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Breakfast on Pluto

By Neil Jordan

You can throw a fast one.
How about it, kitten?
What's the chance of a bit tonight?
Oh, why, yes, of course, boys.
I'll leave the front door open,
and you can all troop in and give me a jab.
Not up to it, then?
You innocent, shovel-wielding,
horny-handed sons of the native sod.
Not many people are, munchkin.
Not many people can take the tale
of Patrick Braden...
a.k.a. Saint Kitten...
who strutted the catwalks,
face lit by a halo of flashbulbs...
as, "Oh!" she shrieked,
"I told you, from my best side, darlings."
I was born, you see, munchkin...
in a small town near the Irish border.
I was left in a basket on a certain doorstep...
and only the robins knew why.
Oh, but then,
they knew everybody's business.
Those red-breasted busybodies.
Every secret
behind every lace-curtain window.
Uh-oh, behind you
This looks like trouble
Oh dear!
Let's go
Robins! Would you believe it, Father?
Pecking at the cream.
I suppose it's Christmas morning, after all.
Is your breakfast all right?
Well, I'll get ready for Mass, so. God bless.
God bless.
He hasn't been himself lately, so.
-No, he hasn't been himself at all...
-Since the blonde housekeeper left
The one that looked like the film star...
with the bubble-cut curls
Mitzi Gaynor!
-Just the job.
-Mr. Steed?

-Cutex coral pink.

-Yes.

What a charming atmosphere you have here.

-Do you mind?

-Not at all.

-Thank you.

-Will you have a love seat?

The love seat? Why not?

Mr. Lovejoy will see you in a moment.

He's just congratulating
one of our happy couples.

-How very encouraging.

-Yes.

Perhaps you'd like a glass of champers?

-Champers? Now you're talking.

-Or...

-a piece of wedding cake?

-No, thank you. I've just had breakfast.

Mr. Steed?

My good shoes!

My good shoes, you little brat!

Do it harder, Mammy.

Teach him not to wear my dress again.

He'll make a disgrace of us? Well, you'll not!

Do you really have to?

I'll march you up and down the street
and disgrace you in front of the whole town.

Promise?

Hit him with it, Ma!

Give him the brush again!

-Say, "I am not a girl."

-I'm not a girl.

- "I am a boy. I'm not a girl."

-I'm a boy, not a girl.

Say it right.

Make him say it right, Ma.

My heart broke

from the cursed day I ever took you in.

A short one by Gareth Carey,

up along the far wing to Tony Haddon.

Tony Haddon, 40 yards out now, from the....

Off he goes then,

the ball across him towards the center.

And coming, Alfred Whitney.

He's capped there.
Well down over his eyes is Nick Brady.
The ball comes over.
Who's got it? Reid Morgan.
Reid Morgan gets the 35-yard....
Brother Barnabas says he'll try you
on the football team...
and I want you to read this.
Heading high and to the right,
and yes, it is....
It's gone over the bar
for the first goal of the game.
Paddy Gardy.
The first goal of the game.
Paddy Gardy took one from this side.
It had a curl on it, and one had to wait
until the umpires gave their decision...
as to whether it was in or not. It was.
And I call my mother names.
Well, you know,
you shouldn't do that, my son.
What do you call her?
Hairy Arse.
Hairy Arse and Bockedy Hole.
And Cunthooks.
-Stay where you are! You must not proceed.
-Jesus!
You must not curse.
If you curse, you'll be exterminated.
Holy fuck!
You've been warned, earthling.
Now you must die!
No, Dalek, please.
-Sausages, sausages, stay where you are.
-Yes, yes, of course! Please don't shoot!
-Lawrence, come on.
-Not now, I'm busy. I'm busy.
-Come on.
-I'm busy.
Oh, figgly boogles, I'm dead.
Die for Ireland?
I'm sorry, but it appeared to me...
that someone here
had taken leave of their senses.

Are you playing the game or not, Braden?
Me play! Dying for Ireland.
Earthling, stay where you are!
Well, come on, Englishman, a bullet, please.
And next up is the dashing Feely...
sporting a smoking jacket,
fedora hat, and sunglasses by Gucci.
Madam.
The man himself.
-Your mother will be back in a while.
-Oh.
So how's Patrick
and the Braden household?
They're well, Mr. Feely.
Especially my mother, wherever she is.
So someone's told you something, Patrick?
They don't have to.
Hairy Arse Braden tells me every day.
Patrick, now....
I'm sorry, Mr. Feely.
You know, I saw her once,
your real mother...
long after the day she left.
It was in London.
I was doing work for Genie McQuillan.
I was going home through Piccadilly...
and there, passing by, was Eily Bergin.
Lovely as the day she left, I swear it to God.
Did you talk to her, Mr. Feely?
What did she say?
I shouted after her, Patrick,
but she didn't hear.
London swallowed her up.
The most beautiful girl in the town.
Biggest city in the world...
it swallowed my mother up.
What about my father, Mr. Feely?
I wouldn't know about that, son.
Things be complicated, you know.
What did she look like?
Mitzi Gaynor, son.
That's who she looked like, Mitzi.
Mitzi Gaynor.
Well, fuck me pink with a hairy arse!

In the name of the Father and the Son
and the Holy Spirit, amen.
You see, once upon a time...
there was a young girl named Eily Bergin...
who looked not unlike
the well-known film star Mitzi Gaynor...
who sang I'm Gonna Wash That Man
Right Outta My Hair.
And she went to London,
the biggest city in the world...
which swallowed her up.
But before she vanished...
I think she worked
as a priest's housekeeper, Father.
But I could be wrong there, couldn't I?
I mean, I could be wrong. After all, I....
All I wanted was her address.
There between the Po
and the Apennines, boys...
the climate is always the same.
The landscape never changes...
and in country like this
you can stop along any road for a moment...
and look at a farmhouse
sitting in the middle of maize and hemp...
and immediately a story is born.
Now, when you're writing your essay for me
this morning...
whatever form it takes is up to you.
It can be called
"I Fought in the Easter Rising"...
"I Was Dracula's Girlfriend"...
or even "A Day in the Life of an Old Boot".
You've got one hour, so learn to write.
"God bless us.
"It's yourself"...
-God bless us. It's yourself, ma'am.
-It is indeed, Father.
...remarked...
randy Father Liam...
as he opened the door...
to a young woman...
who bore a startling resemblance...
to Mitzi Gaynor.

So you are the replacement
for Mrs. McGlynn?
I am indeed, Father.
Destroyed with the lumbago, she is.
Destroyed, and that's a fact.
But sure she'll be back on her feet soon,
please God.
Please God she will, now.
But tell me this...
have I begun to dote...
or do you remind me of someone special?
When she sensed a movement...
underneath his black serge trousers.
Oh, Father, please, how could I?
When I've gone out of my way...
knowing that your dicky doodle,
naughty poopster that he is...
given the slightest encouragement...
would be only too eager
to get up to mischief...
Down, boy! Naughty dicky...
to camouflage myself and look like
any ordinary old curate's drudge.
"And most definitely not...
"a perfume-sprayed vision...
"named Mitzi Gaynor...
"with a head of bubble-cut curls...
"that would make any man's privates
go sprong. "
I've got the standard uniform, Father.
The blue housecoat
with the bow at the back...
the tan stockings, color of stale tea...
the old hairnet,
which says to all them Mickies...
whose duty it is to stay inside
and wear black serge...
"No Mickies today.
"Down, boys. That's it, my sweets,
off with you and say your prayers."
Breakfast, Father?
By God, and now you're talking.
Mickey is devious...
and no matter how much you tell him...

he simply won't stay down.
But drab old housecoats...
and tea-colored stockings
might well have kept him down...
if it wasn't for that pesky spot of grease.
Oh, this is powerful altogether.
I would do jail for another rasher.
Do you know that, Eily?
I'll fry you some more
this minute, then, Father.
Come here till I tell you. Did you hear
the one about peanuts at confession?
No, Father. At least I don't think so.
Says the priest to the young fellow, "Did
you throw peanuts in the river, too?"
To which the young lad says,
"No, Father, I am Peanuts."
Not a very funny joke...
but she laughed and she laughed.
In fact, you could say
she laughed until she cried.
My skirt and housecoat are riding up.
Better abort this task at once...
or we could have an exploding clergyman
filling the air with pent-up sexual energy.
Oh, no!
-Priest grows wings in latest miracle.
-Eily!
"When she found herself enveloped
by his skirts. "
Now, Father, is this another joke?
That hurt, Father.
Frank Sinatra wouldn't do this, Father.
Neither would Vic Damone.
I'm all wet, Father.
What are you doing down there, Father?
Are you playing squidgy
with my Fairy Liquid?
But she was soon to realize...
it wasn't Fairy Liquid
he'd been playing with down there.
The end.
No...
it wasn't Fairy Liquid at all.

"...privates go sprong."

"Privates go...."

How dare you?

When I said, "develop your literary skills"...

I did not, repeat, not, mean this.

Why did you write it?

I thought there was a moral, sir.

A lesson, if you will.

Young girls in mortal danger.

Get out of this classroom, Braden!

To the Dean's office!

Hello, class. My name is Miss Kitten...

and I'd like to tell you about the perils

of being a priest's housekeeper...

especially when you look like Mitzi Gaynor.

Hands up who can tell me

who Mitzi Gaynor is.

So, you see, Patrick, we're on your side.

We're here to help you.

I don't think you understand that.

Well, no, you're wrong, Father. I do.

So, if you can think of anything

that would help us to help you, well....

Well...

there is one thing, Father.

-Instead of PE...

-Yeah.

...I could take Home Economics

and Needlework class.

And you think that would help you...

knuckle down and apply yourself?

What's that, Patrick?

Oh, and you can call me Kitten, Father.

Kitten?

Yes, Patrick Kitten Braden,

after Saint Kitten.

Well, now,

there was no Saint Kitten, Patrick.

Oh, no,

but there was a Saint Cettin, Father...

and some have been known to call him...

or was it a her...

Kitten.

Saint Kitten?

He or she was an acolyte of Saint Patrick.
Wore a dress. As did Saint Patrick, actually.
A hairy dress.
Quite ruined her complexion.
And they're for your sister, Patrick?
Oh, she really needs a bit of glamour
in her life, Mrs. Coyle.
But then again, don't we all?
The trouble broke out as the Minister
of State for Northern Ireland, Mr. Channon...
was visiting Derry
to see businessmen there...
for the second time inside a month.
Jesus, Mammy, I'm exhausted.
At least you have a job...
which is more than that waster yonder
is ever likely to have.
Now, one more complaint from that school...
and it'll not be good for you,
by Christ, it'll not.
Oh, Mammy?
Do you have the price of the dance
and a cup of coffee?
Price of the dance and a cup of coffee?
Price of the dance and a cup of coffee?
Well, do you think I'm made of money?
Do you think I'm made of money?
Will you just hand over the cash?
Will you just fork out the money...
and stop blathering,
you fucking whiskery old whore.
Here. And don't ask me again.
Well, thank you so much, Mammy.
Thank you so much.
-No. No, no, no, no, no.
-Why not?
I'm not obliged to give you any reasons,
but I'll give you two anyway.
Him and her.
Don't have to stand for this, do we, Paddy?
Oh, Paddy's her name.
Well, that's reason number three.
-Did you ever ride a man, Lukie?
-No, but I rode a man that did.

Fuck you.
-Evening.
-How you doing?
Mikey, go get the lads.
I'm warning you, get out of here!
Fuck them and their Rob Strong.
We'll go to the glen.
Excuse me. Can we have a lift?
Get on.
Moving out.
Druids, man. We're like the Border Knights.
Knew all about the space-time continuum.
-No, Lawrence! No. Excuse me, please.
-Open his eyes.
-What do you see, bro?
-Sausages.
No stars?
Stars and sausages.
Now you're talking.
Gotta get behind the surface.
Yes, surface.
I see four green fields, Brits in one of them.
-Not for fucking long.
-Hey, no politics, man.
Border Knights don't allow them.
Jams the astral highway.
So why do you call yourselves
the Border Knights?
Because the only border that matters...
is the one between what's in front...
and what you've left behind.
When I ride my hog,
you think I'm riding the road?
No way, man.
I'm traveling from the past into the future
with a druid at my back.
-Druid man or druid woman?
-That doesn't matter.
What matters is the journey.
-You know where it goes, baby?
-Where?
We'll visit the stars and journey to Mars
Finding our breakfast
On Pluto

Pluto?

Pluto.

No, not Pluto the dog. Pluto the planet.

Named by Percival Lowell

and William H. Pickering...

after the invisible king of the underworld.

You think about that.

Oh, kiss me, Joseph.

Kiss me, Joseph Hanratty.

I'll beat your fucking....

Now, boys and girls...

a retreat is time for prayer and reflection.

Some of you may have already noticed

that your bodies are...

going through some changes...

and I would like you to feel free

to approach us...

about any problem that concerns you.

So, I will leave this problem box...

here by the altar rails.

No problem should be precluded.

After all, that is why we are here.

Now, does everyone remember last week

we were talking about....

You'll not bring my retreat into disrepute,

do you hear me?

How dare it. How dare you, you pup, you....

Sir, you're hurting me.

-What did you write on the paper, Patrick?

-Nothing.

Nothing.

Just, did he know any place

that does a good sex change?

Disgraced!

Disgraced in front of the whole town,

so we are! Oh, Jesus!

How could you do it, Paddy?

Mammy has a bad heart!

-And now you've broken it.

-Oh, God, oh, God!

Oh, Jesus Christ. My arm!

-She's not my mammy.

-What did you say?

I'm sorry, Caz.

Sorry, Mammy, wherever you are.
Oh, stop it, Patrick, please!
Why won't you stop it
and let us get on with our lives?
I'm sorry, Caz. I never meant to hurt you.
-After all, we've both been through this--
-Get away!
Get your hands off me, you creature!
Oh, figgly boogles. What's the point?
That's it, I've tried my best. I'm off.
Are you going to Scotsfield, by any chance?
We'd better be. We're playing there tonight.
Get in the back.
Hello.
What do you think of this trouble up North?
-Oh, I think it's an absolute terror.
-Do you think so, yeah?
Oh, I do it.
A terror to the living world, so it is.
I don't think you care either way...
my good-looking young friend.
No, I know how serious it is.
They think they can break us, don't they?
Hang Paddy from the ceiling.
Fuck him from a helicopter.
Give him a dose of white noise.
Shove electrodes up his arse.
-Now, really, Mr.--
-Hatchett. They call me Billy Hatchett.
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hatchett.
You really don't know who I am, do you?
I haven't had the pleasure.
Do you hear that, lads? He's never heard
of Billy Hatchett and the Mohawks.
So, have you somewhere
to stay tonight, Paddy?
Or should I call you Patrick?
You can call me Kitten, darling.
Kitten?
After Saint Cettin.
He or she was an acolyte of Patrick,
Saint Patrick.
So you have somewhere to stay, then?
Mammy threw me out, I'm afraid.

Well, I could always put you up in the van.

-It's not much, but I could.

-Mr. Hatchett!

Thank you.

You're welcome, Kitten.

I'll be off to the hotel, then, Kitten.

I'd stay the night.

I'd stay the night, but the boys....

The boys might get the wrong idea.

No, I've gotta go.

-I've gotta go.

-Oh, please don't go just yet.

Oh, Kitten. I gotta go. I really have.

Billy! Billy, Billy.

It's Bobby Goldsboro.

Used to help me get to sleep.

His wife dies. You see,
she dies when he's away from home.

-Oh, Kitten, I've gotta go now.

-Billy.

I really have.

If you were away with the band...

and you came home

and you found me lying there...

like Bobby's wife....

What about it?

-Would you take me to the hospital?

-Oh, of course I would.

Of course I would, Kitten.

Oh, I wish that could happen.

I've seen it all now. I tell you,

I've fucking well seen it all now.

Where the fuck

do you think he disappeared to...

when we were in San Francisco?

I'd even bring you flowers.

-Roses?

-Roses.

Oh, Billy.

Oh, Kitten.

Billy.

For I ask you, Billy Bobby, nicest man...

what's an Indian band without a squaw?

"A squaw?"

-Name, please?
-Paddy Kitten. What's yours, darling?
I could tell you were a Paddy all right.
-What about Geronimo?
-What would I know? I'm just a Mick.
Thirteen of your lot shot in Derry.
What do you know about that?
Maybe you'd know about thirteen less
to deal with.
Fuck off, mate.
Fuck off.
Get off the fucking stage, you stupid bitch.
Patrick, I don't know how to say this to you.
It's the boys, the boys in the band.
They feel a squaw just isn't working out.
It could be they have a point.
They say it doesn't feel right.
I don't know,
they've been with me so long and....
I'm sorry.
But I have a little proposal.
-A ring, perhaps?
-Oh, Patrick, Patrick....
I told you not to call me that.
I'm sorry, Kitten.
Bobby Billy,
would you bring me sweeties, too?
You know I would.
-What kind would they be?
-Oh, for the love of Jesus.
-No. No, Quality Street.
-Quality Street?
It was my mother's.
She left it to me in her will.
Nobody stays here, and I need somebody
to look after it, Kitten.
-What do you reckon?
-House of dreams and longing.
I wouldn't exactly call it a house,
but tell us what you think.
Oh, to have a little house.
To own the hearth, stool and all.
So, Kitten, can I come and visit you
every now and again?

Of course you can,
you great, big, silly Bobby Goldsboro.
You don't even have to ask.
Well, goodness gracious, icky-oakie me.
-What?
-What's with Diana Ross?
Leave him be, he knows nothing.
-Keep it that way.
-No problem.
If I volunteer, Irwin,
could I have pink glasses, please?
Can't you take anything serious?
Oh, serious, serious, serious.
You might have to soon enough.
So fucking what, Charlie?
I sell Republican News.
A few fucking papers, big deal.
What are you, my fucking wife?
Don't you lie to me, Irwin.
I don't believe your stories.
I'm involved in nothing! I sell their paper,
for all the difference it makes in this kip.
Nobody gives a fuck!
Soon enough they fucking will.
If I find out you're lying to me,
I'll finish with you, I swear!
Yeah, well, finish it with me,
see if I fucking care!
Come on, move off the road.
There's a vehicle coming through.
Get back. It's for your own safety.
Get these people off the street!
I want everyone to move away
from the red van!
Come on, folks. Stand back, please. Move!
Bring it down careful now. Yeah, gently.
-Please, move back.
-Move back.
Now let the Army go to work.
Get back, now, get back.
Move back and clear the area.
-There may be other devices.
-You're to get away now. Get back, now.
Get away from the street.

Get off the street now.
Clear this area for your own safety.
Move back.
-It's a Dalek. Exterminate.
-Lawrence!
Exterminate. Exterminate.
Exterminate. Exterminate.
Exterminate.
Dust thou art,
and unto dust thou shalt return...
until the Lord raises you up on the last day.
Let us pray for our brother Lawrence
to our Lord Jesus Christ...
who said,
"I am the resurrection, and the life.
"The man who believes in me will live
even if he dies."
Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come...
thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
Serious, serious.
Time for some serious spring cleaning.
Fuck.
Don't you know what this means?
Do you know
what these guys are like, Paddy?
-Don't let this come between us, Billy.
-Shut up!
Jesus, what the fuck am I gonna do?
-Fucking Jesus!
-Tell them I was spring cleaning, darling.
Where are they, Paddy?
Tell me, where are they?
Now, what is this you mean, my darling?
The guns, you little fucking whore,
where are they?
The guns! It's all too fucking serious!
Don't go fucking me around.
Oh, all of a sudden
everybody's getting serious.
Serious, serious, serious.
I'm not fucking joking, Patrick!

-Where are they?
-I told you to call me Kitten.
Don't fucking know me.
You don't know where I've gone.
And if they come, if they fucking come,
you tell them nothing.
-I mean nothing.
-Whatever you say, darling.
You're way out of your league, Patrick.
You don't know what you're dealing with.
Don't fucking know.
Oh, I do. I know, all right.
I know you were only joking
about the roses...
and sweets, too, probably.
But it was nice while it lasted.
Are you happy now?
Are you happy now
that you got what you wanted?
Now that they've bombed down here?
Are your Republican friends
good and happy...
now they can see what they've done?
What the fuck are you talking about?
It had nothing to do with Republicans.
What the fuck would they bomb
a southern town for, huh?
You hear me, Charlie?
And if you want out, just say so.
Open the door.
-I can't, go away. Come back in the morning.
-Open it, bitch! This is serious!
-Open the fucking door!
-Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay. I'm coming.
-Where did he put them?
-I'm afraid I don't understand.
The guns, nancy boy.
Where did he put the guns?
Oh, yes, the guns.
Oh, Billy buried them outside
just to be safe.
Go.
There's no fucking guns down here.
-I think they might just be...

-The little cunt!
-He's taking the hand out of us.
-...over here.
I'll nut him! I swear to God I'll nut him!
Say goodbye to my friends, will you?
Charlie lives in Sunbeam Heights
and Irwin's up The Backs.
Irwin who?
Why, Irwin Kerr, of course.
-The big-time Volunteer.
-How do you know Irwin Kerr?
Oh, nothing. Never mind.
Well, come on then.
Just do it. I've nothing left to live for
in this stupid, serious world.
Oh, fuck him.
Leave him be. He's not worth the bullet,
the mental nancy boy.
Oh, what is it with nancy boys
that you can't be bothered killing them?
-You kill everyone else.
-Look, I'm fucking warning you.
Do you know what you're doing here?
Are you on dope or what?
Wish that I was, Mr. Killing Man.
Why, do you have any?
You're way out of your league, sunshine.
Not that again.
"Out of your league, out of your league."
"Oh, you're in over your head.
You're in over your head."
Oh, for heaven's sake!
Surely you've one bullet to spare
between yous.
Bollocks!
-Where are we going?
-You hit us, we hit you.
-It's simple.
-Right.
The bomb was made up here
and driven across the border.
Wee Bobby Anderson.
Likes killing Catholics.
It'll be the last fucking bomb he'll make.

Turn the lights off. Keep it running.
Oh, Lord.
Get us the fuck out of here, will you?
-What's the smell?
-He shat himself.
You not toilet trained?
What do you think you are, Kerr?
What the fuck do you think this is?
Tell me you're not serious.
You see, there is that word again.
It's everywhere.
But you don't know a soul
in London, Paddy.
There's only one soul I need, Charlie.
You really think you'll find her?
How many Eily Bergins can there be?
Maybe she's changed her name.
She won't have changed her eyes, Irwin.
How will you get by?
Saint Anthony will guide me.
The thing is, you come to the city
that never sleeps...
and you think it's open all the time,
but it does sleep.
Excuse me?
Of course it does.
I'm looking for my mother, please.
Eily Bergin. Phantom Lady.
I've just got two Bergins for 1956.
Bergin, Ellen,
and Bergin with a simple initial E.
Well, that's her.
I mean, it has to be one of them.
One's from Aldgate
and the other's from East London.
Will you be going back home
after you've found her?
Oh, yes, of course.
Maybe she'll come with me.
-And, son, will you promise me something?
-Yes.
-Take care of yourself.
-Oh, I will, Mrs. Henderson.
Thank you.

No, mate,
they knocked those houses down years ago.
I'm....
The man himself.
About time, too.
Are you here for the job, kid?
What job?
This is showbiz, kid.
You gotta be on the ball.
You try that with Stephenson,
now, you've no fucking chance.
Who's Stephenson?
He thinks he's in charge.
RAF, my bollocks! I'll give him RAF.
-You're Irish, you are.
-Tyreelin, County Cavan.
Well then, County Cavan...
give us a song and you're home and dry.
Underground, overground, wombling free
The Wombles of Wimbledon Common are we
Good man, you have it.
Now the dance, okay? Okay?
I'm going in.
Right. Hop, one. Hop, two.
Hop, one, two, three.
Flap, flap, flap. Okay?
Go, go on.
Hop, hop one, hop two, hop one, two, three.
Flap, flap, flap. Right, ready?
Right, hop one, hop two.
For fuck's sake, will you hop right?
One, two, three.
Hop one, hop two. Hop, one, two, three.
Flap, flap. Flap it out, flap it out.
Sell it to me.
Overground, underground, wombling free
The Wombles of Wimbledon Common are we
Give him the drill, Bulgaria.
Enough already.
You take the croquet. Capisce?
-Capisce.
-I gotta wheel.
Every morning, 9:00, be there.
Bulgaria?

I told you before,
these are your responsibility.
You're head Womble here.
-Well, that's this.... Fuck!
-Fuck!
I'll give you RAF.
I broke no fucking mallet!
-I broke no fucking mallet!
-Keep away from me.
Put that down!
I'll break it across your back, you bollocks!
I'll bust it....
"You broke the mallet," he says.
"I'll have to dock it from your pay."
I broke no fucking mallet.
You fucked me one last time.
RAF, my bollocks! That's the end of the line!
Enough of that, John Joe.
Back off, motherfucker.
You don't know
what you're dealing with here!
Back in the can,
you wanna know what they used to say?
"Stay away, man.
He's out where the buses don't run!"
-You're out of your league here, friend.
-Oh, not that again.
You have to show them where you stand.
They fuck with you, you fuck with them.
You fuck them so bad
you make them wish they'd never been born.
-You want another shot?
-I'd love a Babycham.
You got it, kemo sabe.
Tommy, one Babycham, one Powers.
Please.
Two weeks' severance, in the paw.
You fuck with John Joe Kenny,
that's one time you fuck too many.
He's from Cavan.
So, where's Cavan?
Next to Monaghan.
I'm going for a womble.
If you want to come, give us a shout, right?

Really, Uncle Bulgaria.
Underground, overground, wombling free
The Wombles of Wimbledon Common are we
Underground, overground, wombling free
I was a Womble one time.
Did you know that?
Hey, you can't sleep here, love.
Have you got a home to go to?
You can get a cab outside.
Oh, I do believe I have a small, elfin
dwelling on Wimbledon Common.
Oi!
You doing business,
do it somewhere else, love.
This pavement's got my name on it.
What, pray, is your name? Concrete?
My name is Scratch Your Eyes Out,
Bite Your Bleeding Nose Off...
which is what I'll do
if you don't get off my patch.
All right, lover?
She giving you trouble, son?
Oh, no trouble at all.
We were just exchanging names.
Go on, you fucking nancy boy!
Don't fucking come back!
And her name is Scratch Your Eyes Out
and Bite Your Bleeding Nose Off.
And my name is Patricia Kitten Braden.
Pleased to meet you, Patricia Kitten Braden.
Just what were you doing back there?
I was looking for the Phantom Lady.
You found the right street, then.
Why, what's it called? Phantom Lady Street?
You could call it that.
And just who is this Phantom Lady?
Well, it's my mother, really. I call her that.
To pretend it's a story
that's happening to someone else, you see.
And why do you pretend that?
Because otherwise I might cry
and never stop.
If you cried, I'd make you stop.
Oh, you would?

Oh, how kind, kind sir.
Yes, I'd definitely make you stop.
And just what is it you do, then?
Oh, this and that. Showbiz, kind of. Singing.
-What do you like to sing about?
-I sing about true love.
That's nice.
Have you ever found it?
I thought I had, once.
Here's one about true love.
Ever heard this one?
Nice, isn't it?
I just love love songs.
Take it off.
-Don't you like it?
-Take it off, there's a good lad.
As you wish, sir.
-Now, isn't that more comfortable?
-Yes, sir.
Of course it is, my love-Ioving friend.
Here, feel that.
Good old-fashioned silk.
-Here you are.
-Thank you.
It's beautiful.
-You like it?
-It's beautiful.
Like it?
But did true love save Kitten
from the hands of the beast...
in that worst of all fairy tales?
No, what saved Kitten...
was her precious perfume spray...
bought for 2.99
in Roches Stores on Henry Street...
before she left her beloved Emerald Isle.
Hello.
I'm sorry to interrupt...
but are you all right, miss?
Yes, fine, thank you.
Just tired after my hard day's work.
You have been sitting there
for four hours now.
Yes, busy at my desk.

Busy at your desk?
Writing my little book.
Your little book?
What type of book?
Well, it's a....
It's a mystery thriller, sir.
About a woman who disappears.
May I ask what it's called?
Yes.
It's called...
Footprints in the Custard.
No, I'm only joking.
It doesn't have a name yet...
because I don't know what's gonna happen
if the mystery is ever solved.
But the lady has a name?
Phantom Lady.
"Phantom Lady."
No, her real name's Eily Bergin.
She was my mother.
-Your mother?
-Yeah.
And then she went away
to the city of all cities...
that never sleeps from dusk till dawn.
-So, you think she's here in London?
-No, I know she's here in London.
Fantastic!
The fantastic tale of Eily Bergin.
I can't wait to hear the ending.
-But you haven't even heard the start.
-I can't wait to hear that, either.
-So, are you a writer, too, then, sir?
-Oh, good Lord, no.
But something similar, maybe.
Something similar?
I wonder what that could be.
You're a magician!
Bertie Vaughan at your service.
Now, the first thing that has to be said,
Bertie dearest...
is that you bear absolutely no resemblance
to Marlon "Margarine" Brando.
We all have our off days.

So, tell me more about the Phantom Lady.
Why? What's in it for me?
I'll take you to see my show.
Oh, it's a deal, Magic.
So, where were we? Yes, the Phantom Lady.
Eily Bergin had just arrived in Dublin...
and just realized that her boat
didn't sail for another four hours.
Lo and behold, not a scratch.
Thank you, my dear.
Pick a card.
Anyone?
Come along, madam, pick a card.
Any card.
-Oh, my God!
-Oh, yes, blimey.
"Oh, my God" is right.
I do believe you've chosen the 101 of hearts.
Thank you, my dear, I'll take care of that.
Time, of course.
The time.
Looks like it's up, you lovely people.
Come on, help me, please, my loves.
Anyone out there
willing to encounter the great watch?
-Hello, young lady.
-Hello.
And what's the story
behind those beautiful blue eyes?
-What's your name, young lady?
-Patricia Kitten Braden.
-And where are you from, my dear?
-Ireland.
Keep your eye on the watch, young Patricia.
The whole world is in there.
Tick-tock.
Swing-swong.
And, dare I say it...
ding-dong.
And let the great watch guide you.
And what brings you
to our great metropolis?
I'm looking for my mammy.
Oh. And where did Mummy go?

-The city swallowed her up.
-Oh, fancy that.
Well, it will do that to people.
But do you know what, Patricia?
-I think I see your mother.
-Where?
Why, down there
by that table by the jukebox.
Mammy!
On second thoughts, Patricia...
she's not your mother,
she's your great-aunt Ida.
That's your mother over there.
Mammy?
Mammy!
Oh, Mammy.
Actually...
Patricia, that's your second cousin Ronnie,
just out of the Scrubs.
In fact...
your mummy is right up here.
Up here on stage.
Come to Mummy.
Come to Mummy.
Come to Mummy.
Come to Mummy.
You love your mummy and your poppy.
Good to have you back, darling.
And Mummy's never leaving again.
Never.
Never.
Never, I promise. Never.
Just call me Old Sawbones.
-You all right, dear?
-Yes.
Those of a nervous disposition...
should now close their eyes.
Oh, dear.
Are you all right, Kitten?
No, I'm actually quite heartbroken.
I think I see the problem.
Gee, thanks, Cupid.
And the other thing
about the Phantom Lady was, Bertie...

she realized, in the city that never sleeps....
What did she realize, Kitten?
That all the songs that she'd listened to,
all the love songs...
well, they were only songs.
-What's wrong with that?
-Nothing, if you don't believe in them.
But she did, you see.
She believed in enchanted evenings...
and she believed that a small cloud
passed overhead...
and cried down on her flowerbed.
And she even believed
there was breakfast to be had.
Where?
On Pluto.
The mysterious, icy wastes of Pluto.
You know, Kitten,
I made a decision a long time ago.
What decision was that?
That I wasn't destined
for the sentimental side of things.
But....
But if I did let myself ever fall for someone...
I think it would be a girl like you.
Bertie, please, I have to stop you.
There's something you should know.
Or maybe what I should say is...
it would be a girl...
-not a million miles away from...
-No, please don't.
...where I'm standing.
No.
What's the matter, princess?
Well, you see, the thing is, Bertie...
I'm not....
Yes?
I'm not a girl.
Oh, I knew that, princess.
-You did?
-Of course.
What I said was...
it would be a girl like you.
I do believe I see Mummy over there.

Mammy!
Actually, she's just walked in. There.
Mammy! Mammy.
Bastards!
Think you can make fun of her?
You're coming with me.
Wait!
Please don't leave me.
What about the Prince of Magic?
-Please don't go.
-Some fucking Prince of Magic.
No, maybe I should....
He doesn't mean bad, Charlie.
For Christ's sake, Paddy,
what is happening to you?
Kitten!
Excuse me.
John Joe. John Joe!
John Joe!
Not a Womble anymore.
Don't talk to me about fucking Wombles!
I'm in the Tower of London now.
Thirty smackers in the paw, boy,
no questions asked.
Hey, they're looking
for a Mary Queen of Scots.
-Would you be up for it?
-They'd chop my head off, surely.
And here's the man to do it for you.
Smiley, huh?
Where's Irwin gone?
Him and his fucking revolution.
-How'd you carry it?
-Bottom of my sleeping bag.
There won't be much sleeping
with this baby.
So you haven't seen her, then?
She's here, though, somewhere.
I know it. I just know it, Charlie.
Big fucking city.
I'm losing Irwin, you know.
How?
He's up to something. I know it.
He's got these secrets.

So why did you come over, Charlie?
Wasn't just to see me.
Was it something to do with Irwin?
You might say that.
I'm pregnant.
Oh, Jesus, Charlie.
Does he know?
You know all he knows about.
Or cares.
But you didn't come here to have the baby?
I came here to get rid of it.
You have to tell him, Charlie.
I can't.
He's all fucked up. He's....
So, how are the homeless?
Homeless are fine.
That's what keeps him out late, Kitten...
working with the homeless.
Right, Irwin?
-I can't have it, can I, Paddy?
-No.
No, you can't.
Irwin's involved in shit
I don't wanna think about.
I know.
What would it turn out like, Paddy?
You know what I mean, don't you?
It'd be an absolute disaster, like me.
Now, I want you to read this leaflet.
It outlines all aspects
of the termination procedure.
Termination?
-You mean this is an abortion clinic?
-Yes, of course it is.
I thought it was a fertility clinic.
I think she changed her mind. Thank you.
You said it'd be a disaster, like you.
Worse, probably.
-But I love you, you fucking disaster.
-Oh, Charlie.
-Promise you won't get lost again?
-I promise.
Tell him.
Tell me what?

Charlie's joining the Sandinistas.

Aren't you, Charlie?

-Sandinistas?

-They're a rock band.

-Aren't they, Charlie?

-Where can I reach you?

Try Cambridge Circus.

See you, Paddy.

-You and me, darling. What do you say?

-I don't quite know what to say.

Christ, you're a bloke!

Ten out of ten, Sherlock.

You fancy a drink or something?

Campari and soda, if you don't mind.

Of course I don't.

Wouldn't have asked you otherwise,
would I?

Campari and soda, please, mate.

There you go, mate.

Cheers.

Thank you.

-Crowded tonight.

-Oh, yes.

-Football supporters?

-No, Royal Engineers.

Oh, soldiers.

Just come back from a tour of duty.

-Aden? Cyprus? No, let me guess.

-Fucking Ulster.

I haven't got anything
against the Irish, though, mind.

-I hear they're very friendly.

-Don't know. Maybe.

It's the politicians what fuck it up, though,
isn't it?

Do you wanna dance?

Yes, I'd love to.

-You okay?

-Oh, yes. Super.

You seem a little bit tense.

Would you do something for me?

Yeah, of course.

Would you pretend your name's Bobby?

Bobby who?

Bobby Goldsboro.
It's his song, you see.
Bobby it is, then.
All you have to do is plant a little tree...
surprise me with a puppy...
I'll hug your neck.
Back. Go to the back end.
Get as many men down as you can.
All right, my love,
we're gonna get you out of here.
Come on, my love. Can you stand?
That's it.
As many people as we can get out
through the door.
Take my shoulder, love.
You're all right, mate, I've got you.
My tights.
-Easy, easy.
-Steady down there. Steady.
My tights! They're in ribbons.
You're alive, love, that's the main thing.
Come on.
I know what I'll have to do,
I'll have to get a new pair.
There's no other way, I'm afraid.
Keep still, darling.
Don't try and move, okay?
Please, let us through now!
Watch out.
-I told you, from my best side, darlings.
-Bring the other ambulance.
Slow down.
That's it. Slowly now.
Come on, get out of the way, please!
Come on.
-Out of the way.
-Please, nurse, he's in so much pain.
No, they're Christian Dior.
Do you really have to?
How silly can you get,
putting an "X" across my weenie.
Not so silly as 11 fucking people
blown to pieces...
you twisted little cunt!

Fucking baby-faced, fucking Irish murderer!
I'm sorry, did you call?
I can't quite see where you are.
I'm over here, you see.
Millions of miles up here
with Sirius guarding my head.
Tell him what he wants to know!
It's free. Everyone thinks it's cold up here...
but it's actually quite warm.
Yes, it's warm as toast up on Pluto.
Pluto.
Don't try the fucking blarney on us, Paddy!
We know you planted the fucking bomb!
But of course I did, my darling.
Why, I've planted hundreds of them.
Have you now? Well, plant this!
Hello, officer.
I'm over here.
Just take a left at the Milky Way.
We'll travel to Mars and visit
Christ, I can't fucking stand this!
Listen, son,
why don't you just make a statement?
A statement, officer?
Why didn't you just say so?
Attaboy. There's no point
making it hard for all of us.
Of course not.
After all, we're all friends here.
Let's start with where you were
on Thursday, October 17th.
I was in my little cell
working with my active service unit.
But I was working undercover.
Undercover?
Oh, it's all coming back to me now.
Pen and paper, please.
Patricia Kitten, a.k.a. Deep Throat...
had penetrated the deepest recesses
of the Republican sphincter...
with her secret anti-terrorist spray...
named after Gabrielle Coco Chanel's
lucky number.
The stability of Semtex

will be compromised.
Oh, but, Lord, was she sick of that black.
What is it with freedom fighters
and couture anyway?
You've got fuse support and booster charge.
What can I say?
We've got here the pressure plate--
Stop
Is there anyone here?
Why won't he just talk to us?
Did he or didn't he, dressed as a woman,
get caught by his own bomb?
We've held him six days now.
Seven's the max.
Paddy?
-You all right?
-Fine. Absolutely wonderful.
Meet us halfway, will you, Paddy?
Tell us why you came over here.
Well, I was just looking for someone.
-I was just looking for Eily Bergin.
-Who's Eily Bergin, Paddy?
She's gone undercover now.
The biggest city in the world
swallowed her up.
Could she help us
with our inquiries, Paddy?
She could help me with mine.
Do you want us to find her?
Have you got an address?
-You could try The House That Vanished.
-The House That Vanished.
Oh, Christ. I think we're all losing it.
We're gonna get some sleep now, Paddy.
We're gonna get some sleep.
Look, I think we may have made a mistake.
-Officer?
-What is it now?
If you came home from the office
and you found me lying on the floor...
-would you take me to the hospital?
-Well, of course I would.
And would you carry me
like you're doing now?

Well, yeah.

So if I wasn't a transvestite terrorist,
would you marry me?

No, for fuck's sake.

Well, is Officer Wallis
gonna be a happy man or what?

We've held you too long
by all accounts. Look.

Oh, no, you can't.

You can't. Not when I'm settling in so well.

Take your head off my shoulder, son.

You don't understand, Paddy.

We can't keep you here.

It's impossible.

We couldn't even if we wanted to.

Fuck this, I'm going on a long holiday.

Wife says I need it.

Come on!

Come on, just for one day.

It wouldn't kill you.

Sorry, Paddy. It's impossible.

-Okay, a half-a-day, please?

-No.

Look, do you mind me asking?

I mean, why do you wanna....

I mean, it don't make any sense.

-It just makes me feel secure.

-Secure?

Yes, you see, in the cell...

sometimes I think my legs

are turning into air...

and I'm floating in space, and I'm all alone.

"Galactic aloneness," I've heard that called.

Please, Routledge.

I just wanna belong.

I'd be your best prisoner.

I'd cook and I'd clean and I'd sweep...

and I'd iron all the uniforms. I....

-Hey, Paddy!

-I just wanna....

No, I'm afraid it's goodbye now.

All right, go get that bus there.

Go on!

Jennifer Jones and William Holden.

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing?
Have you ever been in love?
Once I thought I was.
He was a lucky man.
I'd pay you.
I'd give you whatever you wanted.
Whatever you wanted, I'd give you.
That's my mammy! That's my mammy!
Excuse me! Excuse me.
Excuse me. Excuse me. Excuse me.
Excuse me. Excuse me, excuse me.
Hello!
Hello, sir. Can I be of assistance?
I don't do anything heavy,
but aside from that I'd be more....
I could have you arrested, you know.
Well, icky-oakie me.
Get in.
This is no life
for a young man like you, Patrick.
Well, cuff me then.
Carry me to my sweet cell.
No.
Oh, wait, you're not an actual punter,
are you? How exciting.
No, it's not.... It's not that either.
It's a lot more serious than that, Patrick.
Well, of course it is, of course it's serious.
Everything's serious.
Oh, you're gonna die out there, Paddy!
I know.
Why don't you try and get a regular job?
Well, to tell you the truth, Inspector,
I'm not that employable.
So I gathered.
Fucking hell.
Come with me.
A group of girls
got themselves off the street, Patrick.
Set up a co-op.
What do you mean, "co-op"?
You know, like.... Sort of like....
A union, you could call it.
Girls?

Hello. Come on.
It's not ideal, but it's safe...
and legal.
Casandra.
Goddess of Destruction.
-Girls? Hello.
-Hello.
This is Patrick.
-Hello, Patrick.
-Hello.
He's a friend of mine, so be gentle.
Hello, Sam.
We're always nice.
Patrick, do you wanna play poker?
Love poker.
-Yeah, we'll put him in.
-Are you all right?
-You'll be working with us?
-I hope so. If you'll have me.
We're a nice bunch here.
-No bitchiness or nothing here.
-Look at his hair.
-So where are you from?
-Cavan.
Very nice. I'm from Dublin.
You'll do well here.
You'll like us girls.
So you'll definitely like it here.
Dear Charlie, sorry I haven't been in touch...
and I hope that everything
is going fine with you.
How's the bump?
Just writing to say
that I've got a new address.
It's Xanadu on Old Compton Street...
and you can reach me there at any time.
I'm saving like mad
to get over to see you when it happens in....
What is it?
Four months, two weeks, and three days.
Hello.
Show me your bazoozums.
-I beg your pardon?
-You know.

What's that?
Now, listen, sir,
we can't all have big bazoozums.
Some of us are what you might call svelte.
-Svelte?
-Yes. That's a Swedish word, I believe.
-There's also a French one.
-Aye, give me the French.
Gamine.
-Gamine?
-Yes, and that's what I am, sir.
A svelte gamine.
How much is that doggy in the window?
The one with the waggly tail
Not "waggly," "waggedy." "Waggedy tail."
Dear sir unseen, I know my music...
and I'm willing to bet you 10 times
whatever pathetic price you paid in here...
that the dog's tail is waggly.
Now I wanna hear you bark.
-Hello.
-Please don't do that.
As you wish, sir.
I don't do this sort of thing often.
That's all right, sir, we've got lots of time.
-I knew a boy like you once.
-Oh, I'm not a boy, sir, I'm a girl.
-Oh, you're a girl.
-Yes.
You can call me Patricia.
That's my name, sir.
Can I tell you a story, Patricia?
Oh, please do. Stories are what I love.
-You love stories?
-Love stories.
Even more than mysteries.
Don't do that, please, please.
Very well, sir, I'm all ears.
Once upon a time, there was a boy
who never knew his father and mother.
Oh, how sad. How unbearably sad.
Was he an unbearably sad little boy?
He didn't seem so.
No, he laughed. He laughed a lot.

Perhaps the kind of laughter
that disguises tears?
Maybe laughter was the only way to...
deal with....
Please go on. To deal with....
To deal with his circumstances.
You seem to understand this boy
quite well, sir.
I knew his father.
And?
And...
though his father loved him very much...
he could never tell the boy how much....
How much?
He could never tell the boy
how much he loved him.
Well, this can't be a true story. It can't be.
Why not?
Why could he not tell the boy
how much he loved him?
Because he didn't know how.
He had the words for many things, you see,
but he didn't have the words for that.
There are only three words for that.
They're easy to say.
Sometimes they are.
Other times, they're not.
Other times, they're....
They're impossible.
And he loved the boy's mother, too,
but that was equally impossible.
So he never told the boy?
He never told him and then the boy left...
and came to England, and the father had...
lots of time to think about all the things...
all the things that might have been,
should have been.
He had all the time in the world to think.
And what did he think about?
He thought, he imagined perhaps,
that the boy had come to England...
Looking for his mother.
And what was his mother's name?
-Her name was Eily. Eily Bergin.

-Oh, God.

And so the father thought
the one thing he could do...

was tell him where he could find his mother.

-Where to find the Phantom Lady?

-What?

Please, go on.

She married, had two children.

-Probably won't want to see him.

-But where does she live?

'Cause you know what I want,

I want English...

-I want conservative, I want East Finchley...

-Yeah.

...I want powerful.

-You think it works?

-I think you look better than her.

-I do look better than her, don't I?

-You do.

Do you need help, miss?

Yes, I'm doing a survey for British Telecom.

-Do you know where 19 Spencer Rise is?

-That's my house. There.

It's your....

-Can't you read numbers?

-No, yes, I can read numbers.

So, what's the survey?

Well, it's about telephones.

-Do you have a telephone?

-Everyone has a telephone.

No, not everyone, young man.

Some people can't afford one.

Well, we can.

I see.

-And so what is your name?

-My name's Patrick.

Patrick.

Patrick.

And how many phones

do you have, Patrick?

Shouldn't you be asking my mother?

Yes. Yes, of course I should.

And where would I find her?

Mum, there's a nice lady here

doing a survey....

Are you.... Oh, my God!

-You feeling better, love?

-Oh, yes, thank you.

-Some more tea?

-No, thank you.

So, what's this survey about, then?

-It's about phones, Mum.

-Phones? With Telecom?

Yes, British Telecom.

-Are you a multi-phone household?

-Yes. Yes, we've got three.

One in the bedroom, one in the kitchen,
and one in Geoffrey's office.

-Geoffrey....

-Is my husband.

Sorry.

How frequently is your telephone used?

Very. Laura's never off it.

Laura?

My daughter. She's 13.

I see, I see.

You don't have much use for the phone,
though, do you, Patrick?

No, I suppose not.

-Well, Miss....

-Johnson. Delia Johnston.

Johnston.

If you've any other questions,
don't hesitate to call.

No, I think I have more than enough,
thank you.

-Thank you for the tea.

-Oh, you're welcome.

Bye.

Shouldn't you have a uniform?

No, I shouldn't have a uniform.

The men who put the phones in
have a uniform.

Do they, now?

-Aren't they from Telecom?

-Yes, they are.

Then how come Telecom don't know
how many phones we have?

Well, because
it's from a different department.
Why don't you just phone up, then,
and ask the questions?
Because there's nothing
like the personal touch, now, is there?
Why don't--
Young man,
I get the feeling you don't like me.
You're wrong. I think you're nice.
Well, I think you're nice, too.
-Why are you crying?
-It's conjunctivitis.
I gave your address to Father Liam,
and I hope you don't mind.
He's been very kind to me, Kitten,
and I need all the kindness I can get.
The Special Branch lifted me
on a dope charge, you see.
And they used that to get to Irwin.
They lifted Charlie on the dope charge.
They said she'd be having the baby
in prison, if I didn't--
If you didn't what, Irwin?
If I didn't inform them about operations.
-You do it.
-No, you do it.
I can't. I went to school with his brother.
Hey, lads, did you hear the one
about the Cavan man?
-What Cavan man?
-Cavan man in--
What will I call you?
Father.
You call me "Father." Come in.
I can't.
I prayed, you know.
I prayed you'd come back.
Did you find her?
Yes. No. Kind of.
Where's Charlie?
She's upstairs. Come on.
After the drugs charge,
there were problems at home...

so I took her in.
She hardly eats a thing, you know.
She's wasting away.
Maybe you could....
-Where do you sleep, Father?
-Don't worry about me.
Charlie.
Is that you, Kitten?
Charlie. Take it easy now.
Swann's Cross.
-They put a rubbish bag over his head.
-Hush, Charlie.
My parents told me
to go back where I came from.
Don't think about it, Charlie.
Your baby, that's all that matters now.
And I'm here to help you.
Robins, Father. Would you believe it?
Pecking at the cream.
I'm sure the poor things must be starved.
Ta.
You have your mother's eyes,
do you know that, Patrick?
Color of the ocean beyond Rosses Point.
You took her there?
Many times.
Things could have been so different.
Don't say anything.
Because, you know, the strangest thing...
I went looking for her...
but I found you.
No, in the end it was a blessed release.
She was a lovely woman.
She never missed a day at Mass.
When they opened her up,
they found a lump as big as a melon.
A melon? That big?
Maybe it was a grapefruit.
I get them mixed up.
So, we're not exactly blessed with choice,
Father, dear.
And is there any rule
that says that when you're pregnant...
you need to dress like a lollipop lady?

-I know of no such rule, Patrick.
-No, so I thought.
This little hippy number
might give her the lift she needs.
Very nice.
Velvet, Father.
Like crushed grass.
Look, Father.
Oh, can we try the silver fur, missus?
Is it for yourself?
Twenty-five different colored Babygros.
Four teddy bears, I can understand...
-but I don't need a pram yet, Kitten.
-You will.
-Where did you get the money?
-Oh, singing.
How much is that doggy in the window?
The one with the
-Is it waggedy or waggly, Charlie?
-Waggly.
No, wait a minute.
-Oh, Father?
-Yes.
You know the doggy with the tail?
Is it waggly or waggedy?
The song?
Waggedy, I seem to remember.
Your mother never stopped singing it.
Aye, waggedy tail.
Waggedy.
How much is that doggy in the window?
The one with the waggedy tail
How much is that doggy in the window?
Oh, Jesus Christ and his holy mother.
-Why doesn't the Bishop do something?
-The Bishop!
The Bishop we have isn't worth a damn.
-What did she say...?
-The Bishop isn't worth a damn!
Now mind your language missus
Do you know something, Thomas?
There are times
when I wish I was a bus conductor.
...the welfare state and all.

Can't stay here, anyways.
But you'll come and see us, Father?
After the baby's--
Well, the only parish I've been offered
is in Kilburn, so you might see a lot of me.
You saved my life, Father.
And mine.
Great, big, fireproof man.
Come on, Charlie, push! Push!
I am pushing, Kitten, fuck you!
-I am pushing!
-Breathe.
-Jesus!
-Come on.
It's tearing me apart!
Hey, you're the telephone lady.
If it isn't the young boy
from the multi-phone household.
What are you doing here?
Mum's with the doctor.
She's, you know, got a bun in the fireplace.
-I think you mean the oven, young man.
-Okay, then, the oven.
What's your name?
Phantom Lady.
-That's a funny name.
-I know that. I'm a funny lady.
-Is that your baby?
-No, it's hers.
She's having her fireplace checked.
Isn't she? Yes, she is.
-Charlie, darling, this is--
-Patrick.
This is my young friend Patrick.
So, how's your fireplace?
And your little bun is just fine, too,
aren't you? Yes, you are.
Patrick, there's your mum. You'd better run.
Okay.
Patrick, will you tell her that...
the telephone lady says
that she hopes it's a girl this time.
-Okay.
-Okay.

-She looks nothing like Mitzi Gaynor
-What do you know about Mitzi Gaynor?
Nothing. But as Oscar Wilde said...
I love talking about nothing. It's the
only thing I know anything about