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# Albert Nobbs

By Gabriella Prekop

- Evening, Mr. Nobbs.  
- Miss Dawes.  
- Good evening, Albert.  
- Mrs. Baker, ma'am.  
All right, girls,  
no finger marks  
on the knife blades, please.  
What?  
Well, Helen Dawes,  
what are you grinning about?  
Nothing, Mrs. Baker.  
Sorry, Mrs. Baker.  
Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Moore.  
Your table awaits.  
Thank you.  
What sweet roses, Nobbs.  
You always remember.  
Madam.  
- Milady.  
- Good evening, Mrs. Baker.  
Such a kind little man.  
- Who?  
- Nobbs.  
Oh, right.  
- You look gorgeous.  
- Thank you.  
What do you say,  
the lamb or the beef?  
Do you think we'll be able  
to tell the difference?  
Good evening.  
Dr. Holloran.  
Follow me.  
There now.  
Thank you.  
Have the lamb, Dr. Holloran.  
It will melt in your mouth.  
The lamb it shall be, Duchess.  
Sean, Dr. Holloran will take the lamb.  
Yes, ma'am.  
- Will you have the soup?  
- I won't, thank you.  
Sean.  
- There's a stain on your tie.

- Ma'am?

Have a care, Sean.

Last week it was the jacket,  
tonight the tie.

- Yes, ma'am, I'm sorry.

- Remember, there are hundreds,  
hundreds of young men  
walking the streets of Dublin  
looking for work.

Young men, Sean.

Good man, Nobbs.

- Oh! Monsieur et Madame!

- Madame.

Toute suite, monsieur.

Patrick.

- My lordship.

- Mrs. Baker.

Terribly sorry.

I know. We're late,  
but could you forgive us  
just this once?

- We're simply famished.

- Of course.

Aubrey insisted we walk  
all the way from Ballsbridge.  
Well, milady, there's nothing  
like a brisk walk  
for giving a body an appetite.  
Come along now,  
your table is set and waiting.  
Tell me, how is your mother,  
dear Lady Yarrell?

Tip-top, Mrs. B, tip-top.

I certainly hope she will come  
and visit us soon.

She'd be delighted, I'm sure.

So sorry, dear lady.

No bother at all, Mr. Smythe-Willard.

To be sure.

My friends, we do apologize.

Now, drinks.

Albert.

Bunny, you're a featherbrain.

No, he's not, he's brilliant.

Do your Clara Westfield.  
Dudley, Dudley, call the brigade!  
My hair's on fire!  
My hair's on fire!  
A long old day, Mr. Nobbs.  
Well...  
I wouldn't say no to a nightcap now,  
sure I wouldn't.  
Only I haven't a drop left, me self.  
Good night, Mr. Casey.  
Mr. Nobbs.  
Half a crown from Mrs. Moore,  
sixpence from the doctor,  
tuppence...  
Monsieur Pigot.  
Thruppence, Mrs. Cavendish,  
when I brought her stationery.  
Another thruppence from what's-his-name,  
the Viscount's friend.  
Tenner from the Viscount  
and another from his missus.  
Two-and-six, and six and two is eight,  
and three is eleven,  
three is one-and-two,  
six is one-and-eight,  
six is two-and-two, that's...  
four shillings, eight pence.  
Ah, Mr. Gilligan, Madam, so good  
to have had you with us again.  
I hope your stay was satisfactory?  
Yes. Perfectly fine. Thank you.  
- For God's sake, man!  
- I'm sorry, sir!  
Look what you've done. You've ruined  
my boots, defaced my luggage.  
I've never seen such  
blatant incompetence.  
Are you all right, my dear?  
Does that look all right to you?  
Where's the manager?  
Where's that fool Sweeney?  
I'm very sorry, sir.  
Yes, yes, everyone's sorry!  
It's outrageous ineptitude.

Clean up the mess  
you've made of my boots.  
I won't patronize  
this establishment again  
and I will urge my friends  
and acquaintances to do the same,  
if you keep this man  
in your employ.  
Yes, Mr. Gilligan, sir.  
- Dismiss him immediately.  
- Sir, I was...  
- Now!  
- Yes, sir.  
Fine.  
Give us the marmalade there,  
Mr. Donaghue.  
- It's the marmalade.  
- The marmalade, Patrick.  
Will you pass the marmalade  
to Mr. Casey?  
Always on Tuesdays,  
if I recall correctly.  
Thank you, Mr. Nobbs.  
- God, but isn't he a smasher?  
- Who?  
What's-his-name, the Viscount.  
Not to mention rich,  
young and handsome,  
with money and land.  
That's the kind of man I want.  
I'll wear my new blouse  
tonight and give him an eyeful.  
Would you care for a tasty breast  
of duck, my lord?  
Pink and succulent,  
just the way you like it.  
That's right, lower yourself.  
The likes of him will only take  
advantage of a girl  
and then leave her high and dry.  
High, maybe, but I wouldn't say dry.  
Now, girls, stop this tittle-tattling  
and just get on  
with your breakfast, please.

It's no trouble at all, mind you.

- Morning, all.

- Good morning.

Somebody didn't bring me  
my wake-up cuppa.

Oh.

I'll have to lodge a complaint  
with Mrs. Baker.

Morning, Nobbs.

Doctor.

Did you know we have  
a lord and lady staying?

Is that so?

What do you think, any chance?

I'm sorry, there's nothing here.

I was two years in the Ardlane.

- Maybe you should have stayed there.

- Well, is there any...?

- Good morning, Nobbs.

- Hello, Nobbs.

Mistress Milly. Master George.

Bunny, breakfast.

Shall we wake the girls?

That hat's very important.

Be careful with that.

Katie, get those sheets  
nice and clean, good girl.

Hey, are you the fella  
for the boiler for us?

I'm a boiler man.

Well, you certainly took  
your sweet time getting here.

Mrs. Baker is waiting inside.

Come on inside. Follow me.

Mrs. Baker, ma'am.

Albert, Mr. Hubert Page  
is working in the morning  
and he's come over  
and asked us for a bed  
so I've told him he can muddle in  
with you for one night.

With... With me, ma'am?

Yes, Mr. Nobbs. With you.

- But...

- What?  
What are you trying to say?  
My bed is full of lumps.  
Full of lumps?  
Your bed was re-picked  
and buttoned just six months ago.  
What are you talking about?  
So it was, ma'am, so it was.  
But you see,  
I'm a very light sleeper,  
and me being sleepless  
might keep Mr. Page awake.  
I'm thinking he might be better off  
on the sofa in the coffee room.  
On the sofa in a coffee room?  
I don't wish to be an inconvenience.  
It's a fine night.  
I'll keep me self-warm  
with a sharp walk.  
You'll do nothing of the kind,  
Mr. Page.  
Of course, Mrs. Baker.  
If Mr. Page is pleased to share my bed,  
he's welcome, I'm sure.  
I should think so, indeed.  
Right. That's settled then.  
Mrs. Baker, ma'am, the man  
about the boiler has just arrived.  
Have you a letter from Holmans?  
Holmans?  
The plumbers? No.  
I thought you said he was from Holmans?  
Um, yes, I... Didn't they give you...  
No, indeed.  
I said nothing about Holmans.  
- I thought you said they gave you...  
- I said I know about boilers.  
And do you...  
know about boilers?  
I do, ma'am.  
I'm an apprentice boiler man.  
Well.  
Since you're here,  
you might as well come

and have a look at the blessed thing.  
Thank you, Polly.  
Thanks, ma'am.  
There, now.  
It's the bane of our lives.  
I'm depending on you to put  
some manners on it.  
We've our costume ball tomorrow  
and it's of the utmost importance  
that it's in full working order.  
I'll do my best, ma'am.  
Right then.  
Good night, Mr. Mackins.  
Dang.  
Jesus.  
You're a woman.  
You won't tell on me,  
will you, Mr. Page?  
- I'm on my knees.  
- Stop that! Get up!  
I beg you.  
You won't tell on me, Mr. Page.  
Stop a poor woman  
from making a living.  
It would be the end of me!  
I don't want to finish up  
in the poorhouse!  
- Stop blubbering.  
- No, no, no!  
- Get up off the floor!  
- No! Don't!  
Get ahold of yourself!  
You'll wake the entire fucking hotel!  
- You won't tell on me?  
- Now, stop with your noise!  
What were you doing jumping around  
like that for anyway?  
It was... It was a ea.  
I'm a martyr to eas.  
You must have brought one in with you.  
I'll be covered  
in blotches in the morning!  
All right, all right.  
Just get ahold of yourself.



So why are you dressed like a fella?

No one would have suspected me  
till the day of my death,  
if it hadn't been for the flea  
you brought in.

So...

Mr. Nobbs.

What do you suggest we do now  
as far as the sleeping arrangements  
are concerned?

Any ideas?

Ah, go on, you take the bed.

I'll go downstairs  
and find me a sofa or something.

- No.

- So what then?

Mrs. Baker will have my hide  
if she finds out you didn't sleep here.

- You'll take the bed.

- And where will you sleep?

Here I don't mind.

- Don't be pathetic.

- No, please.

I know her.

Just promise you won't tell.

Jesus.

- All right.

- You promise?

You won't tell?

Yes, I will promise anything.

I just need to get some sleep.

Here

Might as well  
make yourself comfortable.

And that.

I didn't ask to share  
your bloody bed.

Oh, should have gone for a walk.

Bloody hell.

An hour late.

Has nine rung their bell yet?

Yeah, a while ago.

Good morning, Mr. Nobbs.

How was your new bedfellow?

I couldn't sleep. Now I'm late.  
Well, I wouldn't worry with that  
about being late for one morning.  
Good morning, Mr. Nobbs.  
- Good morning, Mr...  
- Page. Hubert Page.  
Charmed to meet you.  
- He's a shy one, our Mr. Nobbs.  
- Oh, I know.  
I'll bring the children's.  
Mr. Nobbs?  
Mrs. Moore. She prefers roses.  
Lilies make her sneeze.  
Oh, I see.  
Yes, well.  
I heard yourself and Mr. Page  
chattering away into the small hours.  
He's a fine man, he is.  
Who?  
Mr. Page.  
Is he married?  
We didn't discuss that sort of thing.  
Then what did we discuss?  
Horses.  
Yes, backing horses.  
Mr. Page is a great one  
for racing and so on.  
For horses.  
A... A cup of tea, Mr. Page?  
Do you know, Mr. Nobbs,  
I believe this house runs on tea.  
I must have been offered, oh, three  
or four cups of it already this morning.  
Well, I wanted to...  
Will I take something in  
to Mr. Page?  
Oh, yes, good girl. He wants  
to work through and finish early.  
I declare, the smell of paint from that  
laundry room is making me feel sick.  
Oh, is it the morning  
sickness, is it?  
You just think you are the funniest  
thing on earth, Helen Dawes.

So, everyone,  
this is Mr. Joe Mackins.  
He's worked all night long  
and, believe it or not,  
he has tamed that boiler of ours.  
Oh, thank God for that.  
Now, I've been thinking that we need  
a strong man about the house,  
So I've asked Mr. Mackins to stay on.  
- Mr. Nobbs.  
- Ma'am.  
After Mr. Mackins has  
had something to eat,  
- would you show him to the yard room.  
- Yes, ma'am.  
Welcome to Morrison's, Mr. Mackins.  
Mrs. Baker is talking  
about a party tomorrow.  
It's our fancy-dress ball.  
We have it every year.  
We don't dress up.  
It's only for the guests.  
That's a shame.  
Where are you from, then?  
- Where are you from?  
- Can you not tell?  
- Cork?  
- Cork.  
Are you mad, are you?  
I'm from Galway, of course.  
I declare to me granny,  
if you can't tell the difference...  
Cork, Galway, it's all the same  
to a Dublin man.  
Oh, a Jackeen, are you?  
Never would have known.  
Born and bred in Sheriff Street, where  
no sheriff was ever known to venture.  
What delicacy have you got for me  
this time, Mr. Nobbs?  
Don't worry.  
Your secret's safe with me.  
It's just...  
It's just I'm afraid,

you see, in case Mrs. Baker...

Oh.

Mr. Nobbs.

- You're back.

- Tea time.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Not more tea.

Do you want to hear my story?

It's not much to tell.

I was married,

to a house-painter, as it happens,  
a drunk and a bully.

One night he came home scattered,  
gave me the usual hiding.

Only this time he rounded it off  
with an almighty kick,  
and that was the end of that.

What did you do?

I took his things, and I left.

This is his work coat,  
I kept it, all these years, to  
remember him by, the fucking waster.  
So you're still married.

I am.

Her name's Cathleen.

Girls, it's time  
to start the dinner.

Hubert Page, have you  
dealt with that damp patch yet?

Ah, you're a terrible slave driver,  
Mrs. Donaghue, so you are.

And you're just a big ladies man.  
So...

you married a woman?

I met a girl as lonely as myself.

We fixed up to get a place,  
sharing the rent and all that.

She had her dressmaking,  
I had me work.

But people began to talk,  
so we got married.

- But...

- What's your name?

Albert.

Your real name.

Albert.

Listen, Mr. Page,

I hear tell you're a betting man.

Have you a tip

for Leopardstown tomorrow?

I'm in need of a winner.

I lost my shirt on Lightning Lad

in the Gold Cup.

Lightning, my ass.

You did a grand job, Mr. Page.

Very salubrious.

Thank you, ma'am.

If only I could afford

to have the whole place done.

Could you possibly tell me

in your expert opinion,

how much do you think

it would cost?

- What, to paint the whole interior?

- Indeed.

Oh, well now...

Uh... let me think.

Um... Well, there's all this out here.

And the coffee room.

- Is that the dining room?

- Yes.

- And how many guest indoors?

- Two.

Two.

Well, it's only an estimate, but...

I'd say it couldn't be done

for under 200 pounds.

200? on, my.

Aren't I the dreamer.

I... I can't even afford a new boiler.

- Good night, Mr. Page.

- Good night, ma'am.

I'll dream of more salubrious rooms.

Jesus.

- Mr. Page.

- God almight...

You scared the bejesus out of me.

- How did you manage it?

- What?  
To marry?  
Easy. You could do it yourself.  
Waiter.  
Mr. Moore, sir?  
Mrs. Moore and I would like  
a glass of sherry before dinner.  
Fetch a couple of glasses  
up to the room, will you?  
Yes, sir.  
It's been a pleasure, Mrs. Donaghue.  
Ah, go on with yourself.  
I'll be counting the minutes.  
Go on.  
But...  
when did he tell his wife  
he was a woman?  
Before the wedding?  
Or after?  
Did she say her wife was a milliner?  
Sean, what in the name of God  
are you doing letting our Patrick up there?  
Come along down slowly.  
Mr. Mackins.  
Mr. Mackins, help us.  
There, you have it.  
Oh, my! Patrick, what are you doing  
up those ladders?  
All right. All right,  
now everyone back to work.  
Oh, wonderful.  
Ladies...  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
your attention, please.  
I now call upon  
the mistress of the house  
to open the ball.  
Mrs. Margaret Baker.  
Hear, hear!  
Come on, Bunny. Bunny.  
Get out.  
- Albert, my good man.  
- Doctor.  
Why aren't you in fancy dress?

Me, sir?  
But I'm a waiter.  
And I'm a doctor.  
We are both disguised as ourselves.  
That's a good one, eh?  
Tell me your name.  
- Let me go.  
What's your name?  
You're hurting me.  
Wait!  
Helen.  
Helen Dawes.  
Dr. Holloran.  
- Give me that now.  
- Whoa, whoa.  
Stop.  
Stop.  
514 pounds,  
17 shillings and sixpence.  
Now... seven pence  
and... one, two, three farthings.  
In six months,  
I could have 600 pounds.  
Doctor.  
Your morning cuppa, sir.  
Suffering God, Albert,  
what was I drinking last night?  
Your tea, sir?  
Your Bushmills.  
Oh, good man, Nobbs.  
Let's have a drop, shall we,  
for an eye-opener.  
That's good. Oh, dear.  
Everything all right, Albert?  
Sir?  
Is there something on your mind?  
Oh, no. No, sir.  
Well...  
Well, sir, the fact is, uh...  
I've been thinking.  
Oh, thinking, are you?  
- Yes, sir.  
- Hmm.  
I've been thinking...

I might purchase a little business.

Ah, a business. Fancy that.

What kind of a business?

Perhaps...

- a little shop.

- Hmm.

What kind of a shop?

I'm thinking, maybe... tobacco.

Oh, well, yes, a tobacconist's, now?

That would suit a man.

But a woman could serve  
at the counter.

Yes, indeed, a woman could.

You're not thinking  
of taking a wife?

Are you, Nobbs?

Who's the lucky lady?

- Good morning, Dr. Holloran.

- Good morning, Mary.

Good morning, Mr. Nobbs.

Get that out of your way there.

Women.

Here Oh! Whoa, there.

Oh, mister.

Two counters,  
one for tobacco... and things,  
the other for sweetmeats.

There's a door behind  
leading to the parlor.

The wife's parlor.

But where do Hubert  
and Cathleen sleep?

- Need a hand there, Mr. Nobbs?

- No.

All right, don't lose your rag.

Lovely to see you again, ladies.

- We'll be back.

- Thank you, Mrs. Baker.

There now, Albert will look after you.

Now she can have a clock  
on a marble chimneypiece.

Yes?

Mr. Nobbs.

I was... passing by.



Come in, come in.  
Cathleen, this is Mr. Nobbs.  
Mr. Nobbs, my wife.  
Mrs. Page.  
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Nobbs.  
Well now,  
we were just about to have  
a bit of dinner, Mr. Nobbs.  
- Will you join us?  
- Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Page,  
I wanted to... to give you this.  
You left it in my...  
in the room.  
You came all this way,  
just to give me this.  
It's the button from my work coat.  
I didn't have another one to match.  
Well, you have averted  
a veritable tragedy, Mr. Nobbs.  
For that you must certainly stay  
and have your dinner with us.  
Hubert, you take  
Mr. Nobbs's coat and hat,  
and not have him standing there  
like a stranger.  
Well, I... I thought she'd be...  
- different.  
- Cathleen?  
In what way?  
Well, she's...  
- real.  
- Ah, she's real, all right.  
So, you've been thinking  
about my Cathleen, have you?  
Or, how you might find  
a Cathleen of your own?  
Sit down.  
I thought you'd be dressed  
as a woman at home.  
And what if a neighbor passing by  
happened to look in the window?  
So... you never wear a dress?  
It's safer, this way.  
But I don't need to tell you that.

And anyway, it's not like  
we robbed a bank or killed someone.

You know, um...

I never gave you  
the chance to tell your story.

So, why don't you tell me now?

I don't know the beginning.

I was a...

bastard.

Mrs. Nobbs, the woman  
who was paid to raise me,  
she knew who I was,  
but she never told me.

Maybe she would have one day, but...  
she died suddenly.

- Without telling you who you are?

- Yes.

She gave me a picture of a lady  
she said was my mother  
and she hinted, more than once,  
that my people were grand folk.

I got a convent education  
because of a big allowance  
from my mother's family.

But one day, the Reverend Mother  
told us that my mother was dead  
and we had to leave.

So we went to live in Seven Dials.

Had to go find work.

Thought I'd die living  
among such rough people.

They were poor,  
living like animals.

Indecently.

Life without decency is unbearable.

Then Mrs. Nobbs died.

And you were what age?

Fourteen.

So... you decided to become a man?

One night.

There was...

There was five of them.

They caught me and they...

they pulled me apart.

It was under the stairs.  
They hurt me...  
and then they left me there.  
Soon after that, I...  
I heard there was to be a big dinner  
at the Freemasons Hall,  
and that they were short of waiters.  
And back then, my...  
my figure was just right  
for a waiter's, so...  
I managed to get  
a second-hand suit of clothes,  
an evening suit.  
I didn't think they'd hire me,  
but they were shorthanded  
and I got the job.  
I was paid 10 shillings.  
That was it.  
Since then, I've sewed round  
tables of all the biggest places  
in London and Manchester,  
Liverpool.  
Then...  
Then I came to Morrison's.  
Right, you men, up you get, before  
everything on the table is stone cold.  
"Oh, very salubrious, Mr. Page,  
very salubrious. "  
Salubrious?  
Who does she think she is,  
the Queen of England?  
Oh, I'd love to get a squint at her,  
the old trout.  
It must be nice, though, Mr. Nobbs,  
working in a hotel.  
Always something happening,  
something to give you a laugh.  
Yesterday...  
Sean Casey fell down  
the coal-hole steps.  
And who, may I ask, is Sean Casey?  
He's one of the waiters.  
And did he hurt himself?  
- He got a black eye.

- A black eye. In the coal-hole.  
You're funny.  
Now, you'd better learn how to do this,  
if you're going to open a tobacco shop.  
So we were speaking of Morrison's.  
That Helen Dawes, she's a fine girl.  
Aw, she's the life  
of the place, she is.  
Helen, is it?  
That's not the first time that name's  
been heard in this house, Mr. Nobbs.  
Hubert took quite a shine to her,  
didn't you, now?  
Well...  
Look at you, you're all thumbs.  
Give it to me.  
I'm just saying, you know, if one day  
you should take it into your head  
to run off to America,  
I might indeed try me luck  
with Miss Dawes.  
How could you deny  
that sweet little face  
and all those lovely blonde curls?  
Aw, she's gorgeous.  
Try me luck, is it?  
I wouldn't be getting my hopes up,  
Hubert Page,  
'cause I have no intentions  
of budging from this spot.  
There you go, Mr. Nobbs.  
The shop is a sound idea, Albert.  
You've been shrewd in the way you've  
saved up money, all these years.  
I haven't enough yet.  
You have it all stashed under  
the mattress, is it, Mr. Nobbs?  
Easy now, little fella.  
Could we have some water?  
Are you all right?  
My dad, now there was a boozier,  
a fierce whore for the drink.  
None of us ever slept,  
we'd be lying there,

shivering with the fright,  
waiting for him to come home,  
knowing that if he did...  
there'd be no place to hide.  
He'd get up in the morning  
with no memory  
of having beat the stuffing  
out of us the night before.  
You know what kept me  
from killing him?

What?

The thought of getting on a boat  
and hopping it to America.

Good evening, Miss Dawes.

Evening, Mr. Nobbs.

Miss Dawes.

I was wondering, Miss Dawes,  
if you would care to come out for a walk.

Uh, pardon me, Mr. Nobbs?

I'm off duty at 3:00 tomorrow  
and if you're not engaged...

"Engaged"?

No, I'm not engaged, Mr. Nobbs.

But are you asking me  
to walk out with you?

I am.

Well, uh...

Well, the thing is, I'm walking out  
with Joe Mackins.

I don't know what he'd say if I started  
walking out with you, as well.

Ah, yes.

Good night, Miss Dawes.

Mr. Nobbs.

He asked you to go for a walk?

That's a good one. The sly old dog.

Why don't you go for a walk  
with the charmer, then?

What?

Sure, why not?

There's a whiff of money off him.

Maybe he could take you out.

Have a good time.

What about you?

I'm not the jealous type.  
Come here to me, Helen Dawes.  
If he lays a hand on you, I'd wring  
his scrawny neck, so help me I will.  
Poke him up.  
See what he's after.  
Get him to take you somewhere fancy.  
Get him to buy you  
something sweet, like yourself.  
Be sure not to keep him waiting.  
Not for me, not for Joseph.  
Were you afraid I wasn't coming?  
Not very.  
Did you see that one?  
Did you see that dress?  
Five guineas if it was a penny.  
- Five guineas?  
- At least.  
Lord, I love the smell  
of roasting coffee.  
Would you like to go in?  
All right.  
Look at the chocolates.  
Aren't they gorgeous?  
I'm afraid they'd cost a lot.  
Oh. Well...  
we'll go somewhere else,  
somewhere cheaper.  
No, please.  
May I help you?  
We'd like some chocolate, please.  
What kind of chocolate?  
Just chocolate.  
Dark chocolate? Milk chocolate?  
Creams? Caramels?  
Nougat? Nuts?  
No, a box of chocolates.  
To take with us.  
Oh, to take with you.  
And not something to drink?  
No. A box of chocolates.  
- One of those.  
- Which one?  
Which one?

That one, with the two ladies.  
Oh, no, wait.  
That one,  
with the soldier and the lady.  
Wait, I can't decide.  
Then my dad died,  
and I had to go out to work.  
First I was in service,  
then I served behind the counter  
in a shop for a while.  
In a shop?  
Yes.  
In a draper's.  
Treated like dirt by any bloody bitch  
with sixpence to spend.  
Where did you live?  
I had my own room.  
Above the shop?  
Yes, above the shop.  
Do you know what, Mr. Nobbs?  
I think you are the strangest man  
I've ever met.  
Chocolates, three shillings, sixpence.  
If every time we walk out  
is to cost three and six,  
14 shillings a month,  
twice, that's 28 shillings a month,  
two boxes a week.  
At this rate,  
16 pounds, six shillings a year.  
Oh, Lord.  
Perhaps I'd only need to court her  
for three months.  
Here  
- Is this the best you could do?  
- At least he bought me something.  
Oh, look at you, Miss High-and-Mighty.  
Lord Albert put ideas  
in your head, did he?  
You should have seen him pay for it.  
Blood from a turnip.  
Oh, so he's sweet on you then, eh?  
Hmm.  
- Well, next time...

- Next time?  
Ask him for, I don't know,  
a bottle of something.  
What sort of something?  
Whisky.  
A good bottle of malt.  
I like a drop of malt.  
Say... Say it's for your brother.  
- I haven't got a brother.  
- Well, he won't know that.  
I've walked out before, but never  
with the likes of Albert Nobbs.  
- He's a freak, is what he is.  
- He has manners, at least.  
Not like some people I could mention.  
Well, his manners won't get you  
to America now, will they?  
What?  
I may not have manners...  
but I swear  
I'm getting us out of here.  
There's no hope for us here, Helen.  
None.  
All my life I've dreamed of getting out  
and nothing's going to stop me.  
America's the only place  
for people like me.  
Over there, I'd learn fast and I'd  
work hard. And we could have a life.  
Will you chance it with me?  
Will you?  
Yes.  
I love you, Joe.  
I love you.  
- Why are we going this way?  
- You'll see.  
Can we not stop and have  
a cup of tea somewhere?  
My heels are raw,  
we've walked that far.  
What's this?  
Just imagine.  
Blue doors, cream walls inside,  
nice curtains on the upstairs windows.



**Up there a sign:**

Tobacconist, A. Nobbs.

What do you think?

It's big enough for a shop  
and for...

for... people  
to live above.

It's a very desirable property,  
and can only appreciate,  
the agent said so.

In 15 years, it will fetch  
three times what it's worth now.

Sell up then,  
move to some place by the sea.

I've always wanted  
to live by the sea.

You haven't moved in and you've  
already got yourself retired.

But I just...

I just wanted to show it to you.  
You ask me to come out with you.  
You walk me off my feet,  
and we end up in this back alley.

I've spent my life trying  
to get out of holes like this.

Helen?

Helen.

Please take me back.

I'm tired.

Thanks for the bottle.

And the hat.

Oh yes. Thank you.

Where does he live?

Who?

- Your brother.

- Me brother?

Oh. My brother.

In... In Mallow.

But he often comes up to Dublin.

Joe.

Joe.

Joe Mackins.

You nearly made me wet me self.

- Here  
- What's this?  
Well, well.  
So his nibs coughed up, did he?  
This is good stuff.  
Good girl.  
Now see if you can screw  
a few quid out of him.  
A few quid?  
The first one's always the hardest.  
But after that, it's like shelling peas.  
You don't know Albert Nobbs  
if you think we can get him  
to pay our way out of here.  
He wouldn't give you  
the steam off his water.  
He bought you those chocolates,  
didn't he?  
And now this?  
Oh, and that hat.  
See, you got him hooked.  
Has he tried any...?  
- What?  
- You know.  
Next time you go out with him...  
work him up a bit,  
see what he's made of.  
See if there's a sting in him.  
I'm not going out with him anymore.  
Well, how else  
we going to get to America?  
You've got to walk out with him  
as long as there is a bob in his pocket,  
and you've a hand to pull it out.  
Here, here.  
Come back tonight.  
Should I...  
tell her before we're married...  
or save it for the wedding night?  
She might call the police,  
who'd take us both to the station.  
If only I'd been able to ask Hubert  
how she did it.  
She was like this when we came in.

Is she going to die?

- Has anyone else been here?

- No, only us.

Ay, leave her with me.

And wash your hands, all of you,  
scrub them in carbolic.

Mother of God,

is it the fever? Is it?

Go on.

Don't say anything to anybody.

I'll talk to Mrs. Baker.

And wash your hands.

Never mind.

Amelia, for God's sake.

Come on.

Pick up your feet.

That's it. Good boy.

Monsieur Pigot.

Monsieur Pigot, I insist you not go  
without paying your bill.

Send it on.

But where is my man?

Where is my Patrick?

Why isn't he here?

Who are you?

Oh! Everything's impossible.

- But there's only one girl who died.

- Madam, madam, please.

- She was sick when she came here.

- This is in the public interest.

- This is my livelihood.

- I'm sorry.

This is the way I earn my living.

You'll destroy me!

Mr. Nobbs?

Joe.

There's something

I have to tell you.

What's that, then?

Is it something I want to hear?

I'm expecting.

I'm going to have a baby.

I'm sorry.

I'll take care of you.

Don't you worry.

Come here. Come here.

I'm ruined.

Finished.

You do have a great gift  
for exaggeration, Duchess.

No, I am. I am.

I'm mortgaged up to my ears,  
I've an office full of unpaid bills.  
If the guests are afraid to return...  
Come on, Madge, you'll rise again.

Ohh...

I surely would have perished  
without you.

Good morning, Mr. N.

Sweet Jesus and all the saints  
in heaven,

Mr. Nobbs,

will you eat something?

Have you some porridge?

Yes, of course.

Mr. Nobbs.

Thank the Lord you're well again.

Is Helen safe?

Oh, yes, she's all right.

Blooming, you could say.

The fever never touched her.

And the others?

Oh, my Patrick,

my Patrick is gone.

Hundreds of others in town.

They don't even know

how many in the country.

What am I going to do?

Mr. Page...

the two of us could always...

set up together.

I mean...

perhaps we could pool our money  
and buy a bigger shop.

We could run it together.

Just like you and Cathleen did.

Or you could keep at

the house painting,

and I could run the shop.

What are you saying?

Um...

perhaps...

I could live here, like Cathleen.

Neither of us would be alone.

You can't just...

She was my world.

We loved each other.

Come with me.

She made them all herself.

They're very beautiful.

I can't remember what it's like.

Albert...

you don't have to be anything

but who you are.

Look at how you've survived

all these years.

You've worked hard,

you've saved your money.

So if you want to go out and find

someone to start a new life with

then you go out and find that person.

- I didn't say that, Joe.

- Well, I'm not deaf, am I?

I know what you said.

You couldn't help yourself.

- Why would I ever say that?

- Because it's what you think.

- It's not fair, Joe.

- Tell me what's fair.

Tell me, tell me, tell me

what you think is fair.

I'm all fucking ears.

Nothing in this whole bloody place.

That's what.

Good dog.

Good, good dog.

Are you all right, Mr. N?

Are you all right?

She's not worth it, you know.

She's just full of that Joe Mackins.

And he's a waster, if ever I met one.

And he's put her in the family way.

And now they're talking  
about going to America.  
Ha. It's complete for show.  
Mark my words.  
He'll never take her.  
Not now. Not ever.  
It's a pity this place  
isn't nearer Morrison's.  
You think we'd be let out  
to walk in it if it was?  
It'd be Lord and Lady Snot  
swanking it  
up and down the grass.  
Not you and me.  
You and Joe have been  
down to the sea, haven't you?  
And what if we have?  
Well, it's just that  
I don't think it's right  
for a girl to be keeping company  
with two fellows.  
And I thought...  
What did you think?  
That you didn't care for me enough.  
Enough for what?  
We've been walking out, so-called,  
for a while now.  
It's not natural to be just talking,  
never wanting to put your arm  
around a girl's waist.  
But that's for when we're married.  
Married?  
This is the first time you've said  
anything about getting married.  
I've put a deposit on the shop.  
A hundred pounds.  
The agent says he has another offer  
and that we have till Monday to decide.  
After that we'll lose the deposit.  
"We"?  
We'll make a great success of our shop.  
People will be coming to see us,  
having tea with us in the parlor.  
And our wedding will be a great...

wonder.

A great wonder?

Oh, it would be that, all right.

Sometimes I think you're soft in the head,  
did you know that?

What kind of man

would ask a girl to marry him

without ever having so much

as kissed her?

You must not love me if

you don't want to kiss me.

I don't want to marry a man

who isn't in love with me.

But...

I do love you.

You call that kissing?

That's the way people in love kiss.

That's the way Joe Mackins kisses me.

That's the way I like to be kissed.

I'm going home.

Helen.

Helen, wait...

You're a fool of a man.

If you think me a fool of a man,

why did you walk out with me?

I don't know why. I wish I hadn't.

Anyway, you don't have to worry

about that anymore.

What do you mean?

Please, Helen, wait.

What about the shoes and stockings

I ordered for you.

- What shall I do with them?

- I'll take the stockings.

- And the shoes?

- And the shoes.

And you'll wear them

when you walk out with Joe Mackins?

- Yes.

- He won't take you to America.

He'll leave you here.

You and the baby.

He will. He'll leave you.

No!

- He will not leave me!  
- You'll be safe with me.  
- He will not leave me!  
- I'll take care of you both.  
Stop it!  
Why do you say that?  
It's snowing.  
Don't worry about the hat.  
I'll buy you another one.  
No.  
Goodbye.  
Your ladyship.  
How wonderful to see you back.  
- Miss Shaw.  
- Thank you.  
I've put you in your usual rooms.  
There, now.  
Joseph will look after you.  
Out of my way.  
Out of the way.  
Oh, hop to it, you lazy fellow.  
Hop to it.  
What's that?  
Oh, I never eat anything blue.  
Please take it away.  
Am I the last to know?  
I'll throw her out, brazen hussy.  
I'll throw them both out.  
By God I will.  
You'll do no such thing.  
I can't do it, Helen.  
I hate me self for it, but I can't do it.  
It's the same old story  
and you know it.  
And how many times have you  
seen it happen?  
- It shouldn't have happened.  
- But it did happen.  
Yeah, but it happened too soon.  
It will change us.  
It will change me.  
I don't want to be that person, Helen.  
I don't want to be me fucking dad.  
I can't even fucking read.



Joe...

What have you done to us?

You've ruined everything.

What are you saying?

You can't leave.

You wouldn't let me go

and now you say it's my fault?

- I didn't mean that, Helen.

- What didn't you mean?

Mr. Nobbs.

What are you going to...?

Everything you promised me,

what didn't you mean?

- Helen...

- There's nothing more to say.

- Please go away.

- Wait.

Marry me.

I'll take care of the two of you.

You and the child.

He'll never take you to America.

What do you know,

you miserable little prick?

- Joseph...

- Huh? You were all talk just now.

Why don't you say to me

what you were saying to her?

Joe. Stop it.

You won't... You won't...

You won't take her to America.

That is none of your fucking

goddamn business.

Joe, stop it!

Don't you hurt her!

- Joe!

- Helen, please!

Come on!

- Keep your hands off me!

- Both of you get ahold of yourselves!

- Get ahold of yourself!

- Get your fucking hands off me!

- Joe!

- No, no!

- No, Joe!

- Get away from me!  
Get away from me, huh!  
All right, both of you...  
both of you stop this!  
Oh, no, please, Joe. Joe!  
You did this to us.  
You're a boozier, Joe Mackins,  
Just like your father.  
- I'm not like that bastard!  
- A boozier and a dirty bully.  
Get your paws off me, you fucking  
Nancy-boy. I'll smash your fucking face!  
I don't want you anymore!  
I don't want you.  
- Joe.  
- Helen, no, no.  
- Come, let's go.  
- No!  
Mr. Nobbs?  
Uh, coal, please.  
Lucy, would you go downstairs  
and get some coal.  
A big load of coal. This has got  
to be kept red hot for my cooking.  
Ow!  
Now there's the black pudding.  
Now, which room ordered kippers?  
Was it seven or nine?  
- Seven.  
- Seven. Good girl.  
Get me a nice plate for the kippers.  
Now we've got everything else.  
Chicken livers, bacon,  
black pudding, black pudding,  
prunes, sausages, jam, milk.  
Yeah, we got everything.  
Now watch out.  
Mr. Nobbs?  
Mr. Nobbs?  
Albert?  
That's fine. I'll take it from here.  
Oh, Albert Nobbs.  
Dear Jesus, I don't know what makes  
people live such miserable lives.

Rubbish.

Oh, my God.

Albert Nobbs, a woman?

Yes. Did you not hear about it?

It was in all the papers.

I mean the death was bad enough,  
but then all those years,  
and no one suspecting.

Not even you, and you slept here,  
in the same bed with him.

Her.

And Dr. Holloran left us.

Took off to England with,  
what's-her-name, Mary.

Said he was tired of secrets.

Can you imagine?

And that good-for-nothing Joe Mackins  
went off to America,  
and left me with an unwed hussy  
of a maid, with a brat.

Now, Mr. Page, I have a heart.

I couldn't throw her out  
onto the streets  
and call myself a Christian,  
now could I?

Oh, my lordship.

I trust you're finding  
your suites satisfactory.

Splendid, Mrs. B. Splendid.

However, we seem to have misplaced  
the key to the connecting door.

Could you have your man  
open it for us?

I'll have it done right away.

Thank you.

I have an appetite.

Lovely, lovely people.

- So you want the whole place painted?

- Yes.

Top to bottom. You'll have  
to hire in help, I should think.

Well, it's a big job.

It won't be cheap, ma'am.

Oh, don't worry about that.

I... I came into a bit of money.

A bit of good fortune.

Well, to work, Mr. Page.

I've put you up in Albert's old room.

For old time's sake.

Mr. Page.

Hello, Helen Dawes.

I heard Mrs. Baker  
say you were coming.

Well, it's a big job  
she wants me to do.

Good.

May I?

Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh.

His name is Albert.

Albert Joseph.

So, it's a "he," is it?

So, Mrs. Baker

is letting you stay, is she?

Oh, she told you that, did she?

Out of the kindness

of her Christian heart?

The truth is, Mr. Page...

The truth is,

she says she won't tell the priest  
about my Albert

as long as I work here for nothing.

But they are going to take  
him away from me.

You know they will.

And they will throw me  
out onto the street.

It's just a matter of time.

Well, now...

We can't let that happen, can we?