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Hilary and Jackie

By Frank Cottrell Boyce

Hello.

Yes. I'll get her.

Yes. I'll tell her.

All right. Bye.

I've got a message
for you.

A secret one.

When I was but 13 or so,
I went into a golden land.

Cimbarozo Cotopaxi
took me by the hand!

Over the Orinoco...

across the blazing

Kalahari desert...

through the untamed
grasslands of the veldt.

What is it?

What did she say?

What did

she say that for?

It's all right.

I don't mind.

Everything's going
to be all right.

hilary & jackie

Hils, wake up.

Mummy's made a new song
for us to play.

B-flat. Listen.

Big waves...

rolling in 3/4 time.

When you hear me change
to the major chord,

I want you to dive down
under the sea.

Dive down

under the waves.

You're just

silvery fishes

swimming in and out

of the seaweed

in 6/8 time.

And... watch out,

here comes the shark!

"Dear Mrs. Du Pr,
"we are planning
"to broadcast
a children's performance
"of the toy symphony by..."
Haydn.

Very good.

"We would be delighted
if you would conduct
"and if your daughter
Hilary
would agree to play
the flute part."

It's from the BBC.

Jolly good.

Jolly good.

Well done,
hullabaloo.

Ha ha.

What about me?

If you practice hard enough,
maybe next time.

But I want to come
this time.

I want to be
with Hilary.

Couldn't she just
come along for the ride?

It's an orchestra, Derek,
not a Clapham omnibus.

Jackie, that is quite
uncalled for!

You're spoiling
Hilary's special day.

If Jackie can't come,
I won't go.

Follow the score, girl.

Don't gawp at the soloist.

I really can't
apologize enough.

Oh, not at all.

Worth any amount
of trouble
to get

young Hilary.
She's really
very special.
Yes, I realize that.
Your sister's
a remarkable girl.
You must be
very proud.
Oh, we all are.
Terribly proud.
Good-bye.
I am never going to go through
anything like that again.
If you want to be with Hilary,
you have to play as well as her.
If you want
to be together,
you've got to be
equally good.
Do you understand?
Yes.
Supper's
ready.
So I should think
we should leave some
money on the doorstep
for the burglar to take
so he wouldn't get in
anymore.
What do you think?
well, I think...
And the first prize
goes to the Du Pr sisters,
Jacqueline and Hilary.
Well done!
One for you.
One for you.
Shall I take that
for you?
In the woodwind category...
a very clear winner...
with the highest number
of points ever awarded
in this section

at this festival...
Hilary Du Pr.
Come along.
We had no difficulty at all
in choosing the winner
in the string section,
even though we were
a little unnerved
by the candidate's rather...
over emphatic
bodily movements.
I think this must be
the first time
that our winning soloists
have been sisters.
The judges were unanimous
in choosing
miss Jacqueline Du Pr.
Ladies and gentlemen,
we have many more awards,
so I beg for you all
to sit down just...
She does move about
a bit.
She looks like one of
these Bobby Soxer types.
I must say that's my fault.
They did a lot of music
and movement
when they were younger.
Excuse me. Can I have
a picture, please?
Yeah, you, too, sir.
That's lovely. Yeah.
Nice big smiles.
Hils! Hils!
Come over.
Is this one of yours?
Does she play?
Oh, yes.
Hilary won as well,
didn't you, dear?
We can have
a family portrait.

Right.
Could you hold your flute
up where I can see it?
Smile then.
Your sister's
a remarkable girl.
You must be very proud.
Oh, yes, we are.
Terribly proud.
Smile then!
Well, then...
be good.
We'll collect you
in an hour.
Be good.
Yes.
Now...
let's see
what you can do.
An hour today,
and then
see how it goes.
Oh.
There.
Well, now,
this is nice.
No.
Try that... that lifting,
that upbeat
before the 3 quavers
with an up bow.
Like... like so.
I like him.
He's my cello daddy.
I want to come every day.
Can I come every day?
Do you mind?
We shall have
to get a car.
Oh.
That's it.
She's ready.
Mrs. Du Pr,
what do you think

of a debut recital
at the Wigmore Hall?
Marvellous.
I've spoken
to Ibbs and Tillet...
they'll handle the publicity
and the tickets...
and to Ernest Lush.
He'll accompany her
on the piano.
Oh.
She's playing flat.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I'm afraid that my "a" string
has come loose,
and I'm going to have
to re string my cello
and start again.
Well, at least
it wasn't my "g" string.
I do wish she'd keep
that head still.
Looks so flamboyant,
all that hair flying
about the place.
Oh. There she is.
They want me to play
at a wedding in Italy.
It's a princess' wedding.
You will come, won't you?
I'd be terrified alone.
Congratulations.
You were wonderful.
Oh, thank you.
Um, excuse me, everyone.
Attention, please.
Thank you.
Jackie's debut
went very well.
I'm sure you would agree.
And to mark the occasion,
a very generous friend
who wishes
to remain anonymous...

has offered her this.
It's one of the finest
cellos ever made.
It's called the Davidov.
The magic
is in the varnish.
So you must
keep it away
from the extremes
of temperature.
Another problem
is the insurance.
So don't let it
get out of your sight.
It will give you
the world, Jackie.
You must give it
yourself.
Fratello Othello.
Spaghetti.
Spaghetti.
Spaghetti Fra Gola.
Si. Fra Gola.
Si?
Si.
Uffici de ponte.
Ah.
Uffici de Firenze.
Firenze?
Capri.
Ah, Capri
bellissimo.
Si, bellissimo!
Si, bellissimo!
Si, fortissimo!
The bubbles are so...
Ok.
Here's to Hilary and Jackie
and all who've seen enough.
Mmm.
Hils, look.
Wow.
We're in heaven.
Oh, put that

bloody light out.
hilary
Excuse me.
Have you seen
my sister?
Is your sister
Jacqueline Du Pr?
Yes.
She'll be in Berlin
by now.
She's playing the Haydn
cello concerto in c.
Oh.
You going back
to London?
Yes. I suppose so.
Oh. Stop, stop,
stop, stop, stop.
What is this blasted
jig ging about?
Stand still, girl.
Stand still.
It is impossible
to produce a proper tone
without proper
deportment.
You have no technique.
That's all right.
Technique can be taught.
We just have to go back
to the beginning
and start again.
Cancel any concert dates
you may have outstanding.
Yes, Mr. Bentley.
Oh, Hilary...
how is your
marvellous sister?
I'm not sure.
She's away at the moment.
In Russia.
Oh.
That's it,
old boy...

keep trying.
That's it!
Ooh.
I felt that.
Listen.
Well done, boy.
What is it?
That is radio Moscow.
This is what Jackie
will be hearing
if she's listening
to the wireless.
No.
No.
No!
No!
No!
Instead of rehearsing
this piece,
I just want you
to practice playing
b-flat.
Just the note b-flat?
The note.
Just the note.
Parcel from Jacks,
everybody!
Want help?
Well, open it!
Can't open it.
Hils...
can't break it.
Here, Hil.
Let me.
It's her washing.
I suppose
it must be difficult
getting her washing done
in a foreign country.
Good afternoon,
ma'am.
My niece
is a student.
Embouchure.

Embouchure.

Miss Du Pr.

Yes?

I was wondering, could I
book you for a concert?

No, it's not me you want.

It's my sister.

But you're

Hilary Du Pr...

the flautist?

Yes.

Yes, it's you I want.

The Bach b-minor.

Oh.

Oh, I'm sorry.

I'm not allowed
to play concerts
until
after my exam.

Oh. Well,

when's your exam?

Right now,

as a matter of fact.

Oh, well, in that case,
I'll wait.

Please.

Good.

Good.

Good.

Would you like to try
that for us again,
please, Hilary?

Again.

Again.

Miss Du Pr.

Look, do I get my booking?

Oh, I'm terribly sorry.

You ran off.

I followed you home.

Oh.

You don't mind,
do you?

No...

as a matter of fact.

I'd ask you in, but, um...
it's a bit awkward.
My sister's just come home.
All right.
Best go in.
What do you think
you're doing?
Well, if you're not going
to invite me to tea,
I shall just have to make
a nuisance of myself.
You c...
Do you know...
I'm starving.
Ooh.
Come here.
Ohh!
Hello.
Who's this?
Kiffer Finzi.
I'm in love
with Hilary.
And you're
Hilary's sister.
What do you do?
I'm a musician.
Oh, following in Hils'
footsteps, are you?
Are you any good?
Hello!
Kiffer Finzi. Very
pleased to meet you.
You don't mind
if I start, do you?
Exams really do give
you an appetite.
Your exam!
How did it go?
Oh.
Famously. She's been offered
professional bookings.
5 quid to do the Bach b-minor
next week in Newbury.
Isn't that right?

Yeah.
You must be very proud of her.
Yes, I am.
Mmm. These are delicious.
Absolutely throwing it
there outside.
I got soaked.
Shall I be mum?
Oh, a nice cup of tea.
I just screamed.
It was so embarrassing.
So, have you
been with him?
No.
Of course not.
No.
Why? Have you been
with somebody?
I'm thinking my answer,
and you're going to have
to read my mind.
All right.
Oh, my lord, you have.
You study in scarlet!
What about you,
Hils?
Been with anyone?
Now you'll have
to read my mind.
Oh, poor Hils.
Maybe one day.
Then again, maybe not.
"Hilary Du Pr is a flautist
of immense expressive
"as well as technical ability.
She obviously has
a great future ahead of her."
Does it mention
Jackie?
Why? She wasn't playing.
I wonder if I might ask you
to keep your voice down.
Jackie's asleep.
What, she's here?

Yes. You've met.
She should get up,
read the review!
No, you mustn't wake her.
Kiffer.
Where's he going?
Come on!
Up, out of that bed!
Your friend is making
rather a lot of noise.
Up, up!
Look. Read.
Oh, we're off
to the pictures.
Can I come?
No, you can't come.
It's a date.
We're going to see
Jules et Jim.
Sounds French.
Where's it playing?
In France.
It's by Francois Truffaut.
It's playing at the Scala
on Wardour street.
That's in Soho.
Yes. I thought we could
go to Maison Bertaux,
seeing as we're
in a French mood.
You do realize there
are white slavers
working
in that area?
Hmm?
No self-respecting man
would ask a woman
to go to such a place.
It's out
of the question.
I'm sorry.
It's completely
out of the question.
Well...

no chance of a lift, then?

Come on.

Jacks.

Jacks.

Kiffer's asked me
to marry him.

What?

Kiffer's asked me
to marry him.

Well, what do you think?

Well, that's just silly.

Look, Hils. You don't
have to marry him.

Do you know
what that is?

That, my dear,
is a Dutch cap.

It's a contraceptive.

Is it really?

Hmm.

Where did you get it?

Doc fitted me up.

Oh, come on, Hils.

Let's get a flat
together and go bonkers.

We could have all
the men we wanted to.

I'm going to Marry Kiffer.

I love him.

He loves me.

He does not love you.

He just wants to get
into your knickers.

You don't have
to get married

every time

you fancy a screw.

That's what these
are for.

I want to get married.

Well,

you can't marry him.

You can't just leave me.

I'm not leaving you.

You're not here anymore.
You never will be again.
Haven't you heard?
I'm giving up the cello.
Oh, don't be silly.
I can do what I want.
But you don't know anything
apart from the cello.
I don't know anything
apart from the flute.
We're babies, Jacks.
Kiffer laughs at me.
Then why are you
marrying him?
Because he makes me
feel special.
That's a big swizz,
because the truth is...
you're not special.
I thought you'd be
happy for me.
This is nice.
Hi.
Good god.
What on earth
are you wearing?
It's fab, isn't it?
Danny bought it for me.
This is Danny,
by the way.
Danny,
this is daddy.
Daddy-o.
Barenboim.
I thought he was
from Argentina.
Surely that must be
a German name.
I think it must
be Jewish.
Oh.
Oh, dear.
I had a large breakfast
this morning.

He's a pig.
I have got plenty more.
Piers, dig in.
Anyway, mummy,
we're really desperate
to get married,
but lord knows when
we'll have the time.
Of course. It's best not
to rush these things.
I'm completely
booked up until may.
And Danny's
booked up...
June.
He's such a show-off,
but he's very handsome.
Of course, we only
really meet in airports.
We're going to do more
joint bookings together.
Sort of a duo,
like the Beatles.
There are 4 Beatles,
actually.
Are there?
Mm-hmm.
Oh.
Anyway, when we do
get married,
we're going
to get married
somewhere
wildly romantic
like the wailing wall
in Jerusalem.
Don't you have to be Jewish
to be married there?
Yes, that's right.
I'm going to be Jewish.
I'm having lessons
already.
Instruction, not lessons.
Oh.

So, what do you think?
Why are you talking funny?
Am I?
Nobody becomes Jewish.
I know for a fact you can't
just convert to Judaism.
Bye-bye now.
Leave it to me.
Honestly,
I can sort it out.
Oh, uh...
She can't possibly be
Jewish, for god's sake.
She's blond.
They call them
the Arthur and Guinevere
of music's Camelot.
The blossoming romance
between Jacqueline Du Pr
and the Argentinean pianist
Daniel Barenboim
has taken the world
by storm.
Up a bit higher.
That's it.
Oh, I can see them now.
Miss Du Pr astonished
the British public
with her brilliant rendition
of Elgar's cello concerto.
Piers!
Fresh from a triumphant
series...
You've ruined it now.
The couple has just
announced their engagement.
Miss Du Pr is converting
to Judaism.
And they plan to wed
in Barenboim's adopted
home of Israel
in the golden city
of Jerusalem.
Both asleep.

Coming.
Mmm.
Mmm.
Aah!
Oh, they're freezing!
Cold fingers are
very stimulating.
No, they're
bloody well not.
Shh.
What?
Oh, ok.
Here we go.
Mind your head.
Your nose is cold, too!
Someone's coming.
They can't be.
Well, they are, you know.
Jackie.
Oh, darling.
Why didn't you tell us?
Do I have to walk
all the way down there?
Come on.
Ok, yes, please.
So, Hilary, listen.
Oh, no, I've forgotten
it now. Shit.
How does it go?
Oh, I know this,
I know this.
Oh, yes.
Dvorak.
Yes.
Absolutely.
You two are telepathic.
It's true.
It's true.
Oh, rubbish.
Do another one.
All right.
Ok.
You listening?
I know this. This

is dies Natalis
by Kiffer's father.
All right, go on.
Do another one.
Ok, um...
don't tap it.
Just think it.
Ok.
All right.
You really got me
by the kinks.
Absolutely.
You're just
saying that.
No, it's true.
We always know what
the other one is thinking.
You know what
I'm thinking now,
don't you, sis?
Not really.
Yes, you do.
No, I don't.
I'll tell you.
No.
I mean, just tell me.
I want
to sleep with Kiffer.
You don't mind,
do you, sis?
We always did say
that we'd share
everything, remember?
What?
What is it?
Nothing. I think
we should all go to bed.
I don't want
to go to bed.
I could stay up
all night.
Well, you have
to be very careful,
'cause it's very easy to

stand on one, isn't it?
Why don't you look
around there?
I think you might be
standing on one.
I'm just going over
to the Williams' place
for cheese, luv.
I'll come with you.
I thought you had jet lag.
The walk will help.
Why don't you two
go together,
and I can get on
with the gutters?
Fine.
Actually I'd just
as soon stay here.
Me, too.
It's settled, then.
Kiffer goes off
for the cheese
and we stay here.
I'll get the fucking
cheese, all right?
I think you should
go with her.
Why?
'Cause she doesn't
know the way.
Jackie!
Jackie!
Jackie!
Jackie!
Jackie!
Jackie!
Jackie!
Jackie!
Jackie.
Get away from me!
You don't love me!
Don't fucking love me!
All I want is a fuck.
Jackie.
Aah!

Come on.
All I want is a fucking fuck,
for fuck's sake!
It's ok.
Ohh!
It's all right.
No.
We have to.
No, we don't have to.
Why would anyone have to?
Because she's my sister.
Yes, well,
I think you'll find
that this is not
the sort of thing
that sisters normally
ask one another.
Because I'm scared.
Yes, well,
she doesn't scare me.
I'm sure it would
just be the once.
Just the once, huh?
I wouldn't have asked.
Any particular position?
She just needs proof.
Proof of what,
for god's sake?
Proof that
somebody loves her.
She just went.
Didn't say a word.
Didn't...
cancel
her engagements.
How does she
seem to you?
Well, she has been acting
a little oddly.
It's beautiful.
I can see why
you wanted to come here
instead of Los Angeles.
Don't worry about

the cancellations, by the way.
I've seen to them.
Everyone was
very understanding.
No one wants to put
pressure on you,
so don't worry.
So...
Which is the daddy?
Which one?
There's a slate mine
on the other side
of the mountain.
Kiffer,
look what Theresa's found.
Will you excuse me
a moment?
Is that the one
with that one?
I was thinking...
if Kiffer and Hilary
can do it, so can we.
We can buy a house
near here if you like.
It would cost
next to nothing.
We could have all we needed.
We could have a little studio,
rehearsal rooms,
phones.
We could have a helipad.
What do you say?
I try to give her
everything she wants.
I don't know
what she wants.
Do you know
what she wants?
Not really.
Look after her,
won't you, Kiffer?
That's better.
It's just us again.
You know you

can't have toast.
I don't know why
you keep asking.
Daddy, I want toast.
Toast?
Toast? I want
toast, too.
Could we
have toast?
I haven't had a chance
to light the fire yet.
Well, we'll light
the fire, won't we?
Let's light the fire.
Yes.
There.
Take some of these
and put them
on the fire.
I feel a million dollars
this morning.
That was exactly what
the doctor ordered.
Oh, thank you, Hils.
You don't mind, do you?
No, of course not.
Well, here we all are.
Wouldn't it be wonderful
if we could stay
like this forever?
Get this one.
You get that one.
Come on. Throw some more
logs on the fire.
Come on! Throw it!
Come on,
throw it, throw it,
throw it, throw it!
Come on!
Come on!
Come on!
Come on, let's go.
Here, Kif.
Come on.

Come on, sweetie.
Kif, what are you doing?
I'm kissing you.
It's me... Hils.
I know.
You're my wife.
What about Jack?
What about her?
Ok.
What if she wakes up?
Look, I don't care.
Oh, that's good.
Oh, shh, shh. Shh.
Kiffer, shh.
Kiffer.
Kiffer.
Oh, god.
Kiffer. Shh.
Stop. Get off me.
Get off me.
Get off me!
She'll never
talk to me again now.
You've got to start
saying no to her.
The more you give her,
the more she wants.
You've got to start
saying no to her.
I've given you
everything.
Ever since we were little,
everything you've asked for
I've said yes.
Jackie, listen.
Jackie...
Jackie...
I'm sorry.
Cimbarozo Cotopaxi
took me by the hand...
over the Orinoco...
across the blazing
Kalahari desert...
through the untamed

grasslands of the valley.
We're in heaven.
Oh, put that
bloody light out.
jacki
Psst.
Psst.
Come. We must go.
You have a plane.
What?
Your plane to Germany
for your concert tonight.
What about my sister?
She will be taken
to her England plane.
It's all arranged.
You must hurry.
Very good.
Romantic.
We understand this.
Really?
I'm afraid I don't know
a bloody word, frankly.
Please?
Danke.
Bitte.
Ich bin ein Hamburger.
Yeah.
Wunderbar!
Oh, um, I'm sorry,
I'm sorry. Wrong number.
Entschuldigen.
Hello, mummy.
Is Hilary there? Can...
oh, sorry. Uh, sorry.
S-sorry, no, wrong number.
Sorry.
Fantastico,
fantastico, querida.
Casals was in
the audience tonight.
He was most impressed.
We would be honoured
if you'd join us for supper.

Oh, I'd love to.
Only the problem is,
is that I stink.
Excuse me?
Um, well, the sweat
just runs off me
when I'm playing.
What about Pablo?
Does he have
the same problem? Look.
Excuse me, um...
my clothes are dirty,
and I'd like to wash them.
Uh... wash, yes?
Um, dirty.
Washing?
S^. Lavadero.
Well, there's no plug,
and it's too small.
No. Lavadero.
Lvelo all.
Lo siento mucho, seora.
Look, look, is there
a washing machine?
Ay, esos ingleses...
Shut up!
The maestro's
pleased to see you.
He thinks you're going
to be a great cellist.
He wants to know
if all is well.
Do you have
happiness here?
Gosh. Yes. Heaps of it.
It's just, um...
it's just the cello.
Well, it's silly, really.
I just don't want
to be a cellist after all.
Well, I never asked
to be a cellist, you see?
It's all just a big cock-up.
One day, I was just playing,

and then the next day,
I was booked up
for the next 2 years.
I hate the cello,
if you want to know.
I think I understand
this wrong.
Yes.
Thank you.
Home.
This is what my home
smells like.
Aah!
Hello!
Who's this?
Kiffer.
Kiffer Finzi.
I'm in love
with Hilary.
I shan't be very late.
I came back
to see you.
I shan't be long.
It was terribly funny.
I'm going to get a job,
and I'm going to be
an ordinary person like you.
You couldn't be
ordinary in a million years.
And you don't know anything
apart from the cello.
I don't know anything
apart from the flute.
Jackie, we're babies.
Kiffer laughs at me.
Then why are you
marrying him?
Because he makes me
feel special.
You don't understand
that because...
you don't have anybody
to make you feel special.
That's a big swizz.

Because the truth is
that you're not special.
If you think that being
an ordinary person
is any easier than being
an extraordinary one,
you're wrong.
If you didn't have
that cello to prop you up,
you'd be nothing.
Who's that?
Hey, Freud.
You like Freud?
Yes. He'd be a lot better
if he hadn't invented
the atom bomb, though,
wouldn't he?
Are you
Jacqueline Du Pr?
Yes, I am.
I've heard about you.
I'm Daniel Barenboim.
I've heard about you, too.
Really?
What have you heard?
I heard that you had
glandular fever.
That's right.
It's very infectious,
isn't it?
So you'd better
keep your distance.
Oh, it's not infectious.
It's contagious.
You have to have
bodily contact
with the other person.
So you can talk to me,
but you can't kiss me.
Jackie.
You left this
in the cab.
Silly girl.
Thank you.

So, you are a musician?

Yes, I am a musician.

You know very well

that I'm a musician.

A very famous musician,
actually.

Well, you don't look
like a musician.

So what are musicians
supposed to look like, then?

They're not
usually so blond.

Danny, we should go.

I have to go.

I'd love to talk to you
sometime

about glandular fever.

Paderewski medal.

Beethoven medal.

You name it.

Well...

I won a talent contest
in Camden.

And I won in Purley.

Where's Purley?

Oh, you wouldn't
know it.

Moscow.

I won in Moscow.

I made miss Mouncey cry.

Who is miss Mouncey?

Who is miss Mouncey?

Who is miss Mouncey?

She's my math teacher.

What about you?

Did you ever
make anyone cry?

Mmm... no. I never
made anyone cry.

Thank you.

I'm sorry I treated
you so badly.

I should've known
you'll never

let me down.
Now that, that's how
to play Beethoven.
It's too slow. You're
coming in too slow.
No, you're too fast.
You're throwing it away.
No, you have
to do it again.
I think I'll decide
the tempo.
Are you all right?
Yeah. I just got
cold hands.
Here.
Listen to that.
It sounds like
you're running for a bus.
I've never run
for a bus in my life.
To keep
your hands warm.
Oh, Danny.
She's very vigorous
with the bow, hmm.
So there has to be
an unusual amount of room
under the arm, here.
And, ha...
sweat, sweat
is the main problem.
So that the seams have to be
a lot stronger than normal.
I understand.
I'm sorry.
It's all right.
They'll love it.
How are we going
to do the thing
without
those 2 girls?
I called for them
3 or 4 times.
Danny, have you seen

my pills anywhere?
I've lost my pills.
I don't know
where your pills are.
Oh, come on.
Shit.
Don't worry
about the pills.
I can't play
without the pills.
Of course you can play
without the pills.
The pills have no effect
on you whatsoever.
I found them.
Would you still love me
if I couldn't play?
What?
Would you still love me
if I couldn't play?
You wouldn't be you
if you couldn't play.
No, I want to know.
Our bodies
sway to music.
Oh, brightening
glance...
how can we know...
the dancer
from the dance?
But don't you wish sometimes
that you couldn't play,
that you could
just be ordinary?
Like what?
Live in the country?
Making bread?
Feeding chickens?
Playing once a year with
a bunch of amateurs?
How dare you insult
my sister like that.
I wasn't insulting her.
Well, at least

she chose her life.
Not like you and me.
We're just trained freaks.
Look, let's just
get in the cab
and then talk about it.
I wasn't being rude.
Why didn't you tell us
you were coming?
Ha ha.
I can't get up.
What?
I can't get up.
Give it to me.
Danny.
I've got
a fatal illness.
But you mustn't worry,
'cause I've got it
very mildly.
Hmm.
Look, uh...
what if she
won't see you?
Of course she'll see me.
I'm her sister.
I'm so relieved
that it's only M.S.
I know it's serious,
but I thought I was
going mad.
Hello, Jacks.
It's good to see you.
Hilary.
Ha ha.
Oh.
My sister here
will tell you.
This country bumpkin here
is my sister.
This is dame Margot Fonteyn.
She's a friend of mine.
It's an honour to meet you,
dame Margot.

Oh, please.
My sister will tell you
I was behaving
in the strangest way.
But, you know,
all that's happening
is that my nerve-endings
are damaged or something.
And I might have to go
into a wheelchair.
Oh, no.
But not for ages.
It takes years.
And it happens
in fits and starts.
And they're on the brink
of a cure anyway.
Well, who'll look
after you, then?
It's just Danny's so busy,
isn't he?
And, well,
the flat's all wrong.
Kif and I have
talked about it...
dame Margot has very kindly
offered to lend me her flat.
You see,
it's in Kensington.
I can't really be hidden
away in the country, can I?
Hilary keeps chickens.
She used to be a musician,
but now it's all chickens
and children, isn't it?
I would so like
to have had children.
Hilary's got heaps of them.
In fact, if you want to
get yourself impregnated,
you should ask her hubby.
He's extremely fertile,
and if you ask her nicely,
she'll lend him to you.

She's never been
quite right
since she went to
Russia. I think...
do be quiet, Derek.
You don't think this means
she'll have to stop playing?
No. Of course not.
Bye, daddy.
Bye-bye.
This is all frightful,
but it's better
than going bonkers.
I was sure
she was going bonkers.
Ok. Want to do
this one again?
Yeah.
Careful, careful.
Oh, my god.
And... very good.
Shut up.
That's good. It's good.
It is good.
I'm going
to fall off.
I got offered
a job today.
I thought you
already had a job.
Move over.
I can't move over.
All right.
I'll move you over.
Ok.
Artistic director
of the orchestre de Paris.
Oh.
Oh.
In many ways,
it would be better than now.
You know I'd always
be in one place.
Not in Manchester one night

and Chicago the next, you know?

You're always
in the same place.

Yes.

Paris.

I know.

If it were London...

no, of course you should
do it. Of course.

Paris isn't that far.

You could come home
a lot.

We'll think about it.

It'll give me a chance
to practice my French.

I've been working
very hard

on my languages,
actually.

That's good.

Joder. Do you know
what that is?

I think so.

It's Spanish for fuck.

And putain,
that's French for fuck.

And fican, that's
German for fuck.

And quievare
is Italian for fuck.

And kamamayu...

do you know
what that is?

Swahili.

I just wondered how you
were getting on without him.

I'm not without him.

He comes home every weekend.

Anyway, it'll be easier once
I start playing properly again.

Besides,

I get heaps of visitors.

Look at all the flowers.

What's that?

Oh, that's
my new push chair.
But you don't need
a wheelchair yet.
Oh, I see. I suppose
if I ate differently
or I exercised more,
none of this would be happening.
It's all my fault,
is that it?
No. I was just surprised,
that's all.
Oh, it's all my fault.
It's all psychological.
If it's psychological,
it's your fault, mother.
I'm sure it's
nobody's fault.
Don't eat those cakes, daddy.
They're for my visitors.
Sorry, Jacks.
Am I a cello genius?
You know you are.
Danny, I just want
to play again.
I'll play
the fucking triangle.
I just want to make
music again.
Ok.
Leave it with me.
Oh, my goodness,
it's me.
Teaching
can be just as rewarding
as playing in its own way.
Don't you think?
What?
I said teaching can be
as rewarding as playing
in its own way.
Where's Hilary?
She had to leave early.
It's a long drive.

I want Hilary.
Right.
I'll go and see
if the car's here.
Margaret, the flowers.
Danny.
Mm-hmm?
I think
my hearing's going.
Very brave of her
when you think about it.
Can't so much
as bang a drum
unless the whole world's
looking at her.
I'm sorry. I think we
ought to go and see her.
If we go back now,
it'll be quieter.
I'd like to see her.
I wish you would
go and see her.
You haven't been to see
her in such a long time.
She'll have
heaps of visitors,
and she doesn't
want to see me.
She seemed so unhappy.
Well, mother, that is
hardly surprising.
But she was happy.
And now she says she wasn't.
I thought if you could
show her this...
what for?
Well, as evidence.
It might remind her.
Mummy, everyone smiles
for photographs.
Hello, Danny?
Hi. How are you?
Great.
I'm missing you.

Listen, I won't be able
to get home this weekend.
Mahler...
I've always hated Mahler.
Now I hate him more.
Perhaps next week
I'll get home.
I hope so.
What was that?
What?
I heard a noise.
What sort of noise?
It was nothing.
It's probably my hearing
playing up again.
It sounded like
a baby crying.
I see.
It must be my hearing
playing up again,
wasn't it?
I'll call you later.
You bastard.
Where's Hilary?
She's...
the children
have got a virus,
and they didn't want
you to catch it.
Typical.
When...
you play...
everyone...
loves you.
When you stop...
you're alone.
I'm sure it's not quite
that bad, Jacks.
Unh. Look at this.
Music and movement.
Oh...
oh, for heaven's sake,
stop crying.
I don't understand

what she wants.
I think she's in
some sort of pain.
There are things you want
to say. I can see that.
But you cannot say them.
We cannot understand them.
But there is someone
who hears your thoughts.
Do not worry.
God hears them all.
He hears
your every thought.
Aah!
Yes?
Uh, it's Hilary.
Jacqueline's sister.
Oh, I see.
This is
my brother Piers.
Hello.
Isn't this
shocking weather?
Yes.
Well,
where's she going?
We can't get
anything down her.
I've been trying
for days.
May I try?
Shh, shh, shh.
It's Hilary.
That's it.
Up we go.
Come on.
There. Good.
Thought you
weren't watching.
Come on.
Still in there
somewhere, Jacks?
Come on.
Hmm?

Still in there
somewhere?
Good girl.
Good girl.
When you love someone,
you find that pictures
of them stay with you
all the time
in your heart.
Pictures of the way
you think of them
when you think of them.
With mummy,
it's that day
you broke the drum
at the BBC.
Whenever you think
you've lost that person,
you start
with a picture
and then you
find them again.
You want to know
what I think of
when I think of you?
When people say
Jacqueline Du Pr to me,
I think of
a day on a beach
a long time ago.
Long before you
played the cello.
Before that
Jacqueline Du Pr
or this one.
And we were
playing a game.
When I was but...
13 or so...
I went into
a golden land.
Cimbarozo Cotopaxi
took me by the hand,
over the Orinoco...

across the blazing
Kalahari desert
through the untamed
grasslands of the veldt,
over the steppes...
and home.

Do you remember what you
said to me that day, Jackie?
You said that everything
was going to be all right.
And in the end, it was.

Hundreds
of roads are blocked,
and large parts of the rail
network are out of action.
The home secretary is chairing
an emergency meeting
to discuss ways of dealing
with the emergency.

The cellist Jacqueline Du Pr
has died at her London home.
She was 42.

Jacqueline Du Pr...
oh, god.

And won several awards
before rising to the top
of her profession.

She will be
particularly remembered
for her performances of
Elgar's cello concerto.

Stop the car, Piers.
Stop the car!

Oh, god!

Jackie!

Hil, where are you going?
When I was but 13 or so,
I went into a golden land.
Cimbarozo Cotopaxi
took me by the hand...

over the Orinoco...
across the blazing
Kalahari desert...
through the untamed

grasslands of the veldt...

over the steppes...

and home.

What do you want?

Nothing.

Just to see you.

Bye.

Jackie.

I just wanted

to tell you

that everything is

going to be all right.