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David Golder

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Watch out.

Golder is a scoundrel.

Golder is a great man.

Mr. Marcus

is waiting in your study.

I thought you and he

had a falling-out.

My dear Soifer...

are you having dinner

with me tonight?

I'd love to.

I'm in no hurry

to head home to Mrs. Soifer.

What now?

I told you no yesterday

before I left for London.

Wasn't that enough for you?

Come now, David.

We've been partners

for 26 years.

It's been fifty-fifty

down the line...

and yet...

now...

Your memory's failing you.

What about

that Mexican oil deal last year?

Have you forgotten

all those millions

that made their way

from my pocket to yours?

And yet we were partners.

Oh, you know

how business is!

Now you need old Golder.

You know the Soviets

will negotiate with him.

Don't deny that for a year now

you've been negotiating a deal

with General Petroleum

behind my back.

The Soviets are going to negotiate

with General Petroleum.

No.
General Petroleum
had an option,
but it ran out last night.
So you know about that too?
You see?
General Petroleum
is finished.
The Russians will sign
with Tbingen and me.
Fifty-fifty, Golder!
I need money desperately.
Everyone needs money,
my friend.
So you mean...
you'd ruin me financially?
I don't care.
Bastard!
That's right.
Isn't Mr. Soifer tired
of walking on his tiptoes?
It's a habit now.
This way
I don't wear out the soles.
- May we eat now?
- Yes, sir. It's ready.
Does a Jew
need all this to live?
What were you doing
in London?
I was buying emeralds.
Splendid ones!
Now, that's money!
Better than
all your filthy paper.
Diamonds neatly
locked up in a safe.
You sit on your millions
like an old hen.
And you throw
your millions away.
I enjoy it.
Sure. Today a billionaire,
and tomorrow as poor as

As Soifer!
Or as young Golder arriving
from Poland 40 years ago
with his frockcoat
and sidelocks.
That's life!
What about...
Marcus?
That's taken care of.
You work too much.
You should rest.
Yes...
I'm a bit tired.
And I'm fed up.
I'm leaving for Biarritz
tomorrow.
Ten days of rest
or I'll collapse.
Is your wife
down there now?
Yes...
with Joyce.
I haven't seen
your daughter in a long time.
How old is she?
Seventeen.
I hope she doesn't look
like her father.
She's a beauty.
She'll make a good match.
Yes...
she'll have money.
How's business?
I just had a bad setback...
but in 12 days I'll be meeting
with Tbingen in Berlin.
Then I'll see
the Soviets in Baku...
and old Golder
will be back on top.
A telegram.
Here's the sort of news
my wife has sent me
for the last 30 years.

NEED MONEY GLORIA

150,000 for rent on this place.

One million for furniture.

And who lives here?

Just me.

They never come here.

But they'll go to Deauville,

Biarritz, Cairo, Venice.

It's the fate of all men:

We work ourselves to death

so our wives can get rich.

Take my wife.

The other day

she buys a new hat.

Seventy-two francs...

for an upside-down pot.

If at least she got

some use out of it,

but she won't wear it

for more than two seasons.

And at her age!

What's that?

It can't be!

What is it? Bad news?

The idiot!

You don't just go kill yourself.

Marcus!

Didn't you have a tiny part

in causing his ruin?

His ruin?

Ruin! Hah!

You start over again!

I've started over 20 times!

Is this why

we knock ourselves out?

To come to this?

What a fool!

Whose car is this?

It's Madame's new Rolls.

She was tired

of the Hispano.

Miss Joyce isn't here?

No, Miss Joyce has guests.

Too weak, Fred.

More gin.
Yes, Miss Joyce.
You still owe me a fox-trot,
you know.
No, my little Fishl.
Why not?
I don't like old men.
Hey, now!
Well...
you'll come around.
Give me a Manhattan.
Come to my place tonight?
I'm too tired.
But you're never too tired
for Joyce.
You're being ridiculous,
my friend.
You prefer them
young and dashing, eh?
Be quiet!
Men my age
are more reliable.
Alec!
I'm going to get some air.
Fishl!
Take my place?
And the amazing thing is...
she believed him!
Gloria!
Yes?
I swear.
Stories like that
make me thirsty.
- Monsieur just arrived.
- Very well.
You wouldn't happen to have
a little spare change?
- You lost again?
Lady Luck is certainly not
on your side.
I forgot to tell you, sir:
Your room is taken.
Madame said to put Monsieur
in the laundry room.

Flatterer!

Go to my room

and get my handbag.

It's on the dressing table.

- No, I want Mumm.

- I'm all out, sir.

No Mumm?

What a joint!

Well, go on then.

I'm tired of seeing you

with that crazy old Lady Rovenna.

You know

you're all that matters.

Play one

of those new waltzes,

like last night at the casino.

Yes, Miss Joyce.

I love you

more than you know

I'll follow wherever you go

How can my heart

not rejoice

To hear your sultry voice

If my caresses you refuse

And another you choose

I love you so

I'd kneel to kiss

Your feet as you go

You call this caviar?

It's not fresh!

It stinks like fish!

Say, Golder!

How's business?

Bad.

Pass.

Well, I'm fine.

Things are going well.

That pearl fishery

in Monaco

didn't they throw you

in prison for that?

They did indeed.

Appeals court and all that.

But things are better now.

Daddy!
Who's that old lady?
Which old lady?
The one dressed up
like a jewelry store.
Who is she?
That's my wife.
Hello, sweetie.
Hello, Daddy.
I'm so glad to see you.
I'm sure you are.
You need money, right?
Of course.
It just slips through my fingers.
Listen, I didn't see you
at the airfield.
I simply couldn't go,
with all these people here.
It's like a country inn
when there's a fair.
Alec...
this is Daddy.
Do you like him?
He's nice.
He's a prince, you know.
They'll call me
"your highness."
Would that suit me?
Splendidly.
"Your imperial highness."
A port.
This place is going downhill.
First time here?
So you're a regular?
I'm the fool
who pays for it all.
Hello, David.
I must talk to you.
Did you find it?
- Yes.
Hello, David.
You still here?

You know me:

Part of the furniture.
Who's this Alec?
Good-looking, huh?
I mean where's he from?
He's the nephew
of King Alexandre,
son of Pierre de Carlu
who was assassinated in '18.
Gloria,
I'm going to go change.
Shall we go for a dip?
Sure! My bathing suit
is downstairs.
You all right?
You didn't answer
my telegram from last Thursday.
How do I look?
I lost some weight.
You look terrible.
You're pale as death.
Are you tired?
Yes.
Get some rest.
How's business going?
So-so.
You know
I really need money.
Again?
"Again"?
How you annoy me
when you say things like that!
You think
all this costs nothing?
Your daughter, first of all.
Your Joyce!
That girl!
Money burns a hole
in her pocket.
But you always
have money for her.
You think only of her.
You live only for her.
I don't count, right?
I'm supposed to live

on thin air.
That's right.
Anything interesting
in the works?
Yes.
What is it?
What is it?
You're getting on my nerves!
You know anything
about business?
No? Well, then!
What are you worried about?
I'm still here.
Is that a new necklace?
- Yes.
It cost 800,000.
A real bargain.
You know, I had one of my old
diamond necklaces reset.
I'll have to buy five or six
large diamonds to lengthen it.
One has to make do
when one has no money.
My heart bleeds for you!
And how is Marcus?
Just fine.
They buried him yesterday.
- He died?
- Yes.
How?
He wasn't old.
He was ruined,
and he killed himself.
What a coward!
Don't you agree?
What about his wife?
I saw her
the day after it happened.
She was wearing
pearls as big as walnuts.
What would you have her do?
Oh, I don't give a damn.
Naturally.
Anyway...

don't forget about my check.
We're dining at the casino
tonight with the whole crowd.
Again?
You expect us to live
like monks in a cloister?
Things okay upstairs?
Same old story.
All our friends are pestering him...
The check.
Come here!
I've hardly seen you
since I arrived.
Like how I look?
Like my new dress?
It's too low-cut!
What did you bring me
from Paris?
Here.
That's all?
Isn't that enough?
- No, I want a new car.
- And the one you have?
It's too small.
I'm bored with it.
I want a Bugatti!
It does 95 mph!
Can you imagine?
Well, you'll just have
to do without it.
Daddy, buy me one.
I'll be good.
I can't. Business is bad.
Next year.
You always say that.
Just find the money!
Enough! Go on now.
Allow me.
If you had the money...
would you buy me one?
- What?
- The car!
Of course.
But I don't have a cent!

- I'll help you make money.
- What?
- Come play baccarat.
- I'm exhausted.
You'll see.
Everyone says I'm good luck.
I'll stay by your side.
You're going to win.
I can just feel it!
Fishl told me a bit about it.
Your husband's business
is doing badly right now.
Really? Is that
what people are saying?
Seems he's counting
on a deal with the Soviets
to get back on his feet.
I don't know.
Something to do with oil.
But you know me.
I know nothing
about business.
Banker bets 50,000.
No one calls "banco"?
Place your bets.
No more bets.
Open bank.
We have an open bank.
Place your bets.
No limit on bets.
Daddy...
I'm right over here.
Don't bother me now!
- I'm not thinking of myself...
- Right! You scoundrel!
...but the day he dies
- David? He's solid as a rock.
He'll bury us all.
More surprising things
have happened.

Tell me:

If he were to die...
have you given

any thought to your situation?

Nine.

Eight.

- Six.

- Winnings are split.

Place your bets.

Place your bets.

No more bets.

Place your bets.

50,000 first table.

100,000 second table.

Bank has eight.

Place your bets.

75,000 second table.

200,000 cheval.

Bank has nine.

I'll keep going.

Any takers?

1,300,000 francs.

No takers?

The game is over.

Old Golder wins a million!

You won!

I lost a million.

Then I won it back

with 100,000.

Oh Daddy!

My Bugatti!

Oh, I love you!

Well? Is he going to die?

Not immediately, dear lady.

What's wrong with him?

Angina.

Severe chest pains.

The window.

Why all the bells?

Who died?

Nobody, sir.

It's Sunday.

He could live

for a long time.

Five or ten years

with a careful diet

and plenty of medical care.

He'll have to stop working,
of course.
No excitement.
Complete rest.
Stop working?
He could never do that.
Yes, he can.
But...
what will we live on?
Of course, you mustn't
tell him anything now.
Wait until his chest pain
has subsided.
I'll be back to check on him.
It's serious, isn't it?
It's my heart.
Of course not.
I don't want to die.
You're not going to die.
When can I get up?
Not right away.
You need rest.
Tbingen's expecting me
in Berlin.
Daddy,
aren't you're feeling well?
Don't worry.
You'll feel better soon.
What?
I'm not hurting him!
Thanks for the Bugatti.
Are you happy?
Yes!
I love you
more than you know
See you later.
Say good-bye to Daddy.
Ready?
Good-bye, Daddy.
What did I tell you yesterday?
Can you see us with this invalid
on our hands for ten years?
Living, dressing, eating
it all costs money.

As far as I'm concerned...
I love this area.
I'd really hate
to see this house get sold.
Are you crazy?
What are you saying?
Just what I said.
It could happen.
The house
isn't in your name, is it?
If I were you...
I'd try to make him
understand.
Don't wait.
Make sure you'll have
a roof over your head.
Monsieur is tired.
He's going to sleep.
All right.
What is it?
How are you feeling?
Better?
What did the doctor say?
Severe chest pains.
It will pass.
Actually...
the doctor...
mentioned something.
Tragedy can strike
at any moment.
You never know.
Are your affairs in order?
I'm your wife.
I have a right to know.
Everyone says
you're in trouble financially.
What would I have left...
if you should... die?
Creditors would hound me.
I'm penniless.
I'm not dead yet.
Of course you pretend
not to understand.
Enough! Be quiet!

You have angina, my dear.
You could die tomorrow.
Why are you looking
at me like that?
Don't give me that look!
You could live
another 20 years.
But we must face the facts.
To begin with...
you must put
this house in my name.
You should
have done it long ago.
I have nothing of my own.
Nothing?
You call this nothing?
This is worth a million francs.
All your diamonds
and jewelry!
You have the nerve to say
I haven't provided you
with a fortune?
Filthy brute!
You haven't changed.
You're the same little Jew
who sold rags and scrap metal
out of a sack on his back
in New York City!
Look at you!
You're choking on all the money
you've stolen from me!
Just look at yourself!
- Quiet! The servants can hear.
- To hell with them!
You dare complain?
Remember
the ghetto in Kishinev?
Your father's shop,
the little money lender.
Shut up!
You weren't "Gloria" then,
were you?
Havke! Havke!
You'd run in the snow

with holes in your shoes
and your feet sticking
out of your stockings!
Shut up or I'll kill you!
Havke!

And now you're Gloria...
with all your jewels and gowns
and cars that I've paid for
with my health and my life!
You stole it all from me!
You think I don't know
that you and Hoyos finagled
a 300,000-franc kickback
when I bought this house?

That's right:

You and Hoyos!
You're not getting...
another cent from me.
Don't talk.
It's painful just listening to you.
Yes, my affairs...
are in order.
As long as I'm alive, fine,
but after my death,
you'll get nothing.
I've seen to it
that Joyce will get everything.
What?
I want Joyce to be rich.
You won't get another cent.
Nothing.
You're leaving
everything to Joyce.
Perhaps you think
she loves you?
She's after your money too,
you old fool!
She would never hurt me.
She's my daughter.
She's all I have left
in the world.
Your daughter?
Your daughter!

You sure of that?
You don't know that for sure,
you who know everything.
Your daughter...
isn't yours.
Your Joyce isn't your daughter.
She's Hoyos's daughter...
you fool!
David?
The car is ready, sir.
What's today's date?
The 25th.
The 25th.
I've been sick
for three weeks.
You're better now...
but you shouldn't be taking
such a long trip so soon.
My daughter
I mean, Miss Joyce
is she here?
I believe Miss Joyce
has been away for two weeks.
I'm so happy!
When we're married,
we'll travel like this
all the time.
We'll go to India.
What do you say?
We'll have
a marvelous palace with tigers
and thousands of birds
of every color.
We'll take Bobby along.
Right, Bobby?
Aren't you going
to say anything?
Cocktail, David?
This is madness!
It's like it's not
my own house anymore!
What's this new caprice?
Hoyos!
You're here?

You're up and about?
It's an endless parade
around here.
What's going on?
Are you selling the villa?
Some people just came to see it.
You're selling the villa?
You're throwing us out?
Answer me!
You're getting revenge, huh?
Cutting us off!
That's it, isn't it?
You're richer than me.
But I don't need all this
to live anymore.
In two weeks
the house will be sold,
and you can all go
wherever you want.
Thief!
You belong in prison.
Old Golder...
is retiring from business.
Surprised?
Old Golder's through
with slaving for others.
Jean will send
my things to Paris.
I'm leaving you!
If you think we'll starve...
if you think
I can't get by without you...
Our days of freedom
are over, little Bobby.
Time to go home.
I wish this week
could go on forever.
Our week of paradise.
Drive slowly, you hear?
I have plenty of time.
Rumor is that Golder stock
is dropping like a stone!
What's going on
with Golder stock?

I'm done for.
Golder's gone under!
They all thought
you were bluffing.
They fell for it.
The French-Cambodian Bank
speculated on your stock
and went bust.
You can boast that you've driven
quite a few into the ground.
I couldn't care less.
If the weather's
nice tomorrow,
come to the Rue des Rosiers.
There's a little
Jewish restaurant there
that makes
the best stuffed pike!
You know I don't eat fish.
You don't have to eat.
Just pay the bill.
You could at least do that much
for a poor old man.
I'm exhausted.
Let's get a cab.
If you want.
I stay away
from those bad habits.
Tbingen!
Is that you, my friend?
I'm glad to see you.
Have a seat.
What's going on?
Do I have to bring
deals to you now?
General Petroleum has sent
agents to Baku twice now.
The Soviets have
categorically refused.
In six months...
we could have the entire
Caucasus in our hands.
We'd have a monopoly
on Russian oil.

I hope you've held on
to your shares of Teisk.
Yes.
We'll do this deal together.
Tbingen and Golder
a powerhouse!
No.
Why not?
I can't work anymore.
And I don't want to.
I'm ill.
It's my heart.
If I keep on doing deals,
I'm done for.
What are you saying?
I worked myself to death
for 40 years.
All I cared about was money.
At my age
one doesn't need much.
You just need to live.
And I have enough
to live on.
I'm 70 years old, Golder.
When the Teisk oil fields gush
in 20 or 25 years,
I'll be six feet under.
But it doesn't matter.
I'm not working for myself
but for those
who will carry on
the Tbingen name.
Yes, but...
I have no one.
So...
what's the point?
What's this?
You have a child,
the same as me.
I have no one.
No one.
I'm all alone.
No, you're not.
Pull yourself together.

In three weeks
you'll be in Baku.
Only you
can pull off this deal.
You know the Russians.
I'm staying
at the Continental.
Good-bye, Golder.
Who is it?
You?
What are you doing here?
Come in.
I was about to turn in.
I see...
that you've done well
for yourself too.
Gifts from my fianc.
I'm getting married.
Congratulations.
You know who I'm marrying?
Fishl!
That's right! Fishl!
That filthy old man!
What about your great love...
Alec?
What could I do?
I have no money.
Mother gives me nothing.
Not a cent!
You wanted too much,
my child.
Love...
money...
You can't have it all.
But nobody's forcing you.
Why are you whining?
It's your fault!
You got me used
to always having money.
Now I can't live
any other way.
It's your fault!
My fault?
I'm so unhappy, Daddy.

You can't imagine.
I want to kill myself.
You're trying to frighten me,
aren't you?
I have nothing left.
Besides,
you're not my daughter.
You know that.
Go to Hoyos.
Let him work for you.
I've done enough.
I can't do any more.
Go to Hoyos.
No, not Hoyos!
You know I have no one
in the world but you.
I don't care
if you're not my real father.
Oh, it's awful!
For everyone else,
Joyce is Golder's daughter.
For everyone else...
and for me too.
You're the only one
who's ever been good to me.
My fondest memories...
you're in them all.
Why did you come here?
I was at peace.
I was beginning to forget...
and that wasn't easy!
You can't understand.
I have nothing left.
I gave everything up.
You can do some deals.
No, I can't.
You can make money
like before.
You love your Alec that much?
Oh, yes.
Ever since you were
12 years old...
you've always been in love
with someone.

Yes...
but before I didn't know.
Now I know.
He's the one.
You're not going to let Fishl
get away with this, are you?
You didn't raise me
all these years
so that he could buy me!
So that he can tell
everyone...
"I married Golder's daughter
when she had nothing
but the clothes on her back!"
Tell me you won't let him!
That swine!
After all I've done for you...
to see you like this!
I love you, my child.
You can tell Fishl...
to go to hell!
You want money?
You'll have it.
Go see my lawyer.
He'll send you
150 pounds a month.
You'll have to make do
with that for now.
But in six months
you'll be rich.
Richer than
your mother ever was.
Oh, Daddy, I knew it!
I'll be leaving on a trip.
When I come back,
you'll get married.
To Alec.
If I should die
while I'm away...
my lawyer will tell you
what to do.
Sign whatever
he tells you to sign.
Understand?

The Continental, please.
It really doesn't matter,
you know.
You're still a swell guy.
I'm holding
for the Continental.
How silly of me to cry.
I look awful.
Look at my eyes!
Is this the Continental?
Mr. Tbingen's room, please.
I've been waiting
for 17 weeks!
That's too long.
We sign a contract today
or it's off!
Of course. Sit down.
I'll read the last articles.
"Each oil field
licensed to the Tbingen
Petroleum Trust Company
shall be rectangular
in shape
and no larger
than 100 acres
and shall not adjoin
any other."
Strike that part right now!
Fine! I won't sign!
The interests
of the proletariat
The proletariat?
To hell with the proletariat!
What are you saying?
Isn't the proletariat
already winning?
Water!
Get me some water,
for God's sake.
Water, you idiot.
Are you ill, dear friend?
Yes, but if you think
that means you can cheat me,
you're wrong!

Cross out those articles
or I'm leaving.
Not tomorrow, not ever!
The wells are gushing
You've gone on about that
for three days now!
I know what you're up to!
You wait till the last minute
to insert something
that will give you a reason
to break
the agreement later!
But you can't fool
old Golder!
You! Sit down and write!
- We won't sign
- Then to hell with you!
"The Tbingen Petroleum
Trust Company...
is allowed to build refineries...
pipelines...
facilities...
and anything else it needs
to accomplish its work.
Duration of the concession:
99 years."
"Upon expiration
of the concession...
all facilities
mentioned above...
and all equipment...
shall become
the inalienable property
of the Soviet government."
Fine with me.
That's 99 years from now!
I couldn't care less.
Sign it.
Joyce...
Stop this boat.
What?
Please!
I'll pay whatever it takes.
You're mad, my friend.

What is it, sir?

Yiddish!

I'm not well.

- Are you ill?

- Yes.

Shall I help you
to your cabin?

Yes, please.

- Your first crossing?

- Yes.

Where are you from?

Kremenets, in Poland.

I know it.

So... you're leaving?

Yes.

Where will you go?

Paris, to start with.

I have a cousin

who's a tailor in Paris,

but when I get a little money,

I'll go to New York.

You'll starve there.

You know that?

What of it?

I'm used to that.

And it won't be for long.

You think so, huh?

It goes on for years...

and years...

and then

And then you get rich!

And then you die.

You die...

all alone like a dog...

the same way you lived.

Would you like me

to stay with you?

Kremenets.

I was eight years old.

The synagogue...

Kremenets.

Are you there?

Listen to me.

No...

don't bother with that now.
In Paris...
go see my lawyer,
Mr. Seton...
at 28 Faubourg Saint-Honor.
Write it down.
Seton.
Seton,
28 Faubourg Saint-Honor.
Repeat that.
And tell him...
David Golder...
is dead.
Repeat that.
David Golder is dead.
Good.
Give him everything.
My suitcase...
my wallet.
And tell him
he's to look out...
for my daughter's interests.
Then go
to the Htel Continental.
Write that down.
There you're to see
Mr. Tbingen.
John Tbingen.
Tell him...
David Golder...
is dead...
and that he should do...
everything he can for Joyce...
for my daughter.
Tell him...
that I trust him.
That's all.
Give it to me.
Everything I have on me...
all the money...
is for you.
But swear that you'll do
everything I've asked.
I swear.

Before God.

Before God.

I swear before God.

Help!

Help!