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The Young in Heart

By Paul Osborn

Many a hot Indian night my dear old
Lancers and I have whiled away at poker.
I've been a bit out of touch
with the game lately, however,
which may account for the fact that
the cards seemed somewhat obstinate.
Obstinate?
I thought they did everything
but push the money toward you.
Well, it's keeping it in the family,
Jennings. All in the family.
A sort of domestic jackpot,
you might say.
Of course,
once the dear children are married,
everything I have is yours,
and everything you have is mine.
You mustn't let your generosity
sweep away your reason, sir.
Isn't it lovely the way my husband
has taken Mr. Jennings?
To his heart, I mean,
of course.
Just like two boys, the way
they like to gamble on everything.
Tell me, Mrs. Carleton, why do you
call your husband the Sahib?
Sahib? That's Indian
for "gentleman," you know.
Such a distinguished man.
But what does he do now?
He's an economist,
part of the Brain Trust, you know...
labor conditions,
wages, unemployment.
The sahib doesn't believe
in unemployment.
He doesn't?
He thinks it should all
be done away with.
How interesting.
He says the only way
to do away with unemployment
is to do away with employment.

If nobody worked,
there couldn't be any unemployment,
and so the Sahib hasn't done
a speck of work for years.
Passive resistance, you know.
Gandhi.
How clever of him.
My son feels
the same way about it.
- He's terribly clever too.
- And so charming.
And soon to be
your son too, Mrs. Jennings.
"This night, these stars,
"this purple sea...
"why were they planned?
"With what in view,
but for a setting of our love?
Mercy, Richard, you do think up
the prettiest poetry.
Honey, you just make me
want to cry.
Love and tears
go hand in hand, Adela.
That's life.
I was just thinking how romantic
our marriage is gonna be.
We were just made for each other,
weren't we, honey?
We were, Adela.
We are each other's destiny.
But I do not understand
why your brother's marrying that girl.
She's very ugly
and she's very stupid.
Well, he loves her, Duncan.
Love is strange.
Did you say you have something
you want to show me?
I did that. Our engagement ring.
I sent for it.
Isn't that wonderful?
I can hardly wait.
I hope you weren't too extravagant.

It's not a valuable ring,
but it belonged to the MacGregors.
That was my mother's name.
Oh! Why, it's lovely.
I love sentiment... so much better
than all the diamonds...
I'd like to give you diamonds,
George-Anne, and pearls too.
- Would you really?
- But I'm not a wealthy man.
Oh, now, don't try
to make me think that, Duncan.
You're sure
they're the Carletons, Sergeant?
Positive, Lieutenant.
The Monte Carlo police
sent photographs.
Four of a kind...
and the kind
we don't want around here.
Come on.
I have advised Mr. Jennings
not to worry about this check.
I'm thunderstruck, sir.
Utterly thunderstruck.
Did I say thunderstruck?
Yes, dear.
Tell me, Colonel,
you have never been
in the Bengal Lancers, have you?
My dear sir, when my regiment
was quartered in India...
In fact,
you have never been in India.
These reports from Canada
of your earlier life...
"'Sweethearts of the Bengal Lancers'
with the original Toronto cast."
If this is
some low jest of yours, sir...
What is the proposition?
The municipality would feel
a distinct gratitude
if you would be kind enough

to continue your operations elsewhere.
If I were so disposed, sir,
I would consider your remarks insulting.
What my father is trying to say
is that we would be very pleased
to cooperate with the municipality,
but unfortunately,
we have no money.
In fact,
thanks to your interference,
you find us completely destitute.
Mr. Jennings thought as much,
and asked me to present you
with these tickets to London,
with his compliments.
Colonel Anthony Carleton,
Bengal Lancers, at your service. L...
You haven't changed much
since those days, darling.
Is that so, really?
Only your hair's really getting gray
now, instead of being a wig.
But when you jumped up
just then,
you look just like
you used to in the second act
when you talked
to Lady Gretchley. Remember?
Ah, beautiful scene, that.
Beautiful.
"And you, Lady Gretchley,
"rest assured that I,
Colonel Anthony Carleton,
"will so and so and so and so
"with my life
against these villainous natives
"until my
so and so and so and so
Bengal Lancers arrive!"
Colonel Anthony Carleton...
how we loved that name
when we first rehearsed the play
that night in Toronto.
We've sort of

taken the name for granted, now.
Do you remember how
they always cheered
at my speech at the end
of the second act?
"So and so and so and so,
forward march!"
A splendid play!
Well, it had its moments,
my dear, it had its moments.
He's very well-known as Algy
To the girls of Mandalay
He was a capital something Algy
So bold, so brave, so gay
He's la-la-la-la
favorite Algy
How he made the barmaids sigh
He was very well-known,
was Algy
A Piccadilly captain
with a little glass eye
Tell me just one thing, please...
what have you to sing about?
They're getting sentimental.
Come on. Let's get out of here.
The workings of the Sahib's mind
are a deep, dark mystery.
Yeah. Marmy's too.
\$3 million tossed away,
and they sing!
And we nearly had it
right in our hands,
if the Sahib had been
content with three million.
But no. He had to have
that extra \$4,500.
And get us in a jam besides.
Rick, did you
say good-bye to Adela?
Saying good-bye to \$3 million
was all the good-bye I could stand.
I just wish we knew
what we're going to do now.
I've never been so hungry

in my life!

By the way, didn't I see you
with a new ring on last night?

I thought perhaps
when we got on the train,
we might be able to swap it
for a couple of chops.

Oh, that ring wasn't mine.
I just borrowed it for the evening.
Too bad.

What's the matter with us, anyway?
Why can't we ever own anything?
Nobody ever owns anything
except nice, dull people.
And they always get on to us
sooner or later.

Yeah, we're too well-dressed.
Hmm. That won't last long.
I doubt if there's a dressmaker
left in Paris who'll stake us anymore.
Marmy will always find you
clothes somehow, don't worry.
Bravo. Bravo.

He thinks we're sweethearts.

- Rick?

- What?

Did you ever know anybody
who married for love?
I mean where... where somebody
who didn't have any money
married somebody
who didn't have any money.
What did you say they married for?
Well, for love. You know.

No.

No.

Do you think people like that
are ever happy?
Anything particular in mind?
Oh, no, no.

I was just thinking.
Well, there's Marmy and Sahib.
They seem happy enough,
and I can't think when

they've ever had any money.
Oh, they're different, though,
poor darlings.
How?
Oh, both a little barmy.
I mean just normal people,
people who work for a living.
What are you getting at?
What's happened to you, anyway?
Why? What do you mean?
What are you
getting so soft about?
Soft? Well, I don't know
what you're talking about.
It's only... only...
Only what?
Only... I didn't even say good-bye.
Oh, you're not in love
with that Scotsman, are you?
Oh, how could I
be in love with him?
He hasn't any money!
Then I can't think
what you have to cry about.
Neither can I!
I wonder how long
it takes a person to starve to death?
Just depends. I've known some
to drop off in a fortnight.
Who do you think will last longer,
Marmy or Sahib?
Oh, Marmy.
I think the Sahib will.
He's more optimistic.
Well, Marmy's tougher.
The Sahib's a better bluffer, though.
He'll overplay his hand
like he does his cards,
and he'll be dead
before he knows it.
This way, sir.
Police. Cheating at cards.
Fortune hunters.
Bengal Lancers.

- Oh.

- Oh!

Oh!

- Come here.

- Why... why, hello, Duncan.

Where did you come from?

And don't try to be offhand with me,
George-Anne. I'm very, very angry.

I had to take

a flying machine to catch you,
and I cannot afford to hire
flying machines to chase you about.

Well, nobody asked you
to chase me about.

You're a daft

and undependable female.

Don't you dare judge me
that way, Duncan Macrae.

Stand still and listen to me.

We're going to be married
to each other.

We're not going to be
married to each other.

I don't care if your father
does cheat at cards.

- I forgive you.

- You forgive me?

Your brother's

a worthless fortune hunter,
but I forgive you because you're
only daft, and I can cure you.

You can't cure me. I mean...

I'm just as worthless as they are.

You're not. You're a good girl,
and you promised to marry me.

- Yes. And you know why?

- Why?

Because if Richard married Adela,
we would've had \$3 million, and we all
could've lived on it. That's why.

- You're hysterical, woman.

- I'm not hysterical. L...

l... I'm just hungry.

Oh, I'm... I'm very sorry.

Come along. I'll get you some dinner.

All right. I'll go get

Marmy and Sahib and Richard...

What?!

Dine with that family?

I wouldn't be seen dead with them.

And I wouldn't be seen

dead with you,

even if I were starving.

All right, you don't have to.

All right. Well,

don't follow me about.

- Just go away and leave me alone.

- Aye, once and for all.

Won't you come in?

It's... it's Lonely at night,

isn't it?

Yes.

I don't like

to see night come. Do you?

Well, I don't think I ever notice.

You're so young.

When you're old,

night comes too soon.

Always.

You seem troubled.

- It's my mother.

- Oh.

She had to have an operation.

Oh, my dear. Tell me.

Well, she's so tired,

and the train's so crowded,

there's no room for her to lie down.

You see, we're second class.

And here I am alone

in this whole compartment.

Oh, you must bring her here.

- Could I?

- Of course.

It's all been rather difficult.

I mean, with the Sahib too.

That's my father.

He can't help much. He was gassed,

you know, in the War.

Oh, you must bring him too.
- Oh, may I really?
- Of course.
It's awfully good of you.
Oh, it's good of you
to trust me.
It's so rarely we have the privilege
of helping one another.
You try to look hungry, Rick.
She may take the hint.
You mean to say
I don't look hungry?
Oh, dear, what kind of
an operation did I have?
Any kind you like,
but don't offer to show the scar.
Don't you think Marmy ought to
lean on me? It makes me nicer.
All right. And you were gassed
in the War, you know, Sahib.
I imagine I sort of wheeze.
Here we are.
Now, don't overplay
your hands, any of you.
Trust me, my dear.
Oh... oh, how kind you are.
I don't know you, do I?
I'm a new friend.
My name is Fortune...
Miss Ellen Fortune.
Miss Fortune?
Silly name, isn't it?
Everybody makes jokes
about it. I do myself.
Fine historic name.
Not a subject for jesting.
Allow me to introduce
my wife, ma'am, my daughter...
I know.
- My son.
- How do you do?
And your servant
Colonel Anthony Carleton,
late of the Bengal Lancers.

The Bengal Lancers!
How splendid!
And yet the wretched government
refuses him a pension
and lets his family starve.
If only he hadn't gone back to the War
after that dreadful wound.
Gas, Marmy. Gas.
Gas? Gas, too, of course.
Don't be absurd, George-Anne.
Did you think I had forgotten?
"If I have a breath left
to give my country," he used to say.
He's never been right since.
And then your operation
on top of everything.
Yes, and so expensive, too.
But they would
take me to the Riviera.
Now, Marmy, you know it isn't good
for you to talk so much.
Don't overdo it.
It meant selling our little house
and poor Richard
coming down from Oxford.
The most brilliant man
of his year, they said.
Didn't they, darling?
I don't care what they said.
I don't care that for Oxford,
just as long as
you're all right, Marmy.
If you could only force yourself
to eat something, Marmy.
In Little Women, the children
call their mother Marmy.
I think the name does suit me.
I don't know where
the absurd children got it.
"Sahib," of course,
means "genteel" in India.
The children were born there,
poor darlings,
somewhere in the Himalayas.

A dreadful place, what with
the ayahs and the whatnots
howling around in the...
whatever you call them.
Marmy, are you sure you couldn't
force yourself to eat something?
Oh, no. It would choke me,
I'm sure it would.
Oh.
Would it help if I
ate something with you?
It might. I'd do anything
to please you, dear boy.
I think we should all
make the effort.
If Marmy should see us all eating,
it might tempt her, hmm?
Of course,
you'll be our guest, ma'am.
Oh, no, no, please.
This is my compartment.
I insist...
you must be my guests.
So often I've tried
to imagine parties like this,
when I might be with friends...
celebrating with them
on birthdays...
My little girl's going to have
a birthday this year.
Let's say it's
her birthday now, tonight.
Just 20-odd years ago today,
somewhere in dear old Ireland...
If I had thought 20-odd years ago
that my little girl would come out
in a French railway carriage...
We're pretending it's her birthday.
If I had pretended
20-odd years ago
that my little girl would be born
in a French railway carriage...
Can I help you, darling?
If I had pretended

20-odd years ago
that I would give birth
to a little French railway carriage,
egad, I'd have shot myself!
You must forgive the Sahib.
He lives in a little world
all his own.
What fun!
You're all so young.
So young in heart!
Like John Dickey.
Won't you have some champagne
with us, Miss Fortune?
What a shame!
Oh... oh, forgive me.
I was just thinking of the hundreds
of bottles in the big house at home,
just gathering dust.
- Really, ma'am?
- Hundreds of bottles?
But, dear, I'm not going to think
of that lonely old house now.
This is the first
real party I've ever had.
All my life, I've had to live quite simply.
And now that I have money enough
to do everything I want, I...
I really don't quite know
how to start.
And you're traveling alone, ma'am?
Yes. Yes, I'm quite alone.
Oh, I've seen many lovely things
on this little jaunt,
but I've had to see them alone.
And after all, we see them best really
through the eyes of those we love.
Wasn't it Rossetti who said
something like that somewhere?
"Beauty, without the beloved...
...is a sword through the heart."
Why, I don't remember.
So you see,
this has been
a rather sad journey...

until now.

You've made this my happiest day.

Delighted.

Pleasure's all ours, my dear lady.

I raise my glass, for the first time
in my life, gladly to Miss Fortune.

The train seems

to have caught on fire.

I wouldn't lie around in there
too long if I were you.

Come on.

Where is she?

She's dead.

She isn't dead.

Why, I don't think she's even hurt.

Well, l... I thought for a moment...

Poor old gal.

Come on, let's get her out of here.

- Can you carry her?

- Give me a hand.

You're sure

you're not hurt, my dear?

I don't think so, Sahib.

I don't know how you're
supposed to feel after a train wreck.

Cold wind!

Rather.

See if you can find
some whiskey for her.

Keep her warm

until I get back.

Now I'll probably die
of pneumonia!

Where have you been? Are you
all right? How did you get out?

On my two feet.

They're very adequate.

I pondered through the whole train
for you. If anything had happened...

What have you got there?

This is an old lady.

You're being very good to her.

I'm not. I'm...

I'm trying to keep warm.

You've given her your coat.
What of it?
Well, you'd... you'd be warmer
if you'd kept it yourself.
Will you stop trying to make me
something I'm not?
And will you please get out of here?
Why?
Now, let me tell it to you,
Duncan, and tell it to you fast...
I'm up to no good,
and you're just interfering.
Get out and leave me alone
once and for all!
Aye, once and for all.
Relief train will be here soon.
I'm glad you're safe.
If the old girl doesn't cough up something
after all we've done for her,
I shall lose my faith
in human nature.
We've been very kind to her.
We've eaten all our meals
with her and everything.
Oh, I shall
miss you all so much.
It isn't only
that you saved my life,
you've all been
so wonderful to me.
But it'll be nice for you to get
back to your lovely big home
and see all your friends again.
I haven't any friends
or relatives, George-Anne.
They're all gone.
Oh, I'm sorry.
But didn't I hear you mention
a Mr. Dickey?
John Dickey. Yes.
In America once,
when I was a young girl...
a long time ago, George-Anne...
I was engaged to John Dickey.

Oh, George-Anne,
I was so young.
I hadn't learned
the meaning of faith.
One day, someone told me
John Dickey loved someone else.
We quarreled, and I've spent
my whole life regretting that quarrel,
hoping that sometime,
some way,
I would hear from him again.
And when I did, it was to learn
that he'd gone to England,
made a fortune, and died alone,
leaving everything to me.
Oh, George-Anne, one must have
faith in the people one loves.
One must have faith...
or go through life alone.
I'm sorry you're so alone.
George-Anne.
Yes, Sahib?
We'll be in port
in a few minutes, my dear.
You'd better finish
whatever you have to do.
Oh, I wish something...
I wish there were some way we
could see you sometimes in London.
George-Anne!
Oh, no, you couldn't,
that Ionely old house.
George-Anne, you couldn't come
and stay with me,
all of you, and be my guests
for a little while?
Well, I don't know
what the Sahib would think.
- He hates so to impose on people.
- But it wouldn't be imposing.
- I'll ask him.
- Will you?
I'll try to persuade him.
I'd love to come,

just to be with you.
Miss Fortune,
it's good to see you.
Mr. Anstruther.
How nice of you to be here.
Not at all, Miss Fortune.
It's a great pleasure to
have you back safe and well.
This is Mr. Felix Anstruther,
Mr. Dickey's friend and lawyer,
and mine.
These are my friends,
the Carletons.
These children
saved my life in the wreck.
I'm sure I'm most grateful
to them for that.
And now they've promised to stay here
with me just as long as they can.
Really?
Here in this house?
Miss Fortune seemed lonely,
and we thought we might
stay with her a few days.
That's very considerate of you,
I'm sure.
Now I'm afraid
I must leave for my train.
Well, well.
Where are you off to?
Paris first.
I was thinking I might need a lawyer
myself pretty soon to manage my affairs.
Perhaps on your return?
I shall be very happy,
Colonel Carleton,
to look into your affairs
as soon as I return.
Good day, Miss Fortune.
I'm very sorry indeed
that my business takes me
away at this time.
I'll see Mr. Anstruther
to the door.

Perhaps we could have a hand
or two of poker when you come back.

Bon voyage.

Rick! Rick, wake up!

Go away.

Don't be stubborn, Rick,
wake up.

- Are we packing again?

- No.

I've been thinking,
and I have everything worked out.

Did you work out what happened
to the top of my pajamas?

Shut up, Rick.

I have an idea.

Oh.

Why don't you
sit down, Marmy?

Oh. Oh, I thought I was.

Now, listen.

We've been planning on staying here
for a couple of weeks,
but where do we go then?

Elucidate, my dear.

I mean we can stay forever.

All we have to do is to keep on
being what she thinks we are.

Charming, you mean?

No. Decent, honest,
sober, and hardworking.

And just what
do you mean by that?

I mean, darling,
no funny business with the cards,
no running up bills,
no brandy.

And you, Rick,
will have to look for a job,
and take the Sahib with you.

Oh, really.

Sounds too busy.

And for what?

No sooner do we do all this
than she'll up and die,

and then we're out again...

Unless...

Unless what?

Unless she makes a will.

Exactly.

And there's not only the house,
there's Mr. Dickey's entire fortune.

If we've ever had a chance
at a permanent solution, this is it.

How cute of you, George-Anne.

I'm game.

I'll be a grandson to the old gal
if it kills us both.

For the sake of all of you,
I am prepared to make any sacrifice.

You don't have to worry
about me, John.

I won't be lonely anymore.

I've found friends.

"Retired Indian Army officer
with no previous business experience

"seeks important position of trust.

"Finest social references
if desired.

Colonel Anthony Carleton,"
etcetera, etcetera.

Oh, I say, supposing
some blighter should answer this?

Sahib, what a ghastly idea!

I know.

Ah, sounds good.

Well, where shall it be today, father?

Want to see the mummies again?

Mummies would be dead, don't you think,
for such a beautiful day.

- Yes. National Gallery?

- Paintings? No.

No, it's time, my son,
you saw life in the raw.

- Interesting phenomenon, that.

- What?

That mechano set.

- That what?

- That thingamabob.

- Oh, yes.

- There it goes again.

But look at all those
little fellows down there.
Upon my soul, I don't see
what pleasure they get out of it.
Still, that little fellow over there
looks rather sincere.

- You think so?

- Mm-hmm.

Picks up a sack from that pile,
carries it over
and puts it on that pile.
Then he goes back for another.
Well, he must get
some enjoyment out of it,
but on the other hand,
I don't see what he's after in life.
L... I don't see his reasoning.

No reasoning involved, my boy.

Instinct. Biology.

Something tells him to carry
the little sacks back and forth,
and so he has to do it.

- L... I see what you mean.

- Yes.

Interesting problem, isn't it?

Capital, labor,
classes, masses,
no jobs, no leadership.

I wish I were younger, my boy.

Lunch.

High time, too.

It's been a hard morning.

I saw your father's advertisement
in the newspaper.

Oh.

Oh, of course.

I, uh...

I do not understand it.

Why, it's perfectly clear,
isn't it?

When your father
advertises for a position,

it is not clear, George-Anne.
In fact,
it is very, very suspicious.
L... I do not like the look of it.
Why not?
The Sahib wants a position, and...
What are you doing
in this house, anyway?
Miss Fortune was grateful to us
for helping her in the wreck,
so she invited us
to stay with her.
She's Ionely.
She must also be very rich.
And now I think you'd better go.
I'm terribly busy, and, uh...
And you're also
terribly fidgety, George-Anne.
Fidgety?
What a silly idea.
And now
you're tousling your hair.
I'm not
tousling my hair!
And now you're losing
your temper, George-Anne.
I told you, I'm simply busy,
and l... I wish you'd please go.
I will as soon as you tell me why
your father advertised for a position.
Because he wants one.
He's out all day
looking for one, every day.
He's very well-known as Algy
to the girls of Mandalay
He's a captain of Lancers, Algy...
- Is that you, Sahib?
- Yes, my dear.
Did you have
a successful day, darling?
Very successful, yes.
Enjoyed the digging very much.
Richard couldn't
tear himself away.

Oh, you remember Mr. Macrae.
Well, well, upon my soul.
Delighted to see you again, my boy.
What did you say the name was?
- Macrae. Duncan Macrae.
- Oh, yes.
I understand you have been
looking for a position, sir.
You've been looking
all over London, haven't you, Sahib?
I'm not ashamed to admit it...
not a stone unturned.
Ready to accept anything.
Anything. Forget dignity
and all that, you know.
A soldier is trained to take
the bad with the good,
and vice versa.
Perhaps I can be of service, then.
I have found you
an excellent position, sir.
I beg your pardon!
You see, I happened to run
across your advertisement...
Indeed?
But that's wonderful,
isn't it, Sahib?
What is the position?
It's with a motor company
run by friends of mine.
They need salesmen.
Your father seems to have
all the necessary qualifications.
Uh..."no previous
business experience...
finest social references..."
- I think that's splendid, Duncan.
- Just one moment.
- I can't tell you how we appreciate it...
- Just a minute, dear.
- Now poor Sahib won't have to keep...
- Halt!
Very friendly of you,
my boy, very,

but I'm afraid my capacities
are entirely unsuited.
Oh, Sahib, you know you have
capacities for anything.
In that case, sir, if you will report
at the Wombat sales room

at 9:

Good afternoon, sir.

Good afternoon.

I do not believe your father has
any intention of taking the position at all.

Why, what an amusing idea.

I do not think you're amused,
and I do not think you're grateful.

If you really want to know
what I think, Duncan,
I think now that you know
where we live,
it would be very nice if you'd
stay away from here altogether!

Aye! Once and for all!

Insolent young puppy!

I detest him!

Always muddling things up!

But you're going to
take the job, Sahib.

What? George-Anne,

you promised me

that under no circumstances
would I have to go to work.

Sorry, darling. Now we have to prove
we're on the level to everyone.

And stop tousling your hair!

Trapped, by gad!

Nine o'clock?

I'm afraid so, Sahib.

Well, I'll never forget
the pleasant days we've spent.

We never did half the things
we planned to do.

Too late now, I'm afraid.

I wish...

I wish we could at least

have got to the aquarium.
Some future time, perhaps.
You never know.
Well...
Won't be the same
without you, Sahib.
Nice of you to say so, my boy.
I'll miss you, too.
I'm not much good at farewells.
I know, father. I...
I'll walk
a little nearer with you.
Thank you, my boy.
Good-bye, my boy.
Good-bye, father.
Don't be too lonely.
I'll try.
Well... better go in, huh?
What is it, Sahib?
Uh... tell your mother, my boy...
Tell your mother.
You're sure
you're quite comfortable?
Quite comfortable.
Do you mind?
Planning to stay long?
I hadn't, but now
that I see you again...
You've never seen me before.
I've seen you all my life,
in my dreams.
That's not a very good line.
No.
Well, you see,
I'm so darn tired.
Why come to me?
Well, I was walking along,
and suddenly an unseen spirit
grabbed me by the arm
and led me straight up here to you.
It's kismet.
Now, you think that means
we have to marry each other?
If you're not

otherwise engaged, of course.

I do not,

and I can't make up my mind whether
you're a lunatic or merely very young.

I'm neither. I'm just Ionely.

I see.

Well, what can you do besides
look rather too good-looking?

Well, I...

I'm a champion swimmer,
play a rattling good game
of tennis, fair golf,
and I rumba

like the angel Gabriel.

Did you happen to notice
the name of this organization?

No. To be frank with you,
I never had a job before,
and I felt
it might spoil my impulse.

This is the British-American Civil
and Hydraulic Engineering Company.

Oh, I see.

And you're the American, huh?

Well, don't hydraulic engineers
ever rumba?

Rarely, and not well.

It seems to me that I shall be
filling a crying need, then.

You know, I really think
I'll enjoy working here.

I like the atmosphere of the place.

The atmosphere
is strictly business.

Which is what I like.

I begin to see what I've missed.

You know, if I made up my mind
to it, I could become an engineer,
and very shortly.

And it takes some of them years.

Did anyone ever tell you
that you have the most...

Yes. Often.

You don't know the first thing

about engineering, do you?
Oh, what's there to it?
It all comes down to one man
saying to another man,
"Well, make up your mind.
Do you want to buy a bridge,
or don't you want to buy a bridge?"
I've never met a man before
who's never had a job.
I should think it'd intrigue you,
make you want to see
what you could make of him.
Right.
We need someone
to sort the mail.
Two quid a week.
Come back in the morning, 8:00.
I'm yours to command.
You couldn't make it 9:00, could you?
Eight o'clock. Good day.
Good day.
Oh, could you come out
with me later for a spot of supper?
I like to pay my obligations.
Can you pay for the supper?
Well, now that you mention it,
I'm afraid I can't.
In that case,
I'll wait till your first payday.
Good day.
Is she pretty?
Comme ci, comme a.
Is she intelligent?
She typewrites well.
Is she fun?
She's a business gal.
There must be something about her
for you to take her out.
There is... she's my boss,
and it's a very sound policy, my child,
to keep in the good graces
of one's boss.
Has she a lot of money?
I've no idea.

I rather think not.
Guess whom I ran into today?
I couldn't possibly imagine.
Who?
Adela Jennings.
Adela?
She's just arrived in town
and wants you to have tea with her.
Where's she stopping?
The Ritz.
I must ring her up sometime.
Might be a good idea.
Perhaps her daddy's not in town.
Well, even if he isn't,
we're pretty well set now without him.
- We're not set at all.
- Certainly we are.
The old lady's more in love
with us every day.
She's not getting
any younger, you know.
I haven't heard any talk
of a will yet.
The fact is, I don't think
we'll have to wait for a will.
She's bound to come through
with something soon.
She hasn't, though.
The aged are slow, my child,
just as the young
are foolish and impatient.
We can count on her, and so...
well, and so we don't need
any more Adelas in our lives,
either of us.
Do you really
believe that, Rick?
I do, my child.
Um, does this tie look all right?
Oh, uh...
That's better.
- Good evening, Sahib.
- Evening, boy.
How are all the little Wombats

feeling tonight?

Couldn't feel better than I do.

Sold my fourth one this week.

Commissions mounting rapidly,
my boy, rapidly.

- Oh, really?

- Odd.

By the way, Sahib, where would you
take a young lady to dine?

Savoy, by all means.

Soundest cuisine in London.

Oh, I don't know.

I had in mind a place...

Oh, nonsense. Savoy's
the only place to dine a lady.

- Don't give it another thought.

- All right. Savoy it shall be.

Oh, but a couple of quid
wouldn't see me through, would it?

Perhaps you're being
slightly optimistic.

You couldn't lend me a fiver
till next payday, could you?

Glad to, my boy, but I've always
found that borrowing is unsound,
both from a financial
and a moral point of view.

How much money will you get
your next payday?

Two pounds.

From that you expect
to pay me back five?

You must see there's no future
to such a course of action.

Neither a borrower
nor a lender be.

Why don't you
take the lady to the zoo?

All right, Sahib, all right.

Never mind.

Here, here, boy.

Enjoy your evening.

Take her to the Savoy
and the zoo.

Oscar, I'd like to present
Miss Leslie Saunders, my boss.

Oh. Oh, you really
must forgive Oscar.

He's a sensitive, lonely,
disillusioned soul.

You seem to have
a strong sympathy for Oscar.

You don't happen to feel
anything in common with him?

There might be
a few similarities.

- He's very well-dressed.

- Thank you.

- Quite amusing.

- Thank you.

And, I'm afraid, utterly worthless.

- Not your sort?

- I rather doubt it.

Although I wonder if you have
any idea what sort I really am.

Of course I have.

Sane. Practical.

That's right.

- Ambitious. Hardworking.

- That's right.

- Utterly moral.

- Utterly.

- Straight from the shoulder.

- Straight as a rivet.

Well, in that case I should think
you'd greatly admire me
if I skipped all the approach work
and just kissed you
without any preliminaries.

I should not only admire you,
I should respect you.

There's something to be said
for your philosophy.

Oh. There go my cigarettes.

That's all right. I'll buy you some more.

I'm indebted to Oscar.

Uh... light, old man?

Seven, no trump.

- Well, I pass.

- I pass.

Me too.

I...

I think it's a lay-me-down!

Oh, well, upon my soul!

What an amazing pupil!

What card sense, eh?

Another grand slam.

You must be the kind of person
one is warned against on ships.

On ships?

Marmy means people
who play cards dishonestly.

Oh. Have you
ever known any such people?

I'm glad to say
I've never had the bad fortune
to encounter any
of those miserable scoundrels.

I should think
they must be most unhappy.

Unhappy, ma'am?

Don't you think so?

It seems to me they must always
be outside of everything.

They must be so lonely,
so friendless.

Very possible, ma'am.

Very possible.

It's way past
your bedtime, Miss Fortune.

Oh.

Another beautiful evening.

Good night, my dear.

Good night, Miss Ellen.

Honored, ma'am. Honored.

May... may God bless you.

Don't bother
to come upstairs, dear.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Darling, is your old
sinus trouble coming on again?

Sinus? No, my dear, no, no.
All part of the act, you know,
letting the old girl
see that I was touched.
Good performance, darling.
You certainly
had me fooled for a minute.
Mind your feet on the stairs.
You take the high road
and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore you
You'll wake everyone in the house!
For me and my true love will...
You idiot!
Stop it!
It's all right, old pal.
I can take care of myself
very nicely, old pal.
I brought my old pal
home with me, George-Anne.
Yes, I know.
We're all palsy-walsies.
Now, sit down
before I knock you down.
Have to undress myself...
take off my shoesie-woosies.
- I'll help you.
- You've helped him enough.
That's right. I'll take off
my own shoesie-woosies.
- Very considerate of you, Rick.
- There.
First my shoesie-woosie,
then my socksie-wocksie.
Then...
...my tiesie-wiesie!
I give you my word of honor,
George-Anne, I haven't the slightest idea.
- You did it on purpose!
- I did not!
How could I know that one bottle of
champagne and a few small brandies
could make any grown man drunk?
Why did you give him

anything at all?
I tell you, I just happened
to meet him, and we celebrated.
Celebrated? With him?
You said you wouldn't
be seen dead with him.
You must be drunk too.
I'm not. I can't be.
None of us Macraes is capable
of being drunk. We've tried.
And I admit
I was wrong about Richard.
I misjudged him entirely,
and I apologize.
He's an understanding
and gifted young man.
And where did you meet this
"understanding, and gifted young man"?
We just bumped into each other.
If you want to know the truth,
I was feeling Ionesome.
You're a bad-mannered, bad-tempered,
outrageous female,
but I have discovered
I cannot live without you.
It's a shameful confession
for a sane man to make.
It's an idiotic one, because you're
going to live without me,
probably to a horrible old age.
I am not. Richard says you're
eating your heart out for me.
- Richard told you that?
- He did.
Then you got him drunk
and made him say it.
If you were a man,
I'd knock you down for that.
Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry.
We must've awakened you.
Poor Richard
has been taken ill,
and this Mr. Macrae was
kind enough to bring him home.

How do you do, Mr. Macrae.
How do you do. That... that's
not the exact truth, Miss Fortune.
Poor Richard is extremely drunk,
and it is my fault.
And now if you've said
everything you want to say,
you might have
the decency to go.
Listen, George-Anne,
don't quarrel with me.
I may have to go away.
There's a chance I may leave for India.
Is it only a chance,
or a hope?
Oh, my dear, my dear!
I trust you will accept my apology,
Miss Fortune, if I have disturbed you.
You haven't disturbed me,
Mr. Macrae.
If you have the slightest
consideration for anyone,
you'll go away and stay away!
Aye! Once and for all!
Oh, my dear, my dear!
Young people are so foolish.
They don't know
that love never comes twice.
No!
No!
Ohh!
Does it hurt much?
My, um...
my head is on wrong!
I know just how you feel.
Oh, I've been
intoxicated, too.
You have?
I was quite a young girl,
but I've never forgotten it.
It was at a birthday party.
Somebody gave me
a glass of punch,
and then the trees started

going round and round.

I know.

Wasn't there anyone there
to put ice on your head?

No.

But there was a boy there
who was very kind to me.

It was John Dickey.

He let me hold his hand tight
to keep me from
being flung into space.

That was

darned decent of him.

Yes, he was a very nice boy.

And he had

a little white dog with him.

She had a black spot like an
enormous eyebrow over one eye.

Sounds like

a very nice little doggy.

It was.

Does your head feel better?

Much.

I say, don't think...

please don't think badly of me.

Why should I

think badly of you?

You were only being gay and happy
and proud, perhaps, of your job.

And most of all...

...young.

Here you are, sir.

Ah. I'm very sorry, my boy,
but she won't do, either. Good-bye.

How is a bloke going to know what you
want if you don't tell him what you want?

You just trot out some more.

I'll know it when I see it.

I wish people

would make their minds up.

Oh, this one's a darling, Richard.

- Ah, but he's not vivacious.

- He's just sleepy.

Well, the dog I want

must be vivacious and sleepy.
Besides, he's cross-eyed.
You're mad. His eyes
are as straight as mine.
Ah, hazel.
You're difficult to please.
On the contrary, I like hazel.
Here they are, the last of the lot, sir.
Take 'em or leave 'em.
Ah... leave them. No reflection
on you fellas, of course.
Blimey, what do you expect
a dog to have?
I expect him to have an enormous
black eyebrow over one eye.
What? An enormous
black eyebrow?
I think, Richard, we'd better go quietly
and try somewhere else.
All right. Sorry.
I suppose he must have
a purple tail, too.
And why a black eyebrow?
Well, because the puppy's
for Miss Ellen,
and Miss Ellen likes puppies
with black eyebrows.
Are you sure this Miss Ellen
of yours is quite right?
Oh, yes, quite.
Very nice, rich old lady.
I see. You and your family
couldn't by any chance be...
sponging on her, could you?
What makes you think that?
It just occurred to me.
You wouldn't approve
of that, I suppose.
No, I wouldn't approve of that.
No, I didn't think you would.
Would you like
to hear the rest of it?
It's up to you.
It's a tremendous secret,

you know.
Perhaps you
shouldn't tell me, then.
I probably shouldn't.
You won't like it.
Well, they say that confession
is good for the... what is it?
The soul, Richard.
Oh, yes, the soul.
The soul, yes.
Well, I suppose it can't affect me much
one way or the other, can it?
You see, we're all
trying to become heirs.
I don't understand.
It's very simple.
You see, we're really
all quite charming,
and we made
the old gal love us.
The Sahib
took to selling Wombats
just to prove that
we're on the square,
and I took to opening letters
for the same reason.
Rather neat idea,
don't you think?
- You're not kidding me, Richard.
- Oh, no, no. I'm terribly serious.
We thought we'd worked it out
rather cleverly.
I never doubted
that you were clever, Richard.
Just getting her warmed up, ma'am.
Oh, why didn't
Miss George-Anne come?
This would have
cheered her up so.
Now, do you want to see what
a Wombat will really do, ma'am?
Yes, yes!
You mustn't hit anything
when we're going this fast, darling.

- It might be dangerous.
- Not at all, my dear, not at all.
I'm afraid I have won again,
Miss George-Anne.
You have to have
a scientific mind.
Mr. Dickey didn't have
a scientific mind, either.
Now, who can that be,
sticking his nose in?
Who was it, Andrew?
Oh, it was only
that young Mr. Macrae.
Mr. Macrae?
Why didn't you let me know?
He was calling on Miss Fortune.
Oh.
I told him you were in, but he said
he only wanted to see Miss Fortune.
Thank you, Andrew.
Would you care for another game,
Miss George-Anne?
Not just now.
Thank you, Andrew.
Well, what on earth!
Isn't she a dream?
Her name is Jane of Aylesbury,
and her father's a champion.
You get this horrible monster out of here
before Miss Ellen comes home.
But she's for Miss Ellen!
I got her for Miss Ellen!
And I'm paying for it
out of me own salary! Think of that.
Oh, how wonderful of you, Rick.
You sure she wants one?
Sure? My salary's too small
to waste if I weren't sure.
Oh. Of course.
I thought for a moment...
Well, good work, Rick.
Congratulations.
L... I didn't mean...
What, Rick?

What didn't you mean?
Well, I mean,
I didn't want you to think
I was getting soft all of a sudden.
Heaven forbid
I should ever think that.
Now, look, you stay here,
and Jane and I will lurk about upstairs
and be a frightful surprise to everyone.
You won't have to try much.
Hello, Marmy!
Oh, isn't Richard getting dynamic?
Oh, darling,
such a marvelous time.
The Wombat went like a bird.
Did you have a good time
all by yourself?
What have you been doing all day?
I had four hair-raising games
of dominoes with Andrew.
The whole countryside
is just one big garden.
I picked and picked and picked.
Did you have a good time
all by yourself here?
What have you been doing
all day, darling?
I played dominoes with Andrew.
Masses of wildflowers! We saw
the most adorable little cottage.
Miss Ellen was mad about it.
Did you have a good time
all by yourself?
What have you been doing all day?
Why didn't you play a game
of dominoes with Andrew?
Heavens!
What in heaven's name is that?
That, I imagine, is Richard and Jane
being a terrific surprise to all of us.
Jane?
It can't be very amusing
for a young girl
to be spending so much time

with such an old lady,
but, oh, my dear,
I'm frightened.
Frightened, Miss Ellen?
Now that you're all
doing so well,
I'm frightened
you'll want to go away
and make a home of your own.
Would you rather
we didn't go?
Oh, my dear,
if I only knew
you'd be with me when...
I'd never be afraid again.
We'll stay with you
as long as you want us.
Oh, if you could only
promise me that.
I promise.
Did you get
the old lady to bed, darling?
Yes, she made me promise
that we'd never leave her.
Sometimes, George-Anne,
I don't know where you get
all your cleverness.
Certainly not from me.
I guess the Sahib has more brains
than I ever realized.
I don't know that we've
been so clever, though, Marmy.
We haven't been getting on
very far with the will.
I'm beginning to think...
perhaps we should
give up the whole idea.
George-Anne!
I just mean... well...
we might get along better
if we thought up some other plan.
But this is a lovely plan,
and we're getting along beautifully.
Poor darling, you're discouraged.

You've worked so hard on it.
But it'll come through.
We'll get the old lady yet.
All right, Marmy.
Forgive me.
Forgive her?
Now what does she think she did?
Hello.
How do you do, Miss Fortune.
My boat sails on Monday.
Saturday night?
Well, that's...
that's very kind of you,
but, well, I seldom go
to parties nowadays.
Well, if you're sure George-Anne
will not be unpleasantly surprised.
L... I promised to stay
away from her once and for all.
Well, since you're certain,
I'll be glad to come.
And it's very, very kind of you
to ask me.
Good day, Miss Fortune.
Oh.
I thought I told you an hour ago
I didn't need you any longer.
That's all right. I just had
a little reading to do.
Take you home?
- I think not, thank you.
- Sorry.
I say, you wouldn't like
to do the town, would you,
with Miss Fortune and the Carleton
family on Saturday night?
White tie.
Are you paying for the party?
No. No, a small white dog
with a large black eyebrow
is about all I can afford
for several weeks.
- How is Jane?
- Oh, terrific.

Several slippers have gone west,
and some of Mr. Dickey's
antique rugs have aged perceptibly,
but I couldn't live without her.

Did she make
your Miss Ellen happy?

Oh, immensely.

She's mad about her, really.

Then Jane is what you might call
a wise investment.

As a matter of fact,
I think Jane will do the trick.

- Congratulations.

- I knew you'd be interested.

Good night.

If you'll pardon my curiosity,
what are you reading?

Oh, this?

Just something I picked up.

I'm trying to find out

why grown men

waste their time

being engineers.

When they can be heirs?

Exactly.

By the way, the boss said
the suggestions you made
for the new building
were not half bad for an amateur.

Did he not really?

Of course, that doesn't mean
anything to you.

No.

It's always nice to make
an impression on the boss.

Mm-hmm.

Well... good night.

I suppose you think I couldn't
be an engineer if I wanted to.

Well, there wouldn't be
any point to it, would there?

You'll be able

to buy and sell engineers one day.

Hmm, yes,

I suppose you're right.

On second thought, I think I will go to the party with you Saturday, if the invitation's still open.

Still open?

Oh, it's you or no one.

I have an idea about you, but it still needs just a little more work.

- Good night.

- Good night.

This type of motor uses delayed-combustion design or method.

And, uh,

that means exactly?

Putting it quite simply, sir,

that means that

the cylinder head is recessed

to receive

the patented-shaped piston,

which closes off the valve area

from the combustion chamber.

Yes, yes.

If I were to say that the Wombat is the last word in mechanical perfection,

I should be withholding

the full truth.

The Wombat

is above mechanical perfection.

The Wombat is ahead of its time,

as far ahead of its time

as was... um...

well, Socrates of his.

Yes.

It's a pretty thing, isn't it?

Yes.

Well, Colonel Carleton,

I believe in you,

and I'd like to put in my order

for three of them.

One for myself,

and one for my wife,

and, uh, one for my, uh...

well, uh...

I understand perfectly, sir.

I shall deliver the third one to you personally at your club.

Oh, that's fine, Colonel, fine.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

Colonel Carleton!

Yes, Mr. Hutchins?

I would like to have a word with you.

It's always

a pleasure and a privilege to chat with the Managing Director of our company, Mr. Hutchins.

Colonel Carleton, I have always made it my custom

to know the men who represent the Wombat, to look into their past records.

Past records, sir?

Records aren't always quite fair and all that, you know. On the contrary, Colonel, I think your record does you full justice. All I can say, sir, is that, since I've been with the Wombat, I've done my best.

Sometimes an executive's position involves unpleasant duties.

A fact I quite understand, sir.

On the other hand, sometimes those duties are a distinct pleasure.

This is one of those pleasurable occasions.

The board has decided that a man of your obvious talent is wasted as a mere salesman.

We are very anxious that you should become our London sales manager, take charge of this entire branch.

I trust that will be agreeable to you.

Oh, well, I... I've...

A suitable adjustment

of recompense, of course.

Well, I've no doubt we can
come to terms, Mr. Hutchins.

Oh, and, by the way,
some of the members of the board
are very anxious to meet you.

Oh, naturally, naturally.

I'm giving a little dinner party
at my house on Saturday night.

- I hope you can be there.

- Be delighted.

Oh! I'm afraid not.

Not Saturday night, no.

An old friend of mine
who's been very kind to me
is giving a little party that night, and I...

I wouldn't like to disappoint her.

However, any other night... Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday...

- Some other time. Good night.

- Good night.

And, oh, by the way,
may I suggest that you
take things a bit easier.

We can't afford
to lose you, you know.

Oh, indeed no,
indeed no, sir.

And furthermore, Miss Fortune,
I discovered that your Colonel Carleton
is not even a colonel.

He's nothing but a common
adventurer, and a cardsharp.

He and his family are well-known
on the Continent as fortune hunters.

They were last heard of
when the son

nearly took in
a wealthy young American girl.

They were asked to leave.

- How sad.

- Sad?

That such fine people should be
reduced to such an existence.

How cruel life
must have been to them.
But you don't understand,
Miss Fortune.
They're not fine people.
They're little better than criminals.
And they're in your house now,
living on you, sponging on you.
Who knows what plans
they may have against you?
Now I understand so many things
that used to puzzle me...
little glances they exchanged,
little embarrassments they had,
times when they were hurt
and I never understood why.
Oh, I wish
I had known sooner.
I could've spared them so much.
But you must
get rid of them, Miss Fortune.
They'll take everything you have.
Oh. I'm an old woman,
Mr. Anstruther,
a very old woman
who has led a lonely, useless life.
But I've learned some things
in my loneliness...
perhaps because of it.
I've learned not to judge people.
I've learned
to take them as I find them,
not as others find them.
And most of all,
I've learned to give
complete and unquestioning faith
to the people I love.
I shall say no more, ma'am.
Well, how do you do,
Mr. Anstruther.
How do you do.
Did you have a pleasant trip?
Very pleasant,
and very interesting.

Good evening, Miss Carleton.
Oh, come in, my dear.
I just saw Mr. Anstruther.
I didn't know
he was back from his trip.
Oh, yes. Sit down,
won't you, dear?
I've just had a long talk
with Mr. Anstruther.
I've realized for some time
how much I've been imposing
upon you and your family.
Oh, I... not at all.
I've wondered,
What can they possibly gain
by giving so much
to a lonely old lady?
Oh.
And finally
I've decided to do...
at least, everything
that is in my power to do...
But we don't want you
to do anything.
I'm sure of that.
But I want you to know that I have
asked Mr. Anstruther
to draw up a new will
so that, when I die,
everything I have will come
to you and your family.
It isn't at all what I would
like to leave you, George-Anne.
I would like
to leave you happiness.
Oh, Miss Ellen!
He's very well-known as Algy
To the girls of Mandalay
He's a captain of Lancers, Algy
He's bold,
he's brave, he's gay
George-Anne, do you know
what your father is?
Yes, I think I know.

Nonsense, my dear, you couldn't know.
Only just happened.
He's been made
the headmost sales manager
of the entire London branch!
What do you think of that, George-Anne.
Making money on his own and everything.
Ho ho. Tut-tut.
Not big money, of course,
but an impressive step,
if I do say so myself.
Of course it is.
It's just what we need
to convince the old lady.
Just think how pleased she'll be.
She'll think we're all wonderful!
She'll think
we're wonderful, all right.
She does now.
In fact, you don't even
have to go on with it, Sahib.
We've won.
Whatever do you mean?
She's decided on her will.
We're to get the money.
She's going to leave us
everything she has.
How too, too marvelous!
Aren't you going to
compliment George-Anne, Sahib?
She did most of it.
Oh. So she did, my dear.
Very good.
Excellent work.
Wonderful.
Now we're all set.
Yes, we're...
we're set at last.
And now,
let's plan our party.
It can be a celebration now.
We'll have a wonderful time.
Going to India, eh?
Well, well, that's

my old stamping ground.
I must give you some
letters of introduction, my boy.
Ah, India, India.
Richard and George-Anne
were born there, you know.
They were?
Yes, poor dears,
they were born there.
Such an awful place.
I've never been there myself,
but they've told me about it.
That's very astonishing.
Don't mind Marmy.
She has little lapses like that.
Nothing dangerous.
Perhaps we'd better dance.
Rather a shy young fellow, what?
I'm sure I've
seen him about somewhere.
Never forget a face, you know.
Your whole family
are rather complex, aren't they?
Oh, yes.
Well, take me, for example.
I'm probably the most
complex character I know.

- Really?
- Really.
- Richard?
- Hmm?

Why did you ask the boss yesterday
to recommend
a night school in engineering?
Oh, that? Oh.
Oh, I just did that
to impress him.
Clever of me, what?
Well, why did you
want to impress him?
You're going to give up your job as soon
as you get Miss Fortune's money.
I hadn't thought about that.
- You won't need a job.

- No, but...

Is your father going to
give up his job?

Sahib give up his Wombats?

He's sales managing the place.

Well, if your father's going to
continue toiling among the Wombats
and you're going to spend your
young life in an engineering office...

well, it just doesn't make sense,
does it, with the will and all that.

Doesn't it?

Well, it doesn't to me.

It looks like a slight contradiction.

Well, it does rather,
come to think of it, doesn't it?

What do you suppose is wrong?

You.

You aren't hardboiled enough for
an heir. You might as well face it.

You think so?

I wonder.

Come on, Richard, let's dance.

Permit me to say, ma'am,
that you dance exquisitely.

It is a beautiful dance, isn't it?

With you, ma'am, it's a poem.

They've made up.

Oh, I'm so glad!

Who?

George-Anne and that
nice Mr. Macrae.

Oh, yes.

I've loved you
for a long time, yes,
but that doesn't mean
I'm going to marry you.

But why?

You really want to know?

Aye.

All right, then.

Your suspicions about us
were right, Duncan.

We didn't love the old lady,

and we didn't stay with her
because she was lonely.
We were after her money
right from the start,
and that night
you came to the house,
I was afraid
you'd spoil everything.
I was afraid
to even have you about.
But you're not afraid now?
No, because now she's come through.
Now we're going to get her money.
We're all rotters, Duncan.
We always have been
and we always will be.
We're parasites.
We... we cheat at cards
and we lie about ourselves,
and the only time we behave
like decent people is when it pays.
Such a long speech, darling,
and I don't believe a word of it.
I don't care what you thought
you were up to.
I don't care what you think you are.
I want to marry you.
Oh, no, Duncan.
I'm not turning noble, but...
but I won't mess up your life.
Once I wouldn't marry you because
you weren't rich enough for me,
and now I won't marry you because
I'm not good enough for you.
Duncan, what?
Sahib, what happened?
She's... she's fainted.
Must keep calm, you know.
Old lady's liable
to this sort of thing.
Her fluff's coming off
on your trousers.
They say if you hold a puppy
by the tail, its eyes will drop out.

- That's guinea pigs.

- Oh.

Is Andrew there?

- Andrew?

- I'm here.

She wants you to telephone
for Mr. Anstruther. He's to hurry.

Oh.

Is she?

We don't know yet.

She's barely conscious,
Miss George-Anne.

She sent for Anstruther.

Oh, Sahib,

I'm so ashamed.

My dear.

- Rick?

- What?

Do you think
she's going to die?

I don't know.

Do you care
if she dies, Rick?

Well, I'm rather
used to the old gal.

She's not so bad, really.

We're horrible people...
aren't we?

Hard as nails, all of us.

Don't you think
people ever change?

Not us, ever.

We just aren't any good.

I think I am.

Don't make me tired.

I think Sahib is.

He's changed.

I suppose you think

I have too.

I'm about as much changed
as Marmy is.

We've been acting so long
you think we're changed,
but you're

fooling yourself, Rick.
Like Duncan.
You wait and see.
We'll be back to normal.
You and the Sahib too.
Wish her luck, little Jane.
How is she?
How is she?
I'm Miss Fortune's lawyer,
not her doctor.
He will inform you
at the proper time.
Since I am
her lawyer, however,
there is a little matter
that may perhaps interest you.
Miss Fortune's one thought,
despite her grave condition,
has been to live long enough
to set her signature to a new will.
This she has done.
I need not inform you as to
the identity of the new legatees.
I might add, however,
that if certain circumstances
had been different,
I should have advised
Miss Fortune most strongly
in favor of
a more impersonal charity.
As it is,
it makes little difference.
What are you trying to tell us?
In the past few years,
there has been
a steady depreciation
in the value
of Miss Fortune's holdings.
I did not wish to worry
Miss Fortune in her late years
by telling her this
because I thought that things
might be managed for her, alone.
If Miss Fortune dies,

taking debt
and taxes into account,
the estate will be
practically penniless.
I trust you will
find it possible to forgive her.
Why should we forgive her,
Mr. Anstruther?
That's a strange thing
you're asking of us,
and pray
what is there to forgive?
Wasn't she good to us?
As to the money, we don't want it.
We don't even need it.
Absolutely not.
We're perfectly able
to stand on our own feet.
Indeed.
Then perhaps I might add
that if Miss Fortune lives,
I doubt that I shall be able
even to save this house for her.
If Miss Fortune lives,
Mr. Anstruther,
you may rest assured there will
be a home for her always.
She will not need this house.
If I have misjudged you,
I beg your pardon.
Good day.
Oh, Marmy!
You do love her!
Darling, darling!
We don't want the money!
We don't want it! None of us!
There, darling!
Oh, and we really want to be
what she thinks we are.
Marmy, she mustn't die.
We've got to show her.
We've got to take care of her.
She saved us, Marmy!
Don't you see?

She saved us all!
You may come in now.
Miss Fortune wants to see you.
She seems to be
very much stronger.
That's better.
When we get around that bend,
I'll show you
what the Wombat can really do.
Indeed!
Mmm! That's the best curry
I've tasted since India!
Since?
Canada.
You know, Mrs. Macrae,
I wonder if we ought
to go to India.
Will you please
stop talking about India...
once and for all?
This day, this sun, this purple veil,
why were they planned?
With what in view
but for the setting of our love?
Such lovely lines, Richard...
but such old ones
to use on your own wife.
Well, here we are
at my new home.
Hasn't this been
a wonderful drive?
Yes, indeed.
And I firmly agree
with the words of Abraham Lincoln,
that great American...
of British extraction, of course...
who said, "You can fool
some of the people all of the time
"and all of the people
some of the time,
but you can't fool all of the people
all of the time."
I give you Mr. Lincoln.
- Ah, yes.

- Yes, Lincoln.
Mr. Lincoln and the Sahib
were old friends.
Indeed?
Oh... perhaps it was
another Mr. Lincoln.
Now I would like
to propose a toast.
To my family...
God bless them, one and all.