

# Phantom Thread

Directed by: Paul Thomas Anderson  
2017 (130')



In 1950s London, renowned fashion designer Reynolds Woodcock creates dresses for members of high society. His life is devoted to his artistic creations and everything must be carried out within a controlled and perfect environment, as perfect and ordered as the clothes he makes. Then he meets Alma who soon disrupts this order and has plans of her own for Reynolds and their future together.

*There is such pure delicious pleasure in this film, in its strangeness, its vehemence, its flourishes of absurdity, carried off with superb elegance.*  
**The Guardian.**

*Anderson has crafted a period drama of startling tonal fluidity, and Day-Lewis and Krieps deliver reserved performances that slowly reveal depth ...hit at something far richer and more mysterious about desire, ambition and control.*

**Screen International**

## Vocabulary and lines

**...no more stodgy things:** Food that is stodgy is heavy and thick  
**Welsh rarebit with a poached egg on top and bacon, scones, jam cream and butter. Pot of lapsang:** Welsh rarebit is toasted bread covered in a cheese sauce

**I'm famished:** If you are famished you are incredibly hungry

**Well, that's as may be:** Well, that may be true ...

**Don't fuss, Alma. If you fuss I'll die right here:** To fuss is to show excessive worry or attention

**Things are nagging at me:** If something nags at you it continually bothers or disturbs you

**What are you so cranky about?:** If you are cranky you are irritable or bad-tempered

(Reynolds asking Alma about a photograph of her mother)

Reynolds: Carry it with you. Always carry her with you.

Alma: Where's yours? Your mother?

R (touches his coat): She's here, in the canvas. One can sew anything into a coat.

A: What? What do you mean?

R: As a boy I would put secrets, coins, words, messages, anything into the lining of a garment.

Things that only I knew were there.

(Alma brings Reynolds tea while he is working alone)

R: No, Alma. What are you doing?

A: Some Lindenbluten tea for you.

R: No, no, I don't want any tea. Take it out.

A: Oh, you must be joking.

R: Take it out.

A: I'm taking it out.

R: Yes, but it's too late.....you can take the tea away, but the interruption stays right here with me,  
doesn't it?

(During an argument)

R: Well, maybe we don't go together, Alma.

A: No, darling. Don't say that.

R: No, I've said it and that's it. It's been said.

A: Yes, but we do go together. I know we do and you know we do too.

R: In the end nothing goes with anything. It's just choice that puts it together.

And evidently we're  
not well suited to each other.

In collaborazione con  
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