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# And When Did You Last See Your Father?

By Unknown

What a spectacle.  
Millions and millions of stars.  
Funny thing, the universe.  
Sort of scares the shit out of you,  
doesn't it?  
So where did it  
all come from, do you think?  
Don't know.  
Just happened, I suppose.  
So, what about when we die?  
Nothing.  
Nothing at all?  
What fathead has caused all this?  
Listen... the first race has started.  
Ridiculous.  
All that money to sit in a queue.  
Arthur! Just relax, will you?  
I know, how about a song?  
- There's been an accident.  
- Where?!  
I don't know, do I, fathead?!  
That's what we're gonna find out.  
Why can't you just sit and wait  
like everybody else?  
- Show them the stethoscope, pet.  
- What for?  
- Let them know we're doctors.  
- We'll do no such thing.  
- What are you doing?  
- It's all right. I'm a doctor.  
I'm a doctor, there's been an accident.  
I'm a doctor.  
This is the way  
that it was with my father.  
Minor duplicities.  
Little fiddles.  
My childhood a web  
of little scams and triumphs.  
Parking where you shouldn't.  
Drinking after hours.  
The goods off the back of a lorry.  
He was lost if he couldn't cheat  
in a small way.  
My father could talk his way

into and out of anything.

- Tickets, sir.

- Certainly, here you are.

- These are blue tickets, sir.

- Exactly.

That is the whole problem.

I've been sent the wrong tickets.

I'm sorry, sir. This entrance  
is for private members only.

- You'll have to go back to queue.

- But I am a member. See?

Simpson, T, Trevor. Doctor, you see?

As a matter of fact, we're in a bit  
of a rush. The lad wants a wee-wee.

- All right, Dr Simpson, in you go.

- Thank you very much.

How about that, Blake?

Three bob tickets for just two bob.

Marvellous, bloody marvellous.

My father seemed to me infallible.

Invincible.

Immortal, even.

What do you think?

Very handsome.

- I hope I'm going to get a mention.

- Mention?

- In your acceptance speech.

- Oh, God, a speech.

You really think

I'm going to have to make a speech?

- Do we have time?

- I think so.

What's going on in there?

Right on cue.

The sex police.

Be right there, Dad!

We'll be late!

You got two minutes.

Hear that? We got two minutes.

At the risk of getting sentimental, I'd  
like to say thank-you to my wife, Kathy.

Not only for all her support  
and encouragement,

but because she asked me to mention her.

My dad always used to say,  
and I'm sure he'll say it again  
before the night's out,  
"Being a writer, in particular a poet,  
is all well and good.  
But it's no way to make a living."  
Of course, as in most other things,  
he's absolutely right.  
Too true.  
It's nice to be reminded I haven't been  
completely wasting my time.  
So thank you very much for this.  
Thank you.  
I wanted him to be a doctor.  
Nice pension, surgery, near us.  
Take over my surgery for that matter.  
Have you actually read the poem?  
- 'Course he hasn't read it.  
- He's tried.  
- Several times.  
- Let's have a look then.  
- It's plastic.  
- I'll take that from you, shall I?  
I'm going to the bar.  
He could've been a vet even.  
Two words, that's all I'd like.  
Two words.  
- "Well" and "done".  
- He doesn't mean it.  
He's here for the free buffet.  
The mean-spirited, sanctimonious,  
narrow-minded old sod.  
- What now?  
- He's talking to Salman Rushdie.  
Look, he's telling him  
how it's done.  
"Have you read Jaws,  
Salman? Now that is a book."  
- Together.  
- Like this, Granddad?  
Oh, now where are you going?  
What's that?  
Have a guess.  
Now bring it to me. No, no, no.

- Ends together. Like that.  
- Just leave that, Dad.  
I still can't believe you hired a removal firm. They're rip-off merchants. We could've done the whole thing for nothing in the van.  
- There was too much stuff for the van.  
- You can afford it on what you earn?  
Who wants to take mummy up some breakfast?  
- Bye, Granddaddy.  
- See you later.  
My little helpers!  
- I do all right, Dad.  
- Why'd you borrow this money off me?  
- If you were a doctor...  
- A bit late for this conversation.  
- What's this doing here?  
- It's going in the loft.  
- This is Uncle Bert's chandelier.  
- It's wire and glass, Dad.  
Right. I'm going to need a stepladder. Phillips screwdriver.  
Length of rope.  
- Dad?  
- It's all right.  
Don't fuss. It's nothing.  
Your father's going to die, Blake.  
Of course we all die sooner or later, but I'm afraid, with your father, it will be sooner.  
- Will there be pain?  
- There shouldn't be.  
Not with this kind of cancer.  
Usually they just slip away.  
- So how long?  
- Can't say.  
Depends if he feels like fighting.  
He knows then?  
He asked me the moment he came around.  
So I put him in the picture.  
- But we do have time?  
- That depends.  
- Time for what?

- Well, time for...  
...you know, putting things in order.  
That means you have  
to get the conundrum.  
If you do, you will win  
by just one point.  
It's so dramatic, I want to spell it out  
so we all know what lies ahead  
in the next few seconds. OK.  
So very intense time for everybody now.  
Please now, if everyone's ready,  
reveal the final  
Countdown Conundrum.  
- What did the doctor say?  
- He said there's progress.  
Said you'd be back home soon.  
... young woman was  
discovered in a house  
in the Clacton area of Leeds  
just after midnight last night.  
Terrible. Just terrible.  
- Know what I'd do?  
- Bring back hanging?  
Go if you want.  
Actually, maybe I will,  
if that's OK.  
I'll pop back when you're home?  
Bring Kathy and the kids?  
What do I want visitors for?  
Not now, but maybe when you're at home.  
Come in, number one. Your time's up.  
Number two, your time's up.  
Come in, number three.  
I'd better go, or I'll miss the train.  
See you soon.  
We're looking for Arthur Morrison.  
Arthur Morrison. Back corridor.  
Thank you.  
I came as quickly as I could.  
Am I too late?  
Who's that then?  
It's Blake, Dad.  
Blake. Blake, good.  
How did you get from the station?

Taxi.  
Taxi, eh? Moneybags.  
When did His Lordship arrive?  
Just now.  
He's with him now.  
- Back in London by teatime.  
- Gillian.  
That's enough.  
How's he taking it?  
- Don't know yet.  
- Hello.  
Hi.  
All right.  
Get off.  
- Bloody thing.  
- Just trying to remember who you are.  
She's just very pleased  
to see you.  
Arthur's very pleased too.  
- Is he?  
- Of course he is.  
Gosh, "Where's Blake? Where's Blake?"  
Is all I've had for days now.  
Sorry, I would've gotten down sooner,  
it's that new house and everything.  
No, it's fine, darling.  
He knows how busy you are.  
I made up your old bedroom,  
when you want to take your stuff up.  
Down the corridor, up the stairs,  
first on the right.  
Blake? Blake, where are you?  
Come on. She's here.  
Come on, chop-chop.  
She's here, Blake.  
Come and say hello.  
Blake!  
Sandra, how are you?  
I'm Arthur. This is Kim.  
This is our youngest, Gillian.  
Blake is somewhere,  
probably still asleep.  
On a beautiful day like today.  
Blake, come and say hello to Sandra.

This is the kitchen.

Have you ever cooked on an Aga before?

- No.

- Sandra, would you like a cup of tea?

Yes, please.

There he is! Sleeping Beauty.

Blake, meet Sandra, our new maid.

Maid or housekeeper?

Skivvy! I'm joking.

- Let's just say one of the family.

- Pleased to meet you, Blake.

- You're Scottish.

- Oh, what gave you that impression?

- Whereabouts in Scotland?

- Glasgow.

- Oh, Glasgow.

- Ever been to Glasgow?

No. No, I haven't.

Right! Well, let me show you your room,  
you can get settled in,

and then we'd like you to start  
sweeping the chimneys. Just joking.

Follow me, quick as you like.

Mind the step.

On the left,  
that's Blake's room.

Avoid at all costs, if I were you.

The last maid we had went in there,  
haven't seen her since.

No, seriously, we do have some fun.

It was stupid, really.

You spend your life trying to avoid  
someone, and then it's too late.

Why can't you talk to him now?

He's so doped up, I could be anyone.

I'm sure there'll be time.

Yeah, well, you haven't seen him,  
have you?

No. No, I suppose not.

The kids are here.

Do you want to talk to them?

No, not just now, eh?

Really? 'Cause they want to talk to you.

Yeah, OK, put them on, will you?

- Miss you.

- You too.

He wants you to go through  
all the papers.

He thinks I won't understand it.

I'll start tomorrow.

Good luck.

He's got every petrol receipt  
since 1949 in there.

And then there's the workshop.

- You seen Sandra much?

- Now and then, yeah.

She's moved into the village.

One of those worker's cottages,  
you know?

Divorced.

Why do you ask?

Just curious.

President Kennedy

meanwhile remains incorrigible,  
and in a momentous decision, has  
ordered an arms blockade of Cuba.

This government, as promised...

Missed a bit.

- You could help.

- Sorry. Busy.

- Oh yeah? Doing what?

- Busy smoking my fag.

- Give us a puff.

- No way.

- Go on.

- No.

- What if your dad finds out?

- He won't.

He will. Your dad's all-seeing.

- Like God.

- Omniscient, you mean?

Aye, omni-whatever.

Besides, it's bad for you,  
gives you cancer.

So? We'll all be dead soon, anyway.

- Well, you're a little ray of sunshine.

- It's true.

If the Americans invade Cuba,

there'll be nuclear war by Friday.  
Just think... dead.  
And me, still a virgin.  
Don't push your luck, Morrison.  
You're still here then?  
You're not running off?  
I'm here for a while, Dad.  
Yes, smashing. Smashing.  
- I don't understand, what's it for?  
- It's for sleeping outdoors.  
It's like a normal sleeping bag,  
but inside, a waterproof sleeve to keep  
out the rain and condensation.  
It will render the tent obsolete.  
- You'll still get condensation inside.  
- No, you won't, 'cause it's plastic.  
- It's waterproof, see?  
- But condensation's on the inside...  
We'll find out when we put it  
to the test, won't we, clever-clogs?  
- I made two, see?  
- What for?  
One for me, one for you.  
- Thought I'd take the car out.  
- Oh, the... the...  
The headlights don't work,  
so make sure you're back before dark.  
He was gonna take it into the garage.  
Halfords.  
What, love?  
New headlights.  
Halfords will be cheaper.  
Herpes is all right.  
It's easily sorted with antibiotics.  
But gonorrhoea's a bastard.  
Lots of the lads had it in the war.  
Once you've seen what a dose of  
gonorrhoea can do to a lad's tackle...  
I've got pictures in books at home  
that'd turn your stomach.  
If there's another war  
would you get called up?  
I wouldn't have thought so.  
There's not going be another war.

- You keeping an eye out for the police?

- Yes, Dad.

Self abuse, that's the thing  
to be wary of.

- Dad, please...

- It seems like good fun, I know,  
but it actually weakens the organ  
for married life.

- Police car, right behind us, Dad!

- Really? Where?

Just... over there.

Very funny... very smart.

Bloody marvellous, isn't it?

If they drop the bomb on Leeds,  
would it get us up here?

I wouldn't have thought so.

It's God's own country.

What about Mum and Gillian?

I think Mummy and Gillian  
will be fine too.

What if they drop the bomb on Blackpool?

Why on earth would the communists  
want bomb Blackpool, fathead?

Liverpool, then?

It's a bit bloody morbid,  
this, isn't it?

Come on, lets go and find somewhere  
to camp before it starts raining.

It's a lovely spot. Nice and sheltered,  
river nearby for swimming.

- Shouldn't we go to a proper campsite?

- It's the English countryside.

We're English. It belongs to us.

Maybe we should pitch the tent first,  
just to be on the safe side.

Is there a canvas bag in there, Blake?

- Yep, yep.

- What's in it?

- Tent pegs.

- No poles?

- No, just some pegs.

- Let's have a look.

Oh, blast! Hell, blast and damnation!

Why didn't you check, fathead?

- You packed the tent.  
- You used it last, didn't you?  
- No, I didn't. You...  
- There's no point in arguing about it.  
- What you doing?  
- Right! Follow me!  
- Can't we sleep in the car?  
- Sleep in the car?  
What's the point of us coming all  
the way up here and sleeping in the car?  
A hotel then?  
Maybe we should just go home.  
Look, hold that and stop moaning,  
for God's sake.  
Mummy says hello.  
Pub was bloody miles away.  
Felt a bit rude just to use the phone  
so stayed for a swift half.  
No sandwiches though.  
Here you are, supper.  
- Not hungry.  
- Fair enough. Breakfast then.  
Do you want to put the torch out, eh?  
Save on batteries.  
If you like.  
- Night-night, Blake.  
- Night.  
Dad!  
Oh, my book!  
It could have been a lot worse.  
How, exactly?  
If our sleeping bags weren't waterproof.  
They're not waterproof!  
- They are waterproof.  
- So why am I wet, then?  
Well, not waterproof, water-resistant.  
It's not funny.  
- Where are we going?  
- I thought I'd drive us up to Scafell.  
Can't we just go home?  
We've only just started!  
Besides, the sun will burn this cloud  
off in next to no time.  
We can dry the tent out on a hedge,

have a picnic and find another spot.  
What do you say?  
The unrest followed  
a radio broadcast in which Khrushchev  
reiterated his command  
missile bases...  
I was listening to that!  
No point in fretting.  
We all have die sooner or later.  
If our times up, our times up.  
That's more like it. Smashing.  
I'm not going swimming,  
if that's what you're thinking.  
- I'm wet enough, as it is.  
- Right, budge over, you!  
- What for?  
- Time you learnt to drive.  
You're joking?  
What, here?  
Here there's no one  
for you to smash into.  
Come on, budge over!  
Very gently off the clutch.  
No, gently! Gently! Stop!  
First gear. Top left.  
Top left, that's it. Come on.  
Come on. Gently!  
- Clutch! No, fathead, left foot.  
- You told me...  
That's it. Now gently.  
Second into third.  
That's it, that's it. Good.  
Now gently away. Good.  
Excellent. Now indicate.  
Indicate right. Come on, indicate right!  
- OK!  
- Now, indicate left!  
- Indicate left.  
- What am I indicating for?  
- Because you mustn't get in bad habits.  
- There's no one here, Dad.  
Come on! Hard round,  
left hand down. That's it.  
- Now, right hand down.

- Dad! Please!  
Faster, don't worry about it.  
Don't be scared, just go faster.  
- It's a bit fast.  
- You can go faster.  
Faster than this?  
Quick! Come on! That's it!  
Excellent, do you like it?  
Good. Are you ready?  
One... two... three!  
Now!  
Come on. Come on.  
Come on out, you little sod!  
Come on. Come on, get up.  
- Hello?  
- Hi.  
- Oh, it's you.  
- Who else were you expecting?  
I just... I thought it might be mum.  
I'm walking the dog.  
Mind if I call you when I get back?  
Yeah, yeah, sure.  
- As soon as I get in. Bye.  
- Bye.  
Come on... Stupid, stupid, stupid.  
- Sending you mad is he?  
- I'm getting your migraines.  
Can't you come and rescue me?  
Sorry, love, it's men only.  
You're on your own, I'm afraid.  
Did he blame me for that  
tent pole business?  
What tent pole business?  
- Didn't he tell you last night?  
- I took a sleeping pill. Why?  
What happened with the tent poles?  
Blake? You there?  
He woke me at six in the morning!  
That's never happened before.  
Something must be up.  
I wasn't far wrong. I realised we were  
sleeping in two foot of water.  
The bloody stream had burst it's banks.  
Blake gave me a look like thunder.

I thought he was going to punch me one.

Excuse me a minute.

Here you are, a present for you.

Don't tell Mummy. You'll get me shot.

- Where are you going?

- Phone her.

What, again?

I just want to make sure  
she's managing without us.

If anyone asks, you're 36!

I wish you were here too.

I know, but what can we do?

Don't be daft. You know I do.

Well, there's no point in worrying  
about it. Everything's gonna be fine.

After all, where's the harm?

Yes. Yeah, we will, we will.

How are you doing, Stirling Moss?

Behaving yourself?

- Right, one for the road?

- I'm going to bed.

Good idea.

- How was Mum?

- What?

Oh, she was asleep.

I said I'd call her in the morning.

- Hey, Arthur? Have you heard the news?

- No, turn it up.

Soviet missiles

should be removed from Cuba  
under United Nations supervision.

Further details of the deal  
have yet to become clear.

But it seems that for tonight, at least,  
the world can sleep a little safer.

What did I tell you? No point in getting  
worked up about it, was there?

Are you all right?

So... to Kennedy, then.

To Kennedy.

That went down well.

Think I can sneak in one more.

I think I'll pop you  
in the boot too.

- Why can't you go instead?

- Not today, Blake.

Why? Have you got one  
of your migraines?

No. Not yet, anyway.

No, I've got patients to see,  
that's all.

Somebody's got to keep that surgery  
running while Dad is off gadding about.

But why does Aunty Beaty  
always have to come?

Well, because your Aunty Beaty  
gets a bit blue.

- And your Dad likes cheering her up.

- I'd still prefer it if you came.

Would you stop grizzling,  
for goodness sake!

Look, darling, I'm sorry.

But you'll have fun. Go on.

Go on. OK.

Oh, one more!

One, two, three!

Let's get you down.

Come on, let's have some lunch.

Boom-boom. Boom-boom.

Boom-boom. Boom-boom.

Can you hear it?

Pumping away?

Can I have a go?

Blake, you and Gillian  
take Josie down the hill  
whilst Aunty Beaty and I  
get the picnic ready.

- Arthur, I don't think...

- No, no. Nonsense.

You can look after the ladies,  
can't you?

Big, strong lad like you.

Go on, off you go!

What are you doing, Blake?

- What does it look like?

- Stop showing off. You'll fall!

- I won't fall.

- Blake, come down. You're too high!

Blake!

- Blake!

- Blake!

Blake!

Blake, what the hell do you think you're playing at, sneaking up on people?

I fell out of a tree.

How did you get up a tree? Fly up?

I don't think

we're going to have to amputate.

But I am going to put some antiseptic on it.

And that's going to sting a bit.

Brave enough?

Now, that's it. You take that end, now take this end...

Now...

...best not to tell Mummy about any of this, eh?

You'll get me in trouble.

Is that a deal?

Now remember, big boys don't cry. Especially not in front of girls.

Show them how brave you are!

All right?

Good boy.

Another swig of wine, please.

"Swig." Funny word, "swig."

Have you been through the papers yet?

The stocks and tax and stuff?

Not yet, Dad. No.

Have a look at it all, will you?

Your Mother's a bit scared of it, I think.

I will, yes.

Sometime soon, all right?

Who's that?

Robert Morrison.

Died 1948, run over by a horse.

Drunk, probably.

It says here that Daniel Morrison...

...married his wife's sister as well as his wife.

Yes, his first wife died in

childbirth, and he married the sister.

Yes, God, you weren't allowed to mention Daniel, either.

- All this scandal.

- Well...

...now it can come out.

What did Granddad die of, Mum?

Oh... cancer, I think. Yeah.

- Bowel?

- Mm-hmm.

I think you've one

or two more years yet, Blake.

I remember when Granddad died.

Dad cried for months.

I remember at the wake,

somebody came up to him and asked him,

"When did you last

see your father?" and...

...he just went to pieces.

Blake! Say hello

to Beaty and Sam.

Hello, Beaty and Sam.

Blake? Where are you?

Come down and say hello.

- You're meant to knock.

- Look who's come to see you.

- Hello, Josie.

- Hello.

- What are you up to, then?

- I'm reading.

About someone who murders his father.

Well, read it later. Come downstairs,

Beaty and Sam are here.

- Why can't I just?

- Because it's Christmas!

What are you drinking these days, Josie?

Vodka? Brandy?

There you are!

We were about to send out

a search party for you, young man.

Never a piece of mistletoe

when you need one. Oh, well.

Merry Christmas, Blake.

Happy Christmas, Aunty Beaty.

I think you're big enough  
for just plain Beauty now, don't you?

- Suppose so.

- Here.

Oh... the crown prince, eh?

Well, I'm going to help your mother.

All right, Sandra? Steve?

All right, skinny.

- Where have you been hiding, Blake?

- Just upstairs.

Playing with yourself?

Better give it a rest, Morrison,

- or it'll snap off in your hand.

- I was reading, Steve.

Dostoevsky, actually.

Right, well. See you later then.

Like the hat... Dostoevsky.

Grim, isn't it?

Sodom and Gomorrah.

Is it me, or does it  
get worse every year?

It gets worse.

Look at Sandra and Steve.

Disgusting.

You'd think they'd do it outside,  
or something. Pig.

There you are. Look, what can it be?

- Gill?

- What?

- You know Josie?

- What about her?

Do you think that?

Do you think that she  
looks a bit like us?

- What do you mean?

- You know what I mean.

- It's a little beauty.

- Thank you.

Don't be daft.

One of your migraines?

No.

Just...

Just a headache.

Too much wine at dinner, I think.

Go back to the party. Have some fun.  
I'll just...  
...go upstairs and lie down for a bit.  
God, I wish...  
I wish the ground could have  
swallowed me up.  
We were  
just having a bit of fun.  
Oh, fun! Is that what you call it?  
It's just a dance.  
It is Christmas, after all.  
What's Christmas  
got to do with anything?  
- I love you. Come here.  
- Get off me! God! God, Arthur!  
I found him under our bed,  
groping his Christmas presents  
He said he was looking for his shoes.  
Why they'd be under our bed  
he didn't explain.  
Anyway, he's in his room now  
in disgrace.  
I think he's still awake.  
Do you want to talk him?  
Not right now, no.  
- Still there?  
- Mm-hmm.  
So are you staying on?  
- Of course I am.  
- And you don't want us to come up?  
Not right now.  
It's just that I wish...  
I wish I could be more involved,  
somehow, that's all.  
Well, you can't be, I'm sorry.  
You sound very distant.  
I've got to go.  
- You don't want to talk?  
- What about?  
I don't know...  
Things, your father, the situation.  
- Why?  
- I just thought it might help.  
All right then, let's talk about

my father. You first, off you go.  
You know, Blake, I know  
that you're going through a lot.  
That is no excuse  
for being a complete bastard.  
And the balls. They get trapped.  
- How's that?  
- Lovely, pet.  
Better now?  
Much better, pet.  
We've been happy, haven't we?  
We've got through it.  
Lucky man. Lucky man.  
- Chelsea versus Middlesbrough?  
- Away win.  
- Watford versus Southampton?  
- Score draw.  
Crystal Palace  
versus Aston Villa?  
No score draw.  
- Spurs versus Liverpool?  
- Home win.  
Your grandpa had a little Austin,  
BFX 709, which is  
a Blackpool registration.  
He bought it in Blackpool, and he was  
going to a football match in Bolton,  
his team, against Blackpool.  
And the queue of traffic was dreadful.  
He thought "Bugger this,  
I'm gonna go down the outside."  
And they were all hooting at him  
and shouting at him.  
And when he got to the end,  
they saw his Blackpool number plate  
and took him in the visitors' car park.  
So he had watch the whole match  
from the wrong end.  
He wasn't best pleased.  
We've had some fun, haven't we?  
It's marvellous having you here.  
And Gill and Blake.  
If our purpose on this earth is to leave  
it a better place for our children,

we haven't done badly, have we?  
The shares all go in your mother's name.  
The solicitor knows all about it.  
Make sure your mother opens  
the envelopes and signs all the forms.  
And keep an eye on her, won't you?  
- Don't disappear and leave it to Gill.  
- Of course I won't.  
- Tired?  
- Too true.  
It would be good to talk at some point,  
wouldn't it?  
When you feel up to it.  
- What about?  
- Dunno.  
Past, I suppose. Family questions.  
Sometime. Not today though, eh?  
OK.  
Not today.  
Gentle as you like.  
Remember, you're not hitting the ball,  
just pushing it.  
- Kissing it, really.  
- You're doing it on purpose.  
- What?  
- You know what.  
Oh, very good!  
Close... yes.  
Now...  
...Morrison, Senior,  
probably the most naturally gifted  
golfer of his generation,  
addresses the ball.  
Slow backswing,  
keeping his eye on the ball.  
And it's on it's way,  
over the humpback bridge,  
into the round thing covered in shells,  
out the other side...  
And it's there!  
It's there! Eight under par.  
The championship. Well done, Blake.  
You did your best,  
but at the end of the day,

you were up against a better player.  
I enjoyed that.  
It would be a lovely hotel to run.  
- Do you go camping?  
- Oh, here he is.  
This is Blake, my eldest.  
This is Rachel.  
What are you? A blue coat, red coat?  
Much posher than that.  
I'm your entertainments officer.  
Oh, officer!  
- Hello.  
- Hi.  
- He's hoping to go to university too.  
- Oh, where to?  
Maybe Nottingham, to read English.  
Which strikes me as utterly pointless.  
Where's the sense in that?  
He can already read English  
perfectly well as it is.  
Arthur, you're such a philistine.  
Your glass is empty. What can I get you?  
- Technically, I'm on duty.  
- A white wine.  
Babycham for you, Blake?  
Well... we'll just...  
We'll just...  
Your dad's wonderful.  
Yeah, well, you  
don't have to live with him.  
How about you?  
Are you still stuck with your parents?  
Actually, my dad's dead.  
Heart attack, last year.  
That's why I'm here.  
My mum thought it  
would do me good to get away.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
- Were you close?  
- Yes.  
- Yeah?  
- Yes, very.  
I must just go and say hello.  
"Actually, my dad's dead!"

Nice one.  
Here you are. Scared her off, have you?  
Looks like it, Dad.  
I'll just take her this.  
- Your wine, madam.  
- Thank you very much.  
Hey, what are you up to?  
Just reading.  
You ought to be careful.  
You'll go blind.  
From reading in the dark, I mean.  
That's better.  
Why can't you just share with mum?  
It's more fun like this, chaps together.  
We can have a laugh, can't we?  
Oh, sorry.  
- I woke you.  
- It's all right.  
How did you put up with it, Mum?  
With what?  
I don't know.  
All that noise and the bluster  
and the scams and the...  
...Beaty being around all the time.  
I just sometimes wonder, how you...  
...put up with it all these years.  
Well, I didn't.  
Not always.  
Dad's very groggy again.  
I thought he was better.  
We were chatting and he seemed better.  
Well, that's all over now.  
He's been having faecal vomiting.  
I'm gonna have to change  
the sheets, Blake.  
I think I'm gonna need  
a hand moving him.  
Are you up to it?  
Up.  
Oh, blimey, Dad!  
What have you been eating?  
I think I'm gonna need you  
to get him in the chair, Blake.  
I'm just gonna get you up now.

Come on.

- Chair! Chair!

- It's all right, Dad. I've got you.

I won't let go. You're all right, Dad.

There you go. Safe now.

It's all right. It's all right.

I told you, didn't I?

You should have seen Blake,  
sloshing around in the freezing  
cold water in his underpants.

You weren't a happy camper,  
were you, Blake?

No, Dad.

Excuse me for a moment, Rachel.

I have to see a man about a dog.

You're very lucky, you know?

Oh, yeah, yeah. I'm very lucky.

Do you know what he calls my mother?

"Mummy."

I mean, what kind of a man  
calls his wife "Mummy"?

- I think it's nice.

- I think it's creepy.

He's like a big kid.

He's never read a single book  
all the way through.

As far as I can tell, he's been reading  
Death on the Nile for the last 42 years.

There are more important things  
in life than books.

Are there? I don't think so.

I think books are everything.

You want to be a writer?

Maybe... Ideally, I'd...

- Am I missing anything?

- It's all right. Doesn't matter.

It's not important.

Will you excuse me?

I need to see a man about a dog.

I hate...

I fucking, fucking, fucking...

...hate him.

Just a few words, if I may?

As you know, the Morrisons

are leaving tomorrow,  
so I'd like to take this opportunity  
to say how marvellous it has been  
to meet you all and say a very special  
thank-you to the lovely Rachel Stein,  
who's made it such a memorable holiday,  
especially for my lad, Blake.

So... raise your glasses  
if you would, please,  
and drain them, doctor's orders,  
as we say a special toast  
to newfound friends.

Newfound friends.

Blake! April fool.

It was just a joke.

Blake! Blake!

Come back! Don't be like that.

Come and have a drink.

It was just a bit of fun.

Yeah, for you and your girlfriend,  
maybe.

Honestly, an old man like you?

It's pathetic. You'd think Beaty  
would be enough for you.

I beg your pardon?

I'm surprised you didn't  
ask her along on holiday.

- She goes every where else with us.

- Enough, Blake.

- I'm sure Mummy wouldn't mind.

- Blake.

And even if she does mind,  
what do you care?

- "It's just a bit of fun."

- I said that's enough!

I love your mother very much.

I love all of you.

You mean the whole world to me.

You know that.

So why'd you do it, Dad? Why?

I don't know what  
you're talking about.

Now come inside.

Hello, stranger.

So, what was it like then?

- All right for some.

- Meet nice girls when you were away?

Any holiday romance?

- Only for Dad.

- I just hope you weren't unfaithful.

If I found out you been seeing someone else behind my back...

Blake, get off.

Blake?

Blake?

Won't be a minute.

He was trying to get up to clear his lungs and...

And he was coughing a lot and panicking,

so I gave him some morphine.

He... all he said was,

"Can I lie down now?"

He's better now, but...

...his breathing's very irregular.

What's he looking at?

Nothing.

Dad?

He's looking straight through me.

Please, Dad, stop breathing.

Please just stop.

If you can't come back as you were, then go.

Thank God.

I thought he'd gone then.

Don't do that again. Silly old bugger.

- I hate him.

- Don't be daft.

- No one hates their dad, not really.

- Well, I do.

All I mean is...

...if there's a firing squad and I had to choose between shooting you or shooting my dad, then I'd shoot my dad, that's all.

- What was that for? What?

- You know what.

- Don't you dare.

- I was trying to be nice...  
Well it's not nice.  
It's a wicked thing to say.  
Don't you dare ever, ever say anything  
like that again.

- Why not?  
- It doesn't matter.  
I wouldn't say that about my dad,  
and he's a vicious bastard.

- All I meant...  
- You should never wish anyone dead.  
What if it came true?  
- Blake? Blake, where are you?  
- Sex police! Go!  
- Arthur!  
- Sandra! Sorry.

Why don't you knock?  
You frightened the life out of me!  
I didn't think you'd be in, sorry.  
I was just looking  
for Blake, that's all.  
Oh, well, he's hardly likely to be here.  
No, I suppose not.  
But tell him...  
Tell Blake I was looking for him. Sorry.  
It's ten minutes now.  
I think he's gone, Blake.  
Should I cover his face?  
No.  
You'll be all right here?  
Yeah, I thought I might just lie down  
with him for a bit.  
Do you think?  
- Do you think that's all right?  
- I'm sure it is.

Mom.  
Mom?  
The undertaker's here.  
What?  
The undertaker's here.  
He's still warm.  
That's why we like  
to get in pretty sharpish,  
before the rigor mortis. After 12 hours,

they get stiff as a board.  
Hello, what's this?  
Pacemaker.  
- Cremation is it?  
- I think so, yes.  
Well, I'll have to remove that  
I'm afraid.  
Otherwise they explode.  
I'll... I'll make a note of it.  
Boom-boom. Boom-boom.  
Boom-boom. Boom-boom.  
Can you hear it?  
Pumping away?  
I was just passing, so I thought...  
Not exactly  
on your way home, though, is it?  
Nope.  
Poor old King Arthur.  
Lent me the money for this house,  
you know?  
I won't half miss him.  
You know, I used to think  
you fancied him.  
But I was shagging you.  
I thought you were  
with him on the sly.  
Christ, Blake. What did you take me for?  
Remember how he was always  
trying to catch us?  
Sex police? Never did though, did he?  
Too fast for him.  
He used to say,  
"Leave two blokes in a room  
long enough, they'll kill each other.  
Leave a man and a woman,  
and they'll screw each other."  
Is that right?  
You were my first love,  
you know that, don't you?  
Yeah, well...  
...life's easier without.  
It's funny, though, isn't it?  
You and me. Alone together again.  
I mean, he's not here to walk in on us.

Blake.

It's all right. Look at you.

Sorry. I'm sorry.

Hey, you want to see something?

- It's his pacemaker.

- Bloody hell, Blake!

The undertaker cut it out of his chest  
with a scalpel.

I washed it.

Did you see him cut it out?

Nope.

I wanted to, though.

I wanted to see if I could take it,  
watching him being cut open.

See if I could have been  
a doctor too, I suppose.

- You think I've gone nuts, don't you?

- Yeah.

But then you always were  
a wee bit nuts.

I'm back.

- Hello.

- Hello.

Oh, God, it's good to see you.

I'm so sorry.

I'm sorry.

This isn't working, is it?

It's OK.

You just lie still.

How are you feeling?

I don't know.

Cheated.

- Do you want to go into the car?

- Yes, come on.

- Oh, where'd you get that from?

- Dad's wardrobe.

- A bit loose around the belly.

- No, no, it's not that loose.

- You don't mind, do you?

- Not at all.

No, I'm sure he'd be delighted.

What's up?

Come on, you're meant to be bartending.

- I still can't see it.

- See what?

The resemblance.

Oh, for Christ's sake, Blake,  
why can't you just let it go?

It's history.

Would you like a drink,  
Aunty Beaty?

Oh, I don't think anyone's called me  
"Aunty" in 20 years.

Look at you, Blake.

Goodness. Well, you look just like him.

I think Gill needs a hand, Mum.

Does she?

- All right, dear.

- You sound just like him too.

- Beaty, can I have a word?

- Yes, of course.

In private.

The thing is, I do know something  
went on between you and Dad.

- I see.

- I know it was a long time ago.

I'm not angry.

I mean, I was angry.

For years, furious  
with him mainly, but...

But I'm not anymore.

At least I don't think so.

But I would like to know the truth.

I need to know the truth.

I think I'll go mad otherwise.

You can't understand that, can you?

Well, yes. Yes, I suppose so.

Well, mine was never a very happy  
marriage, Blake. And Arthur...

...patron saint of lost causes,  
he saw that and he...

...consoled me, I suppose.

I was lonely, and he made me laugh.

I wouldn't have got

through the days without him.

It was consolation, Blake.

- But was it physical?

- Is that important?

Yes, I think it is.  
Leave me something  
of him please, Blake. It is mine.  
Whatever sadness,  
whatever hurt we caused you,  
I am sorry for.  
All I will say is this:  
Arthur loved your mother more than  
any human being on the whole earth.  
And you too. You and Gill.  
And he was proud of you.  
So, so proud.  
Even if he didn't always show it.  
But what about Josie?  
Do I have a sister?  
Oh, there you are.  
The taxi's been waiting, Mum.  
- Sorry.  
- We've got to go.  
I'm gonna miss him so much.  
Goodbye.  
Blake!  
- Sure you don't want me to drive you?  
- No, Dad.  
I can run you to the station  
in ten minutes.  
I prefer this way really.  
How far are your digs at the other end?  
Couple of miles.  
- How you going to get there?  
- I don't know.  
- Bus, I suppose.  
- Bus? With all this stuff?  
- Or taxi.  
- Oh, a taxi!  
- Is that right, moneybags?  
- Dad.  
Once your allowance is gone, that's it.  
Don't come running cap in hand.  
- Doesn't grow on trees.  
- Doesn't grow on trees. I know.  
You're studying a proper subject,  
like medicine or science,  
guarantee you a job.

Dad, please.  
Right then.  
See you then.  
See you, Dad.  
TTFM.  
I'll miss you.  
You too, Dad.  
Dad.  
When did you last  
see your father?  
Was it when they burnt the coffin?  
Put the lid on it?  
When he exhaled his last breath?  
When he sat up  
and said something?  
When he last recognized you?  
When he last smiled?  
When did you last see your father?  
The last time he was healthy, active?  
The last time you had  
an argument about something?  
Dear old Dad.  
Want to keep this,  
in case it comes in useful?  
No.  
- Yes, I can.  
- No, you can't.  
Dad would have done, you know?  
Those weeks  
we tried to say goodbye  
were like a series of depletions.  
Each day I thought, "He can't get  
less like himself than this. "  
Yet each day he did.  
So I've been trying to recall  
the last time I actually saw him.  
The last time he was unmistakably there,  
in the fullness of being...  
... him.  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm doing it as fast as I can.  
- You using a Phillips screwdriver?  
- No.  
- No wonder you can't do it.

- I can do it.
- Doesn't look like it.
- Dad.
- Are you sure it's gonna hold?
- Absolutely.

Right, let's see.

Ready to let go?

Absolutely.

Gently does it.

- There.

- Told you, didn't I?

Moment of truth.

Let there be light.

Right. What's next then?