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# Mr. Skeffington

By Julius J. Epstein

- Good evening, Soames.

- Good evening, Mr. Conderley.

Well, I'm afraid I'm a little early, aren't I?

Miss Trellis wasn't

expecting anyone until 8:00.

I thought I'd come a little ahead of time.

Have a chat with Miss Fanny.

Sorry, sir, she's still dressing.

All right, I'll wait.

- May I bring you a drink?

- No, thank you.

- I never did care for drinking alone.

- You won't be drinking alone, sir.

I won't?

No, sir. Mr. Morrison also came

a little early.

He too hoped to have a little chat

with Miss Fanny. He's in the library...

...drinking sherry.

Hello, Edward.

Hello, Jim.

How come you're here so early?

My watch is fast.

- How is it you're here even earlier?

- I have no watch.

Don't believe in them.

I believe in another sherry

though, Soames.

- If he's having sherry, I'll have Scotch.

- Very good, sir.

Well, Jim, think there will be a war?

War? Between whom?

Between whom?

Haven't you been reading the papers?

Of course. I never seem to get around

to the front pages, though.

The kaiser sent an ultimatum to France,

France sent one to the kaiser...

...and the tsar's sent notes to everybody.

- Oh, those chaps.

No, I don't think there will be a war.

Not just yet anyhow.

Too hot.

Tell me. What do you people talk about

down in your section of Maryland?  
Horses. And hounds.  
You must think.  
What do you think about?  
What we talk about.  
Horses and hounds.  
Of course, I do a lot  
of thinking about Fanny.  
Tell me, is that all you people talk about?  
Horses and hounds.  
Oh, no. No.  
We do quite a bit of sailing too.  
Really?  
You must lead a busy life.  
I should say.  
Stables and all,  
doesn't give you a minute.  
Besides which, I'm thinking  
of running for Congress in the fall.  
You are?  
You should have an easy time  
with all those horses squarely behind you.  
Well, thought it would be rather nice  
for Fanny. Wife of a statesman.  
Would it be too difficult to grasp  
that others have proposed to her too?  
Oh, I grasp it.  
But she can't marry all of us, you know.  
Well, when you're elected to Congress,  
perhaps you can arrange that.  
Who the devil is that?  
- Good evening, Soames.  
- Good evening, Mr. Thatcher.  
- Is Miss Fanny down yet?  
- She's upstairs dressing.  
I thought if I came before the rest...  
...there might be an opportunity  
for a chat.  
I understand, sir. But you see...  
What are you doing here, Thatcher?  
I feel I have a right  
to propose to Fanny now.  
Father's promised  
to increase my allowance.

He has? Doesn't he want  
to marry her himself?  
We didn't discuss it.  
Well, Jim, what do you think?  
War or no war?  
What war is that?  
Oh, sorry.  
Thinking about Fanny.

- Hello.
- Glad to see you.
- Is Fanny in?
- She's upstairs dressing.
- Don't announce me. I'll go up.
- When did you get in to town?
- Just off the train. How is everyone?
- Everyone's fine.
- We're giving a dinner party tonight.
- Good.
- Going to be with us long?
- I hope so.
- Be sure to save me a place for dinner.
- Yes, sir.

I don't recognize him.  
Either of you know him?  
Fanny will have to stop meeting people.  
Looks like he's never been  
on a horse in his life.  
Without even knocking.  
Fanny.

- Hello, Fanny.
- Who is it?
- George.
- George? Which George?

Which...? How many Georges  
are there in your life?  
Oh, three or four.  
Well, this George is going straight  
back to California.  
Cousin George.

- George.
- Fanny.
- George, darling.
- Fanny.
- It's good to see you again.

- George, I love you very much...  
...but would you moving your chin  
to the right?  
Manby spent an hour on these curls.  
- Is that all you do with your time?  
- Don't you think it was worth it?  
Well, yes. Even after two years,  
you look rather nice.  
"Rather nice"?  
That's all you ever say to me, Georgie.  
I have my standards.  
No woman is beautiful until she's  
on the cover of the Police Gazette.  
You never were one to spoil me.  
You forget that we were brought up together.  
We had the measles and mumps together.  
- Hello.  
- How do you do?  
After all, I saw you  
with your didies up, down...  
- George, really.  
- I'm sorry.  
- I can't think of you as beautiful.  
- Will you fix these curls?  
By the way, I saw three strange faces  
on the way up. Who were they? Suitors?  
- An entirely new batch.  
- What happened to the old ones?  
Some married, some committed suicide  
and some grew fat.  
She still has every man in New York  
at her feet, Mr. Trellis.  
It's getting now so that they are  
proposing in bunches.  
Hello, Trippy, darling.  
Look who's here, George.  
- George, I thought I heard your voice.  
- Hello, Trippy.  
Well, well. Welcome back.  
How have you been?  
- Fine. How have you been?  
- Me? Wonderful. Couldn't be better.  
Trippy has a job now and is working hard.  
I certainly am, only I don't like

to hear it referred to as a job.

- What do you do?

- Customer's man.

Skeffington and Company.

- Skeffington and Company? The Jewish firm?

- Yes.

- How do you like working for him?

- Oh, he's all right. Just like any other boss.

Well, he must pay awfully well.

Here you are, giving lavish dinner parties.

Two years ago you were practically broke.

Oh, but we're still broke.

We've kept it from everybody

but the butcher, the baker...

...and several department stores.

The fact is, George, I kept my eyes  
and ears open down at the office...

...and I made a little killing.

I thought if I bought new dresses  
and gave a dinner party...

...it might encourage Trippy  
to make more killings.

Very touching.

You don't have to worry about me.

My killer's instinct is aroused.

That's wonderful. I hope it's all true.

- Why do you say that?

- You still don't look anyone...

...straight in the eye  
when you speak to them.

What gives you the right  
to keep picking on me?

- Find me someone worth looking in the eye.

- That's not very flattering.

All right, Trippy, darling.

We'll find someone.

Now, come on and finish dressing.

And hurry. You know you're always late.

- Evening, Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Middleton.

- Good evening.

- Good evening, Soames.

- Good evening, sir.

- Good evening, sir.

- Good evening.

I did want to see Mr. Trellis.

- I had no idea...

- Yes?

Nevertheless, I wonder if I could see him.

- Have you an appointment?

- I'm afraid not.

- Well, then, I...

- It's very important.

- Who shall I tell him is calling?

- Mr. Skeffington. Mr. Job Skeffington.

Oh, Mr. Skeffington.

I'll tell him immediately, sir.

Would you mind waiting  
in the study? This way.

Thank you.

Trippy, George was just telling me that  
they have a huge glass of orange juice...  
...every morning in California.

Imagine.

Come in.

I beg your pardon, Miss Trellis...

...but Mr. Skeffington is here  
to see Mr. Trellis.

- Who?

- Mr. Skeffington, Soames?

Yes, miss.

Darling, did you invite him?

Why didn't you tell me?

I certainly did not invite him.

He said he won't keep you a moment,  
but it's very important.

Well, tell him I'm sorry,  
but I can't see him tonight.

And I'll be happy to see him  
in the morning.

Yes, sir.

Miss Trellis, your guests  
are beginning to arrive.

Thank you.

Soames.

Ask Mr. Skeffington  
if he'd wait a moment.

Yes, sir.

What was the idea of that?

Lt'd be nice if you saw your employer.  
You'll get more work out of him.  
If he thinks because I work for him  
he can come barging in here...  
But, darling, obviously  
he didn't come for a free dinner.  
- It must be important.  
- Not so important it can't wait till morning.  
You get rid of him. I won't see him.  
Georgie, what do you think of that?  
I think you and I had better  
speak to Skeffington.  
- But what will we tell him about Trippy?  
- Oh, I'll try and think of some lie or other.  
No, never mind. I'll think of one.  
Trippy's kept me in practice.  
Georgie, don't look so worried.  
- Good evening.  
- Hello.  
Fanny, you look beautiful.  
You look more like  
a statesman every day.  
Really, Fanny?  
My cousin George just arrived,  
and for some reason or other...  
...we must be kind to him.  
George, this is Mr. Morrison,  
Mr. Thatcher and Mr. Conderley.  
- How do you do?  
- How do you do?  
Thank you.  
Would you please excuse us?  
Will you go speak to Skeffington? I'll be  
right in. I must apologize to my guests.  
Fanny.  
Hello, Chester, darling.  
- Fanny.  
- Chester.  
Evening, Dr. Parker.  
Forgive me for being so late.  
Fanny.  
- Good evening.  
- Good evening.  
Mr. Skeffington?



I'm George Trellis, Trippy's cousin.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

- I didn't know you were having a party.

- Quite all right. It must be very important.

I'm afraid it's extremely important.

Yes.

- Cigarette?

- No, thank you.

Good evening, Mr. Skeffington.

Miss Trellis, Trippy's sister.

How do you do, Mr. Skeffington?

How do you do?

George, did you explain to

Mr. Skeffington about Trippy?

No, I didn't.

Unfortunately, my brother went to bed  
half an hour ago, with a severe...

...cold.

- Headache.

Both?

I'm sorry to hear that.

It's possible the cold  
brought on the headache.

Trippy feels sure he can shake  
the cold off overnight...

...and be at his desk in the morning.

- I'm sure he will be.

I don't think that's quite probable.

You see, your brother  
is no longer in my employ.

Trippy never said a word about that.

A man with a cold  
is never very communicative.

- If you'll excuse me, perhaps I'd better...

- Mr. Skeffington.

Isn't there anything  
you would care to discuss with us?

As you may know, Miss Trellis  
and Trippy have no father or mother.

I'm more or less head of the family.

Since your cousin avoided me tonight and  
undoubtedly will avoid me in the morning...

...I think perhaps

I had better speak to you.

Miss Trellis, it's rather a delicate matter,  
so if you'll excuse us.

- No, Mr. Skeffington, I'm staying.

- All right, then.

I dropped in tonight on an impulse. I was  
really on my way to see Arnold Hanlon.

Arnold Hanlon?

Wasn't he the district attorney?

He still is.

I don't think I'm going to be able  
to take this standing up.

Maybe we'd all better sit down.

- Won't you, Mr. Skeffington?

- Thank you.

Has Trippy done something awful?

Well, to begin with, your brother  
has many good qualities.

He's intelligent. He has imagination...

Oh, this is gonna be even worse  
than I thought.

As a bond salesman,  
he started out brilliantly.

His orders piled in,  
his commissions mounted.

We gave him a larger desk,  
put his name on the door.

That he told me about.

Then one day he handed in  
a very large order...

...from a Mr. Clarence Pruitt  
of Big Falls, Rhode Island.

So large an order, it required  
an immediate confirmation.

It turned out there was no  
Mr. Clarence Pruitt of Rhode Island.

It even turned out there was no such town  
as Big Falls in Rhode Island.

You mean he made them both up?

He created everything but Rhode Island.

Naturally, we started to investigate  
other orders that hadn't been confirmed.

We found he'd sold \$50,000  
worth of railroad bonds...

...to a man whose address placed him  
squarely in the middle of the Hudson River.  
Another block was sold to a man who  
could have had only the mildest interest...

...in stocks and bonds,  
having been dead for 23 years.

Good heavens.

How long was he doing this?

For about three weeks.

Weren't you suspicious at all?

He threw in enough cancellations  
to make the thing seem authentic.

And here and there,  
there was a legitimate sale.

But you had to look for them.

It wasn't very clever of him, was it?

Well, he showed a certain flare  
for picking odd names and places...

...but it was hardly worth the \$24,000  
we paid him in commissions.

You mean he stole \$24,000 from you?

Yes. I'm afraid that's it.

Does Trippy know you know?

Oh, yes. We called him in  
and told him we'd give him...

...every opportunity to return the money.

Then we sent him to a smaller office...

...and took his name off the door.

That was two weeks ago.

- Has he made any effort to make good?

- Not only hasn't he returned a penny...

...but three days ago he forgot himself  
and handed in another order...

...from Mr. Clarence Pruitt.

When a man becomes repetitious,  
it's time to go to the DA.

You should have gone long ago.

Well, I was quite touched  
when I discovered...

...that he'd lost most of the money  
at the racetrack.

- That touched you?

- Yes.

They were my horses he bet on,

and I gave him the tips.

How was I to know

it was my own money?

Poor Trippy.

I'm sorry, Miss Trellis.

I know it won't be any hardship...

...for you to return the money.

- No hardship?

There won't be unpleasantness.

Mr. Skeffington, you may as well know  
that Miss Trellis and Trippy are stone broke.

I don't understand.

- The Trellis wealth was a legend.

- Well, it's now a myth.

When my father died four years ago  
he did leave a considerable estate...

...but, you see,

Trippy insisted on managing it.

He went through their fortune  
and was starting in on yours.

I see.

But the house, servants.

I was under the impression...

Everybody's under the same impression.

Even the creditors.

I take it, then, there's no chance  
of the money being returned, is there?

I'll be leaving now.

Unless, of course, Trippy could get another  
job and pay you back a little each week.

You couldn't write him  
a reference, could you?

I could, but my heart  
wouldn't be in it, really.

Well...

...all we can do is throw ourselves  
on your mercy.

You see, there are stockholders.

It's not my money, it's the corporation's.

Yes, but the horses were yours  
and not the corporation's, weren't they?

Yes, that's true.

But I'm not quite sure of the logic.

If you give us time,

I'll look over the estate again.  
Perhaps there's something I can salvage.  
Mr. Skeffington.  
Well, the stockholders don't know yet.  
I'll let it ride a while.  
Thank you. Thank you very much.  
- Mr. Skeffington, may I tell you how...  
- Please. I'm keeping you from your guests.  
Wouldn't you stay for dinner?  
After all, you're really the host.  
- It's your money.  
- No, thank you.  
I'm dining with the district attorney.  
Just a social call.  
I'm sorry you can't stay.  
- Good night, Mr. Skeffington.  
- Good night, Miss Trellis.  
Don't bother seeing me to the door.  
You have your guests.  
- Good night, sir.  
- Good night.  
Good night, Mr. Skeffington.  
Good night.  
- I could wring Trippy's neck.  
- It wouldn't do any good, Georgie.  
When he was a boy,  
we'd put him to bed regularly...  
...without supper, and he'd still gain weight.  
- But what are we gonna do?  
- There's nothing to worry about.  
- No?  
No. There will be three dozen roses  
in the morning.  
What a beautiful basket  
of flowers, Manby.  
- Whose were the first to arrive?  
- Mr. Morrison's.  
Which are Mr. Skeffington's?  
No flowers came from Mr. Skeffington.  
These are Mr. Thatcher's,  
and these are Mr. Conderley's.  
Manby, were there any calls  
for me this morning?  
I mean, calls other than Mr. Morrison's

and Mr. Thatcher's and Mr. Conderley's?

The Reverend Dr. Parker called.

He said to tell you dinner

last night was heavenly.

- Did he ask if I'd sold any bazaar tickets?

- Yes.

I thought so.

Well, I haven't, Manby. Not a one.

You may take them back downstairs.

- Good morning, Fanny.

- Good morning, Trippy.

- What day is today?

- Friday.

Oh, I miscalculated.

I didn't intend getting up until Monday.

Hey, I can't find my pulse.

That doesn't surprise me in the least.

You knew George wanted to talk to you

last night about Mr. Skeffington.

That's why you drank so much.

Since when have I needed an excuse?

Trippy, what are you going to do now?

How can we possibly

repay Mr. Skeffington?

What do you mean, "repay Skeffington"?

We don't owe him anything.

The whole thing's probably

a huge clerical error.

Twenty-four thousand dollars?

A clerical error?

Well, money and high finance

confuse me.

I never know what belongs to whom

or whose is what.

People are very picayune about money.

Oh, leave me alone, I have a hangover.

Trippy.

Why did you do it?

I'm the brother of the most sought-after girl

in New York. I've gotta live up to it.

That's no excuse

for doing something so dreadful.

- Did Skeffington say what he's gonna do?

- He said that he'd let it ride a while.

Very magnanimous of him.

Listen, Fanny...

...I don't want you to ask any favors of him.

We don't have to beg from him.

- I don't like him or his type.

- I think he was very considerate of you.

The least you can do is forgive him  
for having robbed him.

Rob?

Rob. That's what I said, rob.

- That's a fine thing to say.

- How else could you expect me to say it?

I certainly don't expect my own sister...

Yes, I'm glad.

I'm glad Dad isn't alive to see you insult  
and humiliate me in defense of a cheap...

Oh, now, you stop that Trippy Trellis.

Skeffington doesn't need any defending.

- You...

- Don't you say another word. I feel sick.

- Of course...

- You make me sick.

You feel sick every time I say something  
to you about something you've done.

Trippy, dear...

I'm sorry. Really, I'm sorry.

- Why can't you leave me alone?

- Oh, Trippy, you mustn't.

You mustn't feel like this.

Everything will be all right, really.

No, it won't.

I've just been lucky so far.

Sooner or later,  
everybody will know about me.

If Skeffington doesn't go to the police,  
someday somebody will.

When that happens, I'll...

- When that happens, I'll kill myself.

- Trippy.

Trippy, don't say such things.

Don't even think such things.

Why do I do it?

Who do I get it from?

Not from Dad.

- He was a grand old gent, wasn't he?

- Yes, he was, Trippy.

Fanny...

...do you remember much about Mother?

Just that she was tall and very beautiful  
and played the piano.

I'm glad she's not here...

...to see what I turned out to be.

Why, Trippy Trellis...

...she would love you very much.

Why don't you get dressed and come  
have lunch with Janie Clarkson and me.

No, thanks.

- The thought of food...

- Oh, please do.

Janie's very amusing,  
and she wears such funny hats.

Yes, Manby?

Some more flowers, Miss Trellis.

From Mr. Chester Forbish.

A very interesting man.

Who, Chester?

No, not Chester.

Skeffington Company, Casey speaking.

Seventeen and a half, sir.

Five hundred at 17 and a half? Yes, sir.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

- May I see Mr. Skeffington, please?

- Your name, please?

Miss Trellis.

Miss Anderson, there's a Miss Trellis  
here to see Mr. Skeffington.

Yes, ma'am.

- Would you wait a moment, please?

- Thank you.

Will you try to locate Mr. Skeffington?

He's on the exchange floor.

- Yes, Miss Anderson.

- Supply and demand are hypothetical.

The thing to look out...

- Mr. Skeffington.

- How do you do, Miss Trellis? I didn't...

- Why didn't you tell me she was here?



- But...

That's quite all right, Mr. Skeffington...

...considering the fact that I'm completely unexpected and uninvited.

- Won't you come in?

- Thank you.

Mr. Skeffington, I want you to know I didn't come here to talk about Trippy.

Good. It's a painful subject.

- Won't you sit down?

- Thank you.

Cigar?

Oh, I'm sorry. It's automatic.

All my visitors are men.

I see.

Now, what can I do for you?

Mr. Skeffington, I came to ask you if you would buy some tickets for a bazaar...

...or a musical...

...or it might even be a picnic.

- It's for some charity, I suppose.

Yes, it's for the Children's Hospital or the Home for the Aged.

I don't quite remember.

Anyway, it's printed on the tickets.

That's funny. I was sure that

I'd brought them with me. They're \$25.

They're both worthy causes.

I'll take a dozen tickets.

You will not. Two is quite enough.

Besides, you don't get a thing for your money.

Or are you used to that?

Mr. Skeffington...

...do you mind very much if I sit somewhere else?

That eagle looks as if

he were going to pounce on me...

...or whatever it is that eagles do.

- Are you sure he isn't still alive?

- Quite.

He's just stuffed.

Well, my poor little bird is stuffed too, so maybe that's what appeals to him.

Perhaps you'd like to sit here?

She's very pretty.

Your wife?

No. I'm not married.

Your sister?

I have no family at all.

Well, she's very attractive, but I won't pursue the subject any further.

Excuse me.

Hello.

Yeah.

What is it now?

Buy 10,000 at 23 and a half.

Mr. Skeffington, please forgive me for being so curious...

...but it sounds very important.

- Ten thousand what?

- Ten thousand shares of steel.

What's the 23 and a half?

Twenty-three and a half dollars a share.

Ten thousand at 23 and a half?

Oh, well, if you're that casual about money, I'll let you buy the dozen tickets after all.

You know, the Trellis fortune was made and lost here...

...and I've never once seen the stock exchange.

I'd be glad to show you around some time.

That's very nice of you, but isn't it a little vague?

Could you make it right now?

I have an engagement with Janie Clarkson, but we don't like each other...

...so she probably won't be there, either.

In that case, would you like to have lunch with me?

Oh, I'd be delighted.

Then could I come back here and see all this?

If you wish. Shall we go to the Waldorf?

Not the Waldorf.

That's where I'm not having lunch with Janie Clarkson.

Yes?

What?

When?

What is happening, Mr. Skeffington?

- Terrible.

- What's terrible?

They've declared war.

War?

Get all our branch offices on the phone.

Keep a wire open to Washington.

Hello, Casey,

keep me informed on wheat.

- See the tape?

- Yes, I know.

- Steel is up to 28. Buy?

- Sell.

- Wheat's up 20. What do we do?

- Get word from Washington yet?

Mr. Skeffington, I've changed my mind.

I'm having lunch

with Janie Clarkson after all.

It's impossible, I tell you.

Miss Trellis, l...

It's really very flattering, Mr. Vanyi.

Isn't it, Georgie?

Won't you tell me

who commissioned you to paint it?

- I'm sorry, Miss Trellis.

- You're very stubborn.

Yes. Now look here, Mr. Vanyi,

I'll pay you double. I want that portrait.

Sorry, but my client is paying me

four times my usual fee.

- Confound it, who is this client?

- The extra money is to keep me quiet.

You see, Jim, it's no use.

- But look here, l...

- Excuse me. That must be the transfer man.

He can't do this to me.

One moment, Mr. Vanyi.

We'll settle this here and now.

Fanny, it's not like you.

All these hours sitting for a portrait

you won't own...

...for a man you don't even know.

Why did you do it?

I think it's very romantic, Georgie.

An unknown admirer...

...commissions the foremost  
portrait painter of the day to paint me.

And besides, as Mr. Vanyi said...

...he offered to donate \$ 1000  
to my favorite charity.

Oh, I see.

Georgie, I was wondering...

...would it be considered charity  
if we use the money for Trippy?

Well, a thousand dollars wouldn't help  
much, so we might just as well be honest.

By the way, have you heard  
from Mr. Skeffington?

I almost had lunch with him  
several weeks ago.

But it was the very day that war was  
declared, and it spoiled everything.

I must say, he's been decent.

He hasn't called me in all this time.

- Sooner or later we've got to tell him.

- I suppose we have, Georgie.

I've only been able to raise four,  
\$5000 and that's the limit.

Goodness, I almost forgot.

I have a date with Janie Clarkson.

Oh, how is Janie?

I don't know.

Haven't seen her for months.

I'll remember this, Mr. Vanyi.

Fanny, this man's impossible. He won't  
give me the slightest hint who it is.

- Jim, I really don't care.

- Don't care?

What if we walk into a saloon some day  
and see you over the bar?

- I doubt very much I'll ever get that drunk.

- Now, Fanny...

I really have to be going now.

Goodbye, Mr. Vanyi.

I'm afraid it was

a frightful ordeal.

- No, you were a charming subject.

- Thank you.

Goodbye, Jim. Come, Manby.

Can I drop you somewhere?

No, thank you very much.

Why don't you drop George.

Oh, Georgie?

Would you phone Janie,  
and tell her I can't see her?

Thank you. Goodbye.

Goodbye, Fanny.

Will thou pledge thy troth to him?

In love and honor?

In faith and tenderness?

To live with him and cherish him?

- I will.

- Have you the ring, sir?

- Yes.

- Good. You will repeat after me.

- In token and pledge...

- In token and pledge...

...of our faith...

...of our faith...

...and abiding love.

...and abiding love.

By authority committed unto me  
as justice of the peace...

...I declare Job Skeffington and Frances  
Trellis are now husband and wife...

...according to the laws and statutes  
of the state of New Jersey.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

It's a privilege of the justice  
of the peace to kiss the bride.

May I please use your phone?

Job, I was born right across  
the river there, near Grant's Tomb.

Of course, the tomb  
hadn't quite been built.

My governess used to  
take me there every day.

That's where she met her policeman.

Job, where were you born?  
Right here in New York.  
The corner of Market and Cherry Street.  
Market and Cherry? Where's that?  
Foot of the East River. It's about 10 miles,  
I should say, from the nearest governess.  
Job, do you realize I've known you  
only two months?  
And that I practically know  
nothing about you at all.  
Were you poor?  
You have no idea how poor.  
You weren't actually hungry?  
My father sold chocolate bars  
with almond nuts on a pushcart.  
When he had a good day, we ate meat.  
When he had a bad day,  
we ate chocolate bars with almond nuts.  
The bad days had a slight edge.  
You remember a lot about  
when you were a little boy, don't you?  
Especially the lack of plumbing.  
Skeffington, that's a strange name  
for Market and Cherry.  
You mean, is that my real name?  
No. The immigration official on  
Ellis Island wasn't a good speller...  
...and "Skeffington" was the closest  
he could get to "Skevinzskaza."  
Well, then, how did you  
become so successful?  
I don't wanna go on  
with the story of my life.  
It's routine, rags to riches.  
Of course, I sold newspapers.  
I was a messenger during the day  
and went to school at night.  
You can fill in the rest.  
There's one difference.  
You didn't marry the boss's daughter.  
No.  
But I married the woman  
everybody else wanted to.  
That makes up for it.

Job, find out what's happening.

Attendant?

- Yes?

- What's going on?

That's Tony, Joe and Luigi,  
serenading a couple that got married.

They go looking for them.

- How do they tell?

- I don't know, but they do.

You know, they ain't messed up  
on a couple in over 10 years.

Can you beat that?

Job, could you tell  
they've just been married?

He's a very lucky boy.

I think I could.

They way she's looking at him,  
you couldn't miss it.

I see what you mean.

The way I'm looking at you.

No. Your look is cordial,  
not connubial.

I've married you,  
but I haven't won you.

Job.

No.

So far, I've merely taken you  
away from the others.

Do you think that night  
I broke into your party...

...do you think that was  
the first time I'd seen you?

No. I'd seen you many times before that.

Dining at Sherry's.

Dancing at the Waldorf.

You never noticed me.

When I saw you the night

I came to see Trippy...

...you looked very beautiful.

Very unattainable.

That's why I commissioned Vanyi  
to paint your portrait.

At least, I'd have that.

Well, now you have both.

The portrait and me.  
What you mean is I own both.  
It isn't quite the same thing.  
Do you know why I came to your office  
that day to sell you bazaar tickets?  
Because I'd made up my mind even then  
that I was going to marry you.  
- Why?  
- Because you're good and kind...  
...and your eyes are special  
in a St. Bernard sort of way.  
And although I've never  
really seen you smile...  
...I always have the feeling  
you're laughing at me.  
And I find that attractive.  
Besides the fact you're very rich.  
Would you like to kiss me?  
We're about to be serenaded.  
Skeffington.  
Does he hunt? Does he sail?  
Does he do anything worthwhile?  
I'm not gonna be a hypocrite,  
but Fanny's treated me shabbily.  
- In an underhanded way.  
- I don't see where you come in.  
You never stood a chance.  
I'm the jilted one.  
That's rich, you two.  
I'm the one who's unhappy.  
- I'm the one who has...  
- You unhappy?  
I notice you're starting in  
on your third sandwich.  
At least I didn't hog  
the white meat.  
- Wait...  
- I only had one sandwich...  
Wait a minute. It can't be that bad.  
- White meat or dark?  
- Dark or white, what's the difference now?  
That must be Fanny.  
Gentlemen, let me speak to her first.  
And there's still some turkey left.



Hello.

Georgie, dear.

Well, I, for one, am delighted.

Why do you say, "I, for one"?

Thatcher's here,

Morrison's here, Conderley's here.

Congratulations, sir.

That idiot, Chester, is here.

The time I've had.

They're all eating cold turkey.

I've had to feed them,

but you're gonna console them.

Well, Job, in that case,

shall we get it over with?

I don't know if I'm up to it.

They're full of turkey. I'm not.

- Georgie, do you know where Trippy is?

- I haven't the slightest idea.

Good evening, gentlemen.

- Fanny.

- Fanny, dear.

I rather expected you'd all be here  
to welcome me.

I don't believe you've ever met

Mr. Skeffington, have you?

Job, Mr. Conderley, Mr. Thatcher,

Mr. Forbish and Mr. Morrison.

- How do you do?

- Hello.

- How do you do, gentlemen?

- Fanny.

I see that George has done  
very well by you.

- Fanny.

- Yes, Chester, darling?

- My sister come in, Soames?

- Yes. She's downstairs.

Now that you've finished the meat course,  
perhaps I could get you some dessert.

- Excuse me, Morry.

- Fanny...

I'm afraid the best I can do  
is canned peaches.

George, would you bring me

a can opener, please?

Well, if it isn't

Mr. And Mrs. Skeffington.

- Trippy, darling. Then you've heard.

- Of course.

Everybody knows about it.

It's in the papers.

Were we on the front page?

Not quite. You're listed  
under "business transactions."

Trippy, you'd better go  
up to your room.

Shame on you, boys.

Letting yourselves be outbid.

- Wait a minute. You're drunk.

- It's his fault I'm drunk.

When they read the news at the club,  
they gave me credit.

- Oh, Trippy.

- Fanny, you'd better go upstairs.

Oh, I'm gonna be challenged.

He's gonna heave

his checkbook in my face.

You don't know what  
you're saying.

I was the one who swindled you.

- Why did you put her in jail?

- Go upstairs.

- Leave me alone.

- You're a swine.

If he's a gentleman,

a swine is what I wanna be.

- Trippy, you're excited.

- Shut up.

You all make me sick to my stomach.

- Would you please excuse me?

- Fanny.

No, Job.

It's all right, George.

I don't know what you're gonna do,  
but I'm gonna have another sandwich.

Trippy.

Trippy, how could you?

How could you?

Why didn't you tell me about this?  
- I didn't even know you were seeing him.  
- I was afraid to tell you, Trippy.  
Because I knew how you felt about him.  
But you're wrong.  
He has character. And he's a...  
Don't tell me you're in love with him.  
I'm not drunk enough to bear that.  
I'll tell you this much, Trippy.  
You're safe now.  
You don't have to worry  
about anything anymore.  
And you can spend  
all the money you want to.  
Oh, I see. It's me.  
That's why you married him.  
Trippy, I'm very fond of Job...  
...but I love you.  
Well, who said I was leading  
a useless life?  
I brought you two together, didn't I?  
I played Cupid, didn't I?  
Trippy, go down and apologize.  
Apologize? I'll spit in his eye.  
Trippy, listen to me. You're being  
so stubborn, and you're wrong.  
When you get to know Job, you...  
I'm taking good care  
I don't get to know him.  
I'm going to Europe.  
Europe? Well, isn't there a war on there?  
That's it. This war's a godsend.  
Give me something to do.  
Trippy. Do you mean you're actually  
going to fight?  
What else do you do in a war?  
Our country isn't at war.  
Who will you fight for?  
I haven't decided.  
I might join the Germans.  
- I'll toss a coin.  
- Oh, Trippy, you're out of your mind.  
And humiliated. And sick.  
I hate him. I hate myself.

I'll send a boy from the club for these.

Trippy. If you love me at all,  
you won't leave.

I love you very much...

...but I despise Mrs. Skeffington.

Trippy.

Trippy!

Trippy.

Fanny.

- Good evening.

- Good evening, Mr. Trellis.

Mr. Skeffington is waiting  
for you, sir.

- In the library.

- Thank you.

- Hello, Job.

- Hello, George. You're late.

I wanted my flowers

to get here before I did.

- They're beautiful. Fanny was delighted.

- Good.

- You like a drink?

- Thank you.

A friend from a newsreel company  
has sent over the latest war pictures.

- Would you like to see them?

- I should say I would.

- We'll look at them after dinner.

- Good.

- Job.

- Thank you, George.

Think Fanny will like it?

It's much too good for her.

- What did she give you for your anniversary?

- Cigarette holder. It's beautiful.

Even though I've given up smoking.

- Just we three for dinner?

- No. Probably Ed Morrison.

He barged in. He's upstairs.

- Doesn't he know it's your first anniversary?

- Oh, yes.

He chose this night especially to ask  
for my wife's hand in marriage.

I sent him up to Fanny.

She makes all the domestic arrangements.  
Your marrying Fanny  
hasn't discouraged any of her suitors?  
On the contrary.  
Before they just wanted to marry her.  
Now, they seem to feel  
they have to rescue her.  
Do you know she has to reject them all  
on the average of about twice a month?  
Not too firmly, I suppose.  
The trouble with Fanny is,  
she's soft-hearted.  
She's so kind to them all.  
So gentle and considerate.  
And how has she been with you, Job?  
She's been kind and gentle  
and considerate.  
That isn't quite what you want, is it?  
I'm a very patient man, George.  
I'll leave, but remember,  
I haven't given up yet.  
That would be Morrison. Thank you.  
- This what you're looking for?  
- Yes.  
You're not going to let this  
interfere with dinner.  
This is no joking matter, Skeffington.  
He'll be back in a couple of weeks.  
- Hello, Georgie.  
- Hello, Fanny.  
Good evening, Job, dear.  
Did Job tell you how delighted  
I was with your flowers?  
Yes, he did. Thanks.  
Do you like my gown, Job?  
You look beautiful, Fanny. Beautiful.  
Thank you.  
Fanny.  
Job Skeffington.  
You know, George, I keep forgetting that  
Job can afford to give me things like this.  
How very sweet of you, Job.  
I'm simply famished.  
- Soames, is dinner ready?

- Yes, madam.

One thing about these proposals,  
they give Fanny a whale of an appetite.

"King and queen of England lay  
cornerstone for new army hospital."

- He looks like a very nice man.

- He is.

"Kaiser and Field Von Marshall  
Hindenberg inspect crack German..."

They all look exactly alike,  
don't they?

I don't like the looks  
of any of them, madam.

Just like a machine.

A friend was telling me they start them  
goose-stepping when they're 2 years old.

No fooling.

"Another naval victory for the Allies."

Oh, how dreadful.

Those poor men.

Lafayette Escadrille.

Georgie, isn't that Trippy?

I don't know. It went by so fast.

I couldn't see.

Georgie, it is Trippy.

What did the title say?

Where is he?

- Somewhere in France.

- Do you suppose he really flies a plane?

He must, if he's a member  
of the Lafayette Escadrille.

Georgie, would you please  
get me a glass of wa...?

- Fanny.

- Something wrong?

Oh, Mrs. Skeffington.

George, call Dr. Fawcett on the phone.

Oh, Mrs. Skeffington.

Nothing to worry about.

She's absolutely all right.

- Fine.

- I suppose it was the shock...  
...of seeing her brother on the screen.

- It wasn't entirely that.

What do you mean?  
I usually make a ceremony  
of these things...  
...but I've a patient uptown I must get to,  
so I'll tell you right out.  
You're going to be a father.  
Why, thank you.  
All I can say to you is good night.  
And, doctor? Is it all right  
if I go in to see her?  
Certainly. I've given her a sedative...  
...but you'll have five minutes  
for the usual nonsense.  
Don't put on the light, Job.  
I've been crying.  
Is there anything I can do for you?  
No.  
Would you like to be alone?  
No.  
Shall I come sit on the bed  
and talk to you?  
No.  
You mean I'm just to keep on standing  
where I am in the dark.  
I suppose it's the custom for the father  
to kiss the expectant mother.  
I'm very happy, Fanny.  
How about you?  
Well, at the moment,  
I'm more surprised than happy.  
Don't you like children?  
No. They always seem to be so wise.  
Well, I think any child of ours has  
a fair chance of being stupid, Fanny.  
You're laughing at me again.  
I suppose I'm just as fond  
of children as anybody else.  
Well, it's just that...  
It's just that babies grow up, and everybody  
expects you to grow up with them.  
You're not afraid  
of growing old, are you, Fanny?  
Yes, I am.  
Well, babies stay young

for quite a long time.  
Other people's babies, never your own.  
Do I look puffy yet?  
You look beautiful, Fanny.  
I don't know why.  
My face is all tear-stained.  
Just enough to be becoming.  
Well, I wanted to keep on crying,  
but I didn't have the strength.  
You see, the sedative the doctor gave me  
made me very drowsy.  
Soon, I'll be all swollen  
and puffy and ugly.  
I don't want anybody to see me  
like that. I couldn't bear it.  
Job, George is going to California  
in a week. I want to go with him...  
...and have my baby there.  
You don't want to have  
your baby in this house?  
No.  
But, Fanny, you love this house so much.  
Why, you made me  
give up my home and live here.  
Of course I love this house,  
but it's too close to my friends.  
I won't have them see me  
all swollen and ugly.  
You'll never be ugly, Fanny.  
And I don't care how swollen you look.  
Fanny, a woman is beautiful  
when she's loved. And only then.  
Nonsense. A woman is beautiful  
if she has eight hours' sleep...  
...and goes to the  
beauty parlor every day.  
And bone structure  
has a lot to do with it too.  
But I'm so busy in New York,  
and California is a six-day train trip.  
I won't be able to see you very often.  
I'll write you every week, Job.  
Fanny, that's not the point.  
I want to be near you.



I'm so sleepy.

All right, Fanny. You can go to California if you want to.

Fanny, aren't you really happy about having...?

Good afternoon, Mrs. Skeffington.

Some more flowers from your husband.

- "Condition excellent."

- Yes, I know she's all right...

...but if I could just hear her voice.

- I'm sorry. She's asleep.

All right.

Goodbye.

A girl? Wonderful.

How's Fanny?

Tell me, did you look at the baby's feet?

I mean, has she got all her toes?

Here, cover that up.

- Hello, darling.

- Fanny, here's your mother.

- Good afternoon, Marie.

- Good afternoon.

- Have you been a good girl?

- Of course, she's been a good girl.

Kiss your uncle Georgie, Fanny.

- Mrs. Skeffington?

- Yes, Marie?

- Professor Hyslop's waiting at the house.

- Thank you.

- You coming in, Job?

- Not yet. I'd like to watch Fanny play.

Don't be long. The dinner's at 8.

- Chester and Freddie are going with us.

- Think they'd mind if I came along?

Oh, Job.

Come on, sweetheart. Come on.

Sit down here with your father.

Oh, you're wonderful.

You're wonderful.

I've got something for you.

- Little Sambo.

- Sambo?

Job, who's this Professor Hyslop?

He's some young fellow.

He's not a professor.  
Speaks on street corners or something.  
- Isn't he that evangelist?  
- He's not that either.  
He's got a cult all his own.  
I think it has to do with deep breathing  
on a vegetable diet.  
- What's he doing with Fanny?  
- He doesn't consider her a disciple.  
He's one of the new suitors  
that came along when I went to camp.  
Fanny's still having suitors.  
Ought not you to be a little more  
firm about that?  
Fanny cannot live on oxygen alone.  
She's got to be surrounded by men.  
- But she doesn't have to lead them on.  
- She doesn't.  
She just sits, and they come to her.  
It doesn't mean anything.  
I think she handles them well.  
It saves me the trouble  
of sending flowers and candy.  
I think you could give the original Job  
a few pointers on patience.  
Well, there's little Fanny.  
She makes up for a lot of things.  
I'm glad she's a girl. You can kiss  
your daughter for the rest of your life.  
With a boy, well, after a while,  
you have to start shaking hands.  
It's getting cool, and it's  
Fanny's dinnertime.  
Come on, darling.  
Daddy's gonna watch you have dinner.  
- Dada.  
- What did you say, darling?  
Dads, how I get to be so little?  
Come along.  
- Good night, sweetheart.  
- Dada?  
Now, what is it?  
Oh, no, no. You've been twice already.  
You go to sleep, and I'll send your mommy

in to say good night to you.  
I've taken counsel with myself, Fanny,  
and my conscience is clear.  
It's true it's written that, whom God hath  
joined together, let no man put asunder.  
But it is also inscribed,  
worship ye at the temple.  
To me, Fanny, you are a temple  
wherein I may worship.  
But, Myles, don't you see  
I'm all wrong for you.  
I don't breathe properly.  
I love steaks and roasts.  
- I can't bear the sight of a vegetable.  
- Fanny.  
- Fanny, you're laughing at me.  
- I can't help it, Myles.  
Fanny, how can you do this to me?  
My life is ruined now.  
Destiny brought us together,  
and destiny cries out for fulfillment.  
Well, are we ready to go?  
In just a while.  
The professor is proposing to Fanny.  
He'll be down in a minute.  
Goodbye, Fanny. Forever.  
Oh, thank you.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
What have you got, son?  
- Telegram for Mrs. Skeffington.  
- I'll take it.  
All right. Sign here, please.  
It's from the War Department.  
Thank you.  
Trippy?  
- Fanny?  
- I won't be five minutes, Job.  
Could I speak to you?  
Would you mind waiting?  
I'm in a rush.  
Manby, get my pearls, will you?  
It's important.

It's a telegram.

- A telegram, Job? From whom?

- From the War Department.

It isn't anything about Trippy, is it?

Could we sit down

for a moment, please?

What is it, Job?

Fanny...

...Trippy has been killed in action.

Oh, no.

Oh, no, not Trippy.

My poor, darling Trippy.

And I loved him so.

- Fanny.

- I told him not to go to war. I told him.

- I told him.

- Fanny, let me say something to you.

- Will you please?

- No, no. Leave me alone.

Trippy's dead.

George.

George.

George, go up to Fanny.

- I'll get some brandy. Maybe that'll help.

- Right.

It's all right, Manby.

- Fanny, darling, you mustn't.

- Oh, George.

If it hadn't been for Job,

Trippy never would've gone to war.

- Now, you mustn't say it.

- He killed Trippy. He killed him.

- Fanny, you know that isn't true.

- Yes, he did.

And I'll go on living with him

for the rest of my life.

For the rest of my life,

he'll keep looking at me...

...with those puppy-dog eyes of his.

So good and so kind.

It's so sickening.

Job loves you very much. You know that.

It's really funny, Georgie.

I married Job

so I could take care of Trippy.  
And now Trippy is gone.  
And all I've got is Job.  
Some brandy?  
Isn't it a trifle immodest?  
No, no, madam. Not immodest.  
Daring, maybe.  
- What do you think, monsieur?  
- Delightfully so, I should say.  
And if Mr. Skeffington calls, Manby...  
...tell him I won't be home for dinner.  
You have just heard an address  
by Alfred E. Smith, governor of New York.  
How about a game of billiards tonight?  
Sorry, I have to go home.  
Ask Skeffington.  
He's usually free.  
That was the most wonderful time  
I've ever had in my life.  
Do you remember the time  
at Cape Cod?  
Remember to forget it...  
Thank you.  
- Excuse me.  
- Surely.  
Certainly, Fanny.  
You're the notorious Mr. MacMahon.  
Yeah.  
And you're Fanny Skeffington.  
Good stuff, huh, bud?  
- I suppose it's right off the boat, eh?  
- Yeah. They scraped it off.  
Oh, Mr. Mac.  
Come in. Come in, Mr. Mac.  
- Hi, Joe. How's business?  
- Business? Wonderful.  
Got a new load today. Right off the boat.  
Right out of the bathtub, you mean.  
Come on, Fanny.  
- Hi, Mac. Glad to see you.  
- Louie. Got a good table?  
I'll make a good table.  
Throw somebody out.  
This way, please.

Thank you.

- I'll see that you get the special stuff, Mac.

- Thanks, Louie.

Mac, is this one of your places?

I don't know. I may have a piece of it.

Cigarette?

No, thank you. I have my special kind.

My, my.

Beautiful. Beautiful.

- Ain't she beautiful?

- Yeah. Sure, sure.

I got a friend I want you to see.

I mean, I want him to see you.

Okay. Beat it, beat it.

Beat it?

That's just the trouble

with all you husbands.

You're all alike. You're selfish.

You wait here, honey. I'll be right back.

I want this fella to see you.

Do you think we look like

husband and wife, Mac?

We look more like it

than you and Skeffington do.

I've been keeping tab on that husband

of yours. I've got plenty on him.

- On Job?

- Yeah.

- Women.

- Don't be silly.

No fooling.

You think all these years he's been sitting

at home in a pair of slippers?

- He's always home when I get home.

- He's got a faster car, that's all.

- Oh, Mac.

- You'll see.

Look, Fanny...

...I'm a guy who likes

to call a spade a spade.

Why do you stick together? You haven't

meant a thing to each other for years.

- Mac, really I'd rather not talk about it.

- I wanna talk about it.

Well, you see, Mac...  
...I'm a girl who believes  
in keeping her marriage vows.  
Champagne. Just the thing  
for my guilty conscience.  
What've you got  
a guilty conscience about?  
I broke a date with Janie Clarkson  
to come here tonight.  
You know, that girl has  
a perfectly charming voice.  
Yeah. Nice kid too.  
Well, here's to you, baby.  
Fanny, I wanna marry you.  
- Why, Mac.  
- No kidding.  
Well, what's so funny about it?  
I'm making plenty of dough.  
If these times keep up,  
I'll be making more than Skeffington.  
Maybe not such a smooth way,  
but much more exciting.  
Mac, I've always wanted  
to ask you something.  
Have you ever killed a man?  
If you mean will I knock off Skeffington  
for you, sure, I'd love to.  
Here she is.  
- This is my friend, Sid Lappen.  
- How do you do?  
What do you think, kid?  
She's gorgeous.  
Gorgeous.  
All right, you two. Scram.  
Now, don't you go away, honey.  
I got another friend.  
- Say, where's Eddie?  
- We've gotta get Eddie.  
- I wonder where he is.  
- Eddie.  
Thank you.  
- Well.  
- He's a little late tonight.  
Tonight? Does Job

come here every night?

Not every night.

Three or four times a week.

She's his secretary.

He has a stable of secretaries.

If you want a reason to get rid of him,  
there she is. Number five.

- Five?

- That I know of.

- Hello, Louie.

- How are you?

- Could we have our usual table?

- Sure.

Thank you.

How are you, Skeffington?

How are you, Mr. MacMahon?

Hello, Job.

Hello, Fanny.

Fanny, may I present Miss Morris.

How do you do, Miss Morris?

- Eleanor, this is my wife, Fanny.

- How do you do?

And it may be something of an anticlimax,  
but this is Mr. MacMahon.

Glad to meet you.

Won't you join us?

- I think I'd rather go home.

- I wish you wouldn't.

This is one of the few chances I get  
of seeing my wife.

Please.

- Thank you, Louie.

- Yes, sir.

Two more glasses, Louie.

Sure, Mac.

Are you my husband's secretary,  
Miss Morris?

Yes, I am.

I think this sort of employer-employee  
relationship is most progressive.

If there were more like it, there would be  
no need for socialists on street corners.

By the way, Mrs. Skeffington,  
are you Mr. MacMahon's secretary?



Me? Good heavens, no.

Well, then, perhaps

there's a definite need...

...for those street-corner socialists.

- Champagne?

- Thank you.

- Here she is.

- This is our friend, Eddie.

Take a good look.

Ain't she beautiful?

Definitely.

Quiet, everybody. Take it easy.

- Open up!

- The police.

Hey, boss, the cops. It's a raid.

We'd better get out of here.

Fanny.

- Excuse me.

- Let's get out the side way.

Stay where you are. Everybody's

under arrest. Pick them up.

Get the boss over there.

- Come on.

- Here's the boss, sergeant.

What's the idea?

We've been raided already this week.

They didn't tell me about it.

Take him away.

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon, Soames.

- Hello, Soames.

- Georgie, would you like a cocktail?

I certainly would.

Soames, would you bring

cocktails in the drawing room?

Yes, madam.

- Soames, have there been any calls?

- No, madam. But Mr. Skeffington is here.

He's in the garden with Miss Fanny.

Thank you.

- Does Fanny know what's going on?

- It's impossible to keep anything from her.

You see, she's inherited all of Job's brains  
and none of my looks.

As a matter of fact, Job says  
she looks like his grandmother.  
Fanny, I'm gonna make  
one more last plea.  
Can't you find it possible to forgive Job?  
Five secretaries in a row?  
I'm not that forgiving.  
The second secretary must have  
forgiven him for the first.  
The third for the second, and so on.  
Can't you be as forgiving as a secretary?  
As a matter of fact,  
I'm very grateful to Job...  
...for making it so easy for me  
to divorce him.  
I must admit, at first I was very angry.  
And then suddenly, I realized  
that the five secretaries...  
...were five gates to freedom.  
And now you can live  
with your conscience.  
Well, yes.  
I hope the two of you will be very happy.  
George...  
...is the custody of the child  
always given to the mother?  
That's the usual court procedure.  
Why? Don't you wanna keep  
young Fanny?  
Of course. It's just that, well...  
Poor little Fanny. I can't help but feel  
she'd so much rather be with Job.  
She loves him so.  
Put them here, Soames.  
Yes, madam.  
For you, George.  
Well...  
...shall we drink to my conscience?  
- Hello, Fanny, darling.  
- Hello, Mother.  
Who's calling, please?  
One moment.  
For you, Mrs. Skeffington.  
Mr. MacMahon.

Excuse me, George.  
What have you done with your father?  
He's fixing the plumbing  
in the doll's house.  
- I see.  
- Hello, Uncle George.  
Hello, Fanny, darling.  
I'm glad to see you.  
Hello, Mac.  
No, I find courtrooms are very dull.  
Well, of course.  
At 7? Well, l...  
Well, you'd better not come until 8.  
I'll see you then.  
Goodbye.  
It's all right, Mother.  
He can come at 7.  
I'll go to bed early,  
and he doesn't have to see me.  
Why, Fanny, what a thing to...  
Hello, Fanny.  
Hello, Job.  
It's all fixed, darling.  
You can give Bo Peep a shower now.  
Thank you, Daddy.  
Fanny, dearest, wouldn't you like to show  
Uncle George your doll's house?  
Uncle George, do you wanna see  
my doll's house?  
I have to.  
- How was it in court today?  
- Tiresome.  
I napped now and then.  
- Don't let the judge catch you.  
- Well, he napped too.  
- Job, would you like a cocktail?  
- No, thank you.  
- Are you comfortable at the club?  
- I have a view of 47th Street...  
...and the avenue.  
Won't you sit down.  
I want to talk to you.  
If you don't mind, I'll stand.  
I've been sitting all day.

First of all, Job,  
I want to thank you...  
...for the very generous settlement  
you made on me.  
Twelve years with the wrong husband?  
It should be rewarded.  
Well, of course, it was ridiculous of you  
to settle a fortune on me.  
But then, it would've been ridiculous  
for me to refuse, wouldn't it?  
I'm glad you're going  
to be reasonable about it.  
Job, still laughing at me.  
Without moving a muscle.  
I assure you, Fanny,  
you're no laughing matter.  
I can't bear to look at you, Job.  
Your eyes have such a hurt expression.  
They have? I repudiate them.  
I have no right to feel hurt. I knew  
you didn't love me when I married you.  
I'm sorry, Job.  
I'm really sorry I can't love you.  
That's all right, Fanny.  
You can't really love anyone.  
Well...  
That's not meant as a reproach.  
That's just one of the facts of your life.  
Well, it's not very flattering.  
You know, Job, I'm very fond of you.  
And I might never have taken  
this step at all, if I hadn't discovered...  
Well, after all, Job, five of them.  
You mustn't think too harshly  
of my secretaries.  
They were understanding when I came  
to the office after a hard day at home.  
- Job.  
- Well, what did you expect?  
You think I would've looked at another  
woman if I'd received affection from you?  
You wouldn't allow a dog in the house.  
You didn't need one with me around.  
- I was petted, admired, but never loved.

- Job, really.  
- Fanny...  
- Job, please don't beg.  
Beg you, Fanny?  
I never begged you in my life.  
I hope I never will.  
I've a dreadful headache.  
This isn't what I wanted  
to discuss with you.  
I'm sorry, but I have a headache too.  
I think mine precedes yours...  
...by quite a few years.  
I find all this very distasteful.  
All right, I'll listen quietly.  
What do you wanna discuss with me?  
Our daughter.  
What about our daughter?  
She's not going to be very happy  
staying with me.  
She loves you so much more.  
Well, I'm no hypocrite. I'm glad she does.  
Yes, but you see, the court says  
a child should stay with its mother.  
Never mind what the court says.  
What do you say?  
Well, I think a child should.  
It's just that...  
Well, it's just that...  
Are you sure she won't be  
a hindrance to you?  
- After all, you're still young and beautiful.  
- Don't be insulting. It isn't fair.  
You know perfectly well that if Fanny  
is miserable, I shall be miserable too.  
What do you want me to do?  
I was wondering if you wouldn't talk to her  
sometime and see how she feels about it.  
All right. I'd be glad to.  
Thank you, Job.  
That's very sweet of you.  
Have I your permission  
to take her out to dinner?  
That would be lovely.  
I'll see that she's dressed

in her very best.

- Fanny?

- Yes?

Have her wear the blue organdy, will you?

She looks like you in it.

Fanny, you've eaten hardly anything.

I know. I'm not very hungry.

You haven't eaten much either, Daddy.

And you need more food than I do.

I had a big lunch.

If you eat some more, Daddy,

I'll eat some more.

All right.

It's a very smooth orchestra.

Very smooth.

Yes, isn't it?

Daddy?

Yes, dear?

- Aren't you coming home to live anymore?

- I'm afraid not.

Ever?

I don't understand.

Do you like it better at the club?

Yes, I do.

Then could I come to the club  
and live with you?

I'm afraid that's not possible, darling.

You see, it's a man's club.

No women allowed.

Then who makes your bed  
and cleans up?

A woman.

It's all very confusing.

Daddy, couldn't you move  
to an apartment where they allow women...

...and then maybe I could come  
and live with you?

No, I'm afraid I couldn't, Fanny.

You see...

...I'm going to Mexico on business  
and then to Europe.

I'll be gone a long time.

Then I won't see you very often.

- Not very often.

- Oh, Daddy.  
Fanny, here comes the waiter.  
- I'm sorry, Daddy.  
- Everything all right, sir?  
Yes, thank you.  
We're not hungry.  
You'd better take this away.  
- Will the lady have dessert?  
- No, thank you.  
No dessert?  
We have very delicious crme glac.  
That means ice cream, Daddy.  
Vanilla, peppermint, strawberry.  
- No, thank you.  
- You bring the young lady a glass of milk...  
...and I'll just have a demitasse.  
Yes, sir.  
You'll see.  
You'll be very happy with your mother.  
Your mother loves you.  
- You know that, Fanny, don't you?  
- Yes, Daddy.  
But you love me too, don't you, Daddy?  
Why wouldn't I be happy with you too?  
Well, I don't know  
if I can explain this to you, Fanny.  
You see, your mother and I  
are of different faiths.  
I never noticed any difference, Daddy.  
Well, I mean, religious faiths.  
You believe in God, don't you?  
Certainly, I do.  
Well, so does Mommy. She told me so.  
Honestly, I don't see any difference.  
Well, Fanny, it's... You see...  
...I'm Jewish. Your mother is not.  
Now, if you stay here with your mother,  
you will never know what it is...  
I mean, if you come to Europe with me...  
...it's different there...  
...and people may look upon you as...  
Oh, this is very difficult  
to explain to a child.  
I suppose it's easier to explain

to a grown-up, isn't it?

I don't know.

Well, if you don't want me, Daddy...

...I suppose I can always live by myself.

Fanny.

Oh, Daddy. Daddy.

Please take me with you, even to Europe.

I won't be any trouble. I promise.

- Fanny. Fanny.

- Please, Daddy. I promise.

Well, darling, there are wonderful schools in Switzerland.

And mountains.

Oh, Daddy, please speak to Mother.

- Maybe she'll say yes.

- She will, darling, she will.

Oh, Daddy.

Here comes your milk.

I think I'll have some ice cream after all.

Very good. What flavor?

Half peppermint and half strawberry.

- And bring me a plate too.

- Yes, sir.

Oh, Daddy.

Daddy...

...do you think Mother

will be very lonesome?

Not too lonesome, darling.

Yes, Manby.

Mr. Perry Lanks is here to see you.

- You tell him I'll be along in a few minutes.

- Yes, Mrs. Skeffington.

Darling Fanny, I'm terribly sorry that Mother will be...

... unable to see you this summer, but...

I want the same treatment you give Fanny Skeffington.

My darling daughter...

... where does the time go?

I thought I could surely see you this summer.

How does she keep so young?

She has the same

beauty treatments I have.



How perfectly dreadful.

- Show me something else.

- Yes, Mrs. Skeffington.

I know, it's just too awful.

But I can't possibly see you  
for luncheon today, Janie.

No.

My darling daughter,  
it is terrifying to think...

... that so many years have passed  
and we still haven't seen each other...

... but Mother misses you, and...

- Fanny Skeffington. She here?

- You can't get within a mile of her.

- Why not?

- There are a hundred fellows ahead of us.

There's an attractive man.

I'd like to talk to him.

- But, Fanny, he doesn't shave yet.

- And he voted for Roosevelt.

Then he's at least 21 and fair game.

- What's your name?

- Johnny Mitchell.

Well, I'm Fanny Skeffington.

- So nice meeting you.

- Thank you, but we've met before.

No, I would've remembered.

Sorry, but we did.

Your husband introduced us.

Job? When was this?

About 15 years ago.

I was your husband's office boy  
and 13 years of age.

It was during summer holiday.

- Are you still an office boy?

- Well, yes...

...but now they call it junior partner.

- In whose firm?

- My father's.

Do I know your father?

You must. He said he almost  
committed suicide because of you.

Well, I'll have to look at my records.

Hey, look, who's taking you

in to dinner tonight?

Charlie Gould.

- Well, couldn't you speak to him?

- I guess I could.

- And who's driving you to town tomorrow?

- Millard Crane.

- Well, couldn't I speak to him?

- I don't see why not.

And who's taking you to dinner  
tomorrow night?

Janie Clarkson.

But nobody has to speak to her.

- Johnny.

- I love you, Fanny.

You're really very sweet, Johnny.

Oh, that tolerant tone.

That's the only tone  
a junior partner hears.

You know, Johnny, if we're going sailing,  
we'd better get started.

- It's over an hour's drive to the sound.

- Do we have to go?

But I love sailing.

Yes?

Beg pardon, madam.

There's a young lady here to see you.

- To see me, Clinton?

- Yes, madam. She says she's your daughter.

My daugh...

There must be some mistake.

Excuse me, Johnny.

Thank you, Clinton.

It's not at all the way I pictured it.

It's been done over, hasn't it?

Good heavens, Fanny.

Hello, Mother.

Well, Fanny.

Fanny, darling.

My darling.

This is such a surprise.

Yes, I suppose it is, Mother.

You know, you're the last person

I expected to see.

But I wrote you I was coming,

from Berlin.

Did you? Well, I never received the letter.

Well, I guess the censors  
must have confiscated it.

I wrote you what I thought  
about the Nazis.

The Nazis. Yes, of course.

Is your father with you?

No. He's still in Berlin.

The Nazis don't frighten him,  
but they frighten me, so...

Dad thought maybe I'd better  
come back here to you.

So, well...

- So here you are.

- Here I am.

My darling.

You must be weary.

I'll show you to your room.

Johnny, please forgive me.

I completely forgot about you.

Fanny, this is Johnny Mitchell.

Johnny, this is my baby, Fanny.

- How do you do?

- Hello.

Fanny and I haven't seen each other  
for years, have we, darling?

- You know, you're very tall for your age.

- Really?

But, Mother, I'm nearly...

Well, yes, perhaps I am.

She's beautiful, isn't she?

She's going to be a stunning woman,  
don't you think, Johnny?

Yes, she's going to be.

Johnny and I have a date to go sailing.

I'll show you to your room.

Do you think we ought to?

It gets chilly in the afternoon.

Chilly? Why, Johnny,

you talk as if you were 40...

Fifty years old or something.

Certainly, we're going sailing.

Come, darling.

And when I get back,  
we'll talk for days and days.  
All right, Mother.  
Goodbye, Johnny.  
I suppose I'll see you later.  
Bye, Fanny.  
Hey, wait.  
I can't call you both, Fanny.  
I tell you what I'll do.  
I'll call you Young Fanny, and you...  
Well, I'll think of something.  
Hey, Fanny!  
Fanny!  
Come on back here.  
You'll get soaked up there.  
I'm loving this.  
But listen...  
...you'll catch your death of cold.  
- Don't you worry about me, Johnny.  
Well, I do worry about you.  
Well, I'm heading for home, anyway.  
Fanny!  
Dr. Melton, Mrs. Skeffington is very ill.  
Can you come over at once?  
And, doctor, please hurry.  
How's Mother, doctor?  
She must be taken  
to the hospital immediately.  
Oxygen.  
A woman is beautiful when she's loved.  
You think I would've looked at another  
woman if I'd received affection from you?  
You're not afraid  
of growing old, are you, Fanny?  
You can't really love anyone.  
You'll never be ugly, Fanny.  
Mother passed the crisis last night,  
Uncle George.  
Remember, not too many visitors.  
Mrs. Skeffington doesn't want  
to see anyone.  
- You mean, not even her daughter?  
- Not even her daughter.  
- Goodbye, Dr. Melton.

- Goodbye.

Hello. Henri's Beauty Salon?

This is Mrs. Skeffington's maid.

May I speak to Henri, please?

Oh, I'm so sorry to hear it.

Well, I'm sure I can.

I'm very familiar

with Mrs. Skeffington's hair.

No, no. For Mrs. Skeffington...

...so.

Marie. For Mrs. Skeffington,

I want a face pack...

...muscle oil, wrinkle cream, tissue builder,  
massage cream and astringent.

Yes, sir. And here

are the eyelashes you asked for.

No.

These are perfect for Mrs. Skeffington.

It's nice of you to be doing

all this for your mother.

- Why shouldn't I?

- Why shouldn't you?

Well, she was never  
particularly nice to you.

Well, I think maybe Dad  
would want it this way.

Yes, I guess that's true.

By the way, were you able to  
get acquainted with her while she was ill?

No. You see, Dr. Melton wouldn't allow  
any visitors at the hospital...

...and when she went to the rest home,  
she wrote me not to come.

Why do you suppose she'd  
never let me see her?

You don't know your mother very well.

She wouldn't want anyone to see her  
unless she was looking her best.

And they tell me diphtheria  
is no beauty treatment.

That must be Mother now.

- Welcome home, Mrs. Skeffington.

- Thank you, Clinton.

Darlings.

- Fanny, dear.

- Hello, Mother.

Georgie, I had no idea  
that you were here.

You know, it's heavenly  
to be back home again.

Manby, shouldn't you go and see  
that the luggage is taken care of?

- Yes, Mrs. Skeffington.

- Georgie.

This is such an unexpected pleasure.

Fanny, my dear.

- Welcome home, Mother.

- Thank you.

- Would you like to sit down?

- She mustn't stay up long.

- She's still very weak.

- Dr. Melton is a bully.

Well, that's what you pay me for.

May I use your telephone?

Yes. Clinton will show you where it is.

Thank you.

Georgie.

- We'll have some tea, Mother.

- Oh, I think that would be delightful.

Oh, this looks so cheerful  
after that depressing rest home.

- Notice how Fanny arranged the flowers?

- Oh, how sweet of you, Fanny.

- They're perfectly lovely.

- Sit here, Mother.

- Let me help you with your coat.

- All right.

You know, I'm not really such an invalid.

Clinton, have you been well?

- Yes, madam, very well, thank you.

- Good.

- I'll pour, Clinton.

- Yes, miss.

- Cream or lemon, Mother?

- Lemon, thank you.

Well.

Wasn't it just like me  
to contract a child's disease?

Georgie, I look dreadful, don't I?  
Fanny, you could never look  
anything but adorable.  
You're lying.  
I know perfectly well how I look.  
But after a few weeks' rest  
I'll be quite recovered.  
Of course you will.  
Mother.  
Thank you.  
Of course diphtheria  
is the most dreadful nuisance.  
My hair fell out in handfuls.  
Henri saved my life. I don't know  
what I would have done without him.  
He's so clever.  
Uncle George?  
Of course, here I am,  
chattering on about myself.  
Fanny, what have you been doing?  
- Oh, nothing very much, Mother.  
- Have you seen Johnny Mitchell?  
Yes, I've seen him.  
- How is he?  
- Oh, he's just fine.  
Georgie, who do you think  
I've been seeing?  
- Who?  
- Job.  
- Job?  
- Father?  
Yes. He just sits around all day,  
staring at me...  
...with those soulful eyes of his.  
- You've been having hallucinations.  
- Is that what they are?  
Well, you'd better not tell  
Dr. Melton. He'll raise his fee.  
When did this begin, Fanny?  
During my illness.  
One day I shut my eyes,  
and he suddenly appeared.  
Then as time went on, even if  
I didn't shut my eyes, he appeared.

Standing beside me  
or in front of me and just looking.  
Fanny, I wish you'd write your father  
and ask him to stop.  
I find it very disconcerting.  
- Have you heard from him?  
- No, and I'm worried about him.  
I've written him three letters  
with no answer.  
He couldn't possibly have had  
time to write.  
He's been too busy staring at me.  
Well, I must be going.  
It's time you were upstairs.  
Don't yell.  
I want one more sip of my tea.  
All right. Just one.  
There.  
Georgie...  
...would you help  
a decrepit old lady up the stairs?  
Nonsense.  
Thank you.  
- Doctor?  
- Yes?  
I've been hiding something from you.  
What?  
- I've been having hallucinations.  
- Well, you keep on hiding them.  
I haven't the slightest idea  
what to do for them.  
I'll be in to see you in a day or two.  
Two or three weeks at home  
and you'll be able to start running around.  
Very well, doctor.  
Oh, Fanny, wouldn't you and Georgie like  
to have dinner with me in my room tonight?  
We'd love to, Mother.  
- Goodbye, doctor.  
- Goodbye.  
- Doctor?  
- Yes?  
Doctor...  
...Mother looks so...



- I understand.

It was quite a shock, wasn't it?

Diphtheria has a ravaging effect, you know.

Your mother was a remarkable woman.

Always looked 20 years younger

than she really was.

But this illness, well...

But don't you think

with rest and care that...?

I'm afraid not.

The years have caught up with her.

As you can see, this illness

has even added a few.

Does she realize that?

- Have you told her?

- I mostly certainly have not.

I don't think anyone should. That's

something she must find out for herself.

But don't worry,

we all have to grow up someday.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye, doctor.

Here's your breakfast, Mrs. Skeffington.

It's a lovely morning.

Just right for a nice walk in the park.

The eggs seem to be a bit

on the raw side.

I don't like walking in the park.

But you've been in the house

for 10 days now.

You've scarcely been out of this room.

Dr. Melton says you can go out

anytime you wish.

I know. I know.

Well, how would you like

to wear your beige?

Or better still, your black and old rose?

Have there been any calls for me

this morning? Aside from Dr. Melton's?

Mr. Trellis called

and he wanted to know...

- He wanted to know how I was feeling.

- Yes.

No one else?

No. No one.

One's footsteps are very quickly covered, aren't they, Manby?

Yes.

It would seem that way.

Why hasn't my daughter been in to see me?

She went riding early this morning with Mr. Mitchell.

Have you decided if you'll wear the beige or the black?

Manby, don't ask me that question again.

I'm sure you must find me very irritable this morning.

I understand.

But I've slept so badly. Hardly at all.

I'm sorry.

Not at breakfast, Job.

What did you say, Mrs. Skeffington?

It's Mr. Skeffington again.

Oh, dear. Again?

I must do something about him, Manby.

He pops up more and more all the time.

And he always makes his appearance at a moment when I'm most depressed.

Why don't you go see that new doctor Miss Clarkson is always talking about?

- You mean the psychoanalyst?

- Yes.

I detest women

who go to psychoanalysts.

I've heard that sometimes they can be very helpful.

Wasn't his name Bile or Boils, or something like that?

- Byles.

- Byles.

What a horrid name.

There's nothing wrong with you that fresh air, exercise and hard work won't cure.

Try it for two weeks and if you don't feel better, come back.

Thank you. You've been

such a help to me. But I...

- Good day, Mrs. Hemmit.

- Good day, doctor.

Good day, Mrs. Hemmit.

- Yes? What is it?

- There's a Mrs. Skeffington here.

- I said you were busy.

- I don't know Skeffington.

- She have an appointment?

- No, but she insisted that I give you this.

- All right, show her in.

- Yes, doctor.

Will you come in, please?

Dr. Byles, I'm Fanny Skeffington.

Sit down.

Thank you.

- Doctor, I wanted to...

- Be quiet.

There's nothing urgent about you.

Isn't there? Perhaps you don't realize  
that for the past two...

One moment, please.

What is the meaning of that?

Your perfume is a bit heavy for me.

Now, go on.

Well.

Well, as I said, for the past two months  
I've been most distressed about something.

It all started during my illness.

I've just had diphtheria.

You see, doctor,

my husband keeps appearing.

He's everywhere.

In the chair, beside my bed...

...standing at the foot of my bed,  
watching me eat my breakfast...

Just everywhere.

And I find it most disconcerting.

You should have stuck to him.

- Stuck to him? After what he did?

- How old are you, Mrs. Skeffington?

Forty...

...five.

Fifty.

Well, I didn't sleep very well last night.

See how important quiet nights are  
for women your age?

- To everybody, I imagine.

- If you don't want to become an eyesore.

Eyesore? Are you suggesting  
that I am an eyesore?

No. Neither are you Lillian Russell.

- Oh, Dr. Byles, l...

- Sit down.

My dear lady, the entire basis  
of psychoanalysis is truth.  
Seeing your husband comes out  
of a subconscious desire to see him.

- A need for him.

- That's ridiculous.

I have no desire to see Job.

And I'm sure he has no desire to see me.

Nevertheless, what I say is true.

Go back to your husband.

- Talk to him. Have him over for dinner.

- No, I can't. He's in Germany.

Ask him to come back.

It's your only hope.

That's where a husband comes in,  
when your romantic days are over.

My romantic days over? How do you know  
my romantic days are over?

Oh, my poor woman.

Oh, my poor doctor.

Shall I tell you something?

When I was ill, there were at least six  
men willing to give their lives for me.

That was before you became ill.

Now, listen, please.

The only person of any use to a woman  
whose run has been long...

- Oh, Dr. Byles, l...

- Sit. I haven't earned my fee yet.

The only person who will stick  
to such a woman is her husband.

Admirers or sweethearts  
never mean what they say...

...and always end up  
by turning sour on the stomach.

Dr. Byles, you're revolting.  
But it's sound advice,  
and you'll be grateful for it.  
If you start thinking of any of the others  
in your past, see them too.  
Ask them all to dinner. You can  
size them up, and they can size you up.  
It's obvious you know nothing  
about men at all.  
Shall I make you a wager?  
If I wanted to...  
Not that I do, but if I wanted to...  
...all I would have to do  
is just smile at one of them.  
- Why don't you try it?  
- Oh, you want me to prove it to you?  
No. I want you to prove it to yourself.  
I'm sorry to have to be  
so blunt with you...  
...but you're one of a vast army  
of silly women. Capital S, capital W.  
You're overdressed,  
overmade-up and overperfumed.  
You are the rudest man I've ever met.  
Did you come to consult  
a gentleman or a doctor?  
I suspect that you are neither.  
And I'm not impressed with your manner.  
You will be when you get my bill.  
Go back to your husband.  
And you know where you can go.  
- Good morning, Mother.  
- Good morning, Fanny.  
Come in.  
- What a sweet dress.  
- Oh, thank you.  
You don't think, perhaps,  
it's a little old for you?  
You sent for me, Mother.  
Oh, yes. Yes, I wanted to  
explain to you, Fanny...  
...I'm giving a dinner party on Thursday  
for some very old friends of mine.  
And I'm sure it would be

a frightful bore for you.

You understand?

Yes, of course I do.

Why don't you go to the theater?

I hear there are some very good plays now.

All right, Mother.

Oh, would you ask Clinton

to see that the postman gets these?

- Certainly.

- Thank you, dear.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

- So this is the temple of beauty.

- Yes. Many happy days I've spent here.

- What did you say, Jim?

- Nothing, Mother. Times have changed.

- Jim Conderley, as I live and breathe.

- Hello, Thatcher.

- How are you, Jim?

- Fine, fine.

Good. Well, just like the good old days.

Yes. Yes, indeed.

Just like the good old...

My mother-in-law and my wife, Audrey.

- This is my old friend, Bill Thatcher.

- How do you do?

Jim.

- Jim Conderley.

- Hello, Chester.

- Thatcher.

- Glad to see you, Chester.

Well.

Good evening.

Thank you. Thank you.

- Chester.

- Yes, dear?

My wife.

- The maid will take your wraps.

- Thank you.

Thank you.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

I don't seem to recognize him.

He must have been before our time.

Or after.

- Hello. How are you?

- Good evening.

Thank you.

Thatcher.

- How are you, Bill?

- It's Ed Morrison.

- That's right.

- Hello, Ed. Glad to see you.

- How are you, congressman?

- Fine. I thought you were in Brazil.

- In the coffee business.

- I gave it up.

- How long you been back?

- Few months.

You baldheaded coot, why don't you  
buy yourself a good toupee?

Those coffee plantations blew up  
in my face. I haven't got a nickel.

- Well, what are you living on?

- Coffee beans.

- Same old Ed.

- Hasn't changed a bit.

I wonder why Fanny got us  
together tonight.

- I can't figure it out.

- Neither can I.

Nice to be back. Almost 20 years.

- Yep.

- Yep.

Fanny, you still haven't grown up.

- Good evening, Fanny.

- Hello, Fanny.

It's delightful you could all come.

- You remember my cousin, George.

- How do you do?

Fanny, my sweet, how have you been?

You don't know me. I'm Edward.

Your Edward.

My Edward?

Edward Morrison.

Edward? But you can't be Edward.

My Edward had a mane of beautiful,  
wavy black hair.

I gave a lock of it to every woman in love  
with me. The demand exceeded the supply.

It is Edward.

Jim.

It's good to see you again, Fanny.

You've become very famous  
since I last saw you.

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

- Bunny.

- It's been a long time, hasn't it, Fanny?

Grey hair is most becoming to you, bunny.

Thank you.

Oh, Fanny, I want you to meet my wife.

I'd love to, Jim.

- Thank you. Good evening.

- Good evening.

This is my wife, Audrey.

My old friend, Fanny Skeffington.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

And this is my mother-in-law,

Mrs. Newton.

- How do you do?

- I've heard so much about you.

I just had to see you.

Oh, thank you.

Excuse me, will you?

Myles.

Hello, Fanny.

Fanny, this is Penelope, my mate.

I'm very happy to meet you.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

Fanny.

- Chester.

- Fanny.

Chester, darling.

Fanny.

Excuse me, Mrs. Skeffington.

Dinner is served.

Thank you, Clinton.

Won't you please go right in?



Thank you.

She used to be so beautiful.

Simple case of wrong diet.

I've never seen

such an exhibition in my life.

- She made eyes at every man at the table.

- She's really pathetic.

It's a relief my husband can no longer throw her up to me. She looks every day her 50.

Let her say "half a hundred."

It sounds so much more.

Wonderful.

There's a rumor Skeffington was tangled up with the Nazis. Any truth in that?

Hear all sorts of things out of Germany.

I hope he provided for Fanny after the divorce.

Very generously. He gave her half his fortune. Everything outright.

Indeed.

- I always liked Skeffington.

- Yes, he was all right.

Are you sure it's not too chilly for you out here?

Oh, no, I'm quite comfortable, thank you.

Jim, do you ever think of the old days here in Gramercy Park?

Now and then, in the shower.

I wonder if I appreciated you then.

I wonder too.

Do you think I was blind?

Well, I could see no other explanation for it.

Jim.

Of course, the saddest thing about the mistakes of one's youth...

...is that they can never be rectified.

Or can they?

Well...

By the way, Fanny, did I tell you

I have six children now?

- No, you didn't.

- I mean seven. One's away at school.

Roosevelt only has five.

They must be a great comfort to you.

Well, you know in politics, nothing appeals so much as being a good, solid family man.

And when they grow up, they can vote too.

You can't overlook that, you know.

Jim, have I changed much?

That is, very much?

Well...

- Have I?

- I asked you first.

Changed?

In what way, Fanny?

You know perfectly well in what way.

You know, Jim, it's so difficult to see oneself as others see one.

Well, Fanny, you mustn't forget you were still almost a girl when we were friends.

And, of course, since then you've grown up.

Then you do think I've changed.

Fanny...

...shall I tell you what I really think?

I wish you would.

You always were and always will be...

...enshrined in my memory...

...as the nearest thing to perfect loveliness that I have ever known.

That sounds very hollow, Jim.

There's a gentleman in the library to see you, madam. Mr. Morrison.

Did you enjoy your walk in the park?

Yes, thank you, Clinton.

Well, good afternoon, Fanny.

Good afternoon, Edward.

This is a surprise.

Yes.

I probably should have phoned.

That's quite all right, Edward.

Fanny, I tried to talk to you all last evening, but...

Did you? I didn't notice.

Someone always beat me to it.

I see.

Yes.

Edward, wouldn't you like Clinton  
to bring you a drink?

No. No, thank you.

- Little bit early for me.

- Do sit down.

We're not going to be polite and formal with  
each other, are we, after all these years?

Why, Edward.

Have you forgotten

how much we meant to each other?

Fanny, feel that.

Feel that, you bad girl.

Feel that thumping?

I feel some sort of activity,  
but I'd hardly call it a thump.

Well, it is. And it's all because of you.

Oh, Edward, you're not going to get  
romantic now, are you?

At this time of life?

- Why not?

- Well, look at us.

Just look at us.

You're bald and I'm dilapidated.

Oh, Edward.

You didn't used to keep saying,  
"Oh, Edward." What's come over you?

- Age.

- Age?

- Listen, my girl...

- Edward, must you call me "my girl"?

Now, let's get this clear.

You and I are both in the prime of life.

- I suppose you want to cheer me up.

- I don't want to cheer you up. Fanny.

- Fanny, I want to marry you.

- Edward, please.

You can't put me off any longer.

Will you say yes?

Edward.

You can't be serious.

I've never been more serious about anything.

You don't know what this means to me.

Fanny, my darling, we'll have  
a glorious life together.  
You can't use words like  
"age" and "old" about us.  
We're just beginning the best part  
of our lives. I love you.  
I love you, Fanny.  
Yes, my curls.  
You see, I buy all my hair at Henri's.  
Pretty. Very pretty.  
May I pin it on for you, darling?  
No, thank you, Edward.  
I think I'd better do it myself.  
They're very expensive, you know.  
Thank heavens you don't have to worry  
about things like that.  
Henri keeps me practically broke.  
Broke.  
Did you say "broke," Fanny?  
Well, practically.  
But...  
...you can't mean that, Fanny.  
It's not generally known, Edward...  
...but I'm very hard up.  
I had no idea.  
I was under the impression  
that Skeffington...  
Well, you see, all the best people  
make the worst investments.  
That's true.  
If I'd only had a man to advise me.  
You should have returned  
a few years earlier, Edward.  
Yes, I should have.  
I wonder if you'd forgive me, Edward.  
I have an engagement.  
Yes, of course.  
I'll think over your proposal.  
Well, don't be too hasty, Fanny.  
Marriage is a very serious step.  
Yes, I know.  
- Don't bother seeing me to the door.  
- Clinton will get you your things.  
Oh, that's all right. Thank you.

Well, Fanny, I'll give you  
a ring one of these days.  
We'll have lunch together.  
That would be very nice.  
Goodbye, Edward.  
Goodbye.  
Fanny...  
...you don't know anyone who'd like  
to buy a coffee plantation, do you?  
No, but if I hear of anyone...  
...I'll be very glad to let you know.  
Thank you, Fanny.  
Get me my hat and coat, please.  
Mother.  
May I speak to you for a moment?  
Of course, Fanny.  
Yes, Fanny?  
Johnny Mitchell and I  
are going to be married.  
Johnny Mitchell.  
Well...  
I had no idea.  
But, Fanny, you haven't  
known him very long.  
I've known him several months.  
As long as I've known you.  
But don't you think you should have  
talked it over with your mother?  
Have I a mother?  
That's not kind of you, darling.  
I've always loved you very much.  
Sort of a long-distance love,  
wasn't it, Mother?  
Fanny, I never wanted you to leave me.  
It was just that...  
Well, just that you  
loved your father so much.  
And it was just that my father  
loved me so much.  
Oh, I know you had  
a difficult choice to make.  
You couldn't be both  
a beauty and a mother.  
Oh, Mother, I used to worry

about my looks too...  
...when I was 13 and all arms and legs.  
I used to hate  
that brace I had on my teeth.  
But Father would always comfort me.  
"A woman is beautiful  
only when she's loved," he'd say.  
Yes, he said that to me once too.  
So you see, Mother, you mustn't blame  
your illness for no longer being beautiful.  
You haven't really been beautiful  
since the day you sent Father away.  
Because since that day there's been  
no man who's really loved you.  
Don't you see if they had,  
it wouldn't matter to them now?  
Goodbye, Mother.  
Fanny, darling.  
Do you suppose it's too late for me  
to be a real mother to you now?  
It would have to be  
a long-distance love again.  
I'm willing to try.  
It wouldn't work out, Mother.  
We're leaving for Seattle tonight.  
Johnny's opening a branch office there.  
Well, I suppose you wish me luck.  
Of course, darling.  
- Goodbye, Fanny.  
- Goodbye, Mother.  
Manby.  
Why, Mrs. Skeffington.  
What is it?  
What's the matter?  
Manby. Manby. Don't leave me.  
- Why, of course I won't.  
- Promise me you'll never leave me.  
- Of course I won't.  
- You're the only one I have left.  
I'll never leave you. Never.  
You see. You see, I'm all alone.  
- I'm all alone.  
- Mrs. Skeffington, wouldn't you like to rest?  
Yes. Yes, I think I would.

You'll feel better  
after you've had a little rest.  
You're the only one I have left.

- Morning, Manby.
- Morning, Mr. Trellis.
- Morning, Fanny.
- Hello, Georgie.

What brought you here  
so early in the morning?  
Nothing. I just thought I'd drop by  
and see how you were.

Well, it was nice seeing  
all your old friends at the party...  
...the other night, wasn't it?

- It was pure vanity, Georgie.
- A desire in these waning days of mine  
to feel the assurance of beauty again.  
But I find one should never look  
for admirers...

...while at the same time  
one is falling to bits.  
Georgie, you seem very nervous.  
Anything the matter?

- May I smoke?
- Of course.
- Fanny, I'm worried.
- What about?

About you. I want you to promise me  
that you're not going to let me down.  
Georgie, what are you talking about?  
The fact is, Fanny, that I've seen Job.  
You've seen Job?

- You mean, the way I've been seeing him?
- No.

I've really seen him.  
- But you couldn't have. Job's in Germany.  
- No, he isn't. He's here in New York.  
I saw him in the park. He was  
on a bench, sunning himself.  
Job never sunned himself in his life.  
And if he is here, why hasn't he let  
his own daughter know?

When you see him you'll understand.  
Fanny, I had the greatest difficulty

getting anything out of him.

- But bit by bit...

- Well, must I hear about it?

Well, who else, if not you?

Job's a broken man.

He's been in a concentration camp.

You'd hardly recognize him.

That isn't all. He's poor.

They've taken everything away from him.

He hasn't got a cent.

Job, poor? That's hard to believe.

- What should I do about it?

- There's no question of what you should do.

Job has no claim,

you have no obligation.

You should remember that this house,

everything in it, every stitch on your back...

...is yours because of his generosity.

Well, it was very easy for him

to be generous when he was so rich.

Legally, he didn't have to give you

one-tenth of what he insisted you have.

- And now...

- And now you think it's unfair...

...that I'm so well off and he's so poor?

- Exactly. It is unfair.

- Then what do you suggest?

- I suggest that you talk over...

...how much you're willing

to give him back.

Okay. I'll send for my lawyers

and we'll talk it over.

No lawyers, Fanny. Make it a warm thing.

Make it a kind thing.

Talk it over with Job.

You mean... I must see Job myself?

Yes. He's downstairs.

He's downstairs?

- Now?

- Yes.

- George.

- Go down and see him.

Never.

- Do you mean to tell me...?



- Georgie, look at me.  
Then you'll know why I won't see him.  
Look at what's left of my face.  
I know all about your darling face.  
You'll always seem the same to him.  
He still loves you.  
No. No, he only loved  
what I looked like.  
- Not me at all.  
- You know that isn't true.  
George, do you think  
I'm mentally deficient?  
I've seen the others.  
They all loved me too.  
But when they took one look at me,  
they all recoiled.  
Every single one of them.  
And I'm not going to add Job to them.  
Now despise me.  
You didn't know what a really vain creature  
you've been fond of all these years.  
Listen to me, Fanny. Ever since I've known  
you, you've thought only of yourself.  
You never loved anyone but yourself.  
You spent your life in front of a mirror...  
...unaware of the people around you  
or the world you live in.  
Here's a chance for you  
to do something for someone else.  
There are a lot worse things  
in this world than losing one's beauty.  
Go down and see him.  
You won't regret it.  
Go down and face him.  
I'll go down.  
Job?  
Is it Fanny?  
You don't know me?  
Oh, yes, I do.  
You're as beautiful as ever.  
You're laughing at me again.  
No, Fanny. No.  
Job.  
My darling.

You can't be.

They didn't...

- Yes.

- The Nazis.

Oh, my poor, darling Job.

And all this time I've been  
thinking only of myself.

Well, they never, never shall again.

You're safe now. Home with me.

Fanny. Fanny.

Come, Job.

Your cane.

There.

Here are steps, Job.

Manby...

...Mr. Skeffington has come home.

- Yes.

- Welcome home, Mr. Skeffington.

- Thank you, Manby.

Come, Job.

Fanny.

I've never seen you look more beautiful.

A woman is beautiful  
only when she's loved.

Isn't that right, Job?

It's all right, Manby.

Now, no matter how old she becomes,  
he'll always see her as young and beautiful.

Manby, would you call Janie Clarkson...

...and tell her I can't possibly see her  
for lunch today?

Yes, Mrs. Skeffington.