

TOMMY  
You're a good Catholic girl, aren't you?

GRACE  
Yes.

TOMMYGRACE  
Why here?

Well, then you know it's here people come to confess.

GRACE  
After you.

TOMMY  
Well, here it is, Grace.  
I confess. I need someone.  
Kimber has an adviser by the name of Roberts.  
He talks well. Keeps the accounts.  
Runs the legal side of the business.

GRACE  
And you need a Roberts.

TOMMY  
Arthur tells me you have ideas.

GRACE  
I'm not an accountant.  
Nor a lawyer.

TOMMY  
No. No, but you have something I need.

Class. I need someone who looks right at the big meetings.  
Epsom, Ascot is a job interview.  
Arthur says you're good with numbers.

GRACE  
Well, that's relative.  
He is quite poor.

TOMMY  
You keep the books in order.

GRACE  
They were chaotic.

TOMMY  
But you're a liar.  
No Catholic girl would enter a church and forget to make the sign of the  
cross.

GRACE  
You are very perceptive.

TOMMY  
First, you lied about that pub you used worked in.  
Now I find out you're a Protestant.

GRACE  
Do you care?

TOMMY  
No.

GRACE  
I lied to fit in.

TOMMY

You pull a pint like someone who's thinking about it.

GRACE

This is not an interview, it is an interrogation.

TOMMY

Sit down.

Look, Grace You washed up in a place you don't belong for whatever reason.

My good fortune.

GRACE

And perhaps mine.

TOMMY

You know that most of what I do is illegal.

GRACE

I'm not blind.

TOMMY

And yet, you'd still be willing to work for me?

GRACE

Are you offering me the job? Then I accept.

TOMMY

There's something else you should know.  
A very important detail about my reasons for employing you.

*(he kisses her)*

GRACE

You disappoint me.

TOMMY

Do you resign?

GRACE

No.

My appetite for the work has only increased.

TOMMY

Tomorrow I'll show you around.