Mr. & Mrs. Smith

By Norman Krasna
Breakfast, Mr. Smith.
What are they doing?
She's under the bedclothes,
he's playing cards.
- You looked through the keyhole?
- You can't see anything anyway.
I only listened.
Smith residence.
No, Mr. Custer, they haven't come out yet.
They opened the door for breakfast,
but didn't let out any dishes.
I'm running out of dishes.
They've been in there three days already.
What's the longest
they've kept this thing up?
Eight?
Has Sammy gotten there yet?
He's just come in. It's Mr. Custer.
Yes, Mr. Custer.
Now listen, Sammy,
that paper's got to be signed...
so don't you leave there
till it is signed, understand?
I'm depending on you, Sammy.
I'll come back with it signed, Mr. Custer.
Take me to the room.
Mr. Smith, it's me, Sammy,
from the office.
Mr. Custer says you'll have to sign this.
We can't keep postponing the case.
Push it under the door.
I'm putting it under the door, Mr. Smith.
See?
- You signed it in pencil.
- I haven't got any ink.
- It's no good in pencil.
- Go over it with a pen.
- But that's forgery.
- No, it isn't.
Anyway, nobody would know.
But I take my bar examination next June.
I could get into trouble.
Give me a pen.
Thank you, Mr. Smith.
Thought I'd left, huh?
What would you do
if I walked out that door?
Leave me?
Forever?
Long as we live,
we must never change that rule.
That's right.
If every married couple had it
there would never be a divorce.
They ought to put it in
the marriage ceremony.
Can't leave the bedroom
after a quarrel unless you've made up.
Eventually you'd have to make up.
Most men can't afford to stay away
from the office three days at a crack.
Remember the eight-day session?
- And the six?
- There were two sixes.
Two?
One Christmas week...
and the other one
the weekend of the Yale game.
That was really five and a half.
We started in the afternoon.
How about some breakfast, mother?
Ain't we manly?
Respect for each other as persons,
that's our big trick.
Man and woman are all right...
but person to person,
that's important in a marriage, too.
Make like this.
I think we'd be friends
if we were men or women, don't you?
Respect for each other as individuals,
that's what counts.
To always tell the truth,
no matter what the consequences.
I think if we told each other just one lie...
we'd have to admit we failed,
wouldn't we?
What would we have left?
A marriage like other people's.
Doubt, distrust. Going on with each other
because it's the easiest way.
Your barber is shaving you too close,
I wish you'd talk to him.
It was all my fault.
- No, my dear, it was mine.
- It was my fault, dear.
Mine, darling.
I shouldn't be jealous so much,
and I should lay off your family.
A wife should conduct herself
to please her husband.
That's one of the rules I'm going to make.
Another one?
- What's the day today?
- Darling, I'd better be running along.
No, honey. Not just yet.
Remember rule number seven?
I thought we gave that one up.
It always got us into so much trouble.
If we give up one, it means giving up...
just that much
of our wonderful relationship.
That we're letting down.
You want me to feel that?
But those questions you ask each month.
About that trip I took to Paris
the year I graduated from college.
I was only 21.
I forgave you that.
Shoot.
If you had it all to do over again,
would you have married me?
Honestly? No.
Not that I want to be married
to anyone else.
But when a man marries, he gives up
some freedom and independence.
If I had to do it all over again,
I think I would stay single.
You wanted me to answer you truthfully
because we respect each other.
We're honest with each other.
- Your feelings aren't hurt, are they?
- No. It's perfectly all right.
That's enough of that.
I was getting into trouble.
I'm not angry in the least.
Yes, you are. You don't understand.
I was only answering a hypothetical
question of what I would do...
if I had to do it all over again.
If you want your freedom,
I don't want to be the kind of wife...
who clings to her husband
when she's not wanted.
Darling, I do want to be married to you.
I love you. I worship you.
I am used to you.
How do we always get into these things?
If my only hold on you
is that you're used to me...
You've got the whole thing wrong.
I don't know what I'd do without you.
You are my little girl.
Now, don't cry. Don't cry.
Forgive me? Say you forgive me.
Now can I go to work?
I'll come back early.
- And I mean early.
- Don't work too hard, darling.
- Good morning.
- Good morning, Mr. Smith.
- Morning, David.
- Morning, Jeff.
You know how she is.
You have to humor her in these things.
Don't apologize to me.
I envy you from the bottom of my heart.
- I wish I was in your shoes.
- Yeah, she's a great kid.
Certainly piles up, doesn't it?
- What is it?
- A Mr. Deever's been waiting to see you.
He won't tell me his business.
He says it's private.
Send him in.
I'll leave you to your miseries.
What about lunch at the club,
if you can make it?
I'll try and make it, Jeff.
Mr. Deever.
How do you do?
Won't you sit down?
What can I do for you?
Were you married in Beecham
in March 1937?
Yes, I was.
You know, Beecham is on the other side
of the river...
and it was always incorporated
in Brender County...
but, you see, Brender County is in Idaho.
And so...
You follow me, don't you?
Yes.
We in Beecham found out...
we had no right to be incorporated
in Brender County...
because from the other side
of the Bass River...
we belong in Nevada.
Yes, well.
We just found out...
that anybody who got married
between 1936 and now...
with an Idaho license in Nevada...
well, it isn't legal.
What do you mean?
I don't want you to be frightened,
or upset, or anything.
But there's been a kind of a mistake.
You're not legally married.
What's that?
You really are married and everything.
But there's a little technicality.
It's perfectly all right, you understand...
common law and everything.
But we figured...
in case of deaths and wills and births...
you know, children...
we figure it'd be better
if everybody kind of got married again...
just to be on the safe side.
And the Chamber of Commerce...
is sending me around to everybody
to tell them.
And we give you your $2 back.
You can use it to get another license.
Kind of funny, isn't it?
Yeah.
I've been doing this two weeks now,
just in New York.
A lot of couples came to New York.
I had a hard time locating them.
I guess I'll be going now, Mr. Smith.
I hope you don't hold this
against Beecham.
- It really wasn't our fault.
- No, not at all.
Is that your wife?
Was she Annie Krausheimer?
Yes. She lived right across from Beecham.
That's how we happened
to get married there.
- Did you know her?
- Did I know her?
She and my kid sister used to go running
in and out of the house all the time.
I remember like it was yesterday.
I can't get over that.
I guess she's changed some?
She's changed a little.
She once chased a dog-catcher
half a mile with a baseball bat.
She hasn't changed
as much as you would think.
Sure is a fine-looking woman.
Tell her I was asking for her, will you?
- Old Harry Deever. She'll remember me.
- Indeed I will. Thank you.
Goodbye, Mr. Smith.
- You can find your way out?
- Yes. Thank you.
- Yes, Mr. Smith?
- Get me my home.
Hello, dear. Yes, darling.
Where do you think I'm going to take you
for dinner tonight?
No.
Momma Lucy's.
Honey!
I didn't even think you remembered
the name of the place.
We haven't been there
since before we were married.
I love you.
You want to pick me up here about 6:00?
Bye, darling.
Driver, I'll get off here.
- Dear, I must be going.
- All right, mother, dear.
Mr. Harry Deever.
He says you remember him
from across the river in Beecham.
Yes. Show him in, Lily.
- Harry Deever?
- Bertha Deever's brother.
- Harry Deever, this is quite a surprise.
- Hello, Annie.
Hello, Mrs. Krausheimer.
- I didn't know if you'd remember me.
- What are you doing in New York?
- I'm here on business.
- How's your wife?
- She's fine, thanks.
- And Bertha?
She's fine, too.
Married to a dairy farmer in Boise.
- Got four children. All girls.
- Good for Bertha.
- Sit down, won't you, and have some tea.
- No, thanks.
I've got a lot to do.
Only dropped in for a second.
Certainly makes me feel good
to meet somebody...
from our neck of the woods.
Say, this is quite a city.
Every night's Saturday.
Annie, you haven't changed a bit
from the little girl...
who used to go running in and out
of the house.
- I'd have recognized you in a minute.
- That's the nicest thing you could say.
I did recognize you.
Only saw your picture
on your husband's desk...
and recognized you right off.
He's a good-looking fellow.
What were you doing with my husband?
You know, Beecham is on the other side
of the river...
and it was always incorporated
in Brender County...
...between 1936 and now,
you're not legally married.
Why, that's terrible.
It's nothing.
I gave your husband his $2 back...
and you don't lose a cent
on the whole thing.
- You just get married again.
- I should hope so.
Mother, don't get excited.
It's really nothing, Mrs. Krausheimer.
Nothing? How does it look?
Don't worry, David will do all right
by your little girl.
- How do you know?
- Because David's already called up...
and wants us to have dinner for two
at Momma Lucy's.
- He'll marry me tonight.
- I hope so.
Can I drive you somewhere?
Thanks, Mrs. Krausheimer.
I'd appreciate it.
Give my love to Bertha
and those four girls.
Thanks. And goodbye, Annie.
I do hope everything will be all right.
Mother, what are you talking about?
You call me up if anything happens.
If nothing happens.
Don't worry, darling.
Goodbye.
Lily?
You know that little bolero suit
that's hanging in the closet?
I was married in that suit,
and I want to wear it tonight.
Isn't that wonderful?
You know that better than I do, ma'am.
Get it, Lily.
Inhale, Mrs. Smith.
I can't understand anything hanging
in a closet...
shrinking so much.
How are you?
Fine.
Mrs. Smith's here.
Hello, darling.
I thought you weren't going to buy
any more new clothes.
You look kind of cute.
I can't wait to see Momma...
Do you think we'll get the same table?
Sure.
It'll be covered in a checkered tablecloth...
and there'll be a candle
in an old Chianti bottle.
And Rosa, the fortune teller.
You know,
I even love the smell of the place.
Either our noses have changed...
or they've built a livery stable
around here somewhere.
It's not exactly Chanel No. 5. Let's go in.
The place has changed a little.
Customers.
Is Momma Lucy here?
I am Momma Lucy.
You've changed a little, too.
She went back to the old country.
Wait a minute. We'd like to eat here.
You want to eat here?
Yes, if you haven't any objections.
If you've got no objection,
I've got no objection.
Where you like to sit?
We used to come here years ago
and there used to be tables outside.
Would it be too much trouble
to have it the way it used to be?
Are you going to have a 45-cent
or a 65-cent dinner?
- Sixty-five.
- Okay.
Table cloth isn't checkered.
It's dirty enough so it looks checkered.
Candle stuck in the beer bottle
isn't the same, is it?
Haven't they ever seen anybody
eat before?
Let's just outstare them.
That'll make them embarrassed.
Eat your soup, dear.
- There's something wrong with that soup.
- It's your imagination.
Why doesn't the cat eat the soup?
Animals know what's good for them.
You notice he ate the olives.
- The pits, too.
- That's roughage.
Make the best of it.
Don't let it spoil our evening.
That cat knows something.
Where shall we go after this?
Home.
Aren't we supposed to go someplace
before we go home?
Altogether, it would make it too late.
I'd give $5 to see that cat
take a sip of that soup.
- David?
- Yes, dear?
Tell me what you do a day in the office,
just a simple day like today.
From the time you came in
till you went home, what happened?
Just a lot of schmooze.
It's duller than dishwater, really.
No, it isn't. I'm very interested.
What sort of things go on in a day?
Who did you see?
Please try and remember.
Let me see. Oh, yes.
Some sucker came in
and wanted his alimony reduced.
Another guy wanted me to rub out a name
in his grandmother's will.
And that's about all. I spent
most of the day in conference with Jeff.
Things pile up in three days.
I wonder if he'll take a little soup.
Come on.
No?
No, he won't.
Doesn't that mean something?
I want a stomach pump.
- Nice cat, eh?
- Yeah.
I'm unlucky with cats here.
The third cat this week.
They get run over.
I think.
- Your name Mrs. Smith?
- Yes, how did you know?
Your mother is in the kitchen.
On the phone.
It must be about our Red Cross group.
Hello, Mother.
Not exactly.
He's teasing me.
He thinks he's being romantic about it.
Mother, are you crying?
My poor baby.
Thank heaven your father is dead.
Listen to me.
Under no conditions, do you hear me,
are you to...
Why, Mother, of course not!
Yes, Mother.
Worse comes to worst,
I'll spend the night with you.
Good night, my love.
Everything all right?
Darling, I have a little secret to tell you.
It's about time. What is it, dear?
You're a great kid.
It's getting rather late
if we have to go anywhere...
if you know what I mean.
I get it.
Waiter, check.
Glasses, dear.
Don't want to drink out of the bottle,
do you?
Get going, Annie.
Keep twirling it, honey.
You beast, you know we're not married.
You weren't going to tell me.
- I was going to tell you later.
- How much later?
There's no need in going on like this.
You were going to wait until...
And then throw me aside
like a squeezed lemon.
Don't dramatize this.
I've given you the best years of my life,
and you were willing to go on and on...
Mother and I were always suspicious.
Your forehead slants back too much.
- Let me say...
- Don't touch me.
- But, Annie, l...
- Get out of here.
Go on, you're not staying here.
We can't leave the bedroom
till we've made up.
- You're not in the bedroom. Get out!
- Listen to me.
I know you for what you are.
I'm lucky I found you out.
- You're going out of here.
- My clothes!
Never come back.
I never want to see you again as long as I live.
What are you doing?
- Good evening, Mr. Smith.
- Good evening, Thomas.
Have you a room for a member who pays his dues?
I'm sure we have.
Quite a novelty seeing you, sir.
Don't remember you spending a night here in three years.
Here you are, sir.
Look out.
- Are you hurt?
- Hello, Smith.
Chuck Benson. Don't you remember me?
We played in a foursome in last year's golf tournament.
- Yeah. How are you?
- Fine, how are you?
I've got kind of a little crick in my neck...
and I thought this might work it out.
I had a fight with my wife, too.
It wasn't exactly a fight.
You know what I can't understand?
Whenever people fight, the woman always goes to her mother.
But when my wife and I have a fight, I have to get out of the house.
How do you get back?
Simplest thing in the world. Ignore it.
Ignore the whole thing.
The next day, they're dying to see you.
Take it from me, brother.
I've had experience.
You're right.
Just go to the office, don't even telephone.
She worries, why don't I come back?
And when I do get back, why...
Thank you, Joe.
- What can I do for you?
- What can you do for me?
- What's this?
- A chain to keep people out.
Open it up.
- Miss Krausheimer's not at home.
- I'm going to come in and wait.
Open that up or I'll fire you.
You're not firing me.
I was the midwife when she was born.
I know how you've been acting
- and all I can say of what she's done
is it's about time.
What about my pen?
Thank you for a wonderful evening.
- I'll take you upstairs.
- No. That's quite all right, Mr. Flugle.
- I had a wonderful time.
- I did, too, Miss Krausheimer.
Good night. No, Mr. Flugle.
- They can't rule you out for trying.
- That's right. Good night.
Better luck next time. Good night.
Open that door. I know you're in there.
This is ridiculous. I saw you
with that old goat. Open that door.
I'm not going to stand for this.
There's your pen.
Annie, you open that door.
When they come back a second night,
- things are bad.
Go on.
- Now...
- Now what?
Are you going to stop this silly farce?
I've got a lot of work piled up for me
at the office.
I've been through a 3-day session
of this nonsense...
and I haven't any more time
for these games of yours.
Come home now,
and I'm willing not to discuss it anymore.
Very generous.
Who do you think you're talking to?
- My wife.
- We're not married.
Are you out of your mind?
Certainly we're married.
What do you mean, after three years,
we're not married?
- Legally, we're not married.
- All right, we'll get married.
- Does that satisfy you?
- "We'll get married."
That's a nice, snarly proposal.
It was hard enough getting me to
marry you before, and I didn't know you.
But I do now. And how I know you.
And if anyone asks, you're no bargain.
What's the matter with me?
I don't want this discussion
to run into hours. I'm very busy.
Name one thing about me you don't like.
One thing? My, aren't we vain.
One thing I am not is vain.
What about that tar stuff
you rub in your hair...
that smells up my whole bedroom?
I am only trying to save my hair for you.
And you're a fine one to talk...
going to bed with those aluminum clips
in your hair.
You turned over one night
and cut me in 20 places.
You needn't worry.
You won't be cut anymore.
I'm not gonna stand any more of this,
and that's my final word.
Nice to have met you.
I won't support you.
What do you think of that?
Fine.
No. I mean it.
You're not gonna get any more money.
Who asked you?
I want you to know
that I'm doing this reluctantly.
Suits me. Keep the change.
You're not being very practical.
How do you think you're going to live?
I said, how do you think you're going to live?
- Good morning.
- Where are you going, bud?
- Are you looking for something?
- Yes.
- Can I help you?
- Yes, you take this aisle here...
No. I'll find it myself.
I might be able to save you trouble.
I know the merchandise well.
No. I'd just rather run across it myself.
- Something in ladies' lingerie?
- Yes, something in ladies' lingerie.
Don't tell me. It's a game I'm playing.
That's perfectly all right.
I see you. You might as well come up.
- Anything I can do for you, sir?
- Are you crazy?
Please do me a favor and come home.
I'm supposed to be in court this morning.
You have the wrong department.
We have nothing here for you.
Will you come peacefully,
or will I have to carry you?
The most wonderful feature of these,
you don't have to launder them.
- You merely throw them away.
- That suits me.
No! Leave me!
What are you doing to the customer?
I'm not doing anything.
Look who's got who.
Release our sales clerk.
Do you want to try
and make me release her?
If you're not pleased with this clerk,
I'll get you another.
I'm pleased with her, but she's no clerk.
She's my wife.
- I am not.
- We understood you were a single woman.
As an aid to the unemployment crisis,
we do not employ married women.
- And quite right, too.
- I'm not married.
She's married all right.
- We have to go to the head of the firm.
- Take me to him.
- Let's all go.
- This way, please.
This gentleman claims he's married to Miss Krausheimer.
- We're not married.
- We're married, all right.
You understand it is not our policy to employ married women?
I told her that.
- I tell you, we are not married.
- She's married.
- Where did you meet this monkey?
- Sylvia introduced me.
That's the last time I want you to talk to Sylvia.
- I never liked her.
- I tell you, I'm a single girl.
She is not, you old goat.
What do you mean by taking out innocent girls...
the night before you give them a job?
- I'm not innocent.
- She admits it. She's my wife.
- I didn't admit anything.
- Are you referring to me as an old goat?
- Sit down.
- Store detectives.
Yes. I'll get the store detectives.
Are you satisfied now?
I have an appointment at the office.
Will you make up with me?
No. I'm not going
to make up with you ever.
For heaven's sake,
what's the matter with you?
I said that if I had to do it all over again,
I wouldn't marry you.
Now I can do it all over again,
and I want to come back.
Doesn't that convince you
I want to stay married to you?
I believe you, and I'm very flattered,
but I don't want to marry you.
- I'm not interested.
- What's the matter with me?
I don't like your temper. You're jealous.
You're always knocking people down.
If you're referring to New Year's Eve...
that drunk didn't have any right
to pick up your garter and wave it around.
I showed you both my garters.
- After you'd gotten Julie's garters.
- They were my garters.
- They were Julie's garters.
- How do you know?
I know they weren't yours.
Do you two have a license
to get this crowd around?
What do you mean, license?
Run on about your business.
Go on and hit him, why don't you?
Knock him down. Go ahead.
I wouldn't advise your friend
to strike an officer in this town.
Officer, I'm on your side.
I don't even know this man.
Beat it, buddy. You go this way.
And you go visit Columbus Circle.
Go on, scatter. Break it up.
Wait. You can't do this to me.
Come in.
Hello, David.
I postponed the Amanda case for you...
and set back the Duffy hearing...
and asked for a continuance
against the streetcar company.
That's fine. Just fine.
I'd like to ask you to do something.
I'll get my work cleaned up
in no time at all.
I can't seem to get my mind
on it right now.
That's all right.
You don't know what I'm going to ask you yet.
Sure. Anything you want. You know.
I'd like to have you drop in at your own home tonight...
after dinner.
What do you mean?
I took matters in my own hands and asked Ann to have me to dinner.
She's fond of me, and she knows I'm fond of her.
I think I can straighten this thing out.
I hope it is something I can straighten out.
It's nothing at all.
It's just a little marital quarrel.
It's nothing at all, really.
I imagined it was that.
You're too fine to do anything shoddy.
I'd like to have you just drop in unannounced...
at, shall we say, 9:00?
That's all right.
- You're the best friend a man ever had.
- We're partners.
You're the best partner a man ever had.
We were school chums.
You're the best fullback that Alabama ever had.
I thought Henkel was great...
but Henkel couldn't touch you.
Thanks, David.
- May I come in?
- I'll see.
It's all right.
Hello, Ann.
David, I want you to talk to my lawyer.
Your lawyer?
What lawyer?
Ann has asked me to represent her in this matter.
What for?
I've been telling her she doesn't need a lawyer.
I'll say she doesn't.
She just told me all about it,
and as I understand the facts of the case...
you two aren't married at all.
- There you are.
- What?
So there's nothing for the court to decide.
It happened before,
in Peterson v. Peterson.
They threw it out of the Supreme Court.
What's the matter with you?
He said you're lucky it isn't the South,
and that I'm not his sister.
Why, you hillbilly ambulance chaser.
Now, there's no need to lose our temper.
We're married.
If not legally, then by common law.
That's just as good. It's better.
I don't deny there's
a common-law relationship between you.
Tell him the whole thing.
The woman is given the benefit
of any difficulties arising...
out of such a relationship.
For instance, should you die...
as a wife, she's entitled
to share in the husband's estate.
Great. When I die, she'll get the furniture.
You're entitled to hold yourself forth
as the husband.
I am holding myself forth as the husband.
I wish you'd tell me something
I don't know.
Should the woman, however,
care to halt the relationship...
and marry someone else,
she's entitled to do so.
Peterson v. Peterson, Adams v. Kelly...
and Gimbel v.
New Pennsylvania Coal Company.
You are supposed to be my best friend,
and you're telling her this?
I have never taken advantage
of our friendship by word or deed...
and it's only
because you're standing here...
that I can now ask Ann.
Would you have dinner
with me tomorrow night?
I'm asking you to come to your senses
and marry me tomorrow.
If you have dinner with him, this is final.
We're through.
What time?
We're through.
From now on, we're just friends.
That's not necessary.
- Is the Florida Club all right?
- Anywhere you say.
- I'll call for you at 8:00.
- That'll be fine.
- Good night, Jeff.
- Good night.
- Good night, Ann.
- Good night.
Comparing yourself to Henkel
as a football player.
You couldn't carry Henkel's water bucket.
Good night, David.
- You understand?
- Yes, sir.
- Who is it?
- Could I see you a moment, please?
Just a minute.
Good night, David. Your nose is bleeding.
Are you sure that stuff is good
for a nosebleed?
Best thing in the world. I always use it.
I don't know. I use it for everything.
Yeah. Oh, boy!
I guess I am a kind of a dummy.
The last thing in the world I should do
is chase her.
Leave her alone for a week or 10 days.
She's used to me.
She can't get to sleep until I get home.
I'll have fun for a couple of nights.
Play a little poker with the boys.
Gloria?
I thought there was a woman in here.
Hiya, Gloria.
And I'm kissing you back.
Jimmy?
This is no Jimmy, this is Chuckie.
Been missing your Chuckie, honey?
She's a wonderful girl.
Society girl. Real class.
How about tomorrow night?
Attagirl.
Listen, I got a friend. How about Gertrude?
- You'll like Gertrude.
- Me? Gertrude?
He's a wonderful fella.
Society fella. Real class.
Did you ever see the girl
in the Camel advertisements?
Is she as good-looking as that?
Gertrude, I got a nice little dinner partner
for you tomorrow night...
but he kind of needs cheering up.
Know what I mean?
She wants to talk to you.
Hello?
- She's kissing at me.
- Kiss back at her.
- I don't know her.
- It's all for a laugh. She's a great kid.
It feels kind of silly.
How do you know you're crazy about me?
It's just an ordinary voice.
I used to sing a little.
Didn't I tell you? He's a great fella.
Where do we make it?
The Florida Club.
How about the Florida Club?
Okay. Goodbye.
Wait till you see her.
What has Gertrude got to do with Camels?
She smokes them.
But you said something about
the advertisements.
She looks like that girl.
She's a dead ringer for her.
She likes my voice.
That isn't all she'll like.
Yes, I'll take care of that, Mr. Rondell.
I'll do the best...
I'll be there in a minute.
Mr. Chuck Benson's party.
Yes, sir. They're expecting you.
Right this way.
Not there, Davey. Not there.
Over here, Davey.
Davey, my boy. The one and only!
Here he is, kids, in the flesh.
What's been keeping you?
Hello, there.
What's held you up, Davey?
The girls have been waiting here for you
for more than an hour.
I've been a little busy at the office.
No, not there. That doesn't go there.
Keep your hands off of Gloria.
This is Gertie, here.
No, right here is where the chair goes.
Gloria O'Day and Gertie Schultz,
this is Davey Smith.
How do you do?
What are you gonna have to drink?
- Try an Old Fashioned.
- Yeah, have an Old Fashioned.
Waiter, bring us another Old Fashioned.
Isn't it a little crowded in here?
Couldn't we go someplace
where it was quieter...
- maybe a little darker?
- Hold it, cookie.
We'll go to one of them dark,
romantic places later.
- We're eating first. You ever been here?
- Yes, often.
That's why I wanted to go someplace
where it was darker.
I don't get it.
It's awfully hot in here.
I know a place that's very cool.
Don't rush it.
We're stuck for the cover charge anyway.
- Say, Davey, a couple more hours of this...
- I beg your pardon.
Your pheasant, madame.
- Dish it out. I'm starved.
- I could eat a horse.
- Remember to take the feathers off.
- Ours'll be right here.
David's here.
Yes, so I see.
Who's he with, I wonder?
So you wanna wrestle, huh?
She's rather pretty, isn't she?
Do you know her, Jeff?
No, I don't.
- I want to dance.
- Fine.
- Would you care to dance, dear?
- Yes, indeed.
You're looking for trouble, buddy.
You know what this pheasant is?
Nothing but chicken,
and tough chicken at that.
$3 for this, with a couple of French fries.
What a racket.
Gertie doesn't seem to like the food here.
Maybe we better go somewhere else.
It's getting better.
You gotta work on it a little.
Relax.
I think Gertie's right.
We should've ordered some chop suey.
What's the matter, baby?
Don't you like pheasant?
- No, I'd like some chop suey.
- Just pour some ketchup on it.
- Waiter, bring us some ketchup.
- But I don't like ketchup.
Then scrape the gravy off.
That ought to fix it.
I still think
we should've ordered some chop suey.
Just eat it up, honey. Maybe Davey
will invite us over to his house.
Yeah? Swell.
- Eat it up.
- All right.
My nose has started bleeding.
I've got to go home again.
- That's all right. I can stop a nosebleed.
- Wait a minute.
- Just lie right down.
- No, wait.
- Chum, give me a hunk of ice, will you?
- Here you are.
Just take it easy. I know how to stop that.
I used to fix two of these a night
at the dance hall.
Why don't you try
a cold knife under his nose?
- Good idea.
- Let me up.
Don't talk. Waiter, put that chicken back
on the stove, will you?
It's nothing, folks.
Stand back and give him some air.
He should've ordered chop suey, too.
I knew the way he was acting
he'd get a punch in the nose.
Maybe he saw something
that made him dizzy.
Come, Ann.
- Give me another knife. This one's hot.
- Okay.
Just cut my throat with it.
- If you're upset, I'll gladly take you home.
- Upset? Why?
Because I saw David
with Florence Nightingale?
I don't care who holds a knife to him...
although I'd certainly like
the chance myself.
Is there someplace you'd like to go?
Yes. I feel like staying up all night tonight.
I know. Let's go to the fair.
Good idea.
I was never so happy in all my life.
Wonderful evening.
Wonderful!
So happy and carefree.
They're being very clever.
They're making believe we're stuck.
We are stuck.
That's what I thought.
- Why don't they do something about it?
- Keep calm, don't be frightened.
It's much better to stay where we are.
- You're soaked through.
- It's nothing.
- You're catching cold.
- It's only a little sniffle.
You know what David does
if he sneezes twice in one evening?
He goes to bed
with four hot water bottles...
a quart of brandy,
and a red woolen cap over his head.
You ought to see him in bed
with that red woolen cap.
The moment we get down,
we go to your apartment...
and get you into some dry clothes.
My apartment?
Excuse me.
What a beautiful room.
No wonder you've never gotten married.
- Who did it for you, Jeff?
- I did it myself.
- Do you like the color scheme?
- You did?
David couldn't even tell you
the color of our walls.
He could be living in a tent.
It's the most tasteful man's bedroom
I've ever seen.
Thank you.
What about your hair?
Don't worry about it.
I'll just dry it in front of the fire.
Would you excuse me?
I'm going to get
into something more comfortable.
Is that your idea
of something more comfortable?
I only have one dinner coat.
Don't tell me you expect
to go out again in your condition.
This hasn't been
much of an evening for you.
Don't you ever think about yourself?
What you need, young man,
is a little medical attention.
I feel fine, really.
Two big swallows of this, there'll be
one less pneumonia case tomorrow.
There. Now, sit right over there.
- Is that for me?
- Yes. All in one big gulp.
I don't drink liquor. I just keep it for David.
- And friends.
- You never drink liquor at all?
I haven't anything against
other people drinking it...
but I just never seem to get around
to breaking training.
- I eat four different vegetables a day.
- Really?
When I was a young fella,
I attended a temperance lecture...
and it was very instructive.
I've never forgotten it.
This man was explaining
the evils of liquor...
and there was a drunk in the audience
who kept interrupting him.
Finally, the lecturer asked the drunk
to come up on the platform.
When he got there,
he asked him to open one eye.
Do you know what he did?
He took an eyedropper full of whiskey
and squirted it into that man's eye.
You never heard such hollering
in all your life.
Of course, his whole eye got inflamed,
and the lecturer pointed out...
that the lining in your stomach... is exactly the same composition as your eyeball. I've never been able to forget that. It's rather a dirty trick. Then you know what happened? The drunk left the hall and came back a few minutes later... and went up on the platform and asked the lecturer to open his eye. - And do you know what he did? - What? He jammed a whole handful of corn crinkles in that man's eye... and said to the audience: "That's what corn crinkles do to the lining of your stomach." It served him right. This isn't alcohol, it's medicine. - If you think I ought to... - Yes, I do. One big gulp, now. Don't you feel it? Doesn't it burn you or anything? No. I've tried this before, and it's very interesting. I don't mind the taste of it. Only thing is, my metabolism must be very high... because unfortunately I'm not one of those... strong, silent men who can hold their liquor. I never saw anyone hold it as well. I don't think one is going to do you any good. I think another one would be a mistake. It's just medicine. It kills the germs. All in one gulp, now. Your good health. What a constitution. Maybe that second one was too much. Miss Ann... may I...
beg your leave for a moment?
Certainly.
Are you feeling all right?
You come right over here and sit down.
- I wouldn't want to get bold.
- We'll keep the table between us.
That's right. Right over here.
You sit right there.
I'll sit right over here.
My only fear is that I may not act
like a gentleman.
I always say
a man's true character comes out...
when he's had one drink too many.
Do you know the basic difference
between you and David?
You give him one too many,
and he tilts forward at you.
And you, Jeff, you lean backwards.
Thank you.
I'll tell you something else.
All evening I've been waiting...
for just one little suspicious move
from you.
There isn't one man in a thousand...
who wouldn't take out a girl
in my position and try something.
No matter how faint,
it would still be something.
And look how wonderfully you're acting.
Thank you.
The very first time I went out with David,
he ruined a brand new $85 dress I had.
He was just awful. Didn't change
the whole first year we were married.
I used to think
maybe it was the things he ate.
I tried changing his diet around
and everything.
Thank you.
I had a wonderful evening.
I'm going to leave you now.
You cover up warm in bed
and get a good night's sleep.
You'll feel much better in the morning.
I intend taking you home, Ann.
- Absolutely not, Jeff.
- Thank you.
- Good night.
- Good night.
You're probably dying to kiss me,
and haven't got the nerve.
- That's true.
- You may.
I have a cold.
That's very considerate.
Thank you.
That's another difference
between you and David.
Colds never stopped him.
He had the measles once.
How I didn't get the measles
I'll never know.
Good night, Jeff.
Good night, Ann.
Here we go again.
I hope she's not going to visit her mother
out on Long Island again.
- I don't think so.
- My wife don't like me to do this.
This is like driving private.
I don't get any freedom.
- You're getting paid, aren't you?
- You owe me some more money.
- I gave you $20 day before yesterday.
- You used that up two days ago.
I'll pay you later. Don't lose her.
How did you ever become
a private detective anyway?
My whole family are private detectives.
This must be costing her husband
a pile of dough.
- You want to hear my opinion?
- What?
You ain't gonna catch her at anything.
She's pretty foxy.
I don't know.
- You know what we ought to do?
- What?
Let's go to a burlesque show.
This dame ain't gonna
do nothing this afternoon.
- In the afternoons is when you catch them.
- No kidding?
- That's funny.
- What is?
Where does my wife go every afternoon?
Look, she's going to visit me.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Someone's waiting for you.
- That's perfectly all right.
Mr. Smith, it's about time.
- How do you do, Mister...?
- You've even forgotten my name.
I'm a client of yours.
I paid you a $1,000 retainer fee
to sue my brother-in-law.
- My name is Conway.
- Yes, of course, Mr. Conway.
Won't you sit down?
I made up my mind I was going to see you
if it took me all week.
- And it has. Where were you?
- Relax, Mr. Connolley.
We've got your brother-in-law
right where we want him.
If you'll lie down, I'll get the files.
My name is Conway.
I've been sleeping here so much,
I can't sleep at home.
- Where's my wife?
- She's in Mr. Custer's office.
Mr. Custer's parents surprised him.
The truth is, we're going to Lake Placid.
We always talked about a vacation
in the snow, now we're going to do it.
But we didn't know there'd be nearly
two hours between trains.
Is there no chance
that you two can join us?
- They're all in there?
- Yes.
What about Mr. Conway?
Hello, Jeff.
Excuse me.
About poor old Conway...
his brother-in-law has him where it hurts.
I've been thinking about it a great deal.
- Why, you're David Smith.
- Jefferson's partner.
David Smith. My parents.
How do you do, sir? I'm glad to see you.
The pleasure is all mine.
We know so much about you.
Jefferson's written and written.
You're like one of the family.
This is Mr. Smith. Miss Ann Krausheimer.
- We met some time ago.
- We know each other very well.
You've probably seen a great deal of her.
Yes, I have. A great deal.
I hope I'm not interrupting anything.
Sit right down, boy.
We'll all get acquainted at once.
Mother and I have just met Miss Ann...
and we find out now
they're both mighty sweet on each other.
David probably knows it better
than we do, don't you?
Yes, if it hadn't been for me,
they'd never have gotten together.
- That's so romantic.
- Any of your family from the South?
No, not exactly...
but I had a relative in the Civil War
who didn't fight at all. He was a slacker.
A great many Northerners saw it that way,
and I give them credit.
- You know what I was thinking?
- What, Mrs. Custer?
If two people wanted to go on honeymoon,
they could take the boat to New Orleans...
and motor right up through the South
to our home.
- A boat's a wonderful place for two people.
That wouldn't be very good... Excuse me.
That wouldn't be good for Ann.
She was very sick
when we took the night boat to Albany.
She's not a very good sailor.
I can give you some good practical
advice on that, too.
Whenever she gets on a boat,
don't let her have anything to eat.
Put her to bed,
put a hot-water bottle on her stomach...
and hold it there,
no matter how she hollers.
It settles her stomach.
He considers himself
quite a medical authority.
Yes.
How do you like New York?
Fine. It's so big, though,
with everybody rushing around.
That's rather deceiving.
We're really one big happy family here.
There are a thousand and one little things
that go on underneath the surface...
That reminds me. What about my laundry?
I haven't any more shorts.
Ann kind of took care of his things
around the house.
Little household things.
One of the best housekeepers
you ever saw.
I suppose you're wondering about us.
It's quite simple.
I've known Ann for a long time
and wanted to marry her.
Still do, as a matter of fact,
but, well, fortunes of war.
- I see.
- Let me tell you something.
I know of no finer compliment
I could pay to any girl than to say this:
When a man's been sitting
across the breakfast table...
from the same woman
for three solid years...
and still wants to marry her,
she's quite a girl.
Jeff, may I see you in private, please?
Come, Mother.
- Excuse us, please.
- Certainly.
Excuse me a minute, Ann.
- We can go in here, Father.
- In here, Jefferson.
What kind of white trash
have you taken up with?
- I know it sounded very confusing.
- I wasn't confused.
What's she doing with a bottle
on her stomach?
- Sending his shorts to the laundry?
- Three years, breakfast?
- They had a peculiar relationship.
- Were they married?
- Not exactly.
- I thought so.
The plumbing isn't very good
in this building.
Don't jump to any conclusions about Ann.
Are you satisfied now?
To take two fine people like that...
whose lives are wrapped up in their son
and make them unhappy?
- What about me being unhappy?
- You only think about yourself.
How could you have associated
with Jeff for so long...
and not gotten some of his fine qualities?
- What's fine about them?
- He's kind and simple and gentle.
You're in one
of your romantic moods again.
That's been the trouble
since the beginning.
And since when have you been so crazy
about the gentle act?
Shall I recall to you how I got this?
A bed lamp.
When you get to know Ann...
you'll find she's everything
a man wants in a wife.
Can't you get an office
with better plumbing?
I'm going to bring Ann up to Lake Placid
next weekend to visit you.
Maybe we're being too hasty, Ashley.
We'll make reservations for the children.
I don't want to seem too harsh.
All right, Jefferson,
we'll try and forget all this.
How do you do?
- Is it too late to go skiing?
- If you hurry you'll get a couple of hours in.
We'll hurry. Just make an "X," Jeff.
Mr. Custer, I have a message for you
from your parents.
They're on an excursion trip on the lake.
They won't be able to get back
until tonight.
The snow's blocked all the roads.
I see.
- What floor are we on?
- Your rooms are not in the lodge.
I thought they were.
- They were changed to one of the cabins.
- That's funny.
I'm sure you'll find it very satisfactory.
There's more privacy,
and a great many people prefer that.
That'll be all right, Jeff.
How far is it from here?
It's only half a mile, and the sleigh
brings you back and forth for meals.
It gives you quite an appetite.
- They're not connecting rooms, are they?
- No, they're separate suites.
I guess we better stay here for lunch
before we go.
Yes. Boy, they'll be in Cabin McKinley.
- Each cabin is named after a president.
- How very patriotic.
Clean, cold air.
I love the smell of snow.
- No one can smell the snow.
- I can.
It isn't snow.
Those two bags go in one room,
and the rest in the other.
Pardon me.
Don't catch cold, now.
- There you are, boys.
- Thank you, sir.
Phone when you want dinner,
the sleigh will be here in a few minutes.
The sleigh service
is discontinued after 10:00 at night.
So are the telephones.
We try to make this a real retreat.
That suits me.
A man has no right
to ask anything more beautiful.
- Someone else has the other suite.
- I'm glad of that.
Well, on with our skis.
Why, it's David.
What are you doing here?
- He's fainted.
- What happened to him?
- He's terribly ill.
- He's got quite an even pulse.
Don't let him soak here. Carry him inside.
Easy, Jeff.
Ann, would you hold his arms?
- But you...
- No, his arms.
Then maybe I can do it.
Let me see, now.
Ann, you hold his legs.
All right.
That's fine.
Too heavy for you, honey?
No. I guess I better go first.
Easy, Jeff.
One step, honey.
Set his legs down, honey.
Let's rest a minute.
All right?
Now we've got him.
Easy.
I better go first.
Mind the stairs, now.
That's fine.
Careful.
That's a girl.
In here.
Mind the chair.
I better go.
Hang on. Swing. One, two, three!
This is his room.
He doesn't seem to be breathing.
Don't worry, now. Control yourself.
- He's frozen. He's blue with cold.
- He's breathing fine.
Maybe he ought to have a little brandy.
No, I'm afraid not.
I think that's what did it.
Yes, I can see he's been at it all week.
- A few hours' sleep will bring him around.
- Do you really think so?
We better get these wet clothes off him.
Come on now, old man. That's fine.
We will go away
the first two weeks in December.
What's he saying?
We were supposed to come here
the first two weeks in December.
You'll be crazy about it, Ann.
He must've been here the whole week,
torturing himself.
He shouldn't have come here.
Playing in the snow.
We'll have a lot of fun.
Let's get these wet things off him.
Look out!
You'll fall.
He thinks we're skiing.
You're very graceful, Ann.
Just don't go so fast the next time.
I don't want you to hurt yourself.
Isn't that terrible?
Look out! Look out for that tree!
- You better go to your room now.
- Why? What's the matter?
- I want to get him undressed.
- Go ahead.
If you need me, call me.
The first two weeks in December.
Take a little walk in the snow,
you'll feel better.
He'll get delirious again and want water.
He's sleeping like a baby.
There's nothing we can do for him now.
I think I'll look once more.
He's asleep.
He's trying to say something.
The first two weeks in December.
What's he saying?
He's still at the first two weeks
in December.
He's opening his eyes.
Hello, David.
Hello, Ann.
My, he is in bad shape.
Don't you remember me?
Try and think, David. This is Ann. Annie.
This is Jeff.
Your old school chum, Jefferson.
I'll never forget you
in that little blue dress.
That's the dress I was wearing
when I first met him.
The one I told you about, the one he tore.
He liked me in that.
We ought to let him rest a while.
That isn't a rattle, is it?
I don't think so.
I wish I could hear it again, though.
No. He's just clearing his throat.
- He looks awful.
- He'll look better when he gets a shave.
- That's what I was thinking.
- We'll send for a barber tomorrow.
Are you expecting me to shave him?
No. I can do it.
You? That's something only a barber can do. It's difficult to shave someone else.
- I've always shaved him.
- You shaved him?
He's going to speak.
That barber has just ruined his skin.
Boy. Boy, I want a shine.
He thinks he's in the barber shop.
Look. He's lifting his hand.
He thinks he wants a manicure.
What shall I do?
Maybe we better humor him. Hold it.
You think we're doing the right thing?
Yes. We mustn't do anything to shock him.
He thinks I'm a manicurist, doesn't he?
He's squeezing my hand.
In a few minutes, he'll ask you for your phone number.
Will you get me his lotion out of the bathroom?
Sit down.
A woman can't control herself entirely by her head...
which is probably why we love you.
You and David have had three years together...
and whether you realize it or not, there's a bond between you...
and it's not easily broken.
People get divorced.
It's true that I think you'll be better off with me, but then I'm prejudiced.
My first wish is to see you happy.
And it's possible, it's more than possible... that as peculiar as David is, you still couldn't be happy without him.
Tell you what I'd like you to do.
Take back your promise to marry me, and think about it for a few days.
If you find you can't go on without David... you know I'll wish you every happiness in the world.
That's very kind of you.
Don't you think we ought to see how he's getting along? We'll only wake him up. I'll go see if he's still asleep. I'll look through the window. I will never forget you in that little blue dress. Little blue dress! You've been found out, you beast. I should've known your being here was too convenient. Look here...

Big sympathy act, pretending you're on a bat. But I love you. Pick up and get out of here. I never want to see you again. You're just making a nuisance of yourself. Get your hands off me. You're in love with me. And I know you're crazy. You're mine and you belong to me. You can't be with that pile of Southern fried chicken. That's what you think. You couldn't let him lay a hand on you. Not after what we've been to each other. He's going to lay a hand on me, and we're going to get married. Okay. If that's the way you feel about it, I won't stand in your way. I've been thrown out of my own home, threatened by cops... chased around in taxi cabs... and neglected my job, because I loved you and wanted you back again. Now I'm finished. It's all washed up. Go ahead and marry the guy. I hope you'll be very happy. You heard. He liked me in that little blue dress. Jeff, will you marry me? Why, I'd be honored. Is it wise to make a decision in anger?
You can be considerate of him even now?
- Your happiness is my only concern.
- I'm not good enough for you.
Why, you're making me
the happiest man in the world.
I know what you'd like. Some nice dinner.
How about some nice
Southern fried chicken?
Hello? Is that the porter?
What's the first train
I can get back to New York?
All right. Have a sleigh up here
half an hour before, will you?
It was a very nice dinner, wasn't it?
I wasn't very hungry.
Hope he has the decency to leave tonight.
Who, David? He won't stay around
where he's not wanted.
I bet you he'll be gone
by the time we get back.
You know the real reason
he keeps chasing me?
He's still so much in love with me.
He's such an egotist that he can't bear
letting someone else kiss me.
- He doesn't believe I'll marry you.
- He'll have to, after we're married.
It's getting colder.
Could you tell the driver to go faster?
Driver, go straight to Cabin McKinley...
and take the shortcut, if there is one.
- You know, I'm worried about him.
- Who?
David, yes.
He may have been
putting on an act today...
but he'll really take to drinking
from now on.
I don't think so.
He'll probably find someone else.
David's the type
that always gets married again.
I'm so afraid he'll ruin his life
on account of me...
spoil a brilliant future.
He is brilliant, you know.
If I could only make him...
I mean, if I could only disillusion him,
make him hate me, do something.
If he'd only hate me, that would be
the solution. Listen, it would work, too.
Those walls are paper-thin,
and he could hear everything.
- Why, what are you suggesting?
- It's a wonderful idea.
- Hurry, driver, hurry.
- Yes, ma'am. Giddyup.
Good night.
It's a wonderful thing you're doing.
He'd be on my conscience otherwise.
Come on in, Jeff.
It's early yet.
Put me down.
Put me down this instant.
Now, Jeff...
Now, you know I've had enough to drink,
Jeff, and so have you.
Jeff, are you hurt?
Don't talk so loud. Let me help you up.
My, aren't you strong?
My, what a heavy shoe it is.
No.
What are you doing?
Unless you stop, Jeff,
I'll have to ask you to leave.
Jeff, behave yourself.
You haven't even got any pride.
I only did this for you, so you'd realize
it was all over between us.
There's only one way to handle you.
Let go of me.
Let go. Jeff, I'm not acting.
This is real. Come in, Jeff.
Hit him, Jeff.
- I don't need it.
- Do you want to make anything out of it?
- I forgive you, David.
- You mean you're not gonna hit him?
Ann, you're so attractive
that I take it for granted that other men...
less disciplined,
will always take liberties with you.
Violence shows a lack of character.
You won't do anything to him?
Would you respect me more
if I knocked him down?
Would I? You big blubber,
what kind of a man are you?
How could you love a woman
and let someone paw her?
Now, let's not say anything in anger
we'll be sorry for.
Haven't you any self-respect?
- Surprise.
- Isn't it wonderful up here?
Are you children having a good time?
Do you realize you're raising your voice?
- Raising her voice?
- Certainly I'm raising my voice.
I never saw you act like this before.
I always thought you were gentle.
Very gentle. How do you think I got this?
Jefferson, I forbid you
to marry this woman.
You forbid him to marry me?
Listen to me, you stuffed shirt.
Even a mouse has enough backbone
to fight sometime.
Taking your hat off on that elevator
doesn't make a man out of you.
You can teach a monkey to do that,
and I'll take a monkey anytime...
whether he's a dipsomaniac
or beats his wife...
over a lump of jelly like you.
But I'm not taking you.
Go out and get a Girl Guide
and go camping together.
Let me out of here
before I forget I'm a lady.
You have just seen her
in one of her quieter moods.
What are you doing?
The telephone is disconnected,
and there's no transportation...
and I'm gonna spend the evening
at the lodge.
But that's ridiculous.
Why don't you spend the night here?
Not on your life.
How are you gonna get there?
You can't ski.
If necessary, on my hands and knees.
You're not doing me any favor
by staying here.
- I'd just as soon you get out.
- We see eye to eye.
In fact, I'll help you get out.
Sorry.
Thank you.
I'm warning you, I'll kill you in cold blood.
Sometime, someday,
when your back is turned, I'll stab you.
I'm telling you, don't you try anything.
David, get me out of these things.
Get me out of here!
David, get me out of these,
or I'll break every bone in your body!