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Bedazzled

By Peter Cook

The communion of saints...
forgiveness of sins, the
resurrection of the body...
and life everlasting.
Amen.

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Amen.

Our Father.

Our Father, which art
in heaven, hallowed...

Dear God, there's something
I want to ask you.

Of course you know what it is...
because you know everything that's
going to happen before it happens...
so there's really
no need to ask you.

But I thought I'd ask
you in any case.

Now, you know that I believe in you.

But I was wondering if you could
give me just a little sign.

I mean, I'm not saying that if
you don't give me the sign...
that I won't believe in you... I'm not
threatening you or anything like that.

But please, please give
me enough courage...

to speak to Margaret Spencer
and get to know her.

O God, make clean our
hearts within us.

And take not thy
holy spirit from us.

Miss Spencer...

I wonder if I could
have a word with you.

There's something
I've got to tell you...
something I've got to
bring out into the open.

I've been bottling it up
inside me too long...
and there's no point
in hiding it anymore.
For six years now, ever since
you came to Wimpy's...
I've been in love with you.
I only live to hear your voice.
One cheeseburger, one shanty,
one portion french fries.
Each time you speak...
it's like a thousand violins
playing in the halls of heaven.
I-I love you, Miss Spencer.
I love everything about you...
the way you walk, your sweet
smile, your easy grace and charm.
Wimpy Burgers twice, one M.R.,
one well, heavy on the onions.
I wish I could take you
away from all this.
I'd like us to start a
new life together...
a little house of our own, a car,
the two of us against the world...
joined forevermore in holy wedlock.
Miss Spencer!
What?
Nothing.
Good evening.
I couldn't help noticing that you were
making an unsuccessful suicide bid.
What are you doing in my room?
What do you want?
I'm here to help you, Mr. Moon.
- I don't want any help. Please go away.
- Oh, all right.
I just thought you might be interested
in a little matter of a million pounds.
A million pounds?
Don't let me interfere with
your doing away with yourself.
What's this about a million pounds?
- May I come in?

- Yes, please do.

Thank you. I wonder if you'd
mind taking my cloak.

Hang it somewhere dry, would you.

- Might I sit down?

- Oh. Do.

Thank you.

- It's a very nasty little place you've got here.

- Oh. Thank you.

What's this about a million pounds?

Oh, a million pounds, yes.

You remember your

great-great-great-grandfather?

Well, I never even met my father.

- How very sad.

- Excuse me.

In all events, your great-great-great-
grandfather, Ephraim Moon...

sailed for Australia in

1782 on a ship of the line.

Set himself up as an apothecary.

The business flourished...

and by the time he died it was worth

something in the region of 2,000.

A large amount in those days.

Yes.

Your great-great-grandfather,
Cedric Moon...

by skillful management

and careful husbandry...

increased that sum a hundredfold.

This, in turn, was inherited by your

great-grandfather, Desmond Moon...

who expanded, diversified...

and built up a personal fortune

of well over a million pounds.

Oh. That's a lot of money.

A great deal of money, Mr. Moon.

And this gigantic sum...

was inherited by your

grandfather, Hubert Moon...

who returned to London and frittered it

away on wine, women and loose living.

Uh, where does that leave me then?

Penniless and on the
brink of suicide.
You get out of here
before I call the police.
Before you call the what?
The police.
You realize that suicide
is a criminal offense.
In less enlightened times
they'd have hung you for it.
Look, exactly what do you want?
I told you.
Seriously, I want to help you.
Unburden yourself. It does you
good to share your problems.
What interest is it to you?
Please go away!
I'm interested in everybody.
Please tell me. What drove
you to this desperate act?
All right, I'll tell you.
I'm miserable.
I've got a boring job, no
money, no prospects...
I haven't got a girlfriend, I can't get to know
anyone, no one wants to get to know me...
and everything is hopeless.
All right? Satisfied?
And if you really want to help me,
you can get me a sock for this pipe.
Oh, yes. They're in the top
left-hand drawer, aren't they?
Yeah.
But suicide, Mr. Moon?
Really, really, really.
That's the last thing you should do.
Don't you think it's
taking the easy way out?
Easy way out?
What's easy about it?
Look. The bleedin' pipe's broken.
Can't even manage to kill myself.
Let's face it, Mr. Moon...
you're a complete failure.

Yes... Oh.
I'll fix that.
You know that million
pounds I mentioned?
Yes?
I wasn't joking.
I could give you that and more.
Everything you've ever seen
in the advertisements...
fast, white convertibles...
blonde women, their hair
trailing in the wind...
wafer-thin after-dinner chocolates.
If you had all that, would
you be any happier?
What are you on about?
Would the words Prince of
Darkness mean anything to you?
Beelzebub? Mephistopheles?
The horned one?
I know. You've escaped
from somewhere.
No, I haven't, Mr. Moon.
I'm the horned one, the devil.
Let me give you my card.
Oh, yes, the devil. Of course.
Silly old me.
Cor blimey!
I left my hankie at Wimpy's.
I wonder if you'll excuse me.
Don't rush away, Mr. Moon.
You're a nutcase.
You're a bleedin' nutcase.
They said the same of Jesus
Christ, Freud and Galileo.
They said it of a lot
of nutcases too.
You're not as stupid as you
look, are you, Mr. Moon?
What can I do to convince
you that I'm the devil?
Supposing I granted you your
dearest wish here and now?
What about that girl at Wimpy's?

Margaret Spencer?

Yes.

How do you know about her?

And how do you know
so much about me...

where my socks are and
who my grandfather was?

I told you.

I've been taking an interest in you.

Look, well, supposing I, um...

gave you a trial wish.

No obligation on your part.

Just to get acquainted.

Is there anything in the
world you really desire?

Margaret Spen...

Aside from Margaret Spencer.

We'll save her till later, when
you sign. Anything else?

Um... a Frobisher and Gleason
raspberry-flavored ice lolly.

Very well, Mr. Moon.

Conclusively to prove that

I am indeed the unholy one...

a Frobisher and Gleason
raspberry-flavored ice lolly...

shall be yours...

in a trice.

Here you are.

Thank you.

Oh, um, have you got sixpence?

I've only got a million-pound note.

- Thank you.

- Ta.

Convinced?

Do me a favor.

I could have done that myself.

I thought you were

gonna conjure it up.

You're just like all the rest, aren't you?

No proof is good enough.

I want a miracle.

A rain of toads or something.

All right then. Which of the

cheap tricks is it gonna be?
Wine into water?
Stick into serpent?
How about flying through
space at the speed of light?
How about you checking in to the nearest
loony bin for a few weeks' holiday?
O ye of little faith, Moon.
You're not wearing nylon
underwear, are you?
Why?
It disintegrates at high speeds.
Prepare yourself.

The magic words:

Here, my ice lolly's melted.
You really must be the devil.
Incarnate. How do you do?
Oh. How do you do?
Where are we? Is this hell?
Just my London headquarters.
That's not your name, is it?
George Spiggott?
Come on in. It's one of my many
earthly pseudoplumes, or nom de nyms.
I thought you were called Lucifer.
I know. The Bringer of the
Light, it used to be.
Sounded a bit pouffy to me.
God keeps changing his
name too, you know.
He used to be called the Word.
Yeah. "In the beginning was the Word."
"And the Word was God."
Was there just a word
hanging about in space then?
I suppose so.
I wasn't there.
What's it mean, "the Word"?
What does "Stanley Moon" mean?
Evening, Anger.
It's all right, Anger.
He's with me.
Come in, Mr. Moon.

I'd like you to meet Anger.
He works for me.
How do you do?
Pleased to meet you.
Watch it, that's all.
This is the, uh, Club Room.
It's, uh, quite nicely decorated
and painted. Early Hitler.
Now, what about my
little proposition?
All I want from you is something you
probably don't even realize you have.
I'm talking about your soul.
My soul?
Yes.
Like you collect moths...
I collect souls.
I'd like to add yours
to my collection.
What are you doing?
Just a bit of routine mischief.
Now, then, what about your soul?
Well, uh, I don't know where it
is or how to get hold of it.
Exactly.
And all I want from you is the exclusive
global and universal rights to it.
But if you took it
out, wouldn't it hurt?
It's a painless operation.
And afterwards, you
won't feel a thing.
Besides, it's been no earthly
good to you, has it?
Like to look at the contract?
Yes, please.
There we are.
Your soul's rather like your appendix...
totally expendable.
There was a time when it
did have a function...
but nowadays the vast majority
of people never use it.
Looks a bit complicated.

It's a standard contract.
Gives you seven wishes in accordance
with the mystic rules of life...
seven days of the week, seven deadly sins,
seven seas, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers.
Look, if you're not interested...
I'm sure there's thousands of others
who'd jump at the opportunity.
No, it's just a bit
sudden, that's all.
Read it through on your own time.
"I, Stanley Moon...
"hereinafter and in the hereafter...
to be known as the damned..."
The damned?
It's a form of words. Legal jargon.
"Do warrant that I am the
sole owner of my soul."
But what about Margaret? Do you promise
that I'll have her all to myself?
Sign that...
and Margaret Spencer...
will be yours.
"Dear Miss Spencer, this
is just to say cheerio.
"Yours sincerely, Stanley Moon.
P.S. I leave you my
collection of moths."
Just how well did you know Mr. Moon?
Not at all, really.
I used to see him at Wimpy's.
Well, it does seem that, of all the people
in his life, you were the closest to him.
Why else would he leave you that note?
I suppose that must be true.
How awful.
Have you any idea why he
contemplated this rash act?
Can't say, really.
At work he always seems
so calm and quiet.
Sorry to be so blunt,
Miss Spencer...
but are you sure you're not concealing your

relationship with the would-be deceased?

Wasn't a relationship.

I scarcely knew the man.

What are you doing all
that measuring for?

Eh? Oh, we always do
this, Miss Spencer.

You'd be amazed how
often it pays off.

Now, did you say anything
that might have upset him?

Can you remember your
exact last words to him?

I think it was...

"Wimpy Burgers twice, one M.R.,
one well, heavy on the onions."

Yes, I think I'm beginning
to get the picture.

- It all seems to be quite straightforward.

- Good.

All we need do now, then,
is get it witnessed.

Sloth would be best. He's a lawyer.

Come on now, Sloth!

Wake up, you idle, great slob!

Here, are all your staff like this?

That's the trouble. I can't get
any decent help these days.

God's laughing, of course.

All he has to do is raise
his little finger...

he's got a thousand sycophantic,
prissy angels at his beck and call.

I'm lumbered with Anger and Sloth.

Wake up, you lazy, legal layabout!

Get up! Wake up!

Here, well, this is Stanley Moon.

He's selling me his soul, and I want
you to witness it on this document.

I want you to do some writing.

That's your forte, isn't it?

Writing.

Where it says, "In the
presence of," your signature.

Your name. Remember that one?
Y... Yeah.
Sloth.
S... I...
S... I...
O... T...
O... T...
T... H.
Right. Very nice.
Now it's your turn.
Um...
there's just one thing, though.
You're not having second
thoughts, are you?
No. But shouldn't I sign in blood?
Blimey, you are a traditionalist.
All right then.
Let's use some of his.
He'll never notice.
There we are. Help yourself.
Well done.
Welcome to the club.
- When can I get started on my wishes?
- Soon as you like.
And if, by any chance,
you become dissatisfied...
all you have to do is go...
Just go...
You just go...
This'll terminate your wish and bring
you back to me, wherever I am.
Here we are. "M."
Let's see, um...
Machiavelli, McCarthy,
Masoch, Miller, Moses...
- Moses?
- Irving Moses, the fruiterer.
Here's Moon. S. Moon.
That's you filed away.
Now then, what would you like
to be first? Prime minister?
Oh, no, I've made that deal already.
Um, I don't know, really.
It's just that I'm not

very good with words.
I didn't have very
much of an education.
And... And I'm a bit, um...
Uh...
Um, I'm just a bit...
Inarticulate?
Yes, that's it... I think.
And you'd like to be the sort of person
who can use words like "inarticulate"?
Yeah! I'd like to be able to talk to
Margaret and tell her how I feel.
An intellectual who can get his
ideas across to the one he loves.
Yes, that's it.
Easily done.
Now then, you just stand
over here by the bird...
put your right hand
on its left claw.
Okay, lights out!
Take this!
Ooh! Ooh!
Am I gonna explode?
No, no, it's quite safe. I just put it
there for a bit of visual excitement.
It's not gonna hurt, is it?
Not a bit.
Hold tight!

The magic words:

Julie Andrews.
I could stand and
watch them for hours.
They've such beautiful hands.
Mmm.
Such fantastic delicacy, you see...
but combined as well with this
almost preternatural strength.
Doesn't it make you sad to see
animals caged up like this?
Well, in a way, but, uh...
quite honestly, they're really
no worse off than most of us.

How do you mean?
Well, metaphorically speaking...
and in a very real sense...
society creates its own cages.
You know, cages of the mind.
Yes. Yes.
A curious kind of
cerebral captivity.
Buy a flower, madam?
Oh! Um, what's it for?
Depraved criminals.
You see, civilization...
has had the effect of...
inhibiting our deepest...
natural animal instincts, you see.
Mmm.
The conventions of an
ordered society...
have made us lose what Freud calls
our urmenschgefuehnaturlichkeit.
Well, it's a bit of a
mouthful, isn't it?
Must have been a marvelous man.
Oh, yes. One of the seminal forces.
Um, as Rousseau said...
we must learn to unlearn...
because only by unlearning
can we really learn to be.
Your ideas are so exciting!
Oh!
What a...
fabulous room!
It's marvelous!
Do you like it?
Oh, I love it.
It's so right.
I mean, it's you!
The moment I walked in,
everything about it says Stanley.
Well...
This room is you.
It's a bit untidy, bit of a mess...
but we bachelors have to fend
for ourselves, you know.

Brahms! I can't believe it!
You too?
Mmm.
Ohh.
Absolutely adore him.
Mmm.
He has a...
virile romanticism that
I find irresistible.
Oh, Brahms is just so fantastic!
Whenever I feel tense or anything...
I put him on, just sprawl on the
carpet and let him flow all over me.
- Would you like a little
taste of him now then?
- Please!
Not that I'm tense or anything.
It's just that it would
make me even less tense.
Mm-hmm.
Mmm!
Go on.
Lie down.
Oh, uh, I didn't mean...
Whew!
Let it happen.
Oh.
Mmm.
I love the way he brings
the flute in there.
That is a French horn, actually.
Oh. How silly of me.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
Goodness gracious.
The French horn can sound
incredibly like a flute, you know.
In fact, not many people notice...
the flute-like qualities
of a French horn.
It's so sensual and evocative.
Mm-hmm.
One can almost see the trees...
and the sunlight dappling through.
And a little brook.

Mmm.
And what's that?
A powerful, young stag...
darts into the clearing...
raises his antlers...
and edges closer to his doe.
Oh, that record was
new this morning.
Where did you get
that fantastic thing?
It is nice, isn't it?
Oh, it's beautiful.
Mmm. I got it off a stall, actually.
Just saw it there
and had to have it.
I'm rather like that, you know.
I see something I want...
and that's it, boy-o.
Have to have it.
Me too.
Yes, you too.
Mmm.
Have a look at it.
Oh, thank you.
Oh!
Bit of a weight, isn't it?
Oh, it's so smooth...
and cool.
Yes, that's the extraordinary
thing about marble.
It's always 11 degrees cooler...
than the air that surrounds it.
Fahrenheit, of course.
Do you like feeling things?
Oh, yes,
I'm a very... tactile person.
I love touching things.
Sometimes...
I go into the forest...
and shut my eyes...
and just wander around touching
trees and grass and boulders.
Y-You should try it.
Do it in here!

Go on. Shut your eyes.
Now feel something hard.
Oh.
Ohh!
Oh, I'm feeling something
terribly hard. It's fantastic.
Oh, now feel something soft.
Oh.
Oh, my goodness gracious me.
Oh, it's unbelievable.
Oh, the contrast.
I've never felt anything
so exciting in my life.
Yeah. I love it. Feel my tie.
Oh!
Mmm.
Oh. It's delicious!
Yeah?
Velvet.
It's so wild.
It really does something to me.
Oh. Uh...
Hmm.
I suppose after all that touching you
could do with something to drink.
Please!
What would you like?
Cinzano.
Cinzano? Fantastic.
One sip of Cinzano,
and I'm in Italy.
Mmm.
The freedom of it.
The sun beating down.
Mmm.
The incredible thing about the Italians
is the way they touch each other.
Have you noticed that?
Yes. Cheers.
The Anglo-Saxons have lost the
art of touching each other.
I mean, if someone wants
to touch somebody else...
then they should go right

ahead and touch them.
I mean, it's a healthy,
human thing to do.
Y-You're so right.
There's a tribe in... in Africa
who never say a word.
They just touch each other.
That's how they communicate.
Life is far too complicated.
I think we should get
down to basic elements.
Mmm.
I mean...
For example, if you
were a girl, and I...
I am a girl.
Well, of course!
All right, but if...
if you were a girl...
which, of course, you are...
and if I were a man, which, for
argument's sake, let's say I am...
and I wanted to touch you, well...
I wouldn't feel restrained.
I mean, I'd just go right ahead...
and...
touch you.
You see? That's how I am.
I feel the same way.
I mean, if two adult human beings
want to touch each other...
they should go ahead
and touch each other.
Why hold back?
Yes.
This afternoon has been...
so perfect.
The Cinzano. The zoo.
The music. The touching.
And you're so right
about the animals.
I mean, that's what we are...
deep down, underneath our
sophisticated civilization...

and we should behave like they do.

Of course.

I mean, the fact that it's...

seven minutes past 3:00 in the afternoon
wouldn't make any difference to a goat.

I mean, Old Billy wouldn't stop to think
what time of day it was, would he?

No, it just goes right ahead
and does what it feels like.

I mean, really, what are
people waiting for?

I want to live!

That's what matters... living.

I want to do everything,
be everything...

feel everything...

Rape! Rape!

No, no! Margaret! Margaret!

The animals! The goats!

The touching!

Rape! Rape! Rape!

What's going on in there? Open the door!

Aah! Ohh! Ooh!

Owww!

Rape! Aah!

Hello, Stanley.

I won't be a minute.

- Get me down from here.

- You're quite safe.

It's only a 300-foot drop.

What am I doing in this costume?

I thought you ought to
dress for the occasion.

Come on, my darling.

Out you come.

There we are.

What did you say?

I just said...

- What's that mean?

- It's pigeon talk.

I'm just issuing instructions.

I'm going for a double tempt, actually.

Like to come and watch?

- No.

- Come over here.
No need to be frightened.
You won't fall. I'll hold on
to your belt, if you like.
Up you come.
There we are.
Now, you see that man over there?
Yes.
And do you see this pigeon?
Yes.
Well, this is a classic
double tempt situation.
With a bit of luck, I can get
two sins for the price of one...
spite from the perpetrating
pigeon and anger from the victim!
It's terrific!
Are you trying to tell me
you want that pigeon...
to do his doo-dahs
on that man's head?
That's right.
All right, birdie,
remember what I said.
Target in range.
All systems... go!
Release your doo-dahs
What a pathetic thing to do.
If you're the devil, why didn't you
go for that vicar down there?
Oh, no. He's one of ours.
Is this your idea of having fun?
Tempting pigeons?
Banal as it may seem,
Stanley, it is my job.
I don't know.
If it hadn't been for you...
we'd still be blissfully wandering
about naked in paradise.
You're welcome, mate.
The Garden of Eden was a boggy swamp just
south of Croydon. You can see it over there.
Adam and Eve were happy enough.
I'll tell you why...

they were pig ignorant.
Come on, my darling. Out you go,
and do something really nasty.
Oh, how'd you get on
with Margaret Spencer?
I was wondering when
you'd ask me that.
It was terrible.
I was so frustrated.
I had all these words and ideas...
and she listened to them
and agreed with them...
but when I touched her she screamed.
Let me tell you something, Stanley.
As far as sex is concerned,
patience is a virtue.
I wanted her so much
I just couldn't wait.
Let me give you a tip. Come here.
In the words of Marcel Proust...
and this applies to any
woman in the world...
if you can stay up and listen with a fair
degree of attention to whatever garbage...
no matter how stupid it is...
that they're coming out with...
till 10 minutes past 4:00
in the morning, you're in.
Ten minutes past 4:00 in the
morning, and you're there?
It never fails.
Oh, that Margaret's such a...
gorgeous girl.
Isn't she lovely?
I'd like to know what
she's doing right now.
Well, that can be arranged.
Let's just get this out.
What's that?
Galileo's wonderful
little invention.
Have you got sixpence?
Yes.
Have a peer through that.

There we are.
Wha...
Come on, Roberts.
Put your back into it!
It's very good of you to
spend so much time on this.
Shh. Oh, that's why we're here,
Miss Spencer... to help people out.
Or fish people out, rather.
Excuse me, Miss Spencer.
People get the wrong
idea about the police.
We're all human beings
as well, you know.
No, we like the public to
think of us as their friends.
I'm sure we all do, Inspector.
Why don't you call me Reg?
All right, Reg.
And you must call me Margaret.
Here, she told him to
call her Margaret.
I think she fancies him a bit.
Shut up!
Oh, I do hope they don't
find Stanley down there.
He was such a...
Quick, it's run out!
Give me another sixpence.
Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh! Ah! Ooh-ooh!
I haven't got one!
Ohh!
Oh, I know she was gonna say
something nice about me.
Oh, let me have her now.
I must have her now. Please!
Just tell me who, where, when,
under what circumstances.
Margaret is who, of course, but I don't want
to go through courting again... that was awful.
Why not be married to her? Then you'll
be absolutely certain of having her.
Yeah. A-And I'd like to be powerful,
'cause I'd like to give her lots of things.

Rich. Influential. Millionaire.
Multi.
Multi. Good thinking.
Multimillionaire. Yachts, servants,
country estates, a phone in the lav.
Yeah, but I don't want her to be like
she was last time... you know, timid.
I want her to be... physical.
I'll make her very physical,
indeed, for you, Stanley.
Stiffen yourself.

The magic words:

Oh, well. Julie Andrews.
Randy!
Afternoon, Seed.
Hello, everybody. How are you, Peter?
Sorry I'm late, darling.
Mmm! Hello, Randolph.
Hello.
Brought you a little
something from town.
Do you like it?
Yes. Isn't it lovely, Randy?
Yes.
We're playing croquet.
Why don't you and Peter go away...
and discuss your affairs?
True enough.
I suppose we ought to... tie
up this Venezuelan business.
Yes.
Lord Dowdy, I wonder if you'd be so
kind as to take over my blue ball...
and double up with Daphne.
C-C-C-C-C-Certainly.
Who is that young Randy fellow?
What?
Oh. Randolph.
He's an awfully nice chap.
He's, uh... He's teaching
Margaret the harp.
Oh, yes.
She's terribly artistic, you know.

Is she?

Yes. Terribly.

Artistic?

- Yes. Yes.

- Yes.

We met Randolph, actually,
when we were in the Bahamas...

forming Margaret's mother
into a limited company.

Very shrewd move.

You ever thought of making Margaret
into a charitable institution?

What a cracking wheeze!

Yes, and then I could get a
depreciation allowance on her.

Exactly. I think the revenue
boys would buy that one.

Yes.

You could probably get her
clothes taken off as well.

Yes, I'm sure they'd be deductible.

Properly handled, I think she could
be a wonderful little asset.

Yes.

I was shopping around for a
wife, actually, the other day.

Mmm. Daphne?

Or something along similar lines.

But my accountant said that in
my bracket it really wasn't on.

Oh, yes... Oh, yes... Come on!

Yes. Excuse me.

I forgot to give you
this, my precious!

Oh, you doll!

There we are. Do you like it?

Oh!

Well!

Feel the fur, Randolph.

Mmm. Beautiful.

How is the old harp...

harp coming along?

Oh, splendidly.

Your wife has extraordinary

sensitivity.
She has, she has. Extraordinary.
Oh, I'm so hot and sticky and...
Randy, we must have a dip!
Your wife has a very beautiful body.
It is nice, isn't it?
You must be a very happy man.
Yes.
Yes, I must be.
I find her...
fantastically attractive.
Hmm.
Thank you.
You don't mind my saying that.
My dear chap. Good Lord.
Not at all. Not at all.
I imagine everybody does.
I imagine they do. Yes.
Sex is a terribly thorny
subject, isn't it?
Mmm. Tsk-tsk-tsk.
Terribly thorny.
Very thorny subject.
I don't really need it.
Yes, please.
I always think it very ironical...
that the male of the species reaches
his sexual peak at the age of 14.
Mmm.
Whereas the appetite
of the female...
continues to increase
with the passing years.
Yes.
Hmm.
It is ironic, isn't it?
Bloody ironic.
Ah.
Of course, monogamy isn't a
natural state for any animal.
Good Lord, no.
Goodness gracious, no. No.
When I say "animal," I mean man.
Yes.

- And when I say "man," I mean woman, of course.

- Of course.

You see, he... or,

for that matter, she...

is, um...

fundamentally promiscuous.

Now.

Yes.

Yes, she probably is.

How does that feel?

Excuse me.

Darling! Darling!

Mmm?

I forgot to give you

this, dear heart.

How exciting. What is it?

Boo-boo-boo-boo!

You shouldn't have.

Is it the original?

Yes. I thought it might appeal.

Thank you, dear. You are sweet.

Oh, good!

And now we must go and get

out of our wet things.

Come along, Randy.

Beautiful collection of books

you've got here, Stanley.

Must be worth a packet.

Yes, I caught a rather nasty

cold in blue chips last week...

and my broker's advised me

to switch to first editions.

They're going up all the time.

Yes.

That one's worth about 10 more

than it was when we came in.

Forgive my ignorance,

B-B-B-Bagshot...

b-but what are y-y-y-you in?

Missiles and munitions, mainly.

Mmm.

How's the market holding up?

Well, we've been very badly

hit by this peace scare.

We fell four points yesterday.
Luckily, I managed to off-load...
a lot of obsolete rubbish...
on the freedom fighters.
Yet things still look rather dodgy.
S-S-S-Surely i-i-i-i-it's...
only a t-t-t-temporary...
s-s-s-s-setback.
That's very easy for you
to say, Lord Dowdy.
But it only takes two lunatics...
to sit down and sign
a piece of paper...
and we could be plunged into a
nuclear peace so devastating...
that my company, for one, would
be wiped out completely.
Where's that harp coming from?
It's probably Margaret
playing with Randolph...
in the music room.
They're very good
together, aren't they?
Yes, they certainly are.
I often wish I'd been forced to take up
an instrument myself when I was young.
I must say, I, uh, admire the way...
you allow her such freedom.
I think most husbands would
object to their wives...
being alone in a room
with a handsome...
virile young man.
Well, it is the 20th
century, after all, old boy.
Can't expect to possess
anyone body and soul.
Huh.
Wonder why the...
music stopped.
They've probably come to the
end of their first movement.
Your shot, Stanley.
Yes. Yes.

Um... Ah-ta-ta-ta.
Uh, l-l-I'll just pop
along and, uh, uh...
see if they need
anything before, uh...
they start their, um, next...
movement.
Oh.
Uh, hello, Randolph.
Have you seen anything
of my wife at all?
Not recently.
I thought she was with you.
Yes. Probably is. Probably is, yes.
Yes.
Probably... with...
Probably with me.
Oh. Um, where's Peter got to?
H-H-He said s-s-s...
s-s-something had
c-c-c-c... come up.
Come up?
Something come up? Yes.
Y-Y-Your sh-shot.
My shot. Yes. Yes, my shot.
Yes, you're certainly right there.
Gosh. My shot. Yes.
Oh, blast!
Gosh.
Seem to have broken me cue.
Um... won't use any of those.
Rubbishy old things.
I'll just... just go and
get my special one.
Um, Margaret'll know where
to lay her hands on it!
Margaret, my darling! My precious!
My sweet? My love? Margaret!
Seed!
Sir?
Oh. Uh, have you seen
Lady Margaret, Seed?
Her Ladyship is in
the bathroom, sir.

In the bathroom, Seed.
Jolly good.
Oh. Hello, Peter. Hello, darling.
Uh, s...
sorry to butt in like this, Peter...
but, um, uh...
about this Venezuelan business...
I thought we ought to get it, uh,
tied up one way or the other.
Um, uh...
do you want me to come
in with you on it...
or, um, do you...
do you wish to pull out...
or shall we just call
the whole thing, um...
Aaah!
Hello, Stanley.
Just tap this for me, would you?
What are we doing up here?
Trapping a few wasps.
Wasps? Blimey!
Come on, my darlings.
Come on, my beastlies.
Out of the nest, into the jar. Come on.
How'd it go, Stanley?
You know perfectly well how it went.
That Bagshot bloke
looked exactly like you.
Well, there's a lot
of me in everyone.
It was even worse than the last time.
I've never been so miserable.
Wasn't she physical enough?
She was physical, all right.
She was too physical.
She was physical all over
the place, except with me.
Oh, don't be too hard on her.
Fornication's such a puny sin.
What she did to me
was unforgivable.
You're just like all my clients.
Absolutely typical.

If Margaret had come in and told
you she'd murdered the gardener...
you'd have forgiven her,
shielded her from the police.
Just because she has a bit of
harmless fun with some young man...
doesn't do anybody any damage...
you want to strangle her.
You're a complete hypocrite.
I thought you were
gonna make me happy.
I never promised you that.
That's up to you.
I just gave you seven wishes
for one measly little soul.
I'm only doing me job.
Your job?
Making people miserable?
No! Giving them the chance
to be happy. It's God's idea.
Don't confuse me with religion.
You see, his theory...
and I'm not knocking it...
is that in order for people
to be really good...
they have to make a free choice between
good and evil and choose good.
Look.
I'm a vital part of his plan.
I provide the evil.
Wasps!
Wasps! Wasps!
Oh, you rotten,
nasty-minded troublemaker.
Ohh!
Those nice, gentle flower people
grooving along quietly...
and you had to mess it up.
You could do something about it.
How?
Why don't you give them
one of your wishes?
Well, because they're mine, and
I've only got five of 'em left.

Not falling for any more of your
tricks, thank you very much.
Well, just as you like.
Let's go. More work to be done.
What a dreary thing to do.
I hope you're proud of yourself.
It was pride that got me into this.
I used to be an angel,
you know, up in heaven.
- Oh, yeah. You used to be
God's favorite, didn't you?
- That's right.
"I Love Lucifer" it was, in those days.
What was it like in heaven?
Very nice, really.
We used to sit around
all day and adore him.
Believe me, he was adorable.
Just about the most adorable
thing you ever did see.
Well, what went wrong then?
I'll show you.
Here we are.
Give me a leg up, would you?
Now, then...
I'm God.
This is my throne, see.
All around me are the
cherubim, seraphim...
continually crying, "Holy,
holy, holy"...
the angels, archangels,
that sort of thing.
Now you be me, Lucifer, the
loveliest angel of them all.
- What do I do?
- Well, sort of dance around
praising me, mainly.
- What sort of things do I say?
- Anything that comes into
your head that's nice.
How beautiful I am, how wise, how
handsome, that sort of thing.
Come on. Start dancing.

You're wise, you're
beautiful You're handsome
Thank you very much.
The universe
- What a wonderful idea.
Take my hat off to you.
- Thank you.
Trees, terrific.
Water, another good one.
That was a good one.
Yes! Sex... top marks.
Now make it more personal.
A bit more fulsome, please.
Come on.
Immortal, invisible.
You're handsome, you're,
uh, you're glorious.
Thank you. More!
You're the most beautiful
person in the world
Here, I'm getting a bit bored with this.
Can't we change places?
That's exactly how I felt.
I only wanted to be like him...
and have a few angels adoring me.
He didn't see it like that.
Pride, he called it. Sin of pride.
Flew into a monumental rage, chucked me
out of heaven, gave me this miserable job.
Just 'cause I wanted to be loved.
I had no idea.
It's a very sad story.
I suppose he had his reasons.
Oh, can't you stop?
It's a compulsion!
I'm compelled to. His orders.
Pathetic.
He moves in a very
mysterious way, you know.
Here, that's terrible!
But apart from the way he
moves, what's God really like?
I mean, what color is he?
He's all colors of the rainbow...

many-hued.

But he is English, isn't he?

Oh, yes. Very upper-class.

Course his son had a lot of problems,
having such a famous father.

I always felt sorry for Jesus having
his birthday on Christmas Day.

Just one lot of presents.

That's a bad day's work.

Oh, no. He's in here again.

Come on, Vanity, you
worthless old sin!

Stop preening! Get back and
tidy up your men's room!

How could he see where he's going?

He can't.

What rotten sins I've got working for me.

I suppose it's the wages.

Anyway, enough of my problems.

Sit down.

Thank you.

You must be exhausted after all
that business with Margaret.

Jealousy really takes it
out of you, doesn't it?

Think things over before you
decide on your next wish.

Don't rush into it.

Have a bit of kip.

Things'll seem clearer
in the morning.

You can use my bed if you like.

Slip into this.

Oh. Where will you sleep then?

Oh, don't worry about me.

I never do.

I had a fitful doze in the Middle Ages.

Since then, nothing.

- Go on. You can change through there.

- Thank you.

It's very kind of you to lend me
your room and your bed like this.

You're the first person who's
ever shown any concern for me...

and you're the devil.
I mean, God's never taken any
interest in me, as far as I can see.
Of course not. He never pushes himself
forward. Prefers to work subliminally.
It's the oldest trick in the
game, your soft-sell technique.
Well, I wish he would push himself
forward and help people a bit...
and prove he was there.
Well, in God's view,
for what it's worth...
this would interfere with
your freedom of choice.
Freedom of choice?
What sort of freedom of choice did
I have about where I was born...
and what size I was...
and what a bloody awful
job I landed myself in?
If we really had
freedom of choice...
we should be able to decide who are parents
are, what we look like and everything.
- I couldn't agree more.
- Then why the hell doesn't he
do something about it?
God knows.
Well, that's very
handsome, I must say.
- It's a bit long.
- Suits you down to the ground.
Looks very good on you.
Actually, um, red's
not really my color.
I'm normally a bit
more conservative.
But it's very nice though.
In you get.
You know, Mr. Spiggott...
you're really the first person who's
ever taken the trouble to talk to me.
I like you...
but you keep on doing

these terrible things.
It's nothing personal.
Well, if you say so.
Good night, Stanley.
Good night, Mr. Spiggott.
Call me George.
Oh. Good night, George.
Good...
morning, Mr. Moon.
- Morning?
- I've brought y'all somethin'.
To eat.
Thank you.
It's so hot in here.
Whew!
Would you, uh, help
me with my buttons?
I seem to be all
thumbs this mornin'.
Oh!
I find clothes so constrictin'.
We must allow our pores to breathe.
That's better!
Can you hear my pores breathe?
Listen.
Would you like a nibble?
Why, you must be ravenous.
Would you like orange juice?
Um...
Or...
a succulent, sun-ripe, whole...
pineapple?
But you have to be
careful of the prickles.
Oh, I will.
Do you like it in bed?
Uh, uh, yes.
Good. So do I!
Look up there.
Don't we make a pretty pair?
Yes.
Coffee?
Um, yes.
Strong, black and sweet.

Two mountainous spoons full.
Hot toast or buttered buns?
- Either.
- Oh, I love a man who knows what he wants.
Do you crave marmalade or honey?
Honey.
Ohh!
I do so love the smell of
honey on a man's lips.
Come on now, Lily.
Up you get.
Pick your clothes up. You're due
down at the Foreign Office.
Good-bye, Mr. Moon.
Let's get together soon.
Um, who was that?
Didn't she introduce herself? That's
Lilian Lust, the babe with the bust.
Oh. She's quite nice, really.
She's a very sweet, warm, wonderful
human being. I'll say that for her.
Mmm. You know, I...
You're quite right. I do see things
much more clearly this morning.
Thought you would.
I was... thinking about that girl Lilian.
You know, she's...
Shh! Stanley.
I wouldn't mess around with
married women if I were you.
Oh. She married?
Yes. Tragic business.
Completely incompatible.
You met the husband... Sloth.
So that's it then? She's out?
Afraid so.
But can I... can I be
someone who women...
yearn after and crave
for and lust after?
You'd like to be young
and sexy and dynamic...
and have beautiful women hurl
themselves at your feet.

Yeah, that's it. But most of
all, it's gotta be Margaret.
I want Margaret lusting after me.
I'll tell you what people go mad for
these days. That's your pop stars.
I can just see you, Stanley, standing
there in your skintight pants...
the music pounding, the women
screaming, Margaret laughing...
the drums throbbing out with
their incessant animal beat!
Let me have it!
Julie Andrews!
Oh, Stanley!
Stanley!
Oh!
I love you, Stanley!
Oh, Stanley!
Oh!
And now, this year's most
exciting discovery...
Drimble Wedge and the Vegetation!
Oh!
Oh, hello, Stanley.
Nice to have you back so soon.
I won't be a moment.
Hello. You've just cut me off.
I was talking to Tokyo.
Do you really love me?
Of course I do, you jerk!
Get off my line!
I thought you were
supposed to be my friend.
All that talk.
Your bed and that
girl this morning.
You just put her there to get me all excited
and confused so I'd make the wrong decision.
What happened?
What happened.
It finished before it started.
That's what happened.
They're like that these days, your
pop fans, aren't they? Very fickle.

Mrs. Fitch?

Speaking.

Abercrombie here.

I work with your husband.

Oh, yes?

I thought you'd like to know he's just checked
in to the Cheeseborough Hotel, Brighton...
with his secretary, Fiona.

- Good-bye.

- What a putrid thing to do.

Why did I get myself
into such a mess?

Let me answer that by
asking you a question.

In the words of the great
Zen master, Li Kwi Kwat...

"If you were hanging from a
cliff by your fingernails...

"and above you was a raging
tiger baring his fangs...

"and below you was the tiger's
mate, baring her fangs...

what would you do?"

What a stupid question!

Cliffs and tigers. I wouldn't get myself
into such a ridiculous situation.

Oh, of course not.

You've got the secret.

You're far better off.

Here you are, halfway up
a pole in Berkshire...

damned in the hereafter for
eternity, half your wishes gone.

You've nothing to learn from Li Kwi
Kwat and his tigers, have you?

Hello. Mrs. Phelps?

Hello. Yes?

Mrs. Jonathan Phelps?

Yes.

Mrs. Jonathan Phelps of 8 Puseley
Rise, Hounslow, Middlesex?

Yes.

Did I get you out of the
bath to answer the phone?

Yes, you did.
Sorry. Wrong number.
Your tricks are so bloomin' dismal.
I know, Stanley. Don't rub it in.
I've lost me spark.
There was a time when I
used to get lots of ideas.
I was creative, original.
I thought up the seven deadly
sins in one afternoon.
The only thing I've come up
with recently is advertising.
Blimey! We're due at Mrs. Wisby's.
Hurry up. Let's get changed.
You're so dull, the way
you go about things.
Everything you do is third-rate.
Pass me over me britches.
There's a good chap.
"Pass me my britches." The Prince of Darkness
changing his britches in a G.P.O. van.
What's the matter with you? Where's
your style? Use your magic powers.
I daren't waste those. I've got to save
all that up for my struggle with him.
I thought you were
supposed to be his equal.
Huh! That'll be the day.
For a start, he's omnipresent.
What do you mean?
I only mean he's everywhere, all
over the world, at the same time.
That's all I mean.
I'm just highly maneuverable.
So he's in here right now.
Of course he is.
He's in the van. He's in the can.
He's up the trees.
He's in the breeze.
He's in your hair. He's everywhere.
Spying on you, peering at you,
listening to everything you say.
There's no privacy for anyone. Get out
of here while I'm changing, can't you?

You won't get anywhere by
shouting at him, you know.
You're quite right, of course.
I'll try the humble approach.
Excuse me, Your
Ineffable Hugeness.
I wonder if you'd be gracious enough
to step outside for a moment...
while we miserable worms
get our drawers on.
I can't say you sounded
very sincere, mate.
Here! What's your game?
I wanted to give him a bit of a turn.
I saw him nestling in your trousers.
Good afternoon, madam.
We're the Froony Green Eyewash men.
Have you, by any chance, got 10 bottles
of Froony Green Eyewash in your house?
Oh, no. I'm afraid I haven't.
Oh, what a pity, 'cause if you had
and could answer a simple question...
you'd have won a beautiful
silver tea service...
and a night on the town
with Alfred Hitchcock.
Oh, what a shame.
Never mind.
Look, I'll tell you what.
Nobody will ever
know the difference.
Why don't you nip down to the shops,
buy 10 bottles of Froony Green Eyewash...
come back here as
quickly as you can...
and I'll pretend you
had them all the time.
You're very kind.
Hurry back now.
Let's get something to eat.
Let's see what we've got.
Very nice.
Raspberries, cream, sugar.
Ideal combination for a

lovely summer afternoon.

Oh, leave her a few.

I need them more than she does.

I'm so depressed.

This job, it's really
getting me down.

What have you... What have you
got to be depressed about?

I mean, look on the bright side.

Think of all your successes.

Sodom and Gomorrah.

Short-lived, Stanley. Short-lived.

Besides, as soon as I get a
really swinging scene going...

he butts in with his
fire and brimstone.

He's a very destructive,
unpredictable person.

Is that why you can't insure
against acts of God?

Exactly. As if that isn't enough, I've got
last-minute repentance to contend with.

- That doesn't sound too much of a threat.

- Not much of a threat?

Do you realize I can spend 50
or 60 years working on a client...

making him vain, greedy,
lustful, slothful, the lot...

and then just when he's breathing his
last, he goes and bloody repents?

- I lost Mussolini that way.

- Really?

At the moment they're putting the noose around
his neck, he says, "Scusi. Mille regrette."

Up he goes. Psst!

Here they are. Ten bottles
of Froony's Green Eyewash.

I just got in before they closed.

Well done, Mrs. Wisby.

Now all you have to do is answer
one very simple question.

- Are you ready?

- Yes.

How tall is the Duke of Edinburgh?

Oh, dear.
Let me see. I saw it somewhere.
Six foot one, is it?
Alas, no.
The correct answer
is six foot two...
and this means you've lost 10.
Terribly sorry, Mrs. Wisby.
Better luck next time.
Come on, Stanley. Off we go.
Good-bye!
That poor old lady.
How can you be so mean?
That grasping, greedy old bag?
She didn't mind the idea
of cheating Froony's.
Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you
something about Margaret Spencer.
What's that?
She's dead.
- No, she's not.
- No, she's not.
She's not?
No, she's alive.
Then why did you say that?
Malice. I'm a liar. I do it the
whole time. I can't help it.
Are you telling me that everything
you've ever said is a lie?
Everything I've ever told you
has been a lie, including that.
- Including what?
- That everything I've ever
told you has been a lie.
That's not true.
I don't know what to believe.
Not me, Stanley. Believe me.
Listen, you tell me one
thing, and it better be true.
What is Margaret Spencer
doing right now?
Scout's honor, Stanley.
She's with that powerfully
built Inspector Clark.

She's very concerned about you.
Oh, I'd like to be in the room with them.
Wish I was a fly on the wall.
Julie Andrews!
You rotten bas...
You've tricked me again!
That wasn't meant to be a wish!
I only did what you said.
Blow a raspberry.
Not yet.
I want to see what's going on.
And why are you here with me?
I want to protect you, Stanley.
I like you.
I'd hate to see you swatted.
Shut up. Here she comes.
Lovely weather we've been having.
Lovely.
Of course, we've been
kept pretty busy.
It's the summer frocks. I've had three
rapes on my hands this morning.
- Is that a lot?
- Oh, round about the seasonal average.
That's a nice dress you're wearing.
I don't like his attitude.
I've always had mixed
feelings about rape.
I mean, half the time,
it's the, uh... the girls...
that have led things on.
I agree with you.
They bring it on themselves,
you know. They really do.
I'm so happy he's not here.
But we must find him
before he kills himself.
She noticed me! She noticed me!
Well.
Thank you, lads.
Not him?
Oh, it's cold in here.
He seemed a cut above the others.
There was something

different about him.
A special quality.
He put so much into
those cheeseburgers.
He was a real artist.
Yes, but like so many of
your artistic types...
unable to cope with life, he
took the coward's way out.
He called me a coward!
The vice squad is having
a bit of a do tonight.
Would you like to come along?
Will I be allowed?
An outsider?
Of course!
They asked us to bring
along a girlfriend.
You'd soon feel at home.
I'm gonna break this up!
But you've never flown before.
You can't go up alone.
Oh, yes, I can.
I'll take him first. You follow.
The Vice Squad is usually having
a first-class get-together.
Flap them, Stanley!
Not your legs, your wings!
You've got lovely lips.
Very tempting and alluring.
"Lorelie lips" is what I call 'em.
Has anyone ever said that before?
No, never.
Here I come, Stanley!
I don't want to alarm you...
but I'd say that lips like that
would be a magnet to sex maniacs.
Really?
Oh!
Oh! Oh!
Damn flies!
Oh, it's a whopper!
Oh, let's get out of this fly trap.
Blow your raspberry.

I can't, with these
terrible fly's lips!
Quick, blow your raspberry!
She noticed me, George.
She noticed me.
I must have her before she goes to
that terrible vice party with the police.
- That's what I'm here for.
- I want her to be in love
with everything about me.
Madly in love with me!
Look, Stanley.
I feel terribly bad about the way
I've tricked you in the past.
I want to be nice to you this time. Really
nice to you. I mean it. I'd like to help you.
I've been thinking
about your problem.
What I think you need
is the simple life.
How does this strike you?
You and Margaret are both
warm, tender, loving people.
Picture a little cottage
in the country.
Two beautiful children are
playing in the sunlit garden.
Margaret's in the kitchen,
preparing the anniversary dinner.
She hears you drive up in the car.
She's madly in love with
you and you with her.
She's bursting with the anticipation
of seeing you at the end of the day.
By George, you've got it.
I think you've got it.
Julie Andrews
Darling! Mmm!
Hello, darling. Mmm.
Hello, darling.
Hope you don't mind me bringing Stanley along.
Oh, he's always welcome.
Would you like a drink, Stanley?
Please.

I'll do that. You sit down.
You've been coping with the kids all day.
Go on. Have a good sit-down. Relax.
What are you going to have? Your usual?
Yes, dear.
Right.
You know that, um...
that book I was reading?
The Spinoza Reassessment?
Yes.
I was thinking Stanley should have
a look at that. Fascinating.
Absolutely fascinating.
Here we are. Old Mr. Wine will
soon set you on your feet again.
What for you, Stanley?
Oh, I'll have the same as Margaret.
Same as Margaret. Wine.
I bet you thought I'd
forgotten what day it was.
How awful of me. I forgot.
Don't be silly.
You've got so much on your mind.
Who cares about a silly
old anniversary?
What matters is we love each other.
Do you know, Stanley, we've been married
seven years? It's our wooden wedding.
Incredible.
I got a little something for you.
Oh!
From my heart.
Darling. Oh.
Here's to our marriage.
Here's to all of us.
Cheers.
Cheers.
Cheers.
I'll go and get that book.
I forgot our wedding anniversary.
Don't be upset.
I feel so dreadful!
Oh, darling...
Here we are.

See what you make of it.
We can discuss it at next
week's tutorial. Fine.
I must get on with the cooking.
Don't you do a thing.
You sit down, relax and enjoy your drink.
I'll do the supper tonight.
I feel a bit of an intruder,
your anniversary and everything.
You're not an intruder.
You're very welcome. Isn't he, Margaret?
Well, I ought to be off anyway.
I want to catch the Giotto exhibition.
What time's the next bus to Oxford?
Are you going to that?
I've got a great idea.
Margaret, why don't you drive Stanley?
You can see it together.
- You've been longing to see that.
It's the last day.
- I can't.
- There's the supper, the kids to put to bed.
- I'll do all that.
It'll be your present to me. Really.
You are sweet, darling.
- Go on. Enjoy yourself
and come back for supper.
- Are you sure?
Absolutely positive.
Hello, darlings!
Up into Daddy's arms.
Bye-bye.
Say bye-bye to Mommy. Bye-bye.
Look after Daddy, darlings.
Look after Margaret, Stanley.
I will. Have a good time.
Blow a kiss to Mommy.
Bye-bye! Bye-bye!
Do you think he knows?
It would never occur to him.
Oh.
He's such a marvelous man.
The way he brings
philosophy to life.

Oh, he couldn't be a
better husband or father.
Or teacher. He's a saint.
He's the only man I know...
who actually lives
up to his ideals.
He's such an example to us all.
The children worship him.
He's more of a god
than a human being.
If only he weren't so good.
If only he had one tiny flaw.
We must stop thinking about him...
and think more of ourselves!
But it would kill him if he knew.
I feel as if I'm being torn apart.
My darling.
My precious darling.
We c... We can't...
We can't keep on denying ourselves.
All these years we've
been married...
he's never said a cross word.
When I was ill...
he came to my room...
and he gave me some soup...
he made!
Oh, Stanley!
How can we do this to him?
I love you.
And I love you.
It... It can't hurt him
if he doesn't know.
I... I want... I want...
I want to give you my love...
in the best, most...
most beautiful way.
Oh. Oh.
Ow!
What? What is it?
It's his pipe. His favorite pipe.
But, Margaret,
don't be upset, please.
And we were going to...

On his favorite pipe!
The whole thing's impossible!
No, Margaret!
Go. Just go!
We must never see each
other again, for his sake.
Margaret, please.
Please, Margaret! Oh!
Margaret, please!
Margaret, I beg of you!
Wh...
Ohh.
Hello, Stanley.
Hold this.
Whatever you say, George.
You sound down in the dumps.
Why not?
You painted a beautiful dream
and shoved me into a nightmare.
You should never believe the ads.
Shine the light up a bit.
What are you doing now?
Just putting a tiny little
ventilation hole in this oil tanker.
Up we go.
That Nicholas was so sickening...
with all his blasted
sweetness and... ugh!
I know what you mean, Stanley.
Most of the saints throughout history
have been a pain in the neck.
Give me a hand with these bottles, would you?
I'm due down in Fleet Street.
You can't stop, can you, eh?
As a matter of fact, I will very soon.
My job's almost done.
What do you mean?
I was up in heaven a few thousand years
ago, having a summit conference with God.
I was putting forward
a few new proposals.
You go up there every now and again?
Yes.
We were having a giggle

about Job actually.
That poor bloke you gave all the boils to and
burnt his home and destroyed his family?
That's right. God thought it would be a
good idea if I tested Job's faith...
with a few diseases and disasters.
You didn't win, though, did you, eh?
In spite of all you did to him, he
still believed that God was good.
Well, Job was what you'd
technically describe as a loony.
But as I pointed out
to God at the time...
for every job or soul that
he lands, I get two.
I was two billion ahead already.
You make it sound
like a blooming game.
That's precisely what it is...
and the first one to reach a hundred
billion souls is the winner.
He doesn't stand a chance actually.
I've only got six to go.
What happens when you get them?
Oh, when I've won... when I've won...
the world will be in such a
rotten, stinking mess...
that it can get on without me.
I'll go back to heaven, sit on God's right
hand and be his favorite angel again.
It must be very nice for you to go back
to heaven, but... what will happen to me?
Don't worry, Stanley.
Your future's assured.
Um, George...
I don't want to go on with
the rest of my wishes.
I can't find happiness like this.
You're always too clever for me.
So, um, I'll be running along...
and, uh, I'll see you sometime, eh?
Stanley, I can't let
you go in this mood.
Let's cancel my appointment.

I'm ahead of schedule, in any case.
No, I can't interrupt your work.
What are friends for?
I'll round up Avarice and Gluttony, two lovely girls. The afternoon's on me.
Whee!
Oh, eat up, Stanley!
Come on, Stanley. Stick one in Jane Russell and win a goldfish.
No.
You have a go, Gluttony.
Chuck 'em. Don't eat 'em.
This is how Garibaldi lost his life.
Enjoying yourself, Stanley?
You know I can't stand heights, George.
Up, up, up, up!
Having fun, Stanley?
Bang!
Another 10 shillings gone.
Don't worry about that, Avarice.
Whee!
Enjoying yourself, Stanley?
That's three pounds-seven and nine pence without Gluttony's sweets.
George, take me out of here, will you?
Enough, George, is enough.
We didn't need to take a taxi.
Nothing's too much for my friend Stanley.
Thank you very much for this afternoon, George, but, um...
I don't think it's really helped, you know.
I still don't want to go on with it.
But you were so nearly there.
She loved you, you loved her.
You just left me one little loophole.
I had to take advantage of it.
Doctor's orders.
Next time you must specify, really spell things out in detail.
I can't think straight anymore.
Take your time.

Have another lie-down in my room.
Yeah, and then you put Lust
in the bed just to confuse me.
I promise you, Lust
won't be there.
Hello.
Oh, excuse me. I thought this
was Mr. Spiggott's bedroom.
How right you were. It is.
Oh. Well, he must have made a mistake.
He said I could use it.
Oh, you're his new little
favorite, are you?
I'm Stanley Moon. Who are you?
They call me Envy.
Not a very attractive name, is it?
I always wanted to be called Vanity.
Never mind. I'm stuck with it.
How is Mr. Spiggott these days?
Quite well.
He may be leaving soon.
Charming.
I'm always the last to be told.
It's funny how he's always
too busy for me...
but he's never too
busy for Lust, ducky.
He's at her beck and bloody call.
Look, what are you doing
in George's bedroom?
Oh, it's "George," is it?
Good friends, I suppose.
If you want to know why I'm in his
bedroom, go and take a look at mine.
What's wrong with it?
What's right with it?
For a start, it's half the
size of all the others.
Wallpaper's peeling off, and it's
miles from the nearest convenience.
Of course, Lust and Gluttony are
right next door to the bathroom.
Nothing's too good for them.
Well, I suppose Lust and Gluttony...

really have to be rather
near the bathroom.
You're on the seven-wishes
bit, aren't you, dear?
Yeah, but it doesn't seem
to be doing me much good.
Although George said if I really specified
the personality, I'd be all right.
Don't you believe it, cherub.
He may think he's the
cat's whiskers...
but there's one person who
can run rings round him.
Who do you mean?
God?
Old creepy drawers can't
hold a candle to him.
I think you've got me this time, Stanley.
Let me get it quite clear.
I want to be a warm,
loving, tender person...
and Margaret exactly the same.
I want all the fun of meeting her for the
first time and falling in love with her.
I love her, and she loves me.
We're in love forever.
Surroundings?
Serene and far removed...
from the false glitter...
the raucous music and the neon
lights of this modern world.
We're both young, white
and in perfect health.
Stanley, I've gotta hand it to you.
That's real specifying.
You've come up with the one formula
that I, as the devil, really dread...
mutual love and spiritual values.
I want peace and quiet...
and... and no other men in her life.
Julie Andrews.
Shh!
Welcome to the Berelian
Order, Sister Luna.

Until you are initiated, you
will wear the habit of a novice.
We must speak no more.
The order of the Leaping
Berelians is new...
and nondenominational.
Our patron, Beryl of Sussex,
was a simple shepherdess.
One afternoon she saw a vision
in the sky which beckoned her.
Dropping her crook, she
leapt towards the vision...
which, ever receding and ever
beckoning, urged her upwards...
until she disappeared
into the clouds.
This miracle was witnessed
by a two-year-old child...
who ran to the spot and picked up Beryl's
shoes that had fallen to the Earth.
That child founded this order...
whose Sisters have taken
a vow of silence...
until such time as Beryl
of Sussex is canonized...
and recognized by the people of the
world for her tremendous feat.
What is this feeling
that overwhelms me?
It is something new and strange.
It is love, oh, my most cherished.
I see it in your eyes.
This is love profane. Must be sin
in me that so confounds my senses.
There is no sin in love, my darling.
And I love you for all eternity.
Margaret.
You know my name.
What magic is afoot?
Our love is written in the book
of fate. There is no escaping it.
This can't be right...
and yet, within my breast
beats such desire.

Don't be afraid. Just trust in me.
Allow your heart to speak.
You must go through with the initiation
ceremony to show your faith.
But I'm afraid of heights.
Show your courage in your leaping.
I didn't go to vespers.
I had to see if you were all right.
Oh, Margaret, my precious.
At last we're alone. We can speak.
But only this once.
Whatever it is that draws us
together we must cast out.
It is unnatural and wrong.
How can it be wrong if
we love each other?
It is wrong...
and I'm so ashamed to break my vow.
I came here to find
peace and quiet...
and faith.
And have you found it?
Not yet.
However hard I try...
I can't believe that God exists.
But he does exist.
I know that for certain.
How can you be so sure?
Because I've met the devil.
The devil?
Yeah.
Let me tell you what happened to me.
I used to be a man.
My name was Stanley Moon,
and I was a short order cook.
I was very much in love with you,
but I was too shy to tell you.
I've never seen you before today.
I got so miserable that
I tried to kill myself.
And then George came along and
offered me seven wishes for my soul.
Who's George?
Well, he's the devil.

We're very good friends. He's not so bad
when you understand his problems.
That's why I keep going...
'Cause I usually
disappear when I go...
I find that as hard to believe as
all that about Beryl and her leap.
But it's true, and I've
got one wish to go.
I can't think what's
happened to George. Look.
You see? Nothing.
I just hope it's not too late.
I love you, Margaret.
And I love you, Sister Luna.
And my love will last forever.
But it can never be... fulfilled.
I must find George before
he goes to heaven.
Good evening, Sister.
We gave already!
Let me in! Let me in!
Take that, you great git!
Huh. Sorry, Father.
Can I be of any help? Oh!
Wake up, George!
George, wake up.
Thank goodness you're still here.
I was just having a bit of
a nap before the party.
I've done it.
I've got me hundred billion.
Oh, congratulations.
Look, what went wrong?
I blew my raspberry hundreds of
times, and nothing happened.
I still got one more wish to go, you know.
How'd you figure that out?
I was the intellectual, I was Sir
Stanley Moon, the businessman...
I was the fly, the pop singer, the
student, and this one makes six.
What about the Frobisher and Gleason
raspberry-flavored ice lolly?

- That didn't count!
- Of course it did.
It was a wish, wasn't it?
That reminds me.
I owe you sixpence.
Here we are. Now we're even.
Then I'm stuck as a woman?
As a nun.
You should have specified the sex.
You've won, haven't you, George? Well, if
I can't have Margaret, I'll kill myself.
Sorry, Stanley. It's
out of the question.
Whatever you are on your last
wish you remain forever.
Isn't this a terrific party?
Terrific for some, ducky.
Look at the lousy table I've got.
Come on, sweetie. Let's dance.
No, thank you.
You're going now, George?
Yes, Stanley.
I thought I'd just
sneak away quietly.
I don't want to spoil the party.
Well, um, I hope you get back in...
you know, upstairs.
Thank you very much.
Apart from Margaret, you're the only
person I've ever enjoyed talking to.
Now you're going, and,
well, I can't talk to her.
Um, I'll rather miss you.
I'll miss you too, Stanley.
You know, looking around
the party at everybody...
all of them trying to be something
they weren't in the first place...
all I want to be is me, what
I was before I met you.
But that's impossible.
You can't be that without your soul.
Being me didn't seem like
very much at the time.

Well, it wasn't very much, but it's a
good deal better than the alternatives.
I'd give... anything
to be myself again.
But I don't have anything
to give, really, do I?
Look, I'll tell you what, Stanley.
I've got me hundred billion
souls and a few to spare.
I don't really need yours. It's not much of
a catch. I can give it to you back again.
Is it possible?
It's never been done before.
It's a very magnanimous gesture.
In fact, it's a glorious gesture.
Part of my new image. Here we are.
I knew you weren't all bad.
Of course not. I've just been
thoroughly misunderstood.
Now, then take this, burn it
up, and when it's all gone...
you'll be Stanley Moon again...
short order chef,
Caucasian, 28, male.
And what about Margaret?
She'll be at Wimpy's as usual.
Nobody will know that any
of this has ever happened.
You're an angel, George.
Here's hoping.
Do me a favor, Stanley. Look after the party
for me. See everybody has a good time.
When that's done, it's over to you.
I'll do my best.
Bye, George.
Bye, Stanley.
Hello, my good man. Are you Saint Peter?
Yes.
I'd like to see God, please.
Who shall I say is calling?
Oh, come on. You know me.
Beelzebub, Lucifer,
Prince of Darkness.
Have you an appointment?

He's always got time for me.
I'll just see if he's...
Don't say you'll just see if he's in.
Of course he's in.
Blimey, how did you get this job?
Would you wait here, sir?
Hurry up then!
If I were you wanting to get in,
I should try being a bit more humble.
Oh, would you really? Yes.
I dare say you would.
You're quite right, of course.
I'll throw a bit of filth over meself.
That should please him.
He'll see you now.
Oh, thank you very much.
Hello!
God!
It's me.
Where are you?
I wish you'd manifest yourself a bit.
It's so hard just talking to thin air.
On thy belly shalt thou go!
Oh, blimey. You're not still
on about that, are you?
All right.
Dust shalt thou eat!
Oh, naturally, yes.
Dust, of course. What else?
Mmm. Delicious. This is very
good. Num, num, num.
Speak!
It's a bit difficult with all
this dust in me mouth...
but I've come about readmission.
You know, I'm ready to come
back in again and join you.
Hast thou, in thy purpose,
swayed or wavered?
Swayed or wavered?
Just take a look at the world.
It's never been in such a mess.
I've done a wonderful job.
People are killing each other,

lusting after each other's wives...
worshipping false idols.
I've done a marvelous job. It's never been
so sinful, miserable and perverted.
You should be very happy.
Oh, don't go forming
yourself into a whirlwind...
just 'cause I got to a
hundred billion souls first.
Somebody's got to lose. Oh, I'll tell you
something that'll really please you.
I've done a good deed. I gave
that little twit his soul back.
Wasn't that generous?
Made me feel marvelous!
Well, come on. Am I in?
Hello. Where are you?
This way, please.
What's happening?
One moment he was talking to me,
the next moment he was gone.
I'm afraid you failed the
entrance examination.
I can't have failed. I've done
everything he asked of me.
And to show how repentant I was,
I even did a good deed.
Made me feel marvelous, just
like I was in the old days.
There you are. It sounds as if you made
a good gesture for the wrong motives.
What do you mean, "wrong motives"?
For your own joy, to make you
feel better than someone else.
Oh. Well, I can fix that.
I'll get Stanley to give me his soul back,
then return it for the right reasons.
I won't be proud. Tell God not to go away.
I'll be back in a minute.
Stanley! Hold everything!
Stanley! Stanley!
Where are you?
It's me, George, your old friend.
I want your soul back

just for a second.
Then I'll give it to you back in a better
way. I promise you. Where are you?
Stanley!
Are you in there? It's not a trick.
Stanley!
Stanley, wait!
Stanley!
I'm gonna do it.
This time I'm...
I'm going to do it.
I've got to do it.
I-I know I can and I know I will.
Here... Here I go. Now!
Miss Spencer!
What is it, Stanley?
I wonder if you'd like to come
and have dinner with me tonight.
Sorry. I'm already doing something.
Another night perhaps.
Stanley. Stanley.
She could make it tonight. I could fix it.
Tonight and every night.
I've got a new deal for you.
No, thanks, George.
I'd like to try it my way.
What a triumph.
Very funny.
All right, you great git.
You've asked for it.
I'll cover the world in
Tastee-Freez and Wimpy Burgers.
I'll fill it full of concrete
runways, motorways...
aircraft, television
and automobiles...
advertising, plastic
flowers and frozen food...
supersonic bangs.
I'll make it so noisy
and disgusting...
that even you'll be
ashamed of yourself.
No wonder you've so few friends.

You're unbelievable.