Waterloo Bridge

By Robert E. Sherwood
Hey, you up there,
drop that board over here.
No, double time.
Don't go to sleep. Hurry up.
Take it over there.
Mind your ends, everybody.
- Goodbye, everybody.
- Hey, Vi.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye, Myra.
- Take care of yourself and good luck.
- Thank you.
- I'll get a job soon.
- Cheerio.
- Come along.
- Hey, get up there.
- Have you got a job yet, Jo?
- Oh, no.
Oh, shut up.
Celie, throw us a bit of soap.
Darling, why you've got my pants on.
I have not, these are new ones tonight.
Oh, Myra?
Here's a parcel for you.
- Dick left it.
- Oh, Myra would get it.
I wish Kevin would send me something.
- Myra.
- Oh, look, is it real?
Oh, it's just what I wanted.
How did he know what you wanted?
I don't know. Maybe I mentioned it, huh?
- Hello.
- Hello, darling, how are you?
Oh, just fine.
I'm sorry I kept you waiting.
You cost me a pretty penny already.
You know, I only bought
this car for an hour.
That's nothing to what
I will cost you.
- Mind the step.
- And the chauffeur.
- Hurry, quick, before the crowds come.
Very good.
Come along now, Your Highness.
Looks like another full house tonight.
Yeah, what a sap I was to
go into The Bing Boys.
I had a chance to go in Chu Chin Chow.
If I had taken it, I'd still be a chorus girl.
Now look at me.
I don't work two years.
Come on, there's nothing
around here for us.
I don't know, I think one place
is as good as another.
If your luck's in, it's in.
Yeah, now watch me.
Hello, Harold.
Funny, I thought I knew that chap.
Yeah.
Lovely night, huh?
Lovely night for what?
Air raids?
Those fellows up there
give me the willies.
Well, they're men, aren't they?
I'd rather they throw bombs on me,
than take no notice of me at all.
I expect they do that
just to please you, dearie.
Come on, I'll show you
my lucky window.
Here you are now. You just watch this.
See? What did I tell you?
Doing well, aren't we?
- What time is it?

- About 11:
I'm going down to Waterloo Bridge.
Might have some friends coming
in on leave from Waterloo Station.
Well, I'll go down to Trafalgar Square.
Might be some friends of mine
coming in from Downing Street.
- So long.
- Cheerio.
- Cab, lady?
- Not yet.
Come on! Hurry! Come on!
Now look at that.
Rot them zeppelins.
- What's the matter?
- Who wants to know?
Come out from there. There's a raid on.
- What are you looking for?
- What am I looking for?
What do you think I'm looking for?
My potatoes, of course.
- Don't you know there's a raid on?
- I don't care if there is.
Listen. Zeppelins.
Hear that? Zeppelins over your head.
Zeppelins, be blowed.
I want my potatoes.
Oh, what's the odd.
Hey.
What the heck do you think you're doing?
Can't you see?
We're looking for potatoes.
- Did anybody mention there's a raid on?
- Yeah, I read it in the papers.
- We're taking shelter.
- Oxygen shelter, huh?
Yeah. The old dame
dropped her potatoes...
...and she wouldn't take cover
until we pick them up.
Here, let me help.
Put that light out.
Do you wanna be kissed by a bomb?
Come on. Hey there. Come on, move on.
I thought that officer
was gonna arrest you for that.
He didn't see.
Come on, we got them all.
Where's the cabbage?
Here you are.
- Come, let's go to the shelter.
- Confound it. The impertinence, I called it.
Over the air with their tomfool airships
and these lights all ready.
Airships, indeed. At this time of night.
The government ought not to allow it.
If Mr. Gladstone was alive,
it would be a very different cup of tea.
- Where are my potatoes?
- Here they are.
Oh, thank you, sir.
That's a nice little fur, dearie.
I had one like that when I was a girl.
But the moths got it.
Oh, drat it.
There go my potatoes again.
Dear me. Well, I'm off.
I can't hang around here
wasting me time.
Oh, no. You're gonna stay here.
You can't go until the raid's over.
I tell you, I don't owe to the raids.
And if you wants to know, between
you and me, I don't even owe to the war.
The Kaiser ain't done me no harm
and I ain't done him no harm.
- Oh, dear l...
- No, no that wasn't one.
How do you mean that ain't one?
What do you think I am, deaf?
- Is this your first air raid?
- Golly, no. I've been in five or six.
- Say, are you an American?
- Say, are you a mind reader?
Yeah. Hey, listen. I'm an American too.
- Just one of the boys that couldn't wait.
- Oh, I don't know about that.
Found myself one morning with nothing
to do so I thought I'd come to France.
- What for?
- Fun.
- Was it?
- No.
All clear!
Come along.
Here you are, mother.
Now you can go off home.
Thank you for nothing.
My God, what he will do
when I do get home.
My old man is that jealous,
you wouldn't believe.
Well, if they have anymore of this nonsense
I'll write to The Times about it.
Toodle-oo and God bless you.
- Good night.
- Bye.
Well, that's that. Thanks.
- Where were you going?
- Where do you think, Buckingham Palace?
- Can I give you a lift?
- Oh, your Rolls is around the corner, huh?
No, we'll get a taxi. What address?
- 14 Lyle Street.
- Taxi!
- Thank you.
- Yeah.
Well...
...bye.
- Don't you wanna come up for a minute?
- Why sure, that will be swell.
I haven't got a thing to drink.
That doesn't matter.
- Here.
- Oh, thank you, sir.
Here we are.
- Well, how do you like the mansion?
- Why? I think it's very comfortable.
- Yeah. Want a cigarette?
- Thanks.
Here.
Thank you.
It's a swell night, isn't it?
- There goes that signal again.
- Another raid?
Yeah.
Hurry.
- Yeah, I guess they've come back.
- Oh, you have fun here too.
Yeah.
Sit down.
Thanks.
Have an American cigarette.
I'll say I will.
Here.
Got it?
Thanks.
Have you had your dinner?
Then why don't you come
and eat with me?
- Every place is closed while the raid's on.
- Oh, that's too bad.
But you can eat here.
I haven't got a thing
in the place.
But there's a fish and chips
shop downstairs.
- That's great. I'll go down and get some.
- Swell.
- So you're back, are you?
- Yeah.
Pleased to see me, ain't you?
What do you want?
You know perfectly well what I want.
- I want my three weeks' rent.
- I haven't got the dough.
Well, what do you expect me to do?
Subsidize you?
You're making a mistake, my girl.
You'll pay that rent
or I'll find another tenant.
You think that will be easy?
Well, it's been good enough
for better folks than you.
How much do I owe you?
Four pound, three and three pence.
There's the bill.
Well, I've got the three and threepence.
I don't want any of your lip.
Listen. You'll get your money.
- I'll get it for you somewhere.
- Yeah. But when?
Hey. You know the...
- This is Mrs. Hobley.
- Please to meet you, I'm sure.
- How do you do?
- Been on leave long?
I just got in tonight.
Our first leave for eight months.
Oh, isn't that lovely?
- You come to town in lots of money.
- Well, no.
Say, wasn't that somebody
calling you downstairs, Mrs. Hobley?
- Good night.
- Good night.
Check the window
if you find it's too drafty.
- And I hope you'll have a very happy leave.
- Thank you.
Good night, dearie.
- Well, she's a pleasant old girl.
- Yeah, isn't she?
I think I've gotten plenty of those.
- Hey. What's your name?
- Roy Cronin.
Oh, shoot. There's no more gas.
- Got a schilling, soldier?
- Sure.
- Say, what is that? A slot machine?
- Sure, it turns on the gas.
I thought maybe you were getting
a package of gum.
- Remind me I owe you a schilling.
- Yeah, wouldn't it be terrible if I forgot?
- What's your name?
- Myra.
- Myra, what?
- Myra Deauville.
- Deauville. Your family French?
- Oh, no. That's just a stage name.
- What's your real name?
- Let's eat. I'm starved.
- We don't have to wait for the kettle.
- All right.
- Where do you come from?
- Lachsfeld, do you know it?
- I'll say, I do.
- Yeah?
Sure. Did you live with your people?
I did until the war broke out.
You see, my stepfather's English
so he joined up.
And, of course, my mother
came here with him.
- Is he nice?
- Yeah, he's grand.
He's at least ten years too old
to be in uniform, but he's in it all the same.
- Tommy?
- Major, RAMC.
You see, he was a doctor.
Thanks.
- Couldn't you have gotten a commission?
- I suppose so.
- Didn't your mother want you to?
- Yeah, but it was too late.
You see, I was in summer camp
in Canada.
Coming home, we stopped off in Toronto.
Gosh, things were just getting going.
Flags, bands, all that bunk.
When I woke up, I was a soldier.
You know, just boyish enthusiasm.
- Did it last?
- What?
The boyish enthusiasm.
No, you don't stay boyish
very long in war.
I can see that.
Gosh, I haven't seen them in three years.
- I bet you're kind of anxious too, huh?
- Yeah, kind of. I'm taking the first train out.
- Where they live?
- They got a place down in Buckinghamshire.
- Tell me about you.
- Me?
There's the kettle.
Here, let me do that.
Clever, aren't you?
- Here.
- Thanks.
- Where do you come from?
New York.

- Been here long?
- Four years.
- Four years. What made you come?
- Work.
- What kind of work do you do?
- I'm a chorus girl.

A chorus girl?
Oh, gee.
- You came over with a show, huh?
- Yeah, The Pink Lady.
- When it ended, The Bing Boys.
- That must be interesting.
- Yeah, when you can get it.
- Been out long?
- I certainly have.
- What a rotten break.
- And that accounts for...
- Yeah, that accounts for this rotten place.
I admit the refrigerator is old-fashioned.
- Please, I didn't mean to be critical.
- Oh, I know the place isn't the Ritz but...

Oh, you don't wanna be bothered
with a hard-luck tale.
- Tell me.
- Well, jobs are hard to find...
  ...and rents are high, that's all.
- Behind with it?
- Gee. Let's talk about something cheerful.
- How much is it?
Well, if you must know,
it's just under five pounds.
But I'll get a job soon.
Well, you see, it isn't only rent.
Price of everything has gone up so.
Why, this afternoon
I was in Leicester Square...
You know that Stag and Medals.
Anyway, there's the cutest
little pink dress in the window...
...perfectly plain and simple.
- What do you think they want for it?
- What?
Three guineas.
Myra, I don't want you to take offense in anything I say...
...but, well, heck, you see, I got more money than I want as a soldier...
...and, well, couldn't I square things up for you?
You know, with the rent and maybe get you that pink dress.
Gee, that's sweet of you.
I wouldn't think of it.
I don't see why not.
Who's to know?
Oh, it's the principle of the thing.
What's the difference?
Some of us are lucky, some of us aren't.
Just at this very minute you aren't.
Please. Go on. Take it.
It would make me so happy.
Just do it as a favor to me.
As a favor to you?
I don't know what to say, but...
- Mind you, I hate taking it.
- Thanks.
- Here.
- What?
- There's your fiver. You better go now.
- What? Myra.
You better go
I don't want your money.
Oh, I'm awfully sorry.
I didn't know you would take it like that.
Well, I told you I didn't mean to insult you and I'm sorry. L...
Well, I guess that's about all I can say.
It's a grand feeling, isn't it?
The prince and the beggar maid.
Felt very noble, didn't you?
Offering me something for nothing.
That make you feel swell, huh?
Why don't you answer me?
Well, when do we begin the next stage?
You gonna show me how to lead a better life?
Roy.
Roy.
What do you want?
Come back a minute, will you?
You don't have to care
what a cheap chorus girl says to you.
Oh, I suppose it was my fault, really.
I thought you'd understand.
L...
I guess it kind of hurt you, didn't it?
Yeah.
- You want another cigarette?
- Let's smoke these.
All right.
- Do you like music?
- Why, yeah. I do.
This is from The Bing Boys.
So you're going down
to see your mother tomorrow.
I'm glad. It's good for a soldier
to get out of this town as quick as he can.
- What's the matter with it?
- It isn't healthy.
Only two things for a soldier
to do when he's a stranger like you.
That's get drunk and get mixed up
with the wrong kind of women.
That's a bug. I know the troops
go wild when they get in the big city.
But that's because they got no friends.
- But you see, I'm lucky.
- Are you? Why?
- Well, I met up with you.
- That's lucky, isn't it?
- A few seconds ago, I was bawling you out.
- I forgot that.
I ought to have had
more sense.
I should have known a decent girl
when I saw one.
You've never been around
with girls much, have you?
Not much? Why?
- When do you go back to the trenches?
I got 14 days.
Say.
Say, have you got a man or somebody out at the front that you're interested in?
- You mean, somebody I knit socks for?
- Well, that kind of thing, yeah.
- No.
- I was thinking...
I was thinking it would be swell if you could work up a little interest in me.
Guess I could.
Even to the sock-knitting stage?
Well, I never tried knitting.
You know, I might at that.
Gee, Myra, I like you a lot.
Do you?
- Who's there?
- It's me, dear. Mrs. Hobley.
Well?
I thought perhaps you would like to know they're sounding the all clear in the streets.
Thanks.
I think I'll be going to bed now, dear.
All right.
Did you want to see me about anything, dearie?
Not now, I'll see you in the morning.
All right. Good night.
- Good night.
- Sleep well.
- She is a nice soul, that Mrs. Hobley.
- Yeah.
She's cute, isn't she?
- Looks like the raid's over, soldier.
- That mean you want me to buzz off?
- It's getting kind of late.
- All right, I'll go.
But, say, listen, Myra. I've had an idea.
How would it be if you were to come down with me tomorrow?
- What do you mean?
- Well, change will do you good.
You mean, come down to your family's? I know you'd like them.
Come on, we'd have fun.
- How old are you, Roy?
- Nineteen, why?
- That's not very old, is it?
- I don't see what that's got to do with it.
- What do you say, will you come?
- No.
- Oh, Myra, why not?
- Can't. I gotta look for a job tomorrow.
Oh, gee. Isn't that tough?
I tell you what.
I'll come and see you
before I go in the morning.
- I won't be up.
- Well, I'll wait until you get up.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye.
- Good night, Myra.
- Good night, Roy.
Here!
Oh, I'm sorry.
Give me a penny, mister.
Oh, give me a penny, mister.
Thank you. Oh, good morning, Mrs. Hobley.
Good morning. What can I do for you?
- Is Miss Deauville in?
- Not in here. You hop it.
You're the young fellow
who's with her last night, aren't you?
- No, I'm afraid she isn't back yet.
- She's out shopping or something?
- Shopping is right.
- Perhaps I can go on up and wait.
Oh, it's nothing to do with me,
you'll find the door open.
Hello.
I didn't mean to intrude. Is Myra at home?
- Well, no. But she'll be here any a minute.
- Well, I won't disturb you then.
You're not disturbing me.
I just came in myself.
- Oh, you... You've just come in?
- Yes, l...
Was Myra expecting you?
Yes, I told her I'd pop along.
You see, I live in the next house.
But I'll be toddling back now.
But that roof doesn't look like
a very good place to do much toddling.
Oh, we come and go on it all the time.
If you wanna wait for Myra,
why don't you come in?
- You mind?
- Not at all.
Well, look the other way then.
Sure.
It's all right, you can look now.
Oh, what lovely flowers.
- Where did these come from?
- Oh, I brought those.
You did? Well, aren't they ducky.
- I sense you're a new friend of Myra's.
- Oh, yeah, we're friends.
- Just a wartime acquaintance?
- That's it.
- You a friend of Myra's too?
- Well, yes, why we're the best.
- She and I used to work together.
- You were in The Pink Lady too.
No, no. But we've been intimate
for ever so long.
Strange she hasn't mentioned you.
She has so few friends.
Well, to tell you the truth,
we only just met.
- This morning?
- No, last night.
You know, I hate to think of her
going through all this...
...air raids, bum food and...
I know. And she's such a little thing.
She doesn't seem to wanna talk
about her affairs.
- How does she get along?
- It's a constant struggle.
And she's so lonely.
Do you know that she hasn't got a single
soul that she can count on for help?
- And she does need it.
- You can tell that.

Of course, I'm devoted to her.
But then, I'm poverty-stricken myself.
You see my...
My dear husband is no more.
- I'm sorry.
- He was a soldier.
Young, handsome, full of hope.
Just like yourself.
He got his in the crater at Ypres.
Poor fellow.
But how about Mrs. Hobley?
She seems friendly.
Yeah, she seems friendly, all right.
But Mrs. Hobley's a proper whitened sepulcher, I'll give you my word.
What's she gonna do now?
Myra.
She doesn't seem to be crazy about going back on-stage.
I should hope not.
The theater's no place for a nice girl like her.
Guess it isn't a very pleasant atmosphere.
- Unless...
- Unless what?
Well, you know, it's always been my hope...
...you might almost call it my dream...
...that someday, some nice young man would come along and appreciate Myra.
You know, marry her.
Give her a home.
Protect her.
Guess there hasn't been much chance of that here.
You've got it.
And that's just the danger that she is face to face with at this very moment.
How do you mean danger?
Bad influences.
You have no idea what London is like in wartime.
Why, the immorality here is ghastly.
I guess Myra can take care
of herself on that.
Then how can she,
when she's neglected and helpless?
And stony broke
and face to face with starvation.
Is she broke?
Her condition is senseless.
- Hello, dear.
- Hello.
I didn't know anybody was here.
I just popped over and found mister...
Your friend here.
- We've been having quite a jolly little chat.
- Yes, very.
Well, I'll...
...I'll leave you two now
and be toddling.
- Pleased to have met you.
- Bye.
- Cheerio, Canada.
- Goodbye.
- She been talking long?
- Only a few minutes.
I was afraid of missing you if it was any
later. My train leaves at a quarter to.
I brought you some flowers, Myra.
Oh, they're lovely.
But you shouldn't have.
Bet they cleaned you out for those.
Actually, I've got something else.
I went into that shop, Stag and Medals.
You got that pink dress?
Yeah, shall I open it?
No, I don't want it.
I don't want you to give me anything.
Myra, you don't have to pretend with me.
I know you're hard up.
- Gee, that girl was just telling me...
- She doesn't know anything about it.
She doesn't know about my private income.
You've got a private income?
- Certainly.
- Where does it come from?
- From my folks back home.
- They're rich?
- Sure.
- How much do they send you?
A couple of postage stamps
so you can write home.
Don't you insult my family.
They can take care of their daughter...
...wherever she is.
- I don't mean to be nasty...
...but if they send you money,
why do you live in this place?
- It isn't a million dollars a year.
- I know how much it is, Myra.
It isn't a darn cent.
You've just been lying to me...
...to keep me from helping.
- What business is it of yours?
I want to know.
Who gave you the right...
...to question me about my affairs?
- I gave myself the right.
- And how did you manage to do that?
- By loving you, that's how.
Roy...
...silly...
...you can't do that.
- Oh, can't I.
- No, I say you can't, it isn't possible.
- Why isn't it possible?
- Why can't I love you?
- It's wrong...
...it's all wrong.
- Why wrong?
- It doesn't fit in, you loving me.
- My dear...
...I wouldn't care if you were in a thousand
shows of the circus. I love you.
Yeah.
Wait until you get back,
then see how much you think about me.
- Are you thinking about your family?
- What?
Well, I mean... I mean
is it just because I'm a common private?
Yes, Roy.
That's one of the things I'm thinking about.
Why, I'd be ashamed
even to introduce you to my people...
...if they were living, which they aren't,
thank God.
And do you wanna know
why I'd be ashamed?
Because my mother and father
were a couple of drunken sots.
And they lived in East St. Louis,
an exclusive suburb.
That's where I came from.
I ran away and went on the stage because
I was scared to stay in my own home.
I was scared that they would
kill me when they were liquored.
That's how much aristocracy I am.
And you talk about me being lonely.
Me...
...with everything I've got.
That's it, Roy.
- You've got enough in your own life.
- Yes, but...
...what have you got, Myra?
What have you...?
No, I can take care of myself.
Myra...
...you said there was nobody else.
- There isn't.
- Did there used to be?
- I never loved anyone.
Then I'm not gonna stand here
and argue anymore about it.
Don't hold your head like that.
Look at me.
Oh, Roy.
Don't say anything more, sweetheart.
I know how it is.
You just didn't want me to get into this.
You thought I might regret it someday.
Well, that's all right.
I'm not going to regret this ever. Ever.
I guess I know who it is I love.
Roy.
- You'll miss your train.
- Yeah, I...
...I guess I better had be going now.
But listen, darling.
I'm coming back for you.
- What do you mean?
- I'm coming back to see you.
I'll be back just as soon as I can get away.
I...
Hello, ducky. Come on in.
What have you been saying to him?
I've been telling him nothing that wasn't good for him to hear.
I've been singing your blooming praises, all right.
I was hoping he'd come and go away.
Not him. He waited to hear all the information I had to give him about you.
Yeah, and what was that?
That you was a poor, lonely, little girl.
Half-starved and hungry for love.
The only thing on God's Earth, I said, that can save her is a husband.
- A husband?
- Yes.
And he's willing to step up and do his duty, by king and country.
And what's more, I'm prepared to be your bridesmaid and help you blush.
Did he say that he'd marry me?
Well, not quite...
...but he was coming to it when you burst in and interrupted.
- He's yours, I tell you.
- What if I don't want him?
Well, what if you don't?
What's the harm?
All you have to do is go through with the ceremony...
...collect his separation allowance, 
and live in luxury. 
Then there's your insurance, 
if he gets knocked off in action. 
I don't want his insurance... 
...and I'm not gonna steal his pay. 
Who says it's stealing? 
Marriage is legal, ain't it? 
Why, it's early. 
Look at Agnes Ellen. 
She's got four husbands in the army. 
Two Australians, one Yorkshire man, 
and her own husband. 
She's collecting separation allowances 
from all of them. 
And what's more, 
she's making them all happy. 
Of course, there is the risk 
that two or three of her husbands... 
...might get leave at the same time. 
But that shouldn't bother you 
with only one on your hands. 
Look here, 
I put you in the way of a good thing. 
It's a stinking thing, Kitty. 
What's stinking about it, I'd like to know? 
He loves you, don't he? 
Of course, he does. 
Look at the flowers he's brought you. 
He don't even know me. 
And he never will, if I have to jump in 
the river to keep him from finding out. 
You've bloody well gone queer 
in your head, haven't you? 
Maybe. 
Now, what do you think of this port, Roy? 
- Pretty good, Roy? 
- Seems fine to me. 
Seems fine to me. 
- But I don't know very much about wines. 
- That's a pity. 
They tell me some people in your country 
are trying to do away with wine altogether. 
Curious idea.
Oh, that's all nonsense, darling.
It's just a lot of talk.
Nothing will come of it.
You mustn't believe
all you see in the papers.
We're not as bad as all that.
Of course, I don't know America very well.
I was only in the place two or three weeks,
but they...
They seemed to be sane
and responsible sort of people.
No, I don't want any of that.
Here, Hives.
Pass the port, Jenny.
- Have some more, Roy.
- No more for me, thanks.
No, thank you.
Does it feel good to be home, darling?
- Swell.
- By the way...
...when you were in the Cambridge sector,
did you come across an old friend of mine?
- Who was that, sir?
- Old Plumsteed.
- Charlie Plumsteed.
- Was he a private?
No, he was a brigadier.
No, sir, no, I don't run across
many of those.
No, I don't suppose you do,
but you may have met his son.
Did you ever meet old Plumsteed's son?
You know, young Plumsteed.
- He's a second lieutenant, isn't he?
- Yes, I think he is.
I remember coming across him
at the base on the way home.
Roy, don't be cynical.
He's not cynical.
Somebody has to be at the base.
You're very silent, Mary.
That's because I have nothing to say.
I'm just enjoying myself,
trying to realize Roy is back home.
Yes, nice having him, isn't it?
You must come again soon.
I hope, though, I haven't got that silly.
You can't come until they let you.
Listen, now I can tell you
what I want to tell you.
- It's about a girl.
- About a what?
Well, about a girl.
I don't know what he's talking about.
A girl, darling, you know, a girl. A girl.
Yeah, yeah, yes, I know, a girl is.
Well, what about it, boy?
- Tell me about her, Roy.
- Well, there isn't much to tell, Mother.
It all sounds rather silly.
You see, I've only known her a few hours.
I met her on my way through.
Come on, Jenny,
don't go to sleep with that port, pass it.
- It's under your nose, darling.
- What?
Your nose.
See, things do happen pretty quickly now.
I mean, they have to.
You know, with the war on, you never
know where you're gonna be next.
Well, the fact is I do like her. Terribly.
- What's her name?
- Myra.
- Myra what?
- Myra Deauville.
That's not her real name, of course.
She's on the stage.
- Who introduced you to her?
- Nobody.
We met by accident during an air raid.
She a well-known actress?
Well, no, but she's awfully pretty.
Actually, she is only in the chorus.
She's had it pretty tough lately, you know.
- Couldn't get a job in one thing or another.
- What a shame.
Well, what I wanted to know...
I mean, what I wanted to ask is...
- What did you want to ask, Roy?
- I wondered if you'd hate very much...
...if we couldn't have her down here for a while.
- Would you like that?
- It would be grand.
I wouldn't suggest it if I didn't think you'd like her.
I know she's a chorus girl, but she's different.
- I'm sure I shall like her.
- That means I can ask her? As far as I'm concerned, it does.
- Do you mind, Fred?
- Do I mind what?
If we ask this girl down here for a day or two?
I haven't heard a word you've been talking about.
- Oh, Fred.
- You mumble so. Well, what is it? I'll tell him, Mother.
- Listen, Roy met...
- Oh, don't shout. I can hear perfectly well.
He met a girl last night in an air raid. An air raid? A funny place, what. And he fell for her. Hook, line and sinker. Now, what he wants to know is...
I haven't the least idea what she's talking about.
"Two plain, two pearl... ...two plain, two pearl, two plain, two pearl... "
- Good morning.
- Hello.
- You're back soon.
- I caught an early train. Would you go for a ride in the country with me? It's such a lovely day. What do you say? I'm afraid I can't make it. We'll go anywhere you like.
Well, that sounds good.
Then it's settled.
Where would you like to go?
Well, what about Hampton Court?
No, let's go further off than that.
All right.
Go anywhere you like.
Come on then.
Where's your hat?
Wait a minute.
Good. I'll wait for you outside.
All right.
Oh, look, Buckingham Palace.
Looks like King George
is giving a tea party.
Whoa.
Would you like to get out
and walk for a little?
Sure, let's.
Say, listen, we're gonna walk a while.
Very good.
Will you wait here for us, please?
Very good.
Oh, boy.
Like it?
It's all right for us to be here?
Of course, why?
Well, it looks kind of private.
I expect it's all right.
You know, it looks almost like a garden.
But, Roy, surely this is a garden.
Well, what's the difference if it is?
Nobody will kick us out in wartime.
I don't suppose.
Shall we sit down?
Here?
Yeah.
All right.
Myra...
...there's something
I want to talk to you about.
Yeah, what?
Well, you see...
...things aren't quite the same in wartime.
I mean, you do things in a,
you know, well...
...a less leisurely fashion.
You know what I mean?
No.
Well, what I mean is people
make up their minds more quickly.
And...
...I've made up my mind about something.
  - Yeah, what?
  - I've made up my mind that it'd be grand...
...if you'd marry me.
Well, Myra?
You just don't know
what you're talking about.
That's not an answer.
Please...
...don't look away from me.
Give me an answer.
No, I won't marry you, Roy.
Thank you.
I see.
  - Myra, you're crying.
  - Not really.
Are you unhappy?
A little.
Darling, you needn't be.
I could look after you.
I could make you happy,
I know I could.
  - Could you, Roy?
  - Sure.
Won't you change your mind?
Hello, Roy!
  - Hello.
  - Who's that?
  - That's my sister.
  - Who's that with her?
My mother and stepfather.
  - Oh, Roy, how could you that? I'm going.
  - L...
  - Oh, no, Myra please.
  - Please, let me go.
  - Please, please, you gotta stay.
- No, no.
- Hello, darling.
- Hello, Mother.
- Good morning, Roy.
- Good morning, sir.
- This is Myra, that I told you about.
- How do you do?
- My sister, Janet.
- How do you do?
- My stepfather, Major Wetherby.
- What?
- Major Wetherby!
- How do you do?
- How do you do?
- I'm so glad you let Roy bring you down.
  Let's come along now.
Where's your luggage?
Oh, I haven't any luggage. I can't stay.
- She says she can't stay.
- Oh, nonsense.
Oh, that's too bad.
Roy said he was bringing you down for several days.
- He shouldn't have. I never told him that.
- It's my fault.
She didn't know where she was coming.
I couldn't persuade her. I tricked her.
Oh, what a shame.
Roy, that's very naughty of you.
But now that you're here, you must stay.
I've got everything you want.
We're about the same size.
That's right. Come on, let's go.
Did you have a pleasant ride coming down?
This place is no distance from town by car.
Of course, it was a different thing in the old horse days...
...but then, cars and carriages are very different things.
Very different. Old Plumsteed often used to say the same thing.
Totally different things, that's what I always say.
Extraordinary how few good people understand that.
I had an argument with old Plumsteed once on the very subject. He took the point of view that carriages are more comfortable...
...but cars were bigger. What? Good piece it was too. I remember it well. I saw it twice, I think. Well, what was it called?
- The Bing Boys.
- The what?
- The Bing Boys!
- Yes, something like that. The fellow that was in it...
...what was his name?
- George Robey?
- George what?
- George Robey! 
- Yes, I forget his name. But he was a funny chap. I remember he had comic eyebrows. Do you remember his eyebrows?
I was always a bit interested in the stage. That fellow, Irving. What was the piece he used to play... Oh, you wouldn't remember it, it was before your time. He played two parts. He used to change his clothes a whole lot of times. By George, that was acting, that was. Talking about acting reminds me, I had a niece who wanted to go on the stage. I don't think anything came of it, I think she got married or something or other. Well, you can't do everything, as old Plumsteed used to say.
I suppose this business of acting isn't so easy as it looks. Some people can, and some people can't, what? Well, there's no need for me
to tell you that.
- Fortune.
- Thanks.
Well done, Fred,
I didn't know you were so active.
Jan, you need a baseball field,
not a tennis court.
I'll take you on afterwards.
We'll see how good you are.
Come on, come on, come on.
I'm waiting to serve.
Sorry.
Janet used to be quite good.
The child's out of practice.
- Oh, yes.
- Forty-thirty. Good service, Jan.
- Were you ready, sir?
- No, I wasn't.
I'll have two more then.
Bad luck, very well tried.
- That's the game end, isn't it?
- I'm afraid it is.
That girl is too good for me.
You take her on, Roy.
- All right.
- Have a nice, cold drink.
- What?
- Lemonade.
Lemonade? No, that stuff's no good to me.
I'm gonna get a whiskey and soda.
You played very well, darling.
You deserved to win.
Well, I don't know so much.
I had the sun in my eyes most of the time.
- Do you play this silly game, my dear?
- No, I'm afraid not.
Well, you can't do everything, can you?
Some people do and some people don't,
as old Plumsteed used to say.
I'm just gonna have to have a cold bar.
Roy was talking to me about you
last night, Myra.
- Was he?
- He's very much in love with you.
Yeah, I suppose so.
He told me he wanted to marry you.
- Did you know that?
- Yeah, I know.
Would you like me to tell you
quite honestly what I said to him?
- Oh, I don't mind.
- I asked him not to.
I thought I'd like to tell you that
quite simply.
It seemed nicer for you.
- What did he say?
- He wouldn't listen to me.
Did you say anything about me
being a chorus girl?
I told him that you had both
led very different kinds of lives...
...that you might find
you hadn't much in common.
Why are you telling me all this?
Are you trying to ask me to give him up?
I just wanted you to know
what I felt about it.
After all, we know it's in both our minds.
It seems silly not to talk about it,
doesn't it?
I suppose so.
I want you to think about it
very carefully, Myra.
I will.
Has what I said made you unhappy?
No.
Oh, there's tea. Shall we go in?
Come in.
Oh, hello, Myra.
Haven't you gone to bed yet?
No.
It's rather a warm night, isn't it?
Do you want to talk to me
about something?
- Yes.
- Come and sit down.
No, I'm all right here.
I just wanted you to know...
...I could marry him if I wanted to.
I know, my dear.
Look...
...I just wanted you to know that.
Yes, I know, Myra.
You see, I happen to know
you're rather a fine girl.
Fine?
I'm not.
About things like that, my dear,
I never make mistakes.
I want to tell you something.
Something I couldn't tell Roy.
What is it, Myra?
I'm not a chorus girl at all.
I make my living...
I...
I picked Roy up on Waterloo Bridge.
Does Roy know that?
No.
You came and told me.
You see, I told you you're a fine girl.
But I could've married him if I wanted to.
I know, my dear.
Well, why don't you ask me not to?
I don't need to.
Do you love him?
Good morning, miss.
Good morning.
Do you take sugar and milk
in your tea, miss?
Yeah, one lump, please.
- Did you rest well, miss?
- Yes, thanks.
Shall I turn on your bath, miss?
Thanks.
A cold bath, miss?
Oh, no, hot.
Very well, miss.
- The German casualties seem pretty heavy.
- What is it?
The German casualties seem pretty heavy!
Are you deaf?
Must have been a tough year for them.
- Gosh, they must have lost thousands.
- What?
- They must have lost thousands.
- Yes, poor devils.
Decent fellows too, some of them.
I used to know one. He was at Cambridge
with old Plumsteed and me.
A fellow called Heinrich or some such name.
Quite a good fellow,
he used to play a good game of rugger.
His face was all cut up.
He used to fight duels in Heidelberg
or some such dreadful place.
Very unbecoming.
More coffee, Mary...
The family is in the breakfast room, miss.
Oh, thanks.
- Myra.
- Good morning, Myra.
- Come and sit down, Myra.
- Thank you.
- Here.
- Will you have tea or coffee, Myra?
Coffee, please.
- Well, did you sleep well?
- All right, thank you.
All right, thank you.
Myra, fish, or bacon and eggs?
- Bacon and eggs, please.
- Coming up.
I was saying the German casualties
seem to have been very heavy.
I was telling them I used to be
at Cambridge with one of them.
A fellow called Heinrich something or other.
Quite a decent fellow.
Lord knows, he used to play
a good game of rugger.
- Here are your bacon and eggs.
- Thanks.
- Hope you're feeling energetic, Myra.
- In a what?
- I hope she's feeling energetic.
- Yes, yes.
We're leaving immediately after breakfast.
Oh, I'm afraid I can't go.
- Myra.
- No, I've got to be in London.
Oh, but you must come to Camden with us.
Why, it's perfectly lovely.
And you said you'd never seen it.
- I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't do it.
- Oh, listen, this was all arranged yesterday.
Here's your coffee, darling.
You must come with us, Myra.
Why, of course she must.
You don't suppose
I'm going to Camden without her.
Motoring all day with my own family?
Not likely.
Come along, Myra.
You don't need a wrap.
Hurry up, children. Get ready for the ride.
- Don't be long, darling.
- All right, I won't be 10 minutes.
Oh, Augusta...
...tell Simpkins to bring around the car, please.
Very good, madam.
- We're going to have a lovely day, Myra.
- Oh, Mrs. Wetherby.
You didn't tell them
what I told you last night?
Of course not.
We're not fighting each other.
Run along now and get ready.
- What time is the London train?
- Due now.
Thank you.
- Third class single for London, please.
- Eighteen ninety-three.
London train.
London train.
- Hello.
- Hello.
Excuse me,
I seem to have forgotten your name.
- I know we've met somewhere.
- Yeah, that's right.
Your face is familiar too.
- What are you doing this evening?
- Looking for a good time...
...and wondering where the rent's coming from.
Well, maybe I can be of some use to you in both those little points.
Guess I know a gentleman when I see one.
You know, when anybody's in trouble,
I like to help them out.
Would a quid cover the rent?
2.10, it is.
Rent's come pretty high these days.
Oh, well, I daresay we can manage it.
Let's call a cab.
Hi, cabby.
Oh, buzz off, will you.
Why, what's the matter?
Do you hear me? I don't want you.
Did you get that?
Now, go on, get out.
Cabby.
Take it to the hotel.
Oh, I didn't mean it, mister.
I didn't mean it.
I didn't mean it, mister.
Come on, ducky.
Oh, so, you're back.
That Canadian was here this morning asking for you.
If he comes back, tell him I'm out.
Don't let him up.
Yes, that's all very well, but what about my rent.
Here.
There's the rent for a week.
That's all I could manage.
Oh, well, I suppose that's something.
- Where did you come from?
- I've been waiting in that girl's room.
- You can't stay here.
- Myra, I gotta see you now.
All leaves have been canceled. I've gotta
- Why don't you say something?
- What is there to say?
Tell me why you ran away like that.
What was the matter, did I do anything?
- No.
- Was anybody unkind to you?
- No.
- Well, why did you do it? Why?
- Were you running away from me?
- Yes, Roy.
- What's the matter? Don't you like me?
- Oh, yes.
- Please go now.
- I don't understand.
I love you more than anything in all the world. There can't ever be anybody else.
I can't ever get you out of my mind.
I love you, Myra.
Leave me alone. Get away.
Go out of here. Leave me alone.
I never wanna see you again. I hate you.
I hate your mother and your family and all of you. I hate you.
I was happy here until you came.
Do you hear me?
I was happy here, I was.
Oh, why can't you leave me alone?
What do you think you've got to give me?
Nothing. Nothing!
Oh, look at you.
Oh, if you could see yourself, you'd laugh as I'm laughing now.
You'd laugh. You'd laugh.
You'd laugh, you'd laugh, you'd laugh, you'd laugh!
Honey, what is it?
Tell me.
Oh, your...
Your nerves are all shot.
Yeah.
Yeah, that's it. It's my nerves.
Here, you'll be all right soon.
There, now. You're gonna be all right.
Oh, you poor kid.
There. Now see?
See? You're all right now.
Yeah.
- Yeah, I'm all right now.
- Sure.
Darling...
...you love me, don't you?
- Oh, yes.
- Then listen.
I want you to do something for me.
Now, if you say no...
...it's just gonna break my heart.
All right, I'll do it.
- Do you know what it is?
- No, but I'll do it.
Well, I want you to marry me.
Now. Today.
Before I have to catch that train.
Darling...
...you said you'd do it.
All right. I'll do it.
Here you go. You better get dressed.
Here.
Will you wait outside for me?
Sure.
Oh, it's you.
Oh, allow me, Mrs. Hobley.
Well.
- Nice day.
- You seem to think so.
Dear.
Hey, Myra?
Myra?
Myra?
Where is she? Where is she?
Where is she? Look at that window.
You know as well as I do where,
she's hopped it. That's where is she.
She had to get away without facing me,
so she's bolted.
- Why without facing you?
- You know, you hypocrite.
- It's a conspiracy to fraud me.
- Did she owe you money?
- Did she owe me money?
- Don't you think you can pull wool over my eyes, young man, because I won't have it.
- I'll have the police on both of you.
- I won't be cheated and robbed by you and that soldier's girl.
- What did you call her?
- What she is.
- What you know she is.
- Aren't you careless about what you say?
- No. I'm choosing my words careful.
- More careful than I choose my lodgers.
- Because I make no complaints. You think you can cheat me, insult me, rob me.
- But you can't.
- You and your fancy girl neither.
- I don't know whether you know, but there's law in this land.
- How much does she owe you?
- You mean, you'll pay me?
- That's what I mean.
- Oh, well, I must say you're a gentleman then.
- More than I say for most of her friends.
- I asked you how much she owes you.
- Well, there's 2.89 since last April...
- ...and there's a week's advance now.
- What's the rent here?
- For this room?
- Thirty shillings a week.
- Forty and 30 is 70. And 18 did you say?
- Yes, quite correct, sir.
- Eighty-eight shillings.
- That's 4.08.
- Yes, that's what I make it.
- Here's 6 pounds.
- That'll pay you what she owes you and two weeks in advance.
- Oh, thank you, sir. And God bless you.
- Please give me a receipt.
- Yes, gladly, sir.
- Make it out that you received it from her.
- Yes, sir.
There you are, sir.
Where would I be likely to find her?
Oh, anywhere along The Strand,
Leicester Square, Piccadilly.
Then there's always Waterloo Bridge.
A good many other hangs about there to try
and get the soldiers coming in on leave.
- How odd. Did you notice it?
- What?
She seems to have left a note.
- For me?
- Don't say who it's for.
Just says, ''I can't do it. Goodbye.''
That's all.
Of course, it's none of my business, sir,
what you do and what you don't do...
...but I know her and I know her kind
to make cost.
And if you take my advice, when you do
see her, you'll take that receipt...
...and you'll throw it in her painted face and
then you'll have no more to do with her.
But traffic with women like her only leads
to sin, and sin leads to suffering...
...and a soldier like you should have
enough of suffering in this war...
...without being contaminated
and robbed by the likes of...
Just shut your dirty face!
Can you help me out, governor?
Here you are, governor.
Come on, governor. Can you help me out?
Come on, governor.
Here you are. Here you are.
What do you think this is,
the Garden of Eden?
We had a lovely time in France.
Hey, what do you mean?
- Overhead. Take cover.
Take cover.
Myra, I've been looking for you for hours.
Why'd you come here? It's not safe.
I wanted to see you pass by.
I didn't think you'd notice me.
Listen, I've only got 10 minutes
to catch my train.
Here, take this.
I've seen Mrs. Hobley. It's a receipt for
your rent. It covers two weeks in advance.
Here's some money
to keep you going for a week.
Once I get to the front, I'll arrange
my pay and everything...
...and then, if anything happens to me,
well, you'll be all right.
Roy...
...do you know why
I've been trying not to marry you?
Mrs. Hobley told me.
Told you everything?
Myra, I don't care. You gotta marry me.
It wasn't your fault. You had to do it.
It's all over now, Roy.

Catching the 10:
- Come on, lady, you've gotta move him.
- It's all right, officer. He's coming.
I'll catch it if you promise
to marry to me.
If you don't all the MPs
won't make me catch that train.
Tell your friend you'll marry him.
You don't wanna get a soldier shot,
do you?
Come on, governor.
Hook us up...
- You better go, Roy.
- Will you marry me?
She'll marry you.
Now, soldier, come with me.
Myra, will you?
If you hang around here much more,
we're all gonna get blown up...
...and it won't matter
if she marries you or not.
Myra.
All right, Roy.
I'll marry you.
Goodbye.
Goodbye, darling.
I'll think of you always.
Every minute.
Come on, sonny.
Cheerio, darling.
Heigh-ho.
Goodbye, Roy.