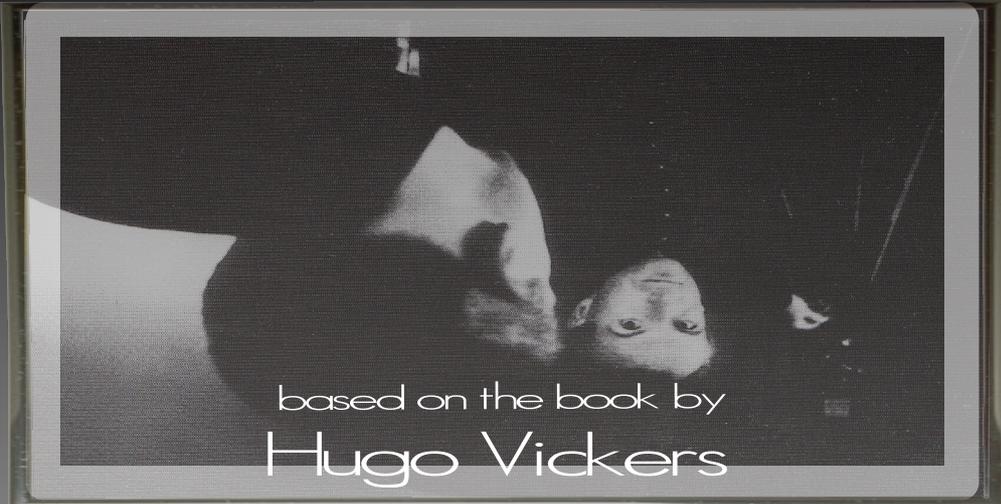
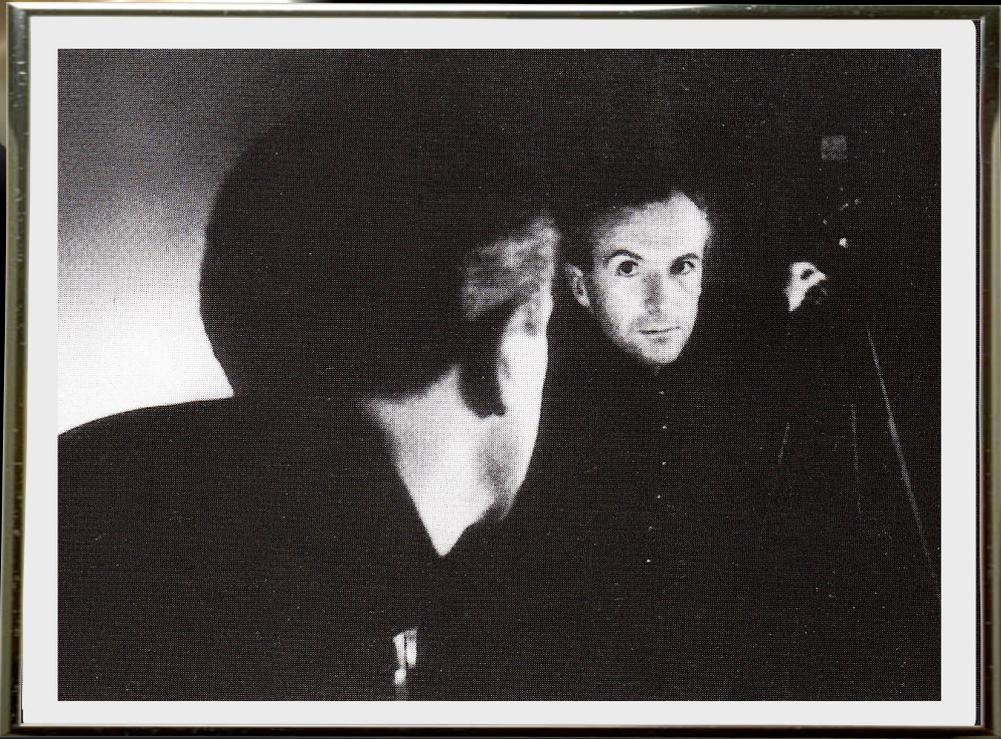




Loving Garbo

screenplay by

Roger Tucker



Loving Garbo



She was known as the star of stars, the most desired woman in the world, and the most shrouded in mystery.

He was a photographer out to make a name for himself with a Book of Beauty, an effete Englishman with a gay past, a tradesman's son with pretensions to being an aristocrat.

On their first meeting, Garbo whispered in his ear;

"If I were a young boy I would do such things to you."

And then she gave him a yellow rose. It was the start of an unlikely romance that survived a war and consumed him with passion for the rest of his life.

Cecil Beaton's diaries for the first time gave the world a peep into the intimate life of Greta Garbo, the star who shunned all publicity. After his death it was discovered that erased passages had secretly been copied by him, and preserved in a locked box. They told the story of a highly sexed affair, which brought them to the brink of marriage.

At the time, those in the know found it hard to believe. And, perhaps, Garbo and Beaton did too, for they were startled by each other as only lovers can be. From the outset he found her insufferably petty and self-absorbed, and she found him impossibly camp and frivolous.

And yet, at secret rendezvous stretching from the beaches of California, to the rolling downs of southern England, their romance endured for almost fourteen years.

Beaton claimed that he satisfied Garbo sexually as no other lover ever did. In return, she gave him what he had thought impossible: a woman of exquisite beauty who looked upon him as a man. He wanted her for his wife, but against the fulfilment of that dream stood another man with whom Garbo had an equally unlikely and enduring relationship. He was a shadowy Russian, named George Schlee, whom Garbo called *The Little Man*, and Beaton referred to as a *Road Company Rasputin*.

As Beaton was effeminate, so Schlee was macho; as he was effervescent, so Schlee was lugubriously, as he was a show-off, so Schlee sought invisibility. Schlee was married to the dress designer, Valentina, whom he would never leave. To Beaton, as to everyone-else, his hold over Garbo was quite incomprehensible, yet he alone held her at his beck and call.

Beaton prided himself on his persistence, which he saw as a mark of character, and he was not to be easily bested in matters of the heart. He lavished everything he had on a secluded Queen Anne house, which was to be Garbo's ultimate setting. He hung the rose she had given him in a frame above his bed, and for years worked on perfecting every detail of the décor. Finally, after years of prevarication, he lured her there ...

“to stay for a month or two, and if you like it, never leave.”



BEATON

Yes, it was made by the chaps who make
stuff for the carnival.

GARBO

Life is a merry-go-round?

BEATON

Well . . . perhaps, just my bed. How
wonderful you would look on it.

GARBO

(whispering)

If I was a boy I would do such things
to you.



Beaton on the Merry-go-Round Bed



BEATON

**Ever since we last met, I've thought
of nothing but you.**

GARBO

**A war has come and gone and you have
thought of nothing but me?**

BEATON

Yes.

Garbo bursts out laughing.





"be daring,
be different,
be impractical,

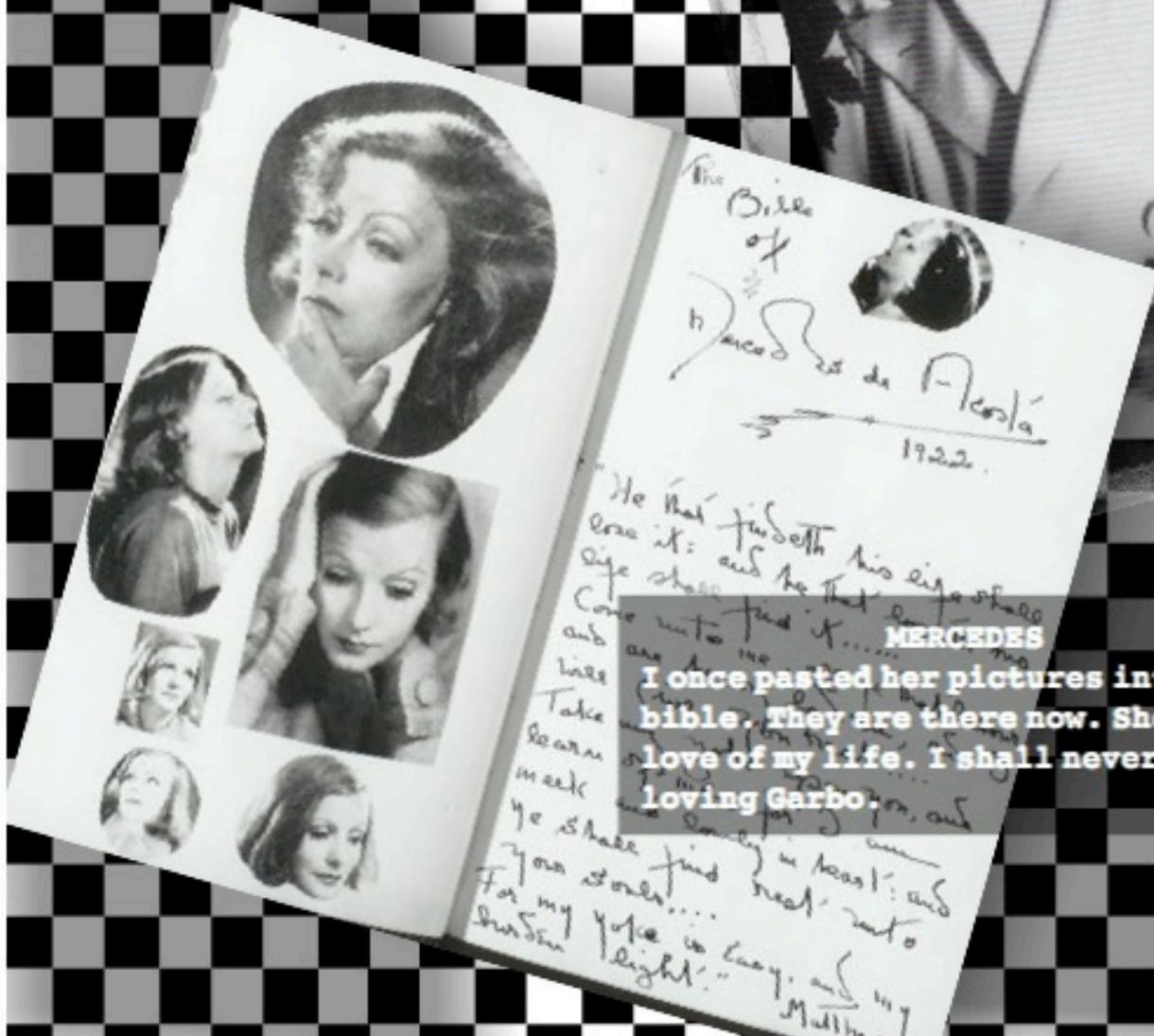
be anything that will assert integrity
of purpose and imaginative vision
against the play-it-safers,
the creatures of the commonplace,
the slaves of the ordinary."

Cecil Beaton

BEATON SHOOTS THE NEW LOOK



THE LITTLE BLACK & WHITE



The Bible
of
James de Florida
1922.

He that findeth his wife shall
love it: and he that loseth his
wife shall find it.
Come unto me
and I will
take ye
learn meek
ye shall find
your souls.
For my yoke is easy, and my
burden light.

MERCEDES

I once pasted her pictures into my bible. They are there now. She is the love of my life. I shall never stop loving Garbo.

The Divine Garbo



Miss Harriet Brown



BEATON

Look, Greta . . .

GARBO

You know I hate that name .

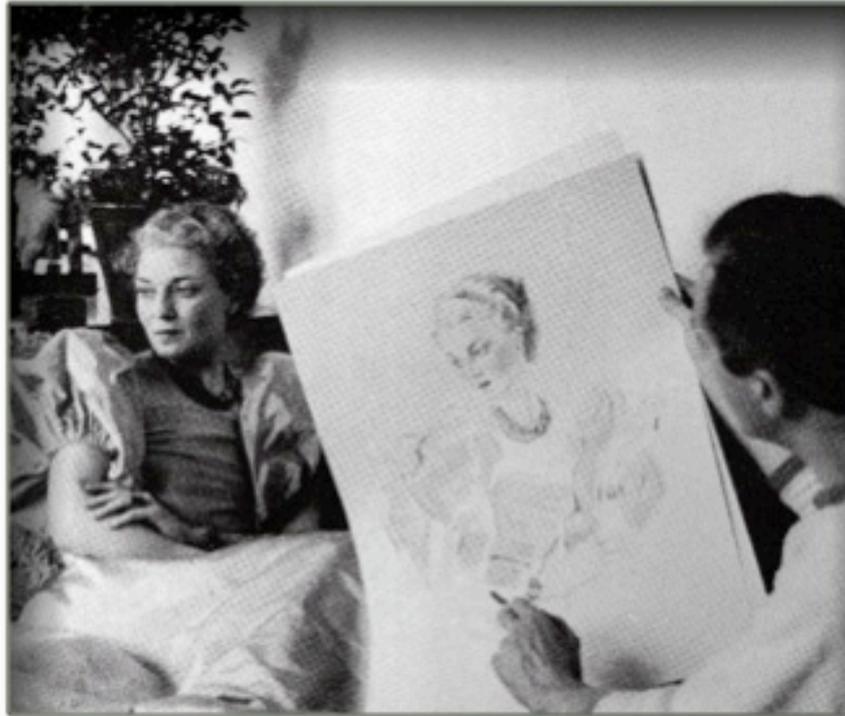
BEATON

Then what shall I call you? I hate
Miss G.

GARBO

Call me *Harriet Brown*. I think it's a
beautiful name.

MONA



MONA

Surely you know what a bore it is to have someone waiting – always at your beck and call? You've got to be canny. Don't call her up, and when she calls you, say you've been busy. Be nice to her of course, but be rather casual . . .

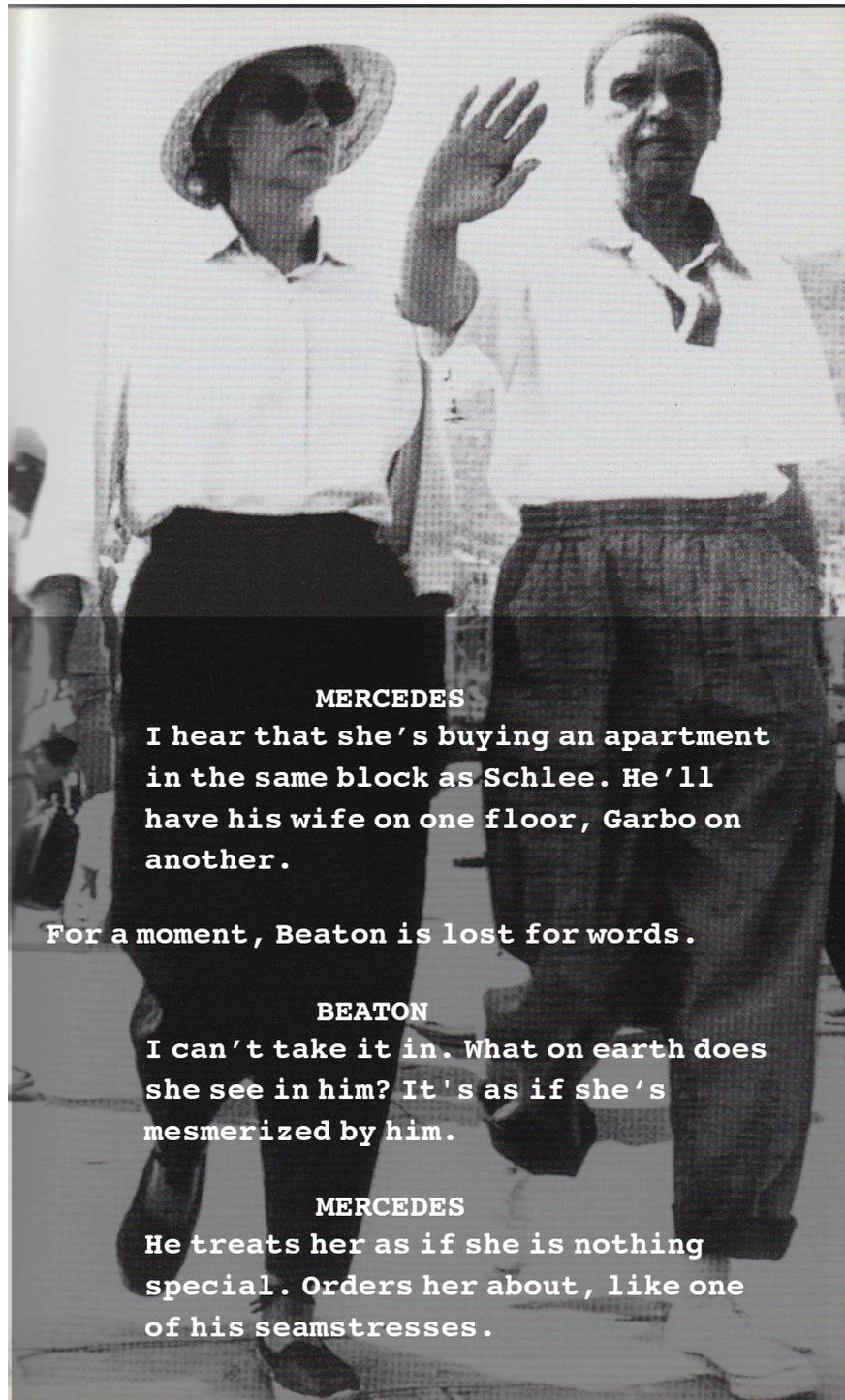
THE HOUSE INTENDED FOR GARBO



THIS IS MY PROOF

Greta in the drawing room at Reddish House

The Little Man



MERCEDES

I hear that she's buying an apartment in the same block as Schlee. He'll have his wife on one floor, Garbo on another.

For a moment, Beaton is lost for words.

BEATON

I can't take it in. What on earth does she see in him? It's as if she's mesmerized by him.

MERCEDES

He treats her as if she is nothing special. Orders her about, like one of his seamstresses.

And, when, finally, all Beaton's efforts had been expended it was to him that she returned.



GARBO

Let 's not talk of me. There are things in your heart you can never tell another person. You cheapen yourself if you do.

GARBO

(lyrics by Falco)

She didn't talk to the press
She couldn't care less
She didn't even answer the phone
She said on one occasion, without persuasion:
I want to be left alone
From this moment on, from dusk till dawn
Till the end of time, I'll be with you
You'll be with me, forever in my mind

It's you I see before me, oh oh, Garbo
C'est toi que je t'adore, oh oh, Garbo
A lovers' greatest story, oh oh, Garbo
They say well that's amore! oh oh, Garbo

People say on the day of victory, no fatigue is felt
Garbo, it's you that has the power
That makes ev'ry man's heart melt
They say that, when the heart is a fire
Sparks fly out of the cage but beauty is like a good
wine,

The taste is sweeter with age
No man can guess in cold blood
What he might do in passion
But the things that he deplores today
Are tomorrow's latest fashion
Serving one's own passion

Is the greatest slavery
But if in wanting you
I become your slave
I intend no bravery
From this moment on, from dusk till dawn
Till the end of time, I'll be with you
You'll be with me, forever in my mind
It's you I see before me..... Garbo

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