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Ginger & Rosa

By Sally Potter

The Defense Department of the
United States government...
has arrived at estimates
of casualties...
should they and the Soviet Union
adopt a counterforce strategy...
in the event of nuclear war.
The estimates are as follows.
100,000,000 dead
in the United States...
115,000,000
dead in Europe...
including 23,000,000 dead
in Great Britain.
Without any civil defense,
the counterforce strategy...
has the capacity to destroy
all life in Western Europe...
the United States and
the Soviet Union.
With an effective...
I want to talk to you
about the girls.
All right.
What about them?
I think Rosa's a bad influence.
Meaning what, exactly?
Anoushka worries about her.
She says she's disturbed.
So would you be if you'd been told you
were a failure when you were 11 years old.
- Yeah. Bloody 11-plus exams.
- You did well though.
Not that exams mean anything
of real significance.
Can't measure intelligence.
Anyway,
she's not disturbed.
She's interesting.
And she's my best friend.
Close your eyes.
Turn your head.
Opposite way.
You're not doing it right.

Try again.

Where the hell
have you been?

We were just, you know,
roving about.

- Being free.

- It's 2:

Roland, please.

Say something.

Well, yes, it is late.

You always stay up late.

True.

Anoushka must be
crazed with worry.

Doubtful.

Rosa.

Okay, come on. I suppose I'd
better drive you home, Rosa.

Jesus.

I should be working.

Tomorrow?

- Today, actually.

- Good point.

Bye, Ginger's dad.

It's Roland...

actually.

It says here that a girl's most important
possession is a bubbly personality.

Interesting.

Do you think Simone de Beauvoir
has a bubbly personality?

- Who?

- That French writer.

She's an existentialist.

Maybe she hasn't read Girl.

It says here that boys don't like girls
who are too serious.

Well, even so...

did I tell you I've
decided to be a poet?

Thought you were already.

Do you think they've
shrunk enough yet?

Sorry.

- I've been thinking.

- Unusual.

Very funny.

Listen.

I'm listening.

I'd prefer the world not to end.

Wouldn't you?

Probably...

if I find true love.

You know?

The kind that lasts forever.

If there is a forever.

Good point.

But really, Rosa...

I think we should

do something...

about the bomb.

You know, protest.

I think we should pray.

Gosh.

Thank you.

Rosa?

Isn't that Mum's?

So?

- Where are you two going?

- To a meeting.

What kind of meeting?

A meeting to ban the bomb.

It's called the Campaign

for Nuclear Disarmament.

YCND.

What's the "Y" for?

Young.

Well, good for you two girls.

That's marvelous.

Don't you think so, Nat?

Roland would be pleased.

Just don't get back

too late, Rosa.

- You've got to help me with the little ones. - I haven't got to do anything.

God, if there was

a man around...

- You'd be lucky.

- Rosa!

Speaking of which...

when was the last time

you did any washing up, Ginger?

But I've hardly been

here for any meals.

Well, exactly.

Where have you been?

I had a letter from your school.

It was embarrassing.

Embarrassing.

How terrible.

Especially given that the

world might blow up...

which none of you

seem to understand.

Are you quite sure

about that, darling?

Oh, Mark, I didn't mean you.

The question is what to do.

Or, as Engels puts it,

"What is to be done?"

Nuclear weapons

do not protect us.

They threaten our

very existence.

The missiles on bases

here in Britain...

are hundreds of times

more powerful...

than those used in Hiroshima.

We have to take direct action.

We must do everything we can

to stop this madness.

The government can't ignore it if there

are enough people on the streets.

So how do we get people out?

How do we get people out of their

homes and marching with us?

You back there.

Well, girls?

Haven't seen you here before.

What do you say?

Do you think the politicians
will listen to us?
In my...
In my dream I heard
the warning.
"You have three
minutes left," it said.
"Go and tell the others.
Tell the others now. "
How could I not
suspect something?
You're never here.
I'm here now.
- Tell me.
- For God's sake.
"Tell the others now,
this morning. "
Don't tell me what's enough.
Oh, God, Natalie!
Or... Or you...
"Or you soon...
will all be dead. "
"Or you soon will all be dead. "
Ta.
What on earth is that crucifix
doing round your neck?
Rosa and I went to church.
- Church?
- Once.
She wanted me to.
You do realize that
God is an invention.
Sort of.
Every man needs to struggle
for his own authority, Ginger.
For autonomous thought.
Which is why you mustn't
listen to a word I say.
Well, exactly.
I autonomously decided
to go to church with Rosa...
to see what it's like.
- It's a bit kitsch.
- Rosa gave it to me.

Did she now?
What was it like?
It was sort of exciting,
like going to the theater.
Then we went to a meeting.
- What kind of meeting?
- Ban the bomb.
That's my girl.
See, you're an activist,
not a supplicant.
But don't you think...
you know, people need
something to believe about...
what happens when you die?
The concept of life after
death is a superstition...
designed to keep people happy with
their limited existence in the present.
The only life is the
one we have now...
which is why we must seize it...
and live while we
have the chance.
Good point.
Maybe
Tuesday will be
My good news day
We'll build a little home
Just meant for two
From which I'll never roam
Who would?
Would you? #
Where's Roland?
I don't know.
I never seem to know
where he is anymore.
Want a cup of tea, Mum?
Thank you, darling.
- Who's that with Roland?
- The jazz band?
No, the girl.
Blonde one sitting next to him.
A student or something.
Mum's not too happy

about it at the moment.
You could consider
eating it, Ginger.
How's school, by the way?
Or are you still not really bothering
with that at the moment?
Is that why you
asked me round?
Did Mum ask you to talk to me?
Don't be silly.
We always love seeing you.
Anyway, I thought
you might like to meet Bella.
- She's asked for dish soap.
- What?
What's dish soap?
It's American.
Washing-up liquid, Ginger.
Bella washes her
hair with dish soap.
It's because she's from
New York, you see.
Don't listen to him.
That's got nothing to do with it?
- I'm teasing. I'm teasing.
- Coming!
There you are.
Good girl.
So much nature,
right in the city.
It's civilized.
The English need their parks so that
they can get away from each other.
It must be the strain
of being so nice.
Even the ban-the-bomb
march was polite.
- Were you there too?
- Of course we were.
- I didn't see you.
- Well, so many people, darling.
We were right up at the front.
It was led by a vicar, Ginger.
- A vicar!

- A canon, actually.
No, a vicar with a cannon.
Yes, Canon Collins.
A worthy Christian.
A good man, actually,
despite his beliefs.
Oh, bravo!
So I gather from
your two godfathers here...
that you might be
a militant, like me.
Good for you, Ginger.
Can't you thank me?
Even one word?
I made you a pie.
Your favorite.
Yeah, I noticed.
And?
Thanks.
Is that it?
Is that all you
can say to me?
Thank you very much indeed.
Is that what you want?
What's wrong with
wanting my cooking to be noticed?
Nothing.
I don't believe...
this performance.
It's just not you, Nat.
So why don't you come out with it?
Come out with what?
If you want to shame me
again with this display...
- But I didn't say anything.
- But you meant it.
And as I tell my students,
say what you mean.
I'm not your student.
I'm your wife.
Have you forgotten?
The martyred wife
finally comes out with it.
- With what?

- The accusation.

Roland, I...

- Why do you...

- Why do I what?

Nat.

Nat.

Why do you twist my words?

You make everything seem
as if it's my fault.

Why can't you just be normal?

Normal?

What the hell is normal?

You know bloody
well what I mean.

Natalie, please.

Please.

How can I enjoy eating in this
atmosphere of resentment?

And how can I enjoy cooking
when you just gobble it up?

Oh, for God's sake.

I've been working all day.

But I made it for you.

There's emotional
blackmail again.

If the transitory nature of cooking
and eating offends you so much...

then why don't you take up
your painting again...

and make something
for posterity?

And with what?

I'm scraping to pay the bills,
with the money...

Yes, with the money I earn.

- But it's not enough for paint.

- Get a job!

Why don't you sod off
to your bloody yacht?

It's a boat.

It's a small boat.

Your bloody boat with some
blonde student again...

for all I know.

Anyway, what kind
of job could I get?
Roland's moving out.
They're separating.
Again.
Not that it'll make
any difference.
He's hardly ever
at home anyway.
At least you have a dad...
who takes you out and stuff.
I'm sure he wouldn't mind if
you came with me this weekend.
You don't want me tagging along
with your beloved Dad.
Don't be silly.
But anyway,
I have a Roland, actually.
- He won't let me call him Dad.
- I know.
You told me.
Lots of times.
Did I?
Did I also tell you
he says the word "dad"...
makes him think of
slippers by the fire...
and other bourgeois
death traps?
He has a point, of course.
What's Natalie's view
on death traps?
She just bursts into tears...
as usual, when he
says stuff like that.
Which he then says is...
Emotional blackmail.
Rosa!
Rosa, can you bring
the girls up now?
Hello.
Our mothers are pathetic.
They don't believe
in anything.

Or do anything,
more to the point.
Except moan about stuff.
At least your mum has a job.
Cleaning?
You call that a job?
She hates it.
She moans on and on.
Roland really hates
the moaning thing.
It's no wonder.
- No wonder what?
- It's no wonder they can't keep their men.
What could be
better than this?
Isn't she marvelous?
Am I right, girls?
It's lovely.
It's so romantic.
Indeed.
There is a poetry in small spaces,
isn't there?
Confinement can be
utterly beautiful...
but only if it's a
matter of choice.
What do you mean?
Well, what I mean is...
a prison cell,
on the contrary...
is the ugliest expression
of minimalism.
It must have been
really terrible.
Ginger told me about it.
Did she?
We tell each other everything.
I have nothing to hide.
Prison was pretty brutal.
First they strip you
of your clothes.
And then,
if you dare to protest...
they strip you of

all human contact.
But the worst thing
about solitary confinement...
is not that they make you feel
like an abandoned child...
but that you start to
doubt your beliefs.
I understand.
The Soviet defense
minister said today...
that their missiles could,
with one blow...
wipe off the face of the earth...
the industrial centers
of the United States.
The British government
has announced...
that nuclear missiles located on Royal
Air Force bases in the United Kingdom...
are capable of the ultimate
retaliation against any Soviet attack..
Did you hear that?
- What?
- About the missiles.
He always does that.
Especially with Schubert.
What do you think
I should say?
Who to?
Roland.
Why are you writing to Roland?
Well, I want to tell him
that I understand him.
You know, like sometimes
in your soul...
it's like you... you feel
someone else's pain.
I can't decide whether
to start...
with "Dear Roland"
or "Dearest Roland. "
What do you think?
Tutti frutti, oh, Rudy
Tutti frutti

Tutti frutti, oh, Rudy
Tutti frutti, oh, Rudy
Tutti frutti, oh, Rudy
Got a gal named Sue
She knows just what to do #
- Fancy a drink?
I got a gal named Sue
She knows just what to do
She rock to the east
She rock to... #
Oh, Ginger.
You and Rosa.
Oh, go away!
You don't understand.
Ginger!
You came to my school.
I saw you.
My teacher told
me you said...
there should be more so-called
domestic science lessons.
Is that what this is all about?
How could you?
You wanted me to learn
housework... at school.
Listen, Ginger.
When I had you,
I was a teenager.
A teenager.
I didn't know how to
boil a bloody egg.
Roland never lifted a finger
to help with anything.
- That's not my fault!
- Listen to me.
I just don't want you
to struggle like I did.
But I'm never going
to have any babies.
Never.
I don't want to be like you!
So bugger off!
You and Rosa are
turning into little sluts.

Anyway, I'm going to
go live with Roland.
What are you
talking about?
Hello.
Is Roland in at all?
Follow me.
- Visitor, Roland.
- Thanks.
What a surprise.
Is everything all right?
Yes.
Absolutely.
Is Nat doing all right?
Not too many scenes or anything?
Not too many.
Good.
I'll put the kettle on.
Here, have a seat.
The thing is...
I was wondering...
Yes?
If, for example,
there was any room...
I mean, I don't know.
It may not be feasible at all.
- Room?
- Here.
Well.
Jesus, Ginger.
It's a bit of...
You, here?
I suppose I could ask Roger.
But look, you do realize,
of course...
I'm working more
or less nonstop...
and that this is a completely
unsuitable environment for you...
in every possible respect?
Absolutely.
Are you quite sure that this move
is a wise idea, Ginger?
How old were you when

you left home, Mark Two?
Well, I was about your age.
But I had to go.
My mother was an
absolute monster.
You see?
Nat is not a monster.
Not to you.
Anyway, Mark...
your mother was, in fact,
as I understand, not a monster...
- but a gangster.
- Yes, yes.
Was she a happy gangster?
Oh, my darling,
darling Ginger.
Nat is unhappy, darling...
but it's not because of you.
But was she always unhappy?
- When she was my age.
You knew her then. - I did, yes.
Did she cry all the time
before she had me?
Well, she was troubled, darling.
But then, we were all troubled.
It was wartime.
Must have been an
absolute nightmare.
You know, bombs falling
all the time, everywhere.
I mean, nothing was secure.
Nothing.
What's the difference?
We could all die tomorrow.
We could, Ginger.
For sure.
We could.
- Bella.
- Well, she's right.
It is getting serious.
But I don't want to die.
I want to grow up
and do things.
And you will, honey.

You will.
My darling Ginger...
can't you be a girl for
a moment or two longer?
You'll be a woman soon enough.
Roland replied to my letter.
Did he?
What did he say?
He said he was very touched.
He has such deep feelings.
- Such fierce feelings.
- I know.
- And he's a pacifist.
- I know.
Well, I think it's really noble.
- It's evil to kill.
- Well, exactly.
It's one of the
Ten Commandments.
Thou shalt not,
et cetera, et cetera.
- You sound a bit cynical.
- Absolutely not.
But I don't need a commandment
to work that one out.
I think there are
times for action...
to stop total death.
Look, Rosa.
I totally admire my
father in every way...
but I'm just not sure...
Is it really so noble to decide
not to fight someone like Hitler?
- Mark says...
- You're always quoting Mark.
And you're always
quoting Roland these days.
Mark told me he chose
not to fight in the war...
because he didn't
want to kill anybody.
He was an ambulance
driver instead.

But Roland was in prison...
for being a conscientious
objector.

I know.

He's my father.

And I'm going to go live with
him starting this week.

And I'm going sailing
with him next weekend.

Do you want to come?

Actually, he thought
you should, probably.

What do you mean, should?

Best room in the house.

Small, but...

perfectly well-formed.

Happy?

I'll put the kettle on.

"This is the way the world ends.

This is the way the world ends"...

"Not with a bang"...

"Not with a bang"...

Bella will not be parted from her work
in progress under any circumstances.

Well, there are certain things
that one must hold on to.

But don't you think occasionally
there's an argument for letting go, dear?

Don't be fooled by such
phony modernity, Ginger.

Letting go.

Please.

But surely even a poetess...
should be able to relax enough
to enjoy her soup...
especially if it's been
made by Mark.

But one is not a poetess,
Mark Two...

just as one is not a "doctoress"
or a "physicistess. "

Here we go.

No, this is not a
matter of principle...

but one of precise language.
Names are word objects
and must be given due respect.
Well, that's an interesting
concept, Bella.
By the way, I am curious.
I understand why you have
this adorable nickname... Ginger.
But what's the name
on your birth certificate?
My father named me...
Africa.
Africa!
Any particular reason?
He said it was in honor of Freud's theory
of the dark continent of woman.
Oh, dear.
Freud.
Is this the famous Roland who
holds us all in his theoretical spell?
Well, let's just stick
with Ginger then, shall we?
Although you could always
move on to Scarlet in due time.
As in flame, not O'Hara.
That's a good name
for an activist.
How's all that going,
by the way?
I'm thinking of joining
the Committee of 100, actually.
I agree with Bertrand Russell.
And what do you agree with?
About direct action.
He says the danger of nuclear war
is too great for lawful protest.
So you think marching's not enough?
It may not be enough
to save us...
you know...
from total extinction.
Where are you going?
To a restaurant.
Where are you going?

To a meeting.
See you later then.
So you're coming back here?
Maybe.
Do you want to try?
This crisis is taking the world...
to the brink of catastrophe.
The Russians have put their
missiles on Cuba, as we know...
as part of this deadly battle...
with the United States
for world supremacy...
that could end with
no world at all.
And what is our government
doing about it?
They tell people to put sandbags
over their windows and stay indoors.
Meanwhile, the government have built
top secret bomb shelters underground.
But only enough space
for themselves.
Then who will be left for them to govern?
Everyone else will be dead.
Burnt to cinders.
I think it's immoral.
You know,
to use precise language.
Let me guess.
You shouldn't really be in here.
You're still at school,
aren't you?
Some of the time.
Don't worry.
I'll buy you a drink.
A pint and a half, please.
Thanks.
Anyway, I learn more at these
meetings than I ever do at school.
That goes without saying, I think.
Thanks.
Thanks.
Are you a student?
I'm at art school.

Do you draw?
Yes, definitely.
Sometimes.
But I think I'm more
of a poet, actually.
Are you?
My mum used to be
a painter though.
What's her name?
You wouldn't know it.
She gave it up,
you know, to have me.
I live with my father
now anyway.
He's a pacifist.
He writes articles and stuff.
Anything I might have read?
"The Idea of Freedom. "
He's your father?
Ginger, want to try it?
Think it might be done.
You sure you don't want any?
No, I'm fine, thank you.
I've already eaten.
- That's not bad.
- Who's the chef?
We made it together...
me and Ginger.
Mutual aid.
This is good.
Communist cooks.
How marvelous.
- Anarchists, I think.
- It's Italian, actually.
Bolognese.
Oh, there's lots of
anarchists in Bologna.
You...
are a thing of beauty, Rosa.
Oh, Ginger.
Ginger.
- Look, Mum...
- How is everything?
Can I stay the night tonight?

I'm not moving back or anything.
You're painting again.
Yes, I am.
And a bit of studying...
now that...
Well, that's good.
But I could make up your bed.
Aren't you happy
at Roland's...
after going on and on about wanting to
live with him instead of boring old me?
I never said that,
about being boring.
But of course I'm
happy over there.
It's really interesting.
It was just a thought anyway.
Don't bother with the bed or anything.
I was just passing.
Made you some supper.
What time is it?

About 2:

or so.
Somewhat late.
But I cooked it.
You said you were hungry.
Well, I was.
You're not going to eat it?
Oh, yes.
Yes.
Looks delicious.
I didn't know you could cook.
Nor did I.
Look, I know it's all
got a bit complicated.
Perhaps I can never be the
kind of father you really want.
I'm not sure I'm
father material, really.
Oh, but you are.
I never said I wanted
anything different, did I?
You've never complained

about anything, really.
You're not a moaner,
as a rule, thank God.
But look.
Things have been difficult
for me with Nat...
for a long time.
One day you will
understand that...
real love...
when it comes...
is like a siren call.
One simply has no choice...
and one must surrender.
But listen.
I am aware...
that...
perhaps you might
not be entirely happy...
with the situation.
How could anyone be happy...
when you know
about the bomb?
Happiness is not
really an option...
when you know the whole world
could be blown to pieces any minute.
You are a good girl.
You're a born radical...
unsurprisingly.
Listen.
I think it's probably best if you
don't say anything to Nat...
about the times with Rosa
on the boat, and so on.
I'm sure we'd agree on this.
...prematurely or unnecessarily...
risk the cost of worldwide
nuclear war...
in which even the fruits of victory
would be ashes in our mouth.
But neither will we
shrink from that risk...
at any time it must be faced.

I have directed the armed forces
to prepare for any eventualities.
It shall be the policy
of this nation...
to regard any nuclear missile
launched from Cuba...
against any nation in the
Western Hemisphere...
as an attack by the Soviet Union
on the United States...
requiring a full retaliatory response
upon the Soviet Union.
The cost of freedom
is always high...
but Americans have
always paid it.
And one path we
shall never choose...
and that is the path
of surrender or submission.
I dreamed there was
a wall of flame.
I screamed because
I was to blame.
I looked around.
No night, no day...
no sky, no ground.
Nothing to say.
Sorry I'm late.
We were talking and talking.
I didn't notice the time.
- It was so...
- Intense.
Right.
Well, it was.
And I think...
I think Roland is wounded.
What do you mean?
What's happened?
Wounded emotionally, I mean.
And spiritually.
I think I can help him.
Help him?
How can you help him?

- We have a lot in common, you know.
- Such as?
Such as the fact that his mother
left him when he was little.
You know,
like my father left me.
What a way to bond.
Well, yes, actually.
We understand each other.
He confides in me.
Anyway,
what are you writing?
A poem...
about the end of the world.
Haven't you heard?
- Heard what?
- About the crisis.
Remember those
missiles in Cuba?
What missiles?
Where have you been?
Don't you care about
the future anymore?
Not everyone can save the
whole world like you, Ginger.
Some of us have to concentrate
on just one person.
- You can't save my dad.
- Why not?
Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are?
You can't stop a war if there's going
to be one. It's in the hands of God.
That's convenient.
Whose hands are you in then?
Just wait.
He'll dump you too
when you're older.
No, he won't.
He will.
He will.
We didn't want to tell you.
Didn't want to tell me what?
What?

What didn't you
want to tell me?
I think...
I'm pregnant.
There are persistent reports...
that the American government is about to
make a sensational move in the Cuba crisis.
Lord Bertrand Russell,
in a statement released today said...
"While life remains to us...
we will not cease to do
what lies in our power...
to avert the greatest calamity...
that has ever
threatened mankind. "
Ban the bomb!
Ban the bomb!
Look out!
Police!
Sit down!
Everybody sit down!
Gate!
Block the gate!
Everybody block the gate!
Bella!
Ban the bomb!
Ban the bomb!
Ginger!
Yes, it's me.
- Are you all right?
- Yeah.
My God, you're shivering.
Lean on me.
This could get rough. Okay?
Hang on tight.
Ban the bomb!
Ban the bomb!
Ban the bomb!
Move!
Bella!
Bella!
Ginger!
Ban the bomb!
Ban the bomb!

Ban the bomb!
Ban the bomb! Ban the bomb!
I am a doctor.
You can speak freely to me.
Look, I can't help you
unless you talk.
Do you understand?
You seem depressed.
Are you depressed?
Then speak.
Are you the girl's mother?
No.
No, I'm not.
- Where is the mother?
- She doesn't know her daughter is here.
Then is one of you
the girl's father?
We're family friends.
We've come to take her home.
Well, she needs help.
All this protesting is a front, you know.
The girl may be
seriously mentally ill.
Oh, for Christ's sake.
Maybe she's justifiably worried...
about the possibility
of a nuclear holocaust.
Have you considered that?
Just talk to us, darling.
Come on.
Did they hurt you?
Ginger, you must tell us.
Please say something.
Okay, listen.
I've asked Anoushka
to bring Rosa over.
Thought maybe you'd talk to her,
if you don't want to talk to us.
- Don't make that face at me.
- Nat, don't.
- But I care about her and I...
- You don't care!
Actually,
I think she does, sweetheart.

She doesn't care that
the world might end.
Of course I do!
I'm on your side, Ginger.
You don't know anything.
Well, what else
doesn't she know?
Ginger?
I can't say it.
I'll explode if I say it.
No, you won't, sugar.
It's all right.
- Speak it out.
- I can't.
We're all going to die!
You said it!
No.
No, I said we could.
A nuclear war would probably
obliterate us all if it happened...
but that's not what
you mean, is it?
Then what is it you
can't say, Ginger?
What can't you say?
That...
That...
Roland is...
Roland is sleeping...
with Rosa.
What?
Rosa?
Is it true?
I knew it.
I knew something was
going on and you...
- It's all my fault.
- No, no. Of course it's not.
How long has
this been going on?
Oh, for God's sake, Natalie.
Let go of me.
Let go of me!
Got to get ahold of Anoushka.

I don't want to see Rosa.
I don't want to see that little bitch!
I've got to get out onto the streets.
The leaflets...
- No, not now, darling.
- Oh, yes, now!
Don't you understand?
The world may be about to end.
- It's all right.
- Do you see what you've done?
What right have
you to judge me?
I've spent my entire life...
fighting against tyranny.
Congratulations.
Not only the tyranny
of government...
but also the tyranny...
of the "shoulds" and the "oughts"
of so-called normal family life.
Oh, how fucking convenient.
And who the fuck are
you to lecture me?
We've only just met.
And not that it's any of your business,
but Natalie and I are separated.
You have a child together.
She's no longer a child.
Ginger may be grown
up enough...
to try to save us all from
nuclear catastrophe, Roland...
but she's also young enough
to still need some looking after.
Listen.
Autonomous thought,
personal truth, freedom of action.
- You believe in those, don't you, Mark?
- Yes, of course I do, but...
Well, these have been
my guiding principles.
I deeply believe in them,
and I was jailed for them.
Don't you see, Ginger?

There would not even be the possibility
of nuclear war, or any war...
if millions of men had been prepared to
stand up against authority, as I did...
and refuse to join the army...
refuse to take orders.
It's mindless obedience
that's the killer.
I've broken the rules.
All the rules.
Because someone
has to say no.
Mark, please, no.
Nat, ducky, we've got to get this
sorted out, for once and for all.
Come on.
Come. Come.
Oh, Ginger.
She's sleeping with Roland.
- Who?
- Rosa.
What?
Rosa?
With Roland?
Is it true?
Rosa?
Answer me, Rosa.
- Why should I?
- Because I'm your mother.
I didn't notice.
Do you think Mum's all right?
Come.
Come.
Nat?
Nat, darling.
Nat.
Can we come in?
Right.
We're coming in.
Nat, open the door.
Nat, open this door!
Natty, open up!
Roland!
Come quick!

Darling, come on.
Come on.
Mum!
Nat.
Nat.
Oh, darling.
Call an ambulance.
Ginger.
Forgive me?
Please?
We had a dream...
that we would always
be best friends.
When we were born...
for some it was the end.
Now it seems there
may not be tomorrow.
But despite the horror...
and the sorrow...
I love our world.
I want us all to live.
Now, Rosa...
you've asked me to forgive.
One day...
if Mum survives
this bitter night...
then we shall meet again...
and I will say...
I loved you, Rosa.
Don't you see?
But we are different.
You dream of everlasting love.
Not me.
Because what
really matters...
is to live.
And if we do...
there will be nothing
to forgive.
What are you writing?
Oh, a poem...
about the future.
I'm sorry, Ginger.
I'm so sorry.

But I'll forgive you anyway.
titler