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# Looking Over: The Edge of Love

By Unknown

# Once a native maiden and a stranger met  
# Underneath a blue Tahitian moon  
# The stars were in her eyes  
# Gardenias in her hair  
# And they vowed to care forever  
# Then one lonely day  
the stranger sailed away  
# With a parting kiss that came too soon  
# And now the trade winds sigh  
# When ships go sailing by... #  
This country is at war with Germany.  
# Once a native maiden and a stranger met  
# Underneath a blue Tahitian moon  
# The stars were in her eyes  
# Gardenias in her hair #  
Down here  
on the platform of Piccadilly Tube station  
in the heart of London's West End....  
Many are bombed out of their homes...  
... today of the evacuation  
of London's schoolchildren.  
... two attacks against London  
and Southeast England.  
... 200 feet below ground,  
but they feel safe here.  
# When ships go sailing by  
# Underneath a blue Tahitian moon #  
But you're not a coward.  
- I don't want to die.  
And why should I? And if I don't,  
why should anyone else?  
Yet, still,  
you wouldn't make peace now.  
Not now. You wouldn't support that.  
You couldn't.  
You've only got the one life, Anita. Just the one.  
Dylan?  
Is it?  
Dylan Thomas. It is, isn't it?  
Oh, my God.  
- You might at least have lifted my veil!  
- Oh, my God. Still love me?  
- Did I ever?  
- Lift the bloody veil, Vera.

Look at you.

Look at you. Not been called up?

Just because I haven't got a uniform.

It's me that puts the heart in the nation.

Ammo factories, I sing in.

- Down the tubes right now.

- I always loved your voice. Always.

- Amongst other things, I loved...

- Don't you come it, Dylan Thomas!

- You haven't changed.

- Course I have, thank God.

You can't. And don't. Not ever.

If you do, I won't let you.

I heard you on the radio.

Like going home, it was, your poems.

Like going back.

- Where's the posh accent from?

- You should've looked me up.

- Should I?

- Mm.

If I can get all my friends to donate

five bob each, this is the plan, see.

If I get them all to do that, I don't have to sell  
my soul writing bloody propaganda films.

- I can write my bloody poetry.

- You'd have to join the army.

Grade Three sitting here before you, Vera.

Lungs raddled like a Sunday whore.

So... lend us five bob.

- I'll give you a snout, that's all you'll get.

- Oh. Give us, then.

- Silver's for the lonely, Vera Bera.

- Who says I'm lonely?

- Well, where's the man who'll give you gold?

- That an offer, is it?

- It's always been shares with us.

- You never had anything to share.

Yes, but if I did,

if ever I did, you'd be the first.

There's no folks like home folks.

And folks you've grown up with...

...they're the best of all.

- You win.

- Goody.

Forever and always.

You won't, will you?

- Won't what, lovely?

- Get lost again?

Ta, mate.

Hello, love!

I have longed to move away

From the hissing of the spent lie

And the old terrors' continual cry

Growing more terrible

As the day goes over the hill

into the deep sea

I have longed to move away

From the repetition of salutes

For there are ghosts in the air

And ghostly echoes on paper

This is Dylan Thomas

for the BBC Home Service.

- Hello, darling!

- Where you going?

Tension, four hundredweight.

The commentary has to persuade

women to join the balloon defences.

"Shaft a Jerry and maybe one of our

boys will shaft you." That do you?

Your talents really are wasted here, Dylan.

We could have a drink if you like? After.

- Course we could.

- I'm not a bloody dog, Dylan.

It's the brunette, isn't it?

I had a golden childhood, Anita.

And here it is turning up all unexpected.

Now I can't look a golden childhood

in the mouth, can I?

The commentary, please, Dylan.

Myselfes

The grievors grieve among the street

Burned to tireless death

A child of a few hours

With its kneading mouth

Charred on the black breast of the grave

The mother dug

And its arms full of fires.

Spare us the bloody tragedy, man.

I need something hopeful here.  
The lion once known as Jehovah  
- Oh...  
- Rose up and cocked its leg over  
The lioness roared,  
Jehovah had scored  
All over the living room sofa  
Dylan, I require a commentary.  
Dylan! Dylan!  
Caitlin?  
- You told me you couldn't live without me.  
- Where's our son?  
Chopped up in little bits and packed  
with my knickers in the suitcase.  
The police'll be chasing you.  
- Don't pretend you want him here.  
- There's bombs!  
It's nothing to do with bombs.  
You don't want him. So I didn't bring him.  
I've never been a father before, Cat.  
It's not straightforward.  
- Still the light of your life, am I?  
- In the New Forest, is he?  
Why are you asking, Dullun?  
You know damn well our son's with my mother.  
I love you, Cat.  
Give us a fag, then.  
I'm out of bleeding fags.  
Give my head a good scratch. Please?  
Oh, lovely!  
- Where are we living?  
- Nowhere.  
- Ow! Velvet your bloody claws!  
- Scratch your own bloody head!  
- Come here.  
- No.  
Kiss me.  
Excuse me.  
You dropped your handkerchief.  
- No, I didn't.  
- Yes, you did. Right there.  
It's not mine, sorry.  
You're supposed to take the hankie,  
I'm supposed to introduce myself,

- buy you a drink.  
- I don't want a drink.  
- Nice try, though.  
- I've never done this before.  
No. You've just never  
been caught out before.  
Hello, darling.  
- Sod you, then!  
- Oh, dear. Picky, picky, picky.  
- You're late.  
- I know. It's all her fault.  
- Who's your friend?  
- Queen of Ireland,  
love of my life, mother of my child,  
Caitlin Thomas.  
Your wife, Dylan?  
The one and only.  
- He didn't mention...  
- Well, he wouldn't, would he?  
You made that, didn't you?  
I might like you.  
Then again, I might not.  
I'll await your decision, shall I?  
I won't hold my breath, mind.  
- Got a mansion we could share?  
- Yes. Two little homeless orphans.  
- I've only got a room.  
- Bigger. Condemned to her sister's.  
I'll be having that, sailor boy.  
- Needn't let...  
- Small matter of a wife?  
- Nothing should ever come between us.  
- Oh, God, Dylan.  
Soul mates, we are, Vera. Always were.  
- Don't.  
- Stop talking about me.  
There's a phone in the hall  
where I stay. You know.  
If you want me, he's got my number.  
What does it mean when she smiles?  
I don't know. Never did.  
God help us.  
It's the Visigoths from Wales.  
Your sister's here.

Back from strangling Germans, then, are you?  
Left the other boys playing with their little pistols.  
All ging-gang-gooley and yo-ho-ho.  
That what you call poetry, is it?  
Look, give us a bed  
and we'll stay out from under your feet.  
# Maybe it's because I kissed you too much  
# Maybe that is why  
my kiss means too little  
# Maybe with a love so great  
and a love so small  
# Maybe I'll be left with no love at all  
# Maybe I'll be left with no love at all #  
Sometimes I can nurse a single pint  
all night. But that's sometimes.  
Thank you.  
Oh, yeah! I thought it was hilarious.  
I'll get them in.  
You pay, though, Vera, eh? Fair dos.  
- Support the starving poet.  
- You are not a bloody poet, Dylan.  
You write films about barrage  
sodding balloons for your living.  
There is a war on.  
You know, you're not the man I married.  
I did cartwheels in a rubber corset in Peter  
Robinson's window when I was hungry.  
You were never hungry.  
You've always had a man to feed you.  
Demonstration purposes it was.  
Bet you can't beat that.  
Bet I can't.  
He's following me.  
Don't you have all the luck!  
Watch this.  
- Causing chaos, my lovely.  
- What do you need knickers for?  
Looking for a good time  
with a couple of showgirls?  
Three more, please.  
Your drinks, chaps.  
- Chief stag sees off the competition.  
- William Killick.  
Vera Phillips.

She's very pleased to meet you.

- Rums all round?

- Mmm, goody!

Four rums, please.

- Do you do cartwheels?

- On the seashore I might.

Ah. I'll take you there.

- You're busy, by the looks of you.

- I could do with some sea air.

I'd like to sit on the beach with you.

Don't you know a brush-off  
when you get one?

Got any smokes?

I enjoyed your show.

- Did you?

- Yes.

- Hey?

- Hay's for horses.

Come for a gallop.

Used to call it busking,  
singing in the tube stations.

Coppers used to move you on.

I'll come again, if I may.

Free world.

Keeping those rums to yourself?

We're in danger of breaking a thirst.

I don't melt at the sight of a uniform, that's all.

- Sod it. I don't like nosy parkers.

- It was a civil question.

I could have said,

"Are you after my husband?" But I didn't.

Heartache, that's what I see in a uniform.

I won't love someone  
just to have them die on me.

Who's talking about love?

Don't you ever get lonely?

- My work's all I need.

- I used to think I'd be a dancer.

Danced night and day.

I know, you're one of those.

No. No! God!

Not one of those, for God's sake!

Not that I'm averse.

One of the ones



that never got over her first love.

Course I am.

Didn't your mother

teach you any manners?

- All I said...

- You can walk on your own, I know.

Keep your hand on your ha'penny,

that's what my mother taught me.

- I'm not touching you.

- Well, don't look at me either.

Fine.

No, don't do that!

What have you got against me,

Vera Phillips?

You might be dead tomorrow.

Live while you can, live all you can.

- I won't see you again.

- Of course not.

I'd like my torch back.

Please.

Don't let the light out!

Light of your life.

Has to wipe its feet

before it comes back in again.

No!

Cat! Cat!

Little dog needs the toilet.

Go bark somewhere else.

Come on, Catty.

Have you got a poem for me?

You still owe me for the last one.

I am not a sodding deposit box, Dylan.

What do you think this is?

- It could be a scribble!

- Could be.

- It could be a bloody limerick, Dullun!

- Could be.

Among Those Killed In The Dawn Raid

Was A Man Aged A Hundred.

- Happy piece, is it?

- Do you want to hear it?

Do you?

Do you want to hear it?

Oh, heavy!

When the morning  
was waking over the war  
He put on his clothes  
and stepped out and he died  
The locks yawned loose  
as a blast blew them wide  
He dropped where he loved  
on the burst pavement...  
- Lived.  
- What?  
Lived.  
Oh, no, it's loved.  
You can't read your own bloody writing.  
Lived! Lived!  
- Loved!  
- He's a hundred sodding years old!  
He can't remember love.  
The bloody word's only  
there because I wrote it!  
Dropped where he loved  
- on the burst pavement stone  
- Shh!  
It's mine, isn't it?  
What you write.  
All my words.  
And every heartbeat.  
They're all for you.  
Me?  
Come here, then.  
Come on, you!  
Get out of bed and come and see  
what he's done this time!  
Oh, dear. Naughty doggy Dylan.  
Do you know what that is?  
That's animal behaviour, that's what it is.  
Nicolette, I'm...  
I'm...  
Is Vera Phillips there, please?  
- Just a moment.  
- Thank you.  
- Hello?  
- Hello, darling.  
- Dylan?  
- Course it is.

There was a young hero called Killick  
Who marched to the top of a... hillick  
He stood legs astride  
and whipped out his pride  
And spread Brylcreem all over his fillick  
What's a fillick?  
- Showing your ignorance now, Cat.  
- William's will be nice, whatever it is.  
Not that you're seeing him again.  
- He'll still have a nice one.  
- Come here, Vera Bera.  
Come on. Come and have a cuddle.  
Go on, you're welcome to it. I don't want him.  
Don't change, Vera Bera.  
You're the star in my dark sky.  
Don't you ever change.  
- What am I in your sky?  
- You're on my earth, Caitlin.  
Just where I want you to be. Come on.  
Come and have a cuddle.  
What are you laughing at? What?  
What?  
What is it?  
What? What?  
It's like living with children.  
- Oh, God!  
- I'm going to the pub.  
What's it like having a son?  
Oh, exhausting.  
I can't imagine it.  
He's a whole world away from here.  
Safe and sound.  
You could die in an air raid.  
- I'm not going to.  
- You might.  
This is not  
how I would choose to seduce someone.  
My firm intention is to live forever.  
- Is that a promise?  
- Cross my heart.  
You only think you're in love with the poet.  
You know that, don't you?  
His name's Dylan.  
You can say Dylan, can't you?

- So, you admit you're in love with him?  
- Bloody lawyer, are you?  
I'm not saying I'm the better man,  
but I'm not married, Vera.  
And you'll admit that gives me an advantage.  
I'll admit nothing.  
On the grounds that it may incriminate you?  
You're trying to provoke me, aren't you?  
First love's all right as far as it goes.  
Last love, that's what I'm interested in.  
Oh, you think you're so damn wise.  
- What do you want, Vera?  
- Oh...  
the moon from out of the skies,  
the stars in all their glitter.  
What else?  
It makes you know you're alive, wanting.  
That's what I think.  
Oh, I'm alive all right.  
Every last bit of me.  
Oh! Stay there.  
- Right, stay still.  
- All right!  
Still!  
- I'm as good as he is.  
- Good as who is?  
Dylan. The bugger.  
He thinks that I am put on this earth  
to nurture his talent.  
Cook for him, have his children, clean for him.  
That's all I'm here for.  
Who's nurturing my bloody talent?  
- Will William nurture your talent?  
- I'll nurture my own.  
Cut off his trigger finger, that's what I'd do.  
I would, I'd come up quietly in the night  
and I'd tie him down and I'd... maim him.  
Look at us. How do they live up to us?  
They don't, dirty tarts!  
- My brother died for the likes of you!  
- I didn't bloody ask him to, did I?  
Bleeding conchie! Lick my bleeding boot!  
Welsh seamen. You can smell them a mile off.  
- I ain't got no quarrel with you!

- Damn right!  
What are you protecting him for? Scum, he is!  
Get back to your drinking. Now. Go on.  
He's right, you know.  
Contamination, that's what I am.  
I'd stay well clear.  
No, no, no. I'm just gonna stay down here  
a moment. Just... just a little moment.  
- You're lying in piss, Dylan.  
- I've had worse beds.  
I wouldn't like to get  
on the wrong side of you.  
Well, see you don't, then.  
You bloody warriors.  
You're a bunch of bugging yes men.  
You don't even know what you're fighting for.  
- To live without fear, me and mine.  
- Ta.  
Oh, God!  
Terrified, I am, of not... not doing.  
War, see, it's useful.  
It gives the terror a focus.  
Is she in there? Vera?  
All you heroes, you think the women just  
fall at your feet at the sight of you, don't you?  
You think they don't?  
Of course, if I could be born again,  
I'd have a word with God.  
"Make me a hero", I'd say.  
This way is far too much bloody hard work.  
- Come on.  
- What, go on living?  
I've a cure for funk.  
- Death, that's the only cure.  
- Double?  
You offering?  
# There was a young poet called Dylan  
# Who swore that he never would kill 'em  
# When called by his country  
to serve at the front  
# He said he would rather make...  
# Fillums! #  
Possessed by the skies  
And taken by light in her arms

at long and dear last

I may without fail

Suffer the first vision

that set fire to the stars

Touch her and I'll kill you.

Caitlin's territory, is she?

Caitlin's friend.

# Hang out the stars in Indiana

# Up in the sky of midnight blue

# Hang out the stars in Indiana

# To light my way back home to you #

Here.

- I can buy my own drink.

- Just take the bloody thing.

# A melody just meant for two #

- Care to dance?

- I'd love to, thank you.

Don't worry, they won't get us down here.

# How could I find in things I sought for?

# No wonder they were all denied

# The very happiness I fought for #

- My round.

- Don't be childish.

- Gin drinkers, are they, the children you know?

- Dance. Come on.

I'm an independent woman.

I can buy a round if I want to.

- And a fight, you can have that too.

- All right, then.

After a dance.

# Hang out the stars in Indiana

# To light my way back home to you #

- I won't always do as you say.

- Thank you for the warning.

- I won't.

- Just dance.

Where are you? Mary?

Come on!

- This way.

- I need help over here, now.

Vera! Vera. Vera, you can leave her now.

- No, the pavement's wet!

- No, she won't feel it.

Hmm? Leave her now.

Come on. It's all right. It's all right.  
It's all right.  
Come on. It's all right. It's all right.  
# Have every robin sing a love song  
# A melody just made for two  
# For in my heart there'll be a love song  
# A song I long to sing to you #  
I bet you lay this on the ground.  
- Why would I do that?  
- For all the girls.  
You won't get me on...  
Those people, William.  
- Shh.  
- All those people.  
You've got a raindrop  
running down down your cheek.  
Just like a tear.  
Make love to me.  
No harm will ever come to you.  
Not from me. Not from anyone else.  
Not while I'm here.  
No word of mine will ever hurt you.  
That sounds like a vow.  
A stranger has come  
To share my room in the house  
A stranger has come  
To share my room in the house  
Not right in the head  
A girl mad as birds  
She has come possessed  
Who admits the delusive light  
through the bouncing wall  
Possessed by the skies  
And taken by light in her arms  
at long and dear last  
I may, without fail  
Suffer the first vision  
that set fire to the stars  
I don't like it, Dylan.  
I've another couple of lines in my head  
I'm not sure where to put.  
- It's not finished, then?  
- No, strictly speaking.  
Don't write poems for me any more?

It's just a phase.

Come here.

Bring that body back to me.

- Oh.

- Now...

Shh!

- It's a marriage licence.

- Special one.

- No.

- What?

You can't make me.

What if I can't love you?

- I've been posted, Vera.

- Well, that's a hell of a proposal.

I... love... you.

I am not marrying you.

- No. You don't make the decisions any more.

- No.

- Say it. Say it.

- Uh-uh. No.

- Say, "I'll marry you."

- No.

Say it. Say yes. Say yes. Yes!

- Yes! Say yes!

- Yes!

- Say yes!

- Oh, for God's sake, say yes!

My first was Augustus John.

Seduced me when I was 15, the old goat.

It doesn't mean anything, fucking. It's not love.

I get an itch, it's gotta be scratched.

I'd do it myself, only I'm too lazy.

Why bother, when you can get

someone else to do it for you?

- Nothing to do with love, fucking?

- Uh-uh. Nothing.

- Who was your first?

- What?

You don't need to tell me. I know it was Dylan.

We were kids. Tents piled in a beach hut.

- Nice and comfy, then.

- We were children, still innocent.

We are still innocent, me and Dylan.

I only want it as a memory. I don't want it back.



Does William know?

Don't ever tell him.

I can forgive the past, he won't.

The past I can forgive.

You warning me?

- You love William, don't you?

- You have to love someone these days.

You sure you want to marry him?

I've never had a best friend before.

Here. See if I look like a mermaid?

We've a couple of cleaners

who'd be pleased to act as witnesses.

They'll be here, they will.

I'm sorry, we've got couples queuing up.

Sorry!

- About bloody time.

- See?

- Look. Bend down, can't you?

- Three guineas that cost.

How many words is that for

a few feathers and a piece of cloth?

- Where did you get three guineas?

- He wrote a cheque. It'll bounce, of course.

You look beautiful!

Tell her she looks beautiful.

She is beautiful. Come on. Let's get married.

- It was Dylan's idea. He chose it.

- You always did have hats.

Would you mind awfully?

I'm terribly sorry. Purely for old times' sake.

- Sorry, old chap.

- Call of duty.

Carry on, Sergeant.

Oh, treat me right, can't you?

Oh, no, no! I want to give a toast.

I'll squeeze the life out of you.

- Yes, after the toast.

- Go on!

You're killing me.

Oh, go on, you great

Welsh bastard, or I'll break you in two!

To all the things that really matter.

- And bugger the ones that don't.

- Hear, hear.

- Can you please get down?  
- Sing, and I might.  
- Oh, God.  
- Sing, Dullun!  
# Myfanwy boed yr holl o'th fywyd  
# Dan heulwen disglair canol dydd  
# Boed i rosyn gwridog iechyd  
# I ddawnsio ganmlwydd ar dy rudd #  
It's that old heiryth,  
that old Welsh thing  
they're always banging on about.  
He hates the bloody place, doesn't he?  
Who doesn't?  
But all he wants, see,  
he wants back there.  
She's no different.  
No, you'll never come between them,  
not with them being Welsh together.  
- Why should I come between them?  
- Course, you've always got me.  
Perfect.  
"For old times' sake."  
That's what he said.  
- No harm will ever come to you.  
- He'll always be my friend.  
No word of mine will ever hurt you.  
- I can still have friends.  
You're crying.  
Dreaming, that's all.  
- You're shaking.  
- It'll pass.  
You'll come back to me. I know you will.  
Tell me the truth.  
You're hurting me.  
I want everything to be open between us.  
- And fresh and clean.  
- Stop it.  
You and your friend.  
Tell me.  
We were kids, William.  
We were on a beach  
and it happened, once. That's all.  
William.  
Tell me you love me.

Come back alive and I'll say it.  
Come back to me,  
I'll say anything you want.  
And mean it?  
Come back and see.  
# Drifting and dreaming  
# While shadows fall  
# Softly at twilight  
# I hear you call  
# Love's old sweet story  
# Told with your eyes  
# Drifting and dreaming  
# Sweet paradise #  
- Sergeant, get these men off the aircraft, now!  
- Everybody off the plane!  
"Of course  
you told me because I asked.  
"I should have bitten out my tongue.  
"You're all I love. You're all my need.  
"You're what I see in front of me.  
" And if I look over my shoulder, there...  
"There, I can see your smile.  
" All honour I would give up for you.  
"I could accept defeat  
if you were by my side."  
Vera.  
- Do you want me to hold your head?  
- Christ, no!  
Now you'll get fat  
and Dylan won't love you any more.  
You're a bitch.  
It's the past Dylan loves.  
And you.  
Doesn't love me at all.  
When's William get back?  
I keep writing. No word.  
Think he's dead?  
I'm still getting his pay.  
Army wouldn't pay a dead man.  
You'll have to stop singing.  
I'll sing if I want.  
They won't let you.  
Not pregnant, they won't.  
Oh, I can't do this. I can't.

A mother, me? Look at me.

Well, get rid of it, then.

- It's William's.

- Ah.

You love him.

I hate him. Oh, God, I hate him so much.

Look what he's done to me.

Don't laugh. Don't damn well laugh!

- I can't do this alone. I can't.

- I'm here, aren't I?

- Let's go home, Caitlin.

- I don't have a home.

- Wales, Caitlin.

- Are you insane, woman?

- I've got money.

- What, William's pay?

I've savings. Of course I have.

Hold him! Bloody hold him!

- The whole town will hear you!

- Shut your damn mouth!

- You see this here?

- Yes.

Give it here.

- Don't let go!

- It's only a baby.

You scream if you want to, Vera. You hear me?

"Please write to me."

"They tell us what to write

to our boys, so we keep your morale up.

"It's our duty. Damn duty, I say.

I'm no heroine, you see.

"I'm fed up to the back teeth of being on my own.

It's not what I married you for.

"Come home.

"I've got something I might want

to say to you. Remember?

"You do remember, don't you?

"Come home. I want to touch you.

"Where the rain fell on your skin.

"Damn you for making me feel this way.

"Damn you to hell and back.

" And back, William.

"And back."

Down. Down!

Man down!  
No, sir.  
Forgive us  
Forgive us your death  
that myselfes the believers  
May hold it in a great flood  
Till the blood shall spurt  
And the dust shall sing like a bird  
As the grains blow,  
as your death grows, through our heart  
Crying  
Your dying  
Cry  
Child beyond cockcrow by the fire-dwarfed  
Street we chant the flying sea  
In the body bereft  
Come on. Sleep tight.  
- I'm hungry.  
- Shh.  
Baby is sleeping.  
It's bloody freezing! Bloody Wales!  
When I was little, my da always  
used to warm me like this.  
- You loved him?  
- Adored him.  
- I hated mine.  
- You didn't hate him. Not hate.  
He was loathsome.  
Pity you're not a man.  
If you were a man, I'd fancy you.  
Don't think I didn't know you were there.  
- I didn't.  
- I could smell him.  
Come here, Dylan. Let Vera smell you,  
smell the woman on you.  
- Stop it.  
- She thinks I should twiddle my thumbs while...  
- What? What?  
- Don't wake the kids, Dylan.  
So where are they, Caitlin, hm?  
Where are your little friends?  
Come on, boys. Out you come.  
Feeding time.  
Ow! She's killing me! Vera!

I will kill you! I will!  
If I catch you at it again, I will!  
Why don't you see to the kids, Caitlin? Go on.  
- Why do you do it?  
- I don't do anything.  
I do it, sleep with other women...  
- Hello.  
- Morning.  
...because I'm a poet, and a poet feeds off life.  
What?  
Pompous sod, aren't you?  
I do it because she does it.  
She always has. She can't help herself.  
It doesn't mean anything to her.  
You don't need William. You've got me.  
Nothing but you and me with time on our hands  
and each other to spend it with.  
Hello, Daisy.  
Come back with me. Come on.  
I'll take you back to a time  
when we were safe.  
Where no bombs fell from the sky  
and no one died, ever.  
You can't go back.  
We can.  
You and me.  
It's not real.  
It is if we want it to be.  
Pity about the poor bloody husband.  
Off bleeding for his country  
and paying for the fun back home.  
Don't mind if I join you, do you?  
Room for a small one?  
Ooh, wartime luxury.  
You can drop me here.  
Cat?  
That looks nasty.  
Catty, Catty. Cat, Cat, Cat.  
Cat, Catty.  
God, you're drunk in charge of a bike.  
And what are you drunk in charge of?  
Am I hurting you?  
- You can't hurt her.  
She's got skin like a rhinoceros hide.

We're only friends, Dylan and me,  
you know that, don't you?

- Don't ever lie to me.

- I won't. Not ever.

Friends don't lie to each other.

Still as you can now.

Tell him to come back, Rowatt.

Tell your daddy to come back to me.

Think he sees it, lovely?

Your daddy?

You think he sees the rain?

Hmm?

Mama, Dada.

- Caitlin, shut it up!

You're its father! Play with him!

That's what he wants.

- I'm writing!

- Damn it!

Daddy! Mummy!

That's my only...

- Dada.

- That's my only draft!

You'll find it in the cesspit, then,  
along with my only life!

Cat! Cat!

Cat!

When I was a windy boy and a bit  
And the black spit of the chapel fold  
Sighed the old ram rod dying of women  
I tiptoed shy in the gooseberry wood  
The rude owl cried like a telltale tit  
I skipped in a blush as the big girls rolled  
Ninepin down on the donkeys' common  
And on seesaw Sunday nights I wooed  
Whoever I would with my wicked eyes  
The whole of the moon I could love and leave  
For God's sake, don't wake Rowatt.

All the green leaved  
little weddings' wives  
In the coal black bush and let them grieve  
Wash my back for me?  
There is nothing  
like a proper sponge.  
Give us a kiss, Vera Phillips.

- Give us a penny, then.  
- I haven't got a penny.  
Like we used to be.  
Little dog says, "Play with me."  
That's all you'll get.  
And don't you wet my jumper.  
- We've had baths together before.  
- We were children then.  
- I made love to you on a beach.  
- Once. And it was cold.  
- So lonely.  
- Not for you.  
- Aching with it, you are.  
- No, Dylan.  
- No what?  
- Don't make mischief.  
There's no harm in it.  
You're getting me wet.  
Walk away, then.  
Go on, Vera Phillips.  
Hmm? Walk away.  
- You want us all to love you.  
- Hmm. So I can love you back.  
All right, then.  
Love me.  
Look at me. I'm soaking!  
Shh!  
Vera!  
Hello.  
- Where have you been?  
- Nowhere.  
I'm going to make laver bread. Look.  
No, don't.  
You been crying?  
They're sending William home.  
I've never seen a man love anyone  
the way I saw that man love you.  
I'm not that me any more.  
I've got Rowatt.  
Just tell him you love him, Vera.  
What if it's too late?  
It's never too late.  
- It's cold! It's cold!  
- Of course it's bloody cold!



Catty!

I'm pregnant, you know.

Oh, God, Cat.

Whose is it?

Don't know.

Can't have it, of course. I won't have it.

- I need money, Vera.

- Do you know someone?

- He costs.

- Is he safe?

Just say if you can't help. I'll do it myself.

Maybe Wilfred knows how, he's a vet.

- What did you bother with him for?

- He's no bother.

Come on, we'll go to the bank.

I'd tell you you'd get it back

but you wouldn't believe me.

Treats. Come on.

It's like I only half remember him.

Dark.

Good-looking. Dangerous.

Can't live on memories, can you?

There's only so many of them.

Use yourself up living on memories.

It'd be a better place, a world without men.

- Possibly.

- Dylan, see, sex for him's a giggle.

He makes a joke of it, whoever it's with.

Bet William's romantic.

I can't remember.

I'll tell you what I think.

I think your daddy is very lucky.

Hmm.

Oh, God, look, Rowatt.

Who's that funny woman? Who is she?

William.

It's me.

I know.

Well, then.

Can't you put him down?

He'll only cry.

What's that?

It's a collage. For you.

Hold me, William.

- I should deal with the post.

- Let them wait.

In my craft or sullen art  
Exercised in the still night  
When only the moon rages

- And the lovers lie abed

- William?

With all their griefs in their arms  
I labour by singing light  
Not for ambition nor bread  
Or the strut and trade of charms  
on the ivory stages  
But for the common wages  
of their most secret heart  
You all right?

- Are you?

- I will be.

Will you?

- I don't know where he is.

- Give him time.

- He's changed.

- So have you.

He doesn't love me any more.

Everybody loves you.

And Dylan. Everybody loves him.

Oh, God!

Oh, Catty.

Does it hurt?

I didn't think it would mean anything.

Course, it's a relief.

I'll stop.

In a minute I will.

There, see? Happy Caitlin.

# Whistling a tune all the live long day

# If you want to know just why

# I can truthfully say

# I've got a feeling about her

# It was something she said

# She's got me walking

on the tips of my toes

- # My hat's on the side of my head #

- Let's throw that.

# All my troubles are mended

# She's my needle and thread

# Cos she's got me walking  
on the tips of my toes and... #  
Sorry, I...  
I'm sorry. I can't remember when I last...  
# I've got a feeling I've found her  
# It was something she said #  
Shall we have some tea?  
# And my hat's on the side of my head  
# All my troubles are mended  
# She's my needle and thread  
# Cos she's got me walking  
on the tips of my toes  
# And my hat's on the side of my head #  
# Funny thing what love can do  
# Take a little look at me #  
All you heroes, you think  
the women just fall at your feet.  
He'll always be my friend, Dylan.  
It's a fox. It's a fox, that's all.  
What's wrong, William?  
Talk to me.  
Please.  
# Bye baby bunting  
# Daddy's gone a-hunting  
# Gone to get a rabbit skin  
# To wrap his baby bunting in #  
What did you want me for?  
Was it the money? Was that it? Was that all?  
Don't... don't wake Rowatt.  
My money to keep your tame poet.  
- Oh, I had better offers. Richer offers.  
- You? Have you looked at yourself?  
They're my friends. I bought them food.  
- You have to feed people.  
- I've nothing left.  
You've got Rowatt!  
At least look at him, William!  
Why can't you hold him?  
Is he Dylan's?  
That's what they're saying out there, Vera.  
"He's Dylan's child."  
I love you.  
When did that happen?  
I said come back and I'd say it. I said!

You've been with him.

Haven't you?

Hey!

Hey.

Hey. Hey.

- What do they want, blood?

- A finished script.

- You've been paid for it!

- Yes, but not enough.

- Be that as it may...

- It's like doing my homework.

It's not even broken down into scenes yet.

- I'm not a secretary, Anita!

- Well, I'm not a bloody writer!

- I'm looking for Dylan Thomas.

- On the house, Captain Killick.

- Ah, yes, the returning hero.

- There'll be another when you've finished.

The least we can do.

Where is he?

There it is. Waiting for you, see?

It's the spectre of communism.

That's what frightens them, the Allies.

- Two pints of bitter and a gin and tonic.

- Make mine brains.

Greece. Now, Greece.

It's the communist partisans that risk their lives  
to fight the Germans, not the British Tommy.

What they're aiming for, secretly, the Allies,  
is for the Germans to wipe out the partisans,  
wipe out the communists,  
so they won't have to deal with them  
after the war.

You listen to me.

I held a boy while my sergeant  
hacked his arm off.

Later I held him while he died.

British boy, he was.

That was in Greece.

- I beg your pardon?

- We fight! Out there.

So you and your friends can sit around  
in Hampstead and theorise.

You do that while we bleed our lives away.

What do you know about war?  
You people,  
what do you know about war, hmm?  
Drink up, boys and girls, drink up.  
Introduce me  
to your knowledgeable friends, Dylan.  
- Please, introduce me. I'd be charmed.  
- I will as soon as you calm down.  
Oh, you can take my money.  
Hmm? You can take my bloody money  
but you can't even introduce me to your friends?  
I'm just a bloody Tommy.  
Time, gentlemen!  
Gentlemen, please. It's time.  
- Whisky, double.  
- Time's called.  
Are you refusing to serve me?  
- I said time's called.  
- What do you mean, time?  
Go home, Captain Killick.  
No, don't you laugh at me.  
Oh, play the big man.  
Come on.  
Easy in front of a woman, isn't it?  
We only have your word for it  
that you weren't skulking at the back...  
... with urine running down your leg.  
William, come on.  
Don't bother with them, Captain Killick.  
Best off home.  
- William? What in heaven's name...  
- Take your hands off me.  
- Put it down!  
- Please! Take your hands off.  
- Put the damn thing down!  
- Vera!  
Vera? Vera?  
Give me words... and I'm a giant.  
Above all women. Hmm? Words.  
Beyond the bottle.  
More than love. Better than sex.  
Words... for me.  
- Hmm?  
- # Shout, shout, shout for happiness! #

... tell you about our first night together  
at the Wheatsheaf?  
She offered her honour  
so I honoured her offer!  
I've still got her on offer.  
Very easily entertained, this one.  
Thinks a pint of Guinness with a potato in it  
is a cocktail.  
Don't you, my darling?  
William, no!  
No! No!  
No.  
No! No! No!  
- No! No!  
- William!  
William, stop, please!  
Please stop!  
No one here means you any harm. Please.  
Don't you care?  
Your husband and my wife.  
My son.  
You've got a bruise.  
Take me home.  
Did I do that?  
Take her home, William.  
Not without my gun.  
Give me the gun. Or I'll pull the pin  
on this and kill the lot of us.  
My son.  
What'd you give it to her for, you daft sod?  
There isn't a pin in it, William.  
Either it's faulty or...  
it's just gone off and we're  
standing here dead looking at it.  
Look, the boy's screaming.  
Come home, William.  
William.  
All they care about  
is keeping the lid on it, but...  
that's Wales for you.  
Doesn't want the world  
knowing its business.  
We could have been killed!  
Cat.

I haven't got any more money.  
I've nothing left, Dylan.  
Got your toe. Got your toe!  
- Can I...  
- Hold him, then.  
See?  
You won't hurt him.  
Thank you.  
Shall we take him out?  
Now.  
You're an expert.  
Eyelashes like feathers. Like yours.  
Captain Killick, it's the police. Open up.  
Oh, God.  
- One way to get rid of me, eh?  
- William.  
I love you.  
Come here.  
Don't think I don't understand.  
His kind of violence, I mean.  
I do.  
It's just I've never had a Sten gun handy.  
Tea's got scum on it.  
Does William think he's Dylan's?  
- Is he Dylan's?  
- No.  
Were you sleeping with him?  
I love my husband.  
I should kill you.  
You're my friend.  
For lying, I mean.  
For lying to me... Vera.  
You look smart. Quite your old self.  
The walls being made  
of wood and asbestos,  
the bullets had penetrated through  
to the living room,  
where I also found  
five more empty bullet cases.  
- At Captain Killick's bungalow...  
- I'm the bard. They've just met him.  
Shh.  
...a revolver, a grenade, and 100 rounds  
of nine-millimetre ammunition.

When he left an area, he used  
to dig up the mines he'd laid.  
Why don't you take the witness box  
and sing Killick's praises to his judgeship?  
- Why don't you do that?  
- Everybody loves a hero.  
Are you telling me Killick didn't know  
he had to hand in his weapons?  
Captain William Killick is an expert marksman.  
If he'd been intent on murder,  
he couldn't have failed.  
I'd be obliged if you just answer  
the questions I ask, Lieutenant Colonel.  
Scratch my head, Cat.  
Can't.  
Is there any reason  
why a man of your rank  
should strike a woman in the face?  
No, sir.  
Why did you go  
to the Thomas bungalow so late at night?  
I have no idea why. They cut me dead.  
I suppose they didn't want to see  
the goose that laid the golden egg.  
I thought I'd show them that war is real.  
I could see there was no one in my line of fire,  
so I fired at a partition.  
I never imagined the bullets  
would penetrate the wall.  
- The walls were asbestos, Captain Killick.  
- I didn't know that.  
I wanted to frighten them, that's all.  
There was a child present.  
Is... is that a question, sir?  
I can't live without him.  
Did you know the entire unit  
were killed when they went back out there?  
Wiped out. That would have been him.  
I'm begging you to help him.  
It saved his life, this trial.  
Did him a favour.  
Dylan... please.  
You were the star in my sky.  
- You can't stay the same all your life.



- I can.

You'll help him, won't you?

It means that much to you?

William's my world.

Him and Rowatt.

I've no room for anyone else.

I don't want... anyone else.

I see.

I do, I see.

Mr Thomas?

Captain Killick and I were...

no more than acquaintances.

We would occasionally stand  
next to each other at the bar.

Captain Killick was stone-cold sober  
on the night of the shooting  
and it is my firm belief that he tried to kill me,  
that he tried to kill my wife,  
and that he tried to kill my son.

Why?

You.

Leave Caitlin.

Go on. Leave Caitlin.

You've got rid of the opposition.

Now you come on.

Leave your wife and live with me.

Do you see?

You want a 15-year-old girl back on the beach.

Not me.

You don't even see me, do you?

Dylan!

All you've got is stories in your head. Words.

And I have to be real.

William... makes me real.

If you have sent  
my beloved husband to jail...

I will never forgive you.

It is my opinion that it is not  
an innocent hand that wields a gun  
against a civilian household.

It is, however, your peers who judge you,  
Captain Killick, and not I.

They have found that there is no evidence  
to support the charge of attempted murder.

I have, therefore, no choice  
but to pronounce you free to go.  
There's that smile.  
I never meant to hurt you.  
Might as well, I suppose.  
Smile, I mean.  
Write, Catty.  
- I'll leave that to Dylan.  
- Write to me.  
Don't be lonely.  
Don't you, Catty.  
Don't you.  
Not for the proud man apart  
From the raging moon I write  
On these spindrift pages  
Nor for the towering dead  
With their nightingales and psalms  
But for the lovers, their arms  
Round the griefs of the ages  
# Was it a marriage made in heaven?  
# Was it a gift from God above?  
# Do you believe the things you told me?  
# Or was it simply careless love?  
# You told me once when we were dreaming  
# Through life together we would walk  
# Those words of love seemed set in starlight  
# But now it seems like careless talk  
# All your lies are jolly melancholy  
# Your eyes were always slightly sad  
# But now you're always saying sorry  
# We've lost the good times that we had  
# Over all this careless talk of love  
# This careless talk  
# Over all this careless talk  
# This careless  
# Talk  
# The four of us, oh, yes, alone again  
# Our curtains drawn into the setting sun  
# Beautiful children that pretend to play  
# Pretending it's such fun  
# Playing with fire with you and with life  
# Only good men dying young  
# Soldiers and sailors and planes up above  
# All careless talk and careless love

# You called it love, I called it lies  
# You stole my dreams but no one ever cries  
# Oh- ho-ho! #  
# Playing with fire with you and with life  
# Only good men dying young  
# Soldiers and sailors and planes up above  
# All careless talk and careless love  
# You called it love, I called it lies  
# You stole my dreams but no one ever cries  
# Just dies,  
just dies  
# Just dies #