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Enemies: A Love Story

By Roger L. Simon

[Dogs Barking,
People Yelling, Indistinct]
[Speaking In German]
[Barking Continues]
[Yelling In German]
[Speaking German]
No! No!
No!
[Woman] No!
[Screaming Fades]
[Panting]
Yadwiga?
[Klezmer]
[Continues]
Yadwiga?
- Yadwiga?
- Good morning.
- What time is it?

- It's 10:

I do shopping.
I iron your shirt and underwear.
I clean kitchen floor
and bathroom.
I had my breakfast, but I'm
ready to eat again with you.
Would you like perhaps tea?
Oh, no, no. Herman,
you cannot go with barefoot.
I get your slippers.
I polish them.
- Polish them?
Who polishes slippers?
- They were all dried up.
Ay-yi-yi-yi, Yadzia.
This is America.
Huh? Huh?
You're not
the family servant anymore.
I fill your bathtub now.
[Humming]
I buy you a soap.
Perfume soap. Smell.
Three for a dime.

Come.

I wash you.

Oh, if we were

to have a boy #

Praise the Lord on high

In what would

we cradle our joy #

Praise the Lord on high

In the street belo-o-ow

In the street belo-o-ow

#There is a tub of snow ##

- What time does the train leave?

- What?

At, uh, 2:

- Where's the city?

- Philadelphia?

In America.

Where should it be?

Why don't you sell books here?

There are so many people.

People come to Coney Island

for popcorn, not books.

- What kind of books are they?

- Books on how to build bridges...

how to lose weight,

how to run the government.

Books of songs, stories,

plays, the life of Hitler.

They write books

about such swine?

They write about

all kinds of swine.

Tonight I'll be having

supper in Philadelphia.

Who you eat with?

- Alone?

- [Speaking Yiddish]

Talk so I can understand you.

Matzi, Pitzele! Pitzele!

[Laughing]

Hey, Pitzele!

The neighbor with

the white hair said I could

earn \$25 a week in a factory.

You want to go to work?

You have to know

how to read and write.

So you take the course.

I will enroll you.

Herman!

[Scoffs]

Herman! The old woman says you
must know the alphabet first.

- I will teach you.

- When? You are never at home.

Such a sweet girl,

that Yadwiga.

[Man] Vito Marc Antonio to run
for mayor! Read all about it!

Marc Antonio to run

for mayor here!

- Yes, sir? Five cents.

- Forverts.

[Grunts]

[Thinking:

People Shouting]

[Barking, Woman Screaming]

[Shouting, Indistinct]

[Voices Stop]

You're supposed to report
first thing in the morning.

Where's my speech

for Atlantic City?

If I had to depend on you,
I'd be an unemployed rabbi.

I got six convalescent homes
to worry about,

not to mention apartments...

in Borough Park,

Williamsburg.

I'm sick and tired of you living
in a house without a telephone.

Oy, such a greenhorn.

I know, I know.

You live with an old tailor

who saved your life in Poland...

and he desperately needs
your rent money to live.
A sob story.
Let me see this.
Now you're starting to write.
This is great. Great.
What's with the scribbling here?
Where's the rest of it?
If you can't finish it, tell me.
I'll get somebody else.
I'll talk into a Dictaphone myself.
I'll have Mrs. Regal type it.
E-Everything will be ready today.
I promise that.
I hope so. Meanwhile,
I'll hold on to this.
Now, once and for all,
your address.
- Where do you live?
Under Yankee Stadium?
- [Both Laughing]
I'm beginning to believe
that you got a wife...
- and you're hiding her from me.
- I wish I had the wife.
If you want one,
you could have one.
I picked out a fine woman for you.
You wouldn't even meet her.
What are you afraid of?
You wait long enough,
you'll marry a shiksa.
The subject for my next speech...
"Mixed marriages: The plague
of the Jews."
Now... are you
going to finish this?
And are you going
to give me your address?
Because if you don't,
I'm gonna have to fire you.
This town is lousy with bookworms.
Everyone wants to be a ghostwriter.
I...

Thirty-nine eighteen

Pelham Drive.

- In-In the Bronx.

- What's the name of the old tailor?

- Pracz.

- Tell him to put in a phone
and send the bill...

- No, no. You can't do that.

- Why?

- You can't install one
without his consent.

- Why should he care?

The ringing frightens him.

It reminds him of Auschwitz.

- There are other refugees,
and they have telephones.

- Well, I-I...

It'll be good for him.

Put it in your room.

In case he gets sick...

he could call a doctor,
maybe get help.

Lunatics. Crazy people.

That's why Hitlers rise up.

Look, I wanted us to be friends.

But there's something about
you that makes it very difficult.

I could help you a great deal,
but you close up like a clam.

Uh, maybe. Maybe I am no
longer a part of this world.

Clichs. Empty words.

I know hundreds of
concentration camp survivors...

some of them practically
on the way to the oven,
but they're doing fine.

They drive cars, they do business
and they have telephones.

Maybe that's my problem.

I was hiding in a barn.

Look, I don't want to force
my friendship on you.

But I'm calling today and

having them install a telephone.

Sno-cones!

Get your sno-cones!

Five-cent sno-cones!

Sno-cones!

Get your sno-cones!

Five-cent sno-cones!

[Fading]

- [Coughing] Ohh.

- My mother.

Oh, Herman. Herman.

You know...

I've got in the habit
of sitting down and falling
right off to sleep.

- Did I sleep long?

- She walks around the house
as quiet as a mouse.

There are real mice here.

I can't tell the difference anymore.

You're starting again.

What is burning?

- Masha, I smell
something is burning.

- Nothing is burning, Mama.

She blames me for
everything that happens.

That's right.

The whole world is-is sane...

- and it's only
your mother that's crazy.

- Don't put words in my mouth.

You listen to how
she's carrying on?

She always has to say
something contrary.

She's just like her father.

May he rest in peace
in the Garden of Eden.

- [Coughing]

- Masha? Masha?

Water. [Coughs]

It's her fault, you know. It's all
her fault. She wouldn't let me die.

I thought she was dead too.
And then one day, she finds me.
The next day, she's already
talking back to me.
Then she marries this man,
this Leon Tortshiner.
Oy. Is that a charlatan!
You know, my daughter, she can
read the most difficult books.
When it comes to people,
she doesn't know her hands
from her feet.
Now look. She's left sitting here,
a deserted wife.
If I want to get married,
I won't wait for a divorce.
Oh... [Sniffs] What is
happening with that stove?
Masha, I smell there's
something burning here!
Look at this! Oh, my God!
There isn't a drop of water
left in this pot!
If God could allow the Jews
of Europe to be killed...
what reason
is there to believe...
he would prevent the
extermination of Jews in America?
God doesn't care.
- Right, Herman?
- Who knows?
Will you leave Herman alone?
First you burn the meat...
and now you're bothering and
pestering him with these questions.
Maybe suffering
is an attribute of God.
Mama baked some cookies.
I'll bring you some.
- No. First he has to eat the compote.
- What's the difference what he...
- Stop it.
Stop fighting. What...

- It all gets mixed up.
Will you two stop quarreling?
If you two can't
live together peacefully...
how can there ever be
peace on the Earth?
The last two people on Earth,
they would kill each other.
How can you understand God?
- You shouldn't argue
with her so much.
- She infuriates me.
She's more devoted to material
things than any atheist.
First she tells me
to marry Leon Tortshiner...
because he brings her
little cakes.
Later, she finds fault with him.
God knows why.
What difference
was it to me who I marry?
After all I'd been through,
what would it matter?
Speaking of marriage,
how is your little peasant?
Did you tell her you were
on a book-selling trip again?
- Tonight, I'm in Philadelphia.
- And what happens
if she finds out about us?
- She'll never find out about us.
- There's always the possibility.
She will never separate us.
If you can spend so much
time with an illiterate goose...
perhaps you don't need
anything better.
And what sense is there
in doing the dirty work
for that swindler of a rabbi?
- At least become a rabbi.
Swindle in your own name.
- I can't do that.

- Here's the compote. It's delicious.

- Thanks.

The truth is, you're still
hiding in that hayloft.

Yep. That's the truth.

This is very good.

This is... This is very good.

[Train Rumbling By]

[Rumbling Rises In Intensity]

[Train Wheels Screeching]

[Panting]

[Moaning]

I don't believe your peasant
is really as cold as you say she is.

- Well, don't believe it.

- What about your first wife?

Did you love her?

- Tamara is dead.

- Suppose I were to die?

Or commit suicide?

How long would you
remember me?

How long would you wait
before finding another?

Just this once...

be honest.

How long would you wait?

I would never
have anyone again.

- Is that the truth?

- Yes, you devil.

The whole truth.

[Both Laughing]

- [Laughing]

- Suppose... Suppose that there
were no men left on the Earth.

- Mm-hmm.

- Would you do it with a woman?

Sure. Why not?

Would you do it with a man?

- No. Absolutely not.

Out of the question.

- Why?

- Why? No.

- You know why?
- Because then I wouldn't
find my other half.
- [Laughs]
But an animal...
[Moaning]
- [Both Laughing]
- You get me a nice sheep or a goat...
- Mmm! That's another story, you know.
- [Laughing]
- You ever do it with a guard?
- Never.
Not that
they weren't interested.
Of course, there was
this lieutenant at Dachau.
No. Never.
Never, never.
It's time to go to work,
Herman.
- Before work comes pleasure.
- I have to go.
I have to go.
[Mumbles]
[Both Laughing]
[Humming]
Yadzia?
Let's take a holiday.
[Applauding]
[Speaking Polish]
[Replies In Polish]
Want one pink one.
[Bell Rings]
- [Man] All right,
we got a balloon going up.
- [Chattering]
- [Talking, Indistinct]
- [Shouting, Indistinct]
[Herman]
Hit the hole! Hit the hole!
- [Bell Ringing]
- Yeah! I won! I won!
We have a winner!
We have a winner!

Mister, you have a winner!

All right!

We got a winner!

[Screaming]

[Laughing, Screaming]

[Chattering]

I'm so happy.

So lucky.

God himself

has sent you to me.

[Siren Blaring]

- [People Screaming]

- Herman, please.

I want to become a Jew.

I want to have your child.

[Barking]

- [Laughing]

- They drag animals here
from all over the world...

- and put them in cages.

- My cage was not
this comfortable.

Yeah.

- I have to call Yadwiga.

- Call her.

- Don't be angry.

- Call her.

But if you love me,
you'll take me to the Catskills
for my vacation...

just like you promised.

I promise.

I-I must stay here
in Baltimore another day.

[Animal Roars]

Uh, in a bookstore.

- I'm in a bookstore.

- [Animals Growling]

- Uh, what?

- [Bird Chirping]

It's, uh,

it's a jungle book store.

That's right... No.

Oh, sure. There are jungles

in Baltimore.

[Roars]

I know that, sweetheart.

I-I know.

- I-I miss you too.

- [Roars]

I will. Listen. I will... I will...

I will call you tomorrow.

I promise you.

That's right. Bye-bye. [Kissing]

Y-Y-You... Say hello

to the birds for me.

Yeah, bye-bye.

"Yadzia."

Come home with me

and I'll show you something

your Yadzia would blush at.

- [Roaring]

- [Roaring]

Would you still want me...

- if we both died young...

- Oh, Masha.

And were buried in the same plot

and I came to you...

- in your grave?

- [Moans]

Would you still want me?

Always.

Always, Masha.

[Groans]

Herman?

Herman?

- Herman, wake up.

- Mm.

Herman, Masha says

she's gonna meet you

in the cafeteria at 12:00.

And, uh... they're looking

for you in the newspaper.

See?

Nowadays, when someone

is looked for in the newspaper...

it's no small matter.

[Talking, Indistinct]

[Baby Crying]

Come in, Mr. Broder.

A miracle from heaven,

Broder. A miracle.

Call her in.

Your wife has returned.

Hello, Herman.

I didn't know

that you were alive.

That's something

you never knew.

[Door Closes]

- Our children?

- Dead.

Sit. Sit down.

Th-Th-They told me

that you were killed by a-a-a...

- a firing squad.

- They shot two bullets into me.

One is still here in my body.

It's as if you've...

you've risen from the dead.

We were dumped in

an open pit, hundreds of us.

They thought

we were all dead.

But I crawled over some corpses

and escaped at night.

It was raining or the Nazis

would have seen me.

Then I fled to Russia.

I lived in the woods,

for years.

How was it my uncle

didn't know where you were?

We had to put

an advertisement in the paper.

I-I don't have my own apartment.

I live with someone else.

What do you do?

Where do you live?

I didn't know

that you were alive.

- I think...

- Who's the lucky woman
who has taken my place, Herman?
She isn't Jewish.
She, uh...
She's the daughter
of the Pole in whose house
I lived during... during the war.
A peasant?
Who is she?
She was our servant.
You knew her.
Uh... Yadwiga.
Yadwiga?
You married her?
[Chuckles]
Forgive me.
Wasn't she a little
simple-minded?
I remember she didn't know how
to put on a pair of shoes.
Your brother used to tell me
how she used to put
the left shoe on the right foot.
Tamara.
- She saved my life.
- Was there no better way
to repay her?
[Chuckles]
Sorry. I shouldn't ask.
Do you have
any children by her?
Children? No.
Well, it wouldn't
shock me if you did.
I assumed you crawled
into bed with her even
when you were with me.
That's nonsense.
I never crawled into bed
with her with anyone.
- Oh, really?
- No.
We never really did have a marriage.
All we did was argue.

What was I supposed to do?
One minute, you were a Trotskyite...
You never had any respect for me,
for my ideas.
That's not true.
You know that.
Why don't you have
any children by her?
Why are you looking at me
like that? You married her.
Well, maybe for one minute there
I thought... I says... I said...
well, maybe-maybe
you have changed.
- But I see you haven't changed.
You're still the same.
- No.
- Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
- No, I'm not the same.
No, I'm not the same.
I'm dead.
They put nylon stockings on me,
dyed my hair, polished
my fingernails. God help me.
But I'm dead. So I bear
no grudges against anyone.
- Nor am I dependent on anyone.
- No. But with...
I just hope you're not
playing the same tricks
on your wife...
- I am not...
- that you played on me.
I don't know where
you're living, Broder,
but you may stay with us.
Uncle, he has another wife.
There was an eyewitness
who-who said that...
They testified that she...
- You don't have
to run away, Herman.
- I...
I'm not going to trap you

into anything.

- That's what we read
in the newspapers.

- Yeah.

- Why didn't you tell us?

- Well, I didn't want
to trouble you, that's all.

All right,

so it's not so terrible.

You didn't know she

was alive, so you weren't
living illegally with a woman.

And I'm sure that you will,
as soon as possible...

- I'll do... wh-whatever...

- What do you want to do, Herman?

- You want to divorce me?

- No. No.

- Oh, what should I do,
move in with your new wife?

- Uh... no.

Look, I, uh...

I don't know. I...

Look, I-I have to run. I-I... I'm sorry.

I would like to stay.

But it's, uh... I have a pressing
business engagement down at...

I'm late. Uh... I'm-I'm-I'm
writing a book for-for a rabbi.

It's, uh... I-I think
you would be interested in it.

It's, uh, it's very
complicated, and it's, uh...

[Sighs] But I-I-I have to go now.

You'll have to excuse me.

I... I'm sure...

What I'll do, I will call you.

It's, uh... I will...

I will be in touch with you.

[Door Opens]

- [Door Closes]

- Why did he get
into the bathroom?

You were with a relative, huh?

- I didn't even know he was alive.
- What's his name?
Feivl. Feivl Lemberger.
- A Talmudic scholar in his sixties.
- You think I'm an idiot?
I know who it is.
It's that old girlfriend
of yours, Eva Kracover.
- She's been after you since Warsaw.
- Masha, Masha, Masha.
- Masha, great game.
- Thanks, Benny. Two teas, Bernie.
It is Eva. She missed you so badly,
she put a notice in the personals.
You were so afraid I'd see
the name and number, you tore it
out of my mother's paper.
- How do you know that?
- My mother called me,
that's how I know.
But I got another one.
I'm going to call right now
and find out the truth.
- You want to call?
You go ahead, call.
- Yes!
I will give you the nickel.
You call. I'm bored to death
with your ugly accusations.
- All the time, it's the same thing...
- Don't let her push you around.
- I'll call when I feel like it.
- If you have no faith in me...
- then the whole
relationship is senseless.
- It's senseless, all right.
[Man] That's right.
Go on, you tell him.
You have your shiksa
and you have me, but some
bitch from Europe shows up...
and you leave
to run off to meet her.
A whore like that

probably has syphilis too.
- I haven't seen Eva in years!
- I don't know why
I stay with you.
You're a pathological liar
and a bastard besides!
Russians.
They're hot-blooded.
Masha. Masha.
Tamara, my dead wife,
risen from the grave.
Polished her nails, come to
New York. That's the truth.
You know, Herman, compared
to you, Leon Tortshiner
was an honest man.
And after all this,
I was gonna tell you...
I can take my vacation now.
- Starting when?
- We can leave Sunday morning.
Oh, boy. Listen. I-I don't know.
I don't know, Masha.
This is... This is not a good time
for me. It's a very bad time.
You did it deliberately.
All year you promised
to take me to the country...
- It's still a promise. I will...
- and at the last minute...
- you change your mind!
- What are you hitting me for?
I'll go myself.
I don't need you.
I'll pack a suitcase and go
wherever my eyes lead me.
Don't threaten me. I will take you
to the country. Masha...
[Sighs]
[Swing]
#A certain maid I know
is so afraid her beau #
#Will never ask her
Will she name the day #

#He calls on her each night
And when she dims the light #
#It's ten to one that
you will hear her say #
#Oh, Joseph, Joseph
Won't you make your mind up #
#Oh, Joseph
Make your mind up #
#It's time I knew
just how I stand with you ##
[Tamara] My uncle keeps nagging
me to come to a decision.
He says you should
divorce the other one.
If not, you should divorce me.
I can't get a Jewish divorce
from Yadwiga. We weren't
married under Jewish law.
Are you at least faithful to her
or do you have six others?
[Mumbling]
Tamara, you know...
You might as well
tell me everything.
It's pointless to hide now.
Ja, ja.
I have a mistress.
I thought so.
What can you talk about
with Yadwiga. Who is she?
She's from over there.
From the camps.
Twenty cents grapes, please.
- Well, I see nothing
has changed with you.
- Ja, ja, ja.
- Thank you.
- This sweetheart of yours...
does she accept
this arrangement?
She has no choice.
Her husband won't divorce her.
She's in love with me.
Are you in love with her?

I can't live without her.
Well, well, well.
To hear such words from you.
Is she beautiful?
Intelligent? Charming?
- All three.
- How do you manage it?
Do you rush
from one to the other?
I do the the best I can.
It's not so easy.
What sort of person
is your mistress?
A little crazy,
but tremendously interesting.
- Children?
- No. And she doesn't want any.
You're lying, Herman.
If a woman loves a man,
she wants to have his child.
She wants to be his wife too.
And not have him run off
with another woman.
- Does she know about me?
- She read the notice in the paper.
She could call here at any time.
What shall I say if she calls?
That I'm your sister?
I told her that you were alive.
She didn't believe me.
Then I told her a cousin
of mine showed up. A...
A man called Feivl Lemberger.
Shall I tell her that
I am Feivl Lemberger?
[Moans]
Go. Go have Sabbath
with your wife.
[Laughing]
[Speaking Hebrew]
[Speaking Hebrew]
- Good Shabbes.
- Good Shabbes.
Was good?

It was good.
- [Sighs]
- Herman!
- You're breaking
God's commandment.
- [Scoffs]
There is no God,
do you hear?
And if there were,
I would defy him.
[Speaking Polish]
[Speaking Polish]
Besides, if there were a God,
he wouldn't care about lighting
the lights on the Sabbath.
Yadzia, tomorrow, I'm...
I must go to Pittsburgh.
It's a long trip.
Have you slept with her yet?
- Who?
- Feivl Lemberger.
[Sighs] Not yet.
Who is she? You might as well
tell me the truth.
I told you the truth.
Tamara's alive. She's here.
Tamara is dead
and rotting in the earth.
Feivl is one of your sweethearts.
I swear on the bones
of my parents.
It isn't my sweetheart.
- Then tell me who she is.
- I told you. I to...
- Who is she?
- It's a relative of mine, huh?
A broken woman who has
lost her children.
- Why did you say
Feivl Lemberger?
- Why? Why did I say Feivl?
Because I know you.
I know how suspicious you are.
If I just mentioned

a woman, what... Let me
ask you a question.
Do you really think that
Reb Abraham Nissen Yaroslaver...
would put a notice in the paper
for a sweetheart of mine?
They're pious people.
Masha, I've had it up to here.
You don't believe me,
you call them yourself.
You find out for yourself.
- Well, maybe this time
you're innocent.
- Ah, maybe. Ja, ja, ja.
- No. Not so easy to make up.
- You'll never believe what I've
been through these last days.
You little idiot, you.
I love you, you know.
[Chattering]
Where are the Nazis?
What kind of world
is this without Nazis?
A backward country,
this America.
- ## [Radio]
- # It's very clear #
- # Our love is here to stay #
- # Our love is here to stay #
- # Not for a year #
- # Not for a year#
- # Forever and a day #
- # Forever and a day #
- #And the radio #
- # And the radio #
- #And the telephone #
- # And the telephone #
- #And the movies that we know #
- # And the movies that we know #
- # May just be passing fancies #
- # May just be passing fancies #
- #And in... #
That lady can sing, huh?
- # And in time may go #

#Time may go #
- # But, oh, my dear#
- # But, oh, my dear #
- # Our love is here to stay #
- # Our love is here to stay #
- # Together we're #
- Come on, Yeshiva boy,
let's see what you can do.
- # Goin'a long #
- #Together # [Laughs]
- # Going a long long way #
- # The Rockies may tumble #
- # Gibraltar may tumble #
- # In time the Rockies may crumble #
- # Gibraltar may tumble #
- # But our love is here to stay #
But our love is here #
#To stay #
[Humming]
Yadzia, I'm in Pittsburgh.
No, Pitt...
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
That's right, that's right.
No, I'm working as fast as I can.
No, I promise not
to stay away too long.
You miss her.
You can hardly wait
to go back with her again.
She's all alone.
She's helpless.
What about me?
- This is my vacation.
- Of course, of course.
We're here one night
and you go running to the phone
to call your peasant.
You lied to her,
and you will lie to me.
I don't ever want
to see you again. Ever!
- [Applause]
- [Man, Indistinct]

[Thinking:

Man Speaking German]

- [Thinking:

- No. No.

- [Man Speaking,
Dogs Barking, Continues]

- No. No!

[Herman] No!

No! No! No!

[Voices Louder,
Woman Screaming]

- [Voices Fading]

- [Sobbing]

- This is not the way.

- [Chuckling]

What is the way?

Where was I five years ago
this time?

Still among the dead.

- ## [Rumba]

- [Man] Okay. What we're
doing here is the rumba.

We're doing the box step.

Everybody follow me.

And left and back.

It's left, front and side.

And back and one

and two and back and three.

- [Yells]

- Everybody dance.

Everybody do the rumba.

That's it.

Left and right.

Down slow. Now back up.

Up. Down one more time.

Down. Good.

[Chattering]

Did you see A Double Life?

Oh, what an actor

that Ronald Colman is.

Such a voice.

Such a fine nose.

Give me John Garfield.

Now there's an actor.
Not to mention he's Jewish.
- I heard that Ronald Colman's
also Jewish.
- Ohh.
I had a relative named Broder.
A third cousin, from Lemberg.
Or was it Tarnow?
- [Man On P.A.]
Lunch is served in five minutes.
- I think it was Drohobycz.
- Lunch. Excuse me.
- Oh, Lunch. Lunch.
[Man On P.A.]
Please, no bathing suits
in the dining room.
- I repeat, please...
- Herman. What are you doing here?
What am I doing here?
What are you doing here?
I'm coming here, uh, always.
I always come here.
- Ah.
- To write. I'm writing here.
- Ah. Must be
a good place for that.
- Oh. Yeah, yeah.
- This is our second visit here.
- Excellent kosher food.
- Why don't you
join us for lunch?
- Oh, no, I...
- It's the boiled beef today.
- No. That wouldn't
be possible. I'm sorry.
Is your wife here?
Oh, that? That. Uh...
Oh, of course not.
What would she be doing here?
I'm coming here...
I come here to work.
Work, work, work.
You know, deadlines.
It, uh... I don't have to tell you.

You know about, uh...

Ill... Dinner. Maybe
we'll have dinner together.

If you'll be here,
we'll have dinner.

- Uh, I'm-I'm sure
it was Drohobycz.

- It could be.

He will never come for dinner.

[Man's Voice]

Philip Bronstein, your mother
wants you in the bungalow now!

Anybody who lost
a set of keys on the beach...
they're in the office.

The keys are in the office.

Sadie Reuben is looking
for a canasta party.

Anybody interested, contact her
at bungalow number 17.

Whoever took
the paddles for Ping-Pong...
and didn't return them, please
do so to the office immediately.
Remember, folks, tonight

at 8:

- Excuse me.

- We'll have dancing to
the Mitch Felson Trio.

- Masha.

- Herman, what are you doing?

I'm so hungry.

- Let's go for a ride.

- They're having
the boiled beef today.

- Yeah, I heard.

I'm not hungry. Come on.

- I'm starving.

It should be
cooler on the lake.

Come on. Come on.

Get in. Get in. Come. Come.

Get in. Get in.

Get into the boat. Come on.

Row. Row.

Row, Masha, row.

Masha, row, row, row.

Row the boat. Row!

[Man On P.A.]

...you got a long-distance
call from your husband.

It's been seven weeks since I've
had my visitor. I'm never late.

- You'll go.

You'll see a doctor.

- They can't tell so soon.

I'll wait another week.

An abortion in America costs \$500.

And it's dangerous too.

A woman in the cafeteria
got blood poisoning
and that was the end of her.

What an ugly way to die.

And what would my mother do
if anything happened to me?

- I'm sure you would let her starve.

- [Sighs] Masha, Masha.

Don't get melodramatic.

You don't even know
if you're pregnant yet.

- Herman?

- Hm?

I'm afraid of an operation.

- Herman?

- Don't worry. It'll be all right.

Perhaps Leon will divorce me.

I'll speak frankly to him.

- If he won't divorce me,
the child will bear his name.

- I can't divorce Yadwiga.

You can't? When the King
of England wanted to marry
the woman he loved...

he gave up his throne, and you
can't get rid of a stupid peasant?

- You know a divorce
would kill Yadwiga.

- I know nothing of the sort.

- You married her
in a civil ceremony.

- Oh, Masha.

- Marry me
in a Jewish ceremony.

- Oh, I can't.

- I don't need their gentile papers.

- Oh, Masha.

- I can't... I can't do that.

- Why?

Why? Why? It would be
bigamy, that's why.

- It would be worse.

It would be polygamy.

- No one will ever know.

- Yeah, so...

- As long as there's
no marriage certificate...

- no one can prove
that we're man and wife.

- That-that...

Let me finish.

If you won't agree,
you can leave this minute.

I'll find a doctor who
will perform the operation.

- But don't you ever
show your face to me again.

- Oy, Masha, Masha.

I'll give you
one minute to answer.

[Flushes]

- You're asking me...

- One minute.

You're asking me to break the law.

I would be afraid of every policeman.

- You're afraid anyhow.

- That's right. That's right.

- Answer me!

- I told you, yes! Yes!

Yes!

But our baby would be a bastard
anyway, according to the Jewish law.

It was conceived
before the divorce.
Jewish law
and all the other laws...
mean as much to me
as last year's frost.
I'm only doing it
for my mother.
I've wanted your child
since the day we met.
[Humming]
[Knock On Door]
[Knocking]
[Resumes Humming]
- Herman.
- I'm marrying again.
A third wife? Who?
Masha.
I thought she already
had a husband.
She's divorcing him.
She's pregnant.
Well, congratulations.
You're going to be a father again.
- I'm going crazy. That's the truth.
- Were you always like this?
Or did the war do it?
I can't remember what kind
of person you used to be.
I can't believe you've come to
me under these circumstances.
Tamara, please.
My head is exploding.
Come in. I'll get you
something to eat.
[Door Closes]
[Both Sigh]
- You remember my cousin Isaac?
- Ja, ja.
Yeah? Well, he married
Helen Edela.
They met again in the camp.
- Helen Ede...
- Helen Edela.

- The one that...

This was this big.

- You remember?

- Oh, my God.

Where-Where are they now?

- In Tel Aviv. They hate it.

[Laughing]

[Mumbling, Sighs]

I don't want to go home,

Tamara.

What do you want to do?

Stay here among the dead?

I can't face Yadviga yet.

[Rustling, Banging]

[Rustling, Banging]

I have a sleeping pill

if you want one.

If I were lying with you,

then I would sleep.

Come into my bed.

You won't believe me...

but sometimes

our little David and Sarah

come to me at night.

They talk till morning.

But when I wake up,

I don't remember anything.

I believe you.

Tamara, I want to...

I want to ask you something.

Don't-Don't be mad at me.

- [Sighs]

- What?

During all those, uh,

all those years, uh...

you never had a single man?

Suppose I did.

I'm just curious. You can be

perfectly honest with me.

- Then why are you shaking?

- [Chuckles Nervously]

I'm not shaking.

Yes. There was someone.

- Yeah?

- In Russia. Everything
happened there.

So, uh, who was it?

[Chuckles]

A man. Not a woman.

One. Several of them.

Look, you told me this much.

You might as well tell me everything.

Three.

Three? Three men?

I didn't know you were alive.

I assumed if you were,
you'd be doing the same thing.

[Breathing Heavily]

Well, then you're a whore.

Didn't I tell you?

[Quiet Sobbing]

- Herman?

- What?

Herman, wake up.

- Herman?

- Mm.

There was no one.

Not one man.

Not three men.

Not even half a man.

- You're lying.

- No.

[Sobbing] Over there...

women gave themselves
to men they hardly knew.

But whenever someone
tried to get close to me...

[Sobs] I always saw the faces
of our children before me!

Oh, God. Oh, God!

Oh, God, Herman!

Oh, God!

[Yadwiga] I bake special
New Year challah.

I make carp's head
like I'm supposed to.

Then he calls and says
he cannot be there...

he must sell...
Encyclopedia Britannica.
What is
Encyclopedia Britannica?
And now he says he must go
to Indiana. What is Indiana?
What is Indiana?
"What is alimony," is what
you should be asking.
- You need a lawyer.
- Yadviga.
[Cantor Singing In Hebrew]
[Cantor Continues]
I have tickets for us.
I paid \$10 for these tickets.
Please, Herman.
It's important for me.
Our neighbors will be there.
- Everyone will see us. Please.
- I will not go to synagogue
once a year...
like these assimilated hypocrites
who call themselves Jews!
The neighbors say
you have mistress! [Gasps]
Herman. You've hit me
on Yom Kippur?
The holiest day of the year?
I saved your life.
I took the last bite of food
out of my mouth...
and gave it to you
in the hayloft.
I carry out your shit.
[Sobs]
[Whispering] I'm sorry, Yadzia.
Yadzia, Yadzia, Yadzia.
[Sobbing Continues]
Forgive me. You go.
You go to the synagogue.
You go.
You pray for me, ja?
Go.
[Sobbing Continues]

[Cantor Singing In Hebrew]

[Continues]

- ## [Cantor]

- [Sobbing]

Hello, children.

[Ends]

[Woman Chattering Happily]

- Tortshiner?

- Broder? Come in, please.

I have every reason

to be your enemy, Broder.

But I tell you right off

I'm here for your sake.

- Have some cheesecake.

- No, thank you.

You can afford it!

I have to watch my weight.

So I take the, uh...

I take the compote.

- Huh? Some tea?

- Yeah. I-I take tea.

- Two teas, please?

- [Man] Okay.

Masha tells me that you
are something of a-a writer.

But I am a scientist, and
I believe, before one acts...
one must have all the facts.

Oh, yeah? So what are
the facts, Mr. Tortshiner?

The facts are that your Masha
bought her divorce from me...
at a price

no honest woman would pay...
even if her life depended on it.

No, no, no, no,
no, no, no.

This is on me.

Normally, I would have
no reason to take an interest in you.

- But I happened to
strike up an acquaintance...

- [Register Ringing]

With your employer.

Thank you.
Rabbi Lembeck.
He told me you suffered
a great deal during the war.
Huh?
What price did she pay,
Mr. Tortshiner?
[Grunts]
Drink your tea.
It's getting cold.
Did you know your Masha was
the lover of a Red Army deserter?
Who smuggled gold
from Bessarabia?
I won't deny it.
I am still in love with her.
She drives men crazy.
Anyway, things went bad
for us, and we had been apart
for almost two years.
When she calls and says
she wants to see me.
So she comes over
all dressed up.
Fit to kill, as they say.
I had already heard
all about you.
But she-she told me
the whole story, as if
it happened only yesterday.
How she had fallen in love,
she had gotten pregnant,
she wants a divorce, blah blah.
She sat down in front of me
and crossed her legs.
Like an actress
posing for a photograph.
Huh? I said to her...
"You behaved like a prostitute
when you were with me,
now pay the price."
She hardly protested.
"We are still man and wife," she said.
[Laughs Bitterly]

I guess it's permitted.
To this day, I don't know
why I did it. Vanity, perhaps.
Anyway, I met Rabbi Lembeck,
he told me all about you...
and I realized she had caught
you in her net as she had me.
Perhaps she's attracted
to intellectuals.

- [Swallowing]

- [Slamming Glass]

[Chair Scraping]

- I won't marry her.

- I can't say I blame you.

You can't tell with Masha.

[Scoffs]

She's just the type
to have a bastard,
and then where would you be?

Thank you very much,

Mr. Tortshiner.

Broder!

Broder!

Broder, one last thing.

Every female sits in her own net,
like a spider waiting for a fly.

If you don't run away,
they'll suck the last drop
of life out of you.

Thank you. Again.

"And these are the duties
that the wife performs

for the husband:

- [Phone Ringing]

- "She grinds, bakes, washes, cooks...

- [Rings]

- "Nurses the child,
makes the bed and spins wool.

"Rabbi Eliezer says,

'Even if she brought him

a house full of servants...

he should force her to spin wool,
because idleness,

it leads to insanity."'

- [Spitting]

- [Phone Ringing]

- Why don't you answer
the telephone?

- I will never answer...

- the phone again on a holiday.

- [Ringing]

And if you want to become
Jewish, you don't iron
on Shemini Atzeret.

- This is a holiday!

[Ringing]

- You write on the Shabbat, not I.

- I won't be writing...

- on the Sabbath anymore.

- [Ringing]

If you don't want to
become like the Nazis,
then we must be Jews.

- When will I become Jewish?

- I'll talk to the rabbi.

I'll teach you the prayers.

Will we have a child?

If God wills it,

we'll have one.

[Exhales]

[Mumbling In Hebrew]

[Phone Ringing]

[Continues]

[Rings]

[Rings]

[Rings]

- [Rings]

- [Lifts Receiver]

- Hello?

- Are you still alive?

- What's happened to you?

- What happened to me is that...

I found out you are

a despicable creature.

Th-Tha-That's what happened

to me, you slut. I curse

the day that I met you.

- My God, what have I done?
- What... You've paid for your
divorce with prostitution.
Who told you this? Leon?
- Yeah, he spoke the truth.
- The truth is, he asked me.
I spat in his face.
If I'm lying, may I not live
to wake up in the morning.
May I never have rest in my grave.
Bring us face to face!
You had a lover
here in America?
If I had a lover here
in America, may I get cancer.
If Leon made it up,
may the curse fall on him.
If he's telling the truth...
may the child in my womb die.
Stop it.
Stop that. Stop it.
Stop it. You're swearing
like a fishwife.
I don't want to live
anymore. [Weeping]
[Cantor Singing In Hebrew]
[Continues Singing,
"Song Of Songs"]
[Ends]
- [Chattering]
- Herman!
I'm pregnant!
Eh, that's wonderful.
- [Happy Chattering]
- [Chuckling]
- I'm so happy for you.
- Mazel tov!
[Herman] Thank you.
I'm a very lucky man.
[Singing Along To Phonograph]
#Talk about a moon #
Floating in the sky #
Looking like
a lily on a lake #

#Talk about a bird
Learning how to fly #
Making... #
What's the matter with you?
Either you're with your peasant
or you're working.
- We're married now, remember?
- Ooh! Ach!
And soon we'll have a child.
Mm-mm.
Come on, Yeshiva boy.
Let's show your mother-in-law
how we dance.
I am not his mother-in-law!
He's not my son-in-law!
- This is all craziness!
- Why do you do this to me?
Why do I have to live with you?
It's your fault we have
to legalize our love with
this bourgeois institution.
Shut up, the both of you.
The Talmud is such a great book.
It doesn't explain what a man
should do with two wives.
[Phone Ringing]
[Ringing]
[Rings]
- Ja, hello?
- Herman.
Come quick.
Please, come!
What... What? Talk to me.
Herman, Masha's sick.
Come quick.
- Who just phoned? Your mistress?
- [Bangs Down Receiver]
- Leave me alone.
- Your breakfast is ready.
Your breakfast is getting cold!
I can't have breakfast.
I have to go.
- Where, to your mistress?
- Yes, to my mistress!

- To my mistress, yes!
- You made me pregnant,
and you go running to a whore?
- You're not selling books. Liar!
- Go back into the kitchen.
- Or I'll throw you out of here.
- You have a lover!
- You have a mistress!

You spend nights with her!

- Uh-huh.

You dog! You liar!

There is no jungle in Baltimore!

You hear it? There is no jungle
in the stupid Baltimore!

[Cursing In Polish]

[Train Rumbling]

[Knocking On Door]

- Herman.

- She's okay?

- Her husband?

- Yes.

- Mr. Broder, who told you
your wife was pregnant?

- Did the doctor examine her?

- I-I don't know.

In this country when
a woman is pregnant, she's under
the continual care of a doctor.
Your wife had a hemorrhage,
but there was no baby.

- The whole pregnancy was... up here.

- [Weeping]

I thought she was
in her sixth month!

And then suddenly...

Suddenly she's screaming.

She's having cramps,
and then there's blood
gushing everywhere.

- She's o... She's okay?

- Oh, my life.

She'll sleep,
at least until tonight...
and I'll drop by

tomorrow morning.
On my way to the hospital.
She's perfectly normal inside.
You'll be a grandmother
a year from now.
I won't live that long.
[Door Closes]
I wanted so much
to have a grandchild.
If only somebody to name
for the murdered Jews.
Go in. [Gaspings]
Go in a moment. Go in.
- Ja, okay. I go see Masha.
- I am all right.
Yeah, go see Masha.
How do you feel?
I have no feelings left.
[Softly]
Masha, Masha.
[Humming]
- The stew is finished.
- So am I.
Financially, physically, spiritually.
I made your favorite.
Barley stew.
- Come and eat.
- [Knocking On Door]
- [Howling, Crying] Oh, God!
- What happened?
- God! Don't go!
It's a ghost! A ghost!
- Yadwiga, what is...
- [Screaming]
- I didn't think she would
recognize me.
Yadzia! Yadzia!
Stop shaking, stop shaking!
Foolish peasant, she's alive!
She's alive!
Calm down, Yadwiga.
I'm not dead. I haven't
come to haunt you.
What's wrong with you?

- You could frighten her to death!
- I thought I was so changed,
my own mother wouldn't know.
Then, you could phone, ja?
You could... You could phone!
- Okay, here it is. Sit down.
- Oh, God!
- Sit, sit, sit.
- Oh, God! What will happen now?
- [Screaming]
- What do you do this for?
What do you do?
And I am pregnant!
[Sobbing, Moaning]
Don't think I'm here
to disturb the happy couple.
I learned how
to drink in Russia.
When I have a glassful,
I become a little curious.
After all, we still have
something in common.
- Both of you knew me
when I was alive.
- [Hysterical Screaming]
Why do you do this?
Why do you do this to her?
- You know she's pregnant.
- I'm not dead! I'm not dead.
I'm not alive
and I'm not dead.
The truth is,
I have no claim on him.
He probably always loved you.
I'm-I'm sure he slept
with you before me.
Oh, no.
I was an innocent girl.
- I came to him a virgin.
- Oh! Congratulations.
Men love virgins.
If every man had his way...
every woman would
lie down a prostitute

and get up a virgin.
[Sobbing]
Well, I see I'm an uninvited guest.
I better go.
No, Mistress Tamara.
Forgive me.
As God is my witness...
if I had known you were alive,
I would have kept away from him.
[Sobs] Sit down,
Mistress Tamara.
I get you tea.
Don't worry.
She won't divorce you.
If she does, you can always
go to the other one.
If she throws you out too,
you can come to me.
- [Crying Quietly]
- Yadzia, don't worry.
Nothing's going to happen.
Calm down, Yadwiga.
I won't come again.
No, Mistress Tamara.
You stay here.
This is your husband
and your home.
- You suffered long enough.
- But I don't want him.
I wouldn't live with him
even if you were to go away.
Where will you go?
Here there is a home for you.
I'd be the servant again.
That's God's will.
No, Yadwiga, you have
a good heart, but I can't
accept such a sacrifice.
A slit throat cannot
be sewn together again.
Wait, wait, wait.
Don't, d-don't, uh, d-d-don't go.
Look, since Yadwiga knows,
we can all be friends. Ja?

No, it's good. This way
I'll have fewer lies to tell.
- [Knocking At Door]
- [Screaming, Babbling Hysterically]
[Knocking]
Mr. Broder,
is your wife at home?
She's in the, uh, in the toilet.
A dear soul.
This is Mr. Pesheles, from Sea Gate.
I told him you sell
books and you write.
He's very interested in books.
Look, Mrs. Schreier,
I'm terribly sorry.
- This is a very bad time for me.
- It will only take a few minutes.
- Mr. Pesheles is a rich man.
- Oh!
President of the biggest home
for the aged in New York.
- He's on the board of three hospitals.
- Mrs. Schreier, please.
I don't need publicity.
If I need a publicity agent,
I'll hire one.
Well, uh, come in.
[Door Closing]
- [Clears Throat]
- And, uh, thi-this is a friend of mine.
She's, uh, she's from Europe.
She's just here a few weeks.
But you're not like
a greenhorn at all.
You look like an American.
And gorgeous!
You know what?
Let's all go down to your place.
I'll send out
for some bagels and lox
and maybe even some cognac.
And then we'll all
have a nice chat.
Now, what kind of books

did you say you wrote?

[Phone Ringing]

- [Ringing]

- Would you excuse me,
please, for one second.

[Rings]

Hello?

Broder? This is Rabbi Lembeck.

So you do have a phone, huh?

[Chuckles]

But not the Bronx, Brooklyn.

"Esplanade-2" is somewhere
near Coney Island.

Yeah, well,
my friend moved.

I'm not as big a fool
as you think I am, Broder.

I know everything.

Absolutely everything.

You married some woman named
Masha. You wouldn't even tell me
so I can congratulate you.

Listen, I'm calling you because
I gotta see you right away.

You made several serious errors
in the cabala article. It does
neither of us any credit.

If we can make the corrections
immediately, they'll hold
the presses until tomorrow.

So, give me your address.

I don't... I don't live here.

I live in the Bronx.

Again with the Bronx.

Where in the Bronx?

Honestly,

I can't figure you out.

Look, look, I will
explain everything to you.

I... It's a... I live here
temporarily, that's all.

Temporarily?

What's the matter with you?

Maybe you have two wives.

Two, m-maybe three.
Well, whatever the case,
give me your address.
I'll be there in an hour.
And don't be nervous,
I won't steal your wife,
no matter how many you have.

[Chuckling, Stammering]
Uh, 4-4-7-0 Jerome Avenue.

[Man On Television]
I'll buy you another one,
you should live so long!
Fix it. Fix it!

- Uh, I'm afraid that
I must go now.

- I must go too.

Oh, hey. Well, it looks
as though you're not going
to accept my invitation.

- No. [Chuckles]

- Some other time, perhaps.

- Yeah.

- Come, Mrs. Schreier.

By the way, I...

I didn't get your name.

- Uh, Tamara.

- Miss or missus?

Whatever you like.

Well, Tamara what?

Surely you have a last name.

- Tamara Broder.

- Broder?

- Also Broder?

- Cousins.

[Chuckles]

Small world.

- [Chuckles]

- Extraordinary times, huh?

My regards to your wife.

These days, a Polish peasant
who converts to Judaism...

is quite a phenomenon.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Don't leave me, Mistress Tamara.

- I have to go, Yadwiga.

You are not going!

The rabbi is waiting.

If I don't go now,

if I don't meet him...

he will fire me...

we would starve to death.

- [Heavy Gasps]

- I be back, Yadwiga.

[Neighbor's Baby Crying]

It's a lie! A whore is waiting
for him, not a rabbi!

I'm going to have

an operation tomorrow.

They're going to remove

that bullet from my hip.

You know, sometimes,

in the middle of the night...

I hear my father

talking to me.

"What have you accomplished?"

He asks.

"You make yourself,

everyone else miserable.

They're ashamed of you

here in heaven."

Think of me

once in a while, Herman.

Forgive me.

[Swing]

[Masha Laughing]

[Knocking]

- Mazel tov, bridegroom!

- Don't stand at the door!

It's your home. I'm your wife.

Everything here is yours.

What a catch, Broder!

Next week, you're

coming to my house.

- [Laughing]

- ## [Swing Continues]

- You sure

I picked the right dress?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Maybe I should have
taken the red one.

- [Groaning]

- Do you know, Herman? The red one
looked very nice too.

- It looks fine.

- Well, maybe I made
the right choice.

[Whistles]

[Violin]

Eileen, they've arrived!

- Ohh.

- [Chuckles]

Is that a beauty? He nabbed
the prettiest woman in America.

- Hello.

- Look at that face.

- My husband's told me
so much about you.

- He has?

- I'm really glad that
you came to our party.

- Yeah!

Won't you come in?
Come and have some drinks
and hors d'oeuvres...
and make yourself at home?
Good. Good. Oh, excuse me!
I'll be back soon.

[Chattering]

Oh. Could I offer you
an hors d'oeuvre, sir?
Take a napkin.

Excuse me.

[Muttering]

[Speaking Foreign Language]

Pesheles.

Nathan Pesheles.

I came to your apartment
a week ago.

Oh! I'm sorr...

[Chuckles]

I'm sorry, it's so

confusing, that I...

I didn't know that

you knew Rabbi Lembeck.

But who doesn't?

- Where's your wife?

- I've lost her.

- She's here somewhere. I...

- Come.

Let's find her together.

Mrs. Schreier's told me

so much about her.

A Polish girl that converts,

I'm dying to meet.

Herman! [Chuckling]

This is Yasha Kotik.

You remember, the actor

I told you about...

who was with me

in the camps.

- This is Herman.

- So, you're Masha's husband.

Congratulations.

Tell me, how do you do that?

I was searching for her

through half the world...

- and you marry her, just like that.

- [Masha Laughing]

And who is this

debonair gentleman?

W-What? [Stammering]

This is Mr. Pesheles.

- I met Mr. Broder in Coney Island.

- Coney Island?

I played there once.

A whole audience full

of old woman, and all deaf.

- [Laughing]

- I played every spot

in the Yiddish theater...

from Miami to the Warsaw Ghetto.

- And even a hungry audience

is better than a deaf one.

- [Laughing Continues]

And, uh, where do you live?

Also Coney Island?
What's all this talk
about Coney Island?
Well, I, uh, I went
to visit Mr. Broder there.
I thought the woman
who converted was his wife.
Turns out, he has
a pretty little one right here.
You refugees certainly
know how to live.
We Americans are only
allowed one at a time.
- And then, guess what? Guess what?
- It's not what you think.
I go to the hospital last week
to visit a friend with
a prostate problem.
And I meet that other pretty
woman who is also at your house.
She was having a bullet
removed from her hip.
She was probably delirious, but she
said she was also your wife.
What was that name?
T-Tam... Tamara!
- That's right, Tamara Broder.
- Tamara? I thought she was dead.
- I tell you, my dead wife
is living in America.
- She was old and ugly.
- But that's what all men
tell their wives!
- Well, here we are.
You all know each other.
My friend Mr. Pesheles
knows everyone.
And everyone knows him.
Masha, you're the most
beautiful woman at the party.
And my friend
Herman here, hid her.
- He's hiding more than one.
- You think so?

With me, he always played
the innocent lamb.

- I was beginning to believe
he was a eunuch.

- I wish I was such a eunuch.

- [Pesheles Chuckles]

- Excuse me, Rabbi. I'll be right back.

- Where are you running?

- Once and for all, how many
wives do you have?

- Let go of me.

- How many? Three?

Ten. Ten. I have to vo...

I have to vomit.

- Where's the bathroom?

- Down the hall.

Thank you.

Whoops... Ooh!

Herman! This is the last time
I'm going to talk to you.

And I want to tell you,
you're the worst fraud
I've known in my life!

- ## [Violin]

- If you hear that I'm dead...

- don't come to my funeral.

[Sniffling]

[Nazi Screaming In German]

[Dogs Barking,

Woman Screaming]

[Barking, Screaming Continue]

- Where are your wives?

- [Sighs Deeply]

They're both

not speaking to me.

- [Waiter] Coffee or tea?

- I am such a mess.

Masha, she knows everything.

Yadwiga's suspicious.

Everything is hopeless.

Coffee or tea?

We close in a half-hour.

Get him a glass of tea
and a nice piece

of cheesecake.
No cake. No cake.
Eh, I have a... have a stomach ache.
I want to say something to you.
And don't be angry with me.
You're a lost man, Herman.
One of those people who can't
make decisions for themselves.
Here in America,
they have... something
what is called a manager.
- Thank you.
- Let me be your manager.
You put yourself
entirely in my hands.
I'll take care of all
of your needs, but you must
do exactly what I ask you to do.
Why should you do this, Tamara?
Really, Tamara, this
is just your way of
giving me a few dollars?
No. I can see things have
become too much for you.
What do you look like now?
What are you, an angel?
Who knows what angels are?
[Stubbing Out Cigarette]
And first, you must
go back to Yadviga.
Then, I'll find you a new job.
You can work for my uncle.
- That's nice.
- It's good. I mean, it's good.
Hello, Matzi.
Hello, Pitzi.
Sit, sit, sit.
Happy Passover. [Sighs]
Here we are,
one big, happy family.
[Phone Ringing]
[Rings]
Hello?
If you don't speak to me,

I'm going to hang up.

[Masha] Wait.

I'm in Coney Island.

Beach Hotel.

- Room five.

- [Line Disconnects,

Dial Tone Buzzes]

[Hangs Up Phone]

[Saxophone:

Thanks, Kevin.

- Room five, please.

- Down the hall to your right.

That way?

I have missed you so much.

Rabbi Lembeck has

a convalescent home in Florida.

He offered me a job

for a hundred a week.

- What about your mother?

- The rabbi will take care of her too.

He'll put her in one

of his homes in New Jersey.

He's crazy about me.

He would have left his wife

for me if I wanted him to.

But I couldn't touch him.

If you don't like Florida,

he also has a home in California.

You can work for him too.

- He's as good as

an angel from heaven.

- I can't leave Yadwiga.

She's pregnant.

She could go into labor any day.

- And after she gives birth,

you'll have other excuses.

- Oh, Masha.

I've made up my mind. Tomorrow

I'm flying to California...

- and you will never

hear from me again.

- Please, Masha, no.

- Or have you

come back to Tamara?

- No.

But she's also an angel.

Introduce her to the rabbi.

Maybe the two angels

will make a new God.

We're both devils.

[Sighing, Gasping]

[Crowd Chattering]

If you go with her,

you're digging your own grave.

Maybe I would be

better off dead.

But I don't have

the guts to kill myself.

What about Yadviga?

What about the baby?

God blesses you with a child,

you spit in its face.

This kind of talk is useless.

[Gasping] I can't live

without Masha.

You want three women,

but you always go to the one

who calls you the loudest...

and who is sickest!

She's not your lover,

she's your enemy!

Shh. Look. I will send money

for the baby. I promise.

Every month,

I send money for the baby.

I must go.

It's the end for me, Tamara.

Go on, Herman. Go.

I'll take care of things

with the rabbi.

- Can I help you?

- Yes. I'm looking

for a nice menorah.

I think I prefer this one, but...

gimme a second.

[Bell Rings On Door]

[Train Wheels Screeching]

They even took the light bulbs.

When did it happen?

This morning, last night,
who knows?

Why wasn't I cremated
like all the other Jews?

- Did you call the police?

- [Chuckles Bitterly]

What can the police do?

They're thieves themselves.

[Screaming, Crying]

Look at this!

[Weeping]

Look at this!

Look at this!

[Screaming Hysterically]

Well, it's a sign.

It's time to leave.

- I told my mother.

I told my mother.

- Yes?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

What did she say?

- The same old words.

I'll be sorry.

You would leave me
and all the rest.

Now, we must decide
where we want to go.

California or Florida?

We can go by train or bus.

The bus is cheaper,
but it takes you a week...
to get to California,
and you will get there
more dead than alive.

- I think we should...

- [Commmotion]

- [Woman Sobbing, Coughing]

- Mother. Come.

- What happened?

- Call a doctor!

- What happened? What?

- I started my cab.

She passed out in my cab.

Come, come, come.

Come, come.

- She's okay. Get water.

- [Coughing]

- Masha, where's Masha?

- [Herman] Masha!

She's killed herself,
the bitch! Just for spite!

- [Kissing] Mama.

- Oh, Masha...

- Here, Mama.

- Here. Here.

Ja.

Get the doctor.

Get the doctor!

- Mama, you'll be fine.

I'm here, Mama. Okay.

- [Moans]

I'm here, Mama.

[Woman]

Oh, my God. What happened?

- [Man] Okay, let's go.

- All right, let's step
back here, all right?

[Engine Revving]

[Siren Wailing]

[Siren Fading Into Distance]

[Masha]

Stop here, please.

I bought a bulb.

- How's your mother?

- I have no mother.

And I have no money
for a funeral.

Her last words were,

"Where is Herman?"

Maybe your mother's better off.

She doesn't have to make
any more decisions. [Grunts]

That's the one advantage
to being dead.

[Sighs]

Herman.

You once promised me
we would die together.
[Sighs]
Remember?
Don't you remember?
In September.
Labor Day.
- When we were in the Catskills.
- Oh. I remember.
Why don't we do it?
I have enough sleeping pills
for both of us.
- It's a big step.
- I have them in my bag.
All we need...
[Takes Deep Breath]
- Is a glass of water.
- Well, that we have. That's
the one thing they didn't steal.
Well?
[Whispering]
Oh, Masha.
[Sighs Profoundly]
Oh, Masha, Masha.
You know, Tamara's right.
I'm a lost man.
I can't decide.
I can't decide between women.
I can't decide on anything. I...
Masha?
Masha, I feel...
I feel like...
Ja. Ja. Why not? Ja.
[Faucet Running]
- Mashele?
- Yes, Herman?
Before we die, I would...
First, I would like
to know the truth.
About what?
Have you been faithful to me
since we've been together?
[Scoffs]
Have you been faithful to me?

[Sniffs] If you tell
the truth, I will too.

- Wait. Wait!

- I'll tell the truth.

- I will tell the truth.

- I need a cigarette.

Wait.

Let's hear.

Once, with Tamara.

That's all.

When?

- [Laughing]

- After we got back
from the Catskills.

I told you I was
going with the rabbi
to Atlantic City?

- [Laughing Continues]

- What, you know? What?

Masha?

What is...

What's so funny?

- What? What?

- What you did with your wife,
I did with my husband.

Tortshiner?

- That cockroach?

He told the truth?

- Mm-hmm.

- I went to ask for the divorce,
and he insisted.

- You sw...

- He told me it was the only way
I could get it.

- You swore to me.

You swore to me
on a holy oath.

I swore falsely.

There isn't any point
in dying now.

- [Stammering] Let's go, Masha.

- What are you talking about?

- You promised we'd kill ourselves.

- You promised to tell the truth!

- Please wait until after the funeral.

- I'm leaving, Masha.

I'm leaving now. Are you coming?

We'll find a hotel somewhere.

Yes. I'm coming.

I'm coming.

Herman, I can't

leave my mother.

I want a grave next to hers.

I don't want to die

among strangers.

- You'll lie next to me.

- You are a stranger.

Herman, you're afraid.

Yeah, I'm afraid. Yeah.

I'm afraid of God.

Masha, I must go.

I must leave everybody.

As long as you're going

to leave me, at least

go back to your peasant.

- Don't leave your child.

- I have to leave everyone.

[Chuckles]

Good-bye, Herman.

- I have to go.

- Mm-hmm.

[Opens Door]

I have...

Good-bye, Herman.

Now you go!

Good-bye, Masha.

- Oy!

- Did you get the diaper service?

What do you mean, did I get

the diaper service? Of course

I got the diaper service.

I got the baby carriage.

I got the crib with red balls on it.

- I-I got the layette, whatever that is.

- [Breathing Rapidly]

Who do you think

you're talking to, a piker?

This is Rabbi Lembeck here.

- Mistress Tamara!
- You're gonna be fine, sweetheart.
- Ow, ow. Ow, ow.
- I'll be here, Yadwiga. I'll be here.

Mistress Tamara!

[Gasping]

Have you heard from Herman?

- No.
- I hope he doesn't do away with himself like poor Masha.

[Moaning, Gasping]

Come.

[Baby Fussing]

[Baby Crying]

- Shh!
- [Crying Continues]
- Don't cry. Don't cry.
- [Calming Down]

That's my baby.

Don't cry.

'Cause you're wet.

You're wet.

- You're wet. That's right. Shh.
- [Crying Resumes]

Just a minute!

I know what she wants.

- She wants her apricots.
- [Crying Continues]

She loves her apricots.

I'm coming!

She was so wet,

Mistress Tamara!

[Laughing]

Ja. We need more diapers.

- I'll order some.
- Whoops.
- Yeah.
- [Cooing]

There!

She wants her apricots.

She wants her nice,
delicious apricots.

Yes. Oops.

Whoops.

Masha.

Mashele.

Masha, Masha, Masha.

Mashele.

[Klezmer]