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Ex-Lady

By David Boehm

I'm sorry, but consider yourselves evicted from the premises.
Why, the evening's getting going.
I'm afraid we're being politely ordered to leave.
If you say, "politely"...

- I'll get my things.
- Alright.

My dear, you better wake your husband.
He seems a little "hors de combat. "
Wake up, darling.
Oh... good evening, all.
Must we really go?
Hate to drive you away, but I've got lots of work to do tomorrow.
Tomorrow's Sunday.
That's the only way I know it's Sunday:
I do twice as much work as other days.

- What are you working on now, Helen?
Illustrating that What's-His-Name's book for children.
I finished that. I'm doing a cover now for the Home Journal.

- Ladies'?
- Ladies'.
- Let's go.
- I laugh every time I think of it...
- Goodnight, Helen. -The subject of the lecture was La Vivandi're...
Well, to make a long story short, after the lecture was over...
...Aunt Lucinda went up to the lecturer and told him how much she enjoyed it.
Good night Helen. Come over and see us soon. Pick any night you want.

- Well, the old gentleman decided...
- Soon as I get breathing time I'll call.
Well? Are you going, or coming?
I'd like to stay a while,
- Nick, I've got to get to bed. -So what?
You know I'm not that kind of a girl.
- I know you're nice. -And is that being nice? Go on home.
You know, something's got to be done

about you and me sooner or later.

Goodnight, Nick!

- Is that you? -Who

else do you expect?

Gosh, it was a long evening.

Darling, we need such evenings. It makes things you love not go stale on you.

And what things do you love?

My work.

Is that all?

Yes.

Yes?

Yes.

Oh, come on. Help me clean up.

- Must you really work

tomorrow? -No way out.

I promised the cover for Monday.

Ah, confound the cover!

Yes. But don't confound the 300 dollars.

You're a successful woman.

I ought not to like it.

You're a pretty successful man.

I ought not to like it.

[In unison:

"I'm a man. "

What a boring evening.

Oh. Boring?

Its always boring when we're not alone.

Say:

to turn in right away?

No. Only said that. I'm hungry

too. Let's see what we've got.

You know... I'm just about

fed up with sneaking in.

- Sneaking?

- Yes, sneaking.

Let's get married. So I'll have the right to be with you.

What do you mean, "right"? I

don't like the word "right. "

Oh, let's not quibble

about words.

No, I'm not quibbling.
"Right" means something.
No one has any rights
about me, except me.
How about a Welsh rarebit?
- You know my weakness.
- No. Tell me.
Rarebits.
Hello, Father. What brings you here?
Excuse me a minute. I'm cold.
I want to put something on.
Wait outside. It's better you
should not listen to this.
Where's Mother?
No use shutting the door. I saw him.
Cheap. Cheap! My daughter, cheap!
I'm not cheap.
I just don't want to make an unholy
drama out of this. There's no drama.
I had heard, but I didn't believe.
Now I see it. My daughter. My child.
Oh, don't let's get dramatic about
this. Don't let's start arguing.
We've been all over this.
I don't believe in what you believe.
That's all. I don't want to get married.
- I don't want to get married.
- You don't want? YOU don't want?
The whole world is wrong! You are right!
We've been all over this 100 times.
If you came in here to start a scene
or make an argument, I wish you'd go.
- Alright, I'll go. But
first... -What are you doing?
I'll show you what I am doing!
Don, I'm sorry.
That's alright.
I want to talk to this lump alone.
- Come on out, Don. -Let me talk
to him. I want to talk to him.
- Alone! -Yes, alone.
Do you mind, Helen?
You dirty, low...
Can't you skip all that? I want to

talk this over with you, reasonably.
Reasonably! Reasonably! Better
I shouldn't talk to you at all.
Better I should do what a father

ought to do:

I bring up a child to be a good girl, to
hope someday she will meet a good man.
She should be married.
She should have children.
When comes along a scoundrel,
a dirty, low scamp!
There's no use talking
like that, Mr. Bauer.
Helen and I don't feel
the way you do about it.
We're in love with each other,
and we don't want to get married.
You're hopelessly
old-fashioned, Mr. Bauer.
Old-fashioned!
That's a good word. That's a compliment.
Why, thank you! What's
good is old-fashioned?
- You dirty, low... -This isn't
going to get us anywhere.
- Come. -Adolph, maybe... -Come!
Let's have breakfast. I'm starved.
Let's talk.
- Let's eat. -No,
let's talk.
Let's eat and talk.
Helen, I'm willing to kid about this,
but we can't go on kidding about it.
- We ought to get married.
- "Ought... " Ouch!
Yes, ought. We ought to get married.
There isn't a reason in
the world why we don't.
And you call my father old-fashioned!
It isn't that I'm stuffy,
Helen. I've been around.
Just a playboy.
Now, you know what I mean.

The funny part of it is, when
we first met, when, we, uh...
Dash, dash, asterisk...
I didn't feel this way about it at all.
I think if you had suggested marriage...
...at the time, I'd have run
rapidly in the other direction.
Now, I know you're going to say
this is sentimental, Helen.
But I like to feel we belong
to each other forever and ever.
I want to marry you.
Aww, Don, we've been over
it. Over it and over it.
I went away from home to be on my own.
I don't want to be like my mother,
a yes-woman for some man.
I want to be a person on my own.
If I like to live a certain way, and
have a certain kind of furniture...
...do a certain kind of work, and
wear a certain kind of clothes...
I want to do it. And not have somebody
tell me I ought to do something else.
No one is going to tell you.
Oh, yes you are. If you're married.
That's what being married means.
You must do what the other person
wants. You must please them.
Marriage means... oh, I've said
it 50 times, Don. It's dull.
I'm not going to say it again. Toast?
- Helen, I feel strongly
about this. -Stop it.
It's either marriage, or...
It's dull!
Where are you going?
It's dull!
You're just as stubborn as
your father. Just as stubborn.
We have a different sense of
values. I don't want babies.
When I'm 40, I'll think of babies.
In the meantime, there are 20 years

in which I want to be the baby...
...and play with my toys, and have
a good time playing with them.

A career.

Oh, it isn't just that. Sure, I want
to do good work. But it isn't that.
I want to stay young for a while & have
a good time. And not be dull and set.
I don't want to be a wife.
And I do want to be a husband.

Wants to be a husband!

I don't see anything funny about that.

I want to marry you, and
that's all there is to it.

Alright, that's all there is to it.

Alright, that's all there is to it.

Oh, don't be a fool.

Be a fool!

- Hello, Helen.

- Hello!

Oh, you don't want to see me.

Well, this is strictly business.

Somebody told me you're a good artist.

Alright. Business is business.

I'm going over to Nick's place.

Suppose you drop in there?

Why Nick's place?

He's having an exhibit of his work. All
the big who's-its are going to be there.

- Alright.

- See you there.

What lines! What life!

Yes, it's beautiful.

So round, and soft.

- This line. -Come,

darling, let's move along.

Oh, let's look at this one. It's called
"Josephine. " Don't you love it, ducky?

[Conversation in Italian.]

- Haven't we met somewhere
before? -Oh, have we?

- Now your name

is, uhh... -Iris.

- Iris! Of course, Iris. And

we met in, uhh... -Venice?

- Venice, yes. Oh. In a
gondola. -In a gondola?

[Italian:

beautiful night in Venice. "]

Oh, that delicious night! The moon on
the water. And the gondolier singing...

[Italian.]

Yes.

- It's no use.

- What?

I never was in Venice. But I want
to make my husband jealous.

That's my husband. I just can't make
him jealous. Oh, if I only could!

Sorry.

These are all sold.

This one I got \$200 for. For this
sweet baby I got 6. That's tops so far.

Although "Josephine" should
bring a whole lot more than that.

In fact, I've already
had a bid of \$1500.

Who's Josephine?

The lovely lady without raiment.

Or benefit of clergy.

And that brings up the old subject.

Let's drop the old subject.

You're quite a Puritan, aren't you?

- Think so? -What
else can I think?

- Otherwise, you'd... -Otherwise, I'd say
yes to the irresistible Mr. Melvin.

Mm-hmm. And thanks for the adjective.

What conceit.

Is that nice?

Helen, I keep asking you: why not?

- Don't be so persistent, Nick. It's
annoying. -Generally successful...

Helen, is it possible
that you misunderstand?

I won't marry you.

- Is that a promise?

- Absolutely.

Haha. Come on. Let's quit kidding.

- That's what he
said. -Who said?

That's what every man says when he
wants you to do what he wants you to.

Man. Whoo! I'm souring
on the lot of you.

You know, you're awfully sweet.

Aw, come on, Helen.

Why not? The real reason.

Because I love another.

I heard something

today...! Hello, Don.

Hello.

- May I see you, Helen?

- In just a minute.

The Ellison Agency is after
the Palm Mennen account.

They want someone to do the
drawings. I mentioned you.

Thanks, Nick.

If Ellison gets the account,
they'll pay you plenty.

- Is it on spec? -Not a bit
of speculation in it.

The account is in the bag. All you
have to do is make the drawings.

Will you excuse me? I have to
try and sell some more pictures.

Well, Don?

- That's what I was going to
talk to you about. -What?

Well, I think now we'd
best forget about it.

No, tell me.

Oh, I had the hunch to go after
the Palm Mennen account.

And I was going to ask
you to do the drawings.

Oh.

But I don't stand a chance
against Ellison. They're big.

Except that I thought, with

your drawings... but that's out.
With Ellison it's a cinch for
you. With me you'd be gambling.
And I ought to do them for you?
"Ought" is a bad word. I was all wrong
yesterday, Helen. You were right.
The fact that we love each other
shouldn't put us under obligations.
Don, you make me feel
a little ashamed.
Must and ought are out. Even "marriage. "
There aren't any arguments for marriage.
The only one I have... the only one I
ever really had... I love you so much.
Let's look at some more pictures.
Have dinner with me.
Yes.
I'm full of Tony's good red wine.
And you. Make a song out of that.
It was a swell evening.
Don... I'm going to do
the drawings for you.
Oh, no. Nothing doing.
There you go. I want to!
Mmm.
I'd better go home, hadn't I?
Do you want to?
No.
I don't want to.
Don, will you marry me?
Well!
Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Mr. Peterson wants you
quick, if you could.
Alright, girls. Relax.
- They're on the phone,
asking me to hold it. -Who?
Palm Mennen.
Oh.
You know what that means, don't
you, honey? It means we get it!
- Well, you can't be sure. -What
would they be calling up here for?

You know what we'll do, honey?
We'll have that honeymoon
we didn't have.
Havana! We'll go to Havana. Shh!
Yes?
What?
Who?
Yes, I know that.
Well, I can't do that.
What I want to know is,
who's handling the account?
Oh.
What's happened?
They, uh...
They want me to give them the name
and telephone number of the...
...artist who did the drawings.
Don!
Ellison has the account. They, um...
They just want your drawings.
Well, they won't get
them. Not without you.
Yeah, but I'm out,
Helen. I'm out.
Then I'm out.
No, don't do that.
Be sensible about it.
You might as well save
what you can out of it.
Well, it makes me mad. You can
handle it every bit as well as Ellison.
Just because somebody's big.
Whatever that means.
Aw, darling.
Don. Let's go somewhere. Let's get
all dolled up and go somewhere.
- What's the matter with you? -I feel
young and giddy and gay. Ha! At my age.
I'm going to bed.
- You poor darling.
- Cut that.
Let's go.
Where?
Havana.

Are you crazy? We've lost the Palm Mennen account, we haven't gotten it. That's just why. We're sunk with worrying about it. Let's go somewhere, and not tell anybody where, and have a real honeymoon. And then come back and get to work. And that'll be fun. The way it is now, nothing's fun.

- And what'll we use for money?
- Oh, it isn't as bad as all that. And the business?
Who's going to run that?
Nothing very terrible can happen in 10 days. It'll go on.
Aw, Don. Please, let's go. We're both fed up.
I'd like to go...
We'll go.
But I haven't a thing to wear.
Silencio! Atencion, caballeros...
[More Spanish.]
- What do you call this game again?
- Jai alai. It's like handball.
Jai alai...
[More Spanish.]
Hey!
See that the lady wins.
- Hello, Joe. -Hello, Mr. Peterson ... and missus. -Hello, mister.
How is everything? Landed any new accounts for me?
Say, what's the matter around here?
Something's wrong.
Oh, everything's alright, Mr. Peterson.
Oh, why not break it to him?
I say when it's serious, operate.
- What do you mean? Well, we lost the Fletcher Bathroom Equipment account. Maybe only temporarily.
Well, what went wrong? All the copy was laid out and ready.
Well, you see, Mr. Peterson, it was like this:

Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Simon Fletcher,
the president, didn't like the copy.
And he wanted you to change it?
And you weren't here to change it.
He knows he wasn't here.
- So he came in the office and made a
big fuss about it. -Let's get inside.
- Get me Mr. Fletcher on the
phone. Hurry! -Yes, sir.
- Other things have happened too. -What?
We thought the Dorothy Gray conference
wasn't coming up until after the 1st.
- Yes? -But they had a meeting and
wanted to do something right away on...
- ... that special campaign for that
new perfume. -Yes, but what happened?
I tried to give them some ideas, but
they wouldn't listen to me. And so...
...well, they gave it to someone else.
Well, that's that.
But I don't think we lost the account,
Mr. Peterson. Just on that one campaign.
- "Just on that one campaign. " -Yeah.
I counted on that. I needed it.
It's my fault. I shouldn't have gone.
I might have foreseen this would happen.
A stitch in time usually...
- Why don't they get Fletcher?
What's the matter? -Yes, sir.
- Oh, Don. Please don't
worry about it. -Hmmpf.
We didn't miss any bills...
Hello. Fletcher Company? Get me
Mr. Simon Fletcher, please.
This is Mr. Peterson talking.
Hello, Mr. Fletc...
Oh.
Mr. Fletcher is out. To me.
That's \$8000 a year we lose.
We took a trip.
Now if we lose Dorothy Gray,
we can close up shop.
Oh, Don, I'm sorry.
We had to take a trip.

Don, please. I wanted us
to have a honeymoon.
Mm-hmm. You wanted us
to have a honeymoon.
Don, please!
All that is gone now.
Take the Romanticists.
Look what they did.
For the harmony and the
purity of the classics...
...they substituted the capricious
standards of the Middle Ages.
Fantastic? Picturesque?
Imaginative? Yes!
But sentimental.
That other thing which had precision,
truth, unadorned beauty...
That's all gone now.
- My boilers can stand more
strain than... -Indeed?
Oh, yes, my, yes.
They've been subjected to 50 years of
wear & tear, and have stood every test.
- Every test? -Every test. My boilers...
His boilers...
- How are your boilers, Mr. Peterson?
- I'm doing fine. Thank you.
Oh, let me forget.
What were you saying?
Something else about my boilers:
They're made of a very secret
alloy. Did you know that?
- No. -Of course not. Few people
know anything about boilers.
There's something else
you'd never guess:
My boilers are the best boilers
manufactured in the world.
Van Hugh inherited this place.
I inherited the boilers,
from my grandfather.
- It's been a grave responsibility.
- Of course.
Entertainment is needed.

Madame Godzinskaya, would
you favor us with a number?

Delighted.

I forgot the words!

- There's another thing about
my boilers... -Good heavens!

I beg your pardon?

The song was so touching.

Swell evening, wasn't it?

What's the matter?

Boilers.

What?

Boilers, boilers, boilers. I've heard so
much about them, I hope they all bust.

He's a dull fellow, isn't he?

Pity a girl like Peggy has to
be married to a man like that.

Great pity.

It's alright though for your wife to sit
listening all evening to the big bore..

...as long as you can make it a
thrilling evening for poor, poor Peggy.

Aw, listen, you're not jealous, are you?

It isn't jealousy. If you
don't understand why...

Marriage!

What do you mean, "marriage"?

What's that got to do with it?

Well, if you're in love with a boy, and
he's supposed to be in love with you...

...you don't sit stuck away
in a corner all evening...

...while he makes love to another
woman. Not twice you don't!

Not if you aren't married!

Aww, you're exaggerating.

I don't like it, Don.

I don't like it at all.

Now, Helen, I don't want any scenes.

I'm tired and I want to go to sleep.

Boilers!

- Now, Ms. Seymour, please. Let's jump
into this. -It's 6:00, Mr. Peterson.

Ms. Seymour, we've too much

to do to worry about the time.
I can't work anymore! I don't feel well.
I'm sure I have a high temperature.
I'm sorry to hear that.
You better go home.
Yes... I've got to go home.
- Get here early in the morning.
- I hope I can, Mr. Peterson.
- Goodnight.
- Goodnight.
- Coming out to dinner, Don?
- No. I have work to do.
Well, I'll run along.
- Why? What's your hurry? -I have work to do. Here are the drawings for Garfinkel.
What is it that's so important that you go home every night to work on it?
Don... I'm doing the drawings for Ellison.
- What drawings?
- The Palm Mennen drawings.
Wasn't any point in my not doing them. Ellison had the account.
- Thought I might at least...
- You don't owe me any explanation.
I know I don't. I'm just decent enough to offer one.
You might have told me sooner.
- What's the difference?
- It's not so sneaky.
- Didn't want to hurt you.
- Ha! Hurt me.
Well!
You'd better go along.
Don't waste any time.
Don, don't always tell me what to do.
HELLO.
Hello...
Oh.
Hello.
What are you doing this evening?
Working.
Can't play hooky?
No.

- Well, how long are you going to be there? -All night, probably.
I'm going to be in the neighborhood.
Going out for dinner.
If I see a light in your window, may I stop by and take you home?
I guess...
Yes.
A light in the window...
Don?
- Yes? -What time is it?
Just 3 o'clock.
Heavens, I must have been asleep for hours. I meant to wait up for you.
Just finished working?
Yes.
Don, why are you lying?
Lying?
Let's have a showdown.
When I finished working, I went down to the office.
I wanted to see if there wasn't something I could do.
When I got there, I saw you going away with Peggy.
Don, I'm fed up.
- Before I even explain...
- Before you even explain!
You'll tell me that it was the first time, or that it was an accident.
I don't care if it was the first or the 50th time.
The point is, Don: it isn't any one thing. It's everything.
It can't go on like this. I can't.
I don't know what you're talking about.
I'm tired and I don't want to argue.
I'm not going to argue either.
Tomorrow, I'm moving out.
We're through.
Are you crazy?
I will be crazy, if we go on like this.
It's been piling up and piling up.
I said so in the beginning.

Marriage isn't any good.
- What's marriage to do
with it? -Everything.
Why did I lose out on the Palm
Mennen account in the first place?
Why bring that up? You've
got it now, haven't you?
Yes, and you resent that. And you resent
the fact that we went to Havana.
And when we got back, the business
was in a mess on account of it.
Don, you've got a right to resent it.
Don't you see? It's all mixed up.
You're trying to do
what you think I want.
And I'm trying to do
what I think you want.
And neither of us is doing what
we want. It's no go this way, Don.
Helen. You've got to
compromise once in a while.
Compromise is defeat.
I'm not going on, Don.
You're tired. And jealous.
That's right, I'm jealous. And why?
There's nothing wrong with your
taking another girl out for an evening.
If I weren't a wife,
I wouldn't be jealous.
And you have to come sneaking in!
Alright. Listen. It's no go.
What are we going to do about it?
I love you, darling.
And I know you love me.
Let's be lovers again. Let's be
separate people, and not try to be one.

Listen:

my own again, and you keep this.
I'll go, darling.
Either way. But let's work separately
and do things separately.
And when we do come together again it'll
always be new, and exciting, and real.

Alright.
We'll try that.
If it'll make you happy.
Goodnight.
Night.
Tie this for me, will you?
That's another disadvantage
of our arrangement:
I haven't even a wife handy to tie this.
Ah, these modern young people!
Give me the old-fashioned girl.
Do you remember the bustle?
- Do you? -No. More's the pity.
I remember the hobble skirt.
Ah, there was an invention.
The hobble skirt! They couldn't walk
fast nor far in the hobble skirt.
You could trust them.
And now... Iris is gone.
Gone?
Yes, gone. To visit relatives
in Assquapect.
Do you care?
Do I care? Let me tell you something:
I'm jealous. Insanely jealous.
- Not of Iris?
- Of Iris.
One would never think so.
That's the price I pay to be married to
the most beautiful woman in the world.
- Oh, I wouldn't say that. -I'll say it
for you, my boy. I'll say it for you.
- You mean to say you're not really
indifferent to Iris? -Indifferent?
I scorch. I burn. My
heart... is like a volcano.
But you as act as though...
Ah... I act. All the world's a
stage. Every man plays a part.
How else am I to hold her? How else?
Let's go. Do you realize, I haven't
seen Helen for almost 2 weeks.
If Iris knew, she'd leave me. So I am
suspended between earth and sky.

Doomed to love and not show it.
That's life. That's love. That's women.
Well, thanks very much.
I'll be seeing you.
You're sure you don't want
me to come up with you?
No, that's alright. Thanks a
lot, don't bother. Goodnight!
Mr. Peterson. Of all people.
Ms., um...
Ms., uh...
Won't you come in?
- May I?
- Yes, do!
Thank you.
Charming place you have here.
I like it...
You too.
What?
Charming.
It's about time, Mr. Peterson.
Where are we going?
My nose was shiny.
Let's see.
OK?
Very OK.
Let's not go out tonight.
I want to go out.
Have it your own way.
No, if you don't want to go...
You disarm me by agreeing
with me. Don't agree with me.
I want to stay.
How about a compromise?
Compromise is defeat.
You can stay for 5 minutes after
the theater, Mr. Peterson.
Oh... that'll be nice.
Oh, I forgot to thank
you for the flower.
Thank you for the flowers, Mr. Peterson.
I've missed you.
Let's not go out.
Alright, let's... Not.

Uh-huh...

The ice man.

I can't imagine who that can be.

- Good evening.

- Hello, Van.

So it's you.

I thought I'd go along with
you. I've nothing to do.

Well... we're staying.

Oh, that's fine, Don. I really don't
feel like going around tonight.

A glass, please?

Love, and life, and laughter...

Love, and life, and laughter.

The gods give them to us,
and what do we mortals do?

Ah, woe is me. Woe and alack-a-day.

It was different in the old days.

There were fair women and brave men.

Knights, in armor, jousting.

I should have liked to joust.

And to have had a beauteous

Iris toss me her glove...

...as I stood before her, a victor.

Her tiny glove. I should
have kissed her glove.

My glass, please.

- Mr. Van Hugh said we're
to use his car. -Yes, sir.

- Hey, buddy, could you spare a
dime for a cup of coffee? -Coffee?

I haven't had my demitasse.

What do you say to the Central Park
Casino? The hamburgers are lovely there.

Take my arm.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

Better hurry up or you'll be late. Then
you won't want to come here anymore.

Try and take my key away.

Swell this way, isn't it?

You win.

I don't win. Isn't it?
Yes.
I was right, wasn't I?
The way a woman proves her point.
- But you haven't had any
breakfast. -I've got to go.
When's our next date?
Well... I'll call you up some time.
Do that, mister. Not too soon.
Tonight too soon?
What's the red circle for?
Red letter day.
What conceit!
Well... when?
But that's 2 days from now.
Sounds like 2 years from now.
Feels like 2 years from now.
Crazy. Better go to work.
Bye.
Bye.
Wednesday?
Wednesday.
Not Tuesday?
Wednesday.
Wednesday.
Hello?
Oh, hello.
How's tonight?
Have you permission to
go out with me tonight?
Don't talk like that,
Nick. I'll hang up.
I'm on my knees,
abjectly apologizing.
Please, will you come
out with me tonight?
No, I...
What time is it?
Oh, is it as late as that?
Well, look, um... what
do you want to do?
Anything you like.
Alright. Call for me about 7.
No, I won't be ready before 7.

Better make it a quarter after.

Alright... Alright.

- Hello. -Oh, Don, why didn't you call 2 minutes sooner?

- Why? -I just said I'd go out.

- Who?

- Nick.

Oh.

Wish I could call it off.

Can't you?

How can I?

Well, don't.

Tomorrow night?

I don't know.

Why?

I may have some work to do. I'll call tomorrow.

Well... please don't mind, darling.

No. Not at all.

Goodbye, dear.

Bye.

Funny girl.

- Time to go. -What do you mean, time to go?

The evening's young yet. We're going lots of places from here.

No.

What's the matter with you, Helen?

I know:

pre-war bloomer girl.

- Think of something insulting.

- I'm trying, hard.

You know, you're hopelessly old-fashioned, but you won't admit it.

I'm hopelessly sleepy. I do admit that.

That's old-fashioned.

- Sleep?

- Uh-huh.

I went to bed at 3 this morning.

You wish anything?

Yeah, bring us 2.

-2 what, sir?

-2 anything!

Let's go places. I'm not sleepy.

Swell.

Now maybe we'll get somewhere.

Maybe.

Why is it I do alright
with every girl but you?

And perversely, you're
just the one I want.

On account of you, I've thrown over all
Am I to be the 7th, Mr. Bluebeard?

- Won't you be the 7th?

- You put it so nicely.

Of course, I... I know

Don's the great love.

But must it always be the great love?

No little... detours?

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

Well, what's the matter, dear?

What's wrong? You look as
though you'd seen a ghost.

It's nothing. Let's go.

- Taxi.

- Taxi!

I guess I won't need
you after all, old man.

The ice hasn't arrived yet.

The service here is terrible.

And Herbert owns the place.

Who?

Herbert Smith. My husband, stupid!

Oh.

- Well, let's have it straight,
with a chaser. -Suits me.

- Well?

- You and me.

Don. What's the matter with you?

I've told you before.

But I'm leaving him.

What do you mean?

I'm crazy about you.

- Peggy...

- Don't talk.

- Looking for someone?

- I'm not speaking to you.
- You're in my rooms.
- Yes, and so is Don.
- Then I'll ask you to go.
- She wants us to go home.
- I said, I want YOU to go.
- Come on, Don. Are you coming?

Mother says, "Are you coming home, little boy?"

Peggy, would you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes? Please.

Jealous.

That's right. Jealous.

- Like a wife.
- Like a wife.
- Want husband to come home.
- No, I don't want husband to come home.

It's clear to you now, isn't it, Don?

It must be clear even to you.

It won't work. It takes 2 people who can be trusted.

Meaning me. What about you and Nick?

That's right. Me too.

We're not noble enough to carry out our noble experiment.

Yeah, well, I guess not.

We're just human.

Goodbye, Don.

"Let's be friends. "

No, thanks. Goodbye means goodbye.

It's what you want, isn't it?

It's what YOU want, isn't it?

Yes, it's what I want.

No hard feelings. We tried. No go.

No go.

- Ready?
- Yes.
- Where to?
- Anywhere.

Fine.

Don!

- Taxi, please.
- Taxi!
- No rebound?

- No rebound.
I've locked the door. And thrown
the key down a deep well.
I can still scream.
Oh no you can't.
I'll smother you with kisses.
You talk like a novelette.

"Reading time:

I'm not going to let you bluff me
tonight, Helen. Not tonight...
Better be careful. At school I
was known as the athletic type.
Oh, yeah?
Well, if you're finished now,
Nick, I think I'd better run along.
I'm not going to let you go, Helen.
You'd better start screaming.
The Marines.
Yes?
Well, Van, what's up?
Nothing's up. Everything's down.
I knew your apartment was near,
so I ran up. How are you?
Greetings.
I don't get you, Van. What's down?
We're having a party at Renee's.
We ran out of scotch.
You don't mind if I borrow
No, certainly not. Go right
ahead. Make yourself at home.
A party at Renee's? I haven't seen her
for over a week. Guess I'll go along.
Oh, that's swell. That's fine.
Why don't you come too, Nick?
If you know anybody that's lonesome,
call them up. Call everybody up.
- Goodnight. -Thanks, Nick.
I'm glad I didn't disturb you.
This is goodnight?
Yes, Van. Thanks for seeing me home.
I've always admired you, Helen.
You're beautiful. Not as beautiful as
Iris, mind you. But you're beautiful.

Thanks, Van. You're sweet.

Helen, I don't suppose you could be interested in me, could you?

Oh, don't get me wrong. Nothing serious. You know how it is.

No, Van, I'm afraid I couldn't be interested.

- There's no harm in asking.

- No harm at all. Good night, Van.

Goodnight.

Helen.

Oh, darling...

I'm so ashamed of myself for causing that terrible scene.

Don, I didn't know what to do.

- Then Nick told me to his apartment.

- You needn't tell me.

I want to tell you. We were kidding, and... oh, then it wasn't funny anymore.

He didn't...?

You didn't...?

No. I ran down to the street, looking for you.

And Van came to Nick's. Talk about an angel in disguise! And brought me home.

And would you believe it, he propositioned me on the sidewalk!

Van?

But that's how it always will be, when a wife leaves her husband. For any reason.

Darling, it may not be perfect living together all the time, but...

It hurts both ways.

And this way it hurts less.

It's getting late, Mrs. Peterson.

May I stay here tonight?

I'm afraid not, Mr. Peterson.

Call on me again some time.

It's a cold, bleak night. You wouldn't turn me out in a storm, would you?

I'm that kind of a girl, Mr. Peterson.

Move over, sweetheart. Your husband is home to stay.

THE END:

[English subs by adimond]