
- Here you are.  
- What's going on?  
What's the matter with him? Laurence.  
- What's happened? Has he passed out?  
- Tony, could you lift his feet?  
Tony, do you mind?  
Sue, get him a glass of water, please.  
- Laurence, come on.  
- No, leave him.  
- Leave him!  
- Leave him!  
- Angela, he happens to be my husband, OK?  
- We've got to let him breathe.  
- He is breathing, for Christ's sake!  
- Get an ambulance, don't sit there!  
- Ambulance?  
- Yes!  
OK, Angela, what is the matter with him?  
- I think it's a heart attack!



- Where's the phone?
- Heart attack?
- Where's your phone?

Under the bar, Tony.

Oh, Christ, Ange, are you sure?

- He hasn't got false teeth, has he?
- Of course he hasn't got false teeth!

(BANGING)

- Ange, his lips are going blue!
- Don't worry.
- Ange, his hands are going freezing!
- Get him something to keep him warm.
- A blanket?
- Yes.

(BEVERLY) Laurence!

- Can he hear me, do you think?
- Yes.
- Laurence, come on!
- Leave him, he's got to lie still!
- Christ, Ange.
- Have you got through yet?

I'm trying to get a bloody line!

- Ange, Ange, his face is going all blue!
- Ambulance!
- Tell them it's urgent.
- Turn that bleedin' record off!

What? ...5- 0-3-9-0-4-1.

- (MUSIC STOPS)
- (TONY) That's right, yeah.
- Ange, listen to that noise he's making!
- An ambulance, please!
- Ange...
- What's the house number? What's the number?
- 13.
- 13 Richmond Road.

Yeah.

- Angela.
- A heart attack.
- Angela, I told him this would happen.
- 5-0-3-9-0-4-1.

I said, "Laurence,

you're gonna have a heart attack."

But he wouldn't listen to me, Ange.

But I never thought it would happen at this age.

I thought it would be when he was 50 or 60.

- (LABOURED BREATHING)

- Oh, Christ!

- Sue, listen to that noise he's making.

- Is there anything we can do?

We must just wait for the ambulance.

What happens when they get him to the hospital?

Will they give him oxygen to revive him?

- They've got everything in the ambulance.

- Yeah? Great.

- Sue, drop of brandy?

- No, thank you.

- Tone?

- No, thanks.

- Angela, do you want a drop...

- No.

Now, listen to me, Ange.

Ange...

Would it be a good idea

if I put a dab of brandy on his lips?

- No!

- I don't mean for him to drink...

- How about a dab of water?

- No, he must just lie still.

- Or shall I get a cold flannel and lay it across...

- He'll be OK if he lies still!

- The thing is, Ange, I'm very fond of him, I am.

- Keep that cigarette out of his face!

- All right, Tony, lay off me, please!

- You're flicking ash all over him!

- That'll do from you as well!

- Calm down!

It's all right for you.

Your husband isn't lying here with a heart attack!

- Angela, is there nothing we can do?

- No, just sit down.

(WHEEZING)

- It's my fault, isn't it?

- No.

I know it is.

But I didn't mean to upset him tonight, Sue.

I wouldn't do that.

But he is argumentative with me, Sue.

When he starts shouting at me,

I can't help but shout back.

But I didn't mean to upset him tonight.

You see, the thing is, Ange, when he started going on about his pictures, I should have kept quiet, but I couldn't.

I shouldn't have brought that picture down, 'cause he hates it.

Christ, this is ridiculous!

Tony, where's that ambulance?

- Ange, shall we give them a ring again?

- Beverly, we've only just phoned them!

I know we've only just phoned them, Sue, but you don't know what goes on in these places.

They could have taken the address down wrong.

Or they could have got the wrong road.

- Tony, just phone and check what's going on.

- Shall I ring again, Ange?

Never mind her.

I know she's a nurse but I'm his bloody wife!

- All right!

- Get on that phone!

- How is he?

- He's all right.

Mind you, Sue... he's brought this on himself.

I'm sorry, Sue, but he has.

Sue, if you knew the number of times I have pleaded with him to take a day off and rest, and he wouldn't listen to me, Sue, he wouldn't take any notice of me.

And do you know why? Because basically he is stubborn and pig-headed.

Ambulance!

- Er, 5-0-3-9-0-4-1.

- 13 Richmond Road, tell 'em, Tony.

- It's off Raven's Way, make sure they know.

- That's right, yeah.

- Hello. We phoned for an ambulance earlier...

- Tony!

- We've waited 10 minutes and there's a man...

- SHUT UP!

- BE QUIET!

- I beg your pardon, Sue?

- Will you shut up for a minute?

- Look, I'm telling you now.

- It's my house and if you don't like it, piss off!

- Shut up, please!

Sorry. 13 Richmond Road.

5-0-3-9-0-4-1.

That's right, yeah.

Ta.

Thank you.

- What did they say?

- It's on its way.

(MUSIC THUDS OUT FROM PARTY)

For Christ's sake, Sue,  
would you go and tell Abigail?

- It's not my fault they're making a row!

- I know, but she's your daughter.

- I can't help that. Can I use the phone?

- Yes.

(ANGE) No, you're all right. Just lie still.

- Is he coming round a bit?

- Yes. Keep still.

Laurence!

Laurence...

It's Beverly speaking.

Now, listen to me, Laurence. Look...

Laurence, I'm just putting my cigarette down.

We don't wanna blow smoke in your face.

Now, Laurence, listen to me.

Laurence...

You're not well, but we're taking you  
to hospital. Listen to me, Laurence...

Laurence, I promise I'm not gonna leave you.

I'm gonna stay with you all the time.

Listen to me, Laurence.

Angela is looking after you.

You'll be all right. There's no need to worry.

Ange...

- Ange, what are you doing?

- Can I speak to Abigail?

Abigail! ...Abigail Lawson.

- Tony, can you hold my hair out of my face?

- Eh?

Tony!

Oh, Tony!

Oh, Tony!

- Tony! Tony!

- What's the matter?

You haven't got cramp again? Come here.

Give us your leg.

Stretch it! STRETCH IT!

Abigail, it's Mummy here.

Abigail?

Abigail!