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Barbie as Rapunzel

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Shakespeare said,

"Life was full of sound and fury,
"and in the end, signified nothing."

Okay, let's begin with Helena.

-Cristal Delgiorno?

-Come in, my darling.

I'm Helena Shepridge.

-Ain't you beautiful?

-Thank you.

Gabriella told me you wanted a reading.

She said you know the future.

I adore Gabriella.

She's such a gifted masseuse.

I must say, I've become addicted
to those massages.

They're the only thing that
relieves the throbbing in my neck.

Will it be cash or check, darling?

Gabriella told you the fee?

Believe me, it's far less expensive.

These fancy psychiatrists I've been seeing...

-Have a little seat, then. Make yourself comfy.

-Thank you.

They sit there all stony-faced
when you need help.

These horrible, horrible medications,
they make me feel even more fidgety.

Is there something I could sip on?

Do you want a cup of tea?

Have you any sherry?

A little drinky. Scotch?

Even better.

I want to tell you something, darling.

My first impression of you
is a woman

who is constantly blaming herself.

Am I right?

You're being too hard on yourself,
my darling.

Thank you.

Well, you're very perceptive.

When my husband walked out on me,

I tried ending my life.
Well, I imagine Gabriella told you
that little tale.
She's such a gossip.
I now realize that was foolish.
I have everything to live for. I do, don't I?
I mean, is that what you see?
I mean, do you see...
Is my future hopeful?
Shall I tell you something?
I wish you were sitting here with me
because all I am seeing
is huge, cosmic waves
moving towards you, of positive energy.
You're bathed in a rose light, my darling.
You've got nothing but good coming to you,
I promise you.
Well,
One becomes terribly dependent.
My husband walked out on me
for one simple reason,
I was too honest with him.
I refused to allow him to delude himself.
Meet Helena's ex-husband, Alfie Shepridge.
He woke in the middle of the night,
pictured eternity, lay there in a cold sweat,
and has not been able
to get back to sleep since.
Suddenly, it became
all jogging and health foods.
And give me one more set of
-I can't, I've had enough.
-One, two...
-Alfie, you're doing too much.
-...three, four...
-You'll kill your back again.
-...five...
-He thinks he's
-...six.
Those days are over.
You're not a young man anymore.
Jesus.
You do push-ups,
but the clock still ticks. You can't fight time.

You see?
She already has me dead and buried.
But there's longevity in my genes,
and that's what counts.
Genes, right?
Poor Helena.
She didn't understand
that truth is not beauty,
as the poet said, but quite the opposite.
Alfie dumped her.
He bought a sports car.
He took a flashy bachelor pad.
Had his teeth whitened
and his skin darkened.
And Helena? She took it like a trouper.
She had a nervous breakdown
and popped
She has become the official burden
of her only child, Sally.
Sally, who married Roy.
My daughter married badly.
Waste of education.
He graduated from medical school
to give it all up to become a writer.
He's had one successful novel
and since then, he's failed over and over!
He's a one-book phenomenon.
He can't accept that! Am I right?
I mean, do you see a future for him,
or was he just lucky the first time around?
I want you to bring me something of his,
something that he's had close to him,
like a scarf or a glove
or a T-shirt, all right, darling?
I pay their bills!
Sally can't survive on what she earns.
He doesn't work
so he can stay at home and write.
He's been working on
the same bloody novel for years.
It's not entirely true,
what Helena tells her swami.
Roy tried a while ago to earn money.
It's not that he didn't try.

He just wasn't much of a chauffeur.
I've had it with that goddamned job.
-What?
-That's it, I quit!
Please, Roy, not this conversation again!
What are you doing home, anyway?
What happened?
I had an accident today.
I smashed up the car.
What?
I can't write all night
and then drive in the daytime!
-I fell asleep at the wheel.
-Oh, God.
Well, are you okay? Did anyone get hurt?
Look, I need time to work on my book.
When are you gonna
finish that book, anyway?
I mean, how many times can you write
and tear up and rewrite these chapters?
-It's like you're scared to finish.
-Okay, you know what? You're right.
I'm gun-shy.
I can't handle it if it's confirmed, yet again,
that all those nice things predicted about me
were wrong.
That I was a flash in the pan.
-Stalling is not the answer.
-Yeah.
Jesus Christ.
You know, all my friends have families.
And what are we doing here?
One way or the other,
I want to move on with our lives.
Roy's attention was caught
by a lovely apparition
moving into the flat across the way.
He and Sally fought so much now,
it was hard to imagine that
they fell so much in love when they first met.
-Are you okay?
-Yeah, I'm fine,
but he came straight out in front of me.
-It looks so painful.

-It's killing me.

-It's swollen all there.

-Yeah.

If you can move it, it's not broken.

My guess is that you strained the metatarsal.

-Are you a doctor?

-Unlicensed.

May I?

-Her foot's okay?

-Oh, yeah, it's better than okay.

It's very pretty.

"So much depends

"upon a red wheelbarrow

"glazed with rain water

"beside the white chickens."

And Sally's ass.

I'm paraphrasing, of course.

You know, the day I graduated
from medical school was the day
that I knew that

I would never practice medicine.

There was no question in my mind
that I was gonna write,

and that I was gonna make it as a writer.

I mean, you know how you feel those things?

And Roy's first book did make it.

At least it showed real promise.

But that was then.

And as the years passed,

Sally put her dreams on hold

and went to work.

Now, the hours are

The work involves everything from,

I don't know,

filing papers to keeping clients happy

and painters pampered,

to getting my lunches.

So, what are your ambitions?

Well, I've got a degree in art
and a background in art history,
and I've worked for the museum
and some photographers.

How did you hear about this job?

My friend, Jane Brooks,

who works at The Geller Gallery,
she told me you were looking for someone.
And when she said
it was The Clemente Gallery...
Well, you're going to school with the best.
I've been working at The Geller Gallery
for four years now,
and I've really had an education,
even though I can't stand Lois Geller.
Well, Greg's a dynamo.
And I must say, extremely attractive.
Sally, don't get a crush on your boss.
That way lies total madness.
Roy was asked by Henry Strangler
to read his first novel and give an opinion.
And Strangler's first novel seemed
so much better than Roy's fourth,
he grew discouraged.
All that cheered him up was
the beautiful creature in red across the way,
whose life grew increasingly tantalizing
behind her windowpane.
-I'm sorry. Am I disturbing you?
-No, not at all.
I love the guitar.
-Recently moved in?
-Just for the summer.
-Should I close this window?
-No, I'm not working.
I'm just reading a friend's new book.
It reads beautiful to Boccherini.
Do you know his music?
Quite impressed.
Well, anyway, if it gets too annoying,
just let me know and I'll stop, okay?
-Anyone want a top-up?
-I would.
Hey.
-I read your new book.
-What?
-I was overwhelmed.
-No.
-No, you're kidding.
-Yes. My confidence is gone now.

-What? Don't be ridiculous.

-Yeah.

I'm speechless.

You liked it?

Damn!

Obviously, you know,

I haven't shown it to anybody before.

But I need to tweak a few things,
still, of course...

Of course it didn't hurt that I read it
to some very beautiful Boccherini,
played on the guitar by that knockout,
whose name I still don't know.

-The woman in the window?

-Yes, the woman in the window.

Well, no wonder you're having trouble
finishing your bloody book.

-I finished it.

-No.

-I handed it in yesterday.

-Well done.

No, I'm a nervous wreck.

I don't know what I'll do if it doesn't make it.

-Come on.

-No, I don't know what I'll do.

I'll be chauffeuring
the goddamned limos again...

-Rubbish!

-All my confidence is gone.

Because of you, partially,
my confidence is gone.

Hello?

Hi, Mum. Come in.

Why does she have to
come over here so often?

I mean, it's once, twice. It's endless!

I'm trying to relax here.

My nerves are shot from waiting.

I know. She can't stand to be alone.

And, you know, I worry about her, Roy.

She's taken to talking to herself a bit, lately.

And you encourage her

with that phony mind-reader.

Well, okay, yes!

Cristal is a fake. We know that, but...
Thank God she buys into it,
and it gives her peace of mind,
and don't you try and spoil it for her, please.
Okay, look, I'm not gonna say anything.
I just don't think you help her by going
into that garbage about foretelling her future.
She needs medicine, not illusions.
No, not if the illusions
work better than the medicine.
-Here I am, darling.
-Hi, Mum!
I've just come from a session with Cristal.
That woman is uncanny.
I know you have
a cold, scientific background, Roy.
-Yes, I have a tough time with mumbo-jumbo.
-Roy, please!
Look, if you feel better, then it's just...
I don't know.
We discussed you.
She was very positive about your future.
Though, to be perfectly candid,
she didn't see it in literature.
Well, that's too bad.
Let's hope she's channeling
the wrong spirits.
She's rarely wrong.
Mum, Roy just handed in
his new novel this week.
He's on tenterhooks while they read it.
Well, I'm only saying
not to build your hopes up.
-Cristal said...
-No, I don't care what Cristal said. Okay?
Mum, nobody's infallible! Please! Let it...
I know she's always right with your future,
but it doesn't mean she knows Roy's.
She's never even met him!
She was very complimentary
in her readings about Roy,
just not necessarily as a writer.
Not at this point in time.
She did say one day,

perhaps, with maturity...

Oh, by the way,

could I have another glove of yours?

I'm sorry, but she lost the first one.

What glove?

Did you give her my missing glove? Jesus!

Did he take the book home with him?

But no clue whether he could

get to it this weekend?

Okay. No, I'll call back.

Okay, now let's go back

and take a look at Alfie Shepridge.

Since his divorce,

Alfie Shepridge did not exactly find himself

leading the thirtysomething life

he envisioned in his new digs.

Friends fixed him up with one or two women

they thought might be appropriate.

Always that word...

But it was not what he had in mind.

I'm sorry about the stick,

but I've just had my hip replaced.

At first, I thought I fell down and broke it.

But what actually happened was,

it broke, and then I fell down.

Do you see the difference?

He tried spending time

with younger colleagues from his firm,

but he felt even more out of place

and ridiculous.

And then, one day, after months

of loneliness and awkward experiences,

he took his daughter for a walk

and made a startling announcement.

I've met a woman, I'm very much in love,

I'm going to get married.

-Isn't that fabulous?

-You're kidding.

No. You seem shocked.

Is that what this walk's about?

So private and mysterious.

Well, I told your mother

and, you know, she was surprised,

but she took it well.

Apparently, this woman she's been seeing,
who gives her guidance about her future,
has given her a lot of strength emotionally.
Anyway, I would like you to
help choose some perfume with me.
Would you do that?
So, who is this woman
you're going to marry?
Her name is Charmaine.
She's an actress! Half his age!
This is all for the good.
I've got a strong feeling that
this is a positive turning point in your life.
But where is my life heading?
I need direction.
-Is my future as empty as I feel it is?
-Listen. This is a pivotal moment.
Now, you've got several paths
to choose from.
You've got to make sure
you choose the right one.
My darling! I'm seeing you triumphing.
I'm seeing you with a new love.
-What, a new love for me?
-I can see it! I can see it!
This development in your husband's life
can only be favorable to you.
You're saying I shall meet a new love?
And I'll tell you something else.
Your husband will never love
this woman he's marrying
as much as he loved you.
I've kept all his letters. They were so adoring.
Christ, no one wants to get old!
I don't want to get old!
And you're saying I won't be alone?
I don't want to spend
the rest of my life alone.
Oh, my sweetheart.
You are entering a period of great fulfillment.
I'm seeing a handsome stranger
coming into your life.
Powerful attraction.
You're like two magnets.

Sally, can you call Lucien Moss
and get me out of my lunch tomorrow?

-Reschedule?

-Well, yes.

-Tell him I'll call to reschedule, yeah.

-Okay.

And arrange a flight to Venice

for my wife and myself for the

Which reminds me,

I need you to come with me this afternoon.

Yes, they're lovely.

I particularly like that one.

Sally, could you please come?

Take a look at this.

-Which ones are you thinking of?

-These diamonds.

Or the pearls.

-Well, they're both beautiful.

-They are.

Now, what's the best price

you'll give me on these?

Well, these are Victorian diamonds.

Brilliant cut.

These are \$

These are what we call natural pearls.

These are slightly later,

Edwardian, turn-of-the-century,

and these are \$

Which would my wife prefer?

What's she like?

-Remote.

-Remote?

She loves diamonds, but, you know,

these pearls are so sexy.

And so much less expensive.

-Would you like to try them on?

-They're not for me.

I understand, but perhaps it might help,
if the gentleman could see how they looked.

-Shall I?

-If you don't mind.

All right.

-Let's see.

-Let's see.

-Very nice.
-Yeah.
Yep, yep, yep.
Wow. Wow!
Let me see.
-They really frame your face beautifully.
-They do, sir.
Well, I do have a good shape
for long earrings.
You do.
Well, you love these more than the pearls,
don't you?
-I do. I'm afraid so.
-Okay, God.
I hope, for this kind of money,
she looks as good in them as you do.
Yep.
-Do I have to take them off?
-That's life, I'm afraid.
-Sorry.
-Oh, well.
They were good for a minute.
Oh, I'm dying to see just what
my father thinks is so perfect for him.
-Can you tell I'm a little skeptical?
-Yeah. Why?
I mean, who is she?
How long has he known her to marry her?
And why is some young actress
rushing off to marry him?
An actress. Actress in what?
-What's her name?
-Charmaine.
I keep wanting to say "chow mein."
Why do you keep looking out the window?
I don't.
You're so nervous. You seem edgy.
What's up?
Well, if I can hear something
about my book...
-Oh, Christ, who's that?
-One guess!
You look very lovely, darling.
Forgive me for barging in.

I've just come from Cristal's.
She had some things to say
about your father's upcoming wedding.
-Is there something I could sip on?
-Helena, you've sipped us dry.
Unless you're willing to try cooking sherry.
I'm just joking.
By the way, she said you would hear
about your book any day now,
but not to be upset
if the verdict was negative.
I hope Cristal put your mind at ease
about Dad's remarrying.
Cristal said...
She said he would never be as enchanted
with this other woman as he was with me.
Well, I'm sure she's right.
-Have you met her?
-Actually, we're going to meet her tonight.
Dad's taking us to the park
for drinks and a concert.
Cristal and I were talking about
a new love that I will soon be meeting.
Wow. That's exciting news. Isn't it, Roy?
Yeah, you will meet a tall, dark stranger.
I will not be alone. I will find love.
I can rest assured.
What does she charge you
for this message of hope?
It's not hope, it's a certainty.
Cristal predicts it.
-He doesn't believe, Sally.
-No, I believe, unfortunately,
that you will meet the same tall, dark stranger
that we all eventually meet.
And look where that cynicism has got you
over the years.
Cristal knows things
she couldn't possibly know
if she wasn't blessed with a gift.
Look, did it ever occur to you
that she might be getting her information
from your masseuse?
I mean, not to mention

what you give away without realizing it...

-Roy!

-What?

She tells her what she wants to hear
and takes her money.

Well, you take my money
and certainly don't tell me
what I want to hear.

Why can you two not be together
without tension?

I'm just trying to prepare
your husband for a blow
should his work be rejected.

Well, my work will not be rejected.
And if it is, this hustler you see
made a

You see how that works?

Mum?

Please, just give him a break.

He's vulnerable right now.

Hasn't a spiritual bone in his body.

How can he write books?

So, Cristal said you're gonna meet someone.

Isn't that good news?

She also said that

you're perfectly able to conceive.

Well, of course I am, and you know that, too.

Well, I couldn't after your brother died.

I mean, the doctor said
it was psychological, but...

I couldn't give Alfie another child,
and he longed for a son.

Please, let's not relive everything constantly.

Anyway, look, we must go.

There they are.

Hello.

-This is Sally and this is Roy.

-Hello. All right?

-Hey, how are you?

-Charmaine Foxx.

-From America.

-Yeah.

You didn't tell me. Never tells me nothing.

Hello.

Don't want to flash everyone now. No.
-Well.
-So...
Dad said you were an actress.
-Yeah.
-Yeah.
I tried it in Hollywood for a while,
but if you don't know people, it...
It's like a vicious circle, you know?
Yeah.
So, what are your plans?
I think...
Well, her plans are, you know,
to be my wife, Mrs. Alfie Shepridge.
She's going to be the mother of my son.
The boy...
One day I'll teach him football,
or something like that. Isn't that right?
Anyway, she... You were in...
-She was in a few movies, films, on TV.
-Stop it.
-But you were.
-Just small parts.
-What were the films?
-Science fiction.
I was the leader's daughter,
but from another galaxy.
That's right up your street, Roy.
Roy is a doctor.
Well, actually, he wrote a novel
about a physicist,
-based on Werner Heisenberg, isn't it?
-Yeah.
Who?
So, how long have you known each other?
-Three months. No...
-No.
-Two months.
-Two months. Yeah.
So, you've actually just met.
Well, we've spent every day together
since we did meet.
-And can you blame me?
-We have. Yeah.

I mean, I was besotted with
charming Charmaine from the very first day
and it just, you know...
So that's...
So, how did you meet?
A mutual acquaintance introduced us.
That's how we met.
Yeah.
Here, Alfie was not being truthful.
Technically, maybe,
but that wasn't the whole story.
-Hello.
-Come in.
So, you're Charmiane.
-Charmaine.
-Charmiane.
Sorry. Come in.
Yeah, he said you were very pretty.
-My body's how I make my living, isn't it?
-Yes.
-I'm always working out.
-Good. Well, me, too.
Look, feel this.
-Not bad.
-You're buff, ain't you?
Yeah.
-Would you like a drink?
-Yeah. All right.
Good. Okay.
Geoffrey Sweeney gave me your number.
-Geoffrey?
-Yeah.
-Geoffrey...
-Yes.
-God, I know millions of Geoffreys.
-Oh, yeah? Well, doesn't matter.
You have to forgive me
if I seem a little awkward,
-but I don't usually do this sort of thing.
-Right.
I assume it's hygienic and all,
you know what I mean?
-Hygienic?
-Yeah.

-Are you having a laugh?
-No, I'm just checking.
I won't give you AIDS,
if that's what you mean.
No, I wasn't thinking about AIDS. God, no.
There's a man in my firm who's got herpes.
-No, relax, don't have to worry.
-All right. Yeah.
Basically, I'm an actress.
I'm just doing this part-time.
Good. You look pretty. Okay.
-Shall we settle the business?
-Oh, yeah. Okay.
-They told you it was
-Yeah, okay.
Here's
All right?
Oh, thank you.
I mean, you know,
I wasn't thinking about AIDS.
Oi.
-Shall we get on with it?
-What?
-Do you want to get on with it?
-Yeah.
Okay.
-Forty years is a long time to be married.
-Yeah, it's almost half a century.
What happened is that my wife, Helena,
she allowed herself to become old,
and I wasn't prepared
to accept that nonsense.
-No.
-Because you're as old as,
-or as young as you feel.
-Oh, definitely.
And I'm not prepared for the graveyard
or the scrap yard yet.
-Do you need any help?
-No.
I find older guys very sexy.
Well, we're experienced, and...
You know, we're not scrambling around
to make careers for ourselves

-and all that nonsense, and...

-Oh, yeah.

You know, we like to make a woman
feel appreciated and all the rest of it and...

You had a good time just now, didn't you,
when we were, you know, in bed?

-You heard me screaming.

-Yes.

Could I see you again, do you think,
charming Charmaine?

Yeah. I'll give you...

I'll give you a number.

You can get me directly.

-Okay.

-Oh, what is it?

So one tumble with this pro,
and the poor guy's in love.

He starts buying all her time.

And every time she screws him, he falls
deeper and deeper for the little mechanic.

Tell me, would you ever consider
letting me change your life?

What's wrong with my life?

Well, I'm talking about marriage.

I don't mean the sort of marriage you had...

Because at

about love or living, or anything?

What do you think?

-Marriage?

-Yeah. Well, why not?

You know, you told me yourself,
every time you go out on a call
you're taking your life in your own hands,
and I'm gonna be around a long time.

You know, there's longevity in my genes.

Go on, hit me there. Go on.

That cheap tart is what he left my mother for.

Actress, my foot.

The only acting she's ever done
is faking an orgasm.

Leave him alone.

You know, I never saw the guy so happy,
and who can blame him?

-She's a hot little number.

-Yeah.

I bet you'd like to make love to Chow Mein.

All I'm saying is live and let live.

He couldn't keep his hands off her.

I found that whole public display completely disgusting.

-And did you see the ring he got her?

-Yeah.

I'm telling you,
she'll take him for everything he's worth,
and then leave him pouring his heart out
to some barman.

No, he's a big boy.

She'll put a charge in his battery.

Maybe she'll give him
that son he always wanted.

How infuriating will it be if he has
his second family before I have my first.

Okay, okay.

You know, you looked really pretty tonight?

Are those earrings new?

-These?

-Yeah.

I wear them every day.

They're just cheap junk.

You always know how to hit on me
when I'm upset, don't you?

I really don't want to keep doing this
if we have to use contraception.

To occupy her time and keep Helena active,
Alfie persuaded Peter and Enid Wicklow,
longtime friends of the family,
to hire her as a personal shopper
to supervise their wardrobe.

Enid.

I need your help.

I thought this for
when you go to your weekend house.

Yes. Enid, I need your input.

I admit, it's quite pretty, but... Bold.

The question is, do I have
the courage of your convictions?

-Enid, is this okay?

-Yes, I love it. It's great.

Helena, this is Peter's uncle, Jonathan.

-Hello, nice to meet you.

-Hello.

Peter, it looks really smart.

You should heed this woman.

She'll have you looking
like a country squire in no time.

My flair has always been fashion.

I had a promising career as
a costume designer in the theater.

But when I met my husband,
he didn't like me going away on tour
and leaving him alone.

I can understand feeling possessive
towards a loved one.

I never wanted Claire to work.

-Thank you for coming by, Jonathan.

-Oh, thank you for lunch.

I'm sorry I've got to go,

-but I'll see you on Sunday.

-Yes.

And you keep on after him.

He's looking more dapper
than I've seen him look in years.

You have a flair for the dramatic.

-Bye.

-Bye-bye.

-What a charming man.

-Yes.

Poor Jonathan, his wife died recently
and he's been trying so desperately
to contact her.

-Contact her?

-He owns an occult book shop.

He's very devout, in a New Age way.

Yes, this is Roy Channing.

I wanted to find out the status of the book
I left with Malcolm Dodds.

Really? How long?

When will he be back in the country?

If he calls in, can you let him know I phoned?

I mean, not to push him, just to see?

All right.

Hello!

-Was I too loud again?
-No. You want to have lunch?
-Lunch?
-Yeah.
I don't know.
The weather's really bad, don't you think?
Look, I'm going downstairs for lunch.
I'll bring an umbrella.
I just have some more work.
I need half an hour more.
There's a great little place
right around the corner.
Okay. Hey, why not?
Can you give me half an hour, though?
I'll walk around the block
and meet you in front of your house at
-All right?
-Perfect. See you then. Bye.
-I'm Roy Channing.
-Hi, I'm Dia.
-Dia?
-Dia.
How exotic. I got it, I got it.
-Sure?
-Yeah. I got it.
Come on, it's right around the corner.
-So you're a professional musician?
-Oh, no. No.
I'm just getting my PhD in musicology.
I play a few instruments, though.
Not too well.
Are you sure it doesn't bother you
when you're writing?
You know I write.
You know, I can see you, too.
No, you don't bother me. You inspire me.
Perfect. I've always wanted to be
someone's muse.
I'll dedicate my next book
to the woman who's always in red.
Thank you.
You know, my father's a writer.
He does a lot of translations.
Yeah, mostly Eastern European authors.

Wow.

Can I make a terrible confession,
even though I hardly know you?

Yeah, sure.

Before I heard you play the guitar,
I noticed you, one night,
just before I went to bed,
and you were slipping out of a red dress,
and I thought it was the most erotic

-Okay.

-I'm sorry.

Okay, that's flattering, I guess.

A nice-looking man came in
and he put his arms around you,
and he turned you to him, and he kissed you.

And with his free hand,
he snapped out the lights,
and I thought, whoever this guy is,
he's very, very lucky.

That's Alan, my fiance.

Thank you.

He doesn't seem to live there?

You've been watching me for a while,
haven't you?

Yeah, no, you're right, though.

He doesn't live there.

He works in Brussels, for the Foreign Office,
so he's over only when he's in town.

-Bon appetit.

-Bon appetit to you, too. Thank you.

So I began the novel, it took, like, two years.

Some days I love it,
and some days I just panic.

-You should show it to my father.

-Yeah?

You should, yeah.

Dad's really sensitive and insightful
when it comes to literature,
and you two would have
so much to talk about.

I'd love to.

Hey, promise me one thing, would you?

Two things, actually.

We can have lunch again,

and that you won't suddenly start pulling your window shades down when you undress.

-You're very flirtatious, aren't you?

-Am I?

-Anyway, thanks for the lunch, Roy.

-Yeah.

And I'll tell you what.

Why don't you look out your window around midnight?

And you stuck at it all these years.

I'm so impressed.

-Don't you just love them?

-I agree. You're right.

They're very interesting.

Congratulations, very good job.

Yeah? Well, thank you. Thanks.

I'm really excited if you like that.

That's great.

We went to school together, and I always knew she just showed so much promise.

And Sally was my very first supporter, when no one else knew what I was on about with my big, red flowers.

She was the only one that got it.

You know, I really love that one.

-Hello?

-Oh, well, see, your problem was you never believed in yourself as much as everyone believed in you.

Yeah, well, I'm clean now.

I haven't had a drink or taken drugs in, like, two years.

Well, Greg will market you brilliantly, and you are gonna make so much money.

Trust me.

I'm so happy for you.

I mean, you work at a top art gallery...

-Oh, please, I get his lunches.

-You're married to a top author.

I mean, we all knew at school you'd end up being special. We said it.

How is Roy? What's he up to?

Well, he's just finished his new novel
and we're having a baby.

-You are?

-I mean, we're planning to have a baby.

-I shouldn't be smoking, should I?

-Oh, no. Not yet.

Interesting painter, you know.

I mean, we could do a show with her
and Homer Novello and maybe Will Harmon.

My long-standing faith in her
has finally been vindicated.

Hey, listen, I don't know if you are interested,
but can I offer you two tickets
for Lucia di Lammermoortonight?

I mean, my wife just called
and she cannot go,

so I thought maybe you can take the tickets
and go with your husband.

Well, isn't there somebody else
you want to ask before...

Not in such a short notice, actually.

Oh, jeez. Well, tonight's Roy's poker night.
Anyway, he's far too antsy
to sit through anything.

Maybe you can find some friends to go with?

You mentioned
how much you liked Donizetti.

I love it. I just never get to go to the opera.
Tickets are way too expensive.

Listen, look.

Take this and...

Or, if you don't mind, we could go together.

-Yeah...

-Unless you have other plans this evening.

-No, I'm dying to see it...

-Really?

-I'd love to go.

-Good. Great.

Okay.

-All right. There you go.

-Thank you.

Okay.

Thank you for a wonderful opera
and wonderful Irish coffee.

I'm afraid I had too many of them.
I hope I didn't get morose
and bore you with my matrimonial agonies.
I'll be embarrassed tomorrow
when the whiskey wears off.
No, not at all.
In fact, I kind of suspected
from the things you've said.
Are you gonna be able to
drive all the way to Maida Vale?
Are you insinuating that
I can't drive while drunk,
just because
I left my contact lenses at home?
Oh, God...
I'll be fine.
Thanks for coming with me tonight.
And thanks for keeping your eyes open
for new talent for the gallery.
And thanks for all the
chocolate truffles.
Well...
-I'll see you tomorrow?
-Yeah.
As the days passed
with no word on his book,
Roy grew more anxious.
He looked forward to his afternoons with Dia,
which became longer and more frequent.
-Enough about me.
-Okay, okay...
-I have one, but only one.
-All right.
So I'm all set to get married
at the end of the summer,
and sometimes I have these moments
when I feel intense panic
and, I don't know, I just want to call it off.
-Do you love the guy?
-Yes, I do.
I love the guy, but...
I don't know, I just waver.
"Waver"? Why?
Now that you and I have been having lunch

and taking these long walks
and you shamelessly flirt with me,
and I actually find myself
enjoying the flirtation.
I mean, should I be doing this?
I'm so confused. If I'm getting married,
then why am I flirting back?
Are you?
I told you I'd take care of you, didn't I?
It's like proper...
-I'm loving this, Alfie. It's so me.
-Good.
-That's the Albert Bridge, there.
-Yeah.
And that's the Tower there.
Harrods is up there.
-And you got me all that silk underwear.
-Yeah.
There you are.
-I told you I'd take care of...
-It cost you so much.
Well, what's money? It doesn't matter.
-Alfie?
-Yeah.
-What do you think?
-Wow. That looks amazing.
-You like it?
-Yeah, it's beautiful.
The silk feels so good on my skin.
It's a shame they haven't brought the bed,
isn't it? Sorry about that.
-We don't need a bed.
-No?
We could just do it here.
-I've done it on a hardwood floor.
-You have?
-Marble, even.
-It's a bit uncomfortable, isn't it?
Wait, look.
Just lay out the fox.
-Be nice.
-Okay, well...
-Cozy, like that.
-Yeah.

-Come on.

-I just need a few more minutes, that's all.

Why?

Just to savor the moment
of looking at you, that's all.

Was you serious when you said
you liked how that bracelet looked on me?

Just now, at Cartier?

'Cause you said if I really felt like
I couldn't live without it...

And you've decided you can't live without it.

Three more minutes.

I've got such a crush on my boss.

I know he's married. I'm married.

But honestly, if he asked me
to run off with him tomorrow,
I'd have to take a long, hard look at my life.

Not that he necessarily shares
the same feelings.

-Does he know your feelings?

-He knows I'm fond of him.

He did take me to the opera one night.

God, listen to me.

I sound like a crazy person.

-You're the wrong person to ask.

-Ask what?

I was going to take you out for a drink
and ask you to start a new gallery with me.

Are you joking? Our own business?

That's my dream.

Listen, a number of clients and artists
would dump Lois Geller in a heartbeat
and come with me.

And you have such a good eye
for the new painters.

I mean, yes, it's expensive,
but if we each raise half the money...

I just can't believe this.

The timing's right.

Can you believe he wound up
with that hot little wet dream?

She's unbelievable. Look. Look.

Whatever it costs him, it's worth it.

That body. I bet she's an acrobat.

I'll bet she knows a few tricks.
I wonder if she plays around?
I got to find out.
-No.
-Life's a risk, boys.
You going to pump iron, then?
No. She's out of your league, man.
Don't you...
-You gonna?
-Yeah.
If you don't, I will.
I think I prefer this one, just slightly.
The brightness.
Yeah. Didn't he say that he wanted me
to include this one, too?
Yeah, definitely. Let's not forget this.
This is brilliant.
I mean, the blue, it's just...
And side by side, I think.
They'll be really good side by side.
Do you want a drink? Tea or water?
Tea is lovely, thank you.
I told you he'd do a great job
of promoting you.
He's a dynamo.
He thinks the world of you.
Really? Why? Did he say something?
Well, he obviously has enormous respect
for your judgment,
and supposedly a total dependency
on the chocolate truffles
you turned him on to.
Yeah, it's funny. I have a confession.
I've come to the conclusion that...
Have you...
Have you always had those earrings?
These pearls? No, they're new.
Where did you get them?
They were a gift.
A gift.
All right, you have to promise
that you won't tell anybody, okay?
They're from Greg.
What?

Yeah, they're from Greg.

I shouldn't even be blabbing about this,
but we've kind of been having
a little something together.

A what?

An affair.

It sounds so dramatic, doesn't it?

But that's what it is.

We've been having an affair.

Please, don't look so shell-shocked. Don't.

He's married.

Yeah, but we all know
what a shambles that is,
and it's not because of me.

I don't know, it just all got very serious,
very quickly.

Since when?

For a while now. At first, we just met
and we talked about my work.

He is so perceptive. And then he told me...

He told me I wandered into his dream,
and he put his hand on mine
and told me how miserable he was at home
and, well, things just went from there.

He's a fabulous lover, and...

I just don't know.

I don't want him to leave his wife for me,
and he was going to do that already.

I don't know, it feels like I'm in a soap opera,
but it's so lovely.

But I don't know if it's just a reaction,
you know, after spending six years
with a wife that's bipolar.

I don't know.

Are you okay?

Will you please not leave
your bicycle in the hallway?

I nearly broke my neck.

-What's the matter?

-Nothing. Did you hear anything?

About?

What the hell do you think about?

Your book!

Hey, back off! What is eating you?

I've been by the goddamned phone all day!
What's the problem?
I can't stand working for Greg Clemente!
He treats me like a fucking secretary!
Book his tables, get his lunches,
arrange his theater tickets!
I need my own gallery!
I've got a headache. My head is splitting!
Take your pills.
What the hell do you think
I'm trying to do here?
Where are they? Excuse me.
I thought you liked working for him.
I need to start a family!
You know, I wouldn't have to be doing this
if you could just support us.
You know what? You've had trouble
on your last three jobs.
Maybe it's not always your employers.
Yeah? What the hell
is that supposed to mean?
Look, start your own art gallery!
And with what?
We can't afford to
pay the food and rent around here
without my mother helping!
Hey, you have a migraine!
Don't take it out on me!
Hello.
Roy? Malcolm Dodds.
Hello.
Hi. Look, we are so sorry that
we've held you up for so long on this book.
But there's been a lot of talk about it up here,
and we've decided
it's not going to work for us.
And?
I mean, obviously, we liked it.
But it's not that different
to something else we're going to publish,
and we didn't want two books
with the same idea.
I see.
But in the end, you preferred the other one.

To be perfectly frank, Roy,
there are nice moments in it.
But a lot of people here
didn't think it was your best work.
Anyway, I hope you're going to try us again.
What if I can rewrite it?
Am I disturbing you?
Mum, can't you call sometimes
before you come over?
I've got a horrible headache.
-Migraines are tension, darling.
-Yes, I know what migraines are!
And I need to change my life.
You shouldn't be working.
You should be raising a family.
I really don't want
to discuss this right now, Mum.
Well, I've come to share
an incredible insight.
I've spent two hours with Cristal Delgiorno,
two riveting hours.
I'm not in the mood.
I'm just not in the mood
to get into any of that right now.
Can I help myself to a drink?
For some reason,
I love your brand of whiskey.
I'm not normally a whiskey drinker.
Well, that's it. They rejected my novel.
-Roy.
-They don't think it comes off.
Not my best work, try harder.
After all this time,
leaving you dangling like that.
I can't try harder. That's all I have in me.
You gave them sections to read.
They seemed okay with it.
They seemed to like sections,
but the whole book...
-Can I tell you an insight?
-What? What is it?
Well, I know
you're going to pooh-pooh this, Roy,
being so scientific minded,

but it turns out that I've lived before.
No. No, Mother!
No, I've existed before in other incarnations!
Cristal is certain of it.
Look, Helena, I'm not in the mood
for that crap right now, okay?
-No, no, no. I'm not.
-But...
But you will be in the mood
when you realize the importance of that fact.
If it's so for me, it's so for everyone.
You, as well.
Make her shut up, Sally. I'm going to kill her.
Please, let's not get ugly here.
Mum, he just got some really bad news.
If you mean the rejection of that silly book,
I tried to prepare you for it.
Cristal predicted it.
I was sure the book came off fine.
Am I that blind about my own work?
Cristal says your future is not in the arts.
I'm telling you, Sally,
get her out of here! Out!
Well, what's wrong with medicine?
You have the education.
If writing is not in your future,
medicine is a noble way to earn a living.
Okay, all right... Are you thick?
I am never going to be a doctor, okay?
That boat sailed years ago, okay?
You got it? Maybe I'll be
a chauffeur or a messenger.
So, your daughter married badly.
Now can you get the hell out?
How can you ask her to get out
when she is the one paying the rent?
I'm sick of hearing that. She'll get it back,
she'll get all the money back!
How will she get it back?
What are you gonna do, rob a bank?
I am sick and tired of sitting around,
watching my life evaporate,
while you keep trying to prove a point!
It's all futile. Cristal said it's not his moment.

Arcadia was the only one interested,
but they're knowledgeable men,
so I guess it doesn't come off!
Cristal was right! I have to face it!
I was a one-book fluke!
Cristal said at some point,
in the distant future.
Maybe she was talking about another life.
Mother! Will you be still?
You drink and chatter incessantly!
Christ, my head is killing me.
I drank a little, yes,
to celebrate the miraculous!
Is that so terrible?
That I come here with great news,
news that renders all this futile
in the grand scheme of things.
I mean, I'm saying we don't only live once.
We live over and over again.
Cristal says I existed in Elizabethan England.
All I'm saying is there's hope,
hope that maybe Roy will write another book,
but in some future incarnation.
I've got to get out of here!
Oh, God. I can't do it anymore.
I can't be in this marriage.
Let him go. Let him go. Let him go.
You can do so much better.
You know, Cristal says that
that man you work for,
the one you're always so high on.
She says don't rule him out.
At that moment,
with his life going down the drain,
Roy only wanted to see Dia.
And, suddenly, there she was.
But even if she wasn't getting married,
what the hell chance did he have?
What could he offer her? What was he?
A washed-up writer at
A member of the "formerly promising" club?
"Royal Channing." A hell of a name
for a limo driver or a bike messenger.
The thought of beginning a new book

paralyzed him.
He'd lost all his nerve.
And what was he supposed to do,
work days and write nights?
Not that he had an idea for another book.
And just when you think
things can't possibly get any worse,
fate lets you know
there's bigger trouble out there.
Hello.
I just thought you should know.
Jeez, I'm in a state of shock here.
I can hardly speak.
There was a car accident,
a terrible car accident.
Mike Prince, Henry,
driving to the poker game.
Head-on collision with another car.
Two girls dead. Henry's dead.
Mike's in a coma.
Even a pedestrian on the pavement
is on the critical list.
It's just unbelievable.
Two teenage drunks nicked the car...
Bam! Unbelievable.
He couldn't get his mind around it.
Mike Prince in a coma? A vegetable?
Henry Strangler gone.
He wasn't even that close with them,
but it made him feel
how quick and fragile is existence.
And that's when he had his crazy thought.
Strangler lived alone.
He had no family,
no time for a woman in his life,
and was obsessively private
about his first novel.
Roy was the only one he'd trusted to read it,
this Roy knew for sure.
Strangler had just finished tweaking it
and had not shown it to Malcolm Dodds yet
because Roy was to arrange that.
Strangler had no agent
and none of the other poker players

were writers,
and so had no particular interest in
or knowledge of his progress.
The man was a drone,
a perfectionist, a workaholic.
Possibly a genius
who'd written a terrific first book,
but tragically and most conveniently,
he was dead.
I'm not familiar with your shop,
but I'll make it my business
to tell Cristal all about it.
Well, it's only small, but I think we carry
most of the important occult books.
-Do you have any literature on reincarnation?
-Yes.
You know, sometimes I get a clear flash
that I've visited a place before.
Perhaps ancient Egypt.
My son-in-law pooh-poohs it,
but if I didn't think there was more to life,
I couldn't go on.
You'd have got on well
with my dear, departed Claire.
I've tried unsuccessfully to contact her
so far, but I won't give up.
You obviously cared for her very deeply.
Yes, it's been very lonely without her.
It's got quite a bit of a kick to it.
It's got some chili oil in it.
Hey, come on, get dressed.
We're meeting the Hoveys in
What are you doing?
Come on. Get dressed.
We're meeting the Hoveys.
I don't feel like seeing
one of them boring plays again.
Well, this'll be great. Come on.
That's what you said about the one Friday
and it was so boring.
It was! Weren't even scary.
Well, the ghosts were meant to be symbolic.
It wasn't intended to be a scary play,
you know?

Come on, look, it's not that I don't like
being at home with you, believe me.
It's too quiet in this house.
It's like a freaking echo.
You never like watching any of the telly I like.
Okay, well, I don't know.
What the hell are we talking about here?
What?
I'd like to do more things I like
once in a while.
Okay, all right. The rest of the week,
we'll do what you want.
Is that okay? Okay?
Come to the show tonight, and we'll do...
You call the shots the rest of the week.
How about that?
This is banging, isn't it?
I love this tune.
-Alfie, can I have a dance with him?
-What?
Can I dance with him? It's boring just sitting.
Yes?
-Okay. Don't stay out there too long.
-I won't.
Sally announced to Roy
she was starting her own gallery
and the time had come for a divorce.
By now, Dia had strong romantic ideas
about sharing her life with a writer.
-Your book is really riveting.
-Thank you.
You obviously must have spent
a lot of time in Ireland and Scotland.
Some. I did a lot of research.
A lot of research.
I thought you told me
you've never been to Ireland.
Northern Ireland.
But I've been to other places.
I've been to Connemara.
That's one of the places I've been.
I loved so much the style of your writing,
you know?
Each word clicks along the page,

and your characters are so rich
and almost startling.

Wow. Thank you.

That's a huge compliment, coming from you.

-Thank you so much.

-No, no. It's all right.

It is. He hardly likes anything, believe me.

How's Alan, sweetheart?

-He's good, Mom.

-Is he coming this weekend?

Your father is very encouraging.

And he's a lovely guy.

Well, he's not that lovely
when he doesn't like something.

No?

He's written a lot of criticism
for small literary magazines
and nothing much impresses him.

Well, what can I say? You're my muse.

You popped into my life
just when I needed divine inspiration.

It's amazing.

-Well, that's what a muse does, right?

-I guess so.

-I love it here.

-It's lovely weather.

I don't even want to think what I'm thinking.

I can think of nothing else.

What am I going to do?

What I want you to do?

I want you as my forever muse.

Here, or in Paris. I write,
we open wine bottles, we make love.

They're all en route for the wedding.

Alan's family, his relatives and our friends.

Alan's going to be devastated.

That's okay.

It's so wrong.

Look, I've told you before
not to make any large purchase
without consulting me first.

But you said I could have them both.

That was a while ago.

The picture's changed now.

Did you go bust or something?
God, I've tried to explain to you,
at this point in time, cash is tight.
I lost a lot in the stock market
and Helena won't budge on the alimony.
We have to be more budget conscious,
that's all I'm saying.
Hey, come here.
You know how much I like to pamper you
and get you nice things.
But just ask me
before you spend this kind of money,
until I catch up on some expenditure, okay?
-I'm sorry.
-Yeah, I am, too, if I yelled.
Your face is all red.
You've got to watch your blood pressure.
Remember what the doctor said.
He says I've got
the arteries of a man half my age.
You know, I just have to get
to the gym more often to exercise.
I'm just working so hard. Yeah.
Hey, coat looks beautiful.
Fantastic.
The truth was that business reverses
and Alfie's extravagance
had led him into serious financial trouble.
And while he tried to keep up appearances,
he had become over his head in debt.
Your back any better?
What?
I said, your back any better?
Yeah. I've done my leg in now.
I think I overdid the pedaling
when you weren't around.
Well, I should come around more often.
Let me have a look.
You probably sprained it or something.
Come on.
You do have the touch.
I should be paying you,
not the other way around.
I'm very expensive.

You know, there's a rumor
that before you married Alfie Shepridge
that you worked in Las Vegas.

-Is that so?

-Yeah.

Were you in a show there?

Someone said a cocktail waitress.

But I reckon you were a model.

Whatever it was I did,

you can bet I was pretty good.

You must have enjoyed your work.

Well, why wouldn't I?

On the other hand, if you liked it so much,
maybe you wouldn't have retired
and married Alfie Shepridge.

Well, if I said with some,
it wasn't always great.

But with most of the men I met,
it was very stimulating.

In what way was it stimulating?

I learned a lot of things.

I met some very handsome actors
who liked to party.

Some footballers who were pretty athletic.

What'd they teach you?

Let's say we taught each other.

You want to teach me?

Not here.

I'm not yelling!

Christ, can you blame me for being upset?

Of course he's upset.

Do you know what you're doing?

Can you all control yourselves, please?

We've got

Some of them have already flown in.

They're coming from Europe,
from Spain and Lugano.

Yes, I know that. I know that.

-Have you met someone else?

-What about the caterers, the band?

-This is not the time to discuss...

-Have you met someone else?

The band is getting on a plane
right now from India!

-Do you know how much this is gonna cost?
-Yes.
-She's met somebody else?
-Yes, I did.
-What?
-Who is he? Where did you meet him?
I don't want to talk about it!
Tarak, please! She's met someone else!
-She's met someone else?
-She's met someone else.
-When?
-I can't believe this is happening.
-Stupid. She's stupid.
-I cannot believe it.
Well, I guess if you can
fall in love so quickly,
-it's probably good we found out now.
-It's not that I don't care about you.
-Don't give me that!
-I'm really sorry. I feel awful.
-I didn't plan this.
-We had so many plans.
-I hate you. I hate you!
-Becky, that's enough.
Excuse me, don't you shout at my daughter.
That's my job.
Excuse me?
-How could she do this to my brother?
-Becky, Becky, calm down.
Can we all just calm down?
It's so disrespectful!
Calm down!
There you are, darling.
Do you recognize this?
We've passed here a million times.
I haven't seen you so perky in ages, Mum.
He's a very spiritual man.
We have a lot to talk about.
Cristal says it has positive future potential.
Come on.
There's a nice old pub on the corner.
Let me go and close up.
Good.
Has your mother told you

I've grown very fond of her?
Isn't he the most interesting man?
I'm just so glad you found somebody.
Well, he may not be a tall, dark stranger,
but he's become my stranger.
Mum, you always said that if I needed
a loan to start my own business,
I could count on you.
And, well, there's nowhere else I can go.
To open your own gallery? Of course.
Cristal said you've got
a new future ahead of you,
now you're rid of that albatross.
Yes. I want to start over.
What about that exciting man you work for?
I know, you said he was married,
but I seem to recall
you did say there were problems.
Well, I wish I could say that
I left Roy for Greg, but no such luck.
Don't be defeatist.
I knew you were wild about him.
I asked Cristal about it.
She said she got the distinct impression
that you ought to make
your feelings known to him.
Well, I think he knew. I think.
You know, Sally, I'm very sorry
to hear you'll be leaving.
But at the same time,
you know, I wish you only the best.
Because you actually deserve it.
I really appreciate all the experience here.
You know, of all of my assistants,
I enjoyed working with you
the most, actually.
In truth,
I think I was beginning to grow
maybe a little too fond
of the time we spent together.
Well, we had very much
the same artistic tastes.
And I'm sure that had become very obvious.
What had?

That I was starting to feel
a little too close to you.
Not at all.
You certainly did a great job. You did.
Actually...
How can I say this? It's not just the gallery.
My life is kind of in flux right now.
Roy and I are getting a divorce.
I'm sorry to hear that.
I remember you saying
that you were having problems at home, too.
Well, I shouldn't say anything about this,
but Carol and I are splitting up,
and I've started seeing your protege.
Iris.
Maybe I should have told you things
weren't going so well with my husband
and I was ripe for an affair.
Maybe, who knows?
Maybe we could have wound up dating
before you met Iris.
What can I say?
You know I only wish you the best
on your new project.
But I suppose you could never
have seen yourself returning my feelings.
You often said your fondest dream
was to open your own gallery,
so now you have it.
Could you?
What?
See yourself?
What?
Have seen us together?
We were coworkers, friends, certainly.
Colleagues.
And now we are competitors.
You see how ironic and beautiful life is?
Driver, pull over.
Ray? What are you doing here?
You're out of your way, aren't you?
-Yeah...
-Did you see my wife?
She came out of the hotel just now.

Mrs. Shepridge? No, I didn't, to be honest.
I just passed in the taxi
and I just saw her coming out of the hotel.
Honestly, I didn't see her. No.
-What are you doing over here anyway?
-I live just down there.
But, I'll see you soon.
Yeah. You didn't?
So, what were you doing
at the Hotel Lucerne today?
I said, what were you doing
at the Hotel Lucerne today?
I wasn't at the Hotel Lucerne.
I thought I saw you.
Well, you must have been mistaken.
So, where were you at noon today?
I was in the gym.
And if you don't believe me,
you can ask Ray Richards.
He was showing me
one of those new machines they got.
The day came when Roy moved out.
And for the time being,
where else could he move,
but in with Dia?
I mean, we don't just want it.
We are absolutely ecstatic.
Everybody, literally everybody who's read it
has been knocked out.
Bill Cousin said to me,
"I can't believe the same man
"who wrote his last two books
wrote this one."
Nothing you've done could prepare us for it.
Anyway, my theory is this.
This is the real you,
and what you were doing before
was you were forcing your books
to accommodate your intellectual ideas.
No, thank you.
Anyway, we all believe that
this makes you emerge as a major talent.
Do you remember this place?
We ate our dinner here

the first night we went out.
Do you remember? We sat over there.
-Remember that?
-I do, indeed.
They knocked that wall down.
You were so insecure.
Do you remember that?
Yeah, I wanted to impress you.
I remember the date,
it was
It was a Friday. I forget nothing.
No, you don't. Of course, you loved me then.
Oh, don't say "then" just like that. "Then."
You make it sound like another lifetime.
Thank you.
I mean, we've been through
so much together.
Sally's various growing pains,
and the loss of Paul.
Let's not talk about it.
Well, we got each other through it,
didn't we?
Not quite.
Helena, is there any chance
that we could begin again?
What?
I made a terrible mistake.
My life is so messed up.
I can't tell you how messed up it is.
But, Alfie, you're recently married.
I know. I blundered. I made a stupid mistake.
I screwed up.
I'm so fucking scared of being alone.
Excuse me, but...
And then I saw my life slipping away,
and I panicked.
Alfie, you'll live again.
We don't just live one life.
The world is far more mysterious
than it appears to our eyes.
What are you talking about?
I've lived before.
Cristal pointed it out and it's clear to me,
and to Jonathan.

Who's Jonathan?
Jonathan is a gentleman
I've been keeping company with.
So you've met someone else, have you?
Yes. Someone who shares
my spiritual ideals.
For God's sake, come on.
All I'm saying is that...
I want you back. I need you.
I have a new life. I've moved on.
You have a new wife. You're married.
And I'm sure she'll give you
the son you've always wanted.
What the hell is going on here?
-Nothing.
-Where are you going? Fuck off.
Alfie, Alfie!
Don't touch me! You want some?
He was just trying to... No!
Ray? Help!
Fuck!
If you can hear me, Claire Wunch,
make yourself known.
Is that you, Claire?
If the spirit is Claire, please signal,
one for yes, two for no.
Are you all right, Claire? Are you happy?
I still love you very much, Claire.
Do you care for me?
Ask her.
I will always care for you, my darling Claire.
-Ask her, Jonathan.
-Just wait.
Claire, I've always been faithful.
I love you.
Ask her about us.
Yes. I don't want to upset her.
You said you needed her permission.
Ask her.
Claire, you know you've always been the one.
-I can't.
-Ask her, for Christ's sake!
Please. Please, this is difficult for me.
I still love the woman.

Helena! Please, Helena!
Boys, here she is.
Guys, meet Dia, my muse and future wife.
Hello, Dia. Where's he been hiding you?
Have you been
in the Witness Protection Program?
It's like you dropped off the world
or something.
Give me a break. Give me a break.
Look, my marriage broke up,
I've had to move out,
-my novel's being rushed into print.
-That's right.
And I've been exploring the erogenous zones
of this incredible creature.
I hear wonderful things about your book.
When do we read it?
There'll be freebies for everybody.
Who can blame me if I've been a little
overwhelmed by events of the last month?
I wanted to get to the funeral. I just couldn't.
That whole thing was so tragic.
I mean, it was just so awful.
How is Mike coming?
You know, people come out
of comas sometimes and they're okay.
It happens.
No, Mike's not in a coma.
-Don't tell me he died.
-Yeah, he did.
Oh, God.
Or was it for the best
if he was going to be a vegetable?
No, Mike was never in a coma.
He died straightaway.
Strangler's in the coma.
What are you talking about?
Mike died instantly.
Strangler's the one who's in the coma.
No. I thought you told me that Strangler died.
No, no, no. No!
Either you misunderstood,
or, you know, I was so hysterical.
Well, you know they pulled the bodies out.

Maybe I said Strangler.

Maybe I did.

But, no, first... I mean, in fact they thought at first that it was Strangler.

But that's the confusion.

That's the confusion

because we thought, yes, but no.

Strangler is in a coma,

but they think that there's a good chance that he could come out of it.

Yes. He had an awful trauma,

and the truth is at first

they thought it was hopeless,

but now, touch wood, it's

Yeah. I mean, of course, how he turns out if he does come out of it is anybody's guess.

I mean, he could be a cabbage.

No, they say there's a good chance

he could be okay.

It depends. It's a mysterious area.

They can't really predict.

Hey! They just had on television

three people in comas after long periods.

They all came out of it. They were all fine.

One of them went back to being a teacher.

Strangler's trauma wasn't as terrible

as everyone thought to begin with.

In fact, it could go either way. Are you okay?

What's happening, Roy?

You've just suddenly turned white.

-Are you okay?

-I need something to drink.

Listen, Roy, the doctors encourage people to visit him and talk to him.

They think that maybe he can hear.

So, we're going to go down later this week.

Why don't you come along?

Because he was very fond of you. Yeah?

-Okay, yeah.

-Okay. We'll go.

I've got to see a doctor!

I think I've put my back out!

I've broken a rib. Jesus!

I've broken a rib.

Alfie, can we just leave it now?

-Let's move on. Yeah?

-No.

Nothing happened! I mean...

I mean, I know it looked bad,
and your face hurts and all,
but can you just stop being angry?

I am angry! Jesus Christ.

Don't be angry,

'cause I've got something to tell you
that's gonna make you so happy.

Alfie?

-What?

-I'm pregnant.

-A child?

-Yeah.

-You're going to have a child?

-Yes.

A baby.

How can I be sure it's mine?

'Cause I've been telling you!

Alfie, I've been telling you!

He forced himself on me!

I couldn't get away!

He said he was gonna teach me
some stretching exercises.

I can't move 'cause I'm so scared,
I'm in shock.

I can't move my body,
and he's kissing me so much, I can't scream.
You should be over the moon.

It's what you wanted.

How long have you been sleeping with him?

And who else? How many others?

What do you think I am?

There are tests. There are DNA tests.

I'll have the baby tested.

I am not having my baby tested.

It's yours!

I'll believe that when I have it tested.

Please, don't make me angrier
than I am at you.

Those tests aren't even

Yes, it is.

And for all our sakes,
I'd better be the father. Believe me.
What's the difference?
You always wanted a kid.
I want a son. I lost a son.
I lost a little boy. I want it to be my son.
You understand?
Who's going to know?
I'll know,
if it's a boy
and if I decide to have it tested.
Mum!
Hello?
What are you doing?
Didn't you hear me ringing?
I do believe that I existed in a prior life,
a happier life, Sally.
I get intimations of it all the time.
I was about to embark
on an adventure with a stranger.
I don't like it when you talk to yourself.
You spend too much time alone.
What happened to Jonathan?
I've been all over it with Cristal.
He left me for another woman.
No.
A deceased one.
They're often the stiffest competition.
No pun intended.
But Cristal says my future's looking good.
I had hoped things would work out.
I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?
No.
Well, Mum, Cristal always seems to know
what's best for you.
And if she says the future looks good,
you can bet on it.
Another life.
I just have to shed the old one and try again.
Mum, I know I told you
about a substantial loan I'd need
to get the art gallery started up,
but, well, it turns out
it's a bit more than I anticipated.

Not a lot.
And it'll all come back to you,
but maybe not for a year or two.
About the loan, darling,
the timing right now is wrong.
With interest, of course. What?
The aspects are not right.
What are you talking about? What aspects?
I spoke to Cristal, and she said I can't do it
because the stars
are not in the right alignment.
What?
Cristal said the planets tell her
I must not enter into any financial
transactions for the indefinite future.
And certainly the loan
comes under that heading.
Mother, she doesn't know
what she's talking about.
-Sally.
-Mother, I was counting on that money!
Someday, perhaps, but not with
the planets in their present conjunction.
Cristal doesn't know
what she's talking about!
-Please.
-She's a charlatan!
We're talking about Cristal Delgiorno.
I need that loan!
-Cristal said...
-I don't care what Cristal said!
I can't!
She's a fraud!
Do you hear what you're saying?
She's a fake fortune teller!
There's no such thing
as predicting the future!
Are you mad?
You've always been her greatest supporter.
I was only saying those things
just to keep you happy,
to keep you from harming yourself!
She's a blatant, conniving little fraud!
You sound like your ex.

Darling, I know you've been through
the most horrible breakup.
I have to have that money.
Not now.
Cristal says no.
You idiot! You poor, pathetic,
gullible imbecile!
Don't you see? She just tells you
what you want to hear,
and then robs you of your money!
Darling, if I give you the money now,
it would be bad luck, she said,
for you as well as me.
You crazy imbecile!
I need that loan, you lunatic!
I'm doing this for your own good.
Cristal has the power of prophecy.
Come on, Henry, wake up, mate.
We know you're faking it.
We really miss you at the poker game, Henry.
We found a really nice girl for you,
didn't we, lads?
She's right up your street,
she's got the overbite and everything.
Are you hearing us, Henry?
I know you can hear us.
If you can understand us, wiggle your fingers
or make a fist.
Blink. We'll take anything, right, Roy?
Listen, Roy's written a book.
It's about a child pornographer in Belfast.
You want to get yourself well to read it.
It's got bestseller written all over it.
He's blinking.
Is he blinking? I can't tell.
Blink twice if you understand me, Henry.
The doctor said he was optimistic.
Talk to him, Roy.
Blink if you can hear us, Henry.
Can you hear us?
He's blinking. It's very faint.
Do it again! See?
-He understands. He definitely understands.
-There.

That head neurologist said it all had to do
with the portion of the brain affected.
He's convinced
Henry's going to come out of it.
That'd be marvelous.
Hey, if you've got the time,
you should come in
and read him your new book.
-Henry.
-I know he can understand.
-Henry!
-Do it again, Henry. Blink again!
I contacted Claire, put the question to her,
and she said there'd be no problem
if you were to become
the second Mrs. Wunch.
She said that?
She rapped twice for no when I asked
if she'd mind if I married you.
You always said
she was an understanding woman.
I'm not sure she didn't exist once as royalty.
It's so comforting to know
we live over and over again.
If only I could convince Alfie,
he'd be so much happier.
Yes.
It's time to close the book on our little tale
of sound and fury, signifying nothing.
And one has to wonder,
given all of life's uncertainty and pain,
how do we get through it?
Well, as Sally told Roy,
sometimes the illusions
work better than the medicine.
I was a peasant, just a simple peasant,
but you, you were something very special.
Sometimes my intuition makes me think
that you might have lived before
as Cleopatra or Joan of Arc.
Cristal Delgiorno's confirmed
that I lived before,
and I've always had a particular fondness
for everything French.

So, I'm inclined to think
you may be right about Joan of Arc.
Sometimes I have memories of my past lives.
Do you?
I do. Yes.
In France.
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