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Design for Living

By Ben Hecht

Bonjour.

- Bonjour.

Bonjour.

Oh, nuts.

Well, baby,

the name is Curtis.

May I present

Thomas B. Chambers.

My name

is Gilda Farrell.

Coming back

to the subject of art...

Are you a painter?

Yes.

What did you say

your name was?

Curtis.

George Curtis?

Yes.

You exhibited a painting

at the Shale Galleries?

True.

Let me see, uh...

Oh, Lady Godiva, wasn't it?

Did you like it?

I saw it with a friend

of mine. She loved it.

We haven't spoken since.

I, uh, I wouldn't consider her one

of your greatest admirers.

Are you a painter, too?

Oh, no, not me.

I'm a playwright.

I write unproduced plays,

and very good at that kind.

Why didn't you

like my picture?

It's smart aleck.

You're wisecracking

with paint.

It simply creaks

with originality.

Lady Godiva riding a bicycle.

I know what she means.

A bicycle seat
is a little hard
on Lady Godiva's
historical background.
Shut up.
I see. Lady Godiva doesn't
belong on a bicycle,
but it's okay to put Napoleon
in a Kaplan and McGuire
non-wrinkling
250 unin suit!
Quite right.
That's not history.
And if I may say so,
they, uh, they do wrinkle.
I'm a commercial artist.
I'm being paid
for telling the world
that if Napoleon
were alive today,
he would wear Kaplan and McGuire's 250
non-wrinkling underwear.
Pure hooey.
You're wasting your time
painting for art galleries.
You should get in contact with some
bicycle manufacturer.
You'd clean up.
I'll give you a good slogan:
"Join Lady Godiva
on Our Tandem. "
Don't say nuts,
not to a lady.
Hurry up, Gilda!
Shake a leg!
It's amazing
how a few insults
can bring people
together in three hours.
It was certainly good to hear
all the names you called me.
I haven't heard 'em since
I left Father and Mother.
What we want to know is

do you like us
better than Kaplan
and McGuire.
Let me tell you, Curtis and Chambers
deliver the goods.

Max.

Gilda. Darling.

I don't think
it's Kaplan.

I doubt if it's McGuire.

And it's certainly
not Napoleon.

Take a letter.

Yes, sir.

My dear

Mr. Thomas B. Chambers.

Uh, cross that out.

Mr. Chambers.

Comma, paragraph.

I am writing you
in regard to your
undesirable attentions
to Miss Gilda Farrell.

Hello. Yes.

No, no, no,
that won't do at all.

I want the copy to read exactly
as I laid it out.

"The real
aristocrat surrenders
to Murphy Hold 'Em Up
Suspenders. "

A- and put "Hold 'Em Up"
in a brighter color.

A- and listen, put that French touch
in the suspenders.

Where was I?

"Undesirable attentions
to Miss Gilda Farrell. "

I'm afraid, Bassington,
that you are wrong.

I'm afraid, Bassington,
that you are...

I'm afraid, Bassington,

that you are right,
but nonetheless boring.
Very good. Very good.
Bassington curis
his lips foolishly
and crosses to left.
Bassington speaks.
"There's only one thing
I have to say to you. "
What could he say?
"There's only one thing
I have to say to you. "
Come in. Come in.
"There's only one thing
I have to say to you. "
Ah, Plunkett, Incorporated.
Welcome to Bohemia, sir.
How do you do?
Why, I'm getting on, sir,
in my modest way.
And you?
I'm well, thank you.
You're looking splendid.
That's a fetching tie,
Mr. Plunkett,
and these spats,
very exciting.
What an ensemble.
But, personally,
I don't like derbies.
They give a man
that undertaker look.
My dear Mr. Chambers,
I have come here to speak to you man-to-man.
My favorite type
of conversation.
I wish to broach
a rather delicate subject.
Oh, now, don't let's be delicate,
Mr. Plunkett.
Let's be crude and objectionable,
both of us.
One of the greatest handicaps
to civilization, and I may say to progress,

is the fact that people speak
with ribbons on their tongues.
Delicacy, as the philosophers
point out,

is the, uh, banana peel
under the feet of truth.

And, uh,

if you've come up here
to raise a fuss about Gilda,
this derby is a thing
of the past.

Mr. Chambers...

Mr. Chambers, I don't wish you
to misunderstand me.

I am not Miss Farrell's husband,
nor her fiance,
in any shape, form,
or manner.

I see.

Her devoted friend.

Yes. For five years.

Her guide, I take it,
and counselor.

Yes.

Her protector.

Exactly.

In other words, Mr. Plunkett, you, uh,
you never got to first base.

Yes.

I'll overlook that insult.

Thank you.

Will you be seated?

Mr. Chambers, your attentions to Gilda
are undesirable.

Has she been
complaining?

No.

Oh, good. Good.

I'm very busy, Mr. Plunkett.

I, uh, I'm creating.

Mr. Chambers, there's only one thing

I have to say to you.

You know what it is?

Yes. Immorality

may be fun,
but it isn't fun enough to take
the place of 100 percent virtue
and three square meals
a day.

Now, wait a minute.

Immorality may be fun...

But it isn't fun enough
to take the place...

Of 100 percent virtue...

And three square meals a day.

Superb.

Furthermore...

Uh-uh, not another word.

That-that's a curtain.

...three square meals a day.

And Bassington exits.

Mr. Chambers...

Listen to me,

Plunkett, Incorporated.

I'm in love with Gilda.

I adore her.

I'm quite insane
about her.

I love you, Gilda.

That's sweet to hear.

You know, sometimes I wonder
what I see in you.

You don't appreciate me,
and you know nothing about art.

Maybe you love me
because I'm an imbecile.

It must be
something like that.

I really love you.

I'm amazed at myself.

It's sincere,
that's what gets my goat.

Gilda.

I'm very fond of you.

Oh, you're fond of me, huh?

Mmm-hmm.

I don't like that.

I know what's the trouble.

I swear I'll break his neck.
Gilda, you're mine.
Tell him to get out of your life
and stay out
or I'll cut him to bits.
Who?
That pal of yours,
Max Plunkett.
Oh.
Well, what's the verdict?
Are you jealous?
No, no, I'm not jealous.
The whole point is I... that I just don't
want any competition.
It belittles me
in my own eyes.
It... it interferes
with my work.
I... I can't paint
when I'm worried.
All right, I'll tell Max.
See that you do,
understand?
Yes, sir.
Gilda.
Now please go.
I'll see you tomorrow.
Tomorrow my life begins.
Hello, Mr. Plunkett.
Hello.
Oh, Mr. Curtis.
How are you?
I'm well, thank you.
Goodnight, Mr. Plunkett.
Uh, just a minute.
What are you doing here?
At the moment,
I am leaving.
I mean, uh,
you've seen Miss Farrell?
Yes, I have seen Gilda.
Well...
She's expecting you.
She has some news

for you.

Mr. Curtis, I wish to, uh, broach
a rather delicate matter.

It concerns Gilda.

Sit down.

Shoot.

Mr. Curtis,
what is your annual income,
in round figures?

In round figures, zero.

May I ask what you live on?

Nothing.

I survive by miracles.

Mr. Curtis,

I must ask you man-to-man
to discontinue

your attentions to Gilda.

Now you're making

very unbecoming faces, Mr. Plunkett.

She doesn't need you.

Guess again!

Mr. Curtis, there's only one thing

I have to say to you.

Immorality may be fun,

but it isn't fun enough to take

the place of 100 percent virtue

and three square meals

a day.

So, this is the way

you talk to a man

who wears Kaplan

and McGuire unin suits?

Mr. Plunkett, I shall report you

to your clients immediately.

Good night, sir.

Yesterday it was Tom.

Yes.

Today it's George.

Yes.

Okay.

Hoodlums.

Artistic bums. Both of them put together

aren't worth a dime.

Gilda, no one knows

better than you
how unselfish I've been in all matters
pertaining to you.
You've been nice.
I've been marvelous.
No, just nice.
Gilda, I've been your friend
for five years...
And I want you to remain my friend
for the next 50 years,
so please shut up.
Max, have you ever
been in love?
This is no time
to answer that.
Have you ever felt
your brain catch fire
and a curious, dreadful thing go right
through your body,
down, down
to your very toes,
and leave you
with your ears ringing?
That's abnormal.
Well, that's how I felt
just before you came in.
Yes? How'd you
feel yesterday,
after your promenade
with Tom?
Just the opposite.
It started in my toes
and came up, up, up
very slowly
until my brain caught fire.
But the ringing in the ears
was the same.
Hello.
Hello.
Did you go out
for the laundry?
Hardly.
Why not?
Two cans of sardines,

5 francs.

Madame Poperino,

blackmail, 7.50 francs.

No laundry.

That's fine.

I haven't got a clean shirt
to my name.

Clean shirt?

What's up, a romance?

I'm not talking
about pajamas.

I'm talking
about a clean shirt.

I don't want to go around
looking like a rag picker.

I'm talking
about a white shirt,
a shirt without a spot,
without any holes
that won't fall apart
when you unbutton your coat.

How old is the laundress?

Hmm, about 45.

A young 45?

I don't know.

She goes barefoot.

She's rather plump,
a little soapy.

But a very
interesting moustache.

Very charming, very charming.

Not my type.

Moustache or no moustache,
I need a clean shirt for tomorrow.

"End of Act 1. Curtain. "

Don't read it,

I know it by heart.

You remember where Bassington
has found out
that Edgar was the man
on the fire escape?

All right, shoot.

There's a pause.

"Edgar smiles maddeningly. "

Go on. Go on.

"Bassington plays
with his beard
"in order to cover
his emotion.

"Edgar speaks:

"'I'm afraid, Bassington,
that you are right, but nonetheless boring. '

"Bassington studies
his fingernails
"like a man of the world,
crosses to left.

"Edgar continues
strumming his mandolin.

"Bassington, resuming
with his beard.

"'I have only one thing
to say to you.

"'Immorality may be fun,
"but it's not fun enough
to take the place of 100 percent virtue
'and three square meals
a day. "'

What's the matter?

So, double-crossing me, huh?

What are you
buzzing about?

You didn't write that speech alone,
and I know where you got it.

Well, if you think...

Don't try to lie out of it!

He was in here, Mr. Plunkett.

And it isn't difficult to guess
why he was here, either.

So, you've been
making love to Gilda.

Now, listen, if you...

I know! 100 percent virtue
and three square meals a day!

Wait a minute.

So you've heard
that speech before.

Where did you hear

that speech before?
Hmm. I see.
Clean shirt, eh?
So he caught you
with Gilda.
It's a lie!
He didn't catch me.
Very pretty work.
True-blue George.
Look who's talking
about true-blue.
I ought to bust you
right in that ugly pan of yours!
Let's behave
like civilized people.
It's quite apparent,
beyond any question,
that you behaved in this matter
as a rather common, ordinary rat.
I'm leaving.
Where's my suitcase?
Or have you sold it
to somebody?
This is a little silly,
after 11 years of friendship.
You should have
considered that earlier.
Do you mind
a personal question?
Not at all.
Are you pretty hard hit?
That's none
of your business.
Are you?
Likewise.
What a pity we had to fall in love
with the same girl.
Charming, isn't she?
Rather.
Nice eyes.
Of a sort.
Well, I guess
we're through.
Looks like it.

Curious to have a little bit of feminine fluff
breaking up our friendship.

Sad.

Quite a dilemma.

I wonder if she's worth it.

I wonder.

In fact, I doubt it.

There's only one thing
we know about her. She's full of deceit.

She's trying to hang it
on both of us.

We shouldn't let her get away with it.

She's a troublemaker.

We ought to put
our foot down.

Right. We mustn't
let her break it up.

I've been listening to your
half-witted dramas for 11 years.

And I've grown cockeyed looking at your
Humpty Dumpty pictures.

Do we give up all this
for a girl we met on a train?

Third class!

No woman's worth it.

Absolutely not.

No more clean shirts?

We ignore her, 50-50.

Fine.

Sacrifice helps an artist.

Exactly.

The sorrows of life
are the joys of art.

I don't think we ought
to discuss her anymore.

Right.

If the occasion arises which requires our
mentioning her at all,

we'll refer to her
as, uh, Miss Farrell.

It'll make the whole thing
more impersonal.

Exactly.

Say, George,

did... did you really sell
my suitcase?
Yeah.
Okay.
Telephone?
Uh-uh.
Answer it if you wish.
Go ahead. I... I... I trust you.
Thanks.
Hello. Yes?
Oh, uh, just a second.
It's, uh, it's Miss Farrell.
What do you want, Gilda?
I beg your pardon.
I see. Uh, I see.
Well, just a second, please.
She wants to
come up tomorrow.
Tell her absolutely no.
Okay.
Uh, well...
Uh, hold the wire.
Miss Farrell's
a little late.
Hardly matters.
I think
we ought to be polite.
I'm going to assume
a very nonchalant attitude.
Don't forget. Nonchalant.
How do you do?
Tommy, you're such a child.
I'm so nervous.
Couldn't we all be
a little bit more nonchalant?
I came here
to make a confessin,
a confessin hard to make

at 11:

George.

Yes, please?

Sit down here.

Shall I leave the room?

No, please.

George, dear George.

When I let you make love to me yesterday,

I didn't tell you something.

I didn't tell you that the day before,

Tom and I had...

Did he tell you?

No.

Thank you, Tommy.

Very welcome.

George, promise me you won't start
smashing furniture.

I'm more than fond of Tommy.

I'm sorry, old man.

Quite all right.

Thank you.

Okay!

But...

Tom, when we were in the park,
do you remember?

Very well.

I didn't tell you.

That morning I made a date
with George
for the next evening
in my house,
and I didn't call it off.

And I want to be truthful...

I see.

In other words,
you're very fond of George.
More than fond.

A thing happened to me
that usually happens to men.
You see, a man can meet two,
three, or even four women,
and fall in love
with all of them,
and then, by a process
of interesting elimination,

he is able to decide
which one he prefers.
But a woman must decide
purely on instinct, guesswork,
if she wants
to be considered nice.
Oh, it's quite all right
for her to try on 100 hats
before she picks one out...
Very fine, but which chapeau
do you want, Madame?
Both.
You see, George, you're sort of like
a ragged straw hat
with a very soft lining.
A little bit out of shape,
very dashing to look at,
and very comfortable
to wear.
And you, Tom.
Chic, piquant,
perched over one eye,
and has to be watched
on windy days.
And both so becoming.
Oh.
Oh, I'm the most unhappy woman
in the world.
Poor girl,
she's in rather a tough spot.
Hmm.
George.
Dear George, there's no use pretending
you could make me forget Tom.
I'd miss him.
You would not.
But for the sake
of argument, okay.
And Tom, if I went with you
up hill and down dale,
he would haunt me
like a bogeyman.
It's a
pitiful situation.

Well, if it'll make you happy,
I'm willin' to step out.
Never mind
the grandstand gesture.
I know how you'd step out,
with a club!
On the other hand, if you feel
that you can't get along without her,
it wouldn't be the first sacrifice
I've made for you.
What sacrifice?
What have you
ever done for me?
Look who's talkin',
little Rollo!
Why, you're
the most self-centered,
egotistical double-crosser
I ever knew!
Now, listen, if I could...
Shh. There you have it.
You hate him,
he hates you,
and you both end up
by hating me.
Boys, let's sit down.
Now let's talk it over
from every angle,
without any excitement,
like a disarmament
conference.
Well?
What do you think?
I think it can be
worked out, providing...
Yes, you're right.
Providing.
Well, boys, it's the only thing we can do.
Let's forget sex.
Okay.
Agreed.
It may be a bit difficult
in the beginning.
But it can be

worked out.
Oh, it'll be grand.
Saves lots of time.
And confusin.
We're going to
concentrate on work.
Your work.
My work doesn't count.
I think both you boys have a great
deal of talent, but too much ego.
You spend one day working,
and a whole month bragging.
Gentlemen, there are going to be
a few changes.
I'm going to jump up
and down on your ego.
I'm going to criticize your work
with a baseball bat.
I'll tell you everyday how bad your stuff
is till you get something good,
and if it's good, I'm going to tell
you it's rotten till you get something better.
I'm going to be a mother
of the arts.
No sex.
Uh-uh.
It's a gentleman's agreement.
Rotten, eh?
Listen, my dear girl,
when it comes to playwriting,
you don't know your... your dear
little elbow from a barrel of flour.
The third act is marvelous.
I've never written anything better.
It's rotten.
Fortunately, I know that intellectually,
you're still in rompers.
You should have realized
by now, my dear,
that I hate stupidity
masquerading as criticism.
Rotten.
I've had enough of that.
You're ruining me. You're ruining my work.

You're just being
cheap and malicious.
Rotten.
Very well.
It's the last time
you're going to tell me that.
Goodbye, my dear.
...a complete flop in London.
I'm sorry,
but I don't...
I beg your pardon.
Forgive me for
entering unannounced.
Mr. Douglas
is very busy.
So they were kind enough
to tell me downstairs. Mr. Douglas?
Yes.
Mr. Douglas,
I consider you
the greatest theatrical producer in London.
In fact, in the world.
My dear young lady,
what precisely do you want?
Well, I read your list of productions
for the next London season.
Yes? They're very bad.
But believe me,
there's no need
for you to despair.
The situation isn't entirely black,
Mr. Douglas.
Have you ever heard of a playwright
called Thomas Chambers?
No, never.
You've never read a play called
Good Night, Bassington?
Heavens, no. Never.
Well, here it is. Read it.
I'm sure
you'll adore it.
It's a woman's play.
Goodbye.
Those faking art dealers!

Peanut brains! Parasites!
Maybe he's right.
Maybe they are...
No, they are not!
I don't know, Gilda.
I know.
Those paintings are great,
and don't let anybody tell you they aren't.
Three of 'em have.
Well, they're all fools.
They'll be breaking their necks
to get hold of your work.
Maybe when I'm dead.
Stop it. If you can't believe
in yourself, believe in me.
I'm no good.
It's getting obvious.
George,
you're a fine painter.
You're an artist.
You're going to be
one of the great ones.
And if you lie down
in the middle of the road,
I'll hate you.
Well, friends,
the gentleman addressing you
is none other than the illustrious
Mr. Thomas B. Chambers,
the new dramatic thunderbolt
of the London theater.
Good Night, Bassington
has been accepted.
You don't mean it.
Did you sign
the contract?
In letters of fire.
100 pounds advance.
It's colossal.
The Bank of England?
Uh-huh.
That's a good bank, huh?
It's the best.
By the way, Gilda,

I, uh, I neglected to mention
I'm supposed to go to London.
To London?
Tonight.
Uh, Mr. Douglas seems to think
that I might be
of great help
during rehearsals.
You know,
half the play
depends on someone...
Bringing out its brittle quality.
Oh, yes.
What do you... what do you think?
Should I go?
Well, you could do a lot in London,
no doubt about that.
And it would help
the publicity, of course.
But on the other hand,
if you stayed here,
you could finish
your new play.
And yet, you might make some
valuable connections in London.
Oh, but I'm just wondering
if you could do as good work
in the midst of
all that hullabaloo,
as you could
if you stayed here.
Oh, well, Tom, I...
Oh, Gilda
I couldn't do good work
anywhere without you,
and you know it.
And if there should be any curtain calls
after that third act,
how could I take
the bows alone?
You're nice, Tom.
I'm not going!
Well, drop me a line from London,
old boy, will you?

Righto.
Step a little more forward,
Mr. Chambers.
That's it.
Smile, please.
Take off your hat,
Mr. Douglas.
Oh.
That's it.
Hold it.
Well, in five weeks, you'll be taking
the same train
and the three of us will sit
in the Royal Box at the opening.
Goodbye, boy.
Goodbye, pal.
Goodbye, Gilda.
Keep that old typewriter of mine
booted and spurred.
I will.
So long.
You've had enough today.
Please.
Okay, teacher.
I'll have to sew
a button on there.
Gilda, I'm a pretty
gloomy guy tonight.
I have an idea I'm going to be
rather bad company.
Why don't you...
why don't you go out
to a movie or something?
Tarzan is playing
at the Adelphia Theater.
Go on, like a good girl.
Everything seems different,
doesn't it?
You'd better go,
Gilda, to Tarzan.
I fancy this, um,
what you might call tensin,
would keep up for some weeks.
Wouldn't it be wiser

if I moved to a hotel?
Yes, ma'am.
I love you, Gilda.
Why lie about it?
You can't change love
by shaking hands with somebody.
We're unreal, the three of us,
trying to play jokes on nature.
This is real.
A million times more honest
than all the art in the world.
I love you.
It's true we have
a gentleman's agreement,
but unfortunately,
I am no gentleman.
My dearest Gilda,
and dear George.
This is the first letter
I've ever dictated,
so kindly overlook its correct spelling
and perfect punctuation.
An honest heart
still beats beneath.
Exclamation point,
dash, paragraph.
Well, pals,
you'll be interested
to know
that all London is agog
with my wit and charm.
Underline charm. Period.
Lady Upterdyke,
weight 203 ringside,
has smuggled me into her cage
of trained social lions.
Here I am
on exhibition nightly,
up to my neck in duchesses.
Period.
The play, by the way,
is in its second week of rehearsals
and looks hotsy-totsy.
I beg your pardon, sir.

Hotsy-totsy?
Yes, hotsy-totsy.
And yet, dear friends,
these triumphs leave me sad.
In the midst of
all this pomp and glitter,
I always remember
that our play
was written on that old
Remington No. 2 typewriter,
and on a never-to-be-forgotten
diet of frankfurters.
Sir?
My heart is in the highlands
of Montmartre.
And the... Come in.
And the night finds me
pale and thoughtful, waiting...
And the night finds me
pale and thoughtful,
waiting for the end
of my exile, when the three of us,
Athos, Porthos
and Mademoiselle d'Artagnan
will sit in the Royal Box
at the opening...
Start the letter over.
Dear George and Gilda,
good luck.
As ever, Tom.
Good evening,
Mr. Chambers.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Good evening.
How's the house tonight?
Sold out.
Advance sale?
Colossal.
Audience behaving?
Angelic.
Applauding?
Terrific.

Thanks.

How are the programs
selling tonight?

Enormous.

Busy?

Tremendous.

And what were you doing
on the fire escape?

Cooling off.

And what was your mandolin
doing in my bed?

I must ask you to leave
my mandolin out of this.

Edgar, I have only

one thing to say to you:

Immorality may be fun,

but not fun enough to take
the place of 100 percent virtue
and three square meals a day!

I really enjoyed
that show very much.

How do you do,

Mr. Plunkett?

How do you do?

Oh, Mr. Chambers.

Well, hello. Yes.

That's a very funny play
you've got in there, in spots.

Thank you. Thank you.

How-how's Paris?

Oh, great. Fine.

Advertising going
bigger than ever.

The French are getting
billboard crazy.

I see.

And how, uh,

how's Paris otherwise?

Oh, you don't know

what happened?

No, what?

Well, it's, uh,

quite a story.

The, uh, French government

objected
to showing Napoleon
in unin suits.
I was up against it
for a while,
but I changed it
to Julius Caesar.
I'll tell you something.
Outsold Napoleon two to one.
Just goes to show.
Mmm-hmm.
Anything... anything else
going on in Paris?
No. No.
Well, I'm glad
I ran into you. Yes.
Pretty good play
for the money.
Oh, Mr. Chambers,
I almost forgot.
Best regards
from George and Gilda.
Oh, thanks. Thanks.
How is George?
We're friends.
As you know,
at first I was inclined
to withhold my approval
of the whole thing,
but you know
how much I like Gilda.
It's true I didn't
get to first base,
but lots of other people
didn't either.
Uh, is George, uh, is George
getting... getting along nicely?
Oh, great. Great.
He painted me.
A portrait, from here up.
That put him over
in the art world. Yes, sir.
And how... how is Gilda?
Fine.

When they, uh, first broached
the project of painting me,
I put my foot down
but Gilda...

How is she?

Fine. It turned out
to be a great painting.

It's a masterpiece.

Looks exactly like me.

It's called Man with Derby.

Yes, sir.

French museum bought it.

Snapped it right up.

I'm hanging on exhibition
on the South wall.

Attracts lots of people.

Yes, sir.

Tsk, is, uh,

is Gilda happy? Is she...

Oh, she's just crazy
about that painting.

Well, I'm glad

I ran into you.

I don't want to miss
this last act. Yes.

My things, please.

Terrific tonight,
isn't it?

Rather.

You want to talk
to Mr. Curtis, don't you?

Yes.

I'm sorry,

but Mr. Curtis is not at home.

Oh, what time do you
expect him back?

Mr. Curtis is out of town.

That's too bad.

Something important?

Rather.

Well, I'll let you talk
to his secretary.

To his secretary?

Yes, to his secretary.

Please.

Hello.

Mr. Curtis's secretary?

The same.

My card.

"Thomas B. Chambers.

London's leading playwright
and foremost wit. "

Come on,

it doesn't say that.

It should.

Hello, you old vampire, you!

You hooligan!

You Benedict Arnold.

You... Shall we be seated?

Hmm, I like your suit.

Thanks very much.

I'm sorry George isn't here.

He's in Nice.

He's painting

a Mrs. Butterfield.

Really?

A rotund but noble creature
from Des Moines.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Yes.

Oh, it's so good
to see you.

Is it?

I've so much to...

To tell me.

Yes.

I can imagine.

Oh, Tommy, if you've forgiven George,
why not me?

We did the same thing.

Not at all.

George betrayed me for you.

Without wishing to flatter you,
I understood that.

I can still understand it.

But you betrayed me
for George.

An incredible choice.

Tommy.
You didn't keep it oiled.
I did for a while.
The keys are rusty.
The shift is broken.
But it still rings.
It still rings.
Does it?
Oh, Mr. Plunkett.
Gilda.
Hello, Gilda.
Hello.
I must get in touch
with George immediately.
I just got back from London.
Dropped into the Luxembourg Museum
with some friends
and big results for George.
I'm glad.
A commissin
for two portraits.
Mrs. Olsen of Buffalo.
You know the Buffalo Olsens.
The tomato juice man.
The tomato juice man.
Both are willing
to pay as high as...
What's the matter?
Is George back?
Why didn't you tell me?
He came unexpectedly
this morning.
He did? George!
Shh. He's asleep.
He only arrived
a couple of hours ago.
He had a dreadful night
on the train.
You know,
his old neuralgia's back.
Oh. Well, you tell him to get in touch
with me just as soon as he wakes up.
Goodbye.
Goodbye. Thanks, Max.

Oh, I almost...

Shh.

I almost forgot to tell you.

Guess who I saw in London?

The King?

No, no, no. Tom Chambers.

Oh, how is he?

Well, I wouldn't want George
to hear this, but if you ask me,
no good.

You made the right choice,
all right, in a way.

That guy in there,
10 times as good.

Max, do me a favor.

Go away!

I know you always had a soft spot
for this fellow, Chambers.

Please, Max,

I've a terrible headache.

Oh, what's the matter?

Anything wrong?

No, just one of my blue days.

Can I do anything
for you?

No, Max, please!

Well, uh, don't tell George
that I even mentioned Tom.

I wouldn't want
to be mixed up...

You know how it is?

It's a rather delicate matter.

And you don't
want to broach it.

No.

Then don't.

Goodbye, Max.

Goodbye.

Thanks.

Why don't you try
some aspirin?

Oh, you're sweet, Max.

But aspirin
won't help this time.

Nothing serious, I hope?
I hope not.
Well, if anything
should happen...
I'll come to you
and ask for your advice.
Will you?
Always, Max.
Thank you, Gilda.
Thank you.
Goodbye.
Breakfast is ready.
No orange juice?
We never have any.
Darling, will you remember
after this?
Orange juice
every morning.
Large glass.
Every morning?
Except Sunday.
Uh, baked apple.
It's going to make
a big revolution in my menu.
The eggs are just right.
You can have mine, too.
No eggs for Gilda?
No.
Conscience bothering you?
No.
Confused?
Very much so.
Gilda.
Yes?
Is George still given
to smashing things?
We have to tell him the truth regardless
of what happens to the furniture.
I wonder if he'll hit me.
He was never
very civilized.
You're right.
He is kind of...
kind of barbaric.

You know, Gilda, we did a marvelous
job on that third act.
I have a feeling
that if we got together,
collaborated on a note to leave behind,
and really worked on it,
it would not only be a very
fine piece of literature,
but it might save me
a black eye.
No, no, I can't run away.
I don't know
how I'm going to tell him.
I don't dare think.
I don't even know
what I'm going to tell him.
Very simple.
You love me.
That's the only thing
I'm sure of right now.
Let's forget the rest.
Let's not talk about it.
We've two more days.
Let's enjoy them.
Oh, my dear.
Tommy, I never forgot you.
In fact, you never left me.
You haunted me
like a nasty ghost.
On rainy nights I could hear you
moanin' down the chimney.
Tommy. Tommy.
What do we do
after lunch?
We'll take a long walk
for our digestion.
Yes, let's walk and walk
until we're dead tired.
Gilda, I've got
a better idea.
Let's stay home instead.
Well, London Louie,
the old rat himself.
You phony playwright,

how are you?
I'm fine.
When did you arrive?
Well, last night.
Boy, I can't tell you how...
How are you, darling?
Fine.
I forgot to kiss you.
You can blame him.
Well, how are you, pal?
Ouch! Fine.
Lucky I walked out
on the Butterfields.
What happened?
Oh, a very involved argument
about La Butterfield's double chin.
I said to her, "Madame,
I am an artist, not a masseur. "
Up speaks
Mr. Butterfield, and, uh...
What are you doing
in that suit?
Tuxedo for breakfast, huh?
Is that a new London custom?
George.
Ah, I didn't ask you.
Well, Tom,
you know what I'm thinking.
It's true.
George.
Shut up!
That's one way of
meeting the situation.
Shipping clerk comes home,
finds missus with boarder.
He breaks dishes.
It's pure burlesque.
Then there's another way.
Intelligent artist returns unexpectedly,
finds treacherous friends.
Both discuss
the pros and cons
of the situation
in grownup dialogue.

High-class comedy,
enjoyed by everybody.
And there's a third way.
I'll kick your teeth out,
tear your head off,
and beat some decency
into you.
Cheap melodrama.
Very dull.
George, stop it.
Still very dull.
I suppose
you feel sorry for him.
I feel sorry for you.
I'm sorry I hurt you,
but it was inevitable.
Go on, get out of here!
Both of you!
It's hard to believe
I... I loved you both.
Of either of you!
Go on! Go with him
in his top hat and fancy pants
and silly name in lights,
and good luck to both of you!
The London train

leaves at 4:

You'll be very happy.
I promise.
Thank you, Tom. I'll pack.
Goodbye, George.
You did the right thing
about the Butterfields.
And George,
after I've gone, don't change.
Don't ever bow
to double chins.
Stay an artist.
That's important.
In fact,
the most important thing.
I didn't want to praise you
in front of Gilda,

but you certainly pack
a wicked right.
A real wallop.
There are a number of things
here which belong to her.
Oh, that's all right.
Never mind.
No, no, I don't want them.
Where shall I send them?
Forward them in my name,
care of the Cariton Theater, London.
And her mail?
Same place.
I'll see that she gets it.
Anything else?
Not that
I can think of.
If anything should come up,
will you be at this address?
That's immaterial. I don't wish to enter
into any correspondence.
As you wish.
Better tell her to hurry up.
It's getting to be a strain.
Give her a chance to pack!
Tell her to hurry up!
All right. Hurry up, Gilda!
Hurry up, darling.
Here, you rattlesnake.
So that's how you feel?
Yes, that's how I feel.
Understand?
Perfectly.
I felt that way once.
Gilda, have you got room
in your trunk?
Here. For you.
What's that?
A note from Gilda.
Ha.
"Tommy, dear.
"I am running away
because I am afraid
"your house in London

has a chimney, too,
"and I fancy on rainy nights
I would hear...
"And I fancy
on rainy nights I would hear
"that old devil,
George, moaning.
"So be nice
and let me be nice.
Maybe I'll like it. Gilda. "
You think
she'll come back?
No.
Should we
try to find her?
What's the use?
The mother of the arts
wants to be a nice girl.
Tragic.
No, it's comic.
Two slightly used artists
in the ashcan.
You'll get drunk.
It's the only
sensible thing to do.
To Gilda.
To Gilda.
Would you care
to hit me?
Please help yourself.
Sorry. I'm too high-class.
A gentleman, huh?
To my fingertips.
May I refer you
to a letter
sent to you from London
in a similar crisis?
A very
high-class document.
I could have enclosed
some smallpox germs easily.
But you didn't.
Very considerate.
Let's drink to that.

To smallpox germs.
In Latin, variola cocci.
I think
we're being very sensible.
Extremely.
Good for our livers.
Good for our immortal souls.
But bad
for our stomachs.
That's loose thinking.
What's bad for your stomach
may be highly entertaining
for my stomach.
I'm glad the conversation
has taken a scientific turn.
Oh, it's better
than discussing G-Gilda.
We must forget Gilda.
Utterly.
Let's change the subject.
Right.
Let's talk about something
entirely new.
Let's talk
about ourselves.
Very interesting.
To ourselves.
No.
It's bad taste.
Well, we can't drink
to nothing.
It's better than
drinking to ourselves.
To nothing.
No!
I refuse to be silly.
That's right.
Well, there must be
a reason for drinking.
To, uh...
No!
I beg your pardon.
To Kaplan and McGuire.
Don't be hasty.

To Kaplan.

And now, to McGuire.

A letter to my mother.

Mrs. Oscar F. Plunkett,
Utica, New York.

Dear Mama, I will arrive
on the 25th of this month

on the U.S. Liner

S.S. Manhattan.

I will be accompanied
by Miss Gilda Farrell.

Miss Gilda Farrell

is the daughter

of Mr. And Mrs. Anthony G. Farrell

of Fargo, North Dakota.

Got the ring?

Check.

Feel nervous, Max?

No. Had a fine nap.

Feel 100 percent.

How does it feel

to be Mrs. Plunkett?

Any different?

Well, it feels like standing
with your feet on the ground.

Peaceful, Max,

and so secure.

You bet.

It's going to be nice

to be a law-abiding citizen.

Gilda.

What lovely flowers.

"Strump and Egelbaur. "

Very fine people,

Strump and Egelbaur.

Biggest cement people in town.

- Oh.

Oh, you'll like 'em.

They sound adorable.

Gilda.

Yes, Max?

Uh, now that it's all over,

the excitement, etcetera,

I'd like to know,

what's your attitude?
My attitude?
Well, toward what?
I mean, do you love me?
Oh, Max, people should never ask
that question on their wedding night.
It's either too late
or too early.
I'm your wife, Max.
That's well put.
Gilda, it's, uh, 9:30.
Oh, that late?
Yes, and I have an appointment
in the morning, 10:15 sharp.
Oh.
Beautiful.
Kaplan and McGuire!
Your friends from now on
as well as mine.
What did they
do that for?
Why, they want
to remember us.
I think
it's very nice of 'em.
This is no time
for remembering.
It would have been much more
tactful of them to forget.
I think it's offensive.
Oh, well, now, that's a closed
chapter in your life.
Anyhow, you've nothing
to worry about
on that score.
I've forgiven you.
Forgiven me! For what?
Oh, that's all right.
Well, I don't want
to be forgiven!
Well, I forgive you
just the same.
It'll make you feel better.
It's their idea

of a joke.
I can just see them
sitting in China,
laughing their heads off.
About what?
It's a rotten trick.
It's cheap.
It shouldn't surprise you.
They never fooled me for a minute.
Hooligans.
Max, I don't care
to discuss them at all.
But if you ever feel
it's necessary to mention them,
don't call them hooligans!
Oh, well, of course,
they have some fine qualities...
Please stop talking
about them!
It's my wedding night.
Leave those two boys
where they are, in China!
I've an appointment
tomorrow morning.

10:

Hello, darling.
Hello.
Well, Gilda,
great news for you.
Our party's in the bag.
Really?
Yes, sir.
Guess what?
I give up.
Mr. Egelbaur has accepted.
Is that good?
Say, listen,
I'll guarantee you one thing.
Let this party be a success,
and inside of two weeks,
we'll be invited
to the Egelbaurs.
I see. "An eye for an eye.

A tooth for a tooth. "

Oh, don't talk like that.

Strump and Egelbaur
are figuring
on the greatest publicity campaign
in the history of cement.

Oh, what about the Strumps?
Don't we have to invite them, too?
Mr. Strump comes first.
Strump and Egelbaur.

No, no, no. We can't
have them at the same time.
They're not
on speaking terms.

That's right. I forgot about
Mr. Strump and Mrs. Egelbaur.

Oh, don't mention that.
Don't even breathe it.
I won't.
You promise?
Promise.
Word of honor?
Cross my heart.
And please don't worry
about the Strumps.
A week from Tuesday,
we have the Strumps.
That's diplomacy.
And if this Strump party is a big social
success, is there any chance
we'll be invited
to the Strumps?
It's a cinch.
What a season.
Everybody, please.
Everybody who wants to play
20 questions, all in the living room.
Everybody who wants to play
20 questions, all in the living room.
Everybody who wants
to play...

Gilda. What are you
doing here?
Just resting

between rounds.

Oh, we're going to play
20 questions in the living room.

Mr. Egelbaur's requested it.

Oh, Max.

Oh, it's going to be
great fun.

But I've had so much fun
all evening.

It's almost too much
for me.

Post office
with Kaplan and McGuire.

Drop the handkerchief
with the linoleum group...

But Mr. Egelbaur...

Well, I've just played going
to Jerusalem with Mr. Egelbaur.

Now he wants to play
20 questions.

Oh, you've got to come.

There's no way of getting out of it.

All right.

We'll start right away.

Shh.

All right, Gilda.

Is it animal, vegetable,
or mineral?

Are you expected?

No.

Not exactly expected.

Anticipated, hoped for,
and dreamed about.

Do you wish
to see Mr. Plunkett?

No!

Positively no!

Mrs. Plunkett,
if you please.

Mrs. Plunkett is engaged
in playing 20 questions.

She can't be disturbed.

Oh. Oh, I see.

20 questions.

Hmm.
It makes it
rather difficult.
Well, uh,
what you say, Inspector?
I beg your pardon.
This is Inspector Knox.
How do you do, sir?
How do you do?
Well, Sergeant, uh...
Excuse me. Sgt. O'Toole.
How do you do?
How do you do, sir?
Headquarters.
Shall I notify them?
Oh, no,
don't bother, please.
We'll, uh, we'll wait.
Any trouble?
No, no, not at all.
Uh, we're only here in behalf of
the Policeman's Benefit Ball.
About some tickets?
Righto.
All right.
Wait, if you want to.
Well, Inspector,
how did the butler strike you?
A dual personality.
Hmm.
Shall we, uh, look over
the premises?
Righto, Sergeant.
We may run
into some valuable clues.
Shall we start
with the kitchen?
No. Let's begin
with the boudoir.
Ah.
Animal, vegetable,
or mineral?
Animal.
Gilda.

I won't do it. I guessed
Mr. Egelbaur in 10 questions,
and that's enough.
I'm worn out.
Gilda, I insist.
I won't do it.
You-you're ruining
everything.
I don't care!
I won't ask
Mr. Egelbaur to sing.
All right, then I'll ask him myself.
- Fine.
And you'll have
to come and listen.
Nothing doing.
But he... he... he
brought his music.
I'm not going to listen
to that Egelbaur sing!
I won't! I won't!
I won't!
Oh, please, Max,
let me rest.
All right. Get your rest.
Take two minutes,
and come down.
Egelbaur.
~ Egelbaur! ~
~ Egelbaur! ~
~ Egelbaur ~~
Well, dear me.
Look who's here.
How did you get in?
Shall we tell her?
I would.
We have nothing to conceal.
The stork brought us.
I... I thought
you were in China.
We moved.
Shall we sit down?
Yeah, please.
That's Tom.

And that's George.
And this is Gilda.
No, that's not Gilda.
That's Mrs. Plunkett.
No, that's Gilda.
Ah, let's see.
Well, there's
a certain resemblance.
You're right.
It's Mrs. Plunkett.
But from here, from here she looks
a teeny-weeny bit like Max.
Maybe it's Mr. Plunkett.
Well, I doubt it.
~ Falling leaf ~
~ And fading tree ~~
He really fell in the river?
Feet first.
What's this?
What's going on here?
We have callers
from China.
What are you doing here?
Shh.
We're hiding
from Mr. Egelbaur.
Shh.
Listen, this is no time
for jokes.
I haven't invited you, I don't want
you here, and neither does Gilda.
Uh, Gilda,
you must come down.
Egelbaur's on
his second song.
Egelbaur! Egelbaur!
What am I gonna say?
What am I gonna do?
One moment,
Mr. Plunkett. Question.
Who is this Mr. Egelbaur?
You see, Mr. Egelbaur
is not only a first-rate singer,
but he's also

the head of Strump and...

I want you two to leave these premises at once.

Well, Inspector, what do you think?

Animal, vegetable, or mineral?

Vegetable.

~ Sky ~

~ Goodbye ~

~ Summer ~

~ Goodbye, goodbye ~

~ Goodbye ~~

Egelbaur!

~ Goodbye ~

~ Goodbye ~~

You arranged all this.

You were expecting 'em.

Don't be silly. I arranged nothing.

I knew nothing about it.

Well, how did they get here, then?

The stork brought them.

Oh, I see. I see

what you mean.

Hooligans. That's what they are and that's what they always will be!

Maybe they are.

Maybe I'm a hooligan, too.

Maybe I want

to be a hooligan.

No. No, Gilda. No.

No, you don't. No.

Now, we've got

to calm down.

You want

a glass of water?

No, thank you.

Now, I'm willing to drop the whole matter.

I forgive you.

Are you starting

to forgive me again?

Just relax and be a good girl.

I'll handle this.

Uh, you let me

go down first
and I'll sell them the idea that...
that you've had an attack of hiccups.
And then two minutes later,
you come down and tell Mr. Egelbaur...
I'll tell him.
Yes. You tell Mr. Egelbaur
that you're extremely sorry.
Make a simple little apology,
but sincere.
Say that you heard his singing
all the way upstairs
and even at that distance
it was wonderful.
Now, listen, Plunkett,
Incorporated.
You go to those customers
of yours and give 'em a sales talk.
Sell them anything you want,
but not me.
I'm fed up with underwear,
cement, linoleum.
I'm sick of being a trademark
married to a slogan!
Gilda.
Don't you tell them
I've got hiccups.
Tell them I've got the advertising blues,
the billboard collywobbles!
Slogans and sales talks
morning, noon, and night,
and not one human
sound out of you
and your whole flock
of Egelbaurs!
That's just
a lot of words.
There's only
one issue here.
If this Strump and Egelbaur deal is spoiled,
I'll know just who to blame.
Where... where is everybody?
I think
they've all gone home.

Gone home?
What for? Why?
You should never
have socked McGuire.
Socked McGuire?
I admit
I was a bit careless,
but how should I know Kaplan
would creep up in the back?
That's partnership.
Kaplan? Creep up
in the back?
Yes. But the real surprise
of the evening was Egelbaur.
He starts slow.
But warms up.
Wonderful footwork.
What happened?
Was there a fight?
A marvelous fight!
It was
quite a demonstration.
Oh.
Gilda.
I know all about it.
I'm awfully sorry, Max,
but it all can be remedied very easily.
We've got to do
something about it.
Quite right.
But let me do it.
After all, it was my friends
who caused the trouble and I'm to blame.
Well, what do you...
Max, I'm going to make
a great sacrifice for your business.
I'm going to leave you.
Leave me? You're crazy.
That won't help.
Oh, yes, it will.
Tremendously.
Now, tomorrow you put
on your nicest derby
and you go and call

on your customers
and tell them you've separated
from your wife
because of her connection
with those two terrible wretches.

I guarantee you,
you'll be considered
the biggest martyr
in the history of cement.

So, I see.

That's the way
you feel about the matter.

Good old Max.

Cheer up.

You really haven't
any complaints.

I've more than doubled your business
since our bridal night.

And after I leave you,
it's liable to triple.

That's all
you really wanted, anyway.

Now, Gilda, be sensible.

That's Mr. Egelbaur.

Hello?

Oh, hello, Mr. Egelbaur.

Well, how are you,

Mr. Egelbaur?

So...

And poor Mrs. Egelbaur,
how is she?

Well, Mr. Egelbaur,
you must realize
that I had nothing
to do with it whatsoever.

Goodbye, Max.

Gilda, just a minute.

Yes, Mr. Egelbaur.

Oh, I can explain everything
to your fullest satisfaction.

I guarantee it.

Oh, thank you, Mr. Egelbaur.

Oh, that's big of you.

Tomorrow morning, 9:00 sharp.

Oh, you've made me
a very happy man, Mr. Egelbaur.
Now we'll have some fun.
Back to Paris.
To the same old studio?
To the same old dump.
And work!
Great.
But you can't paint in that suit.
- I'll burn it.
And you can't write
in that top hat.
In the ashcan with it!
Let's hear, Gilda.
Can you still say rotten?
Rotten!
Gilda, you gonna criticize us
with that baseball bat of yours?
Till you say uncle.
Gilda.
Dear critic.
But, boys,
this is very important.
There's one thing
that has to be understood.
I know.
Yes, we know.
It's a gentleman's agreement.