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# Enduring Love

By Joe Penhall

Wow.  
Thank you.  
This is bliss.  
Mm.  
Take this.  
Looks posh.  
It's the poshest of the posh.  
It's really difficult.  
You know... I wanted um...  
I didn't think  
it was going to be like this, but...  
Fuck.  
Argh!  
- Grandad!  
- Argh!  
Grandad, help!  
The ripcord!  
Pull the ripcord!  
Get the boy out!  
- Jump out!  
- Argh!  
Get him out.  
Just get him out!  
- Climb out!  
- Grandad!  
- Grab the rope.  
- Pull the ripcord.  
The ripcord!  
The red one!  
No! No!  
Grandad!  
All right!  
Argh!  
Pull it now. The ripcord.  
- What's your name?  
- Harry.  
Do you want to get out?  
Let's get you out of there.  
His name was John Logan.  
He was a GP from Oxford.  
Had a wife and a small child.  
Fuck.  
Maybe he thought it was his duty.  
I don't think

he felt obliged to kill himself.

- It's not in the Hippocratic oath, is it?

- Exactly.

He was just a good bloke.

Well, I couldn't have done it.

You would have done the same.

I couldn't. I'm a born coward.

He just hung there for a few seconds.

Like he was going to flap his arms  
and fly away like a cartoon.

Bugs Bunny.

Tom and Jerry.

- Tweety Pie.

- Tweety Pie.

But he didn't, did he?

I mean, what do you do?

It was like suddenly I was the leader.

Everyone all right?

These people need my help.

You know, shit like that.

No, you were. You were like a... a...

- A mummy. Zombie.

- Zombie.

- You were.

- I mean, there was a body to be found.  
Work to be done.

There might be something we can do.

And he might not be dead.

Do you think he's dead?

But in a funny way  
I knew what he meant,  
because I kept on expecting him...  
...to... to... get up... walk away. I...  
Maybe he was in shock.

I was in shock.

I'm in shock now.

There's... not a lot we can do now.

We can pray.

I find it helps... at times like this.

Well...

it's really not my thing.

- I think you really need to.

- Look, sorry, no. You, please.

I... If you need to, then go ahead.

Why won't you?  
Well, don't you think he prayed?  
Please.  
Please.  
What happened to the boy?  
He pulled himself together, brought the  
balloon down in a field five miles away.  
Oh, no.  
Oh, God.  
So the doctor died for nothing.  
That's terrible.  
It doesn't make any sense, does it?  
You tried. You did the best you could.  
You're so brave. Isn't he brave?  
I'd have been a gibbering wreck.  
I am a gibbering wreck.  
Yeah, well... I'd have started shrieking.  
Running around wringing my hands  
and twisting my ankle.  
So, yeah.  
But I let go of the rope. I let go.  
- But if you hadn't...  
- Yeah, but I let go.  
- If you hadn't, I'd be here without you.  
- I let go.  
Yeah, but if I hadn't have let go...  
If none of us had let go...  
...we could've brought that balloon down.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
She's teething.  
Listen. You flew through the air.  
You were actually airborne.  
It was an airborne rescue attempt.  
You know, you wrestled with the gods  
and you lived.  
Compared to most people,  
you're a fucking action hero.  
It was the wind.  
It was the wind.  
Would you stop saying that?  
It wasn't the fucking wind.  
Urh!  
Hey. Come here.  
Hey.

When we say we're in love...  
...what does it mean?  
Could it be that this complex...  
...dazzling transformative feeling  
is just an illusion?  
Could it be just a trick, a trick played  
on us by nature just to make us fuck?  
We imagine that love is meaningful.  
But could it in fact be...  
...meaningless?  
Spud.  
How's your love life?  
Mummy!  
Mum!  
- Hello.  
- Hello, mate. It's Jed.  
You know... from the balloon.  
Hi.  
Um... how did you get this number?  
Oh... er... yeah... um...  
the police gave it to me.  
So... um...  
...what's the problem?  
I was wondering  
whether you'd like to meet up.  
Actually, you know, I'm... I'm...  
I'm really, really busy at the moment.  
In fact, I'm just right  
in the middle of something now, so...  
I really wouldn't mind...  
talking about this, you know.  
- Talking about what?  
- Oh, you know... things.  
- What are you doing now?  
- Um...  
- Well, to...  
- Look, look, I know you're busy.  
I know this is a bit forward of me.  
Look, look, I'll make you a promise.  
Just see me this once, yeah,  
and I'll never bother you again.  
That's a solemn promise,  
do you know what I mean?  
I just... really think we should...

...talk about what happened.

I mean, what was all that about, eh?

Fuck.

It's like, you know, fuck.

Where are you?

- Oh, I can come to you.

- No, no, no.

Just... um... Just tell me where you are.

I'm er... I'm in the park across the street.

How you doing, mate?

Good to see you, Jez. How are you?

- Jed.

- Sorry?

- Jed. Jed Parry.

- Sorry.

- Jed, Jed. How are you?

- Hi.

So...

- There's a caff up the road. I thought...

- I've eaten.

- Cook a blinding fry-up.

- I've already had breakfast. Thanks.

Well, I'd rather go inside, if you know what I mean, it's quite important.

Can't you tell me here?

You... You know what I'm talking about.

Do you want me to spell it out?

Yeah, I think I would, actually.

- I'm a bit in the...

- Come on, Joe, be a sport.

- I've got a lot of work to do.

- Nonsense.

I have. I'm in the middle of something.

I don't know what this is about.

Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about.

- Well, I don't.

- Why can't you just say it?

Just say it.

- Open up to me.

- Look...

Thanks, but um...

...I've... I've got to go and do something else.

Right.

Well, bye. Bye, then.

OK.

See you, bye.

Bye.

Hes just sort of weirdly familiar,

like he knows me

or we're old friends or something.

Well, maybe he's lonely.

Yeah.

That's what I thought. Just lonely.

He's very friendly.

Well, he sounds nice.

Joe?

So, we're saying

art is just an evolutionary tool.

Perhaps all sorts of complex human

behaviour serves the same purpose.

Perhaps moral behaviour's another one.

Fairness. Kindness. Self-sacrifice.

So... So, it's nothing to do

w-w-with character

or... or p-personality,

or, you know, simple... goodness.

Maybe that's an illusion, too.

Wow.

That's excellent.

She's kind and er... bright

and she has a good sense of humour and...

The trouble is, she only speaks Polish.

Where did you meet her?

She's the au pair.

Classy. That's very classy.

But she is... so much more than that, um...

You're my sister.

You're supposed to say something nice.

Fucking hell!

- When we get married...

- Uh-huh.

...if we get married...

- Yeah.

...we'll have so many children that if you

left, the child support would cripple you.

I mean, what if you run off

with the au pair, anyway?  
We haven't got an au pair.  
I mean, if we get one.  
Depends what she looks like.  
You might be tempted.  
Can't imagine that happening.  
- Well, how can you be sure?  
- I meant, I can't imagine being tempted.  
I don't want to leave it too late, Joe.  
Ah!  
Procreation and all that stuff.  
Well, you know, we'll cross that bridge  
when we come to it.  
I think we have come to it.  
- What now?  
- Mm.  
Psst!  
I thought you said we weren't  
going to see each other again.  
Haven't you got something  
to say to me?  
You've got to stop following me like this.  
This is getting a bit weird.  
Well, why don't you write it  
in your lovely book?  
Go on, no-one can see.  
Yeah, well, OK.  
- How's that?  
- Why can't you write it down?  
- What?  
- I think you know.  
Jez, I don't know what this is about,  
but it's...  
- Jed. Jed, it's just Jed.  
- What?  
Jed. You signed it to Jez.  
- It's Jed.  
- Sorry.  
How's that? OK?  
Were you christened Joe or Joseph?  
- What?  
- It's nothing to be ashamed of.  
Joey. Jo-Jo.  
Don't you think it's time



you faced up to who you really are?

Who I am. I don't...

- Um... sorry?

- "The fruit of the Spirit is love. "

- What?

- Love.

- Galatians, chapter five.

- Oh, Jesus, no. Come on.

Joe, Joe.

- What have I done to you?

- You haven't done anything to me.

I can't control my emotions like you can.

I know this gives you power over me.

I don't know where you're going with this.

There's nothing I can do about it.

But please, don't put on this act.

- What act?

- If this is a joke, it's got to stop.

- It's hurting us both. It's fucking us up.

- I don't know who you are.

And I um... I don't know where you live

and I don't know what you want really

and, quite frankly, I don't care.

So could you please just leave me alone?

God! You say that and

then you make that face.

- What face?

- What is it you really want me to do?

- Nothing.

- You're not even trying to be convincing.

- It's obvious.

- This is just...

OK, OK.

Um... if there's something I've done

that's upset you

or I've said something that's given you,

given you an idea,

I don't know what it is,

I don't know what it is,

but whatever it is, I'm sorry.

I'm really truly sorry.

Now, I just don't know what you're on about.

I don't know what this is about.

Joe... Joey.

Joey.

Joseph.

Sorry.

- Don't do this. Please don't fucking...

- Don't let me down, Joe.

Don't let me down

like you let down the other bloke.

- What?

- Be brave.

What do you mean be brave?

What do you mean?

Brave.

You know what I'm saying.

I didn't let him down.

What are you saying?

It was all of us.

Well, wasn't it?

I see my work as part of a tradition  
that goes back to the great sculptors  
of the Renaissance.

I didn't say that.

It says here.

Not like that, anyway.

I can't see you.

- Sorry.

- Thank you.

I love your voice.

Oh.

I wish I could... sculpt your voice.

Oh, dear. Is there anything I can do?

Er... no, because the more you talk,  
the more frustrated I get.

- I won't say another word.

- Thank you.

I think I'm done for today.

Anybody home?

- Hi.

- Hiya.

- Posing again?

- Yeah.

- He's a grandfather.

- Oh, fuck.

Yeah, ridiculous but true.

- It's the other lot, you know. Mary.

- He's a gene machine.
- Bye-bye.
- Thank you.
- Don't know how you do it.
- Easy, I'll teach you.
- You're going to get a reputation.
- At my age, I deserve a reputation.
- Congratulations, that's good news.
- Thanks.

Now fuck off, you're way too happy.

- Send love to Rachel, yeah?
- Yeah.

Bye.

- Bye.

So what do you think?

It's good.

- What's wrong with it?
- No, it's good. Very good.

What?

We...

We did talk about this, you know?

What?

Well...

Why can't you do that for me?

I cast your hands.

You cast every fucker's hands.

I mean, any idiot can get his hands done.

Well, hands aren't so personal.

- What's wrong with the rest of me?
- I'm only interested in your hands.
- Thanks a lot.
- I like your hands.

Anyway, they're nice and bony.

If it's bony you want,  
you should do my feet.

- My feet are really bony.
- I don't do feet.

Anyway, it's not the same.

Why can't you do my face, hey? Why?

- I don't know, I can't explain.
- Well, try.

Um...

I don't know. Its just...

It's hard to articulate.

I'm just too close to you, I suppose.  
How can you be too close to me? That's...

- What does too close mean? - I need  
to be objective. I need objectivity.

- What does that mean?

- I need distance.

I'd have to examine you  
and I don't want to examine you.

I want you to be my lover not my subject,  
OK?

Now what's wrong?

I saw that guy again today.

Hm?

I think...

I think he's some kind of fan.

It's just...

- That's a bit weird.

- Yeah, well, he's quite intense.

Well, just ignore him, OK?

I'm sure, you know, he's harmless.

I'm sure he's harmless.

It's just I feel a bit sorry for him really.

He's... a bit lonely, I think.

- Well, don't let it bother you.

- No, no, of course not.

You can't help feeling responsible.

We were just in the wrong place  
at the wrong time.

Yeah, but I can't help thinking  
that we might have saved him.

- I don't think so.

- Well, he thinks so.

- How?

- He said so.

In a helicopter? Oh, come on.

There's no way  
you should feel responsible.

I just wish I'd been able to do something.

I wish we'd saved him,

I really wish we had,

because, you know,

it would just be so much easier now.

Why?

- So you wouldn't feel so bad?

- No, because he fucking died.  
- I just...  
- Come here.  
Look at me.  
You are such a good person, OK?  
You're just a little bit overwrought.  
Stressed out and sad and tired.  
There's nothing wrong with that.  
I love you. Come here.  
It's going to be OK.  
I love you.  
Come here.  
I'm saying all these things  
have meaning,  
but only because we, as human beings,  
give them meaning.  
That's your theory? Life is a meaningless  
Darwinian expedient.  
It's just biology,  
but humans struggle to give it meaning.  
That's what makes us human.  
It's a good theory. Simple but effective.  
Good?  
It's revolutionary. I should be on  
the fucking South Bank Show.  
Well, OK, why don't we talk about that?  
Talk about what?  
Getting you on TV.  
Well, we should.  
I think it's important.  
I should... you know...  
pull myself together,  
just do something constructive.  
Instead of sitting on my fucking arse.  
I need to do things. I never do anything.  
You do loads of things.  
What are you talking about?  
All I do is pontificate about...  
I have never ever made anything  
that you can hold in your hand.  
I've never... I've never helped anybody.  
I just have... theories.  
They're good theories.  
Perhaps you should do more with them.

- I don't know...  
- There's no point.  
This is silly.  
Why are you saying all this?  
For fuck's sake.  
- What? What?  
We must stop meeting like this.  
Don't you ever go home?  
- Sorry.  
- No, no, no, go ahead.  
It's all right, Joe.  
I'm preparing myself to forgive you.  
This is insane. What do you want?  
You know what I want.  
Not now. For fuck's sake, I am having  
my lunch. This is just fucking stupid.  
- I'm not giving up, you know.  
- I know, yes.  
Look, I'm really sorry about this.  
This is one of my many fans.  
Very quick. Very quick.  
- You've got it screwed on, haven't you?  
- Look, go away. Please.  
Come on, Joe.  
Jo-Jo.  
Look, stop calling me that, please.  
- Just listen.  
- No, no, I am not listening. Look...  
Please, just piss off.  
This is driving me fucking mad.  
We can't go on like this, Joe,  
just give in to it.  
You can't live your life in denial.  
- I am not in denial.  
- Yes, you are.  
- I'm not.  
- You are.  
Look, I'm not in denial.  
Now, I don't even know you,  
you mad bastard.  
- Yes, you do.  
- No, I don't.  
- You do.  
- I don't!

I think you do.  
Better than you think.  
Joe, Joe, cool it. Cool it.  
- Cool it, man.  
- Good idea.  
Sorry.  
I'm sorry. I just...  
It really pisses me off.  
- What's he done?  
- Doesn't matter.  
Well, it obviously does.  
Did.  
How's Claire?  
Nice piece in The Guardian.  
She must be thrilled about the award.  
You both must be thrilled about it.  
It's great. Very good.  
I mean, why is he following you, anyway?  
- I mean, what have you done?  
- I haven't done anything.  
You must have done something  
or he wouldn't be following you.  
You know, he... he...  
well, you know, he just turned up.  
- Careful, OK.  
- Yeah.  
He turned up and... and...  
...and I recognised him and...  
I smiled at him.  
- Why?  
- Well, why not?  
You don't even know him,  
why smile at him?  
I felt sorry for him, that's all.  
Well, don't encourage him, OK?  
- That's ready to be dipped.  
- Righto, then.  
- Thank you.  
- I'm just being friendly to him.  
We've both been through this like,  
really like awful, awful experience.  
- It's been really, you know, I mean...  
- Joey. Joey, I'm at work, OK?  
I can't deal with this now.

Can we talk about this later?

- I'm trying to explain to you...

- What?

...that it's just really difficult.

- It's because nobody understands.

- I do.

Do you? Do you really understand me?

- Do you want me to talk to him?

- Of course not.

I want to find out what his problem is.

There isn't a problem.

There's no fucking problem. It's fine.

Maybe he's suffering  
from post-traumatic stress.

- He probably is, yeah.

- Maybe you both are.

No? I think you need to see somebody  
and talk about all this.

- I'm talking to you.

- I mean somebody professional.

Professional.

- Why won't you let me talk to him?

- Because I don't want you to.

All right, that'll do you.

He was always traipsing off somewhere.

Having adventures.

Orphanages in Yugoslavia.

And... inoculation safaris in Uganda.

Very gung ho.

When you think about it,

he was bound to die rescuing somebody.

It was instinctive.

Or reckless.

You know, I think he was unlucky.

Unlucky?

Yes, I do. I... I think that um...

...if we'd all... been able

to keep hanging on, um I...

Somebody let go.

And then we all had to let go.

If they hadn't,

I think we might have saved him.

I need to find out who let go first.

I wish you hadn't told me that.



I'm sorry.

Er... there was someone  
with my husband on the day he died.

Did you notice?

There was someone with him in the car  
when he stopped  
and there was someone who got out with  
him and then that someone vanished.  
The car was on the far side of the field.  
I only really noticed your husband when  
we were running towards the balloon.

- Did you see the car?

- Well, yes, but I was...

Can you remember  
was there one car door open or two?

Wh...

It's just... was there one or two?

I... I think...

No.

I can't remember. I'm sorry.

Tell me what it is.

Go on. It won't bite.

It was on the floor  
by the passenger seat.

- Yeah.

- They were going to have a picnic.

Smell it.

It's rose-water.

I've never used rose-water in my life.

If you saw something...

please don't feel you have to protect me.

- If you saw her, I need to know.

- I did not see your husband with anyone.

I need to know how long it was going on  
and how much it meant to him.

- But how do you know it was going on?

- You didn't know my husband.

Well, has he... ever, you know...?

No, no, no, no. I didn't mean that.

I mean, if you knew him,  
you'd know he doesn't take risks.

He was afraid of heights.

He wouldn't have taken a risk unless...

Well, unless he was showing off.

He was quite a show-off.  
When we were young.  
You know, when I was young.  
When I was worth showing off to...  
He was showing off to a girl.  
Well, maybe um...  
...she might try and get in touch,  
because it might be...  
If she comes near this house...  
I'm going to kill her.  
God help me, but I will. I'll kill her.  
Have I let you down?  
Sorry, what do you mean?  
Do you think I've let you down?  
What do you mean?  
- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
- All your favourites.  
- Yeah.  
- Thank you.  
- There you go.  
- You look lovely.  
- So do you.  
Thank you.  
It's hot. Be careful.  
Nearly forgot.  
Happy birthday!  
Thank you very much.  
That's beautiful. Thank you.  
Thank you, Claire.  
Cheers.  
Cheers. To you. Thank you.  
- I love you.  
- I love you too.  
Mm! That's good.  
So we've got chilli sauce  
and soy sauce.  
- Great.  
- OK.  
- Hot.  
- Hot, yeah?  
Yeah. They are hot.  
Fuck's sake!  
I've had enough.

Stay there! I need to talk to you.  
I need to talk. Stay there!  
Just... I...  
Ooh, I'll just get over here.  
Got melons.  
Excuse me. Sorry.  
So that's Coke...  
Oh, and a Milky Way.  
That's 10.50, please.  
So...  
Don't you think we should... talk?  
I'm here, aren't I?  
What's there to talk about?  
Perhaps we should talk about  
what happened in Oxford.  
Terrible business.  
The man who died.  
Did you see him arrive?  
You mean arrive at the end of the rope  
or arrive in the field?  
If you mean arrive in the field, do  
you mean the first or the second time,  
- if you know what I mean?  
- You tell me.  
I remember we prayed.  
We knelt and prayed together,  
remember?  
Yeah. Well, it was...  
I was humouring you.  
You touched me on the shoulder  
and you looked at me,  
and the way you looked at me, I could tell  
you knew what had passed between us.  
What passed between us?  
Love.  
God's love.  
For fuck's sake!  
You're mad.  
That's what they said about Jesus once.  
They also said it  
about a lot of mad people.  
You see, I think it was a sign.  
- What was?  
- The balloon. The man. Everything.

What was it a sign of?

What did it mean?

Well, as if God's hand had...

...reached down and grabbed that balloon  
and plucked it from the earth  
to bring that man to God  
and to bring us together.

You see, God understands. He  
really does. He really does understand.

- What... What were you doing there?

- It was just meant to be, I suppose.

- Destiny I suppose you'd call it.

- In that field, outside Oxford.

What were you doing?

- Were you following him?

- Huh?

- John Logan. Were you following him?

- No.

I've never followed anyone in my life.

You know, I think you have.

I was looking for my dog.

I lost my dog.

He's very fond of the countryside.

He likes the trees.

- Well, I've never seen you with any dog.

- That's cos I lost him.

You know what I think?

I think you're a bit lost.

I think everyone's a bit lost, aren't they?

I think you think that

there's this sort of...

...special bond between us

because of what we went through.

You think it somehow... means something.

Well, everything means something

to someone.

Otherwise there wouldn't be much point,  
would there?

Everything happens for a reason.

That thing with the curtains

you keep doing.

It's ingenious. Fucking mad, but ingenious.

- What?

- The way you hold them so...

delicately, so...  
...gentle.  
Gentle yet firm.  
You know, a firm grip. No messing around.  
Khh, khh.  
Simple, but effective.  
And just generally, you know...  
...very, very... loving.  
- Do you want a crisp?  
- This is fucking stupid.  
Hold on, Joe. Just hold on to it.  
We can't let go again, not this time.  
Just hold on. Hold on.  
Look, if this is about... Claire...  
we can work it out.  
Where there's a will there's a way.  
Here.  
Why did you throw it away?  
I didn't.  
Then who did, Joe?  
- Where did you get this?  
- I found it in the bin outside your house.  
Joey.  
Jo-Jo.  
Come on.  
Everything's going to be all right.  
Forget about Claire.  
I'm here now.  
...when you were with that other loser.  
Oh, he was lovely.  
He was not lovely.  
He was not what you call lovely.  
Not in any way.  
You were just in a trance.  
I've seen Natasha stop traffic.  
Actually stop traffic,  
just by walking across the road.  
She doesn't even know she's doing it.  
Bikes ride into the back of buses  
and buses miss their stops.  
Dog walkers plough unsuspecting dogs  
under cars.  
They can't help themselves.  
Can't stop staring at her.

Why? What's wrong with her?  
I'm saying you have um... er...  
magnetism.  
Stop it.  
Like... You understand? Like a magnet.  
Do you know what a magnet is?  
A refrigerator magnet?  
It's physics, dear, don't take any notice.  
No, it's not.  
It's biology.  
When we're in love,  
or when we think we're in love,  
we do the things we do  
to ensure good breeding.  
To ensure a fuck.  
We're just stupid organisms.  
It's meaningless.  
Don't even know why we fucking bother.  
I think what Joe's trying to say is um...  
that to have an understanding  
of the science of love  
doesn't make it any less remarkable.  
Yes, but most people don't need to  
understand the science of it, do they?  
I have no idea, whatsoever,  
what anybody's talking about.  
Why don't you go upstairs,  
fetch your book  
and we'll have a fucking recital, shall we?  
Love is like being under a spell,  
an extraordinary magic spell,  
and then um...  
...one day the spell is broken  
and the love...  
...love just... flies away like a bird.  
A bird?  
What bird is this?  
It was meant to be so special.  
I had it all planned.  
I brought champagne.  
I brought a ring.  
I was going to propose to you.  
Well, that's let the cat out of the bag.  
Have you changed your mind?

Well...  
...if you ever want to see two people  
turn into...  
two-headed, fire-breathing  
monsters overnight,  
- just put rings on their fingers.  
Frank, ssh.  
No, no, it's right.  
It's right.  
Cos you are an expert aren't you, bro?  
When you're not busy...  
sexing up the au pair  
to within an inch of her life,  
you're a fucking authority,  
aren't you, pal?  
When you're not marching on Poland  
you're... you're a fucking sage.  
Tell me something, tell me, cos this has  
always really, really bothered me.  
Do you never tire  
of letting your dick do the thinking?  
Do you realise how mad you sound?  
To people like me.  
To normal people.  
You sound mad.  
Yeah, OK.  
When we fall out of love...  
What explains that? What?  
Just a misunderstanding?  
A communication breakdown?  
And when we do fall in love with somebody,  
somebody who  
we're completely incompatible with,  
then it's all just tedious and horrible  
and terrible and just not going to work.  
I mean, why do we do that?  
Why do we do that?  
I mean, is this just an aberration?  
Are these people just... just deviants?  
Who's that?  
Oh, God, what's his name?  
Has anybody got a question?  
Anybody? A view or an opinion, maybe?  
...what I'd be without you

If you should ever leave me  
Then life would go on, believe me  
The world would show nothing to me  
So what good would living do me?  
God only knows what I'd be...  
Hey, come on.  
Look, I was just having a bit of fun.  
- Come on.  
- Fuck off.  
- I was just trying to cheer you up, Joe.  
- Fuck off.  
Come on. Jo-Jo. Joe.  
Listen to me. Listen to me.  
If you ever, ever,  
ever fucking bother me again,  
if you ever come anywhere fucking near me,  
I will follow you, I will find you  
and I will gut you like a fucking fish!  
Do you understand me?  
You started this. You made this happen.  
Why don't you admit it?  
You pretend it's not happening.  
Nothing's happening. You fuck!  
Giving me all your secret fucking signals,  
so I come towards you.  
Why don't you leave me alone, eh?  
What do you want? What do you want?  
I love you! I love you!  
And you're trying to fucking destroy me!  
God only knows  
where I'd be without you!  
Claire, wake up.  
Claire, wake up. I've got it.  
I know what he's doing.  
He keeps on going on about curtains.  
There was this stalker who actually  
existed. She used to wait outside.  
It's a well-documented case.  
Now she thought, right,  
that the king was madly in love with her.  
He was signalling with...  
Look, look, look, look.  
Right, OK.  
"Wait for me. " "Don't tell anybody. "



"I love you. "  
Now, the king, he didn't see her,  
because, well,  
he's a fucking king, isn't he?  
So she thought that it was a conspiracy.  
A conspiracy.  
...whatever you do when you sort of act  
like... Or however much he denied it...  
She took it as proof.  
Proof that he loved her.  
Proof that their destinies  
were completely intertwined,  
and that one day  
they were going to be together.  
I've cracked it.  
I've fucking cracked it!  
I've fucking cracked it!  
I can't believe it. I've fucking cracked it!  
Oh, my God.  
Fuck, he's there.  
Claire.  
Come and look.  
He's just sitting there.  
Claire, come and look at this.  
Fucking hell.  
Come here.  
Come and look.  
He's there. Come and look.  
Well?  
Come to bed.  
What's this?  
It's my work.  
It's over.  
Claire?  
Claire!  
All right, then,  
let's get married, then, shall we?  
Let's get married. Let's get married  
and have lots of children.  
Let's have dozens of the fuckers  
and a big dog! Move to the country.  
See what fucking good it does!  
See how long we last!  
What do we need, a wedding ring?

Here! Here!

- Is this what you want?

- What?

- Is this what you want?

- Joe!

- Here, look. Here.

- Ow!

- Look, there. There. There. There!

- You're hurting me!

- How does that feel?

- You're hurting me.

- Is that better?

- You're hurting me.

Where are you? Where are you?

Where are you? Come here!

I'm ready!

You fuck!

You fuck!

Come here now!

I need to find the men

who were at the balloon.

Do you have contact addresses?

Yes, I've got the addresses.

All the witnesses.

- The police gave them to me.

- Yeah, that's perfect.

No, that's it. That's all I need.

Fucker!

Fucker! Fucker!

Fucker!

Hello, Joe.

Please, please, don't do this.

Don't do this, please.

- Fuck you!

- Please.

I love you.

And that's all that matters now, Joe.

That's all that matters.

That's all that matters, Joe.

Listen, Joe, I just... I love you.

The thing is...

I'm just... trying to help you, Joe.

Because...

really...

...really you're just like me.  
How am I like you?  
I'm lonely.  
You know what that's like.  
What have I done?  
What the fucking hell have I done?  
What the fuck have I done?  
What have I fucking done?  
Hi.  
Joe.  
Can I come in?  
What a lovely... surprise.  
Can I come in?  
- I'll make coffee.  
- Would you...  
- Sit down.  
- Sorry.  
- Stay there and I'll get you some coffee.  
- Who's this, then? Who's this?  
Is this... It's Uncle Joe, isn't it?  
What's he been up to, eh?  
Silly old, silly old Uncle Joe.  
Uncle Joe has just spent  
a very long time in the pub.  
Shall I um...  
Shall I phone Claire?  
Yeah.  
Hold this.  
What? No, er... er...  
Oh, hi.  
- Why don't you sit there?  
- He's here.  
No. No, I mean he's pissed.  
Hello!  
Hello!  
Hello!  
Here.  
- She smiled at me.  
- Don't get excited, she's just hungry.  
- It's biology, remember.  
- No, it's not.  
It's not biology.  
It's fantastic.  
She actually thinks it...

...it might be a good idea if you um...

...er... go and get your things.

What now?

No, no, no, no.

Not now, no. Just, you know... tomorrow.

Really fucked this up, haven't I?

Um...

Yeah.

I think you probably have, old son.

- Morning.

- Hello.

Cup of tea? Slice of toast? Um... rusk?

No. I'd better be off.

Do bring your stuff back here, you know,  
if you like.

You know, I mean, presuming  
you don't um... manage to sort it all out.

Oh, no, I'm going to sort it out.

Don't worry.

I'm going to sort it all out.

Right.

Oh. Hi.

OK, er...

Yeah.

Yeah. Right.

Er... it's Claire.

She says somebody called Jed  
has turned up.

Jez or Jed.

Fucking key.

You could have killed me.

You could have just left me. You didn't  
have to beat the shit out of me.

- Right.

Leave it.

Please.

- What's he said?

- I told her how you've led me on.

- Shut up.

- How you teased me and then...

- Shut up.

... dumped me.

- Shut up! Shut up!

- We had a signal.

He used to... signal  
by opening and closing the curtains.  
It meant he wanted to see me.  
It meant you weren't at home.  
It meant... everything.  
- What have you done?  
- I didn't touch him.  
Like... do you believe I did this?  
Do you?  
Fuck this.  
Joe. Joe. Joe. Joe.  
Joe. Joe.  
Joe.  
Joey. I'll tell you what I thought, right.  
I thought you'd make her so jealous  
she'd go away.  
I wanted her to go away,  
so we could be together.  
I mean, she's so fucking manipulative.  
Joe, I mean, what a...  
what a fucking bitch! What a bitch.  
Look, Joe! Watch!  
Argh!  
See?  
See, Joe?  
It's easy. See?  
See, Joe?  
Joey.  
It's all right now.  
It's done.  
It's done now. Come here.  
Jed.  
Will you give... give me the knife  
and I'll wash... I'll wash it off?  
You're going to kill me.  
No.  
- No, I'm not.  
Please.  
- You were so much in love.  
- Joe.  
I know. I can tell.  
Doesn't matter any more.  
Come here.  
- Come here now.

Oh, God. Please.

Oh, Joey.

Joey.

Joey.

There's no such thing as love, you said.

It's just biology, you said.

That's all it is.

Just science.

I love you, Jed.

Ohhh...

- I've always loved you.

- I love you too.

Let go now.

Let... go... now.

Is that what you want, Joe? Hm?

Ohhh...

You want me to let go?

Let go.

It took straight off from here.

The wind hit it straight down there.

Oh, my God, there she is. Is that her?

Look, she's brought someone with her.

Is that her dad?

- I'm sorry. I can't go through with this.

- No, wait.

Just let's see what they've got to say.

Mrs Logan.

The scarf is mine.

The picnic was ours, too.

We left it in your husband's car  
after he very kindly offered us a lift.

We'd set out for a picnic  
and my car broke down.

Your husband stopped and offered us a lift.

Then we saw the balloon and um...

...your husband stopped again  
and ran to help.

I didn't know what to do, cos there were  
all these people all trying to help.

And suddenly it all went horribly wrong.

- We got out of the car. We wanted to...

- We just ran away.

We just ran away.

Penny is one of my students.

We'd kept it secret until now.  
We had to, but...  
I know this is it. It'll be pretty ugly  
for everyone, but... we're ready for that.  
We...  
We're...  
We're in love.  
Quite... Quite madly, deeply in love.  
I'm so, so sorry.  
Can you forgive us for being so selfish?  
Yes, course I can.  
Course I can forgive you.  
Who's going to forgive me?  
Come on.  
Were you frightened  
when the balloon went up into the sky?  
Yes.  
Yes, I was pretty frightened.  
Why did you let go?  
Well, we all... let go.  
We had to.  
And you see, all the men  
holding on to the balloon let go.  
Um...  
...apart from your dad.  
But that's because your dad  
was such a brave man.  
He was pretty brave.  
For a long time, I was worried  
that I was the one who let go first.  
But, in fact, we all pretty much  
let go at the same time.  
Now the important thing  
is that your dad didn't let go. He hung on.  
He kept on hanging on even when  
the balloon went right up into the sky,  
right up to the top of...  
- Bloody hell.  
- Bloody well right.  
Algy!  
Algy!  
Algy!  
Algy!  
How did it go?

OK. It went OK.

How's the flat?

Small.

Dark.

Cold. Damp.

Lonely.

Good. I'm glad.

I'm still...

- I still...

- Don't, Joey.

I made it so complicated.

And it doesn't need to be complicated,  
it's not complicated. It's really...

I don't know what to say.

Don't say anything.

Don't say anything.