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Cul-de-sac

By Roman Polanski

What the hell are you doing?

I'm fed up.

What about me?

It's digging into me.

- Where?

- In my back.

- Well, here we are.

- Where?

In - In the shit.

Thanks to your idiotic ideas.

Yeah, you're always the smart one.

That's easy.

Gee!

There must be a telephone
at the end of these wires.

- Stop rocking the boat.

- What?

Stop - boat.

Can't understand a word.

Hang on, Albie. I'll be back.

You're mad!

You're absolutely mad!

- He's cute. He won't -

- Throw it away!

Throw it away!

Um -

Anybody home?

Hello?

Anyone in?

Don't put your feet
in my face like that.

I'm going to get you at last!

Go! Go! Go!

The main body of his work
was written at Abbotsford.

Oh. Oh, yes.

But the astonishing part of it, uh -
Of course, it's not a very long novel.

- No. A lot of work.

- Pen is still there.

Hmm? Oh, uh, really?

Pen, yes, and, uh - and slippers and pipe.

Mmm.

The old tobacco pouch and bric-a-brac.

Yes. Oh!

Sorry.

I was going to say,
I thought you'd seen the room.

No.

I could've sworn Teresa
showed you the whole castle.

- No, she didn't.

- Would you like to see it?

No, I'd rather get home now, darling,
before it gets too dark.

- Are you sure?

- It never gets dark in this blasted place.

- Christopher!

- Are you all right with that thing?

I think so.

So he used to work
up behind the stained glass, did he?

That's right.

You have a fantastic view from there.

- Christopher!

- It's really rather moving.

- What is it now?

- Oh, there you are, darling.

- Do come down. We're leaving now.

- On a clear day, you can see right across the bay.

- All right, all right!

- The most fantastic view.

Oh, here's your binoculars.

I nearly forgot to give them to you.

- Thank you so much.

- What are you doing on Sunday?

I think we've got
some people coming actually.

Well, we were having some people
over here. I thought -

We might be able to come over by car.

- We don't want to come by boat. It's so -

- We must get the tide right, dear.

- You don't want to brave those ocean waves again.

- No, I don't.

- Do say good-bye to Teresa for us.

- Yes, I will. She'll be very disappointed.

I'm sorry we didn't see her

before we went.

Oh, Christopher, I've hardly seen you.

Where have you been?

- I've been shrimping.

- Shrimping? What, with Teresa?

Bye-bye then.

I say, if you come over Sunday,

we might fly the kite again.

Oh, it'd be great fun.

- About Sunday -

- Well, we'll give you a ring.

- Yes, we're on the -

- You're on the phone, aren't you?

- Oh, yes.

- Right then.

Oh, we must be going, Daddy, darling. Yes.

I'd rather we go

before it gets dark, darling.

- Bye-bye.

- Well, many thanks.

It's been a great pleasure. Really.

- Yes. Bye-bye.

- I hope you make it on Sunday.

Say good-bye to Teresa for us.

Watch that thing.

You'll be taking off in a minute.

Bye-bye.

- It's a hell of a long drive.

- Yes.

Perhaps we'll give you a ring.

- I'd like to send messages up my string.

- Oh, you would? How would do you do that?

Oh, you could tie them -

Little pieces of paper - tie them around...

- and then you force them up.

- Sounds a bit tricky.

- Why don't I give you -

- Well, we'll give you a ring, shall we?

- What's your number?

- One-one.

- Oh, one-one.

- That's double-one.

- Double-one-one.

- One-one.

- No. Just one-one.
- One-one. Double-one.
- All right, come back next Sunday.
- Bye!
- Bye!
- Cheerio!

Come along, darling. Bye!

Bye-bye. Try to get over again.

Maybe I'll run a message up.

- Oh, yes, yes. Bye!

- Bye!

Oh, what the -

Is that all?

- Is that all you've caught?

- No.

Five shrimps? Huh.

- It was full.

- I'm not completely blind.

- You eat them all.

- "All"? Five shrimps?

Delicious. Thank you very much.

That's -

I'll manage without.

I'll make myself an omelet.

Very therapeutic for my ulcer.

- Have you seen the big frying pan?

- It's on the table.

Outside.

Thank you very much.

No. I'm sorry. It isn't there.

Son of a bitch.

What does he think he's doing
leaving me alone like this?

Richard! I got a problem here!

It's up to my -

I got a problem!

-

- Have you seen my pajama top?

Baby, have you seen my pajama top?

Look under the bed.

And now for you lucky night people...

here in a different mood is a swinging disk
by one of our newest groups.

Put that on.

Oh, baby.
You're sitting -
Oh, you -
Look.
Give me that.
No. No.
- Come here.
- No, no.
- Please, please.
- No, not on the eyes.
Please. They'll be just a little bit black.
Oh. Oh, what a beauty.
Let me see.
- Give me the other now.
- No, no, no.
- That's it.
- Give me the other. Give me -
Please. Come here. Come here.
Come here.
What are you doing tonight, baby?
I'm going home to Mummy and Daddy.
Your carriage awaits.
- Shh!
- What?
Do you hear something?
No. I can't hear a thing.
Somebody was walking on the terrace.
No, there's nobody there.
Oh. You gave me such a fright.
Ah - Ah - Ah -
Ah-choo!
Number, please.
- Hello?
- Number, please.
I want the St. Cuthbert Arms Hotel,
Maplethorpe-On-Sea.
- Mablethorpe.
- All right. Mablethorpe.
- On-Sea.
- On-Sea.
I want a personal call to Mr. Katelbach.
Do you know the number?
No, I don't know the number
of the hotel, Operator.

It'll be in the book.

- Will you please get it for me, honey?

- What's your number there?

Just a second, please.

Lindisfarne 1-1.

Thank you, sir.

What name did you say?

- Katelbach.

- Could you spell it, please?

K-A-T-E-L-B-A-C-H.

- A little slower, please.

- All right.

"K" for "kitty."

"A" for "Andy."

"T" for - for, uh -

Did you say "T"? For "tea"?

That's right. "T" for "tea."

E-L-B -

- "D"?

- No. "B."

- For "Peter"?

- "B" for "Bess" and "boy."

- For "boy."

- That's right.

A-C-H.

- Katelbach.

- That's right.

- I'll ring you back.

- Thank you.

Is anybody there?

Yes. Me.

Dickie.

I took the liberty of using the phone 'cause

Albert and me are having a little trouble.

Trouble?

Trouble or not,

you have very strange manners.

One doesn't usually burst in

on people without warning...

especially at this hour.

One doesn't choose the time

one gets into trouble.

Actually, I don't know

what prevents me calling the police.

I told you Albert and me
are having some trouble.

Get it... little fairy?

Aw, the hell with you.

Hello.

You both better help me
if you want to stay healthy.

- Hold on, please.

- Hello?

- And don't panic. No hysterics.

- Nobody's panicking!

- Sorry to keep you.

- Hello?

- I'll have your call in an hour.

- What?

- There's nought -

- In an hour?

- Would you like to keep the call in?

- Yes, yes! I'll keep the call in.

First off, we gotta fetch somebody.

- It'll be easier if all three of us push.

- Push?

I suppose you don't mind
if we put on some clothes first.

Yes, I do mind. Get goin'.

I'll show you the way.

- Wait. I'll be -

- Come on.

What - What's going on here?

What?

There was no water here before!

It's the evening tide.

Quick! Quick!

I'm coming, Albert! I'm coming!

Shh, shh, shh. He's a mad dog.

What are you waiting for?

Oh.

Uh, the tide's terribly tricky.

Get goin'!

I can't swim. Oh!

Come on!

Come on. Get in there.

Quick.

Hurry!

Now the other way.

Push.

- I can't hold it!

- Wait!

Hello?

Thank you.

- Hello?

- Hello. Mr. Katelbach, Dickie.

You stupid, mentally retarded
prick! Where the hell have you been?

- Now wait a minute.

- I waited all day for you and that other idiot!

But listen, Mr. Katelbach -

Now wait a minute.

- It ain't our fault!

- It must be!

Word of honor, governor.

We did our best.

I want to speak to Albie.

- To Albie?

- Ja. The idiot!

- Uh, he can't come to the phone.

- Can't come to the phone?

- What's the matter with him?

- He's-He's got indigestion.

He got it - He got it in the belly.

- How bad is he?

- Pretty bad.

- Uh, get a message to Doris.

- Boris?

Not "Boris." "Doris." His wife.

We lost the car, but we got another one.

- What?

- We lost the car, but we got another one.

What? You got another car now?

So why can't you get in the new car
and drive?

I can't drive it. I got a cramp in the arm.

- I got it in the arm.

- You got what in the arm?

- You know.

- All right. I see.

So you both got it.

Now listen. I'm gonna tell you

something, Dickie.
Wait a minute, Mr. Katelbach.
You're-You're - You're being unfair.
You're very unfair, Mr. Katelbach.
Give me a chance to explain.
We did our best.
Where the hell are you anyway?
Uh, in North -
We're in Northumberland.
- Just a minute.
- Whereabout in Northumberland?
Hey! Hey!
How early can we get through
by the beach?

Uh, 8:

What's the name of this rock pile?
Rob Roy.
Lindisfarne Island, Northumberland.
What? Speak up!
Rob Roy!
Lindisfarne Island!
Northumberland!
Okay.
Stop it!
Rob Roy. Lindisfarne Island.
Northumberland.
Thank you, sir.
Practically a new car.
You okay, Albie?
I am... fed up.
Everything's all right. I got him on the phone.
He's coming to get us out of this.
Well, congratulations.
You made a charming mess
of my motorcar.
Amazing what thin stuff they use.
Thin or thick -
there's a good 50 guineas damages.
What's the idea of leaving your car
right here in the middle?
Well, great heavens!
I'm in my own grounds, aren't I?
In your own grounds.

How selfish can you get?

That's the sort of thing
that's ruining the country.

I'm right, ain't I, miss?

- Is your name Bee?

- What?

"Felix Bee."

Nah. Nah.

- We borrowed it.

- I'm fed up.

- "Borrowed," my ass.

- T-Teresa.

That's the sort of thing
which is ruining this country.

You see? She agrees with me.

I beg your pardon.

My wife said nothing of the kind.

It amounts to the same thing.

Indeed, it does not! My wife is talking
of something quite different.

Oh, I see.

His Lordship wishes to split hairs.

Quit gabbin'. Help me move him.

Oh, I'm sorry, Albie.

Hold on.

Dor - Doris!

Right here.

- You got a garage?

- What?

- Have you got a garage?

- No. My car sleeps outside.

I'd like to stash my car in a garage.

I'm sorry. I'm afraid you'll have to do
exactly the same as I do.

Ah. That's better.

But don't move me anymore.

- He should be put to bed.

- Don't move me anymore!

It's better lying on something hard.

- Get me a pillow.

- Oh.

- We must call a doctor.

- An ambulance you mean.

An ambulance?

You want an ambulance, Albie?
No.
You see? He don't want no ambulance.
Get me a blanket.
Not you.
I'm - I'm really very cold.
Fetch him his mink.
Get cracking.
That's right. Go ahead, get on with it.
- You're nuts! You're both nuts!
- That last piece and that piece.
That's it.
You brute! You bloody brute!
He was beautiful.
He could eat razor blades. No kiddin'.
Once, I seen him
take a nail as big as this...
and bang it through a table
with one blow of his fist.
Fantastic.
Another gorilla, like you.
You ain't English, are ya?
Continental, huh?
You got an accent.
You ain't British.
Well, you're not exactly
Anglo-Saxon yourself.
Snotty, huh?
I'm acting regular with you,
and you're acting snotty.
I'm regular with you, ain't I?
My-My wife is French.
All right.
In the meantime,
you smashed up my chicken house.
You tickle me pink with your chicken house.
It's all rotten anyhow.
If I'd been a man,
you wouldn't get away with this.
That's what you think.
You make me sick.
If you were a man, you would not let
this big creep insult me.
Nobody's insulting you, sweetie pie.

Your coffee's ready.
Oh. It's getting late.
Beddy-bye time.
We all gotta get up early
tomorrow morning...
'cause I'm expecting some guests.
And you better give us
some real good coffee -
here, not on the terrace.
I hope you're in a better mood
tomorrow morning, miss - madam.
Not everybody has my sweet nature.
I don't wanna hurt anybody's feelings,
but this dump is a little... unusual.
Is this your family's mansion, like?
Or did you buy it yourself?
Well, everybody to his own taste
is what I always say.
Hmm. Very tastefully arranged.
Yeah.
Interesting.
Very nice.
Mmm. Beautiful dresses.
Milady's finery.
Ah. What a beautiful... somethin'.
What is it?
- Is that the, uh -
- Yes.
Richard!
Very classy. Pardon me.
Richard!
Richard!
Like, quiet, Albie. I'm here.
He's mad - He's mad at us, isn't he?
He told me I was mentally... retiring,
or something like that.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
He's angry with us, isn't he?
- He gave me hell.
- He was right.
It's very unfair.
We messed up the whole job.
We did our best.

He doesn't love us anymore.
Now cut the blower.
He treated me like dirt.
Cut the wire, I say!
Don't worry. I got the both of them
locked up upstairs in their pad.
He could skip by the window.
- Who?
- The queer.
- Are you kidding? He's scared to death.
- Do as I say.
I've done it already.
- Well, why didn't you tell me?
- I'm telling you now, damn it!
- I looked just great like that, didn't I?
-
He's a madman.
He's a dangerous madman.
For heaven's sake, don't push him too far.
And forget about your chicken house.
At the very moment when you
shouldn't worry about your chickens,
you start to take an interest in them.
Don't you understand that these men
are criminals, for heaven's sake?
They're killers. They're -
The slightest pretext.
The newspapers
are full of stories like this.
They-They -
They kill. They shoot to kill.
They're... thugs.
Can't you get that into your head?
Do you understand me?
Stop that music
and answer my question.
- What time is it?
- Answer my question!
Do you understand? Blast it!
Sure I understand.
I understand that you are not a man.
You let that big creep insult me
without saying a word.
You, the big war hero.

That's nothing to do with it.

I was in the tanks.

- You told me the cavalry.

- The armored cavalry.

- What's that?

- Never mind.

This fellow wouldn't frighten me
if we were both equally armed.

Oh, I know!

You're goading me, aren't you?

You're egging me on.

You want to see a fight, don't you?

You want blood. I know women.

Women! You want to see a fight.

I'll give you -

You want me to tell him

what I think of him? Hmm?

All right! You'll see a fight!

Locked. Blast it.

Open this door, you swine!

Sorry. Um, have you got something
to make a bandage out of?

For Albie.

Got any iodine or something like that?

Oh. This will do very nicely.

- I have only got alcohol.

- Oh, thanks. That'll be -

- This is not a hospital.

- It'll be great.

And now, before the news,
here is the weather forecast.

The Midlands, central and South East England
will be mostly dry -

Do you mind if I borrow this
until tomorrow morning? Thank you.

...and the Channel Islands, slight rain is expected
and will appear by tomorrow -
Nighty-night.

...Friday and Saturday,
changeable with rain in some -
Gee.

I found it! Ha!

Lie down, Albie.

And please don't act so nutty, Albie.

There it is! There!
- Where?
- Come closer. Look. There.
I can't see anything.
Eh, you're blind.
Give me the glasses.
That's it.
Ah!
I lost it.
What have you lost?
The Little Bear.
I can't find it anymore.
There must be some booze in this dump.
I'd like a drink.
Albie, lie down.
You got a belly full of holes,
and you want a drink? Lie down.
You've got a head full of holes,
and you still want to argue.
Let go of me, you half-wit.
I want a drink, I tell you.
Please, Albie, be quiet.
My God, he is patient with you.
If I was Katelbach, I'd have
kicked you out long ago. I want a nip.
All right. Lie down.
I want a nip.
All right, Albie. I'll get one for you.
Be right back.
Don't move!
Don't move, or I'll shoot!
Come out, clown face!
And keep your hands up,
or I'll let her have it!
- I'm alone.
- I'll count to three.
- I'm alone! I swear! I climbed through the window!
- One! Two!
He could never do it!
- Where is he?
- Asleep.
I locked you up, you little tramp,
didn't I?
Didn't I? Why'd you get out?

You want me to teach you
a lesson, huh?

Well, my name ain't George,
and I don't wear horns.

I could punch that pretty puss
of yours into a pumpkin.

- Is that what you want?

- Like a pumpkin.

Shut up.

I don't dig chicks like you.

Now you got even less chance of getting on
the right side of my pals when they get here.

If you want to stay in one piece,
you better play ball.

Look.

I came down to see
what you are doing.

I could have phoned the police by now,
couldn't I?

Phone the police.

Listen, you little twist,
you must take me for a real sucker.

Here. Phone the police.

By my guest.

I could swim.

Swim or not,

my advice to you is to stay put.

- Who's going to catch me - you?

- Shut up.

- I could swim.

- Shut up.

Oh, what I really like
is for you to clear the hell out.

Will you shut your trap
once and for all!

- Why are you digging?

- It's a hobby I got.

May I go and get something
in the house?

May I go? Please.

- Go to hell.

- Thank you.

He's dead.

You don't say so.

You are digging it for him.
I'm digging for gold, you dope.
But - But one has to wait
two or three days.
- Is that so?
- It's the law.
- It is?
- Sure, it is.
Not for Albie.
He shoved the law
up where it belonged.
Would you like a vodka?
Gosh, this stuff's murder.
I make it myself.
No kiddin'? Must be hard work.
Bloody hard, that ground of yours.
Phew!
Gosh, this stuff is raw -
like pure alcohol.
It's pure medicinal alcohol.
- Ring the good old bugle, boys
We'll sing a merry song
Sing it as we used to sing it
fifty-thousand strong
- Don't move. Don't move. Don't move.
- While we were marching through Georgia
Hurrah, hurrah
- See, I told you we shouldn't -
- Hurrah for the red, white and blue
Hurrah, hurrah
Hurrah for the Union, you
Come on out, stupid!
Good morning, jolly!
Come on out and help us dig!
- Dig?
- Yes, you lunkhead!
Come on down. I won't eat ya!
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
- With one finger?
- With one finger.
You know what I mean.
Oh, charming.
- My congratulations.
- Cut it out.

With you, one always has to be as -
as solemn as a priest.
Down with the clergy.
That's scandalous! It's absolutely scandalous!
Mind you, I recognize everybody's opinion.
I concede there are a few priests
who really believe in what they preach...
but most of them are phonies.
It's the same thing everywhere.
Take politics, for example.
- Look out there!
- Ooh!
There are a few legitimate guys,
and most of 'em are phonies.
And the people are all suckers.
They're taken for a ride.
Ain't that right, pal?
Cheers, old chap.
I never drink.
You ain't refusing to have a drink
with Dickie, are you?
I can't drink alcohol. It makes me sick.
Especially this time in the morning.
Either you're a pal or you ain't.
Time don't make no difference with pals.
Bottoms up.
No, really, I -
Alcohol is murder for my ulcer.
Especially this... muck.
The things one has to listen to.
You're gonna get me real mad.
Drink up.
To the last drop.
Albie's specs.
Albie's specs. I got a good mind
to knock your block off.
You've been asking for it
for some time.
- You need a lesson.
- What lesson?
- To respect the dead.
- But listen. I-I -
There are no buts.
Just because Albie didn't go to Oxford.

Real mean of you to smash his glasses.
How could you?
I didn't do it on purpose.
I swear to you, Dickie.
Listen to the little jerk - answering back.
Will wonders never cease?
Are we going to be friends or not?
I've got to know.
I say, what a grip.
You said it, curly.
Dig!
Hey, is that all right?
Look.
Yeah.
- Hey! Wait, wait! Wait!
- Climb out.
Wait! Hold on!
Wait, wait! Look, wait a minute!
Well, get out. Hurry. Quick.
If you think it's easy -
I can't - He's got to -
Still hootin'.
Shut up!
How old is it?
What?
Oh, it's... 11 th century -
Century.
Bloody creepy hole.
That's where he wrote it.
- What?
- There, behind those stained-glass windows.
Gee, this stuff could kill you.
Wrote the whole thing up there.
St. Cuthbert's room.
Mmm.
That stuff could... blind you.
Here.
By the way, it should light.
Too much wind.
There aren't any more writers like...
Walter.
You're darn right.
They don't know how to tell a story
like that anymore.

What story?

- Rob Roy.

- Moving picture?

- His pen is still there.

- Oh, imagine that. Yeah.

Fragments of manuscripts.

Oh, I seen him in that movie,

Rob Roy, yeah.

There's a letter he wrote to a young protg
en route for London.

What a rock pile.

Eleventh century.

Romantic age.

Bring on the little girls.

You could throw some real wild orgies
in that old castle of yours...

couldn't you, you old bastard, you?

Well, that's nothing to cry about.

- It's not that.

- What is it then?

I can't tell you.

You're hiding things from me now?

Well, I'm going to take a bath, children.

Hey, ba - Baby, baby.

Baby, come back. Come back.

Baby, come back! You'll drown!

Baby says nuts to you!

Baby, come back! You'll drown!

Dames!

You can't imagine.

You have no idea.

What do you think, I'm a square?

She's just a girl, a child.

She's a naughty little girl.

A child, my foot.

I worship her.

I'm absolutely crazy about her.

You're a sucker.

Have you ever been in love?

- Answer me!

- Shut up!

Have you ev -

I'll be damned. It's unbelievable.

A helicopter!

Ah, good old Katelbach!
Who but him would think
of a thing like that, huh?
Come on, fellas. Here I am!
Here I am, boys!
- Katelbach!
- Dickie -
Katelbach! There's my little boys!
- Dickie, it's not -
- They're searching for us!
- Dickie, it's not a helicopter.
- Come on, let's build a fire!
- Here I am, boys!
- It's the regular plane!
- Here! Here!
- It's not a helicopter!
- I'm right here, boys!
- Dickie, it's the regular plane!
- Hey! Hey!
- I swear, it's -
- It's the regular plane!
- You want me to shoot you?
- Is that what you're asking for?
- No! Dickie, look! Look!
You see, it's going away.
It often passes over this place.
It's the regular plane.
Dickie. Dickie.
It's the regular plane, I swear.
You've gotta always be regular -
always - with Dickie.
- Always.
- I'm -
I'm regular with you.
Dickie. Dickie. Dickie, I -
I - I'm regular with you.
Aren't I, Dickie?
- I want to tell you something.
- What?
Rob Roy.
Rob Roy?
I...
can't...
stand it!

Well, you were just telling me
how great it was.
Nah! The castle.
It's, uh - It's impossible to heat
in the winter.
It's not practical, and there's...
drafts.
There's something p -
Something peculiar.
- Peculiar?
- That's right, something -
- Like peculiar noises?
- No, no, no, no, no, no.
No, no, it's... something inexpliss -
inexpressible.
Something unpleasant.
And you spent all that dough on it?
Everything.
Everything. It took everything I got.
Mind you, I'm not, uh, complaining, but -
You poor bugger.
Took everything.
Must be asleep!
No, she's swimming. She -
She can swim for hours.
I'm talking about the owl.
I don't regret anything!
- Ah. No.
- No sense crying over spilt milk.
- No.
- What's done's done.
Yes, it's done. It's done.
But just to give you an -
Take, for example, the chicken house.
- The hell with the chicken house!
- You're right.
How long have you been married?
I've - Ten months on the 27th of October.
It's only just beginning.
You can't imagine. She -
She was in the - Dickie. She -
She was in the -
When I met her.
I know something I could tell you, but -

Nah, you're too square.
Oh, come on, tell me.
Nah, you're too much of a square.
Wouldn't do you no good.
Well, go on. Go on.
Dickie, is it something that you know?
Yeah, but I ain't telling you.
Well - Now you really are
being nasty to me.
I don't want to talk anymore!
They're all whores!
I don't give a damn for you
or your goddamn love life.
Will that bloody tide be down
tomorrow or not?
Uh, I think -
I'll have to consult the almanac.
Consult an almanac!
You gotta be out of your skull
to live in a hole like that!
Will that bloody tide be down
tomorrow morning, or will it?
- Answer yes or no!
- Yes.
- What do you mean yes?
- The bloody tide will be down.
- What time?
- I don't know. I have to check.
- What's going on?
- Baby, baby, come on!
What's going on?
- Come and join us!
- What were you shooting?
No, Dickie loosed off a few shots.
What?
He was shooting.
He thought it was Katelbach.
You're pissed.
We just are having a quiet little talk.
Let me alone!
Let me alone! Go away!
- Go away!
- Ah! Baby!
Baby, come here.

Dickie's rather nice.
Darling, let me take it for you.
- Baby -
- Go away!
Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby!
Come back, baby!
Baby, come back.
Darling, come on.
Get up, you artists!
It's time!
It's time?
Come on, get up.
He'll be arriving any minute.
I'm borrowing one of your shirts.
You make breakfast.
And a tie.
For four people.
And make it snappy!
Are - Are you sure you won't
let me use my electric razor?
I told you, it tears my flesh.
I got delicate skin.
- Ow!
- Ow! Oh! Oh!
Well, what about this coffee?
The water is boiling.
It has to be ground.
I'll do it.
Make it snappy.
Unbelievable.
Cut out that music.
I'm getting sick to death of it.
There they are!
They're tearing along!
I'll bet that's Fat Tony at the wheel!
Boy, look at him zip along!
Boy, oh, boy, has he got nerve!
Good old Fat Tony!
Come on, let's go!
Not there. In here.
No -
Swine!
I'm coming, boys. I'm coming!
- You did nothing! Nothing at all!

- Teresa - Teresa -
You were in a blue funk the whole time.
Don't you understand?
They're ready to shoot us down like dogs.
How do we get out of here?
How?
Be quiet.
Be quiet.
The main thing is that Dickie
should go off with his gang.
Why didn't you tell me? Why?
What have I -
What have I done?
You were expecting someone.
Someone?
- What?
- They're here. Outside. No time to talk.
One word about me,
and I'll let her have it.
The first one is for you.
George!
George! George!
Oh, it's good to see you again!
What on earth are you doing here?
It is good to see you!
Oh, so this is where you've been
hiding yourself, is it?
Yes.
You're a dark horse, you know.
Oh - What's the matter?
Is there something wrong?
You look a bit put out.
Aren't you glad to see us?
Yes, of course I am.
Oh, darling.
- This is my wife, Teresa.
- How do you do?
Old friends of mine, darling -
Mr. And Mrs. Fairweather.
- How are you? How very nice to meet you.
- And Cecil Yorke.
- Jacqueline.
- Cecil has a divine place near here.
Oh! But nothing like this castle of yours.

- Well -
- Treasure? Where are you, treasure?
Where has the little monster gone?
You know, Marion had a grudge
against you for a long time, old chap.
Thanks to Cecil,
we can at last meet your wife.
Oh, she is gorgeous.
Oh, dear me, all these chickens.
Come here, my darling.
Come and say "How do you do?"
Must have cost you a pretty penny.
Oh. Dear lady,
please forgive this intrusion.
But it was the only way we could get
to meet you and to congratulate you.
My poor child, keeping you
cloistered up here in this -
- Oh, Philip, listen.
- Yes?
Of course! Pardon me a moment.
Oh. Thank you.
Have you got the - Is the boot open?
You're getting to be a big boy now,
aren't you, Nicholas?
Horace.
You know, we mustn't spoil
this lovely kite.
Must we, my little Horace?
Or else when we want it to fly,
it won't work.
Will it?
Ah.
Well -
Well, it's rather late,
but please accept this little offering.
And -
Let me kiss you and wish you every
happiness with this old devil George...
because, by Jove, you deserve it!
James, bring the drinks in.
Well, you see, Marion thought
that a really useful present like this -
Just let me show you.

Ah. Here we are. Now - Ah.
You hold that for a moment.
There now.
Now, here's the book of instructions.
Uh -
Uh, yes. Well, you'd better look at that.
Um - Now, here -
- Will it cook a chicken?
- Yes.
That's right, a chicken. Or anything.
James, there is a tray.
Darling, with his arm -
That's no excuse!
It was always understood
by the master...
that I was simply engaged
to look after the garden...
and help a bit with the chickens.
For once you can lend a hand.
I'm doing the best I can, madam.
Anyway, that's all there is.
There's plenty of everything
in the wine cellar.
You know where that is, don't you?
Uh, shall I go?
With his arm, you know -
- N'est-ce pas, chrie?
- Get the basket from the kitchen.
George will never change.
- He's a Yank, isn't he?
- Oh, Dickie, uh -
James is first-rate.
But he has his little ways.
He's wearing a Christian Dior tie.
Look! Leave the kite alone!
Let the child have his fun!
One would think
you had never been young.
Out of the way, kid.
James...
cook a chicken for lunch in this.
What do you mean
cook a chicken for lunch in this?
Of course. Don't stare like that.

You kill a chicken
and you cook it in this pressure cooker.
Not on your life.
I ain't killing no chicken, madam.
George will do it very well.
Oh, no. No, no. No, no. I'm sorry.
You'll see. There won't be
a single man around to kill this chicken.
I want to kill the chicken.
You are still far too small.
Go and play in the garden.
Yes, come on.
Off you go. Go on. Go and play.
All right then.
Go and catch some shrimps.
Madam, with my arm?
Make an omelet.
Shall I give you a hand?
For an omelet?
You must be joking, sir.
And this is the author room.
Oh. Not a very big room.
He worked by himself.
Oh. Wasn't there anyone?
His slippers.
His pipe.
Well, George, you sly old dog!
What do you mean "sly old dog"?
Oh, you know.
Oh, it is nice to see you.
Nice to see you.
Everything all right?
Yes, of course.
Everything's perfectly all right.
No, but I mean really all right. Hmm?
Why shouldn't everything be all right?
As you see, I'm a happy man.
I've, uh -
I'm retired from business. I -
I'm taking things easy.
And his old - glasses.
Ah, they're lovely.
Heard from Agnes?
No.

Well, now, if there's anything at all
that you need -

- What are you driving at?

- You know, any kind of -
any kind of an emergency.
You must be joking.
I don't know what's the matter with you all.
I told you I -
I've sold my factory.
I'm living the life of Riley.
Take my word for it, old chap.
All right, all right. I won't insist.
But I want you to know
that you can always rely on me.
And don't hesitate.
Now, I won't say another word.
That's just as well.

- What about you? Are you -
- Are you expecting someone?
Yes.
No.
Well, at least, uh, I'm not.
You know, Philip...
you really are beginning
to get on my nerves.
Did he sleep here?
- St. Cuthbert?
- No, our famous author.
This is his desk.
And he wrote all his books with this.
- He wrote it with this?
- Yes. That is one of the original pens.
Uh, this may interest you too -
a few pages of the diary.
This is where he actually wrote it,
you know.
Oh, so it's not just a story?
A story?
Of course it wasn't a story.
But, yes. There was a film.
Philip, you remember. We saw it at the Majestic.
- Majestic, dear?
- Yes, you know very well. With that actor -
- A letter.

- The little short chap?

Yes, with the beard.

- Are you sure it was the Majestic?

- Yes, yes. A color film with all those kilts.

- Do you remember?

- Kilts, kilts.

No, no, no. Sorry. Sorry, I don't.

- He has no memory.

- Oh!

I have other things to remember

than the silly cinema nonsense.

But you couldn't have forgotten.

Actually, I had to make the whole row

stand up because of Horace.

Oh, yes, of course I remember! Oh!

Bonnie Prince Charlie?

No, no! The Roundheads!

The Roundheads, with all those bagpipes?

Jacobites.

Hey, you little brat, stop digging there!

Will you excuse me?

He can't bear to have anybody

interfere with his -

- Flower beds.

- Flower beds.

You are rather too easygoing.

I wouldn't put up

with that fellow's language.

Yes, I know, but good gardeners are

awfully difficult to come by, you know.

And we have the entire grounds

to get into shape.

You'll ruin that painting

hanging it over the fireplace.

- Oh, it doesn't matter.

- George painted it.

Geo - Oh!

It's a very good likeness.

It is the view from the beach, isn't it?

Yes. George has done quite a few.

That's the best one.

As a matter of fact,

he is going to have an exhibition.

What on earth are you talking about?

You're going to have an exhibition?
Hey, you've been hiding things from us.
When are you going to have this show?
Surely you can see
Teresa's pulling both your legs.
She's teaching me to work in oils.
I'm just a Sunday painter
like a thousand others.
Grandma Moses.
My poor Marion.
You really say anything
that comes into your head.
What do you mean
anything that comes into my head?
You know, I remember at school
you were always damn good at sketching.
Grandma Moses was never a Sunday painter.
That's no excuse
for treating me like a fool.
Let me tell you, honey, it wasn't very smart
to ask these people to stay for food.
Let me tell you, honey,
that you have nothing to complain about.
Can I help?
No, no, thank you. It's all right.
What if my friends show up now, hmm?
They will find it quite a job...
- to pack us all into the wine cellar.
-
Laid out, I could pile up quite a few,
couldn't I?
Ow! Ooh! Ow! Ow!
That's it! Smack him good!
- Ow!
- Nobody asked your opinion!
Here, here, here, here!
What's the matter with -
Marion! Marion! What is it?
Treasure, what happened?
That froggy bitch pulled my ear off!
Here, here, here!
Who taught you to speak like that?
Mummy did!
That'll teach you to lie!

Wait. We didn't come here
for a meal, you know?
All we wanted was the pleasure
of being together.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Anyway -
We won't be short of mead, will we?
If these ladies and gentlemen...
wished to be properly welcomed...
they should have had the courtesy
to have telephoned in advance.
By the way,
is your telephone out of order?
Uh, uh - Out of order?
- Well, nobody answered.
- Oh, yes. Uh -
No, that is, um -
I, uh - I think we must have been
down on the beach.
Aye. That's what we thought, wasn't it?
Cheers.
This -
Oh, that child isn't eating a thing.
I want to get down!
Now don't swing your legs like that.
Eat up.
- Now listen to your mother and eat up.
- I want to get down!
Oh, no use forcing him, love.
All right. Come on.
Off you go. Go and play.
Go on.
Ooh. Ooh!
Christopher.
A young neighbor of ours.
His parents own a, um - a villa across the bay.
- Would you care for a bite?
- Uh, no, thank you. I've already eaten.
Did you get home all right last night?
Yes, yes. Mother was seasick again,
but we got home okay.
I can make it.
Did you buy that at Vince?
Vince?

I have a girlfriend
who has one just like it.
She bought it at Vince
in Carnaby Street.
This is a man's sweater.
I know. She only wears men's sweaters.
It's all right.
James.
Have you had your sweet?
It's all right.
Try this.
- Strong?
- Remarkable.
I make it myself.
You're very talented, aren't you?
Well, that anyway.
Not bad, this mead, is it?
Mmm.
Mmm.
Ah!
- Horace! Put that down at once!
- What?
Do you hear me?
Never aim a gun at people!
- He's got a gun!
- A gun!
That's my gun.
Incredible. It was loaded.
Of course it wasn't.
It was in the boot of the car.
- How could he possibly have loaded it?
- Yes! How did you load it, eh? How, eh?
You little - If only
you looked after him more carefully!
Look what happened
to the stained-glass window.
Let's look.
Oh, thank goodness that's all it is.
All it is, huh?
It's a St. Cuthbert stained-glass window.
Oh, don't make a drama out of it.
We'll replace your windowpanes.
Windowpanes, is it?
It's completely ruined!

No one's been hurt.
That's the main thing.
Yes, that would have been
the last straw.
Look, I'll make good the damage
to your stained glass.
How could one possibly replace
a St. Cuthbert stained-glass window?
Well, if that's the way you're
going to take it, look, we'd better be off.
We shouldn't have contacted our friend
without first acquainting him -
Look, it's quite obvious
we're in the way, aren't we? Hmm?
From the first moment you set eyes on us,
you had one thing on your mind...
- and that was to get us off this island.
- Quite so.
You let your filthy little brat
get up to his disgusting tricks.
Besides - Ooh!
I know perfectly well why you came.
- You needn't take me for a fool.
- He knows why. You hear that? He knows why.
I know what I'm talking about.
It was the same with Agnes, wasn't it?
- May I ask what you're implying?
- Will you kindly shut your trap.
Obviously marriage does not suit you,
my poor George.
Your poor George is telling you
to go to hell.
- Philip, do you hear that? Say something.
- Nag, nag! Nagging bitch!
That's all you are.
All you care about is your gossip.
Your nag, nag, chitter-chatter -
- That's your only aim in life.
- Poor George. Poor George.
It was bound to end like this.
He's gone completely off his rocker
because of that tart.
- Say that again.
- Tart! She's a tart.

One has only to look at you to see that
she'd go to bed with anything in trousers.
The tart, as you call her,
happens to be my wife.
Now take back your bloody filthy insinuations
and get the hell out of my...
fortress.
Fortress. Get out! Get out!
Get out!
Get out! Get out!
Get out!
Get out.
Your painting is extremely interesting.
Really, I like it very much.
- Delighted to have made your acquaintance.
- Oh.
Shall we go shrimping?
Leave me alone.
What's the matter? Don't you want to?
To bring back as many as yesterday?
Can't you understand that madam
doesn't feel like going shrimping with you...
young man?
How much longer are you going to stay here
waiting for your Katelbach?
Listen. Nobody knows that you're here.
You have my word as an officer.
We're acting loyally.
Just the same, you -
You can't stay here forever, can you?
Teresa and I, we, uh -
Honestly, you -
Cut it out, George.
I'll stay here as long as I have to.
Believe me...
it ain't no fun.
Ow!
That's a good one.
It's called a bicycle.
Yeah?
You like?
Very funny.
Get off me!
No -

Oh, no, no, no!
George! George! Help!
No! No! Let me up!
No! Help! George!
Let me up!
No!
No -
Ooh! No!
It's a clout. You like?
What came over him?
He ju - He jumped on top of me.
He - He tried to kiss me.
He said dreadful things -
that I needed a real man, like him.
Bastard.
- The jacket.
- Jacket?
His gun.
You're mad.
No.
May I have a drink?
- Number, please.
- Hello?
- May I help you?
- This is Lindisfarne 1-1.
- Lindisfarne number -
- I want Maple -
Uh, Mablethorpe-On-Sea. Uh -
- Mr. Katelbach?
- Yeah, that's right, honey.
Hello?
I want to speak to Mr. Katelbach.
- Mr. Katelbach?
- Yes.
Sorry, sir, but Mr. Katelbach's left.
Oh.
Did he leave any message?
- Is it Mr. Wilson?
- I'm Joe Wilson.
"You're on your own. Count me out."
- Is that all?
- Yes, sir.
Hello?
Come on.

Get in there!
I'm leaving now! You understand, stupid?
Get in there!
No!
Give it back.
Give it back!
Ooh! Oh!
Don't come any nearer! Chrie!
It's empty.
Not a single one left.
You've killed him.
Killed -
Killed him?
I didn't mean -
You stupid... ass.
That's it.
What?
Hey, listen!
Hey -
Hey, listen. Listen. Uh, Dickie.
Dickie, Dickie.
Hey, Dickie.
He's dead.
- We must get away from here.
- Dead.
They can arrive any moment.
Katelbach?
We must call the police.
Come on.
Don't behave like that!
Did you hear me?
George?
We must go!
They're on their way!
We must call the police!
You - You had to do it!
It was - It was in self-defense!
Do you hear?
Do something! Oh, come on!
George, please!
We must leave before the tide!
All right then.
You stay. I go.
Now, bunny, please.

Come on. Do you hear?
Wake up, you fool!
Do you hear? Do you hear? Do you hear?
All right, I killed him! Come on!
Come on! Run me down!
Come on! Come on! Come on! Come on!
Come on, you villains!
You murderers!
Cowards!
The whole pack of you against one man!
Good evening.
- Has something -
- Can I help you, young man?
I think I left my gun.
You think.
Teresa!
It's for you!
There's nothing to be frightened of.
It's for you.
Take me away! Take me away!
He's gone mad!
- What happened?
- He killed him! Take me away!
Wait.
- Where do you want to go?
- To the police, to your home - anywhere!
Uh, aren't you coming with us?
Get out.
Get out. Go on.
All right, get out.
Break your bloody necks!
Break your bloody necks!
Agnes!