Withnail & I

By Bruce Robinson
I'm going for a cup of tea.
Do you want one?
- Do you want a cup of tea, Withnail?
- No.
Thirteen million
Londoners have to wake up to this.
The murder and all-bran
and rape?
And I'm sitting in this bloody shack,
and I can't cope with Withnail.
I must be out of my mind.
I must go home at once and
discuss his problems in depth.
I have some extremely
distressing news.
I don't want to hear it.
I don't want to hear anything.
My God, it's a nightmare,
let me tell you. It's a nightmare.
We've just run out of wine.
What are we gonna do about it?
I don't know.
I don't know.
Oh, God!
I don't feel good.
My thumbs have gone weird!
I'm in the middle
of a bloody overdose.
Oh, God!
My heart's beating
like a fucked clock!
I feel dreadful.
I feel really dreadful.
So do I.
So does everybody.
Look at my tongue.
Gray yellow sock.
Sit down, for Christ's sake.
What's the matter with you?
Eat some sugar.
Listen to this.
"Curse of the supermen.
"I took drugs to win medal,'
says top athlete Jeff Wode.
"In a world exclusive interview, 33-year-old shot putter Jeff Wode, who weighs 317 pounds, admitted taking massive doses of anabolic steroids, drugs banned in sport. "He used to get in bad tempers," says his wife. "He used to pick on me. But now he's stopped, he's much better in our sex life and in our general life."

Jesus Christ!
This huge, thatched head... with its earlobes and cannonball is not considered sane.
"Jeff Wode is feeling better... and is now prepared to step back into society and start tossing his orb about."

Look at him! Look at Jeff Wode! His head must weigh
Imagine the size of his balls. Imagine getting into a fight with the fucker.
Please, I don't feel good. That's what you'd say. But that wouldn't wash with Jeff. No. He'd like a bit of pleading. Adds spice to it.
In fact, he'd probably tell you what he was gonna do before he did it. "I'm gonna pull your head off."
"No, please don't pull my head off."
"I'm gonna pull your head off because I don't like your head."

Have you got soup? Why didn't I get any soup? Coffee. Why don't you use a cup like any other human being? Why don't you wash up occasionally like any other human being?
How dare you!
How dare you
How dare you
call me inhumane!
I didn't call you inhumane.
You merely imagined it. Calm down.
Right, you fucker.
I'm gonna do the washing up.
No, no, you can't.
It's impossible, I swear.
I've looked into it.
Listen to me! Listen to me!
There are things in there.
There's a tea bag growing.
You haven't slept in 60 hours.
You're in no state to tackle it.
Wait till the morning.
We'll go in together.
This is the morning!
Stand aside!
You don't understand! I think
there may be something living in there.
I think there may be
something alive.
  - What do you mean? A rat?
  - It's possible.
Then the fucker
will rue the day.
Oh, Christ Almighty!
A sinew in nicotine base.
Keep back, keep back.
The entire sink's gone rotten.
I don't know what's in here.
I told you, you've been bitten!
Burnt! Burnt!
The fucking kettle's on fire!
  - There's something floating up.
  - Fork it!
  - L-I-I don't...
  - You must! You must!
The poop will boil through the glaze. We'll
never be able to use our dinner service again.
Here. Get it with the pliers.
No, no. No, no.
Give me the gloves.
That's right.
Put on the gloves.
Don't attempt anything without the gloves.
- Ugh.
- What is it? What have you found?
Matter.
Matter?
Where's it coming from?
Don't look.
I'm dealing with it.
I think we've been in here too long.
I feel unusual.
I think we should go outside.
This is ridiculous.
Look at me.
I'm 30 in a month, and I've got a sole flapping off my shoe.
It will get better.
It has to.
Easy for you to say, lovey.
You've had an audition.
Why can't I have an audition?
It's ridiculous. I've been to drama school. I'm good-looking.
I tell you, I've a fuck sight more talent than half the rubbish that gets on television.
Why can't I get on television?
I don't know.
It'll happen.
Will it?
That's what you say.
The only program I'm likely to get on is the fucking news.
I tell you, I can't take much more of this.
- I'm gonna crack.
- I'm in the same boat.
Yeah, yeah.
I feel as sick as a pike.
I'm gonna have to sit down.
You know what we should do?
I say, you know
what we should do?
How can I possibly know
what we should do?
- What should we do?
- Get out of it for a while.
Get into the countryside,
rejuvenate.
Rejuvenate? I'm in a park,
and I'm practically dead.
What good's the countryside?
- What time is it?

- It's 8:
Four hours till opening time.
God help us.
Have we got any embrocation?
- What for?
- To rub on us, you fool.
We can cover ourselves in Deep Heat
and get up against the radiator,
keep ourselves alive till 12:00.
Jesus, look at that!
Apart from a raw potato,
that's the only solid...
to have passed my lips
in the last 60 hours.
I must be ill.
Even a stopped clock
gives the right time twice a day.
And for once, I'm inclined to
believe that Withnail is right.
We are, indeed, drifting
into the arena of the unwell,
making an enemy
of our own future.
What we need is harmony,
fresh air, stuff like that.
Wasn't much in the tube.
Nothing left for you.
Why don't you ask your father
for some money?
If we had some money,
we could go away.
Why don't you ask your father?
How can it be so cold in here?
Like Greenland in here.
We've got to get some booze. It's
the only solution for this intense cold.
Something's got to be done.
We can't go on like this!
I'm a trained actor
reduced to the status of a bum!
I mean, look at us! Nothing that reasonable
members of society demand as their rights!
No fridges, no televisions,
no phones!
Much more of this, I'm gonna
apply for Meals On Wheels.
- What happened to your cigar commercial?
- That's what I want to know.
What happened to my agent?
Bastard must have died.
September. Bad patch.
Rubbish. I haven't seen Gielgud
down the Labor Exchange.
Why doesn't he retire?
Oh, look at this little bastard!
"Boy lands plum role
for top Italian director."
'Course he does. Probably
on a tenner a day, and I know what for.
Two pound ten a tit,
and a fiver for his arse.
- Have you been at the controls?
- What are you talking about?
The thermostats!
What have you done to them?
- I haven't touched them.
- Then why has my head gone numb?
I must have some booze.
I demand to have some booze!
- I wouldn't drink that if I was you.
- Why not?
Because I don't advise it.
Even the wankers on the site wouldn't
drink that. That's worse than meths.
Nonsense. This is a far
superior drink to meths.
Wankers don't drink it
because they can't afford it.
Have we got any more?
Liar!
What's in your toolbox?
No, we have nothing.
Sit down.
Liar!
You've got antifreeze.
You bloody fool.
You should never mix your drinks!
All right, this is the plan.
We'll get in there and get wrecked.
Then we'll eat a pork pie. Then we'll
drop a couple of Surmontil 50s each.
Means we'll miss out Monday
but come up smiling Tuesday morning.
- What's that appalling smell?
- Perfume on my boots.
I had to scrub them
with essence of petunia.
Two large gins, two pints of cider,
ice in the cider.
If my father was loaded,
I'd ask him for some money.
If your father was my
father, you wouldn't get it.
- Here you are, lads.
- Chin-chin.
Ugh!
What about what's-his-name?
- What about him?
- Why don't you give him a call?
- What for?
- Ask him about his house.
You want me to call what's-his-name
and ask him about his house?
- Why not?
- All right. What's his number?
I have no idea.
I've never met him.
Well, neither have I.
Who the fuck are you talking about?
Your relative with the house
in the country.
- Monty? Uncle Monty?
- Same. That's the one.
Get the Jag fixed up,
spend a week in the country.
All right. Give us a tanner,
and I'll give him a bell.
Here. Get a couple more.
I'm going for a slash.
Ponce.
I could hardly
piss straight with fear.
A man with three-quarters of an inch
of brain had taken a dislike to me.
What have I done to offend him? I don't
consciously offend big men like this.
And this one has a definite
imbalance of hormone in him.
Get any more masculine than him,
you'd have to live up a tree.
"I fuck arses."
Who fucks arses?
Maybe he fucks arses.
Maybe he's written this in some
moment of drunken sincerity?
I'm in considerable
danger in here.
I must get out of here at once.
Perfumed ponce!
You'll be pleased to hear
Monty's invited us for drinks.
Balls to Monty.
We're getting out.
Balls to Monty? I already spent
an hour flattering the bugger.
There's a man over there doesn't like
the perfume. A big one. Don't look.
We're in danger.
We've got to get out.
- What are you talking about?
- I've been called a ponce.
What fucker said that?
I called him a ponce,
and now I'm calling you one. Ponce! Would you like a drink? What's your name? McFuck? I have a heart condition. I have a heart condition. If you hit me, it's murder. I'll murder the pair of yous! My wife is having a baby. Listen, I don't know what my acquaintance did to upset you, but it's nothing to do with me. I suggest you both go outside... and discuss it sensibly in the street. Out of my way! Speed is like a dozen transatlantic flights... without ever getting off the plane. Time change. You lose. You gain. Makes no difference, so long as you keep taking the pills. But sooner or later, you gotta get out... because it's crashing, and all at once those frozen hours... melt through the nervous system... and seep out the pores. Bastards! Just to suck... some miserable cheap cigar, and the bastards won't see me. Why are we having lunch in here? It's dinner, and Danny's here. Danny? How did he get in? I let him in this morning. He lost one of his clogs. He's come in because of this perpetual cold. Oh, I hope
tobacco sales plummet.
I've got your saveloy.
Here. I don't want it.
Then stick it in a soap tray
and save it for later.
Don't vent spleen on me!
I'm in the same boat!
Stop saying that!
You're not in the same boat.
The only thing you're in that
I have been in is this fucking bath!
Danny's here.
Headhunter to his friends.
Headhunter to everybody.
He doesn't have any friends.
The only people
he converses with...
are his clients
and occasionally the police.
The purveyor of rare herbs and
prescribed chemicals is back.
Will we never be set free?
- Danny.
- You're looking very beautiful, man.
Have you been away?
St. Peter preached the epistles
to the apostles looking like that.
Have you got any food?
Mmm. As a matter of fact,
I got a saveloy.
How much is it?
You can have it for nothing.
- I see you're wearing a suit.
- What's it got to do with you?
No need to get uptight, man.
I was merely making an observation.
I happened to be looking for a suit
for the Coalman two weeks ago.
For reasons I can't really
discuss with you...
the Coalman
had to go to Jamaica.
Got busted coming back
through Heathrow.
Had a weight under his fez.
We worked out, it would be very handy
karma for him to get hold of a suit.
But he's a very low-temperature
spade, the Coalman.
Goes into court
in his caftan and a bell.
This doesn't go down at all well.
They can handle the caftan,
but they can't handle the bell.
So there's this judge sitting there
in the cape like fucking Batman...
- with this really rather
far-out looking hat... - Wig.
No, man. This was more
like a long white hat.
So he looks at the Coalman
and says,
"What's all this? This is a court,
man. This ain't fancy dress."
And the Coalman
looks at him and says,
"You think you look normal,
Your Honor?"
Cunt give him two years.
I'm afraid I can't offer
you gentlemen anything.
That's all right, Danny.
We decided to lay off for a bit.
That's what I thought. Except
for personal use, I concur with you.
As a matter of fact, I'm thinking
of retiring and going into business.
Doing what?
- The toy industry.
- I thought you were in the bottle industry.
No, man. That's a sideline.
You can have that.
Instructions are included.
Yeah, my partner's got a really
good idea for making dolls.
His name's Presuming Ed.
His sister give him the idea.
She got a doll on Christmas
what pisses itself.
- Really?
- Yeah, and you gotta change its drawers for it.
It's horrible, really.
But they like that, little girls.
So we're gonna make one
that shits itself as well.
- Shits itself?
- He's an expert.
He's building the prototype now.
Why is he behaving so uptightly?
Because a gang of cheeroot vendors
considered a haircut beyond my abilities.
I don't advise a haircut, man.
All hairdressers are
in the employment of the government.
Hair are your aerials.
They pick up signals
from the cosmos...
and transmit them
directly into the brain.
This is the reason
bald-headed men are uptight.
What absolute twaddle.
- Has he just been busted?
- No.
Then why is he wearing
that old suit?
Old suit? This suit
was cut by Hawke's of Savile Row.
Just because the best tailoring you've ever seen is
above your fucking appendix doesn't mean anything!
Don't get uptight with me, man.
'Cause if you do, I'll have to
give you a dose of medicine.
And if I spike you, you'll know
you've been spoken to.
You wouldn't spike me.
You're too mean.
Besides, there's nothing
invented I couldn't take.
If I medicined you, you'd think
a brain tumor was a birthday present.
I could take double
anything you could.
Very, very foolish words, man.
He's right, Withnail.
Look at him.
His mechanism's gone. He's had more drugs than you've had hot dinners.
I'm not having this shag sack insulting me.
Let him get his drugs out.
This doll is extremely dangerous.
It has voodoo qualities.
Trade, "Phenodihydrochrolide benzorex."
Street, "the embalmer."
Balls! I'll swallow it and run a mile.
Cool your boots, man.
This pill's valued at two quid.
  - Two quid? You're out of your mind.
  - That's sense, Withnail.
You can stuff it up your arse for nothing and fuck off while you're doing it!
No need to insult me, man.
I was leaving anyway.
Have either of you got shoes?
Monty's car.
Oh, hello! Come in.
Sit down, do.
Would you like a drink?
  - Sherry.
  - Sherry.
  - Sherry?
  - Sherry.
Sherry.
Do you like vegetables?
I've always been fond of root crops, but I only started to grow last summer.
I happen to think the cauliflower more beautiful than the rose.
Chin-chin.
  - Do you grow?
Geraniums.
Little traitors.
I think the carrot infinitely
more fascinating than the geranium.
Mmm. The carrot has mystery.
Flowers are essentially tarts,
prostitutes for the bees.
There is, you will agree,
a certain "je ne sait quoi,"
something very special
about a firm, young carrot.
Hmm, excuse me.
Do help yourselves to another drink.
What's all this?
The man's mad.
- Eccentric.
- Eccentric? He's insane!
Not only that,
he's a raving homosexual.
You beastly little parasite!
How dare you?
You little thug!
How dare you!
Beastly, ungrateful little swine!
- Shall I get you a drink?
- Yes, yes, yes, please, dear boy.
You can prepare me a small
rhesus-negative Bloody Mary.
You must tell me all the news. I haven't
seen you since you finished your last show.
Rather busy, Uncle.
TV and stuff.
My agent's attempting to edge me
towards Royal Shakespeare Company again.
- Oh, splendid.
- And he's just had an audition for rep.
Oh, splendid!
So you're a Thespian too?
Monty used to act.
One hardly says that.
I cracked the boards in my youth,
but I never really had it in my blood.
And that's what's
so essential, isn't it?
The theatrical zeal in the veins.
Alas, I have little more
than vintage wine and memories.
It is the most shattering experience
of a young man's life...
when one morning he awakes
and quite reasonably says to himself,
"I will never play the Dane."
When that moment comes,
one's ambition ceases.
Don't you agree?
- It's a part I intend to play, Uncle.
- And you'll be marvelous.
Marvelous.
"It's gone.
"We do it wrong,
being so ma'jestical...
to offer it
the show of violence."
Let's go. He's a madman.
Any minute now, he's gonna rush out
and get into his tights.
- Okay, okay. Any minute.
- The house or out.
Could I have a word
with you, Monty?
Oh, forgive me, dear boy.
Forgive me.
I was allowing memory
to have the better of me.
Shall I get you a topper?
Indeed, I remember my first agent.
Raymond Duck.
He was a dreadful little Israelite.
Four floors up
on the Charing Cross Road,
and never a job
at the top of them.
I'm told you're a writer too.
Do you write poems?
No. I wish I could.
It's just thoughts, really.
- Are you published?
- Oh, no.
Where did you school?
He went to the other place, Monty.
Oh, you went to Eton?
Get that damned little swine out of here!
It's trying to get itself in with you.
It's trying for even more advantage.
It's obsessed with its gut.
It's like a bloody rugby ball now.
- It will die! It will die!
- Monty. Monty.
No, no, dear boy.
You must leave.
Yet again, that oaf has destroyed my day.
Listen, Monty. Could I just have a quick word with you? In private?
Oh... very well.
- Good night, my dears.
- Good night, Monty.
What's all this going off in private business? Why did you tell him I went to Eton?
Because it wouldn't have helped if I hadn't.
I'm just trying to establish you in some sort of context he'd understand.
- What do you mean by that?
- I mean, free to those who can afford it.
Very expensive to those that can't.
"All Along the Watchtower"
- Scrubbers!
- Up yours, Granddad!
- Scrubbers! Scrubbers!
- Shut up!
Little tarts.
They love it.
I'm trying to drive this thing as quietly as possible.
If you don't shut up, we'll get stopped by the police.
- Give me the bottle.
- Look at that. Look at that.
"Accident black spot. "

These aren't accidents!
They're throwing themselves
into the road! Gladly!
Throwing themselves into the road
to escape all this hideousness!
Throw yourself
into the road, darling!
You haven't got a chance!
At some point or another,
I want to stop and get hold of a child.
What do you want a child for?
To tutor it in the ways
of righteousness...
and procure some
uncontaminated urine.
This is a device enabling the drunken
driver to operate in absolute safety.
You fill this with piss,
take this pipe down the trouser...
and cellotape this valve
to the end of the old chap.
Then you get horribly drunk,
and they can't fucking touch you.
According
to these instructions,
you refuse everything
but a urine sample.
You undo your valve...
and give 'em a dose
of unadulterated child's piss,
and they have to give you
your keys back.
Danny's a genius.
I'm gonna have a doze.
- Are we there?
- No, we're not. We're here.
We're in the middle
of a fucking gale.
You'll have to keep
a look out your side.
If you see anything, tell me.
Get hold of that map.
- Where's the whiskey?
- What for?
I got a bastard
behind the eyes.
I can't take aspirins
without a drink.
- Where's the aspirins?
- Probably in the bathroom.
We've come out here in the middle
of nowhere without aspirins?
- Where are we?
- How should I know where we are?
I feel like a pig
shat in my head.
Get hold of that map and look
for a place called Crow Crag.
There must and shall be aspirin.
Give me the keys.
Get out of the way.
If I don't get aspirin,
I shall die...
here on this
fucking mountainside!
Christ Almighty!
Monty.
- What are you doing?
- Sitting down to enjoy my holiday.
Right. Now, we're gonna have to
approach this scientifically.
First thing we've got to do
is get this fire alight.
Then we split into two
fact-finding groups.
I'll deal with the water
and other plumbing.
You can check the fuel
and wood situation.
- What's that?
- The fuel and wood situation.
There's nothing out there
except a hurricane.
- This place is uninhabitable.
- Give it a chance. It's got to warm up.
Warm up? We may as well
sit around a cigarette.
This is ridiculous.
We'll be found dead
in here next spring.
I've got a blinding
fucking headache.
We must have heat.
We've got to keep
this bastard burning.
Well, we've got enough
furniture for tonight.
Tomorrow we'll go down
that farm and get some logs.
Mistake, I'm telling you.
This was a dreadful mistake.
- Who's there?
- Me.
What do you want?
I'm a friend of Montague Withnail's.
He's lent us his cottage.
I wondered if you could
sell us some food... eggs and things.
Hmm?
What about wood and coal?
I'm not from London, you know.
I don't care
where you come from!
Not the attitude
I'd been given to expect...
from the H.E. Bates novel
I'd read.
I thought they'd all be out the back,
drinking cider, discussing butter.
Clearly a myth.
Evidently, country people are no more
receptive to strangers than city dwellers.
Do you think you could tell me
where I could buy some coal and wood?
You'll have to see me son.
He runs this farm.
- Where is your son?
- Up in top fields.
You can't miss him.
His leg's bound in polythene.
Wake up, you bastard!
Wake up!
Wake up, you bastard!
You gotta get wood.
Jesus! You're covered in shit.
I tried to get the fuel and wood.
There's a miserable
little pensioner down there.
- She wouldn't give it to me.
- Where are we gonna get it, then?
There's a man on the mountain.
Why he's up there fuck knows.
But he's up there
with a leg in polythene.
You can't miss him.
He's your man.
And have another look
in that shed. Find anything.
If you can't find anything,
bring in the shed.
How come Monty owns
such a horrible little shack?
No idea.
You never discuss
your family, do you?
I fail to see my family
as of any interest to you.
I have absolutely
no interest in yours.
I dislike relatives in general,
my own in particular.
- Why?
- Because... I've told you why.
We're incompatible.
They don't like me being on stage.
Then they must be delighted
with your career.
- What do you mean?
- You rarely are.
You just wait!
Just you wait!
When I strike, they
won't know what hit them.
Tractor approaching.
Now get after him.
That's the man.
- Hey, stop!
- Stop!
Stop! Please!
Stop, please!
Please stop!
Please stop!
- Are you the farmer?
- Shut up! I'll deal with this!
We've gone on holiday
by mistake.
We're in this cottage here.
Are you the farmer?
Stop saying that, Withnail!
Of course he's the fucking farmer!
We're friends
of Montague Withnail.
We desperately need
fuel and wood.
Montague Withnail.
You must know him!
Fat man, owns the cottage.
I seen a fat man.
London type. Queer sort.
Think his name's French, or summit.
- French?
- Aye. Adriene De La Touche.
He ain't been here
for a couple of years.
- Last time I saw him he was with his son.
- Yeah, that's him.
Listen, we're bona fide. We're not from
London. Could we have some fuel and wood?
I could bring you some logs up later.
I've got the cows to feed first.
- When?
- Shut up! That would be very kind.
What about food? Do you think
you could sell us something to eat?
I could bring you a chicken,
but you'll have to go to the village.
- That would be very kind, Mr...
- Parkin.
Mr. Parkin.
What happened to your leg?
Got a randy bull up there.
Give me one in the knee.
You wanna go out back?
Get some spuds up?
Sorry, I can't.
My boots are in the oven.
- You'd go if you had boots?
Gladly.
- I've got one!
- Great. How much do we owe you?
- Pay us when you come down.
- What about this chicken?
- He's on the back.
With. With.
Parkin's been.
There's our supper.
- What are we supposed to do with that?
- Eat it.
Eat it?
The fucker's alive.
- Yeah, I know that. You've gotta kill it.
- Me?
- I'm fire lighter and fuel collector.
- Yeah, I know that, but I got the logs in.
It takes away your appetite
looking at it.
No, it doesn't.
I'm starving.
- How can we make it die?
- You have to throttle them.
I think you should strangle it instantly,
in case it starts to make friends with us.
All right, get hold of it.
You hold it down. I'll strangle it.
I can't. Those dreadful, beady eyes.
They stare you out.
It's a bloody chicken! Just think
of it with bacon across its back.
All right,
I'll deal with this.
You'll have to get
its guts out.
Never point guns at people!
It's extremely dangerous.
What about this roasting dish? What are we gonna cook it in? You're the food and plumbings man. I have no idea. I wish I'd found this an hour ago. I'd have taken great pleasure in gunning this pullet down.

- Shouldn't it be more bald than that?
- No, it shouldn't.
Right. We're gonna have to reverse the roles. We can bake the potatoes in the oven... and we can boil this bastard over the fire.
- Let's get its feet off.
- No.
It's gonna need its feet. It can stand with its legs on either side of that. I've already put two shilling pieces in. No, I haven't got another. It's not my fault if the system doesn't work. The bitch hung up on me. Hello? How are you? Very well. A what? Why wouldn't they see me? This is ridiculous. I haven't been up for a job in three months! Understudy Constantine? I'm not going to understudy Constantine. Why can't I play the part? This is ridiculous. No, I'm not in London. Penrith. Penrith! Well, what about TV? Listen, I pay you ten percent to do that. Well, lick ten percent of the asses for me, then!
Hello? Hello? Hello?
Hello? How dare you?
Fuck you!
The bastard asked me to understudy
Constantine in The Seagull.
I don't want to understudy anybody,
especially that little pimp.
Anyway, I loathe
those Russian plays.
Always full of women
staring out of windows,
whining about ducks
going to Moscow.
What do you think
of Desmond Wolfe?
- In respect of what?
- I'm thinking of changing my name.
It's too like Donald Wolfit.
Changeover point.
- Think he's happier than us?
- No.
I suppose happiness
is relative.
I never thought it would be
a polythene bag without a hole in it.
- Hey!
- What's the matter with him?
- Shut the gate!
- You didn't shut the gate!
Stop that bull!
Stop that bull!
Grab its ring!
Keep your bag up!
Out-mind him.
Hey, show no fear.
Just run at it.
That can't be sensible, can it?
The bastard's about to run at me!
- Well, he's randy!
- Yes, I know he is!
Wants to get down there
and have sex with those cows.
Shut up!
- Run at it, shouting!
- Do as he says, start shouting.
- He won't gore you.
- A coward you are, Withnail!
An expert on bulls
you are not!
Shut that gate
and keep it shut!
I think an evening at the Crow.
If the Crow and Crown
ever had life, it was dead now.
It was like
walking into a lung,
a sulfer-stained, nicotine
yellow and fly-blown lung.
Its landlord was a retired alcoholic
with military pretensions...
and a complexion
like the inside of a teapot.
By the time the doors opened,
he was arse-holed on rum...
and got progressively
more arse-holed...
till he could take no more
We'll have another pair
of large scotches.
Thought I was going
for a minute.
No man's put me down yet.
Have you had any training
in the martial arts?
Yes, as a matter of fact,
I have.
Before I became a journalist,
I was in the Territorials.
You know,
when you first came in,
I knew you were a services man.
You could never, never disguise it.
- What were you in?
- Tanks.
Africa Corps.
Little before your time.
I don't suppose you've
engaged, have you?
- Ireland.
- Ooh, crack at the Mick?
We'll have another pair
of large scotches.
These shall be my pleasure.
What are you doing
up here, then?
We're doing
a feature for Country Life.
Survey of rural types.
You know, farmers,
traveling tinkers,
milkmen, that sort of thing.
Have you...
Have you met Jake?
Poacher.
Works the lake.
But, uh, keep it
under your hat, hmm?
What's all this army bollocks?
We got a drink, didn't we?
Time, gentlemen.
I think he means it.
- Go ask him if we can have one.
- What for?
So we can eat it.
We're fed up with stew!
Excuse me.
Could we have an eel?
- You've got eels down your leg.
- You leave them alone.
Nothing down there
of interest to you.
Help us out, Raymond.
These be fed
from asshole to beak.
How about one of those pheasants?
Go on, ask him.
Excuse me. We were wondering if we
could purchase a pheasant off of you?
No. I've got nothing to sell.
Come on, old boy.
What's in your hump?
Now look, you. Them pheasants are
for his pot. These here are for my pot. 
Now what makes you think I should
give you something for your pot?
- What pot?
- Our cooking pot.
He knows. Hey, give us
a wheeze on that fag.
I might come and see you lads in a week.
I might fetch you up a rabbit.
We don't want a rabbit.
We want a pheasant.
Listen, you young prat.
I ain't got no pheasants.
I ain't got no birds,
no more than you have.
Of course you have.
You're the poacher.
If I hear more words
out of you,
I'll put one of these here
black pods on you.
- Don't threaten me with a dead fish.
- Half dead, he may be.
But I'll come up after you,
and I'll wake you up with a live one.
Sod your pheasants!
You'll have to find us first.
I know where you are,
at Crow Crag.
I've been watching you.
Especially you,
prancing like a tit.
You want working on, boy.
If I see that silage heap
hanging about up here,
I'll take the bastard
axe to him!
Bastards!
You'll all suffer!
I'll show the lot of you!
I'm gonna be a star!
Vegetables again.
I'll be sprouting
bloody feelers soon.
Must be 20,000 sheep
out there on those volcanoes,
and we got a plate
full of carrots.
- There's black puddings in it.
- Black puddings are no good to us.
I want something's flesh!
Look! Come here!
Down here. Look.
Under the rock. I can see it.
See him? Look.
He's over there.
Look. Here.
There's two of them here.
Look. Come on, come on.
Where?
I think I'll call myself
Donald Twain.
Stop. Get down.
It's him.
What does he want?
- Go down there and ask him.
- Don't be a fool. He's got a gun.
Bastard's psychotic.
You've only got to look at him.
This place has become impossible.
Perpetual rain, freezing cold.
Now a bloody madman
on the prowl outside with eels.
All right,
you made your point.
We pack up.
We get out tomorrow.
- What are you doing?
- I'm going for a slash.
No, you're not. I can't get
my boots on when they're hot.
- I'll go alone.
- You're not leaving me in here alone.
- Those are the kind of windows faces look in at.
- Then I won't have a slash.
And in both our interests, I think
we should sleep together tonight.
Don't be ridiculous.
He's not gonna come up here in the dark. Of course he is. If he catches one of us, he's got a better chance of dealing with the other. No. What's the matter with you? What are you laughing at? I was dreaming. What do you want? You frightened the piss out of me. Move over. I'm getting in. Oh, this is ridiculous. I'll have to sleep in your bed. - I'll have to come with you. - Will you get out? - No. - All right, then I will. All right, you can stay, but the gun doesn't. No. I have to keep the gun. I intend to remain awake. - This is my bed, and I demand precedence. - No! Mad fucking bastard! Shhh! Shhh! - Listen. - There is nothing! Get to bed! I heard a noise. I must get in. Oh, for fuck's sake. - What was that? - That's it. That's it. - What is it? - It's the killer. - It's probably foxes looking for grub. - Listen. Listen. Maybe it's the farmer.

At 2: It's the killer. He's come to kill us. What are we gonna do? He wants to come in.
He's trying to get in.
He can't. He'll go away.
He's going away.
This is all your fault.
You've even given him
the fucking gun.
He's coming through the window.
He's getting in.
- Give me the matches.
- Downstairs.
He's in.
He's sharpening a fucking knife.
We'll have to tackle him. You stay
in bed, pretending to be asleep.
He'll go for you.
When he does, I'll jump on his back.
No, no, no. It'll be too late.
I'll be knifed by then.
We'll have to try
and make friends with him.
They're going into your room.
It's you he wants.
Offer him yourself.
We mean no harm!
Oh, my boys!
My boys! Forgive me!
- Monty! Monty, Monty!
- Monty, you terrible cunt!
Forgive me. It was inconsiderate
of me not to have telegrammed.
What are you doing, prowling around
in the middle of the fucking night!
I had a punctured tire.
I had to wait an eon for assistance.
I'm sorry if I frightened you.
I should have knocked, but...
- I- I-I'll sleep in the other
room, if I may. - Anywhere you like.
Uh, yes, well.
Uh... good night.
Brrr! Ah, good morning.
Did you sleep well?
Mm-hmm.
Um, I-I-I do apologize
for last night.
- It was perfectly inconsiderate of me.
- It's perfectly all right, Monty.
- You've been busy in here?
- As a bee.
- How did you repair the window?
- Oh, I didn't break it.
Merely forced it a little.
Sorry if I frightened you.
There was an empty
wine bottle on the ledge.
Oh, tomatoes. Yes.
Why don't you go and wake him?
Breakfast in 15 minutes.
The old order changeth,
yielding place to new.
And God fulfills Himself
in many ways.
And soon...
I suppose...
I shall be swept away...
by some vulgar little tumor.
Oh, my boys.
My boys,
we're at the end of an age.
We live in a land
of weather forecasts...
and breakfasts that 'set in,'
shat on by Tories,
shoveled up by Labor.
And here we are... we three...
perhaps the last island
of beauty in the world.
Now, which of you is going to be
a splendid fellow...
and go down to the Rolls
for the rest of the wine?
- I will.
- No, I'd better go. I wanna dig the car out anyway.
- But we have my car, dear boy.
- Yes, but if it rains, we're buggered.
- I mean...
- Stranded!
- We'll leave the car till later. Leave this to me.
- I'll come. I fancy a walk.
No, I hear you're a little wizard in the kitchen. I shall need you, to work the joint.
- Yeah, you're the cook.
- And... what on earth are those?
- We forgot to bring our Wellingtons.
- Oh, but how dreadful.
Do you mean you've been up here in all this beastly mud and oomska without Wellingtons?
Well, this afternoon
I shall take you both into Penrith...
and get you fitted with some good quality rubber boots.
Garlic, rosemary and salt.
I brought two of these in case either of you was any good in the kitchen.
- I'm not.
- Of course you are. Cooking is one of the natural instincts.
Listen, Monty.
This is all very kind of you, but I really think I ought to be out there getting work done on the car.
You haven't time.
We're taking late luncheon at 3:00.
- I'm afraid we have to leave by 3:00, Monty.
- Leave?
Oh, didn't he tell you?
We have to get back to sign on.
- Sign on? At the Labor Exchange?
- Yeah.
It's sort of fashionable, actually.
All the actors do it. Even Redgrave.
But surely you could forego for just this one occasion.
I've come a very long way to see you both.
Can't, actually. I mean, I'd love to stay, but he's more adamant to get back than I am.
Then we must choose our moment...
and have a word with him.
I'm sure together we could persuade him.
There. Now, garlic,
rosemary and salt.
I can never touch meat
until it's cooked.
As a youth, I used to weep
in butcher shops.
- I can't find the rosemary.
- Ah.
Can't find the rosemary.
I'm sure we could find it
together.
- Perhaps it's in the other bag.
- Perhaps it is.
Shall we look?
Oh, sorry. Sherry's in there.
What do you mean, "sorry"? What's
going on? What's he doing here?
We can't stay.
He won't leave me alone.
All right. We'll get the lunch done,
and then we'll leave.
I'm afraid
we must drink from these.
I trust their shapes
will not offend your palates.
- Chin-chin.
- To a delightful weekend in the country.
I do think you could have shaved.
What on earth will people
think of me turning up with you two?
You look like a pair
of farm hands.
Tsk!
This is most embarrassing.
Get away from the car.
Buy the Wellingtons.
I'm going to buy some razors
and shaving soap.
I'll see you over there
in half an hour.
- Pair of blues.
- One each.
- I think a drink, don't you?
- What about the Wellingtons?
Oh, bollocks
to the Wellingtons.
We'll tell them they had a farmer's
conference and had a run on them.
Okay. Yeah. Promise.
Bye.
No, hasn't heard a thing.
Apparently, they're still seeing people.
You don't want to go to Manchester
anyway. Play a bloody soldier?
Don't I?
I damned well do.
- It's a bloody good little theater.
- It's not much of a part, is it?
Well, it's better than nothing.
- They'll make you cut your hair.
- So what? You'd lose a leg.
- Time gents, please.
- All right. We're gonna have to work quickly.
A pair of quadruple whiskies
and another pair of pints, please.
Where is he?
I'm utterly assholed.
We're early.
We want to get in there,
don't we?
Eat some cake,
soak up the booze.
- All right here?
- What do you want?
- Cake. All right here?
- Uh, no. We're closing in a minute.
We're leaving in a minute.
- We want cake and tea.
- Didn't you hear?
She said she'd closed.
What do you want in here?
Cake.
What's it got to do with you?
I happen to be the proprietor.
Now, would you leave?
Ah, I'm glad
you're the proprietor.
I was gonna have to have
a word with you anyway.
We're working on a film up here.
Location, see.
We might want to do
a film in here.
- You're drunk.
- Just bring out the cakes. Cake and fine wine.
- If you don't leave, we'll call the police.
- Balls!
We want the finest wines
available to humanity.
And we want them here,
and we want them now.
Miss Blenehassitt, telephone the police.
It's all right,
Miss Blenehassitt.
I'm warning you,
if you do, you're fired.
We're multimillionaires.
We shall buy this place
and fire you immediately.
Yes, we'll buy this place, and we'll
install a fucking jukebox in here...
and liven
all of you stiffs up a bit.
The police, Miss Blenehassitt.
Just say there are a couple of drunks in the
Penrith Tea Rooms, and we want them removed.
We are not drunks.
We are multimillionaires.
Hurry up, Mabs.
We'll keep them here till they arrive.
You won't keep us anywhere.
We'll buy this place
and have it knocked down.
- Right, right, right.
- Police, please.
Right. We're going.
Our car has arrived.
We'll be back.
We're coming back in here.
- Where is he?
- Sulking up the hill.
He says he won't come in
for lunch without an apology.
Suits me.
He can eat his fucking radish.
It's all your fault.
- You lead him astray.
- I beg your pardon, Monty.
Don't tell me you're not aware of it.
I know what you're up to, and so do you.
- Sherry?
- Sherry? Oh, dear, no, no, no.
I'd be sucked into his trap.
One of us has got to stay on guard.
He's so mauve.
We don't know what he's planning.
I'm preparing myself
to forgive you.
I think
you've been punished enough.
I think we'd better release you
from the lgumes...
and transfer your talents
to the meat.
You shouldn't treat each other
so badly.
This boy's been out there
frozen to the marrow,
and you just sit in here
drinking.
Come along. He's going to revitalize himself,
and you're going to finish the vegetables.
- I don't know how to do them.
- Well, of course you don't.
You are incapable of indulging
in anything but pleasure.
Am I not right?
You don't deserve such loyalty.
Now, come along. I'm going
to teach you how to peel a potato.
Isn't it stimulating, getting back
to a basic sort of life for a while?
- Yes.
- Surrounded by trees and nature,
one feels a glorious stirring
of the senses...
of poisonous inhibition...
and a fecund motion of the soul.
Except, of course, the problems
tend to take the edge off the pleasure.
I mean, with no proper facilities.
All the glorious trials
of youth, dear boy.
When I was a lad, I'd rocket off on my tandem
with Wrigglesworth, and we'd just ride and ride.
And at night we'd find
some barn and fall asleep,
with the perfumes of nature
sighing on our skin.
Would it be in bad form
to plagiarize a toast?
It depends entirely
on the quality of the wine.
In this instance,
it most certainly would not.
In that case, to a delightful
weekend in the country.
Oh, splendid!
We expected a volley of argument
concerning Mr. Redgrave.
- We're forgetting about Jake...
- Not another word.
Not another word.
Jake can wait too.
Jake isn't a friend, Monty.
I'd hoped to avoid telling you this,
but there's a psychotic
on the prowl outside this house.
Ask him if I exaggerate.
He's threatened us, and he's dangerous.
Is this true?
Well, there's this local type
hanging about.
A poacher. We got into a tiff,
and he threatened me with a dead fish.
Yes, it was rather amusing, actually.
When you came in,
we thought it was him.
And we thought that you
cleaning your boots...
was him sharpening his knife.
Oh, how delicious.
Mmm, more meat?
No, thank you.
I'll go out for a walk.
Oh, wait for us to finish,
dear boy. We'll all go.
Listen, I know what you're thinking,
but I had no alternative.
The old bugger's come a long way, and
I didn't want to put the wind up him.
Your sensitivity overwhelms me.
If you think you're gonna have
a weekend's indulgence at his expense,
which means him having
a weekend's indulgence at my expense,
you've got another thing coming.
I give you my word.
We'll leave first thing tomorrow morning.
Tomorrow? What about tonight?
He's not gonna try anything.
Of course he is!
He means business.
Anyway, he sent me out to tell you coffee's ready.
I couldn't drink it. I've got
a cramp in the mouth from grinning.
Well, stop smiling at him.
I can't help it.
I'm so uptight with him,
I can't stop myself.
"Laisse-moir respirir,
longtemps longtemps
L 'odeur de tes cheveux."
Ah, Baudelaire.
Brings back such memories
of Oxford!
Oh, Oxford!
Followed by yet another
anecdote about his sensitive crimes...
in a punt with a chap
called Norman...
who had red hair
and a book of poetry...
stained with the butter drips
from crumpets.
I often wonder
where Norman is now.
Probably wintering
with his mother in Guildford.
A cat and rain.
Vim under the sink.
And both bars on.
But old now... old.
There can be no true beauty
without decay.
"A requiem for England."
- How right you are. How right you are.
We live in a kingdom of rains...
where royalty comes in gangs.
Come on, lads. Let's get home.
The sky is beginning to bruise.
Night must fall,
and we shall be forced to camp.
He's not in my room, all right?
That's the condition, all right?
- All right.
- I want the room with the lock. Agree to that, or I'm off.
All right. All right.
Good ol' Jake, eh?
I told you. He's back.
And that's precisely the reason
I'm off to London.
Let's all have a good laugh,
eh, Withnail?
Good ol' Jake is back.
He's going away.
He's leaving.
Come on. Let's pack up and get out
of here before it gets dark.
"Here hare, here."
"Here hare, here."
Good ol' Jake.
Ace bets.
Ace bets two and it's over to you.
Your two and up two.
- Mmm.
- So that's four?
That's four.
- Four.
- This is for the raise. We'll see the two.
Now, last card up.
"Looking a bit lonely, isn't he?"
"He needs a queen
to come to the rescue." And... oh!
There she is.
Oh!
Well, it's the two queens
to beat.
Another hand?
I think we'd better
get him to bed.
No, no. He's down here.
You're in my room,
I'm in his room and he's down here.
I wouldn't dream of depriving the dear fellow
of his bed, especially in that condition.
- But it's agreed. It's what he wants.
- No, I don't.
I wanna get to bed.
All right then, lovey.
Let's get you to bed.
Early night will do us both good.
- Night-night, then, Monty.
- I want to be alone!
I wanna be alone.
I think he'd better
sleep alone tonight.
- He doesn't want to sleep with you.
- Right.
Well, you're in there,
and I'll take these
and I'll have the couch.
I'll say good night, then, Monty.
You already have... twice.
What is it, Monty? I'm terribly tired.
I need to go to sleep.
But not that tired, eh?
- Are you a sponge or a stone?
- What do you mean?
Do you like to experience
all facets of life?
Or do you shut yourself off from new experience?
- I voted Conservative.
- Are you faithful?
- To whom?
- Faithfulness isn't selective.
I agree. It's more a question of selecting to whom one will be faithful.
- Have you selected?
- I'm terribly tired.
I've been watching you all evening.
You've been avoiding my eyes, haven't you?
- Your eyes?
- Mmm.
At luncheon, you couldn't tear your gaze from mine.
This evening, you barely looked at me.
What did he say to you?
- Nothing.
- You can tell me.
I assure you, nothing, M-Monty.
I'm terribly tired.
I need to go to bed.
Yes, you must, mustn't you?
Off you go, then.
I'll sleep here.
It won't be the first time I've been left with the couch.
Boy.
Boy.
I know you're not asleep, boy.
But he is.
I've been into his room.
He won't hear a thing.
I know you're not asleep, boy.
No, I'm not.
What is it, Monty?
What do you want?
I had to come.
I tried not to.
Oh, how I tried not to.
Monty, there's something
I have to explain to you.
You needn't explain.
He's told me everything.
He told me that
first day you came to Chelsea.
- What's he told you?
- He told me about your arrest in the Tottenham Court Road.
He told me about your problems,
how you feel, your desires.
- Problems? What problems?
- You are a toilet trader.
- He told you that?
- You mustn't blame him.
You mustn't blame yourself. I know
how you feel and how difficult it is.
And that's why you mustn't hold back, let
it ruin your youth as I nearly did over Eric.
It's like a tide.
Give in to it, boy.
Go with it.
It's society's crime, not ours.
- I'm not homosexual, Monty.
- Yes, you are!
Of course you are. You're
simply blackmailing your emotions...
to avoid the realities
of your relationship with him.
- What are you talking about?
- You love him.
And it isn't his fault
he cannot love you...
any more than it's mine
that I adore you.
Couldn't we allow ourselves
just this one moment of indiscretion?
- No!
- He need never know.
I don't care what he knows! Monty,
you've gotta go! You've gotta leave!
If you want to humiliate me,
humiliate me.
I adore you.
Tell him, if you must.
I no longer care.
I mean to have you,
even if it must be burglary!
It's not me, it's him!
He lied to you.
We're an affair.
We have been for years,
but he doesn't want you to know.
He doesn't want anybody to know. We're
both in it. We're obsessed with each other.
But he's ashamed. He refuses
to come out and accept what he is.
That's why he's rejecting me
while you're here.
On my life, Monty, this is the first night
we haven't slept together for six years.
I can't cheat on him.
It would kill him.
But he told me you were in purgatory
because he couldn't love you.
He's lying. Lying!
Oh, my dear boy.
If I had known that, I would never
have attempted to come between you.
I know that, Monty.
I respect you
for your sensitivity.
I thank you for it,
but you must leave.
Yes.
Yes. You'd better go to him.
Oh, I intend to.
This instant.
Withnail, you bastard. Wake up.
Wake up, you bastard,
or I'll burn this bastard bed down.
I deny all accusations.
What do you want?
I have just narrowly avoided
having a buggering.
I've come in here with the express
intention of wishing one on you.
Having said that, I now intend
to leave for London.
Hold on. Don't let your
imagination run away with you.
Imagination? I just finished
fighting a naked man.
How dare you tell him
I'm a toilet trader!
It was a tactical necessity.
If I hadn't told him you were active,
we'd never have got the cottage.
I never have wanted it...
not with him in it!
Geez. He'd come all this way.
- Monty? He'd go to New York.
- It was a calculated risk.
What is all this tactical
necessity and calculated risk?
This is me naked in a corner!
And how dare you tell him
I love you.
And how dare you tell him
you rejected me.
- How dare you tell him that!
- Sorry about that.
Got a bit carried away.
Sort of said it without thinking.
Let me tell you something, Withnail. If
he comes into my room again, it's murder,
and you will be held
responsible in law.
"Perhaps it is appropriate justice
for the eavesdropper...
"that he should leave
as his trade determines...
"in secrecy and in the dead of night.
- "I do sincerely hope that
you will find the happiness...
"which, alas,
has always been denied to me.
"I am yours ever faithfully,
Montague H. Withnail. "
Poor old bastard.
I would say...
that that represents
a degree of hypocrisy...
I've hitherto suspected in you but not noticed, due to highly evasive skills.

Christ, Withnail.
You'll suffer for this.
What you have done will have to be paid for.
I will say one thing for Monty.
He keeps a sensational cellar.
- Who's there?
- Telegram.
Well done.
Well, it doesn't mean to say I've got it.
They probably just want to see me again.
Well, that settles it, then.
We'll leave immediately.
What?
- Get your kit together. We're leaving in half an hour.
- Half an hour?
Don't be ridiculous.
I need at least an hour for lunch.
You've got a truck coming up.
About 200 yards.
Followed by a left slow hander.
This is insanity!
I can't keep this up!
Stay in this lane.
Bear right. Bear right.
What lane? What lane?
I can't see the fucking lane.
Bear right! Bear right!
Bear right!
That's it. Next garage, I've gotta do something about that wiper.
And I've got to get some sleep.
- What's going on?
- I'm making time.
Are you out of your mind? Pull over.
You haven't got a license.
No. I'm making time.
- Where are we?
- We're approaching London.
- Here comes another fucker.
- Oh, no!
Perfectly all right.
Leave him to me.
You're full of scotch,
you silly tool.
A bit early in the morning
for festivities, isn't it?
These aren't mine.
They belong to him.
- You're drunk.
- I assure you I'm not, officer.
Honestly,
I've only had a few ales.
Out of the car... please.

Sir.
I want you to take one
deep breath and fill this bag.
- Are you refusing to fill this bag?
- I most certainly am.
- I'm placing you under arrest.
- Don't be ridiculous. I haven't done anything.
- Come on.
- Look here, my cousin's a QC.
Get in the back of the van!

Hey, sarge,
what's that clown doing?
- Where's our checks?
- Didn't sign on.
That wouldn't make any difference
in last week's payments.
What are you doing in my bed?
- I've been asleep.
- Who is the huge spade in the bath?
Presuming Ed.
You've got ten minutes, right?
I want you out 'cause I want to get in.
Ten minutes, right?
You better be on your feet.
- How did you get in?
- Ingenuity, man.
Come up the drain pipe.
- Would you like a smoke?
- Yes.
No, thanks.
I've got a call to make.
What are you gonna do
with those?
The joint I'm about to roll
requires a craftsman.
It can utilize up to 12 skins.
It is called
a Camberwell Carrot.
It's impossible to use
It's impossible to make
a Camberwell Carrot with anything less.
- Who says it's a Camberwell Carrot?
- I do.
I invented it in Camberwell,
and it looks like a carrot.
Do you realize this gaff's
overwhelmed with rodents?
When I come in, I seen one
the size of a fucking dog.
That is a dog. Belongs
to the fellow downstairs.
Does his dog get in the oven?
- No, his dog doesn't come up here.
- Then it was a rodent.
Opened the oven door, and
it was in there looking at me.
Quite freaked me at the time.
I was gonna cook onions.
- Are you going to bed now?
- No.
Phone.
- Who's he going to telephone?
- Squat Betty.
His agent. He's wasting his time
because he won't be in.
This'll tend
to make you very high.
This grass is the most powerful
in the Western Hemisphere.
I have it specially flown in
from my man in Mexico.
He's an expert.
His name is Juan.
This grass grows at exactly
You got the part, man?
I got a different one.
They want me to play the lead.
- Congratulations.
- Where exactly have you two been?
- Holiday in the countryside.
- That's a very good idea.
London is a country coming down from its trip.
We are 91 days from the end of this decade, and there's gonna be a lot of refugees.
They'll be goin' round this town shoutin', "Bring out your dead."
There was a geezer around here the other day lookin' for you.
- What geezer?
- Some bald geezer.
Reckons you owe him 266 quid back rent.
I told him there's no question of payin' rent on a property cut with rodents.
He takes exception to this. Starts comin' on really bald with me.
- You mean ratty.
- I told him to piss off.
You bloody fool. We'll end up in court again.
- No we won't. It ain't legal.
- I assume we can quote you.
The law rather appeals to me, actually. Just high.
Stop laughing, Withnail. This is serious.
No, it ain't. I looked into it, studied the papers.
- What papers?
- Legal papers.
What papers, Danny? He's got our checks.
What are you doing with these? I was gonna cash 'em in for you.
For Christ's sake, Withnail, stop
laughing. This is a notice of eviction.
Will you stop laughing?
They wanna throw us out.
For God... Will you shut up, for
God's sake? You're giving me the fear.
Give me a downer, Danny.
My brain's capsizing.
- I've gone and fucked my brain!
- Change, man.
Find your neutral space.
You've got a rush.
It will pass. Be seated.
Aren't you getting absurdly high?
Precisely the reason
I'm smokin' it.
I couldn't. I'm spaced.
Not as spaced as your rodents.
- Don't talk about them.
- I imagine they're talkin' to each other.
- What do you mean?
- I've dealt with 'em.
Dealt with 'em.
What the fuck do you mean?
Dosed 'em. I expect
they're dead down the drain.
Dead down the drain?
What have you done to them?
Given them all drugged onions.
Jesus Christ!
Why have you drugged their onions?
Sit down, man.
Take control.
Give me a Valium.
I'm getting the fear!
You have done something
to your brain.
You have made it high.
If I lay ten mils of Diazepam on you,
you will do something else to your brain.
You will make it low. Why trust
one drug and not the other?
That's politics, isn't it?
I'm gonna eat some sugar.
I recommend
you smoke some more grass.
No way. No fucking way.
That is an unfortunate
political decision,
reflectin' these times.
- What are you talking about, Danny?
- Politics, man.
If you were hanging on
to a rising balloon,
you're presented
with a difficult decision...
let go before it's too late?
Or hang on
and keep getting higher?
Posing the question, how long
can you keep a grip on the rope?
They're sellin' hippie wigs
in Woolworth's, man.
The greatest decade in
the history of mankind is over.
And as Presuming Ed here
has so consistently pointed out...
we have failed
to paint it black.
My Dad'll pick up the boxes
in a week.
And he's gonna do something
about the car.
- I'm off now.
- Already?
But I've got us a bottle open.
I confiscated it
from Monty's supplies.
'53 Margaux.
Best of the century.
I'm sure he wouldn't resent us
a parting drink.
I can't, Withnail. I've gotta walk
to the station. I'll be late.
- There's always time for a drink.
- No.
I don't have the time.
All right. I'll walk with you
through the park.
We can drink it on the way.
No. No more, thank you.
Listen, Withnail. It's a stinker.
Why don't you go back?
- Because I wanna walk you to the station.
- Well, don't.
Please don't.
I really don't want you to.
I shall miss you, Withnail.
I shall miss you too. Chin-chin.
"I have of late,
but wherefore I know not,
"lost all my mirth.
"And indeed it goes so heavily
with my disposition...
"that this goodly frame the earth...
"seems to me a sterile promontory.
"It's a most excellent canopy, the air.
"Look you, this brave,
o'er hanging firmament.
"This majestical roof
fretted with golden fire.
"Why, it appeareth nothing to me...
"but a foul and pestilent
congregation of vapors.
"What a piece of work is a man,
"how noble in reason,
"how infinite in faculties,
"how like an angel in apprehension.
"How like a god!
"The beauty of the world:
"Paragon of animals:
"Yet to me, what is
this quintessence of dust?
"Man delights not me.
"No, nor women neither.
Nor women neither. "