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# Gambit

By Joel Coen

This is the story of my brave,  
foolish friend, Harry Deane.  
Mr Deane's work  
as an art curator in London  
had gone, he felt,  
largely unappreciated.  
He told me of countless insults  
suffered at the hands of his employer,  
Lionel Shabandar,  
media tycoon, art collector  
and an absolute brute of a fellow.  
Do not touch my person. You!  
- Yes, my lord?  
- Idiot! Give me your boot.  
40 years ago,  
I'd have called this Shabandar a cad.  
Now the prevailing parlance  
for a fellow of this type  
is, I believe, shitbag.  
Hello.  
This bloody thing is not operational.  
Ah, well, that's because,  
I believe, my lord...  
Because you believe what,  
you steaming turd?  
Now he would have his revenge,  
for Mr Deane had a plan.  
To be grandiose, a heist.  
To be accurate, a bit of a thieving.  
This is where I came in.  
I am, you see,  
a rather capable forger of fine art.  
I was pleased my little hobby  
might prove of use to him.  
The plan relied on securing the aid  
of one PJ Puznowski.  
"Find this Puznowski," Mr Deane told me,  
and it would all fall nicely into place.  
Excuse me.  
We were given to understand  
that there was an equestrian tourney  
in the area.  
Well, we got a law attorney,  
don't know his religion,

up downtown Alpine.  
He's a fairy.  
Moved here from Albuquerque,  
it'll be five, no,  
six years ago, come May.  
Not that I judge.  
How terribly interesting, but is there  
a tournament of some description  
with various rowdy goings-on?  
Rough-riding,  
bronc-busting sort of thing.  
It's a competition.  
A test of skill involving farm animals.  
Yippee-ai-yay.  
Alright, Pecos!  
This is the West of the Pecos Rodeo,  
featuring America's number-one team,  
Team Ghost rider with Tim Leopard  
and his cowboy monkeys.  
Go on, Suzie! Go get 'em!  
And it's brought to you by Charlie  
Goodnight and all those good people  
down at Charlie Goodnight's  
Implements 'n' Feed.  
Let's put some hands together  
for the monkeys!  
And first out of the chute  
is PJ Puznowski from down Terlingua way.  
There.  
Gonna try to put a rope around Rodney  
from the Lazy L Sickle Y Bar Ranch.  
And, folks,  
Rodney ain't gonna be heppin' any.  
That's 11.7 for PJ Puznowski!  
- That's her.  
- Alright, Jammies!  
# If you wanna go  
# Let's go rodeo  
# If you wanna rock  
What makes you so certain  
she'll be game?  
Good God, she works in a poultry  
processing plant for minimum wage.  
- You think she'll turn this down?

- How much are you going to tell her?

Just as much as she needs to know.

That's nice.

This is Major Nigel Nelson-Wingate,  
King's African Rifles, retired.

- Sunday painter.

- Madam.

Now, the simple question is,  
how would you like to make  
half a million pounds sterling?

I have a little plan.

Straight?

- Have a good day, sir.

- Shut up.

- Sorry, sir.

- Bloody hell, man, be careful!

Shabandar Media.

I wonder if you might approve this last  
photo layout for the Horse and Hunt.

Is there a problem, sir?

Slazenger, give me a loupe.

Haystacks, Dusk.

Get me Harry Deane.

Old man just called me up.

Yes, he's expecting you.

- No, no, no.

- Oh, I am sorry, sir.

What? Come in.

Have them proof it quick as possible.

We'll try and get it into next month's.

Deane, sit down.

Have a look at these.

I've sent the plane  
to collect this woman.

Arrives at Heathrow in about an hour.

You'll pick her up.

Interesting. Oh, I see, the painting.

- A reproduction, though, in my opinion.

- Bloody hell. Based on what?

On the fact that it's hanging  
on the wall of a caravan, sir, in Texas.

Yes, precisely.

But whose caravan, you plank?

- The cowgirl, sir.

- Puznowski, Deane.  
PJ Puznowski. Think, man.  
You stupid bastard, what!  
Welcome to London.  
Before we throw you  
into the thick of it,  
I should give you a bit  
of the history.  
Monet's Haystacks.  
On September 15th, 1891, during  
the course of one very productive day,  
the master Impressionist  
finished two oil paintings:  
"Haystacks, Dawn",  
"Haystacks, Dusk".  
"Haystacks, Dawn" was traded  
amongst various private collectors  
over the years.  
"Haystacks, Dusk" was put on display  
in Paris at the Jeu de Paume.  
That is,  
until the Nazi occupation of 1941.  
"Haystacks, Dusk"  
was carted off to Carinhall,  
the private residence  
of Air Marshal Hermann Gring,  
for the delectation of his eyes only.  
In 1945, Carinhall is overrun  
by the first division of Patton's army,  
the Big Red One.  
The point platoon is led  
by Sergeant Brian "Bulldog" Puznowski,  
the Killer of Kilgore, Texas.  
Your grandfather.  
For the next 67 years,  
the whereabouts of Haystacks, Dusk  
has proved one of the art world's  
most tantalising mysteries.  
And what is all this to Shabandar?  
A man of outsized appetites  
and enormous enthusiasms,  
and no few eccentricities;  
an avid nudist, a case in point.  
Owing to his considerable fortune

and my not inconsiderable knowledge,  
he has assembled  
the most important collection  
of Impressionist masterpieces  
in private hands.

The prize? Haystacks, Dawn.  
Acquired at auction 20 years ago  
in spirited bidding.  
The bid is with the gentleman  
on the aisle. The bid is 8 million.

- Good heavens.  
- I have eight and a quarter.  
The bid is with the gentleman  
on my left.  
The bid is against you, sir. The bid  
is eight and a quarter million pounds.  
Shabandar rolled  
all his competitive impulses into a ball  
and outbid his great rival,  
Akira Takagawa.  
He purchased the painting  
for 11 million.  
His ownership of the one has merely  
whet his appetite for the other.  
For years now, Shabandar  
has been seeking Haystacks, Dusk  
with a passion  
bordering on monomania.  
When he saw that photograph,  
Shabandar conducted his own  
investigation into your family history.  
Best to let the fish  
work the hook in himself, eh, Major?  
Much the best, Mr Deane.  
He will want to negotiate  
the price with you.  
You must stick at 12 million.  
Pounds.  
He'll pay it,  
no matter how much he protests.  
Be firm. Be polite, but firm.  
He will try to charm you.  
He will try to impress you.  
- Ms Puznowski!

- He will try to...  
An honour! Welcome, welcome.  
Painting in the gallery, men.  
I knew a Koznowski once,  
charming man, no relation I suppose.  
Baron Koznowski. Quite the equestrian.  
Man had horse blood in his veins.  
This way, please.  
Right, let's take a look, shall we?  
Mere formality, of course.  
Oh, yes.  
So...  
What do you think, Deane?  
- Yes, I'll need a few moments, sir.  
- Oh, yes. Quite.  
You may not realise it,  
Ms Puznowski,  
but Harry Deane knows Monet  
like I know...  
Actually, I don't know anything  
quite like that.  
The artist has used a light ground  
true to Monet's habit.  
The palette is very limited,  
no blacks or browns.  
Cerulean blue and cadmium yellow  
to achieve his broken colour.  
And unlike the heartbreaking fraud  
perpetrated on the Austrians,  
the signature is correct.  
It is Monet and it is very fine indeed.  
And that, Mr Deane,  
is good enough for me.  
Shall we discuss terms?  
System armed.  
System armed.  
Hello, kitty.  
Your wages.  
500,000 and your ticket home.  
First class, of course.  
No, no, no. No, no, no.  
Please, do not thank us.  
It is the Major and I who should be  
thanking you for the self-possession,

the good humour and the lan with which  
you played your small but vital part.

- Eh, Major?

- Hear, hear, sir. Jolly well played.

We should be arriving

at Heathrow in mere minutes.

Mr Deane.

Mr Deane? Mr Deane.

Shouldn't have to tell her

any more than that.

Quite right.

But you will have to talk to her.

Hmm.

Back in a flash.

Mr Deane, for all his talents,

was given to one particular flaw.

He saw the world

as he wished to see it.

But, as we know, an optimist is simply

a man who hasn't heard the news.

As my time in the African Rifles

had taught me,

one ignored the elephant in the room

at one's peril.

Half a million pounds sterling.

Half a million...

- Hello.

- I believe the lady said get lost.

I'll take the chunky one!

Gonna open a can of whup-ass

on you now.

Major, for heaven's sake,

just be gentle.

- I'm trying to get...

- No, that's enough.

- Those people are barbarians.

- Other countries, other customs.

- How are we going to meet this woman?

- I remember one night in Botswana...

She's surrounded

by a Cro-Magnon Swiss Guard.

This wasn't the plan, Major.

How are we going to get back on plan?

You boys OK, huh?

Faces still on right ways round?

Yes, thank you.

All present and correct.

I do apologise on Merle.

He just loves a brawl.

Nose been broke so many times,  
he had the cartilage taken out  
so there wouldn't be downtime  
between bar fights.

An expedient we might consider  
if we spend much more time in Texas.

Heigh ho, friend.

I wouldn't recommend it.

May I draw your attention to the matter  
which brought us here to meet you?

Sure.

So you're saying  
that's like \$800,000 American? Wow!

We don't have the money yet.

- But it's gonna work out, right?

- As long as we stay on plan.

Sounds like you really wanna  
stick it to this guy. Here we are.

Inside is a man who weighs half a ton.

Michael was fork-lifted onto a stretcher  
for transporting killer whales.

Shame! Shame!

Hey, Grandma! Alright, well, here it is.

Take your pick.

- Plenty of walls to choose from.

- Good morning.

Too fat!

Major, if you'd like to set  
your camera up over there.

Perhaps if your grandmother  
would move over for a moment.

Grandma Merle, these nice people  
wanna take a picture here in the house.

Is everyone in this state named Merle?

- There you go.

- Good God. Is she unwell?

Oh, no, she's fine.

Grandma Merle just chews.

Ms Puznowski, could you slide

a little closer to your grandmother?

Ready, ladies? Say cheese.

Hard facts,

honest reporting. Shabandar.

His door is rather firmly shut

at the moment.

- Would you care to wait?

- Yes, thank you, I'll wait.

Lionel Shabandar

explains his formula for success

in his startling

new autobiography, "Me".

Welcome to the jungle.

We're here to help you cut through...

Huh!

Shabandar Media. Creating...

Go right in, Mr Deane.

- Your lordship...

- Yes, Deane?

That's a very nice suit, sir.

- What?

- Nothing.

I was leafing through the advance  
on the Horse and Hunt the other day.

- The layout pages.

- Why on earth were you doing that?

Well, as a matter of fact, it's...

Well, why be coy?

It's a simple explanation,  
so simple, in fact, that I...

Well, it's my favourite of your...

of your publications, sir.

Our publications

here at Shabandar Media.

Without wanting to overstate things,

I would say it may be my favourite...

publication ever, without the...

qualification of Shabandar Media,

et cetera, et cetera.

- Do you ride?

- Good God, no.

That is, I have ridden.

A birthday party. They had ponies.

Little Shetland ponies.

We traipsed around  
in a circle in the garden.  
I was, oh, six, seven years old.  
It was my friend  
Bobby Montaigne's birthday party.  
He's a speech pathologist now.  
And how well I remember it.  
Made a deep impression, sir.  
- Is there something I can help with?  
- Yes, sir, there is. Thank you.  
You see, I snuck an advance peek,  
as I said, at the Horse and Hunt.  
I was struck most particularly  
by the piece on this PJ Puznowski,  
the Texan horse person.  
Equestrienne,  
not a mutant or a mythical creature.  
One imagines a... well, the bosom  
of a woman and the hindquarters of...  
- Did you happen to see it, sir?  
- Yes.  
I was struck by one particular picture.  
Haystacks, Dusk.  
- Yes. Exactly, sir.  
- A reproduction, of course.  
Really? You think so, sir?  
Based on what, if I may ask?  
Based on the fact that it was hanging on  
the wall of a bloody caravan in Texas.  
There is that.  
- Is that all?  
- Yes, sir.  
Thank you.  
But shouldn't we check, do research?  
I could put together a memo.  
- One of your memos, yes.  
- The painting is so rarely reproduced,  
I don't even know  
if I've seen a reproduction.  
And it's the very incongruity of it,  
hanging, as you so discerningly...  
Fine. Ring this woman up  
and ask if she has an original Monet  
on the wall in Shitbird, Texas.

- Did he bite, our little fishy?
- He's not hooked yet.
- But he's circling the bait.
- Not sure I follow you, old thing.

He's seen the painting  
and he's considering being intrigued.

- Considering?
- Considering being, yes.
- Where's the girl?
- In a hotel in Dallas.
- Why is she in a hotel in Dallas?
- The passport office is there.

It turns out that the dear girl's  
never been out of the country.  
Now, ordinarily, a passport takes  
eight weeks, but they can expedite.  
Pay a couple of hundred pounds,  
they'll hurry it along.  
That's very nice of them.  
Couple of hundred.

Right.

Your post, Mr Deane.

It is extraordinary, isn't it?

Well, it's very amusing if you should  
turn out to have been right.

I am here to amuse, sir.

So shall we bring her in?

- Who?
- The cowgirl, sir. PJ Puznowski.

Her grandfather, and all this  
confirmed in the US military records,  
Bulldog Puznowski.

Yes, yes, I read the memo,  
but why would I bring her in?

If the painting is real  
and if she wants to sell it,  
I certainly don't want to seem  
overly eager. No, no, no, no.

Ring her up and tell her  
if ever she finds herself in London,  
I'd be happy to carve out  
a few minutes for a chat.

Let her invest  
in the deal coming off.

- I see, sir. It's brilliant.  
- Nonsense, Deane. It's elementary.  
- Prat.  
- Wanker.  
- Unrestricted economy fare.  
- That's what they call it, sir.  
Of course, they use the word "economy"  
with a certain looseness.  
Looseness? It's a positive leap  
of the poetic imagination.  
Very good, sir. Well put.  
- Still, we can't count our pennies.  
- Oh, no, sir.  
Not with millions in the offing.  
- There she is.  
- Great to meet you. You take care.  
Hey, boys! Hi!  
Wow. That was a very comfortable flight.  
Excellent. Welcome to London.  
Thank you. Oh, thank you, Major.  
Yes, still holding.  
Can't see her today? Any time today?  
At the end of the day, could he see her?  
Needn't take long.  
No, I understand. No, I understand.  
Right. Cheers.  
Hey! Is this bothering you?  
Not at all.  
- I'm going to make some tea.  
- OK.  
- What you got hanging here?  
- Sorry?  
On your wall. Is this a Monet?  
Careful.  
Alfred Sisley. They were contemporaries.  
It's of his son, Pierre.  
The boy was ten at the time, I think.  
Sure is small.  
It cost me a ridiculous amount of money.  
Rather put me in a hole.  
I like it.  
It's nice.  
It's very beautiful.  
- Good morning.

- You know what time it is, mate?  
Yes, Mr Knowles. It's just coming...  
Morning.  
Psst. Come on, wake up.  
He can see us now.  
Creating and distributing news,  
sports and entertainment.  
- Come on, let's go.  
- It's a jungle out there.  
The lion's share of the world's media.  
Shabandar. Hear us roar.  
- Let me do the talking.  
- Sure.  
Ms Puznowski.  
- Howdy.  
- Delighted to meet you.  
Good grief, Deane.  
What happened to you?  
A fellow in the pub expressed  
a preference for Matisse over Czanne.  
Had to set him straight.  
I'm joking, of course.  
Love Matisse. Use of colour.  
No, bent down to pick something up,  
bookshelf in the way. Hello, bango.  
So, shall we sit?  
So, how do you find London?  
Well, everybody knows  
the answer to that one.  
You turn right at Greenland.  
Indeed. And where are you staying?  
Er, well, one of them,  
erm, big hotels downtown.  
I can't remember the name of it.  
You remember, Harry?  
- Connaught.  
- Me neither.  
- But it's one of them big ones.  
- The Connaught.  
We spoke about the Connaught Hotel.  
That's a stupid name.  
Staff seems pretty can-do.  
You certain about the Connaught?  
- Sorry?

- It's fine, I suppose.  
But I'll make a few calls,  
get our friend in at the Savoy.  
- I much prefer it.  
- Sir, there's really no need.  
Let him do it, Harry. I'm sure  
the service is plenty good there, too.  
Good anywhere, I reckon,  
if you got the do-re-mi.  
And I don't mind shelling it out.  
I guess Harry here told you about  
this here painting I'm aiming to unload.  
Ms Puznowski feels that in light of  
the precedential value of the piece...  
You're hardly her agent, Deane.  
And anyway, Ms Puznowski seems  
perfectly capable of expressing herself.  
Well, yes, sir.  
Yes, sir. English is my mother tongue.  
But you don't have to Ms Puznowski me.  
No, you can call me PJ. Or Jammies.  
That's my rodeo handle.  
Or Philomena, which is my real name.  
Well, thank you, PJ.  
And you may call me Lionel.  
Let's hope doing business  
on a first-name basis  
will be conducive to plain speaking  
and clear understanding.  
Amen to that, Lionel.  
Well, then, let's get to it.  
I want 12 million  
for this here picture.  
That's 6,000 tons  
if I've clone my math right.  
And maybe you'd like to throw in  
a nice four-by-four to haul it off in,  
with an auto tranny, a CD deck  
and graduated tint on the windshields.  
Please and thank you.  
Well, that's marvellous,  
and tell me, PJ,  
what makes you think  
this painting is worth 12 million?

Well, Lionel, first off, it's oil.  
Ain't it, Harry?  
Indeed, the medium is oil,  
and its provenance is promising.  
But I would like to take it to your  
country house to compare it to its mate.  
- Is it being shipped in?  
- Arrives Tuesday.  
You can run it up to the house.  
We'll take a look at it  
at the gala on Wednesday.  
- You've never been to the house.  
- No, sir, no. I...  
I have an annual party  
up at the estate.  
That sounds nice. That's another thing  
I got going in my favour.  
You've got this other Haystacks,  
and the man ain't churning 'em out,  
what with his being dead an' all.  
So, looks like if you want the set,  
I got you by the short and curlies.  
I don't think it's a situation  
of one party trying to subdue the other.  
Nonsense. It's a pleasure doing business  
with someone who knows her position  
and is able to clearly set it out.  
Unfortunately I have  
another appointment at 11 o'clock.  
But I believe this is worth pursuing.  
Let's see if we mightn't find  
some common ground.  
Why, thank you. A gentleman.  
Thank you.  
I'm booked the rest of the day  
and I have a business dinner.  
But a thought occurs to me. Perhaps  
you might be my dinner companion.  
We'd have time to talk and you might  
even help me with a business matter.  
Thank you. That would be delightful.  
Don't bother yourself, Deane.  
I'm sure PJ and I can handle things.  
To plain speaking.

- Yes, sir.
- Going down.
- Shall we say eight o'clock?
- Sure.

Pick you up at...?

- The Savoy.
- Why not?

As I drove the two of them  
to the most expensive hotel in London,  
I was rather taken by Ms Puznowski.  
Her invigorating lack of decorum  
would have enraptured my younger self.  
Still, for the successful execution  
of the plan,  
Mr Deane would require a firm hand  
to bring her into line.

I won't deny  
I doubted the strength of his wrists.  
I don't think  
I need to remind you, do I,  
of the consequences  
of room service?

- Uh-huh.
  - This place is absurdly expensive.
- Well, this was all your idea.
- Not your actually staying here.
  - It's not my fault neither.

We told him our story and either  
we keep laying on the bamboozlement  
or we might as well  
pack it in and go home.

Mamacita! I bet this place has cable.  
What are you doing?

The Major gave me a rag to dry this  
and, good God,

I believe it has motor oil on it.

Hello. Do you have a single room?

Very, very small. Tiny, in fact.

Just for one evening.

Certainly, sir. I'll just take a look.

Not even the whole evening necessarily.

We could just use it for...

We are rather hemmed in

at the moment, sir.

All I see for this evening is a very comfortable suite overlooking the river. We'll take it.

Hold on. What's the tariff?

Hoss, if you're gonna nickel-and-dime me, we can call this whole thing off.

- I'm beginning to have second thoughts.

- Why would you have second thoughts? There's moral issues. Right and wrong. What would my momma have said if she saw me deceiving somebody with you and your little Major? The Major has made quite a mess here. It's really embarrassing.

- Don't you feel a little ashamed?

- I'm not remotely ashamed.

- Just run that through.

- Sir, I already have.

There seems to be a problem with this card. Perhaps you've exceeded the limit. Bloody hell. Alright, try the... This is a mistake. Try the American Express. I don't know why I worry. You ain't up to it anyway.

- You or the Major.

- The Major is quite capable.

- Well!

- What? What's the laugh for? Laughing at the Major? He's handled better than you. He's been in any number of sticky spots in and out. Should you choose to play coy this late in the game, the Major would be aroused and I could not be held responsible for the consequences. From what I've seen, ain't nothin' gonna arouse the Major. Very good, sir. This one worked brilliantly. There you are. That's room 344. This evening, it is very important to stay on topic. Keep it businesslike.

The man is not above mixing  
the professional with the personal  
- to get what he wants.  
- What's that supposed to mean?  
Don't make me say it.  
The man is... Well, he's a cad.  
He's up to something.  
He excluded me from your little date.  
Hell, maybe I don't mind being seduced,  
chased after by a multi-zillionaire.  
I don't know,  
that don't sound so terrible.  
What a depraved point of view.  
The man's money makes him attractive?  
Yeah. Momma always called  
money and manners  
the pork and beans of personality.  
- What an odd woman.  
- There we are. 344, right?  
And I beg you,  
do not abuse the minibar.  
Is that...  
Good God!  
- It's a Ming.  
- Harry.  
Key.  
- That's your side.  
- This is a real nice car, Lionel.  
- It's nicer than my house.  
- Indeed.  
Would you classify this as a limo?  
Well, I suppose you could.  
Shabandar.  
Yes. Good to see you.  
Martin Zaidenweber,  
this is PJ Puznowski.  
- This is her? It's so nice to meet you.  
- It's very nice to see you too.  
- Are you excited to be here in London?  
- I'm so excited. It's my first time.  
No! No, come on.  
Now, I have heard about this painting.  
I mean, what a story.  
Almost incredible. Almost incredible.

I thought it'd be good  
for you two to meet.  
Martin will be examining your painting.  
He's going to curate  
my private collection.  
Ja.  
Wow. I thought that  
that's what Harry did.  
For the moment,  
but the man's a bit of an idiot.  
- Don't you think?  
- No, no, no, Shabandar.  
No. Harry is a good man.  
Not much of an eye, but a good man.  
I am for five years a director  
of the Kunst Museum in Kln.  
Und before that I curated the collection  
of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza.  
But the Baron's collection is...  
heavily Flemish.  
Titian, Rubens,  
all the women, so saftig und heftig.  
I mean, how many years can you spend  
looking at the Walloons, huh?  
Anyway, now I prefer the Impressionists.  
Und I'm now considered  
as the top man on Monet.  
Say, your English  
is pretty darn good there, Martin.  
I mean, for someone  
from the country of Germany.  
Oh, thank you. Well,  
I speak eight languages fluently.  
Und I'm internet-savvy, but you have  
to be these days, don't you think?  
I pluck chickens,  
so there ain't a lot of call for me  
to be traipsing around  
tweetin' and bloggin'.  
Ja, ja.  
I'm unfamiliar with this expression,  
"I pluck chickens".  
Anyway, tell me this remarkable thing.  
This painting was hanging

always in your house,  
ever since you can remember,  
even as a little kinder?

Yep.

Hmm!

Bloody hell.

- So, Harry's out on his butt, huh?

- Harry is, as you say, out on his butt.  
He's a bit of a disappointment, really.  
Something a little desperate  
about the man.

- I don't know.

- A little shifty, a little weak.

Not that bright.

I like to look a man in the eye,  
"Lionel Shabandar, how do you do?"

"This is what I should like. What do  
you fancy?" Just have out with it.

It's easier to live up to that when  
you're rich and can call all the shots.  
Character is tested in many ways.

Money brings its own burdens.

You, I'm certain, will pass every test.

Deane, I don't know.

I think maybe

you're just not looking deep enough.

Like Momma said, if you can't tell the  
difference between a pig and a javelina,  
well, you could lose a big old chunk  
out of your ass.

Indeed.

Mr Deane was a proud man  
in a difficult moment.

His credit exhausted,  
his coffers near empty,  
he was forced to contemplate  
desperate measures.

Yet he could allow no chink  
to appear in the plan.

And though his accomplice might seem,  
shall we say, less than perfect,...

...He would maintain control.

These are the moments  
that try men's souls.

So how is His Lordship this evening?

- He's...

- No problems?

- He wasn't rude or bullying, I hope.

- No, he was polite enough.

Hey, Harry, what are you doing with all your quarters?

These, madam, are pounds and pence, not quarters.

- Just putting my affairs in order.

- Harry Deane, are you tapped out?

Hardly. I do this periodically so as to have use of the jar.

I bag the coins and donate the proceeds to charity.

Uh-huh.

Tea?

So where do we stand with our little affair, scheme, programme?

You know, hoss,

I don't think it's gonna work out.

What? Nonsense.

Everything's going according to plan.

We have the painting, or so Shabandar believes.

And I, my dear, have that credulous boob's confidence.

On plan, don't you understand?

Well, then, I guess it's just me having second thoughts, then.

Second thoughts? Well, it's a little late for that, young lady.

- Don't young lady me, hoss.

- Don't you hoss me, young lady.

That is it.

I have invested thousands of pounds in this little caper of ours, not to mention the Major, who has painted his heart, his soul, his guts into his forgery of Haystacks, Dusk. You call the Major, tell him about your second thoughts, your silly little...

What is it anyway?

Cold feet, moral qualms again?

Yeah, that's part of it.  
Besides, the man  
is a cold-blooded, heartless bully.  
- I happen to think he's quite charming.  
- Charming?  
He's charming in a thoroughly reptilian,  
repulsive way. Repulsively charming.  
But you fail to see his manners  
are completely ersatz.  
I knew you were naive and provincial...  
And look at you,  
trash-talkin' my origins!  
I respect your origins,  
your entire double-wide way of life,  
but it does leave you vulnerable to...  
Leaves me vulnerable? I don't know  
how to tell you this, Harry.  
- But you're fired.  
- Oh, I'm fired?  
- Yep.  
- Very amusing.  
Let me remind you who's running  
this little enterprise, madam. Moi.  
And it is you who are fired!  
Except you're not.  
In clue course, when I have authenticated  
the Major's beautiful work, then,  
then we shall discuss  
the termination of your employment  
and come to some understanding  
as to how to bear the onus  
of your ridiculous expenses.  
Wrong, hoss. Wrong, wrong and wrong.  
You are fired, by Lionel,  
cos he told me hisself.  
He introduced me to some  
stuck-up heinie, Martin Zaidenweber,  
who's getting your job  
and you won't be authenticating  
your dumb old hay painting.  
So I'm going back to the Savoy  
to stay the night  
and I might just order up  
some surf 'n' turf.

And tomorrow I'm going to Texas,  
get my job back at the chicken plant.  
It ain't no fault of mine  
that your whole cockamamie scheme  
just went blooey.

Hmm!

Zaidenweber.

Hmm. It's a little late  
to apologise now.

How could he? Zaidenweber.

The man is a... Admittedly he knows  
his way around the Walloons.

But when it comes to the Impressionists,  
the man is a hopeless ignoramus.

This would be comical  
if it weren't actually dangerous.

I refer not just to my nose,  
which this time I fear  
may be well and truly broken.

Perhaps since our little caper  
is far from over,  
perhaps we should consider  
removing the cartilage.

Don't be an ass. I'm hardly likely  
to be hit in the face a third time.

That was the third time, sir.

This isn't a maths class.

What are we going to do about  
Zaidenweber who, once hired on,  
is not going to authenticate  
our dumb old hay painting?

Perhaps, Major, could you not  
contrive to neutralise him  
simply with a...

well, with a gun of some sort?

With a silencer screwed onto the tip  
of the thing, the barrel there?

- Mr Deane.

- Hmm?

Too much? No, you're right,  
it's too outlandish.

I'll take care of Zaidenweber.  
More pressing is how do we get  
our rogue elephant

out of the most expensive hotel  
in London?

Oh, er, sorry, sir. I haven't quite got  
the knack of this.

She is a person without vision, Major.

She cannot see the plan,  
so she will not believe in the plan.

Instant gratification is her  
modus vivendi, discipline a dirty word.

There's something  
awfully refreshing about her.

There's something refreshing  
about being plunged into an ice bath  
and flogged with a birch switch.

Oh, yes, good flogging.

Madam Olga, Pennypockets Lane,  
third floor to the rear.

- Yeah?

- Martin?

- Ja, this is Martin Zaidenweber, ja.

- Martin, it's Harry.

- Harry Trinkwasser?

- No, Harry Deane, calling from London.

- How's Cologne?

- Kln?

Oh, ja! Kln is... is good, not so bad.

Of course, I'm in Kln.

You catch me at my gym.

Practising physical culture. I am gaily  
shvitzing away the kilos, you know?

We have to fight the heftiness!

Oh, absolutely.

Look, I know this will seem  
a little out of the blue,  
and it's sort of embarrassing to say,  
but I'm calling to ask  
if you might have a job on offer soon.

- Job?

- I'm going to be free soon.

I'm about to kiss Shabandar off.

- You will kiss him off?

- Quitting, yes.

Rather embarrassing,  
but Shabandar's having problems.

Business problems.

Rumour has it he's built himself  
a bit of a house of cards.

- A card house?

- Yeah.

Just last week,  
my pay cheque didn't clear.

- Good evening.

- Good evening, sir.

- What can we do for you?

- Well, I'm checking my friend out.

Lovely room.

She's quite enjoyed her stay.

But I can authorise no further payments  
against my credit card.

So we're going to have to  
throw her out on her ear.

- Actually...

- Give her the old heave-ho.

Bags packed, out on the pavement.

Actually, sir, those charges have been

**assumed as of 4:**

by another party.

In fact, I believe she has been  
moved up to a senior suite.

Senior suite.

She's been moved up to...

Who the bloody hell...?

Lord Shabandar

called round. You just missed him.

He left with the young lady  
in evening wear.

Hmm.

- Evening wear?

- Yes, sir.

- Quite striking.

- Indeed.

A gift from His Lordship.

Fine. Excellent. Well, good, then.

But I'd be happy  
to close out your account. Let me see.  
Charges accumulating  
prior to this evening...

Yes, here we are.

It'll just be two shakes, sir.

How is the...

the Major this evening, sir?

- Hmm?

- The Major.

He's alright, I suppose.

- Seems like a busy little fellow.

- Not so little, I would hazard.

He's lost a bit of weight recently.

- Semi-retired now.

- That is a pity, sir.

- At least it's... semi.

- Hmm.

Leaving that on the American Express card, are we, sir?

Yes, thank you.

Now, the task this evening is quite straightforward.

The Japanese ran the world in the '80s and my little friend Takagawa screwed me a dozen times.

Well, now the boot is on the other foot.

So it's kind of like a grudge match.

He's still pissed off

that I beat him to Haystacks, Dawn.

Now, if I can get his lackeys to sell me their 220 television channels,

I become the third largest provider of premium cable in the whole of Asia and the Shabandar lion can finally roar over Japan.

Hello. Good day, Mr Shabandar.

I am your interpreter from Konichiwa Media Group.

- I am Chuck.

- Delighted to meet you.

This is Ms Philomena Puznowski.

Hi.

Hello. Good day. I am your interpreter from Konichiwa Media Group.

I am Chuck.

This is Mr Katsuhara Cho.

Very powerful big man

of Konichiwa Media Group.

I present Mr Shabandar

and Ms Puznoskusam.

Marvellous.

I think we'll just pick up the names  
as we go along, don't you?

- It's a pleasure to meet you all.

- And that goes double for me.

As I said,

these dinners can be difficult.

Don't worry.

These guys seem pretty harmless.

They're evil little shits.

Watch me crush them.

It occurs to me, I'm afraid

I left my glasses up in the room.

Would it... Would the key still work  
for me to run up and have a look?

- You're wearing them, sir.

- These, to be sure, yes.

No, I mean my other glasses,  
my distance glasses.

Distance.

I'll run you another key, sir.

Huh.

Bloody hell!

Hello!

Hello!

This is Extra Vroom-Vroom channel.

- Aim at people love car.

- Hmm.

This is Extra Killer Whale channel  
for people like watch whale  
eat other people.

- Very popular after ten o'clock.

- Hmm.

This is Let's Young channel.

For young teenage wear hair extra crazy,  
drink sake all night, puke in street.

Combined viewer for Konichiwa TV,

- Yes.

- Yes, yes, very impressive.

Of course,

I'm familiar with the figures.

However...

...my offer for the group was made  
in pounds sterling, not yen.  
But the recent rise of your currency  
relative to the pound  
would raise my cost fully ten percent,  
and that, gentlemen,  
is an obligation I never undertook  
and do not propose to undertake now.

There is snow on the mountains  
in the winter  
and the man, in despair,  
cannot walk to the next valley.

But in spring, snow melts  
and is remembered in tranquillity.

Right. Sure, OK, I got you.

Yeah, see, what I think the big man here  
is trying to tell you is  
he may have been tough on the price  
and a real son of a bitch until now,  
but if you kind of party down with him  
so he don't lose face,  
maybe things'll go your way.

But he ain't about to say it straight  
out and look like a wimp, right?

If you really wanna  
butter these boys up,  
you ought to invite them all  
out to your house.

You know, break some bread, mano a mano.  
Have 'em out for the gala,  
why don't you?

Maybe you're right.

God, what a bore.

Can't be so terribly difficult.

Just one foot...

...in front of the other.

Let's go dancing!

Oh, sod it.

You're a bit of a marvel. I hope  
you'll stay on, even after the gala.

I could use somebody  
with your qualities.

Well, I guess I got qualities at that.

That you do, Ms Puznowski.

That you do.

For Pete's sake, this time I think  
you really are trying to get me drunk,  
with all that rice wine an' all.

Well, why not?

No more business this evening.

This is a strictly social part  
of the day.

Let's get, as you might say, down,  
I believe, shall we?

- Say that one more time, please.

- Let us get down.

Oh, bugger me.

Well, Lionel,

tonight was real, real fun.

That sounds like the past tense.

The...

Bloody tart!

Well, that seems to have had  
the desired effect.

My Pants.

My bloody trousers!

Lionel, you know,

this ain't the place to be...

Nonsense.

This is precisely what hotels are for.

In the tree!

- Taxi!

- My bloody trousers!

Out snogging about when I'm trying  
to bloody stay on plan.

This is absurd.

Good evening, madam.

I am terribly sorry.

Tomorrow evening's Kirov Ballet  
is quite sold out  
and it's the last performance.

- Oh, my!

- Yes.

Shall we try The Cherry Orchard  
at the Duke of York's?

- Yes, let's.

- Lovely.

Lovely. Still just the one...

the one ticket?

- Yes, just the one.

- Lovely. As you please.

- Have a very nice evening.

- Yes, I shall try.

Straight back into bed. My husband  
doesn't arrive until Thursday.

Of course, madam.

It must seem like an eternity.

There.

The vase.

Just nipping down the hall for some ice.

You can fly private,

but you still have to take the time.

That's why you need a place like this  
to lay your sleepy head.

Oh, look. Here we are.

Here we are. Well, thanks  
for escorting me up, Lionel.

I'm pretty tuckered out,  
so I should probably just...

- Nonsense. Let's have a nightcap.

- What?

A nightcap, that's code, really,  
for a bit more conversation

- and then... who knows?

- Er...

- Well...

- I'm making you uncomfortable.

- Perhaps another time.

- Oh, no, that's fine.

We should do it tonight, so here we go.

Let's go on in. You first.

- What are you doing?

- What?

- Evening, Mr Deane.

- Evening.

Hey, get your butt in here. Come on.

Quite the extensive bar.

What are you having?

Let me think about it.

I'll be right there.

What are you doing here?

Where are your pants?  
Hanging on the tree downstairs.  
What are you doing with Shabandar?  
They're what?  
Hanging on the tree downstairs.  
Good God, I can hardly put it  
more plainly!  
There's Scotch, gin, Jgermeister...  
Why would you hang your pants  
in a tree?  
- It ain't Christmas.  
- I didn't hang them there.  
Why did you invite Shabandar  
to your room?  
Do your orgiastic impulses  
know no limits? You've been drinking.  
If I wanna have a nightcap, well,  
I am of drinking age and voting age  
and the age of consent.  
And I can have anyone I want  
up to my room,  
cos you ain't paying for it  
no more anyways.  
- What? Are you jealous?  
- Jealous? Don't be absurd.  
Champagne cooling.  
Are you coming out or are you slipping  
into something more approachable?  
Yeah, that's it.  
All sense of shame  
is well and truly atrophied.  
Not only do you not seek to disguise  
your wanton behaviour...  
My behaviour? Why don't you go first?  
Why were you out on that ledge,  
what was in that vase  
and why are your pants  
hanging in a tree?  
You're a very suspicious person, really.  
There was nothing in the vase.  
As for the rest of it, it is involved,  
but unlike your shenanigans,  
there's a sensible plan  
governing my behaviour.

- Jealous. Good God.  
- Ready or not,  
here I have to come.  
I need to use the lavatory.  
But I shall respect your modesty.  
I don't suppose you could dash down  
and get my trousers?  
You get out of here, Harry Deane.  
You go get your own damn trousers.  
Well, thanks a lot.  
- So you don't have any ice, then?  
- What?  
What did you say?  
- Do we have any ice?  
- No, not with champagne.  
Harry. Harry.  
- Harry.  
- It's alright. I've practised.  
Are you decent?  
I'm coming out.  
I've never told you, have I,  
the story of the Shabandar lion?  
Oh! Wanker.  
Stroke of luck, madam. One ticket left  
for The Cherry Orchard.  
- Third row in the stalls, aisle seat.  
- Ah, wonderful.  
Splendid.  
Book that for you straightaway.  
Oh, that's where it is. Excuse me.  
Housekeeping.  
Evening, Mr Deane.  
Sometimes I wonder if they drink.  
Right, shan't bother you again  
and I'll tell switchboard to put  
a Do Not Disturb on room 318.  
Good evening.  
Good evening, sir.  
Did you find your glasses?  
Yes, thank you. Got 'em right here.  
Not forgetting anything else,  
are we, sir?  
No, no, I shouldn't think so.  
- At least he's wearing a tie.

- Extraordinary fellow.

Good morning.

Harry Deane, are you spying on me?

No, not at all.

It's just that seducing Shabandar,  
last I checked,  
was not part of our plan.

Well, like Momma always used to say,  
scratch it if it itches,  
even if it's in your britches.

Miss, I've had sufficient  
of your mother's gnomic utterances.

Relax, Harry.

Face it, our little plan  
ain't exactly operational any more.

You're wrong.

Look...

We gotta have a little talk here.

See, there's two kinds of people.

There's people like Lionel with big  
deals and big cars and manners an' all,  
and there's people like us.

Look at you, running around  
all desperate and cockamamie,  
pretending like you're gonna  
take Lionel for a gazillion dollars.

Well, Harry Deane,  
it ain't gonna happen.

You're not Lionel,  
and why would you wanna be?

You got your own thing going on,  
with all your art  
and your beautiful little painting.

But you gotta quit  
trying to be something you're not.

It's OK, you know.

You being you is... is OK.

Look, I understand how certain  
unforeseen wrinkles in my plans  
have conspired to diminish  
your confidence in me.

Consider that you might  
still have an obligation,  
having incurred considerable expense,

having pledged  
a degree of cooperation  
and having...  
having wounded me personally  
by fraternising with a man  
who does not deserve your respect,  
who's a cynical manipulator  
of those less powerful  
and who's a degenerate nudist at that.  
Only person I've seen traipsing round  
London in their underwear is you.  
That is not the point.  
You sure do have nice eyes  
for a fella who never smiles.  
Too bad you're all wrapped up  
in your crazy scheme.  
Maybe you could ungrit your teeth  
a little bit every once in a while.  
OK, I get it.  
I think it's trouble, but...  
I'll play along at Lionel's party,  
if that's what you want.  
Yes, yes. Thank you, madam,  
that is all I ask.  
I'm certain after tonight, you shall  
have reason to admire the skills  
of a reborn, reinvigorated  
and surprisingly capable Harry Deane.  
If you say so.  
- Very good evening to you.  
- You're most welcome.  
Thank you.  
There are moments in a life  
that define a man.  
This was Mr Deane's.  
He was sprung for action  
and yet perfectly capable  
of blowing it completely.  
Here we go.  
Zowie.  
- This the painting?  
- Painting's in the crate.  
This is my easel so I can have a look  
at the bloody thing.

Uncrate the painting in the gallery.  
I'll look at it up there.  
Managed to get hold of the guest list.  
No sign of Zaidenweber, thank God.  
You should go, Major.  
No reason to put yourself at risk.  
You know where to find me.  
Good luck, old thing.

- Howdy.

- Good evening.

- Hey, there. Great mask.

- Thank you.

- Hi.

- Good evening.

I'm so glad you could make it  
and that you've decided  
to consummate our little transaction.  
Perhaps you might allow me to do  
the same with our other little affair.  
You can try all you want, Shabby.  
Shabby.

- Shabandar-san!

- Oh, Christ.

It is I, Chuck.

We wish to thank you for extending  
of your hospitality  
of your extra-big house.  
Oh, yes, quite. Delighted.  
I see you managed to find the bar.  
And if you're hungry,  
there's a big old spread over there.  
Our boy Lionel pulled out all the stops.  
Many thanks, Ms Puzkoza.

- Hey, Harry.

- Oh, Deane.

They probably think  
you're pretty strange too, Lionel,  
what with you being a nudist an' all.  
What with my being a what?

- A nudist.

- Nothing wrong with that, is there?

Hell, no. I think  
it's real relaxing going naked.  
What the devil are you talking about?

I understood you to have said once  
that you attended the Eden Retreat.  
That isn't a nudist gathering.  
Somebody's been having you on.  
It's one of the most formal gatherings  
you could imagine.  
Once again, Deane,  
you have things arse backwards.  
- I understand, sir. I apologise.  
- Just forget it.  
Deane... we really need  
to have a private talk.  
There is something  
I have to discuss with you.  
You boys get your bellies full?  
Blast, here they come again.  
I would rather not have to talk to them.  
- Can't we just do business?  
- I can take care of these old boys.  
And I shall just pop up  
and examine the painting.  
Gentlemen.  
Found some nourishment, I see.  
Have you boys heard of a little thing  
called live karaoke?  
# How lucky can one guy be?  
# I kissed her and she kissed me  
# Like a fella once said  
# Ain't that a kick in the head?  
# The room was completely black  
Thank you, gents. That'll do.  
Hmm.  
Whoo! Let me tell you  
a little bit about Texas.  
# The stars at night are big and bright  
# Deep in the heart of Texas  
# The prairie sky is wide and high  
Yippee-ai!  
# Deep in the heart of Texas  
That's my boys!  
Deep in the heart of Texas!  
Assuming I close this deal,  
may we conclude yours as well?  
The painting arrived, yes?

Harry told you  
he was going to take a look at it.  
No, he couldn't have.  
My security's on, you see.  
Your security?  
It's quite an ingenious system.  
I dreamt it up myself.  
I hope he's not stupid enough  
to have gone up there.  
Then again,  
we are talking about Deane.  
Oh. Shit.  
Go away.  
No, there's no need for that.  
Now, stop it.  
Stop it. Oh!  
Harry?  
Damn.  
OK, Harry,  
I'm gonna have to take him down.  
Ya! Come on, big boy!  
Bad lion! Bad lion! Come on!  
Heel! Come on!  
To the deal, then.  
Banzai!  
Oh!  
Well, that's that.  
- Are you sure he's secure?  
- That's a double granny.  
He can't work out of that.  
Ms Puznowski,  
your timing is impeccable.  
Thank you.  
I can handle anything  
that's got four legs.  
Once you trip 'em up, they're gravy.  
As your momma used to say.  
I'm going to get somebody  
to deal with him.  
Hey, Shabby.  
Where on earth have you been?  
Well...  
God, Deane,  
this is so typical of you.

What on earth were you doing larking  
about up here creating a nuisance?  
More than a nuisance,  
a bloody dangerous situation.  
PJ could well have been mauled,  
and all to no end.  
Hardly to no end. It is my job to ensure  
the integrity of the collection.  
Sorry, Deane, it isn't your job.  
Sorry to have to break it to you  
like this,  
but we're knocking it on the head.  
I've got a new man.  
It was a bloody chore hiring him.  
I had to advance him two years' salary.  
- Zaidenweber?  
- Zaidenweber.  
I am pleased to inspect.  
- Fine, but I hardly think you're...  
- Stand down, Deane.  
How does it look, Martin?  
What do you say?  
Ja. Almost incredible.  
Almost incredible.  
But...  
Yeah.  
The painting is in order.  
- It's beautiful, isn't it?  
- Hm-hmm.  
The brush strokes. The impasto.  
Everything is just quite the way  
it should be.  
And there are certain things  
that you cannot phoney up.  
Gross depiction, maybe, but  
the finer fingerprints of technique, no,  
absolutely not, you cannot, no.  
I mean, this is, I have to say,  
really quite bloody marvellous.  
This is authentic.  
Now, you can do tests  
until your testicles are cerulean blue,  
but there is no doubt in my mind.  
- Alright, then.

- Bollocks.

- I beg your pardon?

- Bollocks.

Excuse me?

Anyone with an eye can see  
that something is amiss here.

What the devil are you...?

Harry!

Fake.

The impasto is a caricature  
of Monet's actual brush handling,  
which was infinitely more subtle.

And as far as I'm aware,  
Monet never painted over  
a rather hackneyed portrait of...

Martin.

I'm disappointed.

Imagine how I feel.

Auf Wiedersehen, meine Lieblinge.

And as for you, you're either  
rather clever or not clever enough.

Either way, it's clear  
that you're of no further use to me.

Speaking of clever, what did you expect?

It was hanging on a wall  
in a trailer in Texas.

And besides,

I was never gonna be any use to you.

Well, no harm done.

Just a bit of a waste of time,  
that's all.

Well, Deane, against expectations,  
you seem to know

what you're on about rather.

You will continue in the job.

- Now, if you'll excuse me...

- I think not, sir.

You think not what?

I think not regarding  
continuing in the job.

I'm afraid I can no longer  
render services

to a man who'd wilfully insult  
the intelligence and moral character

of a woman I have so come  
to admire and respect.  
You are a boor, sir.  
And a bully. And I've had enough.  
So I'll just gather my kit...  
...and bid you a semi-fond farewell.  
Ms Puznowski, may I see you out?  
Yes, you may.  
Excuse me.  
You know, Harry Deane,  
for an Englishman, you sure do have  
some big old cojones.  
They say  
you can't put a price on dignity,  
but if you could, in Harry Deane's case,  
it would be approximately 11 million.  
Well, that didn't go  
exactly according to plan.  
I know it sounds funny coming from me,  
but now I wish you'd let him buy it.  
I just couldn't help myself, you know?  
Hear, hear.  
I'll make it up to you, I promise.  
No, no, you did your bit.  
I owe you your wages.  
Here we are.  
Well, here we are.  
Your tickets.  
- I regret that it's economy.  
- Unrestricted.  
- Well, goodbye, Harry.  
- Goodbye.  
Come here.  
- Major.  
- Madam.  
Shall we, Major?  
No problems, then, sir?  
Security was a little tougher  
than I'd anticipated.  
But you had time  
to make the switch?  
Oh, yes.  
Shabandar will never suspect.  
Beautiful work, Major.

- On which one?

- Both of them.

Although I'm afraid I had to destroy  
your Dusk to prove it was a fake.

Understood, sir. No hard feelings.

Thoughtful of this gentleman to make  
the trip. Saves us going to Japan.

Mr Takagawa.

- Hello, Harry.

- Hello, Charlie.

Hello, Major. Everything alright?

- Everything according to plan.

- Right you are, Mr Deane.

Very good.

Mr Takagawa wants to thank you.

He says he has been waiting 18 years  
for this moment.

Not at all. Pleasure to have done it.

Oh, yes.

I'm clever. But look.

Monet.

Inimitable. Though no doubt  
your version will satisfy Shabandar.

He assures me

the transfer has been made.

The money should now be  
in your Swiss account.

- Excellent.

- Hello?

Major?

It's gone through.

So much better

than having to count it all.

I'd have got it all bollocksed up  
before I got to ten million.

- Thank you, gentlemen.

- Thank you, Harry.

Has anyone given you anything  
to take on board our flight?

- No, ma'am.

- Thank you.

Oh, Harry Deane.

You'll see

she gets what we owe her?

Certainly, sir.

And should we upgrade her ticket?

Yes, why don't we?

- Bit of an extravagance.

- Oh, well.

How will you explain it?

You know me, Major.

I'll think of something.

Fancy trying your hand at Picasso?

Do you think we'd find a use for it?

Seems Donald Trump

is obsessed with the fellow.

And there's many a billionaire in Texas.

Mr Deane.

Oh, yes, Major.

The opportunities are endless.

# How lucky can one guy be?

# I kissed her and she kissed me

# Like a fella once said

# Ain't that a kick in the head?

# The room was completely black

# I hugged her and she hugged back

# Like a sailor said, quote,

"Ain't that a hole in the boat?"

# My head keeps spinning

# I go to sleep and keep grinning

# If this is just the beginning

# My life is gonna be beautiful

# She's telling me we'll be wed

# She's picked out a king-size bed

# I couldn't feel any better

# Or I'd be sick

# Tell me quick

# Oh, ain't that a kick?

# Tell me quick

# Ain't that a kick in the head?