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Four Weddings and a Funeral

By Richard Curtis

- Good morning, Mrs. Statons.
- Morning, madam.
Late! Late!
At last.
Sorry we're late.
Put it in the back.
Oh, fuck! Fuck!
Fuck!
Oh, fuck!
Fuck! Right, we take yours.
It only goes 40 miles an hour.
What turnoff?
Better not be the B359.
It's the B359.
Fuck it!
Fuck!
Fuck.
Come on.
Fuck!
Fuck.
Fuck.
Fuck!
Fuckity fuck.
Bugger.
You look fine.
Is it twisted?
Hello! You look lovely.
Hello, Charles!
There's a greatness to your lateness.
It's not achieved
without real suffering.
I am so, so sorry.
I'll kill myself after the service,
if that's any consolation.
Doesn't matter. Tom was standing by.
Thanks, Tom. You're a saint.
And a disastrous haircut.
You haven't forgotten the rings?
No.
Hate people being late.
Here we go.
Oh, isn't she lovely?
Scarlett, you're blind.
She looks like a big meringue.

Dear friends, what a joy it is to
welcome you to our church...
...on this wonderful day
for Angus and Laura.
Before we start the service,
let us all join together...
...in the first hymn.
And did those feet...
... in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green
And was the holy...
... Lamb of God
On England's pleasant...
... pastures seen
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon...
... our clouded hills
And was Jerusalem...
... builded here
Among those dark satanic mills
Scarlett.
Dearly beloved, we are
gathered here...
...in the sight of God and in
the face of this congregation...
...to join together this man
and this woman in holy matrimony.
Which is an honorable estate...
...instituted in the time
of man's innocence.
- Back in a sec.
- If any man can show...
...any just cause or impediment...
...why they may not be lawfully
joined together...
...let him speak now or forever
hold his peace.
Do you promise to love her...
...comfort her, honor and keep her
in sickness and in health...
...and forsaking all others...
...keep thee only unto her for as
long as ye both shall live?
I do.

To love and to cherish...
Till death us do part.
...till death us do part.
Thereto, I pledge thee my troth.
And thereto, I pledge thee my troth.
Do you have the ring?
With this ring, I thee wed.
With this ring, I thee wed.
With my body, I thee worship.
With my body, I thee worship.
And with all my worldly goods,
I do thee endow.
And with all my worldly goods,
I thee endow.
If I speak with the tongues of men
and of angels, but have not love...
...I am become a sounding brass
or a clanging cymbal.
Good point.
You know I can't smile without you
Can't smile without you
I can't laugh and I can't sing
I'm finding it hard to do anything
You see, I feel sad when you're sad
I feel sad
I feel glad when you're glad
If you only knew
What I'm going through
Great hat.
Thanks. I bought it specially.
There.
Get in position, please.
Thank you. Smile.
Splendid, I thought.
What did you think?
I thought, splendid.
What did you think?
Splendid, I thought.
Scarlotta, fabulous dress!
Ecclesiastical purple
and pagan orange...
...symbolize the magical
symbiosis in marriage...
...between heathen and

Christian traditions?
That's right.
Lovely. And again.
Any idea who the girl
in the black hat is?
Name's Carrie.
She's pretty.
American.
Interesting.
Slut.
Really?
Used to work at Vogue.
Lives in America now.
Only goes out with
very glamorous people.
Quite out of your league.
Well, that's a relief. Thanks.
See you there.
Off you go.
Right. Reception.
Bye! Bye!
Anyone else tread in a cowpat?
No, thought not. See you in a mo.
Do you think I'd hate him as much
if he wasn't my brother?
Don't want to blow chances for romance
by smelling of dung at the reception.
Oh, God. I never know what to
say in these wretched lineups.
It's a cinch. Give a big, warm
hug and say the bride looks pregnant.
Or stick with tradition,
"You must be very proud."
Heaven preserve us.
You must be very proud.
Thank you.
Hello.
- Hello.
- Hello.
- Hi, we've met. It's Richard Maples.
- Oh, yes.
Bastard.
- Hello, Bern.
- Hello, Chuck.

Two, please.

- You have fun, now.

- Take care.

Oh, hello.

Hi.

- You want one of these?

- Oh, thank you.

- I...

- Hello, Charles.

Hello, dear John. How are you?

Good. This is...

Carrie.

- Delighted. I'm John.

- Hi, John.

How's your girlfriend?

She's no longer my girlfriend.

Don't be too gloomy. Rumor is she
never stopped bonking Toby de Lisle.

She's now my wife.

Excellent.

Excellent. Congratulations.

Excuse me.

Any kids or anything, John?

Do we hear the patter of tiny...
...feet?

No.

Well, there's plenty of time for
that, isn't there? No hurry.

Hi. How are you?

My name's Fiona.

I'm Gerald.

What do you do?

I'm training to be a priest.

Good lord!

Do you do weddings?

No. No, not yet.

I will, though, of course.

Jolly nerve-racking.

Yes, rather like the first time
one has sex.

Well, I suppose so.

Rather less messy, of course.

And far less call for condoms.

Who's that boy

over there in the gray?
His name's David.
Something of a dish, isn't he?
Well, I've always thought so.
Why are they?
- The dish can't hear.
- Oh!
Gosh.
Yeah, silent...
...but deadly attractive.
Bang, bang, bang. That's it.
Into the marquee, please.
Dinner is served.
How do you do?
Hello, Tom. Splendid to meet you.
Very exciting.
Hi.
My name's Scarlett.
Don't let me drink too much,
because I'll get really flirty.
How do you do? My name is Charles.
Don't be ridiculous.
Charles died 20 years ago.
Must be a different Charles.
You're saying I don't know
my own brother?
No, no.
Ladies and gentlemen, sorry to
drag you from your desserts.
There are one or two little things
I feel I should say as best man.
This is only the second time
I've ever been best man.
I hope I did the job okay
that time.
The couple in question are at least
still talking to me.
Unfortunately, they're not actually
talking to each other.
The divorce came through
a couple of months ago.
But I'm assured it had absolutely
nothing to do with me.
Apparently, Paula knew Pierce slept

with her sister...
...before I mentioned it
in the speech.
The fact that he slept with her
mother came as a surprise...
...but I think was incidental to
the nightmare of recrimination...
...and violence that became
their two-day marriage.
Anyway, enough of that. My job
today is to talk about Angus.
And there are no skeletons
in his cupboard...
...or so I thought.
I'll get to that in a minute.
I'd just like to say this:
I am as ever...
...in bewildered awe of anyone
who makes this kind of commitment...
...that Angus and Laura
have made today.
I know I couldn't do it...
...and I think it's wonderful
they can.
So back to Angus and those sheep.
So, ladies and gentlemen,
if you'd raise your glasses.
- The adorable couple.
- Yes!
The adorable couple!
The adorable couple!
Get one for me, Angus!
The first time I saw
Gareth on the dance floor...
...I feared lives would be lost.
She's a pretty girl.
The one you can't take your eyes off.
Love at first sight?
No, it's the bloke she's dancing with.
I played rugby with him at school.
I'm trying to remember what
position he played.
Though, let's say for
the sake of argument...

...one did take a fancy to someone
at a wedding.
Do you think there are people
who can just say:
"Hi, babe. My name's Charles.
This is your lucky night"?
If there are, they're not English.
Quite.
Three weeks is about
my question-popping minimum.
You know I love you,
Jean, don't you?
I love you.
I love you.
And Mike, I've never met you before...
...but I love you very much.
I really do.
Ignore her, she's drunk.
At least I hope she is.
Otherwise, I'm in real trouble.
How's it going, Lyds?
Bloody awful.
Oh, dear. What's the problem?
I was promised sex.
Everybody said it:
"You'll be a bridesmaid, you'll get
sex. You'll be fighting them off."
But not so much as a tongue in sight.
Well, I mean, if you fancy...
...anything.
I could always...
Oh, don't be ridiculous, Bernard.
- I'm not that desperate.
- No, right. Of course.
Fair enough.
It's a good point.
Bye!
Have a lovely, lovely time!
Bye!
Where are you staying tonight,
Charles?
Scarlett and I are at some pub.
The Lucky Boat, something like that.
Aren't we all?

No. Slight change of plan.
The others are coming
back to my place.
Nansy's there. Might cook us eggs and
back over a late-night Scrabble.
Wondered if you'd like to join.
Yeah, great. Thanks very much.
Is there room for Scarlett?
Oh, absolutely.
Tommy, are you the richest man
in England?
No, no!
I believe we're about seventh.
The queen, obviously.
And that Branson bloke's
doing terribly well.
Well, excellent news.
I'll go tell Scarlett.
Yeah.
That's...
...unless you get lucky first.
Forget about it! Get out of it!
Get out. Go on!
Hi.
Hi. Hi! I thought you'd gone.
Not yet. I was just wondering
where you were staying tonight.
Well...
I was staying at some pub called
The Lucky...
...Boat or something like that.
- Boatman.
Right.
But now I'm going to stay at some
friend's house with some friends.
Well, I think enormous castle is
a more accurate description.
That's too bad because
I'm at The Boatman.
Well, it was nice...
...not quite meeting you.
It was a great speech.
Thanks.
Well, I'm going now.

No! No, no, don't go.
We can meet now.
The evening's just getting going.
We both know that's a big lie.
Fuck.
The castle beckons, I think, Tom.
Are you sober?
Absolutely. Orange juice all night.
Come on.
Bye, everybody!
Bernard!
Stand by your man
Wah, wah, wah, wah
And tell the world
You love him
And give him
All the love you can
Stand by...
Tom, can you stop the car?
Stop the car!
Sorry. Sorry.
I just think I might...
...stay in that pub after all.
Why on earth?
No, seriously. I'm researching
pubs with "boat" in the title.
I hope to produce the definitive work.
- Please yourself.
- It's a silly thing, you know?
Right.
Odd decision.
Hello.
Hi.
Hi.
Turned out there wasn't
room for all of us.
You said it was a castle.
No, it is a castle.
It's just a very, very small one.
Tiny. Just one up,
one down, which is rare.
Drink, sir?
Yeah. I'd like a glass
of whiskey, please. Thanks.

- Do you want?
- Yeah, sounds good.
- Make another one for the lady.
- Doubles, sir?
Thanks.
You here too? How are you?
Hello. I'm fine.
- Haven't seen Carrie, have you?
- Who?
Carrie. American girl.
Lovely legs.
Wedding guest. Nice smell.
No. Sorry.
Damn. Blast.
I think I was in there.
If you see her, could you
tell her I've gone to my room?
Yeah, yeah.
- Your whiskey, sir.
- Thank you.
And one for the...
Road. Lovely.
I think I might have one.
Mind if I join you?
No. It'd be lovely.
Another glass of whiskey
and a cigar.
Hold on. Make that a bottle.
We might as well settle in. Let's
see if we can push on till dawn.
- Lovely wedding.
- Yes, yes.
I was at school with his brother
Bufty. Tremendous bloke.
He was head of my house.
Buggered me senseless.
Taught me things about life.
Where you know him from?
University.
Splendid. Splendid. Yep.
I didn't go myself.
I couldn't see the point.
When you're working the money markets
what use is Wordsworth gonna be?

Excuse me. Your wife says,
"Could you come upstairs at once?"
Room 12, in case you can't remember.
- My wife?
- Yes, sir.
Oh, my wife! My wife!
You are drunk. You can't
remember you got a wife.
Yeah, yeah.
- Do you mind if I?
- No, no. Off you go.
- Best of luck.
- Thanks.
Lucky bachelor me, I'll have another
search for that Katie creature.
- Carrie.
- That's the one. Damn fine filly.
I think I'm in there.
- Hi.
- Hello.
Sorry about that.
That's fine.
He was hard to get rid of.
Yeah.
So...
Maybe we could just...
...skulk around here
for a bit, and then...
...go back down.
Now that's a thought.
I don't usually skulk a lot...
...but I suppose I could skulk if
skulking were required.
Do you skulk regularly?
No. No, I don't normally...
...think of myself as a skulker,
but...
Well, why don't you come in
and skulk for a while...
...and we'll see.
I noticed the bride and groom
didn't kiss in the church...
...which is kind of strange.
Where I come from, kissing is

very big.
Is it? Yes, well, you're right.
We probably are more reserved.
"You may now kiss the bride," isn't
in the book of common prayer.
I always worry I'll go too far
in the heat of the moment.
How far do you think
too far would be, then?
Oh, I don't know.
Maybe...
That would be all right.
That would be fine.
In fact, it might be
a bit dismissive.
Maybe this...
...would be better.
Yeah, I think it would be dangerous
to take it any further.
I mean...
You know...
That might be taking it
a little far.
What about this?
You think the vicar would think things
had slipped a bit out of his control?
I think he might.
This kind of thing is really
better suited...
...to the honeymoon than
to the service itself.
Why do you think
it's called a honeymoon?
I don't know. I suppose it's...
..."honey" because it's sweet
as honey.
And "moon" because it was
the first time...
...a husband got to see
his wife's bottom.
What's happening?
I have to go.
- Where?
- America.

That is a tragedy.
Just before I go...
...when were you thinking of
announcing the engagement?
Sorry. Whose engagement?
Ours.
I assumed since we slept together,
we'd be getting married.
What did you think?
What?
I...
Gosh, you know, that...
...takes a lot of thinking about,
that kind of thing.
Obviously, I'm...
You're joking.
God! For a moment there, I thought
I was in Fatal Attraction.
I thought you were Glenn Close and I'd
find my pet rabbit on the stove.
No.
But I think we've both missed
a great opportunity here.
Bye.
Oh, fuck!
Fuck.
Fuck.
Fuckity, fuck.
Fuck. Fuck!
- Car or taxi?
- Taxi. We could never park.
Car seems a good idea.
- Fuck.
- Fuck.
Leave it. No one will notice.
Well...
...sorry I'm late. Traffic.
Yeah.
Who is it today?
One more, please.
They're ready to go.
In the name of the Father...
...and of the Son...
...and of the Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Let us pray.

Father, you have made the bond of marriage a holy mystery...

...a symbol of Christ's love for His church.

Hear our prayers for Bernard and Lydia...

...through your son, Jesus Christ our lord...

...who lives and reigns with you...

...and the Holy goat.

Ghost.

One God, forever and ever. Amen.

It's his first time.

He's a friend of the family.

- Excellent.

- Bernard and Lydia...

...I shall now ask if you freely undertake the obligations of marriage.

Bernard, repeat after me:

I do solemnly declare...

I do solemnly declare...

...that I know not of any lawful impediment...

...that I know not of any lawful impediment...

...why I, Lydia...

...why I, Bernard...

Sorry.

Why I...

...Bernard Godfrey

Saint John Delaney...

Why I, Bernard Geoffrey

"St. John" Delaney...

...may not be joined in matrimony...

...to Lydia John Hibbott.

...may not be joined in matrimony...

...to Lydia Jane Hibbott.

Lydia...

...repeat after me:

I do solemnly declare...

I do solemnly declare...
...that I know not of any
lawful impediment...
...that I know not of any
lawful impediment...
...why I, Lydia Jane Hibbott...
...why I, Lydia Jane Hibbott...
...may not be joined in matrimony...
...may not be joined in matrimony...
...to Bernard Geoffrey...
..."St. John" Delaney.
...to Bernard...
...Geoffrey...
...St. John Delaney.
I call upon those persons here
present to witness...
I call upon those persons here
present to witness...
...that I, Bernard...
...Delaney...
...that I, Bernard Delaney...
...do take thee,
Lydia Jane Hibbott...
...do take thee,
Lydia Jane Hibbott...
...to be my awful wedded wife.
...to be my lawful wedded wife.
That's r... That's right.
May almighty God bless you all.
The Father, the Son and the
Holy spigot... Spirit.
Amen.
Bravo!
Bravo!
Bravo!
Thanks.
- We're coming, Bernie.
- Up here!
Sorry.
Sorry. Sorry.
That way? Yes, of course.
- Sorry. Could you two...
- Tom, don't go away.
Sorry.

I've got a new theory
about marriage.
Two people are in love, they live
together, and then suddenly...
...one day they run out
of conversation.
Totally. They can't think of
a single thing to say to each other.
That's it. Panic.
Then suddenly...
...it occurs to the chap that there is
a way out of the deadlock.
- Which is?
- He'll ask her to marry him.
Brilliant. Brilliant!
They've got something to talk about
for the rest of their lives.
You're saying marriage is a way
to get out of a pause in conversation.
The definitive icebreaker.
Tom, how's the speech coming along?
It's pretty good, I think.
Something for everyone.
Tears, laughter.
Excellent.
I think it's a very good
theory, Gareth.
There is another argument that it
has something to do with true love.
Now there's a thought.
Can I help you, sir?
Can I have three glasses
of brandy, please?
Hi.
Hello.
How are you?
Fine. Fine.
Yeah. Sorry, I'm overwhelmed
to see you.
Look, don't go back
to America. Please.
- Be back in two secs, okay?
- Okay.
Hi, Fi.

That's yours and yours.

See you in 5 hours.

- Something happened?

- Yes. This is a bloody great wedding.

Hi.

Well, you look perfect. In fact,
you probably are perfect.

- Well, how are you?

- I'm really well.

Charles, I'd like you
to meet Hamish, my fiancé.

Excellent.

Excellent.

How do you do, Hamish?

Delighted to meet you.

Charming to find Carrie back here.

It took lots of persuading.

Come on, darling, I told James

I was getting you.

He'll think I've totally lost
control over you already.

I'll see you later.

How are you doing, Charles?

Not great, actually, suddenly.

I don't know.

I mean...

What the hell's going on here?

Why am I always at weddings...

...and never actually
getting married, Matt?

It's probably because
you're a bit scruffy.

Yeah.

Or it could also be because you
haven't met the right girl.

But you see, is that it?

Maybe I have met the right girls.

Maybe I meet them all the time.

- Maybe it's me.

- Oh, nonsense.

My lords, ladies, and gentlemen:

Dinner is served.

Come on. Odds on you meet
your wife at dinner.

Yes.
Oh, my God.
Charles?
Hi.
- Hello, I'm Alistair.
- Great.
And I believe you know Veronica.
Yeah. Hi, V.
Nicki.
Great.
Tell me, are you married?
No.
Are you a lesbian?
Good lord!
Well, what made you say that?
It's one of the possibilities for
unmarried girls.
It's a bit more
interesting than saying:
"Oh, dear. Just never found
the right chap."
Quite right.
Why be dull?
Thank you.
The truth is, I have met the right
person, only he's not in love with me.
Until I stop loving him,
no one stands a chance.
Bad luck.
Yes, isn't it?
I was a lesbian once at school...
...but only for 15 minutes.
I don't think it counts.
There are 400 different
kinds of tea...
...and that's not including all these
so-called fruit teas.
I took Veronica to India to
look at the plantations.
Excellent.
I believe you and her
went there once.
That's right.
Charles was vile.

He insisted on cracking jokes
while I was ill.
I was cheering you up.
You're that Veronica!
Which Veronica?
Charlie?
Remember Bombay?
When Charles and I were going out,
he told me he'd had...
...this interesting journey
around India...
...with Vomiting Veronica.
I think that was it.
I don't remember ever mentioning it.
Maybe I did.
Oh, come on, Charles.
I don't think I've been out
with anyone less discreet.
That's a bit of an exaggeration.
It is not.
I remember you going on
about this girl. Helena was it?
Her mother made a pass at you.
I remember this!
You couldn't work out if it would be
impolite not to accept her advances!
That's right!
Helena was Miss Piggy,
so her mother was Mrs. Piggy.
I think perhaps it was...
We've both lost a lot of weight
since then.
Ah, great. The speeches.
My lords, ladies, and gentlemen...
...pray silence for the best man.
When Bernard told me he was
getting engaged to Lydia...
...I congratulated him, because
all his other girlfriends...
...had been such complete dogs.
May I say we are delighted to have
so many of them here this evening.
I'm particularly delighted
to see Camilla...

...who many of you
will probably remember...
...as the first person
Bernard asked to marry him.
If I remember rightly,
she told him to sod off.
And lucky for Lydia that she did.
It's very disappointing.
We had the most adorable girl
at our table called Carrie.
Apparently her fiance's awfully
grand and he owns half of Scotland.
- How are you?
- I'm stuck in the wedding from hell.
Ghosts of girlfriends
past at every turn.
If I see Henrietta,
the horror will be complete.
Hello, Charles.
Hello, Hen. How are you?
Oh, Hen, I...
Why can't you leave her alone?
Haven't you hurt her enough?
Excuse me. I think I'd better be
where other people are not.
Hello.
Taxi!
Good night, sir.
Thank you.
I know. It's all right.
Oh, God, this is wonderful.
Please.
Oh, wait a minute. This is no fun.
I want to see my lovely husband!
Who's a very bad bridegroom,
indeed?!
- Have you got a boyfriend?
- Yes.
- What's his name?
- Dolph. He's good at table tennis.
What about you?
No. Afraid not.
Why not?
I don't know.

Because most of the blokes I fancy...
...think I'm stupid and pointless...
...and so they just bonk me
and then leave me.
And the kind of blokes that do
fancy me, I think are drips.
I can't even be bothered
to bonk them...
...which does sort of
leave me a bit nowhere.
What's bonking?
Well, it's kind of like
table tennis...
...only with slightly
smaller balls.
So good!
I love my wife!
And I love my husband!
Think we'd better be
getting back?
Or we could just wait a few minutes
and have another go.
Naughty...
...naughty little rabbit.
Found it.
Charles. Charles, we must talk.
Right. You're right.
The thing is, Charlie, I've spoken
to lots of people about you.
And everybody agrees
you're in real trouble, Charles.
Am I?
You see, you're turning into
a serial monogamist.
One girl after another, yet you'll
never love anyone...
...because you never let
them near you.
On the contrary, Hen...
You're affectionate to them
and sweet to them.
Even to me, although you thought
I was an idiot.
- I did not.

- You did.
I thought U2 was a type of submarine.
Well, their music
has a naval quality.
Be serious, Charles. You must
give people a chance.
You don't have to think,
"I must get married."
But you mustn't start relationships
thinking, "I mustn't get married."
Most of the time I don't think at all.
I just potter along.
Oh, Charlie!
Oh, God, the way you used
to look at me!
I just misread it, that's all.
I thought you were going to propose
and you were working out how to leave.
No, no. I wasn't.
Oh, God. This is ridiculous.
- Hen...
- No.
No, Hen! Hen!
No!
Having a good night?
Yes, yes.
It's right up there with my father's
funeral for sheer entertainment value.
I thought you'd gone.
No. Hamish has to take
the Edinburgh sleeper.
I'm off now. Keep me company?
Here, please.
You want to come up
for a nightcap?
You sure?
Yes. I think we can risk it.
I'm pretty sure I can resist you.
You're not that cute.
Sorry. Yeah, great.
Morning, Charles.
Breakfast's up.
Well, it's a bit burnt.
Excellent.

What are you up to today?

Oh, yeah.

I'm taking advantage of the fact that
for the first time in my life...

...it's Saturday and I don't have a
wedding to go to.

All I have to do
is not be late for David.

I'm gonna go for a job.

A shop called Spank
wants a sales assistant.

I think I'd be great.

They sell all this funny
rubber stuff.

Oh, no.

Another wedding invitation...

...and a list. Lovely.

Well, they say rubber's
mainly for perverts.

I don't know why. It's
very practical, actually.

You spill anything on it,
and it just comes off.

I suppose that could be why
the perverts like it.

You all right?

Yeah, yeah.

It's that girl, Carrie.

You remember...

...the American.

Excuse me. Sorry to interrupt.

Do you have the wedding list
for Banks?

Certainly, sir.

Lots of beautiful things for around
about the 1000 mark.

What about, things around the sort of
50 mark? Is there much?

Well, you could get
that pygmy warrior over there.

This? Excellent.

If you could find someone to chip in
the other 3950.

Or our carrier bags

are 1.50 each.
Why don't you just get
Yes, well, I think
I'll probably leave it.
Thanks very much.
You've been very...
What'd you get?
Blimey!
Well, I never.
Nothing yet. I'm just,
you know, deciding.
It's nice to see you.
It's nice to see you.
This present thing is great.
I should've gotten married years ago.
Did anybody go for the pygmy?
The young man was thinking about it.
Oh, no!
Just get me an ashtray.
Are you free for about a half-hour?
Yeah. I'm supposed to meet my
brother, but I can be a bit late.
Good, come with me. You have
an important decision to make.
It's crucial that you mustn't laugh.
Okay, right.
What do you think?
Divine.
Bit of a meringue?
Oh, don't worry.
We've only just begun.
What do you think?
You're kidding.
It would be wonderful, wouldn't it?
Maybe next time.
What do you think?
I knew it.
But with a staff, you
could mind sheep.
Don't be rude.
It's a bit sexy, this.
Well...
...if I were your husband,
I would die of pride.

You're right. It is dangerous.
There's nothing more off-putting than
a priest with an enormous erection.
One strange thing is thinking you'll
never sleep with anyone else.
You don't think
you'll be unfaithful?
No. Not once I'm married.
I told Hamish I'll kill him if he
does, so I better stick to that.
Quite right.
Anyway, I reckon I've had
my fair run at it.
What is a fair run these days
down your way?
Oh, I don't know.
More than one.
Well, come on.
Tell me.
I've seen the dress.
We have no secrets now.
Well...
The first one...
...of course not easily forgotten,
was kind of nice.

Two:

Three, four, five...
Six was on my birthday
in my parents' room.
- Which birthday?
- 17th.
We've only reached 17?
I grew up in the country. Lots of
rolling around in haystacks.
Okay, seven.
Eight, unfortunately, was
quite a shock.

Nine:

Very uncomfortable. Don't try it.
I won't.
Ten was gorgeous.
Just heaven, just...

Wonderful.
I hate him.

Eleven:

disappointing.
Twelve through 17:
The university years.
Sensitive, caring, intelligent boys.
Sexually speaking, a real low patch.
Eighteen broke my heart.
Years of yearning.
I'm sorry.

Twenty:

believe I've reached 20.

Twenty-one:

Twenty-two kept falling asleep.
That was my first year in England.
I do apologize.
Twenty-three and 24 together.
- That was something.
- Seriously?

Twenty-seven:

Now that was a mistake.
Suddenly, at 27,
you make a mistake?
Well, yes, he kept screaming.
It was very off-putting. I nearly
gave up on the whole thing.
But Spencer changed my mind.
That's 28.
His father, 29.
His father?
Thirty...
Thirty-one, oh, my God.
Thirty-two was lovely.
And then my fiance. That's 33.
Wow!
So I came after your fiance?
No, you were 32.
So there you go.
Less than Madonna, more than

Princess Di, I hope.
And you? How many have
you slept with?
Christ. Nothing like that many.
I don't know what the fuck I've been
doing with my time, actually.
Work, yeah, that's it, work.
I have been working late a lot.
I wish I'd rung you...
...but then you never rang me.
You ruthlessly slept with me twice
and never rang me.
Oh, bollocks!
Help me, please. Please.
Carrie, this is David, my brother.
Hi.
I was just telling him about
you marrying Hamish...
...and he said it couldn't have
happened to a nicer fellow.
- Where are you doing it?
- Scotland.
He says that's a beautiful place.
Hilly.
You should come to the wedding too.
I want many friends there to make
up for the stiffes that Hamish knows.
Well, you better go in.
Bye.
- Bye.
- Bye.
Fuck it.
Look.
Sorry, sorry.
I just, well...
This is a really stupid question...
...particularly in view of our recent
shopping excursion.
But, I just wondered
if by any chance...
Obviously not, because I'm a git
who's only slept with nine people.
But I just wondered...
I really feel...

In short, to recap in a slightly clearer version...
...in the words of David Cassidy, in fact...
...while he was with The Partridge Family...
...I think I love you.
I just wondered whether by any chance you wouldn't like to...
No, no, no. Of course not.
I'm an idiot, he's not.
Excellent. Excellent. Fantastic.
Lovely to see you. Sorry to disturb. Better get on.
Fuck!
That was very romantic.
Well, I thought it over a lot.
I wanted to get it just right.
Important to have said it, I think.
Said what, exactly?
Said...
...you know, what I just said about...
...David Cassidy.
You're lovely.
It was ordained for lifelong faithful relationship of conjugal love.
It was ordained for the welfare of human society...
... which can be strong and happy...
... only when the marriage bond is held in honor.
Into this holy estate...
...these two persons now desire to enter.
Wherefore if anyone can show any just cause...
...why they may not lawfully be joined together in marriage...
...let him now declare it.
Sorry.
Please rise.
Do you, Hamish...
...take this woman, Caroline, to be your wedded wife?

And do you, in the presence of God
and before this congregation...
...promise and covenant to be to her,
a loving and faithful husband...
...until God shall
separate you by death?
I do.

Do you, Caroline...
...take this man, Hamish,
to be your wedded husband?
And do you, in the presence of God
and before this congregation...
...promise and covenant to be to him
a loving and faithful wife...
...until God shall separate you
by death?
I do.

Fuck-a-doodle-doo.
- Awfully nice to meet you.
- Nice to meet you.

How do you do?

Hello.

You look beautiful.
- Not a meringue in sight.
- Thanks.

Blimey.

It's Brigadoon.

It's bloody Brigadoon!

Dear old things, as you know...
...I've always been proud there isn't
a wedding ring between the lot of us.
Over the passing of years, it's
suddenly beginning to distress me.
I'd like to go to the wedding of
someone I really loved, for a change.
Don't blame me. I've asked
practically everyone I know.
You haven't ask me.

- Haven't I?

- No.

Oh, Scarlett.

Would you like to?

No, thank you. It was very nice
of you to ask.

Well, anytime.
Quite right, Tom. That's the spirit.
Tonight, these are your orders:
Go forth and conjugate.
Find husbands and wives.
Excellent plan.
What do you think, Fifi?
Spot a potential hubby
in the throng?
- Bugger off, Tom.
- Quite right.
A toast before we go
into battle.
To true love.
In whatever shape
or form it may come.
May we all in our dotage

be proud to say:

"I was adored once too."
- True love.
- True love!
Apparently, an enormous number
of people...
...actually bump into their future
spouses at weddings.
Which is interesting.
Yes, I met my husband
at a wedding.
Good lord, I seem to have finished
my drink. If you'll excuse me.
Hello. My name's Scarlett.
Named after Scarlett O'Hara,
but much less trouble.
What's your name?
My name's Rhett.
No.
Not really!
No, not really.
In fact, it's Chester.
You kidder.
I always imagine Americans are going
to be dull as shit.
I mean, of course

you're not, are you?
Steve Martin's American, isn't he?
Yes, he is.
You're lovely.
Come on!
Hello, Charles.
Oh, Hen. Hi.
I'm sorry. I couldn't
really bear a scene today.
I know we probably
got tons to talk about.
Did I behave that atrociously
last time?
- Remember the shower scene in Psycho?
- Yeah.
Scarier.
Oh, God, I'm depressed, Hen.
How are you?
I'm cheerful, actually.
I weigh almost nothing.
And I've got a divine new boyfriend.
- Perhaps we should've married.
- Good God, no.
I'd have had to marry your friends.
I'm not quite sure I could take Fiona.
Fiona loves you.
Fiona calls me duckface.
Well, I never heard that.
Look, darling, come to lunch soon.
Give me a ring, okay? Oh, still cute!
How's duckface?
Good form, actually. Not too mad.
Ladies and gentlemen:
The bride and groom.
You like this girl, don't you?
Yes.
Yes, it's a...
It was a strange thing
when at last it happens.
And...
...she's marrying someone else.
How about you, Fifi?
You identified a future partner
for life yet?

No need, really.
The deed is done.
I've been in love with
the same bloke for ages.
Have you?
Who's that?
You, Charlie.
It's always been you.
Since first we met...
...oh so many years ago.
I knew the first moment.
Across a crowded room.
Or lawn, in fact.
Doesn't matter.
There's nothing either of us can do.
Such is life.
Friends isn't...
...bad, you know? Friends is
quite something.
Oh, Fi.
It's not all easy, is it?
No.
Just forget this business.
Not to be.
Matthew, darling.
Where's Gareth?
Torturing Americans.
How thoughtful of him.
Do you actually know Oscar Wilde?
Not personally, no.
But I do know someone who could get
his fax number for you.
Shall we dance?
Well, any rings on fingers?
Oh, Gareth, you don't know
how lucky you are.
Finding someone to marry is
a very tricky business.
It's hell out there. Matthew's
trapped with a Minnesotan evangelist.
Come down, sweet Jesus,
and cast out the devil!
My lords, ladies, and gentlemen...
...please charge your glasses.

First, and rather unusually,
we have the bride.
Excellent. I love this girl.
Thank you.
I'd like to thank all of you
who flew in from the States.
I'm really touched.
For you others, I'd have thought lots
of frightful Americans flying in...
...was an excuse for staying away,
so I thank you too.
If my darling dad
had been here today...
...he would have been speaking now.
I know he would have said:
"Great dress, babe...
...but why in the hell are you
marrying the stiff in the skirt?"
And I would have given him
the same answer that I give you:
"Because I love him."
As John Lennon said, who died
the same year as my dad:
"Love is the answer.
And you know that for sure."

One more thing:

Someone told me here, that if
things with Hamish didn't work out...
...that he'd step in. So thanks,
and I'll keep you posted.
Bravo!
And now, my lords, ladies

and gentlemen:

Anyone involved in politics
for the last 20 years...
...has gotten used to being upstaged
by a woman.
I didn't expect it to happen to
me on my wedding day.
However, I must also say...
...that I'm quite happy
to be upstaged by this woman...

...for the rest of my life.
Some barracking at the back again?
Something we politicians are used to.
- Shit. Find a doctor.
- Right. Okay.
First, I want to extend my
compliments to the bridesmaids.
You did your duty superbly.
I intend to use you every time
I get married from now on.
I want to thank all those wonderful
ladies of the parish...
...who did the flowers in the church.
The stern old building took on
a look of flushing youth today.
I remember the first time
I laid eyes on Caroline.
I thought to myself, "If by any chance
she's shortsighted...
...I might just be happy
for the rest of my life."
I thought I could see my future
for the first time.
It was a joyful one...
...for years and years to come.
For he's a jolly good fellow
For they are jolly good fellows
For they are jolly good fellows
And so say all of us
Good morning, and a warm welcome
to you all on this cold day.
Our service will begin
in a few minutes.
But first we have asked Matthew...
...Gareth's closest friend,
to say a few words.
Gareth used to prefer
funerals to weddings.
He said it was easier to get
enthusiastic about a ceremony...
...one had an outside chance of
eventually being involved in.
In order to prepare this speech, I rang
people to get a general picture...

...of how Gareth was regarded
by those who met him.
"Fat" seems to have been a word
people most connected with him.
"Terribly rude" also rang
a lot of bells.
"So very fat and very rude" seems to
have been the stranger's viewpoint.
On the other hand, some of you have
rung me to say that you loved him...
...which I know he would have been
thrilled to hear.
You remember his fabulous
hospitality.
His strange experimental cooking.
The recipe for duck la banana...
...fortunately goes with him
to his grave.
Most of all...
...you tell me of his enormous
capacity for joy.
And when joyful...
When joyful, for highly vocal
drunkenness.
But I hope joyful is how
you will remember him.
Not stuck in a box in a church.
Pick your favorite of his waistcoats
and remember him that way.
The most splendid...
...replete...
...big-hearted...
Weak-hearted, as it turned out.
- And jolly bugger
most of us ever met.
As for me, you may ask
how I will remember him.
What I thought of him.
Unfortunately, there
I run out of words.
Forgive me if I turn from
my own feelings...
...to the words of another

splendid bugger:

W.H. Auden.

This is actually what I want to say:

"Stop all the clocks.

Cut off the telephone.

Prevent the dog from barking

with a juicy bone.

Silence the pianos,

and with muffled drum...

...bring out the coffin.

Let the mourners come.

Let the airplanes circle,

moaning overhead...

...scribbling on the sky the message:

He is dead.

Put great bows around the white necks

of the public doves.

Let traffic policemen

wear black cotton gloves.

He was my north, my south,

my east and west.

My working week and my Sunday rest.

My noon, my midnight,

my talk, my song.

I thought that love

would last forever...

...I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now...

... put out every one.

Pack up the moon

and dismantle the sun.

Pour away the ocean

and sweep up the wood.

For nothing now can ever

come to any good."

Bye, now.

I'll take you home, Scarlett.

It's good of you to come.

Must have been the shortest

honeymoon in history.

No, it's fine.

We'll do it some other time.

That thing you said in the street?

Yes. I'm sorry about that.

No, I liked it.
I liked you saying it.
Charlie, I'll take Scarlett
home, all right?
Yeah.
Darling Fi.
Walk, Charlie?
Yeah. Yeah, that would be grand.
Never felt like that. I mean,
something vaguely similar for Jilly...
...when I was young.
Jilly?
Labrador.
Yes, it's odd, isn't it?
For years we've been single
and proud and never noticed...
...that two of us were, for all intents
and purposes, married all this time.
Traitors in our midst.
You know, in a way, I think death
is hardest for the parents, don't you?
I hope I die before my children.
Tom...
...there's one thing I find really...
It's your total confidence
that you will get married.
I mean, what if you never
find the right girl?
Sorry?
Surely, if that service
shows anything...
...it shows that there is
a perfect match.
If we can't be
like Gareth and Matthew...
...maybe we should just let it go.
Some of us are not
going to get married.
Well, I don't know, Charlie.
The truth is, unlike you...
...I never expected the thunderbolt.
I always just hoped that I'd meet
some nice, friendly girl...
...like the look of her.

Hope the look of me didn't
make her physically sick.
Then pop the question...
...and settle down and be happy.
It worked for my parents.
Well, apart from the divorce
and all that.
I'll give you six months
at the outside, Tom.
Yeah, maybe you're right.
Maybe all this "waiting
for one true love" stuff...
...gets you nowhere.
What the fuck is going on?
I thought we better make
absolutely sure we weren't late.
Excellent wedding hairstyle.

Matthew:

man in the world.
Listen...
...thank you for doing this today.
Of course.
I wish Gareth was here.
Bet he does too.
I'm sorry I was so late.
The others are just parking the car.
I thought we'd all go with Tom.
Late? So late?

Yeah, it's 9:

- 9:

- Yep, 45 minutes till "I do."
Bloody Tom! I told him
to set the alarm for 8:00.
Fuck it!
Fuck!
Scarlett.
- Oh, hi.
- You ready?
Absolutely.
Give me 20 seconds.
- Time?

- Honestly?

Yes! Time?!

About 10 to 9:

Bastards.

Jessica, stop jumping

up and down, please.

This is splendid tuck.

Yes, I think I might say

a little word.

As many of you know, I've closely
observed Charles' love life for years.

Recently, I'd started to despair
and fear that he was married to us.

Apart from the fact that we won't
have his babies.

I don't know about that.

Fortunately, it's
turned out splendidly.

The girl in question
is sadly crazy...

...but perhaps that's why
he loves her.

I'd like to propose a toast to
my Charlie and his beautiful girl...

...on this tragic day.

So be happy and don't forget us.

Thank you.

To Charles and duckface.

To Charles and duckface!

- What do you think?

- You look divine.

It does work, doesn't it?

Yes.

I thank Fiona for those charming
words about my future wife.

I'd like to take this opportunity...

...to read a little message
from her to you all.

This is exciting.

She says, "If any of you come near the
house, I'll set the dogs on you."

I think that's rather a nice touch.

"I'll set the dogs on you."

John, hi.
You made it. Good.
I hope me damn sister turns up.
Not much of a wedding without a bride.
Bit of a poor show, you not
having a stag night.
We did. We did.
We didn't think it was a very good
idea in this day and age.
Really?
Fi, you do look lovely today.
Yes, as you can see I've abandoned
my traditional black.
Yes, so you have.
From now on, I shall be all
the colors of the rainbow...
...and fall in love with someone who
fancies me for a change.
Darling Fi.
- Look.
- What?
Lipstick everywhere.
That won't do at all.
Hi. Hi.
Good luck.
Hello. Glad you could come.
How are you?
Groom's on the right. Bride's, left.
Groom on the right.
Bride on the left.
Oh, my God!
I thought you'd gone back to Texas.
Without you, never.
Good luck.
The bride or groom?
Bride or groom?
It should be perfectly obvious
I'm neither.
Great God!
Bride or groom?
Bride.
Yes...
...fine.
I've got a feeling we've met before.

We have. About 25 years ago.
I'm second cousin Harold's daughter,
Deirdre. You're Tom.
Good lord!
- So you're family.
- Yes.
Only very distant.
Well, yes, of course.
You said you were bride?
Yes.
Well, do sit.
Do sit here, Deirdre.
Golly.
Thunderbolt city.
Hello, Matthew.
- Hello, Charles.
- Bernard, how are you?
Exhausted, actually.
- That's funny. Charles.
- Hello, Lyd.
Hi.
Hi.
You look lovely.
But I always did like you
dressed for weddings.
- And on time!
- Yep! Extraordinary thing, isn't it?
How's Hamish?
Oh, he's fine, I believe.
You believe?
Well, yes, he wasn't the man
for me after all.
You left him?
We left each other.
When?
A few months now.
March was hell. By April,
it was sordid.
That's the last time I marry
someone three times my age.
Charlie? Charles, time to travel.
Yeah. Yeah.
Coming. Good.
Good.

So why didn't you
get in touch, then?
I did think about it.
I wanted to, but...
I was in a state.
So anyway, I don't want to keep you.
And I'll see you afterwards.
Yeah. Fine, excellent.
Wait.
I'll show you to your seat.
Just showing her to her seat.
Our timing's been
really bad, hasn't it?
It's been bad, yes.
It's been a disaster.
It has, as you say, been...
...very bad indeed.
God, it's lovely to see you.
Well, good luck.
It's pretty easy.
Just say "I do" whenever anyone
asks you a question.
Could you just give me a sec, Matthew?
Yes, of course. Freshen up at will.
Dear lord, forgive me
for what I'm about to...
...say in this magnificent
place of worship.
Bugger!
Bugger!
Bugger! Bugger! Bugger!
Bugger!
Can I help at all?
Huh? No. Thanks.
Sorry.
Vocal exercises. Big church.
Excellent. Often do the same myself.
Not exactly the same
vocab, obviously.
Rather more hallelujahs.
I'll leave you.
Bride's arriving.
Fabulous! We seem to have
lost the groom.

Stall her, and I'll see
if I can find him.
Roger. Wilco.
Charles.
It's good to see you.
Yeah. Yeah.
Matt, what do we think about marriage?
Gosh.
Well, I think it's really good...
...if you love the person with
all your heart.
Well, exactly.
Quite.
All these weddings. All these years.
All that blasted salmon and champagne.
Here I am on my own wedding day...
...and I'm still thinking.
Can I ask about what?
No.
No, I think best not.
I'm sorry, there's a delay. A
problem with the flowers.
Flowers? What?
Unfortunately, there are a high
proportion of hay fever sufferers...
...who've been stuck right by
the damn flowers.
So we're moving the congregation.
Don't want the vows
obliterated by sneezing.
Would it be out of place for me to say
time's ticking by?
Should've started by now.
I think I've fooled them so far.
If you have a reputation for being
stupid, people are less suspicious.
Hello.
Here you are.
Ready to face the enemy?
Are we?
Yes.
Excellent.
Not so tight, Dad!
Dearly beloved...

...we are gathered together
here in the sight of God...
...and in the face
of this congregation...
...to join together this man
and this woman in holy matrimony...
...which is an honorable estate...
...instituted of God in the time
of man's innocence.
Signifying unto us
the mystical union...
...that is betwixt Christ
and His church...
...and therefore is not
by any to be enterprized...
...nor taken in hand unadvisedly,
lightly, or wantonly...
...but reverently, discreetly,
advisedly...
...soberly, and in the fear of God.
Therefore, if any man can show
any just cause...
...why they may not
lawfully be joined together...
...let him speak now
or else hereafter...
...forever hold his peace.
I'm sorry, does someone have
something to say?
Yes? What is it?
One second.
What's going on?
- He wants me to translate.
- What is he saying?
He says, "I suspect the groom
is having doubts.
I suspect the groom would
like to delay."
"I suspect the groom..."
What's he saying?
He says...
...he suspects the groom...
...loves someone else.
And do you?

Do you love someone else?
Do you, Charles?
I do.
Get out of my way!
Let me kill him!
Blimey.
At least it's one we won't forget.
A lot of weddings just blend
into each other.
Oh, for God's sake.
This one will stick out
in the memory.
For not actually including
a wedding service.
Poor girl.
No, I mean it, poor girl!
She's not my favorite person...
...but what you did today
might be unforgivable.
I can't bear to think about it.
Poor Hen.
Though, let's face facts.
If you weren't sure
you wanted to marry her today...
...of all days, i.e.,
your wedding day...
...then it must be the right
decision, mustn't it?
Quite right, Tom.
It was a lovely dress.
Useful for parties.
What did he say, Charles?
Says he blames himself.
Absolutely not.
No, you mustn't, David.
No, no. If there's
music to be faced...
...I should be facing it.
Hello.
Hi! You're soaking. Come in.
No, no. I'm fine.
Comes a point you can't get wetter.
- Okay, I'll come out.
- No, please don't.

I just wanted to check
you're okay.
Not busy killing yourself
or anything, but...
But you're fine, so...
I shouldn't have come to the church
this morning. I'm sorry.
No! No!
Wait. It was all my fault.
I mean, I'm the bastard here.
And it definitely sorted out one
thing, which is, marriage and me...
...we're very clearly not meant
for one another.
Sorted out another big thing as well.
There I was, standing there
in the church...
...and for the first time in
my whole life I realized I...
...totally and utterly
loved one person.
And it wasn't the person standing
next to me in the veil, it's...
...the person standing
opposite me now...
...in the rain.
Is it still raining?
I hadn't noticed.
The truth of it is...
...I've loved you from
the first second I met you.
You're not suddenly going
away again, are you?
No. I might drown,
but otherwise, no.
Okay, okay. We'll go in.
But first, let me ask you one thing.
Do you think...
...after we've dried off...
...after we've spent
lots more time together...
...you might agree...
...not to marry me?
And do you think...

...not being married to me might
be something you could consider...
...doing for the rest of your life?
Do you?
I do.