

Breakfast at Tiffany's

Transcript

Sid Arbuck: Hey! Hey, baby, what's going on here?

Holly Golightly: Oh, hi.

Mr. Yunioshi: Miss Gorightly! Someday...someday! Miss Gorightly!

Sid Arbuck: What happened to you anyway/You take off for the powder room. That's the last I see you.

Holly Golightly: Now, really, Harry...

Sid Arbuck: Harry was the other guy. I'm Sid. Sid Arbuck. You like me, remember?

Mr. Yunioshi: Miss Gorightly! I protest!

Holly Golightly: Oh, darling, I am sorry, but I lost my key.

Mr. Yunioshi: But, that was two weeks ago. You cannot go on keep ringing my bell. You disturb me. You must have a key made!

Holly Golightly: But it won't do any good. I lose them all.

Sid Arbuck: Come on, baby. You like me. You know you do.

Holly Golightly: I worship you, Mr. Arbuck. Good night, Mr. Arbuck.

Sid Arbuck: Wait a minute! What is this? You like me. I'm a liked guy. You like me, baby, you know you do. Didn't I picked up the check for five people—your friends, I never seen them before. When you asked for change for the powder room, what did I give you? I give you a \$50 bill. Now doesn't that give me some rights?

Mr. Yunioshi: In 30 seconds, I going to call the police! All the time, a disturbance! I get no sleep! I got to get my rest! I'm an artist! I going to call vice squad on you!

Holly Golightly: Don't be angry, you dear little man. I won't do it again. If you promise not be angry, and I might let you take those pictures you mentioned.

Mr. Yunioshi: When?

Holly Golightly: Sometime.

Mr. Yunioshi: Anytime.

Holly Golightly: Good night.

Holly Golightly: Mmm.

Paul Varjak: I'm sorry to bother you, but I couldn't get the downstairs door open. Uh... I guess they sent me the upstairs key. I couldn't get the downstairs door open. I said, I guess they sent me the...uh, upstairs key. I couldn't get the downstairs door open. I'm Sorry to wake you.

Holly Golightly: That's quite all right. It could happen to anyone. Quite frequently does. Good night.

Paul Varjak: I—I hate to, uh...I hate to bother you, but if I could ask one more favor...could I use the phone?

Holly Golightly: Sure. Why not?

Paul Varjak: Hank you. Well, this is a...nice little place you've got here. You just moved in, too, huh?

Holly Golightly: No. I've been here about a year. The phone's over there. Well, it was. Oh, I remember. I stuck it in the suitcase. Kind of muffles the sound.

Paul Varjak: I'm...sorry. Is he all right?

Holly Golightly: Sure. Sure, he's o.k. aren't you, cat? Poor old cat. Poor slob. Poor slob without a name. The way I look at it I don't have the right to give him one. We don't belong to each other. We just took up by the river one day. I don't even want to own anything until I find a place where me and things go together. I'm not sure where that is, but I know what it's like. It's like Tiffany's.

Paul Varjak: Tiffany's? You mean the jewelry store?

Holly Golightly: That's right. I'm crazy about Tiffany's. Listen. You know those days when you get the mean reds?

Paul Varjak: The mean reds? You mean, like the blues?

Holly Golightly: No the blues are because you're getting fat or maybe it's been raining too long. You're just sad, that's all. The mean reds are horrible. Suddenly you're afraid, and you don't know what you're afraid of. Don't you ever get that feeling?

Paul Varjak: Sure.

Holly Golightly: When I get it, the only thing that does any good is to jump into a cab and go to Tiffany's. Calms me down right away. The quietness and the proud look. Nothing very bad could happen to you there. If I could find a real-life place that made me feel like Tiffany's, then...then I'd buy some furniture and give the cat a name. I'm sorry. You wanted something. Oh, the telephone.

Paul Varjak: It's just that I'm supposed to meet somebody. I mean this is 10:00 Thursday morning, isn't it? I just got off a plane from Rome, and I'm not too sure.

Holly Golightly: Thursday... is this Thursday?

Paul Varjak: I think so.

Holly Golightly: Thursday! Oh, no! It can't be! It's too gruesome!

Paul Varjak: Well, uh...what's so gruesome about Thursday?

Holly Golightly: Nothing, except I never remember when it's coming up, Wednesdays I generally just don't go to bed at all because I have to be up to catch the 10:45. And they're so particular about visiting hours. Would you be a darling and look under the bed and see if you can find a pair of alligator shoes.

Paul Varjak: Sure

Holly Golightly: I've got to do something about the way I look. I mean a girl just can't go to Sing Sing with a green face.

Paul Varjak: Sing Sing?

Holly Golightly: I always thought it was a ridiculous name for a prison. Sing Sing, I mean. It sounds more like it should be an opera house or something. Black, alligator. You know all the visitors make an effort to look their best. It's only fair. Actually, it's very touching, all the women wearing their prettiest things. I just love them for it, and I love the kids. I mean the kids the wives bring. It should be sad seeing kids there, but it isn't. They all have ribbons in their hair and lots of shine on their shoes. You'd think there was going to be ice cream.

Paul Varjak: Now as I understand it, what we're doing is we're getting you ready to visit somebody at Sing Sing.

Holly Golightly: That's right! You could always tell what kind of a person a man thinks you are by the earrings he gives you. I must say, the mind reels.

Paul Varjak: May I ask whom?

Holly Golightly: Whom what? Oh, whom I'm going to visit?

Paul Varjak: I guess that's what I mean.

Holly Golightly: I don't know that I should even discuss it. But, well, he never told me not to tell anyone. Cross your heart and kiss your elbow.

Paul Varjak: I'll try.

Holly Golightly: You probably read about him. His name is Sally Tomato.

Paul Varjak: Sally Tomato?

Holly Golightly: Oh, don't look so shocked. They couldn't prove he was even part of the mafia, much less head of it. My dear, the only thing that they did was prove that he cheated at his income tax. Anyway, all I know is that he's a darling old man. He was never my lover or anything like that. In fact, I never knew him until after he was in prison. But I adore him now. I mean. I've gone to see him every Thursday for seven months. Now I think I'd go even if he didn't pay me. Shoes.

Paul Varjak: I could only find one. He pays you?

Holly Golightly: That's right, or anyway his lawyer does, if he is a lawyer, which I doubt, since he doesn't have an office, only an answering service, and he always wants to meet at Hamburger Heaven. There you are, you sneak. Thank you.

Paul Varjak: You're welcome.

Holly Golightly: Dress. Dress. Here we are. Bag, and a hat, too. There we are. Anyway, about seven months ago, this so-called lawyer, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, asked me how I'd like to cheer up a lonely old man and pick up a hundred a week at the same time. I told him, "look, darling, you've got the wrong Holly Golightly." A girl can do as well as that on trips to the powder room. I mean any gentleman with the slightest sheik will give a girl \$50 bill for the powder room. And I always ask for cab fare too —that's another 50. But then he told me his client was Sally Tomato. He said "Dear old Sally had seen me at Elmo's or somewhere and had admired me a la distance. So wouldn't it be a good deed to visit him once a week? But, how could I say no? It was all so wildly romantic. How do I look?"

Paul Varjak: Very good. I must say I'm amazed.

Holly Golightly: You were a darling to help. I could never have done it without you. Bag.

Paul Varjak: Call me anytime. I'm just upstairs, or I will be as soon as I get moved in.

Holly Golightly: Bye, cat.

Paul: Uh...

Paul Varjak: Uh, you mean he gives you \$100 for an hour's conversation?

Holly Golightly: Oh, Mr. O'Shaughnessy does as soon as I meet him and give him the weather report.

Paul Varjak: Look it's none of my business, but it sounds to me like you could get in trouble.

Holly Golightly: Hold this for me, will you?

Paul Varjak: And what do you mean, weather report?

Holly Golightly: Oh there's just a message I give Mr. O'Shaughnessy so he knows I've really been up there. Sally tells me things to say like, uh... oh, there's a hurricane in Cuba, and cloudy over Palermo, things like that. You don't have to worry. I've taken care of myself a long time.

Paul Varjak: Taxi! I never could do that.

Holly Golightly: It's easy.

2E: Paul. I'm late. I know it. Don't tell me you were locked out? Didn't you get the key? Oh, darling. I'm so sorry.

Paul Varjak: No, I got the key, all right. Miss Golightly, my neighbor, was kind enough to let me in. Miss Golightly's on her way to Sing Sing. Just visiting, of course. Miss Golightly, Mrs. Falenson, my...decorator.

Holly Golightly: How do you do?

2E: How do you do? Ooh, darling. Let me look at you.

Holly Golightly: Are—are you through?

2E: Was the flight absolutely ghastly?

(at the same time) Holly Golightly: I'm in a terrible rush.

Holly Golightly: Grand central station, and step on it darling.

2E: Is it really only three weeks since I left you in Rome? Seems like years. You seen the apartment?

Paul Varjak: Not yet.

2E: Hmm I know it was wicked of me, but I couldn't resist. I went ahead and fixed it up without you. I think its darling of course, but if you absolutely hate it, we can rip everything out and start from scratch.

Mr. Yunioshi: Uhh! Miss Gorightly!

Man: Hey, baby! Where you going? Aww. Come on, baby. Open the door. Aw, be a pal. You're breaking up a beautiful party. Come on, baby. Open the door. Hey, the band's swinging. Aw, come on, baby.

Mr. Yunioshi: Miss Gorightly! Once again, I must protest! If you don't stop that phonograph right this minute, I'm going to call the police department. Yeah. That more better.

Man: What's the matter, baby? Aw, come on. You're a great kid. Open the door. Come on, baby. I'm waiting for you.

Holly Golightly: It's all right. It's only me.

Paul Varjak: Uh, wait a minute. Miss, uh...

Holly Golightly: Golightly. Holly Golightly. I live downstairs. We met this morning. Remember?

Paul Varjak: Yeah.

Holly Golightly: It's all right. She's gone. I must say she works late hours for a decorator. The thing is, I have the most terrifying man downstairs. I mean he's sweet when he isn't drunk, but let him start lapping up the vino, and, oh, golly, quel beast. It finally got so tiresome down there, I went out the window. Look you can throw me out if you want to, but you did looked so cozy in here, and your decorator friend had gone home, and it was getting cold out thereon the fire escape.

Paul Varjak: And I always heard people in New York never get to know their neighbors. Well... how was Sing Sing?

Holly Golightly: Fine. I made the train and everything.

Paul Varjak: And what's the weather report?

Holly Golightly: Small-craft warnings, block island to Hatteras—whatever that means. You know, you're sweet. You really are. And you look a little like my brother Fred. Do you mind if I call you Fred?

Paul Varjak: Not at all.

Holly Golightly: 300. She's very generous. Is that by the week, the hour, or what?

Paul Varjak: Okay. The party's over. Out.

Holly Golightly: Oh, Fred. Darling Fred, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Don't be angry. I was just trying to let you know I understand. I understand completely.

Paul Varjak: It's okay. Stick around. Make yourself a drink. Throw me my robe. I'll make you one.

Holly Golightly: You stay right where you are. You must be absolutely exhausted. I mean, it's very late, and you were sound asleep and everything. I suppose you think I'm very brazen or tres fou or something.

Paul Varjak: You're no fouer than anybody else.

Holly Golightly: Yes, you do. Everybody does. And I don't mind. It's useful being top banana in the shock department. What do you do, anyway?

Paul Varjak: I'm a writer, I guess.

Holly Golightly: You guess? Don't you know?

Paul Varjak: Okay, positive statement. Ringing affirmative. I'm a writer.

Holly Golightly: The only writer I've ever been out with is Benny Shacklett. He's written an awful lot f television stuff, but quel rat. Tell me, are you a real writer? I mean, does anybody buy what you write or publish it or anything?

Paul Varjak: They bought what's in that box.

Holly Golightly: Yours?

Paul Varjak: Mm-hmm.

Holly Golightly: All these books?

Paul Varjak: Well, there's just the one book, 12 copies of it.

Holly Golightly: "nine lives, by Paul Varjak." they're stories.

Paul Varjak: Mm-hmm. Nine of them.

Holly Golightly: Tell me one.

Paul Varjak: They're not the kind of stories you can really tell.

Holly Golightly: Too dirty?

Paul Varjak: Yeah, I...suppose they're dirty, too, but only incidentally. Mainly they're angry, sensitive... intensely felt, and that dirtiest of all dirty words—promising. Or so said the times book review, October 1, 1956.

Holly Golightly: 1956?

Paul Varjak: That's right.

Holly Golightly: I suppose this is kind of a ratty question, but what have you written lately?

Paul Varjak: Lately, I've been working on a novel.

Holly Golightly: Lately, since 1956?

Paul Varjak: Well, a novel takes a long time. I want it exactly right.

Holly Golightly: So, no more stories.

Paul Varjak: Well, the idea is I'm supposed to not fritter my talent on little things. I'm supposed to be saving it for the big one.

Holly Golightly: Tell me. Do you write every day?

Paul Varjak: Sure.

Holly Golightly: Today?

Paul Varjak: Sure.

Holly Golightly: It's a beautiful typewriter.

Paul Varjak: Of course. It writes nothing but sensitive, intensely felt, promising prose.

Holly Golightly: But there's no ribbon in it.

Paul Varjak: There isn't?

Holly Golightly: No.

Paul Varjak: Oh. You know something you said this morning has been bothering me all day.

Holly Golightly: What's that?

Paul Varjak: Do they really give you \$50 whenever you go to the powder room?

Holly Golightly: Of course.

Paul Varjak: You must do very well.

Holly Golightly: I'm trying to save, but I'm not very good at it. You know, you do look a lot like my brother Fred. I haven't seen him of course since I was 14. That's when I left home. And he was already 6'2". I guess it must have been the peanut butter that did it. Everybody thought he was dotty the way he gorged himself on peanut butter, but he wasn't dotty, just sweet and vague and...Terribly slow. Poor Fred. He's in the army now. That's really the best place for him until I can get enough money saved.

Paul Varjak: And then?

Holly Golightly: And then Fred and I... I went to Mexico once. It's a wonderful place for raising horses. I saw one place near the sea that... Fred's very good with horses. Even land in Mexico costs something. And no matter what I do, there's never seems to be more than a couple hundred dollars in the bank. It can't be 4:30. It just can't. Do you mind if I just get in with you for a minute? It's all right. Really, it is. We're friends. That's all. We are friends, aren't we?

Paul Varjak: Sure.

Holly Golightly: Okay., let's don't say another word. Let's just go to sleep.

Where are you, Fred? It's cold. There—there's snow in the wind.

Paul Varjak: What is it? What's the matter? Why are you crying?

Holly Golightly: If we're going to be friends, let's just get one thing straight right now. I hate snoops.

Paul Varjak: Yeah.

2E: Lucille, darling? 2E.

Paul Varjak: Huh?

2E: I've been trying desperately to reach you. Bill just got back—a day early, the beast—so I'm afraid I'll have to beg off. You'll explain to the rest of the girls? You're a darling. Maybe we can have a long lunch tomorrow. I'll phone you in the morning.

Paul Varjak: Mm-hmm. Whatever you say.

2E: You will manage to survive without me tonight?

Paul Varjak: Sure. I might even take a wild boyish fling at writing.

2E: Good night.

Paul Varjak: Good night.

O.J. Berman: Got yourself stuffed, huh, Polly, baby? Serves you right, bigmouth.

O.J. Berman: Buon giorno.

Irving: Huh?

O.J. Berman: Aren't you drinking?

Irving: Mm-hmm.

O.J. Berman: You have pockets there or something? What do you go by?

Irving: Hmm?

O.J. Berman: What's your name? What's your name? What do you call yourself?

Irving: Irving.

O.J. Berman: Ohh, yean. Perfect, perfect. That's wonderful. Perfect. I'll be right back, Irving, baby.

Irving: Mm-hmm.

O.J. Berman: Yeah? Whoa whoa. Kid's still in the shower. You expected?

Paul Varjak: I was invited. That what you mean?

O.J. Berman: Don't get all tense and soft. Come on in. it's a party. There's a lot of characters coming around here who aren't expected. I'll buy you a drink. You drink?

Paul Varjak: Yeah.

O.J. Berman: Then I'll buy you a drink.

Paul Varjak: Okay.

O.J. Berman: Hey, honey, your skirt's split there. What do you drink kid?

Paul Varjak: Bourbon.

O.J. Berman: Bourbon. On the rocks?

Paul Varjak: Yeah—no. with water.

O.J. Berman: You want rocks first?

Paul Varjak: Uh, yeah. Not too much.

O.J. Berman: All right. That'll set you free. Know the kid long?

Paul Varjak: Not very. I live upstairs.

O.J. Berman: You're kidding! Look at this place. What a place. It's unbelievable. What a dump. What do you think?

Paul Varjak: About what?

O.J. Berman: Is she or isn't she? Wait a minute. Hold it. Harriet!

Guest: Hi, J.B.

O.J. Berman: "J.B."? Oh! What's that?

Guest: You know Gil?

O.J. Berman: Yeah. How are you?

Gil: How about a drink?

O.J. Berman: In the kitchen. You'll find everything you need.

Gil: Thanks.

O.J. Berman: Yeah. So—oh, honey, that is you. That is you.

Holly Golightly: Fred, darling, I'm so glad you could come.

Paul Varjak: I brought you a house present. Something for the bookcase.

Holly Golightly: Oh, you're sweet. Doesn't that look nice? Give me a cigarette,

O.J. Berman: Sure, sure.

Holly Golightly: O.J. he's a great agent. He knows a lot of phone numbers. What's Jerry Weld's phone number O.J.?

O.J. Berman: Come on, lay off.

Holly Golightly: I want you to call him and tell him Fred's a genius. Stop blushing, Fred. You didn't say you're a genius, I did. So Quit stalling O.J.. Just tell him what you're going to do to make Fred rich and famous?

O.J. Berman: Now why don't you let Fred baby and me settle that, huh, puppy?

Holly Golightly: Okay. But just remember, I'm the agent. He's already got a decorator. I'm the agent.

O.J. Berman: Hold it. Hi, boys. Come on in there. Right in the kitchen everything you need. So listen, Fred, baby, What are—

Paul Varjak: No, its Paul, baby.

O.J. Berman: Oh! It is? I thought it was Fred, baby.

Paul Varjak: No

O.J. Berman: Well Answer the question. Is she or isn't she?

Paul Varjak: Is she or isn't she what?

O.J. Berman: A phony.

Paul Varjak: I don't know. I don't think so.

O.J. Berman: So, you don't, huh? Well, you're wrong. She is. Uh, on the other hand, you're right, because she's a real phony. You know why? Because she honestly believes all this phony junk that she believes in. I mean it. Now look, I like the kid, I sincerely like the kid. I do. I'm sensitive, that's why. You got to be sensitive to like the kid. It's .. It's what you call a touch, a streak of the poet.

Paul Varjak: You known her long?

O.J. Berman: Are you kidding? I'm the guy that discovered her. I'm O.J. Berman. A couple of years ago, back in the coast, she was just a kid—lot of style and class...you know

Paul Varjak: Lot of what?

O.J. Berman: Class. She had a lot of class. But when she opened her mouth, you didn't know what she was talking about—whether she was a hillbilly or an Okie. You know how long it took me to smooth that accent?

Paul Varjak: No.

O.J. Berman: I'll tell you how long. One year. Know how we did it? Ah We gave her French lessons. Figured once she could imitate French, she'd have no trouble imitating English. And, ah, finally, when I thought she was ready I arranged for a little screen test. The night before the screen test, oh I could have killed myself. The night before, the phone rings. I picked it up. I said, "O.J. speaking." she says, "this is Holly." I says Holly?, You sound so far away honey. What's with you?." she says, "I'm in New York." I said, "What kind of New York? You gotta screen test tomorrow." She says, " I'm in New York because I've never been to New York before." I says "Get yourself on the plane, get back here." "She says, "I don't want to." "What do you mean you don't want to? What do you want?" she says, "I don't want to." I says, "What do you want?" She says, "when I find out what I want, I'm going to let you know." so, look, Fred, baby— you know. Don't tell me --.

Paul Varjak: It's Paul, baby.

O.J. Berman: Paul baby, sure . Don't tell me she isn't a phony. You know what I mean?. Irving. Honey, Irving, where you been?

Holly Golightly: Mmm, thanks. Mike, darling, I tried reaching you all day long. Your answering service doesn't answer.

Guest: Well you know the kind of trouble people have with answering services.

Holly Golightly: Well, I guess so. Say I saw your mother down at the Roxie the other day.

Guest: And after all that she said about him, and he knows

Paul Varjak: Holly!

Female Guest: Time, darling.

Holly Golightly: What?

Female Guest: Time?

Holly Golightly: You have a watch?

Male Guest: No.

Holly Golightly: Oh, let me see. 6:45.

Female Guest: Thank you.

Female Guest: Aaahh! Really, was that necessary?

Paul Varjak: This is some party. Who are all these people, anyhow?

Holly Golightly: Who knows? The word gets out. You don't mind, do you, darling? Mmmm. Reinforcements.

Guests: Right in there.

Mag Wildwood: Holly? Holly, d-darling!

Paul Varjak: What's that?

Holly Golightly: Mag Wildwood. She's a model, believe it or not, and a thumping bore. But just look at the goodies she brought with her.

Paul Varjak: He's all right I suppose, if you like dark, handsome, rich-looking men with passionate natures and too many teeth.

Holly Golightly: I don't mean that one, I mean the other one.

Paul Varjak: The other one?

Holly Golightly: He's Rusty Trawler.

Paul Varjak: Huh?

Holly Golightly: Rusty Trawler. He happens to be the ninth richest man in America under 50.

Paul Varjak: Now, that, indeed, is a remarkable piece of information to have at your fingertips.

Holly Golightly: I keep track of these things.

Delivery Boy: Excuse me. You owe me 47--

Holly Golightly: Hold this a minute for me will you darling.

Holly Golightly: Mag, darling, what are you doing here?

Mag Wildwood: Holly! I was upstairs working with Yunioshi—Easter stuff for the b-bazaar. Then these two nice boys came to pick me up. It was a mistake, of course. My wires got crossed somewhere. They were both very sweet about it. May I present Jose Silva Pereira? He's from Brazil. Miss G-Golightly.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Very kind of you, miss Golightly, to allow me to attend your party. I'm so interested in North American culture. I've been already of course to the statue of liberty and to the restaurant automatique. But this is the first time I am in a typical North American home.

Mag Wildwood: Wouldn't he just m-melt in your mouth? And this is Mr. Rusty Trawler. Miss Golightly. You're not vexed at me for bringing him?

Holly Golightly: Of course not, darling.

Mag Wildwood: Darling. I'm glad. Now, who's going to bring me a bourbon?

Holly Golightly: O.J.

O.J. Berman: Yeah.

Holly Golightly: Would you get Miss Wildwood a drink?

O.J. Berman: Yeah. Which one's Miss Wildwood?

Mag Wildwood: Mr. Berman, we haven't been formally introduced. But I'm Mag Wildwood from Wildwood, Arkansas. That's...hill country.

Holly Golightly: Now, you just make yourself right at home, senior

Jose da Silva Pereira: Oh, don't trouble yourself. I'm contented to stand observing the customs of your country.

Holly Golightly: Okay, you do that. Now come along, Mr. Trawler. Let's see what we can find to amuse you with.

Husband: I wasn't supposed to pick you up.

Wife: You said you would pick me up, and at the last minute I had ...

Husband: Look I wasn't supposed to pick you up, here or anywhere.

Paul Varjak: Yeah?

Mr. Yunioishi: Miss Golightly? This time I'm a-warning you! I am definitely this time going to calling the police!

Female Guest: Wow!

Male Guest: Good evening.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Is it something important?

Paul Varjak: Nah. just the guy upstairs complaining about the noise.

Jose da Silva Pereira: He's angry.

Paul Varjak: Well, He did mention something about calling the police.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Oh, the police. The police? Oh! That I cannot have. I'd better look for Miss Wildwood and go.

Female Guest: To think I'd find a beau of mine mousing after a piece of cheap Hollywood trash.

Holly Golightly: Mag, darling, you're being a bore.

Mag Wildwood: Shut up, you! You know what's going to happen to you? I'm going to march you over to the zoo and feed you to the yak... just as soon as I finish this drink.

Holly Golightly: Timber!

Aaahh!

Sorry. Oh.

O.J. Berman: Oh, good evening, Ed.

Paul Varjak: It's Paul, baby.

O.J. Berman: Oh, yes. You remember Irving, don't you?

Paul Varjak: This is Jose.

O.J. Berman: Nice to meet you.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Wonderful seeing you.

O.J. Berman: Yes -- Jewel thieves.

Holly Golightly: Sally helps me with my accounts. I have no head for figures at all. I'm trying desperately to save some money, you know I told you. I just can't seem to. He makes me write down everything in there. What I get, what I spend. I used to have a checking account. He made me get rid of that. He feels, for me anyway, that it's better to operate on a cash basis, tax wise.

Sally Tomato: Someday, Mr. Fred, you take this book, turn into a novel. Everything is there. Just fill in a little of the details.

Holly Golightly: Certainly would be good for some laughs.

Sally Tomato: No. no, I don't think so. This is a book would break the heart. "Mr. Fitzsimons—powder room, \$50. "Less \$18--repair one black satin dress. Cat food, 27 cents."

Holly Golightly: Sally, darling, please stop. You're making me blush. But you're right about jack Fitzsimons. He's an absolute rat. But I guess, of course, I really don't know anybody but rats. Except, of course, Fred here. You do think Fred is nice, don't you Sally?

Sally Tomato: For you... I hope he is.

Convict: Give me a kiss goodbye.

Holly Golightly: Goodbye, Uncle Sally. Till next week.

Paul Varjak: Goodbye, Uncle Sally.

Sally Tomato: Goodbye and don't forget to send that book. Heh?!

Paul Varjak: I won't.

Holly Golightly: Oh, what about the weather report?

Sally Tomato: Oh, yes. Snow flurries expected this weekend in New Orleans.

Holly Golightly: Snow flurries expected this weekend in New Orleans? Isn't that the weirdest? I bet they haven't had snow in New Orleans for a million years. I don't know how he thinks them up.

Holly Golightly: Moon river wider than a mile I'm crossin' you in style someday oh, dream maker you heartbreaker wherever you're goin' I'm goin' your way two drifters off to see the world there's such a lot of world to see we're after the same rainbow's end waitin' 'round the bend my huckleberry friend moon river and me.

Hi.

Paul Varjak: Hi.

Holly Golightly: What you doin'?

Paul Varjak: Writing.

Holly Golightly: Good.

Paul Varjak: Well, hello. What's wrong?

2E: I don't know. It's probably nothing. I want to see if he's still there.

Paul Varjak: See if who's still there? What are you talking about?

2E: Look. See? I noticed him yesterday afternoon. I didn't say anything. I didn't want to sound neurotic, but... when he's there again today...

Paul Varjak: Who do you think he is?

2E: It could be anybody, of course, but what crossed my mind was... suppose Bill's having us watched, huh?

Paul Varjak: I'll take care of this.

2E: No. no, don't. Please. If that's what it is, you'll only make everything worse.

Paul Varjak: I'll be careful. You wait here.

2E: Darling, please don't. I don't think you should.

Paul Varjak: Now, take it easy. I just want to find out what this is all about.

Paul Varjak: All right, what do you want?

Doc Golightly: Son, I need a friend. That's me, that's her, that's her brother Fred.

Paul Varjak: You're Holly's father?

Doc Golightly: Her name ain't holly. She was Lula Mae Barnes. Was till she married me. I'm her husband Doc Golightly.

Paul Varjak: Paul Varjak.

Doc Golightly: I'm a horse Doctor. Animal man. Do some farming, too, near tulip, Texas. Her brother Fred's getting out of the army soon. Lula Mae belongs home with her husband, her brother, and her children.

Paul Varjak: Children?

Doc Golightly: Them's her children.

Paul Varjak: She's got four children?

Doc Golightly: Now, son, I didn't claim they was her natural-born children. Their own precious mother—precious woman—passed away July 4th, independence day, 1955, the year of the drought. When I married Lula Mae, she was going on 14. Now you might think the average person going on 14 wouldn't know his own mind. But you take Lula Mae, she was an exceptional person. I'll tell you son she just plumb broke our hearts when she run off like she done. Just plain had no reason. All the housework was done by our daughters. Lula Mae could just take it easy. I tell you that woman got positively fat, while her brother, he growed up into a giant, which is a sight different from the way they come to us. A couple of wild young'uns they was. I caught 'em outside the house stealing milk and turkey eggs. Lula Mae and her brother had been living with some mean, no-account people about 100 mile east of tulip. She had good cause to run off from that house. Never had none to leave mine.

Paul Varjak: What about her brother? Didn't he leave, too?

Doc Golightly: No sir. We had Fred with us till they took him in the army. That's why I come to talk to her about. I had a letter from him. He's getting out of the army in February. That's why I got on a Greyhound bus to come and get her. Lula Mae's place is with her husband, her children, and her brother. Huh?

Paul Varjak: The prize from the cracker jack. Want it?

Doc Golightly: Uh-uh. Never could understand why that woman run off. Don't tell me she weren't happy. Talky as a jaybird she was, with something smart to say on every subject. Better than the radio. The night I proposed, I cried like a baby. She said, "What do you want to cry for, Doc? Of course we'll be married. I never been married before." Well I had laughed and hugged and squeezed her. "Never been married before." listen, son, I advise you, I need a friend, 'cause I don't want to surprise her or scare her none. Be my friend. Let her know I'm here. Will you do that for me, son?

Paul Varjak: Yeah, sure, Doc, if that's what you want. Come on.

Holly Golightly: All right. Coming. Oh, darling, I'm just on my way out. I'm supposed to be at 21 half an hour ago. Maybe we can have a drink or something tomorrow.

Paul Varjak: Sure, Lula Mae... if you're still here tomorrow.

Holly Golightly: Oh, please, where is he? Fred? Fred?

Doc Golightly: Gosh. Lula Mae. Gee, honey, don't they feed you up here? You're so skinny.

Holly Golightly: Hi, Doc.

Doc Golightly: Gosh, Lula Mae... kingdom come.

Paul Varjak: What is it? What's the matter? You all right?

Holly Golightly: I guess so. No, I'm not. Fred will you help me?

Paul Varjak: If I can.

Holly Golightly: I want you to come to the bus station with us, Doc and me. He still thinks I'm going back with him. I don't know if I can play the scene alone.

Paul Varjak: Holly. What can I do? He's your husband.

Holly Golightly: No, he's not.

Paul Varjak: He's not?

Holly Golightly: It was annulled ages ago. But he just won't accept it. Please, Fred, I'll tell him you're seeing us off. Don't say anything. Just meet us out front in about an hour. Please?

Doc Golightly: You wait right here, honey. I'll get the bag.

Paul Varjak: Why don't I get some Magazines?

Holly Golightly: Please, Fred, don't leave me.

Train Attendant: Attention, please. Leaving from platform five, through coach to Dallas—Philadelphia, Columbus, Indianapolis, Terre haute, St.. Louis, Tulsa, Oklahoma city, Denison, Dallas.

Doc Golightly: Come on, Lula Mae. That's us.

Holly Golightly: Doc, I'm not coming with you. Come on. Let's walk together quietly and I'll try and help you understand. Help me talk to him, Fred.

Doc Golightly: That's alright son. I appreciate you want to help, but it's between Lula Mae and me.

Paul Varjak: Sure, Doc.

Doc Golightly: I love you, Lula Mae.

Holly Golightly: I know you do, and that's the trouble. It's a mistake you always made DOC—trying to love a wild thing. You were always lugging home wild things—Once it was a hawk with a broken wing. Another time it was a full-grown wildcat with a broken leg... remember?

Doc Golightly: Lula Mae there's something—

Holly Golightly: You mustn't give your heart to a wild thing. The more you do, the stronger they get until they're strong enough to run into the woods or fly into a tree, then to higher trees, then to the sky.

Doc Golightly: Lula Mae there's something I got to tell you.

Stranger: Excuse me.

Doc Golightly: A couple weeks ago, I got a letter from young Fred.

Holly Golightly: From Fred? He's all right, isn't he?

Doc Golightly: Yeah, he's fine, I guess. He's getting out of the army in February. That's what he wrote to tell me about.

Holly Golightly: In February? Well, that's only four months.

Doc Golightly: So, see, you got to come back Lula Mae. Your place is with me, your children and your brother.

Holly Golightly: Doc, you've got to understand. I can't come back.

Doc Golightly: And you got to understand what I'm trying to tell you. I don't want to seem like I'm pressuring you, but it got to. If you don't come back with me, I'm going to have to write young Fred, tell him that unless he wants to look out for himself, he better sign up for another hitch.

Holly Golightly: Doc don't you do that. Don't you write that to him. I'll write him myself and tell him I want him here with me. I'll take care of him. Don't you worry.

Doc Golightly: You're talking crazy, Lula Mae.

Holly Golightly: Doc, stop calling me that. I'm not Lula Mae anymore.

Doc Golightly: All right, Lula Mae. I guess you know what you're doing.

Doc Golightly: Keep an eye on her, will you, son? At least see she eats something once in a while.

Paul Varjak: Sure, Doc.

Doc Golightly: So skinny.

Holly Golightly: Please, Doc. please understand. I love you, but I'm just not Lula Mae anymore. I'm not.

Holly Golightly: You know the terrible thing, Fred, darling? I am still Lula Mae-- 14 years old, stealing turkey eggs, and running through a briar patch. Except now I call it having the mean reds. Well, it's still too early to go to Tiffany's. I guess the next best thing is a drink. Yes, I very much need a drink. Will you buy me one, Fred, darling?

Paul Varjak: Sure.

Holly Golightly: Only promise me one thing—don't take me home until I'm drunk... until I'm very drunk, indeed.

Holly Golightly: Do you think she's talented, deeply and importantly talented?

Paul Varjak: Hmm. No. amusingly and superficially talented, yes, but deeply and importantly, no.

Holly Golightly: Gracious. Do you think she's handsomely paid?

Paul Varjak: Hmm? Oh. Indeed.

Holly Golightly: Well, let me tell you something mister. If I had her money, I'd be richer than she is.

Paul Varjak: How do you figure that?

Holly Golightly: Because I'd keep the candy store. Old Sally Tomato—that's my candy store. I'd always keep Sally. And that's why I'd be richer than she is.

Paul Varjak: Hmm. We'd better get a little more air.

Holly Golightly: Tom, Dick, and Harry—no. correction. Every tom, dick, and Sid—Harry was his friend. Anyway, every tom, dick, and Sid sinks—thinks if he takes a girl to dinner, she'll just curl up like a kitten, in a little furry ball at his feet, right? I have by actual count been taken to dinner by 26 different rats in the last 2 months, 27, if you count Benny Shacklet, who's in many ways a super rat.

Paul Varjak: I think I forgot my key.

Holly Golightly: Never mind. I just buzzed Yunioshi.

Paul Varjak: Oh.

Holly Golightly: Do you want to know something funny? In spite of the fact that most of these rats fork up \$50 for the powder room like little dolls... Again I find by actual account, I have \$9.00 less in the old bank account than I had

six months ago. So, my darling Fred, I have tonight made a very serious decision.

Paul Varjak: And what is that?

Holly Golightly: No longer will I play the field.

Paul Varjak: Congratulations.

Holly Golightly: The field stinks, both economically and socially, and I'm giving it up.

Paul Varjak: Whoa.

Mr. Yunioshi: Miss Golightly, this time I'm not only calling the police, the fire department, and New York state housing commission, and, if necessary, the board of health!

Holly Golightly: Quiet, up there. You want to wake the whole house? as miss Golightly was saying before she was so rudely interrupted, miss Golightly further announces her intention to devote her not inconsiderable talents to the immediate capture, for the purpose of matrimony, of Mr. Br-Rutherford—Rusty to his friends, of whom I'm sure he has many—Trawler.

Paul Varjak: Who?

Holly Golightly: Rusty Trawler. You met him at my party. A couple of weeks ago. He came with Mag Wildwood, not the beautiful Latin type. The other one, the one that looks like a pig. Remember? The 9th richest man in America under 50?

Ah... Do I detect a look of disapproval in your eye? Tough beans, buddy, 'cause that's the way it's going to be. Hi, Cat.

Paul Varjak: Holly, you're drunk.

Holly Golightly: True. Absolutely true. True, but irrelevant.

Paul Varjak: What are you doing?

Holly Golightly: So I think we should have a drink to the new Mrs. Rusty Trawler... me.

Paul Varjak: Hey, take it easy.

Holly Golightly: What's the matter? Don't you think I can do it? Tell me. Seriously I'm interested. Don't you think I can? You heard the Doc. my brother gets out of the army in February. The Doc won't take him back. It's all up to me. I don't know why you don't understand. I need money, and I'll do whatever I have to do to get it. So... this time next month, I'll be the new Mrs.

Rusty Trawler. And I think we should have a little drink to that. It's all gone. Isn't that too bad? Got any whiskey upstairs?

Paul Varjak: But you've had enough.

Holly Golightly: Go ahead. Get the whiskey. I'll pay you for it.

Paul Varjak: Holly, please.

Holly Golightly: No, no. you disapprove of me, and I do not accept drinks from gentlemen who disapprove of me. I'll pay for my own whiskey. And don't you forget it.

Paul Varjak: Holly.

Holly Golightly: I do not accept drinks from disapproving gentlemen, especially not disapproving gentlemen who are kept by other ladies. So take it. You should be used to taking money from ladies by now.

Paul Varjak: If I were you, I'd be more careful with my money. Rusty Trawler is too hard a way of earning it.

Holly Golightly: It should take you exactly four seconds to cross from here to that door. I'll give you two.

Paul Varjak: Heh.

Paul Varjak: Hi. I came up to talk to you about the other night, then I saw the paper, and—well, actually, I'm kind of embarrassed about it, but since it concerns you, I thought I ought to talk about it in person.

Holly Golightly: What?

Paul Varjak: What?

Holly Golightly: Mm-hmm.

Paul Varjak: Oh. The earplugs. Well I can't go through the whole thing again. It's sufficient to say, I've come to make up. As an added inducement, I have all kinds of news. Can I come in?

Holly Golightly: I guess so. Just a minute. Do I have a nightgown on? No, I don't. Would you mind turning around for a second? On second thought never mind. That's such a corny line anyway. I'll turn around myself. Come in.

Paul Varjak: Have... you seen the paper?

Holly Golightly: Mm. Rusty, you mean.

Paul Varjak: Mm-hmm.

Holly Golightly: Yes. I know all about it. Certainly had him... pegged wrong, didn't I? I thought he was just a rat, but he was a super rat all along. A super rat in rat's clothing. You don't even know the best part. Not only was he a rat or super rat. Rather he was also broke. Broke? I mean, but not a farthing. His family has money, of course, but he personally is broke. It turns out he owes \$700,000. Can you imagine anyone owing \$700,000? \$43, yes. Anyway, that's why he decided to marry the queen of the pig people. I'll tell you one thing, Fred, darling—I'd marry you for your money in a minute. Would you marry me for my money?

Paul Varjak: In a minute.

Holly Golightly: So I guess it's pretty lucky neither of us is rich, huh?

Paul Varjak: Yeah.

Holly Golightly: Oh, Fred, darling, I'm so glad to see you. What have you been doing?

Paul Varjak: Writing, mostly. Sold a story. Just got word this morning.

Holly Golightly: Oh, that's marvelous. It really is. But only how does your decorator friend feel about it? I thought you were supposed to be saving yourself and all that.

Paul Varjak: You know something? I haven't quite got around to telling her yet. Look, why don't we go have a drink or take a walk to celebrate?

Holly Golightly: All right. I think there's some champagne in the icebox. Why don't you open it while I get dressed?

Paul Varjak: Okay I don't think I've ever drunk champagne before breakfast before. With breakfast on several occasions, but never before before.

Holly Golightly: Well, I've got a wonderful idea. We can spend the whole day doing things we've never done before. We'll take turns. First something you've never done, then me. 'Course, I can't really think of anything I've never done. Whoa!

Holly Golightly: I've never been for a walk in the morning before. At least not since I've been in New York. I've walked up 5th avenue at 6:00, but as far as I'm concerned that still night. Do you think it counts?

Paul Varjak: Sure, it counts. Now we're even.

Holly Golightly: Don't you just love it?

Paul Varjak: Love what?

Holly Golightly: Tiffany's.

Isn't it wonderful? You see what I mean, how nothing bad could happen to you in a place like this? It isn't that I give a hoot about jewelry, except diamonds, of course.

Like that.

What do you think?

Paul Varjak: Well...

Holly Golightly: Of course personally, I think it would be tacky to wear diamonds before I'm 40.

Paul Varjak: Well, you're right, but in the meantime, you should have something.

Holly Golightly: I'll wait.

Paul Varjak: No. I'm going to buy you a present. You bought me a typewriter ribbon, and it brought me luck.

Holly Golightly: Alright, but Tiffany's can be pretty expensive.

Paul Varjak: I've got my check and \$10.

Holly Golightly: Oh, I wouldn't let you cash your check, but a present for \$10 or under, that I'll accept. Of course, I don't know exactly what we're going to find at Tiffany's for \$10.

Salesclerk: May I help you?

Paul Varjak: Perhaps. Actually we were looking for a present for the lady.

Salesclerk: Certainly, sir. Was there something special you had in mind?

Paul Varjak: Well, we had considered diamonds, and I don't want to offend you, but the lady feels that diamonds are tacky for her.

Holly Golightly: Oh, I think they're divine on older women, but I don't think they'd be right for me, you do understand.

Salesclerk: Certainly.

Paul Varjak: In all fairness, I think I ought to explain there's also a secondary problem, one of finance. We can only afford to spend... a limited amount.

Salesclerk: May I ask how limited?

Holly Golightly: \$10.

Salesclerk: \$10.

Paul Varjak: That was the outside figure, yes.

Salesclerk: I see.

Holly Golightly: Do you have anything for \$10?

Salesclerk: Frankly, madam, within that price range, the variety of merchandise is rather limited. However, I do think we might have—let me see... strictly as a novelty, you understand, for the lady and gentleman who has everything, a sterling silver telephone dialer. That's 6.75, including tax.

Paul Varjak: A sterling silver telephone dialer.

Salesclerk: Yes, sir. That's 6.75, including federal tax.

Paul Varjak: Well, the price is right, but I must say, I'd rather hoped for something slightly more—how shall I say it—romantic in feeling. What do you think?

Holly Golightly: A sterling silver telephone dialer—I certainly think it's handsome, but, I mean-- , you do understand.

Paul Varjak: Well, we tried, but—we could have something engraved, couldn't we?

Salesclerk: Yes, I suppose so. Yes, indeed. The only problem is, you'd more or less have to buy something first in order to have some object upon which to place the engraving. You see the difficulty?

Paul Varjak: Well, we could have this engraved, couldn't we? I think it would be very smart.

Salesclerk: This, I take it, was not purchased at Tiffany's?

Paul Varjak: No. actually, it was purchased concurrent with—well, actually, it came inside a... well, a box of cracker jack.

Salesclerk: I see. Do they still really have prizes in cracker jack boxes?

Paul Varjak: Oh, yes.

Salesclerk: That's nice to know. It gives one a feeling of solidarity, almost of continuity with the past, that sort of thing.

Holly Golightly: You think Tiffany's would really engrave it for us? I mean you don't think they'd feel it beneath them or anything like that?

Salesclerk: Well, it is rather unusual, madam, but I think you'll find that Tiffany's is very understanding. If you would tell me what initials you would like, I think we could have something ready for you in the morning.

Holly Golightly: Didn't I tell you this was a lovely place?

Holly Golightly: What is this place anyway?

Paul Varjak: You said you wanted to sit down. It's the public library. You've never been here?

Holly Golightly: No. that makes two for me. I don't see any books.

Paul Varjak: They're in there. See?

Holly Golightly: Mm-hmm.

Paul Varjak: Each one of these little drawers is stuffed with little cards. And each little card is a book or an author.

Holly Golightly: I think that's fascinating.

Paul Varjak: V-a-r-j-a-k.

Holly Golightly: Really? Look. Isn't it marvelous? There you are, right in the public library. "Varjak, Paul. Nine lives." then a lot of numbers. Do you think they really have the book itself, live?

Paul Varjak: Sure. Follow me.

Paul Varjak: Number 57. That's us.

Holly Golightly: 57, please. Nine lives by Varjak, Paul.

Librarian: Shh.

Holly Golightly: Did you ever read it? It's absolutely marvelous.

Librarian: No, I'm afraid I haven't.

Holly Golightly: Well you should. He wrote it. He's Varjak, Paul, in person. She doesn't believe me. Show her your driver's license or diners' club card or something. Honestly he really is the author. Cross my heart and kiss my elbow.

Librarian: Would you kindly lower your voice, Miss?

Holly Golightly: Why don't you autograph it to her. Don't you think that would be nice? Sort of make it more personal?

Librarian: Really, miss...

Holly Golightly: Go ahead. Don't be so stuck up. Autograph it to them.

Paul Varjak: What shall I say?

Holly Golightly: Something sentimental, I think.

Librarian: What are you doing? Stop that. You're defacing public property.

Holly Golightly: Well alright, if that's the way you feel, come on Fred darling, let's get out of here. I don't think this place is half as nice as Tiffany's.

Holly Golightly: Hey did you ever steal anything from a 5-and-10? When you were a kid I mean.

Paul Varjak: No. I'm the sensitive, bookish type. Did you?

Holly Golightly: I used to. I still do now and then, sort of to keep my hand in. come on. Don't be chicken. Anyway, you've never done it, and it's your turn.

I can't see.

Paul Varjak: Hi, Cat. Lady of the house at home? Holly? Holly.

Paul Varjak: Trick or treat.

2E: You're crazy. You know that, don't you? But I love you anyway.

Paul Varjak: 2E.

2E: Yeah?

Paul Varjak: I've... got to talk to you.

2E: All right.

Paul Varjak: You want a drink?

2E: Uh-uh. If this is going to be a serious discussion, and suddenly I'm terribly afraid it is, you're going to have to take off that ridiculous mask. Or else I'm going have to wear one, too.

Paul Varjak: 2E, look, please.

2E: What's the matter? Girl trouble? Is that it, darling? Oh, I see. Well, that's not so serious. As a matter of fact, I've been expecting it. I can't say I like it, but I've been expecting it. Who is she?

Paul Varjak: Hasn't got anything to do with her. This is between you and me.

2E: Oh. Then it is serious. Well, now.

Paul Varjak: 2E, you're a very stylish girl. Can't we end this stylishly?

2E: End it?

Paul Varjak: Yes.

2E: Well... I do believe love has found Andy hardy. Let's see... a waitress? A salesgirl? No. she'd have to be someone rich, wouldn't she, Paul? Someone who could help you.

Paul Varjak: Curiously enough... she's a girl who can't help anyone, not even herself. The thing is, I can help her, and it's a nice feeling for a change.

2E: All right. I understand. I'll tell you what, Paul. I am a very stylish girl.

Paul Varjak: What are you doing?

2E: Writing a check. Don't look so bewildered. Surely you've noticed me writing checks before. Pay to the order of Paul Varjak-- \$1,000. Take her away somewhere for a week. You're entitled to a vacation with pay. Simply a matter of fair labor practice, darling. Of course if you were really smart, you'd get the boys together and organize a union. That way you'd get all the fringe benefits—hospitalization, a pension plan, and unemployment insurance when you're... how shall I put it? Between engagements.

Paul Varjak: Thanks for making it easier for me.

2E: Don't be ridiculous, darling. Take the check. And call your girl.

Paul Varjak: No, thanks. I've got a check of my own. When you get yourself a new writer to help, try and find one my size. That way you won't have to even shorten the sleeves.

Paul Varjak: Holly! Holly! Holly! Hey!

Stranger: Oh! What are you doing?

Paul Varjak: Excuse me. Uh, I—I'm sorry. You look just like a girl I know named Holly.

Stranger: Really?

Paul Varjak: I'm sorry.

Paul Varjak: Hi.

Holly Golightly: What do you want?

Paul Varjak: I want to talk to you.

Holly Golightly: I'm busy.

Paul Varjak: What are you doing?

Holly Golightly: Reading.

Paul Varjak: South America—land of wealth and promise?

Holly Golightly: It's very interesting.

Paul Varjak: Let's get out of here. I said let's get out of here. I want to talk to you.

Holly Golightly: Shh!

Paul Varjak: What's the matter with you anyway? What's happened?

Holly Golightly: Fred, will you please just leave me alone?

Paul Varjak: Holly. I love you.

Paul Varjak: Where are you going?

Holly Golightly: To the ladies room.

Paul Varjak: What's the matter with you anyway?

Holly Golightly: Let me go.

Paul Varjak: No.

Holly Golightly: Fred, please let me go.

Paul Varjak: Let's get something straight. I am not now nor have I ever been Fred, nor am I Benny Shacklett, whoever he may be. My name is Paul—Paul Varjak—and I love you.

Holly Golightly: Let me go.

Paul Varjak: Not till we get this settled. Now what's all this jazz about south America?

Holly Golightly: I thought if I'm marrying a south American, I'd better find out something about the country.

Paul Varjak: Marry? What south American?

Holly Golightly: Jose.

Paul Varjak: Who the hell's Jose?

Holly Golightly: Jose de Silva Pereira.

Paul Varjak: Who the hell's Jose de Silva Pereira?

Holly Golightly: Darling, you met him. I know you did. Mag Wildwood's friend. The tall good looking one who came to the party with Rusty. Well, my dear, you won't believe this, but it turns out not only is he handsome and wildly rich, he's absolutely cuckoo for me.

Paul Varjak: You're crazy.

Holly Golightly: What do you think you own me?

Paul Varjak: That's exactly what I think.

Holly Golightly: I know, I know. That's what everybody always thinks, but everybody happens to be wrong.

Paul Varjak: Look, I am not everybody. Or am I? Is that what you really think? That I'm no different from all your other rats and super rats? Wait a minute. If that's it... if that's what you really think... there's something I want to give you.

Holly Golightly: What's that?

Paul Varjak: \$50 for the powder room.

Holly Golightly: I wouldn't ask you in, except the place is in such a mess, I couldn't bear to face it alone.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Ah, you have a message.

Holly Golightly: No.

Jose da Silva Pereira: ole.

Holly Golightly: Good evening, Mr. Yunosshi.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Oh, good evening, Paul.

Paul Varjak: Good evening.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Good evening.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Please, you must help me.

Paul Varjak: Holly! Holly! Holly!

Paul Varjak: Holly! Holly! Holly!

Holly Golightly: Let me go.

Paul Varjak: Holly. Holly.

Holly Golightly: Oh, Fred.

Paul Varjak: Holly.

Holly Golightly: No, no. Fred. Fred.

Paul Varjak: What did you do to her?

Jose da Silva Pereira: Nothing. There was a telegram, and then this—crashing everything and acting like a crazy—it's appalling. I can't have a public scandal. It's too delicate—my name, my position, my family. Will there be the police again? You think?

Paul Varjak: I don't see why. There's no law against busting up your apartment. Where is the telegram?

Holly Golightly: There it is.

Paul Varjak: Received notice young Fred killed..." "In jeep accident, fort riley, Kansas." "Your husband and children join in the sorrow of our mutual loss." "Letter following. Love, Doc." her brother Fred.

Jose da Silva Pereira: Oh. This brother, was she very close to him?

Paul Varjak: Yeah.

Jose da Silva Pereira: What can one do?

Paul Varjak: Try to help her. I tried. It didn't do much good. You got a ranch or something down in Brazil don't you?

Jose da Silva Pereira: Yes.

Paul Varjak: That's good. She'll like that. Well, you better get in there.

Holly Golightly: Hi.

Paul Varjak: Hello. Got your wire. How did you know where to reach me?

Holly Golightly: Oh, I tried everything—called people, asked around, and suddenly I thought of looking in the phone book. Anyway, I'm glad you could come.

Paul Varjak: You look fine.

Holly Golightly: You think so? I'm fat as a pig, and I haven't had my hair done, but I'm happy, really happy. It probably shows. You look tres distingue yourself.

Paul Varjak: I've got a job. I've been writing a little.

Holly Golightly: I know. I've read three of your stories—two in the New Yorker and one in that funny little Magazine. Won't you sit down?

Paul Varjak: Thank you.

Holly Golightly: I've taken up knitting.

Paul Varjak: So I see. It'll probably look, uh...very nice once it's finished.

Holly Golightly: Actually, I'm a little nervous about it. Jose brought up the blueprints for a new ranch house he's building. I have this strange feeling that maybe the blueprints and my knitting instructions got switched. I mean it isn't impossible that I'm knitting a ranch house.

Holly Golightly: Really, darling, I can't tell you how divinely happy I am.

Paul Varjak: What is that, anyhow?

Holly Golightly: Portuguese—a very complicated language. 4,000 irregular verbs.

Holly Golightly: [speaking Portuguese]

Paul Varjak: Hmm. very impressive. What's it mean?

Holly Golightly: I believe you are in league with the butcher.

Paul Varjak: Holly, what's this about? Why did you want to see me?

Holly Golightly: Jose's in Washington for the night, so I thought if I'd ask you over. You might come. And, well, I've said goodbye to everyone else I care about.

Paul Varjak: You're going somewhere?

Holly Golightly: I'm going to Rio tomorrow. I've got the plane ticket, and I've even said goodbye to ol'Sally.

Paul Varjak: Jose's flying down with you?

Holly Golightly: Oh! We're going on separate planes of course. He doesn't think it would look right for us to be traveling together. His family's important down there, so he has to worry about things like that. Anyway, I thought I'd

show off and cook dinner for us. It'll be fun eating in. Did I tell you how divinely and utterly happy I am?

Paul Varjak: Yes. You are getting married, then?

Holly Golightly: Well, he hasn't really asked me, not in so many words.

Paul Varjak: Four, you mean?

Holly Golightly: Huh?

Paul Varjak: Well, that's how many words it takes—will you marry me?

Holly Golightly: Oh, we'll get married, all right. I know we will. And in church and with his family there and everything. And that's why he's waiting till we get to Rio... probably.

Paul Varjak: Do you think it's trying to tell us something?

Holly Golightly: I hope you like chicken and saffron rice served with chocolate sauce. It's an East Indian classic, my dear. Three months ago, I couldn't scramble eggs.

Holly Golightly: Oh, are you all right?

Holly Golightly: Oh. Oh, golly, darling. I did so want to impress you.

Paul Varjak: Look, I'm not much for chicken with sauce anyway. Why don't we go out somewhere? Let me buy you a farewell dinner.

Holly Golightly: Oh, that would be fun, as long as it's someplace I can go like this.

Holly Golightly: Years from now, years and years, I'll be back—me and my nine Brazilian brats. They'll be dark like Jose, of course, but they'll have bright green, beautiful eyes. I'll bring them back, all right, because they must see this. Oh, I love New York.

Paul Varjak: Then why are you leaving? What's in it for you anyway?

Holly Golightly: Look, I know what you're thinking, and I don't blame you. I've always thrown out such a jazzy line, but really, except for Doc and yourself, Jose's my first nonrat romance. Not that he's my idea of the absolute finito. He's too prim and cautious to be my absolute ideal. Now, if I could choose from anybody alive, I wouldn't pick Jose. Nero, maybe, or Albert Schweitzer... or Leonard Bernstein. But I am mad about Jose. I honestly think I'd give up smoking if he asked me. Come on, darling. Let's eat. It's getting late. I'm leaving tomorrow, and I haven't even begun to pack.

Holly Golightly: Didn't want Jose to think I was the kind of girl who loses her key, so I had 26 of them made. Wait. I got a better idea. Kind of a farewell gesture.

Paul Varjak: Somebody must have tripped the lock.

Holly Golightly: Ah, crafty devil, that Yunioshi. Wake up, wake up! The British are coming!

Paul Varjak: Or, in this case, the Brazilians.

Holly Golightly: Exactly.

Paul Varjak: Exactly.

Holly Golightly: Ooh, I've still got to clean up all that rice.

Paul Varjak: Hey, you know—hey!

Mr. Yunioshi: Aaahh! There she are lieutenant. There she is who did it! The wanted woman! There!

Police officer 1: Groenburger. Narcotics squad.

Holly Golightly: What do you mean?

Paul Varjak: What's going on?

Police officer 1: Why don't you ask your boss?

Paul Varjak: What boss?

Police officer 1: Sally Tomato. Ask him. Come on.

Mr. Yunioshi: There's much more than tomato! Look around for narcotic! They got plenty narcotic in there.

Desk Sergeant: What's your name?

Paul Varjak: Varjak.

Desk Sergeant: Hold it down over there!

Paul Varjak: Paul Varjak. V-a-r-j-a-k. Hey! Aw, get lost!

Desk Sergeant: Get out!

Paul Varjak: I'm a writer. w-r-l-t-e-r.

Holly Golightly: I can't answer all your questions.

Police Woman: One at a time. One at a time. One, one, please.

Holly Golightly: Good.

Holly Golightly: I can't answer all your questions. One at a time.

Police Woman: Wait a minute

Holly Golightly: One at a time.

Police Woman: Knock it off!

Holly Golightly: Now, darling, why don't you start?

Reporter 1: Is it true you carried messages from Tomato in code?

Holly Golightly: Of course not. I'd just meet Mr. O'Shaughnessy at Hamburger Heaven and give him the weather report. Simply do not ask me what this is all about. parce que je ne sais pas, mes chers.

Reporter 2: But you did use to visit Tomato?

Holly Golightly: I used to see him every week. What's wrong with that?

Reporter 3: Well you must have known that Tomato was part of the narcotics syndicate.

Holly Golightly: Mr. Tomato never mentioned narcotics to me. Makes me furious that way all these wretched people keep persecuting him. He's a deeply sensitive person, a darling old man.

Reporter 1: Then you're innocent.

Holly Golightly: Of course I'm innocent.

Reporter 2: What are you going to do about it?

Holly Golightly: What do you mean?

Reporter 3: Well, who's your lawyer?

Holly Golightly: I don't know. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I guess. Mr. O'Shaughnessy!

Mr. O'Shaughnessy: Hey! Get out of here!

Police officer: All right, come on!

Police officer: Okay. Move.

Holly Golightly: Mr. O'Shaughnessy?

Mr. O'Shaughnessy: Aw, shut up!

Police officer2: Get in there!

Paul Varjak: Yeah.

Operator: Mr. Paul Varjak?

Paul Varjak: Yeah.

Operator: Ready with Mr. Berman in Hollywood. Kindly deposit \$3.00 for the first 3 minutes, please.

Paul Varjak: Hello? Hello?

O.J. Berman: O.J. Berman here. Who's calling?

Paul Varjak: Mr. Berman, this is Paul Varjak.

O.J. Berman: Nice to talk to you, kid.

Paul Varjak: Varjak. V-a-r-j-a-k. I'm a friend of Holly's. I met you at a party in New York.

O.J. Berman: Who?

Paul Varjak: Paul. Paul Varjak. V-a-r... Mr. Berman, this is Fred.

O.J. Berman: Oh, Fred, baby, huh? So you called about the kid, huh? Everything's under control. Hey, you just relax. I spoke to my lawyer in New York. I told him to take care of everything, send me the bill, but to keep my name anonymous.

Paul Varjak: What?

O.J. Berman: I don't want any part of it. You hear me?

Paul Varjak: You sound like you're in a tunnel.

O.J. Berman: Oh! It's this executive phone I have.

Paul Varjak: What?

O.J. Berman: Executive phone! Fred baby, they only got her on 10,000 bail. My lawyer can get her out at 10 o'clock this morning. I tell you what you do. You bust into that dump she lives in, collect all her junk, go down to the jail, get her out, and take her straight over to a hotel under a phony name. Right.

You want to keep her away from the reporters as much as possible. You know what I mean? Will you do that?

Paul Varjak: Sure, Mr. Berman. I can't tell you how much I appreciate—

O.J. Berman: Forget it. I mean, I owe her something. Not that I owe her anything if you really want to get right down to it, but...she's a crazy. She's a phony. But she's a real phony. Know what I mean, kid?

Paul Varjak: Yeah, I know what you mean. Thanks, Mr. Berman. Thanks a lot.

O.J. Berman: Right!

O.J. Berman: Oh why don't you behave?

Holly Golightly: Quel night.

Paul Varjak: I did a little housebreaking while you were away. Clayton hotel, driver. 84th and Madison. O.J. thinks it would be a good idea if you stayed out of sight for a while. I got most your stuff here, including Cat. Hope he's all right.

Holly Golightly: Hello, Cat... poor no-name slob. Listen, darling, did you find that plane ticket?

Paul Varjak: Right here. We can cash it in.

Holly Golightly: Cash it in? Are you kidding? What time is it?

Paul Varjak: A little after 10:00.

Holly Golightly: Good. Idyllwild airport please, driver.

Paul Varjak: Never mind. You can't do that.

Holly Golightly: Why not?

Paul Varjak: You don't understand. You're under indictment. If they catch you jumping bail; they'll lock you up and throw away the key.

Holly Golightly: Don't be ridiculous, darling. By the day after tomorrow, I'll be married to the future president of Brazil. And that'll give me diplomatic immunity or something.

Paul Varjak: I wouldn't bet on it.

Holly Golightly: What is it, darling?

Paul Varjak: I have a message for you.

Holly Golightly: Oh. Oh, yes, I see. Did he bring it in person, or was it... just there, shoved under the door?

Paul Varjak: A cousin.

Holly Golightly: Hand me my purse, will you, darling? A girl can't read that sort of thing... with Without her lipstick. You read it to me, will you, darling? I don't think I can quite...bear...

Paul Varjak: Are you sure you want me to?

Holly Golightly: Mm-hmm.

Paul Varjak: Okay. "My dearest little girl, I have loved you knowing you were not as others, but conceive of my despair upon discovering in such a brutal and public style how very different you are from the manner of woman a man of my position could hope to make his wife. I grieve for the disgrace of your present circumstances, and I do not find it in my heart to add my condemn... to the condemn that surrounds you. So I hope you will find it in your heart not to condemn me. I have my family to protect and my name and...I am a coward where these institutions enter. Forget me, beautiful child, and may god be with you. Jose."

Holly Golightly: Well...

Paul Varjak: Well, at least he's honest. It's kind of touching.

Holly Golightly: Touching! That square-ball jazz.

Paul Varjak: He says he's a coward.

Holly Golightly: All right! So he's not a regular rat or even a super rat. He's just a scared little mouse, that's all. But, oh, golly... gee! Damn!

Paul Varjak: Well, so much for south America. I didn't really think you were cut out to be queen of the pampas anyway. Clayton hotel.

Holly Golightly: Idyllwild.

Paul Varjak: What?

Holly Golightly: The plane leaves at 12:00, and on it I plan to be.

Paul Varjak: Holly, you can't.

Holly Golightly: Ne pourquoi pas? I'm not hotfooting it after Jose, if that's what you think. Oh, no. as far as I'm concerned, he's the future president of nowhere. Only why should I waste a perfectly good plane ticket? Besides, I've never been to brazil. Please, darling, don't sit there looking at me like that. I'm going, and that's all there is to it. All they want from me are my services as a

state's witness against Sally. Nobody has any intention of prosecuting me. To begin with, they don't have a ghost of a chance. Even so this town's finished for me... at least for a while. There are certain shades of limelight that can wreck a girl's complexion. They'll have the rope up at every saloon in town. I'll tell you what you do for me, darling. When you get back to town, I want you to call up the New York times or whoever you call. I want you to mail me a list of the 50 richest men in brazil—the 50 richest!

Paul Varjak: Holly. I'm not going to let you do this.

Holly Golightly: You're not going to let me?

Paul Varjak: Holly, I'm in love with you.

Holly Golightly: So what?

Paul Varjak: So what? So plenty! I love you. You belong to me.

Holly Golightly: No. people don't belong to people.

Paul Varjak: Of course they do.

Holly Golightly: I'm not going to let anyone put me in a cage.

Paul Varjak: I don't want to put you in a cage! I want to love you!

Holly Golightly: It's the same thing.

Paul Varjak: No, it's not! Holly!

Holly Golightly: I'm not Holly. I'm not Lula Mae, either. I don't know who I am! I'm like Cat here, We're a couple of no-name slobs. We belong to nobody, and nobody belongs to us. We don't even belong to each other. Stop the cab. What do you think? This ought to be the right kind place for a tough guy like you—garbage cans, rats galore. Scram! I said take off! Beat it! Let's go.

Paul Varjak: Driver... pull over here. You know what's wrong with you, miss whoever-you-are? You're chicken. You got no guts. You're afraid to stick out your chin and say, "o.k., life's a fact." people do fall in love. People do belong to each other, because that's the only chance anybody's got for real happiness. You call yourself a free spirit, a wild thing. And you're terrified somebody's going to stick you in a cage. Well, baby, you're already in that cage. You built it yourself. And it's not bounded in the west by Tulip, Texas, or in the east by Somaliland. It's wherever you go. Because no matter where you run, you just end up running into yourself. Here. I've been carrying this thing around for months. I don't want it anymore.

Paul: Here, Cat! Cat!

Holly Golightly: Where's the Cat?

Paul Varjak: I don't know.

Holly Golightly: Cat. Cat! Cat! Cat! Cat! Cat! Oh, Cat. Cat.

Cat! Cat. Here. Oh, Cat. Oh, oh, oh. Ohh...

“ two drifters “ “ off to see the world “ “ there's such a lot of world “ “ to see “ “
we're after “ “ the same “ “ rainbow's end “ “ waitin' 'round the bend “ “ my
huckleberry friend “ “ moon river “ “ and me “ ”