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Zee and Co.

By Unknown

(He laughs)
Ha, ha! I won.
21...
to 19.
Three games out of four.
What do I get?
The boot?
That's right.
No!
(Screams)
(Laughs)
(Screams)
No!
(Loud rock music)
Turn it down.
Christ! It's bloody freezing!
It's bloody Arctic!
If you insist on going around naked...
What are you wearing tonight?
Cloak and dagger?
What would you suggest?
Ooh, something that will last
until four in the morning.
I'm not staying out till four in
the morning. I have to work tomorrow.
Oh, then wear something
orthodox like a suit.
Hey!
Could you answer me just one question?
Is it black tie or isn't it?
- How should I know?
- Well, could you ring and find out?
She'll say some are wearing black tie
and some are not. All very democratic.
And all a big waste of time.
Oh, don't be so stuffy!
And don't wear that shirt.
Ah, pussycat, I want you to wear
the one I gave you.
Too small.
You must have had a dwarf in mind.
I love you in bright colors!
A peacock.
I love you anyway.

Let's go somewhere on our own tonight.

Gladys will have a fit.

(Sitar music)

(Lively Indian music)

Oh, my darling, wherever you got it,
it's divine!

And I'm so glad to see you.

It was sweet of you to come.

Forgive me, will you?

I must get a drink. I'm parched.

I'll see you later.

Zee, my angel!

- Hello, darling.

- How pretty you look.

- Thank you.

- You, too, darling.

You're such a wonderful color.

Robert told me you'd been to Spain
for a week.

When did you get here?

I didn't see you come in.

- About two drinks ago.

- Only two?

Where's Robert?

Oh, out there someplace.

I'm mad about those earrings.

Oh, thanks. They're fake.

Pity.

Yes, well, you know, Robert insisted I leave
the real ones in the shop. Insurance, you know.
So sad.

Listen, if you're really looking for him,
the last time I saw him, he was lurking
behind a potted palm over there.

Well, I must go and find him.

I've something I have to tell him about.

Oh.

I bet you don't know
what the word "byssus" means?

No, I don't, actually, and I don't care.
Beard.

Having long, silky byssus, or beard.

Oh, how exciting.

Now, I wanted your advice.

There's some very interesting African
sculptures come up for auction at Sotheby's.
They're Nigerian, in point of fact.
But I think they'd be divine
for the rose garden.
Yes. Well, we'll go and have a look
one morning next week.
And afterwards,
we'll have a very smart lunch at Burke's.
Are you sure now?
Because last week when you said that,
you forgot and didn't call.
There is a lady behind you
in a silver dress.
Who is she?
No, the other side, the other side.
Oh. That's darling Stella.
Darling Stella?
Can you effect an introduction?
Of course.
But who told me you'd settled down
and were getting eight hours sleep now?
- That was during one of my fits
of depression. - You're a naughty boy.
Very naughty.
Is she a lady of leisure?
No, no, no.
She owns a boutique.
You know, Oriental tat,
but some rather nice frocks.
Er... Stella, dear!
There's someone who doesn't know you.
I thought you said
this was going to be a small gathering?
No, no, darling, not a small gathering,
just small people.
This is Robert.
Robert Blakeley.
Do you need a bodyguard?
No, I don't think so.
Well, now that I've broken the ice,
I'll circulate.
And don't forget your promise to call.
Yes, Gladys.

What is this?

It's a Koran case.

It's got a dent in it.

I believe I bit it.

Oh, really?

- Do you bite everything?

- No.

Usually, no.

Are you a lady of leisure?

I'm afraid not.

- Well, what, then?

- I have a shop where I design dresses.

Oh.

Well, you can tell me,

would you say that

I am a particularly well-dressed man?

No.

- Not particularly.

- No?

Don't you think that

you should take me in hand?

Clothes are a very personal thing.

I know.

That's what I mean.

- I think she looks like a bag of bones.

- Oh, really?

I think she looks quite nice.

- Do you?

- ho is she?

I have no idea.

I think I'll find out.

Excuse me, love.

Blakeley! I say, Blakeley!

- Your game next.

- Yes, I'll be right there.

Perhaps I could come to your shop

and you could do me some shirts.

Most of my designs are for women.

Couldn't you make an exception in my case?

- Perhaps.

- Only perhaps?

You would love my family.

They're all doctors.

What makes you think I like doctors?

Well, you know, I mean, it just shows.
I can't see it myself.
He's an architect.
He develops properties.

STELLA:

- I've heard of him.
- Have you?
Oh, it's not easy being married to a giant.
- Or a dwarf.
(Zee laughs)
It's not easy either way.
- Oh, agony, agony.
- Blakeley!
- If you can't come, we'll play on
without you. - I'll come right now.
Excuse me.
(Laughs) Oh, billiards.
He loves his little games.
Do you play?
I'm afraid not.
Nor do I.
Ping pong is my sport.
Robert says because it's more aggressive.
Would you like to go watch them?
Fine, if you like.

MAN:

Good shot.
I really cannot stand this room.
It gives me the creeps.
Have you ever noticed
how Gladys always has one of everything?
One actor, one painter, one faith healer.
- But we all come and guzzle her champagne.
- Ha, ha!
She guzzles out of a silver mug.
Crafty.
You know, you can't get through to her
after 11 in the morning.
All her words begin to go sort of...
"Robert, daaarling...
Do you know she asks Robert
his advice about everything?

Even having her face lifted,
she asked his advice.

- It'll be my turn soon for that.

- (Laughs)

Well, now you know who to ask.

Me.

Oh, but I like your face.

Your shadows.

Marvelous.

We should have brought our embroidery.

I hope he doesn't lose,

or I'll get the blame.

He's a bad loser.

He's a miser, too.

Do you know that he didn't even buy me
my wedding ring? He borrowed his sister's.

We got the weirdest wedding presents.

Do you know what one of them was?

A collapsible leather wastepaper basket.

Yucky green leather.

Er... did you get nice wedding presents?

- I eloped.

- Oh, good for you.

Where is he?

He's in the country.

Any children?

Yes. Two boys.

Oh, how charming.

GLADYS:

Oh, there you are, my darlings!

How nice to see you're getting along.

Yes, isn't it?

GLADYS:

You know, this room...

has always had a special quality for me.

It's a man's room,

something they don't build into houses
anymore.

Yes, thank God.

What did you say?

Oh, I was just telling her about myself.

You know, she told me

she's prone to weeping
if anything nice happens to her.
Yuck, yuck!
(Knocks)
Stella?
- Are you all right?
- Yes.
Open the door, then.
What's upset you?
Nothing. Really.
If I call, will you have dinner with me?

ZEE:

We're all going dancing!
I'm not going dancing, I'm going home.
Oh, no!
- Me want my Bobby in my arms...
- I'll call you tomorrow.
Robert!
- Oh!
- All right, I'm coming!
(Sings drunkenly)? Bobby, Bobby, Bobby...
Dov, dov, dov?
Bugger.
- (Squeals)
- You can cut the little girl crap
because you're not persuading me
to do anything!
You're not persuading me to do anything!
We are not going dancing...
- Thank you, sir.
- Thank you.
It's getting late.
You see that?
That is the first time in years that I've
worn a watch. That's what you've done to me.
You've made me count the minutes.
I've waited all day to see you.
What do you want to eat?
I feel I ought to warn you - I'm expensive.
I only eat the choicest things,
apart from cabbage.
Oh, really? Zee likes that, too,
late at night.

I knew we had something in common.
Is there anything else?
I don't know that yet, do I?
People never want to admit they were in love
once it's over.
How they sat on a bench and waited.
Or danced all night.
Or went for a walk in the frost.
Blew on someone's fingers.
Everyone has two types,
and one is true and one is false.
How can you tell?
You can tell...
by the skin...
...and by the touch.
And by the eyes -
the windows of the soul.
(Laughs)
Come on. Let's go.
- Hello, Robert.
- Hello.
(Car horn)
A hummingbird.
- A pretty one.
- Yeah.
Well, wrap yourself up. It's very cold.
Would you like to be kissed... there?
No.
- There?
- Uh-uh.
- There?
- No.
Liar.
I lied to your wife.
I told her my husband was in the country.
- Whereas, in fact, he's dead.
- A-ha! That makes you a widow.
And a liar.
Where are we going to eat?
Well, do you want me to take you to dinner
or do you want to cook me an egg?
I don't know.
Why don't you cook me an egg, eh?
Because you can't cook.

No. I drop things.
You know how it is.
You get over being young
and then suddenly... you're young again.
I wish that we had met in a different place.
On a quiet road in the country
or a rainy afternoon in a tearoom.
Robert Blakeley, you said?
(Car horn)
(Classical music on radio)
Well, here I am.
I told you we'd meet again.
Some lunch?
Oh, thank you.
I just love eating in-between meals.
You know, I saw a funny thing just now.
A man sitting at a long table with six or
seven women opposite him, all Indian.
- What do you think they were?
- Indians?
No, I mean the relationship.
- Sisters maybe.
- Hmm...
I wish I had a sister,
someone to confide in.
I love your shop.
It's so clever.
Bet you can't guess why I'm here.
I'm not clairvoyant today.
I never am on Mondays.
Well...
I want you to dress me from head to toe.
Oh, excuse me, madam.
- Would you like me to put these
in the back? - Yes, do.
Mmm, lovely!
Boys as well?
- Oh, what a pretty thing.
- But I'm afraid that one's sold, madam.
That never deterred me, dear.

STELLA:

I'm a 12.
Do you want to try it on in there?

Don't want everyone
to know you're a 12, do you?
Why not?
I'm proud of it.
Real men don't like skinny women.
They only think they do because
they're supposed to look better in clothes.
But what happens when the clothes come off
and you climb between the sheets
on a cold winter night?
Then they like to know
they're with a real woman.

RADIO:

all right if you're a fashion model
or something.
But you can't expect a man to make love
to a picture in a magazine.
Of course, there are men who do make
some sort of love to pictures.
(Turns volume up)
- They're only interested in pictures,
not the women themselves.
Crikey! Who's gonna do this up for me?
(Music starts)
- Your husband.
Ah, but what happens when I'm not with him
and he's not with me?
That does sometimes happen, you know.
Mmm, what do you think?
No, no, it just doesn't fit. It's too big.
- I like it. I adore the color.
- It's made for somebody else.
Oh, I don't care. Please, Stella.
I want it. I've got to have it. Got to!
Gavin.
- Yes, madam?
- Bring a pad.
Oh, super. Thank you, Stella.
You know, I'm terribly lucky.
Robert and I get along better
than anyone we know.
Keep still, will you?
We go coasting along,

each in our own little way.

We don't ask questions, Robert and I.

It's not that we have... secrets.

It's just that we trust each other.

Bust, 39.

I'm not dependent on him

and he's not dependent on me.

We're interdependent.

Shoulder to waist, 16.

- That's all right.

- Ooh, can I have it by the weekend?

I don't know. Can we have it by the weekend?

I suppose so, yes.

Can you deliver it? Do you have our address?

Yes, we can deliver it.

No, I don't have your address.

Oh, Stella, please, can I have credit?

I'm a little overdrawn.

I think we can risk that.

- You know how it happens?

- We do have enough of that material?

We've got some upstairs

but I don't think it's enough.

You'd better phone Reynolds,

see if they have any.

It's a bit on the thrifty side but...

...once he sees the dress,

I know he'll absolutely adore it.

When he knows it's yours, he'll be sure.

That's sweet.

That's not for sale. It's mine.

Oh.

Sorry.

Mustn't take what isn't ours, must we?

Bye-bye, love.

Are you going?

Yeah.

I have to change and shave

before I go to the office.

I suppose I should have those things

here for you,

razors and such.

I'm not a very good mistress, am I?

You're not my mistress.

We're still lovers.
I'll call you this afternoon.
I won't be able to see you.
My sons are coming back.
So you won't have to make excuses tomorrow.
I never make excuses.
And now you're beginning to sound
like a mistress.
(Plane flies overhead)
(Rock music blares out)
Good morning, darling!
Here we are. Isn't that a lovely breakfast?
I got it out of the newspaper's suggestions
for today.
- It's so nice to be domesticated.
- Now and then.
- How do you feel about going to
the theatre? - I don't.
You know you can't go at each other
every night, darling.
I mean, you'll wear yourselves out.
It's only wearing
when it's something you don't want to do,
when it goes against the grain.
Oh, is it very genial?
Do you watch her make fruit salad?
I assume she can cook?
That would be one of her trump cards.
And I bet she has a footstool.
I can always tell the kind of cow
who has a footstool.
She suggests that you open a fish stall.
Oh, I can just see it all.
You spread out on a goat's skin rug,
recalling your childhood memories,
your traumas,
your poverty.
How you never got to see your mother
because she had to go out and scrub.
And of course she's a good listener.
They all are at first.
Then, soon, you'll have to listen
to her little cantata.
Alone. Not understood.

And good.
So very, very good.
It's a little bit archaic, you know.
And who are you?
Miss Adventurous,
with the husky voice
and the long cigarette holder.
It's all a bit archaic, you know.
I bet the pair of you wail.
Why don't you make a record?
We'll make a lot of things.
Ohh...
You know, you're in a muddle.
You don't know who loves you. There's her.
And there are all those adoring
little apprentices down in your office
with their hair and their tiny tits
and their drooling.
And there's me.
Why don't you take a lover?
Oh!
- Is that what you recommend?
- Yes, that's what I recommend.
I'll take care of the meals, the theatre
tickets, and any other expense he may incur.
But, darling, remember how jealous you get.
I mean, you go quite mad. You start ringing
people up and going through my things.
You check my panties.
And you come out in all
those little white spots.
It doesn't enhance you, you know.
Remember last month when I came
in that hire car to that bloody banquet?
And you were waiting for me on the steps.
All hot and bothered, weren't you?
Because I was sitting next to the driver
and it took me a moment to get out,
and you thought the worst.
You thought we were finishing something off,
didn't you?
And you had to have me
right then and there in the lane.
Didn't you?

- Didn't you?
- Get out of here, you slut!
(Key turns in lock)
And you love it! You love it, love it!
That's why you're still here!
You love the uncertainty!
You don't know what I did yesterday.
You don't know who I was with
or what I got up to.
You don't know what I'm gonna do today,
and nor do I.
Enjoy yourself!
Oh, I have, baby.
I had a thing with a doctor in Spain.
I love doctors.
He said to me,
"Shall I undress you like a doctor?"
He was very good-looking, very hard-working,
six children, busy.
His waiting room was full of patients.
E could hear them
on the other side of the wall.
We had to whisper.
But it didn't matter.
You couldn't hear his lips.
You couldn't hear him
touch me and caress me.
He was so gentle when he touched me.
He was panting.
He was panting,
panting.
Panting...
Panting...
And?
Oh, baby,
I don't wanna be the cause of all those
terrible white spotties, booboo-de-booboo.
You had it off with him on the floor,
didn't you?
Or maybe it was the couch,
the good, old utility couch,
with people on the other side!
Unfortunate people.
And you gave the doctor

one of your quick jabs.
You swept the unfortunate
man right off his feet.
It's a good job you can't conceive,
otherwise I would be
maintaining an orphanage!
But you always get them like that,
don't you, eh?
You always get them like that - a quick bang
before they know where they are.
A punch in the face, a whiff of ammonia.
But you don't keep them, do you?
You can't keep them.
You can't keep the love of a man, right?
- I'm keeping you, baby.
- Yes?
Well, oh, no, you're bloody well not!
You son of a bitch!
(Rock music blares out)
And what the hell is going on now?
Well, I thought I'd go back to Spain
for a couple of days, get some sun,
maybe have a little physical checkup.
Oh, I suppose you think that's very funny?
I think we both need a vacation, chum.
- You just came back from Spain a week ago.
- That's right.
And you can tell that bag of bones of yours, she
can cancel that lousy dress I bought yesterday.
Where do you think I get the money for you
to go to Spain every time you feel like it?
(Southern accent)Quite frankly,
Scarlett, I don't give a shit!
If you ever get anything in your eye,
you put saltwater into it
and then you close your eye
and it makes it tear a lot.
Then the thing comes out.
- Couldn't you just cry?
- You mightn't be able to.
One of the boys in our dormitory
cries at night and eats nuts.
His parents are in Rio de Janeiro.
- I have to comfort him.

- How do you comfort him?
I say, "Pull yourself together, Chris!"
And things like that.
His name's really Crispin,
but he's called Chris.
Do you like school, Sean?
I like home better.
I hated school. All the boys at school
used to call me Muggins.
So I went out and I bought a hamster,
a vicious hamster with vicious teeth.
I took it into school
and I showed it to all the other boys.
And none of them
ever called me Muggins again.
Ell...

- I think you should go to bed. Come on.

- Oh, no!

- Come on! School tomorrow.

- Come off it!

Say good night to Mr. Blakeley.

- Good night, Sean.

- Sean!

- Good night.

- Good night, Oscar.

- Now, up. I won't be long.

- Come on, Oscar.

- Brush your teeth. Night.

- OK. Good night, Mummy.

- Night.

- Don't be long.

Will you sleep?

I hope so.

But I doubt it.

I hope you enjoyed my family.

- I'm sorry it wasn't much of an evening.

- Don't be sorry.

I think your boys are charming little men.

Where will you go now?

Home, I suppose.

When is she coming back?

I don't know.

She'll be away for a few days.

Tomorrow night,

my housekeeper will cook us dinner.

And we'll be alone,

the two of us, all right?

You must go.

Must I?

- Must I?

- Yes.

- Good night.

- Good night.

(Clears throat)

Say whatever it is you have come to say.

Mrs. Blakeley is downstairs.

- What?

- Your wife is downstairs.

My what is where?

Why the hell didn't you tell me before?

You said you didn't want to be disturbed.

- What time is it?

- 6:

She got here before six.

She insisted I came to tell you.

Well, tell her I'm not here.

Tell her... Tell her I've gone away.

Tell her any damn thing!

I've already told her you were working
and didn't want to be disturbed.

You bungle everything, don't you?

Ell, would you like to tell her
that you were misinformed?

- No.

- No.

I thought you wouldn't. Damn it.

Well, would you do me one favor
and get your glasses repaired?

They're beginning to get on my nerves.

Both them and you!

Get a pair on the bloody National Health!

Do you think I've got money to burn
while you go flying off to Spain
for one night?

- Well, it was cold and it was wet.

- Well, if...

ZEE:

expect me to do?

- Just sit there and...

- No.

...stare out of the window

and look at the rain?

No, I expected you to have some sense,
that's all.

Oh!

You must have had a rough day today.

No, I had a very good day.

Did you?

I tried to call you last night

to say I was sorry, but...

...there was no answer.

I was out.

Where do you want to eat?

Why, home, darling.

Home sweet home.

I don't think there's a lot to eat at home.

Oh, we'll find something.

We could go over to Gladys's.

She's having people to dinner.

I wouldn't dream of that, darling.

I just want to go home with you and relax.

Look...

- I think there's something I should tell you.

- Oh, later, darling, when we're home.

I'm too tired to listen even.

(Tires screech)

(Car horns)

(Rock music on stereo)

Oh, intimate.

Hors d'oeuvres.

How lovely!

What are we having?

Or should I say, who are we having?

And a note from our trusted housekeeper.

"Dear Sir Robert...

Sir?

You haven't been knighted yet, sweetie.

"The joint... is in the oven...

...and should be ready at 8:30.

Hope everything is to your satisfaction.

Yours truly, Bea Donovan".
Our ex-housekeeper hopes
everything is to your satisfaction.
Quite a wit, our Mrs. Thing,
when she puts pen to paper.
I always was warned off the Irish.
Really?
They speak very well of you.
(Doorbell)
Ha-ha! Ho-ho!
Our mystery caller.
It's no mystery to me, baby.
Bob, seriously,
would you...
would you like me to make myself scarce?
(Doorbell)
(Gasps) Why, if it isn't darling Stella!
Hat a lovely surprise.
Come in, come in, come in.
Let me take your cloak.
And what is that?
- Our first course.
- Ah!
Pt!
Did you make it yourself?
I bet you did, didn't you?
- Yes.
- Ah, you see.
I told you she would know how to cook.
I just knew it.
Did you take quantities of
belly of pork and veal
and oddments from wild duck and pheasant,
and dry white wine and
juniper berries and...
...mmm, carcasses and all that?
Zee.
Will you shut up?
Well, I wasn't being vicious, was I?
I don't know. Were you?
Me?
Would you like a Martini?
Make the lady some Martini, booby.
Your hands are cold.

Hard to get a taxi.

They'd gone home to their tea.

- Pigs.

- He tried to charge me double.

- He thought I was a Norwegian.

- Are you, Stella?

Of course not!

She's a Celt, from the
top of the morning country.

Actually, I have Spanish blood.

A- ha! Toro!

Ta.

Thank you.

Cheers.

Oh...

Er... Robert collects fish.

He has a whole collection.

There are...

puffers and walking fish
and flying fish and kissing fish
and err... scavengers
and barracuda and...

...piranha.

You know, they eat other fish
and... cows and things like that.

They're Robert's favorite fish.

He never said they were his favorite.

(Laughs)

Robert loves the sea.

He never said he loved the sea either.

So he doesn't love the sea.

And what did you do today?

Did you have some lovely fittings?

I had a lovely day.

I didn't go near the shop.

My boys were going back to school.

- How old are they?

- Nine. They're twins.

Twins!

Oh, you didn't tell me!

Did you breast-feed them?

I sat next to a man at dinner one night
whose wife had just given birth to twins.

And he said, "You haven't lived

until you have seen a woman
breast-feed twins".

Evidently,
his wife would lie sprawled on the bed,
a tit in either direction,
and it was just evidently fantastic.
I didn't have enough milk.
Oh.

You know, I read in the papers once
about a sheepdog,
I think it was a Pyrenees sheepdog,
that had 14 puppies
and only 12 tits.

Isn't nature cruel?
12 out of 14's not so cruel.

- The twins have survived, anyway.
- Oh, that's nice.

I wish I'd met them.

I love little boys and little girls.
Wouldn't you like to chew on a bone
or a piece of gristle?

What a good idea!

Why don't you take us
to our favorite restaurant, huh?
With people around,
it might help fill in some of the gaps.
I'll go get my clobber, OK?

Gaps?

I didn't notice any gaps.

Did you?

Chasms.

Well, I'm ready.

Oh, err... Bobby, darling,
would you douse the fire?

We do have our little economies.

ZEE:

You know, we used to have
our correspondence addressed here.
One day at lunchtime,
I found a pearl in my oyster.
It was just a grimy little pearl,
but still a pearl.

(Clears throat)

- Ah, Signore, come sta?

- Benissimo, Signora.

He comes from Parma.

You know, where the violets grow.

And the ham.

(Laughs)

Did the boys go back today?

Reluctantly.

I wish I'd been with you to see them off.

I bet neither one of you

know about Parma violets.

Even if we did, we wouldn't deprive you
of the pleasure of telling us.

Well, they're very delicate,
and they're what people give when they
want to give something really special.

When they're in love...

- or someone dies...

(Waiter clears throat)

Ah, yes, now let me see. What shall we have?

I think we should have some pasta to start.

How about cannelloni? I adore cannelloni.

Then we should have - let me see...

Chicken cacciatore, how's that?

Sounds fine.

And for the signore?

Melon and Dover sole.

Melon and Dover sole!

I think he's frightened of getting an ulcer.

- Everyone seems to have them today.

- It wouldn't surprise me, the way he eats.

He has nothing but fry-ups -
bacon, fried sausages, fried bread,
fried tomatoes, fried eggs...

Don't you try and dissuade him?

- I mean, with your own cooking?

- ell, sure!

Sure. But, you know, what can I do?

It's his background, really.

How can you fight it?

I mean, from what he tells me,
that's what they lived on.

Hen it wasn't bread and dripping,
it was those eternal fry-ups.

I've tried to put him on a diet
so many times, I've lost count.
I'm sure,
when I feed him a proper meal at home,
he just goes straight out
and has one of those huge lunches
with sausages and chips
and all the rest of it.
- Excuse me. - If he wants to get fat
and ruin his constitution
and get a pot belly, well, let him.
I mean, there's nothing I can do about it,
is there?
If somebody has decided to do something,
they can't be stopped.
Can they?
(Phone rings)
Gino, would you give this to my wife
and tell her, "Buonanotte"?
Yes, signore.
Oh, allow me, sir.

ZEE:

divine color...
- Scusa, Signora.
- Thank you.
Why, that bastard!
He's run out on us.
That dirty coward!
If that isn't just like a man, to run out.
Are you terribly upset?
(Giggles)
Not particularly.
Do you want to have a good cry?
I want to eat.
Well, tomorrow,
I'll get him to send you some Parma violets.
(Laughs)
My husband isn't in the country.
He's dead.
I know.
Why didn't you say so?
Oh, I didn't want to put you on the spot.
Anyway, you...

you ran out of the room
to cry or throw up or something.
So you're on the loose, huh?
Not completely.
I bet if we'd gone to school together,
we would have been good friends.
You'd have been perfect!
I might not.
I got expelled from school.
You did? So did I. What did you do wrong?
- No, what did you?
- No, you. You first.
- No, you.
- No, you!
- You.
- No, you!
- You.
- No, you...
- 35, please.
- That's all right, keep it.
- Oh, thank you. Bye-bye.
- Thank you. Bye.

ROBERT:

- I'm sorry I left. I couldn't carry on.
- You don't have to explain.
Yes, I do. I've told you that I
didn't know she was coming back.
She just appeared at the office.
You're both so great
at appearing and disappearing.
But it's your little inferno.
And it's all very brittle
and boring and trite.
Boy, you're a pain in the arse,
you know that?
No, just superior.
- Can't I come in?
- It's late. I'm tired.
- Let me put you to bed.
- Now you're being silly.
Let me undress you,
I'll make love to you while you're asleep.
Robert, no!

I want to feel you next to me very close.

I'm very stubborn.

- (Mumbles)

- You are awful.

(Loud rock music)

? Life is passing me by

? Give me wings and I'll fly

? Take the world in my hand

- Zee!

? Prove for once I'm a man

? I'll tell you what it's all about...

(Turns volume down)

I have here a bill from Harrods.

"To dyeing and dry-cleaning...

...46."

I'll pay for that. Just leave it
here somewhere.

You know damn well you can't!

I always know

when the housekeeping is overdrawn!

You start buying champagne and caviar
and the telephone gets cut off.

Just wait till she finds out you're a miser.

I have a feeling she likes to
spend a bit herself.

Don't avoid the issue. We are going through
these bills before everything is cut off.

(Sighs)

Bills always make us quarrel.

That's why I came straight home tonight.

You mean to have a quarrel?

I told you this morning

that we were gonna go through these bills.

And what the hell is all this for?

- I'm going riding.

- Riding?

Yeah, you know, horsey-horsey.

(Clicks tongue)

Since when do people go riding
in the middle of the bloody night?

Some friends of mine called me and asked me
if I'd like to go for a midnight ride.

I assume they meant horseback riding.

Let's see if I have everything.

(Clicks tongue) Right.
You had better resign yourself to the fact
you're not going anywhere.
You just let go of me!
- Goddamn it, they're waiting for me!
- Let 'em wait!
Who are they, eh, anyway? Who are they?
Lords? Loafers? Layabouts? Eh?
That's it, yeah, come on, baby, come on!
- You're getting that jealous fever,
aren't you? - Oh, no, I'm not.
- (Laughs)
- Don't kid yourself!
- That's it.
- You hold still like that.
Now you have to tie me, right?
Yes, I'll be doggy.
I'll be doggy on the bed!
- Go ahead, do it!
- Now try this!
(Screams)
You just leave me alone!
- There's your bloody hat! - What the hell
do you think you're doing to me?
You can't just do this to me.
- Now sit down!
- What the hell do you think you're up to?
You can't do this to me.
I'm a prisoner! I'm gonna scream!
I'll shout, I'll expose you.
I'll get all your bloody clean-living
neighbors in here to save me!
I want out.
(Screeches) I want out!
Shut up!
You woman-hater!
You Jew-hater!
You Fascist swine!
- You imperialist, lousy...
- Have you finished?
(Whistles)
Bobby?
Pussycat?
You're gorgeous.

Oh, no.

- Gorgeous.

- Uh-uh.

You'll always have women falling all over you because you know how to treat them. You use them, abuse them, make them suffer.

Uh-uh-uh.

I don't mind.

She's nothing.

If anything, she just...

whets my appetite.

I'll fight her a duel any day...

...and win.

No!

No! Don't untie me.

I want it that way.

There must be something you can do.

I've tried everything!

I think he thinks he's really in love with this cow.

Then do it to him, dear!

Have an affair with a gorgeous man.

If your lot would stop increasing and multiplying,

maybe there'd be somebody left to do it with!

There's no need to get personal, love, or I shan't do your hair nicely.

Now then, what's she like?

A slob.

Worse than that, a soulful slob.

There's nothing I hate more than soulful people.

She's always a little out of breath and sees beauty in everything.

Especially in shit.

(Chuckles)

- Now, what do you want me to find out?

- Everything.

Anything you can find out.

Their movements, whenever they meet, wherever they meet. Anything!

She's got this poncy little fag working for her.

And I want you to chat him up.
Oh, what a bitch!
Yes, I am a bitch, open and straight!
There are plenty of men around.
She can have anyone she likes, but not him.
Jesus, they even write each other letters!
She refuses to have lunch with him
because she likes to brood.
Well, it's not exactly as though
you and Robert have both been angels.
Why don't we put a curse on her?
They're having a crash right now.
And he escapes by the skin of his teeth.
And she's disfigured.
I don't want to give her
the satisfaction of being dead.
Yeah, and her kids.
We'll put a little affliction on them.
Zee, I refuse to sit with you!
I refuse to have innocent
children victimized.
Ah, crap!
You will do it, won't you?
I mean...
You go have a look at him.
Browse.
Well, I suppose I could do
with a few new clothes.
I haven't told you what happened to me,
have I?
I went to the club the other night,
having a quiet gin and tonic on my own,
when this divine creature
comes prancing over...
Oh, look, I've got problems of my own.
Yes.
Don't we all?
Let's go find them.
Come on.
Let's find them.
(Car horn)

ZEE:

I'll bet you're at it.

All in bloody candlelight!

(Dog barks)

(Bin crashes down stairs)

(Giggles)

Someone just kicked over your dustbin.

Probably some of the local lads

having a bit of fun.

What's the matter?

Nothing.

No. Now, come on.

What's wrong?

You know that wasn't local lads.

It's your wife.

She's possessed!

- Oh, don't talk nonsense.

- She'd do anything.

The other day, she followed me in a car.

I tried to hypnotize myself.

I tried to pretend she wasn't there.

You should have gone straight up to her
and said, "Why don't you piss off?"

I'm frightened.

Now, look, what do you mean, frightened?

There is nothing to be frightened of.

She's never gonna let us have any peace.

Oh, Stella, come on.

Now, don't cry, darling. Please, don't cry.

Look, I tell you what...

Why don't I take you away

for a couple of days?

When?

Tomorrow.

Eh? Tomorrow.

Gavin can look after the shop.

We'll go to...

...Scotland, eh?

ANNOUNCER:

The train standing at Platform Four...

(Whistle)

... is the 12:

and Northwest Scotland.

Calling at Crewe, Carlisle...

- (Laughs)
- I thought you weren't coming.
What do you mean, you thought
I wasn't coming? Of course I was coming.
I'll get the case, I'll bring the case.
- Go on, quickly, before it starts.
- Where have you been?
(Phone rings)
(Phone continues ringing)
Yes?
Yes, it is.
Oh, Christ.
Is she all right?
Well, there's not much I can do
about it, is there?
Yeah, well, you can tell her
that I'm sorry, too.
And you can also tell her
that the repair costs are coming out
of her expense money.
Right?
Goodbye.
Robert? Who was it?
It was a friend of Zee's.
That poncy hairdresser.
She's had some kind of accident
with my bloody car!
Why my car?
Is she all right?
Yeah, she's all right. She's just shaken up.
She probably ran it into the wall on purpose
to give herself an excuse to phone.
Did you tell her where we were going?
Of course not.
- Then how did she know?
- How should I know?
Perhaps she followed us on her broomstick.
(Laughs) Oh, my God!
Oh, she's incredible!
She's a pain in the arse.
(Laughs)
I'm hungry.
- Let's go and get something to eat.
- What, again?

Oh, I know, I'm gonna grow fat!
(Laughs) I'll love you anyway.
I'm gonna get so fat,
I'm gonna lose all my chic customers.
- Let's feel some of this fat.
- Enough of the passion, Tarzan!
I'm gonna get something to eat.
All right, you get something to eat,
I'll build up the fire.
When we get back, we'll look for a place
of our own, brand new,
right in the middle of London.
(Rock music on stereo)
If you wanna be with her so damn much,
why bother coming home at all?
Just pack up your shit
and get the hell out of here!
As if I give a damn if you ever come back.
I don't have to sit around here all weekend
waiting for you!
The rest is just crap!
You can take your junk and get out of here!
You've quite recovered from your accident,
I see?
Why don't you get a flat?
Better still, a mews.
She can have window
boxes and grow things.
Make sure the window faces south.
And she'll spend a lot of time
in the kitchen,
at the sink, at the stove,
making her goddamn homemade pt and
all that other shit she's so pompous about.
Where's my car?
She'll get fat, of course,
once she has a man.
Jesus, I've seen her eat.
And she'll want more kids to make it richer,
fuller, you understand? To hold it together.
Of course, you won't be able to
give her any, will you?
You'll have to go to doctors, together,
separately.

And you'll have to get drunk
to drown your sorrows.
Then you'll begin to notice
little things about her,
her smelly armpits, her greasy hair.
And you'll have to get drunk,
baby, every night,
before you can get it upstairs.
Was it an accident
or did you drive it against
the wall on purpose?
Maybe I did!
Ell, if you did,
you will be walking around on crutches
for quite a while.
Oh, I wouldn't do that.
You wouldn't wanna hurt me again
and find out you were wrong, would you?
You'd have to go to your head shrinker
for 15 a go.
"Why did I do it?
Why did I do it?"
- Have the police got it?
- How the hell should I know?
Is it in a garage? Tell me!
Blast it, tell me!
Hit me and I will!
You rotten bitch! I'll kill you!
- I'll knock your teeth down your...
- (Laughs)
No, I won't. Oh, no, I won't.
I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.
You come back here!
Come back here, you!
- I haven't dismissed you yet!
(Door closes)
(Mutters) You sod!
You won't get away with this!
(Mutters to herself)
(Car starts)
Hey, you!
You forgot your junk!
(Ringing tone)
(Phone rings)

Hello?

Is my husband in your skinny,
chicken-like arms?

- He's not here.

- I didn't think he would be.

And before I open my fish stall,
and while I have you on the blower,

there are a couple of things

I think you ought to know.

Look, this isn't any of your business.

You take my advice and skip it!

You're not his type.

You're not fun and games.

Oh, you're a marvelous listener.

But listening is dull in the sack.

It never made for a good marriage,
not his kind of marriage.

He likes women to be a mess.

That's why he's still with me.

- Can't you see that?

- Oh, shut up!

Why...

The blessed nerve!

Bitch!

All right...

(Ringing tone)

I thought you'd left.

No.

What's the point in that?

Look...

very simply,

can you tell me where my car is?

South Moreton Garage.

Now, why couldn't you

have said that earlier?

You didn't give me the chance.

You just tore into me.

Who has it? Where is it? Is it wrecked?

I didn't attack.

You were feeling remorse

because of your dirty weekend.

Well...

I'll try to get a couple of hours' sleep.

Bobby...

Can't we stop all this wrangling?

All this hell?

Yes.

As of now.

Wake me at eight in the morning
with some coffee.

(Door closes)

Bobby...

Bobby, Bobby...

Bobby...

(Stella makes Native American whoop)

It can't be haunted because it's new.
Nobody's lived here and nobody's died here.
We'll liven it up a bit.

You can paint the wall.

I don't mean house paint, I mean art.

Anything you want. Look at that.

They get away with murder.

You'll have to put a couple of pillars
in there to support that.

(Church bells)

We can wave to the crowds.

It's lovely!

- Yes, it's not bad, is it?

- It's lovely.

Shall we have it pink and gold or rosy or?

You can have anything you want.

What's it going to be like living with you?

I don't mean a night here, a day there.

I mean, day after day, night after night.

Are you a day bird or a night bird?

Are you grumpy in the morning?

I don't know very much about myself
in the morning.

Or any other time, I suppose.

I wonder what's up there.

Are you all right?

Yes, I'm fine. I just feel
a bit strange, that's all.

How is she taking it?

Oh, she's all right, I suppose.

We've been through it all before for years.
She's gone to her lawyer, I've gone to mine.
The one good thing is,

we don't have any kids or financial worries.
I think she'll move out altogether,
go and live in the sun.
She loves the sun.
Somehow, I don't ever see us
being completely happy.
Oh, sure we will.
We will.
We'll do our best, huh?
(Rock music)
Hello?
Hello.
Where are you?
Over here.
- Hi.
- Hi.
- Are you all right?
- Fine. Just fine.
Was it babies?
No.
You should have some.
Cos you're...
you're so fond of them.
Yeah, I suppose so.
That... That kid in your office building.
You know, the Cypriot kid.
Does he still chat to you?
Oh, yeah. Yeah, he does.
But you know what he's done now?
He's bought a parrot
and he's trying to teach it to speak Greek.
Can we have a pet?
They die on us.
One cat...
...one hamster...
one canary, all in a row.
That was our unlucky year.
Let me do something... cheerful for you.
I know, I know. Let's go to the
Italian restaurant up the street.
It's new and it looks all right.
Oh, I can't. I'm in a mess.
No, you're not in a mess.
I'm still your baby, aren't I?

Yes...

...you are.

No matter whose lover you are, whose husband, I'm still your baby, aren't I?

I told you we shouldn't have gone to that party.

I knew we shouldn't have gone.

You said Gladys would be upset.

Well, damn Gladys.

Come on.

Get dressed. We'll go out.

No.

I'm finished.

I'm too tired...

too sleepy...

...too late.

I think I'd better go to bed.

Come on.

(Groans)

Good night.

Good night.

Bobby?

Do you?

Do you ever feel lonely with her?

Yeah.

(Door closes)

Night.

(Running water)

Zee?

(Bangs on door)

Zee! Zee!

You'd better travel in front with me, sir.

(Siren blares)

(Thunder rumbles)

How long did they let you stay with her?

For a few minutes,

when she was out of danger.

What did she say?

Nothing.

She was lost.

She didn't know where she was.

(Thunder rumbles)

I think...

...that she must love me...

...quite a bit.

Is that what you call it?

Had you had a row or something?

No.

- On the contrary.

- On the contrary?

- What?

- On the contrary,

nothing.

For God's sake, don't investigate,

don't question everything I say!

- All right, I won't.

- Look...

she almost killed herself.

What do you expect me to do?

Go to her? Cradle her?

- Hold her hand?

- No! I do not expect you to hold her hand!

(Thunder rumbles)

It crossed my mind...

...to let her die.

I almost... went back to the bedroom...

and let her bleed to death.

There was a time...

...when I didn't know either of you.

You were just names.

It was ages ago. I can't remember...

who I was or what I did then or...

who I went out with.

She asked me to ask you...

...to go to the hospital and visit her.

Not to complain.

She just wants to see you and talk to you.

She likes you.

You get the job done, you see.

You have this air of serenity.

You keep your head above water.

I'm sick of serenity.

I'm sick of the way I'm expected to be.

I got short-changed too, you know.

I had a husband I loved.

We were happy.

E could do crossword puzzles

or paper a room together.

And when my children were babies...
...he knew he was going to die.
He had a cancer.
A slow one.
He told me things he would
like to have done...
...qualities he would like
his sons to have...
journeys he would like us to make.
The last thing he said was, "The front of
the house and the woodwork need painting".
Afterwards, I used to
turn my pillow sideways...
and pretend it was a man, in case
I woke up in the middle of the night.
So I'm sorry if I give the impression
of being in charge.
It's my mistake.
But if it's astrological,
people of my sign do.
Nevertheless...
...I will always be all right.
So will you.
(Thunder rumbles)
What is a nervous breakdown?
Is it when you can't make up your mind
or something like that?
Well, it's when you act out of context
with your environment.
Oh, stop, stop, stop.
Don't say anything.
I don't want any definitions.
Do men get it?
One of my friends did once.
He started ordering things by mail order.
He had this fetish
about having everything clean.
I don't seem to be able to come through
for either of them.
You're doing fine. Honestly.
Don't be so bloody cheerful. You sound
like my mother during the war- breezy.
That's what I need.
A war.

The trenches. Life and death.
Cold, hard, real facts.
Something to get hold of.
What's the matter?
Are you crying?
You are crying, aren't you?
Come and sit down. Sit down.
Relax, relax.
Did one of your boyfriends stand you up?
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry, I don't know what it is.
I mean, I have everything -
nice flat, central heating,
John comes every night.
And do you come every night?
You can tell me.
Go on. Confess.
(Chuckles) You can tell me
anything... any time...
provided I listen.
Someone asked me the other day,
my tailor I think it was,
he said, "If your wife and your mistress
were drowning, who would you save?"
And I said, "My wife...
because my mistress would understand".
You're wrong.
Neither of them would.
(Spits)
I'll plant them.
You never know. They might take.
You didn't know I liked gardening, did you?
Yes. He told me.
He never tells me anything about... you.
He slips up sometimes.
He calls me Stella.
You'll lend him to me, won't you?
He's your husband.
Oh, I just mean for a week
or so when I get out.
Going back to an empty house,
it frightens me.
I know.
Of course you do.

But youre lucky number's coming up.
It's your turn.
It's funny how one gets one's happiness
at the expense of someone else.
Me of you.
You of me, and so on.
I got expelled at school
because I fell in love with one of the nuns.
What a silly thing to be expelled for.
I...
I kissed her while she was picking me up
for one of the school plays.
I was expelled for eating altar breads,
or whatever they call them,
before they're blessed.
What part did you have in the play?
I was a boy.
Shall I peel you an orange?
Yes, thank you.
You know, I think I could get quite used
to having you as my personal slave.
Only available for limited engagements.
Had you planned it for long?
No.
It was a spur of the moment thing.
I was tired and a little drunk, I guess.
And I'd just heard from a friend that you
and Robert had leased a flat together.
I suppose that triggered it off.
It was all... getting a bit much of late.
Even before you arrived on the scene,
it was... a bit much.
I didn't know whether to talk
or be the silent type or what?
But you'll be all right.
You'll have a good time in the beginning.
The very beginning.
The way people do.
Maybe I can be your bridesmaid.
I was my mother's bridesmaid
when she married for the second time.
I was only eight at the time.
Of course, I didn't know
I wouldn't be with her anymore.

Why not?

Oh, well...

...the man she was marrying didn't want me.

We'd been so close up until then.

She was more like a playmate to me than...

mother.

Of course, you can't blame him.

Who wants a great big girl of eight around?

So I was packed off to school.

I don't...

...remember seeing her

many times after that.

I've never told that to anyone.

Not even him.

You're the only one who knows it.

What is this? Victorian or something?

STELLA:

I thought it was something.

- Shall we have a housewarming?

- Yes, if you like.

- We haven't any mutual friends.

- Oh, yes, we have.

We have your boys.

Do you know what Sean said to me
the other day?

He said, "Please indicate to Robert
that great favor is curried
with the material offerings
of a stepfather".

(Chuckles)Sean sounds like
a bit of a blackmailer to me.

Oh, he is. They both are.

And I've made lots of resolutions.

I shall be less extravagant.

I shan't talk in the mornings -

I'm an early riser.

Except on Sundays when I lie in bed
and eat toast and read the papers.

And I promise I shall never
have a head cold.

We'll be a party in ourselves, won't we?

Will we?

Eh?

Are you gonna stay tonight?
No. I can't.
Zee's invited some people over for dinner,
old friends.
It's my sort of... bowing out night.
She always manages to come between us...
some way or other.
It's my last evening. I could hardly say no.
I have things to pick up, anyway.
All right. I'll get on with the unpacking.
And then I'll go out and buy some food
and flowers and...
I'll get back as soon as I can.
? I hear thunder
? I see dirty skies
? I see my baby
? Walk a hundred miles
? And I hear the tale
? Of love and woe
? I'm on the bank
? Yeah, don't you know
? I see the people
? I hear what people say
? What people
? Yeah, people say
? Hey, people
? People
That's what mother birds do.
Yeah.
To feed their young.
Here, love,
what about that dance you promised me?
Super!
Hey, mate, what kind of a party is this?
It's a drinking party, given by my wife.
(Wind chimes)
(Whir of lift machinery)
(Whirring stops)
(Footsteps)
(Door closes)
? Soul music
I don't understand, I really don't.
It's a shame.
It is a shame

because you've always been such fun people.

Yes, we're great fun.

There aren't that many fun people around these days.

I mean, look at this lot here.

It's taken us two weeks to collect them together.

(Robert laughs)

Oh!

Hey, Bobby, it's my dance.

(Laughs)

(Giggles) Oh, my Bobby is drunk.

Come on, baby.

Oh! Come on, baby bunny.

- Come with Mummy!

- (Laughs)

There's a good boy.

Come on. Now, now.

There's a good baby.

(Wind chimes)

(Chatter)

Hang on just a minute.

(Knocks on door)

Zee?

(Whisper) Yes, what is it?

The party's over, dear.

I thought we'd say good night.

(Whispers) Good night.

Oh, my darling.

Oh, my baby. Come here, darling.

(Wind chimes)

(Rustling)

What are you doing?

You promised you'd stay with me until Gordon could move in with me.

You promised.

It... It'll only be for a few more days.

It won't work.

But you... you promised me.

I was so damned drunk last night,

I don't remember what I promised.

Anyway,

since when did we start keeping promises?

Since last night when you took me

into the bedroom for a little talk.
Last night is nothing but a blur,
another one of your damned games.
My games?
You dragged me into bed! I didn't drag you.
And you did an awful lot of promising.
You took me! You! You! You!
You got what you wanted, didn't you,
while I was drunk and out of my senses?
Last night didn't mean a thing.
Oh, yes, it did.
But you're too big a phoney to admit it.
(Cockney accent) Oh, baby, baby, baby,
it's you. It's you, baby. It's you.
Shut up, you bloody slut!
Shut your filthy mouth!
I am sick and tired
of playing your bloody games! I am finished!
They are boring, brittle and trite!
You're finished?
You hypocrite.
Go on, then. Piss off!
Go to your perfect lady.
You make a perfect match.
A perfect pair of big, fat, phoney frauds!
You're the fat fraud!
At least she's honest. She doesn't need
a bloody game to keep her alive.
Honest?
You're such a fake!
You're so weak and frightened,
it's pathetic.
You think she's going
to save you, don't you?
Well, she's not. She's
as big a fake as you are.
And what the hell are you?
I may be the worst thing in the world, but
I carry it in front where you can see it.
I'm not a liar like she is.
Everything about her is a lie.
Her whole life is a lie
and she hides behind a mask of...
Good God, don't you ever stop?

You have to convince yourself that everything
is as cheap and nasty and rotten as you are,
otherwise you'd be back in the bath again
with your bloody wrists cut!

I don't have to convince myself.

I think I know what she is.

I think I know!

She practically told me herself.

Get out of here and bloody well
leave me alone!

I am sick of your twisted mind
spewing its garbage all over me!

Twisting everything it sees into a mess.

I don't want to hear it! I don't
want to hear anything you've got to say
ever again, as long as I live!

Leave me alone!

I had a lovely time, sitting here last
night, waiting for you to turn up.

It was absolutely wonderful to be woken
by Gladys this morning,
telling me I missed the
best party of the season.

Well, you didn't.

Anyway, it wasn't the boring dinner
you insinuated it was going to be.

No, I don't suppose it was.

She said you danced with her half the night.

I don't know what I danced.

I told you, I was pissed.

Anyway... you decided to stay.

I didn't decide anything!

I passed out!

Bloody hell!

Space - that's what we promised each other.

Remember all those grand phrases of yours?

Yes, and that's what I still promise.

It's all the other things,

all the strategy, the intrigues.

You're stringing her along, giving her hope.

I am giving her nothing except money.

Oh, yes, you are.

You're keeping it going by hook or by crook.

All right, what do you suggest?

Suicide or murder?
Neither. Just honesty.
Last night, a party.
Tonight, you'll tuck her in.
We have separate rooms. You know that.
You've asked about it...
I don't care whether you have
separate rooms, beds, gas ovens!
I just don't want her name bandied around here
and her wants and her parties and her needs.
Maybe she'd like me to sit on the end of
the bed to honor the proceedings.
I'll put it to her.
I don't want to see you like this.
And I don't want to be seen like this.
You're everything I've ever despised and
I've become everything I vowed never to be.
That's where our love has got us.
Right.
That's it, then.
Let's forget it.
Look, I... I didn't set out
to fall in love with you.
I set out to have an affair.
A little bit on the side,
the sort of thing a man wants.
But I did... fall in love with you.
That's what happened.
And that's the way it stands.
As for the other things...
her life, my life,
well...
it's all junk.
It's a mess and I don't want it.
But I've got it.
I wish now you'd let her die.
Hello. Rita?
This is your boss.
Whats going on up there?
There's been several phone calls for you.
Mr. Nelson has some drawings...
Never mind that.
I want you to come and have lunch with me.
Where?

Well, you know where.
The same place where we always have lunch.
All right.
But it'll take about 15 to 20 minutes
to get there.
I'll wait.
Your front door was open,
so I let myself in.
I went over to your other place,
but they said you'd moved.
Very nice.
Clean.
New.
What do you want, Zee?
What do we both want?
I expected to hear from you...
...after our little talk in hospital.
I don't know what...
What on earth are you talking about?
A girl has to be quite grown up
to be expelled for kissing a nun.
How old were you, Stella?
I'm sorry, Zee...
...I don't see that that's
any of your business.
A child can't be expelled for
falling in love.
If you were 15... 16...
...well, then...
And maybe there were other things.
Other girls at school that you...
fell in love with.
You can tell me, love.
We're friends.
There's nothing to tell.
Oh, come on, Stella.
Don't make it so difficult for me.
You're crazy.
Aren't we all, love?
Just a little.

ROBERT:

The telephone was out of order.
Look, if you hear from her,

would you tell her I called, please?

Yeah, OK, thank you.

Goodbye.

Well... I'm gonna have to get dressed
and get out of here...

...before your young man arrives.

I don't have to answer the door.

He'll think I'm still working.

Don't be greedy.

Besides which, that would be dishonest.

- All right?

- Yes, guv. Thanks.

Stella.

Stella, stop being silly.

Open the door.

Stella!

What are you doing here?

Oh, just...

paying a little social visit.

Where's Stella?

In the bedroom.

(Wind chimes)

Stella?

Stella.

Stella.

Leave me alone.

Please.

(Phone crackles)

What happened?

I don't know.

- Listen, Stella...

(Zee clears her throat)

Don't worry.

She's a bit confused right now, Bobby.

But she'll be all right in a couple of days.

Then maybe we can all get together...

and talk over old times...

old loves.

Come on, Daddy.

Baby wants something to eat.

It's been one hell of a day.

Coming?

? I'm going in circles

? I don't really know

? Where have I come from?
? Where will I go?
? You say that you love me
? Well, maybe you do
? There's nothing that matters
? Or anything new
? I've been through a million
trips in the night
? Living with shadows
? Looking for light
? Passing the faces
? How lonely they seem
? Looking for traces
? Of yesterday's dream
? I'm going in circles
? I've been here before
? Never expected
? Anything more
? I might die tomorrow
? I might go to Spain, yeah
? I'm numb to the sorrow
? And numb to the pain
? Yeah