



Scripts.com

I'll Be Seeing You

By Charles Martin

-A package of gum, please.
-No gum.
-Then give me a chocolate almond bar.
-Chocolate almond bar?
No chocolate almond bars and no gum.
Where have you been?
-Made up your mind yet, soldier?
-Yeah.
All aboard.
-How much?
-Which one?
Los Angeles Westbound Express. Track two.
-This one.
-A quarter.
Temple, Pinehill...
Greenwood, and points west.
All aboard.
Los Angeles Westbound Express.
-Hey, soldier.
-Me?
Forgot your magazine.
Excuse me, miss. Is this seat taken?
Do you mind if I sit here?
Are you riding alone,
or traveling with luggage?
-Cigarette?
-No, thank you.
Going my way?
Are you trying to start
a conversation with me?
Hi, everybody!
-Hi.
-Hi, Mac.
You at Guadal?
I wouldn't be a bit surprised
if I was in the force that moved you in there.
Could be.
We sure caught it
for the first couple of weeks down there.
Hiya, pal.
What are you crying for, dope?
The sailor said hello to you, that's all.
The kid must have
some beef against the Navy.

Say, thats quite a layout out there.
I dont like prisons.
They give me the creeps.
You got nothing to worry about.
If you get into a jam
and wind up in the clink...
I got a friend
who can give you a low number.
Hot coffee. Get it while its hot. Coffee.
Rock breaks scissors.
-Dont I ever win one of these?
-Youll catch on to it.
-Scissors cuts paper.
-Holy cats!
-Once more. Lets go.
-Lets try it again.
-Rock breaks scissors.
-Come on.
Paper covers rock.
Scissors cuts paper.
Ive been waiting for this.
No matter how this works, I lose out.
-Do you want to try it?
-Too rich for me.
-How about you, miss?
-Im afraid I couldnt take it.
What do you say we get something to eat?
Im loaded.
Ill buy everybody coffee and sandwiches.
No ifs, ands, or buts. The treats on me.
Papas on leave.
-Ill be back in a flash with the trash.
-Ill help you carry it.
-Are you going home on furlough?
-Yeah.
Yeah, Im on furlough.
They gave me a furlough.
Is this your first time home since....
Well, I havent got
any regular home or family.
Im just going to visit.
You traveling on business, or....
No, Im on vacation. Christmas vacation.
What kind of business are you in?

I mean, what sort of work do you do?

Well, I....

I travel.

I'm a traveling saleslady.

I never heard any jokes
about traveling salesladies.

I guess there aren't many.

I never would have guessed
that's what you did.

What would you have guessed?

That you were...

I don't know...

a secretary or a model maybe...
or schoolteacher.

Well, I once was a secretary...
and I wanted to be a model.

So that would have been
pretty good guessing.

You're going all the way to L.A.?

No, I haven't much farther to go,
as a matter of fact.

I'm getting off at Pinehill.

Pinehill your home?

No. I'm just visiting my uncle.

That's funny. I'm going to Pinehill, too.

Really?

Yeah. I'm visiting there.

My sister lives in Pinehill.

-I'll bet she'll be very glad to see you.

-I hope so.

Maybe we'll run into each other there.

Yes.

Bye.

617 North Elm Street.

Oh, wait. If....

If anybody tried to telephone you,
how could they get you?

Well, my uncle's name
is in the telephone book.

-Henry Marshall.

-Henry Marshall?

-What's your name?

-Mary Marshall.

Mary Marshall. Goodbye.

Wait a minute.
If somebody calls and says
its Zachary Morgan, thats me.
Glad to meet you.
Merry Christmas.
If theres anything you want, just holler.
We like to do whatever we can.
Dont get worried, Zach.
That bayonet wound is all healed...
but the wound in your mind
is going to take a little more time.
Thats why the doctors gave you
this 10-day leave from the hospital...
to prove to you
that you can go out in the world again...
and find a place for yourself.
Its going to take a little while
to get your timing back.
Youll still drop things and be a little slow,
but youll get well.
They told you you would.
The important thing is not to get too tired,
not to give in.
Then you wont get any of those....
Those things that wind up
with a shot in the arm, or a tub...
or that little room with a barred window.
You can fight those things off, Zach,
if youll believe that youll get well.
Stop thinking about yourself, Zach.
Youll get well.
-Here you are.
-Aunt Sarah.
-Welcome home, dear. Come on in.
-Thank you.
-How was your trip?
-It was fine.
You havent changed, Mary, not at all.
Thank you, Aunt Sarah.
Its so good to be here.
Im so glad to have you with us, dear.
Awfully glad.
Barbara, come on down.
You can share Barbaras room.

-I dont want to disturb anybody. I dont--
-Nonsense. Barbara will love to have you.
Here, for Heavens sake, give me your coat.
Anyway, its the guest room,
or it was before Barbara was born.
Besides, I think itd be
a very good thing for Barbara. Shes 17.
Seventeen?
And shes pretty, spoiled, and at an age....
You know.
I think an older girl will be a very good thing
for her right now, like you.
Yes, like you.
Theres a million things to talk about,
but first you want to wash up.
Hello, Mary. Im awfully glad to see you.
Hello, Barbara.
Why, I never would have known you.
-Shes grown into a beauty.
-Welcome home.
-Take Mary up to your room, dear.
-Follow me, lady, to my boudoir.
Although its small,
not much bigger than a cell.
Im sorry, Mary.
Look, theres just one thing.
We all know that Ive been in prison,
and that Im going back in eight days.
And theres no use pretending it isnt so.
It just wont be any good
unless everybody says what he thinks...
and doesnt try to cover up.
Youre a fine girl, Mary.
Now go up and see your room.
Thats Moms room.
I dont remember, Mary.
Were you ever here before?
Only once, when you were just a kid.
Here we are.
All the comforts of home.
Its nice, Barbara.
We even have our own bathroom.
This is where I sleep?
I was just thinking,

thats a nice suit you have on, Mary.
Thank you, Barbara.
You were thinking of something else, too.
As a matter of fact, I was.
-Where can I put this?
-I'll take it.
You may as well tell me,
so we can both get it off our minds.
Well, I just.... Well, you see...
I hadn't known that they gave
these vacations, or furloughs...
to people that....
You don't have to be shy about it.
I didn't know about it either...
till the warden told me that in this state,
and in a few other states...
they give special furloughs to people
for good behavior.
I think it's wonderful
that they have that confidence in you.
Yes. I think so, too.
The soap in the dish is mine,
yours is on the shelf.
-Mary?
-Yes, I heard you.
You must have been
looking forward to it, Mary.
I was looking forward to seeing you,
Aunt Sarah.
That's sweet of you, dear.
As a matter of fact, selfish.
I've been doing a lot of thinking
in the past three years, Aunt Sarah, and....
What sort of things
were you thinking, Mary?
Coming out into the world and....
Even coming here, I had a feeling that--
Honey, you've got to stop being afraid.
You've got to stop feeling that you're
branded like people were in the old days.
You've done something,
you're paying your debt to society.
Most people are willing to let it go at that.
I know, but coming out into the world...

and seeing everybody in uniform,
everybody doing something...
I just don't belong, I don't fit in.
And dreams that I've had for the future...
are just impossible.
Most dreams are, Mary.
It's just the dreaming that counts.
Nobody gets
exactly what he wants out of life.
One of the first things you learn
is to make compromises with your dreams.
But I'm not talking about palaces
and rainbows, Aunt Sarah.
I'm talking about a home.
A home like this,
with a kitchen and a stove and an icebox...
and a husband, and a child.
Yes, I have all that.
Yet I used to dream
about palaces and rainbows.
But you're happy.
Of course.
Because I didn't hold out for too much.
I accepted what I thought was second best
and made that do.
It's something that everybody learns
sooner or later.
We have to get used to accepting
what you think is second best, and then...
you find out it's first best after all.
No, I don't see how that could....
Yes, this is Mr. Marshall's home.
Who is it?
Just a minute.
-It's for her.
-And why not?
Mary, it's for you.
Barbara, come and help me set the table.
Thank you.
Hello?
Yes, Zach, this is me.
Of course I meant it.
I'd love to, but what about your sister?
That's too bad.

ld love to, Zach, but....

Wait just a minute.

Aunt Sarah...

this is a soldier I met on the train,
and hes really very nice.

He came here to visit his sister,
and finds that shes gone to California...
and he wants me to go to dinner with him,
and I was wondering if--

A soldier?

Well, why not ask him here for dinner?

-May I, Aunt Sarah?

-You ask him this instant.

And tell him not to be late.

Hello, Zach.

Youre to come over here to dinner, Zach.

But we all want you.

Yes, and Aunt Sarah says not to be late.

Its 617 Elm Street. Thats right.

All right, goodbye.

-How did you ever happen to meet him?

-Well, I--

-Was he good-looking?

-Why, I dont know.

Didnt you notice?

No more lollygagging. Hurry and set
the table. Your fatherll be here any minute.

A soldier for dinner!

-Hello, Babs.

-Hi, Dad.

-Mary get here yet?

-Yes. Shes in there.

Good.

Thanks.

-Hello, dear.

-Hello.

-Welcome, Mary.

-Hello, Uncle Henry.

-Youre looking fine.

-Thank you.

Im happy to have you here, Mary. I mean it.

Hey, you must have behaved really well
for them to give you this vacation.

I think thats fine.

Well, its just that they dont exactly
look upon me as a criminal.
No, of course not.
I dont think of you as a criminal, either.
Otherwise Id never have put up
the lawyer money.
-I think you would, Henry.
-Now, Sarah.
Whats done is done.
Lets think no more about it.
I want you to have a good time
while youre here.
Thank you.
I want you to feel just like any one of us.
Shes going to, Henry.
Weve invited a soldier to dinner for her.
You did?
Well, thats fine.
Im sorry.
I thought this was the Marshall house.
It is.
-Is Miss Marshall here?
-Im Miss Marshall.
I mean your.... Mary Marshall.
-Well, she--
-Barbara, stop teasing that young man.
-Im Marys aunt. Youre Zachary?
-Yes.
This is Barbara, my foolish daughter.
-Hello.
-Hi.
-May I take your coat and hat?
-Thank you.
-Hello, Zach.
-Hello, Mary.
You were quick.
Take Zachary into the living room.
Make him comfortable.
Thank you.
Henry, dinner.
-Is it on the table?
-In a minute.
-Barbara, come with me. I need you.
-Oh, Mother.

This is swell.

I havent been in a real home like this
in almost as long as I can remember.

Its too bad about you missing your sister.

Well, Mary...

Im in this house under false pretenses.

I havent any sister. I just made all that up.

When you said

you were getting off the train at Pinehill...

I had to make up some sort of excuse

so I could get off with you.

Good evening.

Uncle Henry, this is Zachary Morgan.

My uncle.

-Happy to have you here, Sergeant.

-Thank you.

Make yourself at home. Happy to do
whatever we can for the armed forces.

A man always feels, these days,
hes not doing enough.

How about a drink? Have some bourbon.

No, thank you, Im not drinking just now.

Well, let you in on a little secret.

Neither am I.

Its a funny thing.

People that have it dont want it.

Oh, fine.

People that cant get it...

you ought to see the act they put on
in my drugstore to get that stuff.

Suppers ready. Come and get it.

Hungry?

-Mary, you sit over here. Zach, down there.

-Thank you.

We thank you, God, for our daily bread.

We will do our best to deserve it.

We know that you are present here with us...

that you are smiling upon our two guests,
Mary and Zachary.

Please look after all our dear ones...

and all the boys

who are fighting for our country.

Amen.

Youre not very used to saying grace,

are you, Zach?

No. In the Army I guess you don't have time.

Didn't you even say it when you were a kid?

When I was a kid I did,

it was just sort of routine.

-You say it as if you meant it, sir.

-I do, Sergeant.

Makes me want to say that I am grateful, too,

for being here and everything.

Thank you, Zachary.

-You must be quite a soldier.

-I wouldn't say that.

The Good Conduct Medal,

two campaigns in the South Pacific...

and the Purple Heart.

For Heavens sake, Barbara,

where'd you learn all that?

A girl gets to know medals

like she does boogie-woogie.

But the Purple Heart,

that means you were wounded.

Barbara, stop asking questions.

I'm sure Sgt. Morgan doesn't like it.

Come on, Zach,

tell us how you got to be a hero.

After dinner, you go upstairs

and take off some of that lipstick.

Looks as if you fell in a pot of red paint.

Go on, eat your soup, Sergeant,

before it gets cold. That's orders.

You must have been disappointed

not to find your sister.

Well, Mrs. Marshall--

She took a defense job in California.

Didn't she?

Are you mad at me, Zach,

for asking all those questions?

No.

I'm not mad. You mad?

No, I'm not mad.

Dad.

-Dad, I want to ask you a question.

-Fine. Fire away.

You know,

you never told me anything about Mary.
I mean, why she was sent to prison,
and why she--
You can find out about that
some other time, when youre a little older.
But it cant be so secret.
I dont see why I shouldnt know.
Barbara, you can find out about that
some other time.
Its just that Mary made a little mistake,
and thats all there is to it.
But they dont send people to prison
for just doing nothing.
Look, Im trying to listen to the radio
and work this puzzle.
I cant take on another job at the moment.
What if my friends ask me about her?
Whatll I tell them?
-Theyll want to know--
-Just tell them that Mary is your cousin.
From that point on,
they can mind their own business.
And it seems to me that your business
might be helping your mother.
Dad, sometimes the way you talk to me...
you make me feel like
Im an adopted daughter or something.
Sighted Jap, sunk same.
Franklin, behave yourself.
Get up from that pavement this instant.
Youll all catch your death of cold.
Now, now.
Ill tell your father.
Ill tell your father, thats....
Not one Christmas present for you.
-Is the war really like that?
-I guess so.
-Thats funny.
-Why?
I mean that you should only guess so.
They have experts making those pictures.
I guess thats the way they see the war.
A beach a mile long...
and thousands of soldiers and tanks

and machine guns and everything.
I guess that's the way it is.
But it wasn't that way for you?
It's just a difference in size.
To a guy that's in it,
the war is about 10 feet wide...
and kind of empty.
It's you and a couple of fellows
in your company, maybe...
and maybe a couple of Japs.
It's all kind of mixed up.
Sometimes it's all full of noise,
and sometimes it's quiet.
It all depends on
what you're thinking about, I guess.
It depends on how scared you are...
how cold you are, and how wet you are.
I guess if you asked a hundred guys
what the war is like...
they'd all give you a different answer.
-You know what?
-What?
I mean...
usually you don't like to talk about it.
I never said anything about it before,
not to anybody.
-I'm sorry, I--
-No.
No. I feel kind of good.
Let's go have a drink or something.
All right if we sit back here?
Had that booth reserved for you.
Nothing's too good for the Army.
No offense, sailor.
-Okay, my friend.
-You see, I'm an old Army man myself.
Yes, sir.
What'll you have, Mary?
A cup of coffee.
Come on, it's Christmas. The sky's the limit.
Have a piece of pie with it.
No, I'll just have a cup of coffee.
-Two coffees.
-Coming up. Two cups of java.

Sure you wont have anything else?
Not after that wonderful dinner
Aunt Sarah prepared for us.
Theyre nice people. Youre nice people, too.
Hot java for the Army.
Social error. There you are.
Hey, soldier, you certainly been places.
-Would you like some cream?
-No, thanks.
You know, l was just a boy of 18,
over in France, in World War 1.
Theyre kidding themselves.
This is the same kind of war.
-Sure you wont have some cream?
-No, l dont use it.
The Navy, Marine, Air Force, theyre okay.
This ones gonna be just like the last one.
A soldier like you or me, walking out
on his own two feet and slugging it out.
l took off some weight since my time.
Used to be heavyweight champion
of the regiment.
Got a couple of funny medals. Here they are.
When this thing starts,
l try to sign up again.
l tell them l want a chance
to knock a couple of Jap heads together.
Could still do it, too.
Squash them like eggs, l could.
They wont let me fight.
Why? On account of this tick in my face.
Nothing touched me in the last war.
l got a bit of shell shock.
lt left me with this. Nobody ever notices it.
But that young doctor squirt,
not dry behind his ears...
he turns me down. l dont get it.
Thank you, Mary.
Mary, l....
l think you ought to know something.
What is it, Zach?
l wish l could tell you.
You probably think....
l bet l could do better than that.

Hello.

Hello.

-I thought you were asleep.

-No, I've been burning the midnight oil.

Here's my morale list.

It's fun to think I'm the pinup girl

for at least five fellows.

And it's part of the war effort.

I keep up their morale, maybe.

It must be nice to be able to keep up

somebody's morale.

I imagine you could write to a lot of them.

They just like to get mail from anybody.

I mean, you don't have to know them

awfully well to....

What I mean is....

When I was 17, I had a little trouble

finding the right words, too.

Is Zach stationed here, or....

Barbara, what I'm in prison for

isn't catching.

I'm sorry, Mary, I....

I keep hurting you and...

I really don't want to.

I guess it is uncomfortable for you...

to meet somebody who's been in prison.

Maybe when you get to know me,

you'll feel differently.

I want to know you, Mary. Really, I do.

-How much do you know about me?

-Not much.

Mother and Dad still treat me like a child.

Everything's a big secret.

I don't think it would hurt for you to know.

As a matter of fact, I think it might help.

-When I was your age, my mother died.

-I remember her.

Way back when I was young.

She used to make clothes

for my favorite doll.

Yes, she was wonderful with her hands.

And some time after that,

my father went north on business.

And then, when he died, I was on my own.

I got a very good job as a secretary...
and my job brought me in contact
with a lot of nice men...
one of whom might have turned out,
I thought, to be the one...
who would give me all the things that
you dream about when youre 20 and lonely.
One day, when I was called
into my bosss office...
he invited me to a party in his apartment.
He was single, and I started dreaming.
Bosses do marry their secretaries.
I took what money Id saved,
and I bought an evening dress.
I thought it was very fancy. I wanted to
look good in front of his high-class friends.
Hed sent me an orchid, a white orchid...
the first one Id ever had.
I was wearing it.
When the door opened, I walked
into the biggest apartment Id ever seen.
I thought it was rich and elegant.
Id wanted to impress him,
so I got there a little late.
Id wanted to make an entrance
all by myself...
but nobody else was there.
I should have had sense enough then
to get out, but I didnt.
Hed been drinking a long time before
I got there, I guess, and he kept right on.
He told me
that he hadnt invited anyone else...
and that the white orchid and all that
was just his way of getting me up there.
I tried to talk my way out...
and then when that didnt work,
I made a break for it.
I didnt scream.
I was too frightened, I guess.
I tried to get away from him, but I couldnt.
He seemed to be everywhere.
It was all mixed up,
like some terrible kind of a dream.

Once, I almost got away
when he fell over a chair.
But he caught me again
and dragged me back.
Then I pushed him as hard as I could,
and he fell back through the window.
His apartment was on the 14th floor.
Mary...
how awful.
-Maybe I shouldn't have told you.
-No, I'm glad you did.
But it's wrong.
They shouldn't have sent you to prison.
If I'd been lucky enough to get away
before he was killed...
then there wouldn't have been any crime.
But after all, a man was dead.
The jury said manslaughter.
Guilty.
Well, that meant six years.
Please forgive me, Mary.
Mary, see who that is, will you?
Hello?
Good morning, Zach.
If it's important, of course I can see you.
Do you want to come here?
I'd rather not. I hate to keep barging in
on your uncle's house.
Mary, I want to talk to you about last night,
and I need some time.
Well, I have the time, plenty of time.
Where do you want to meet?
I asked about here, and they say
there's a bus that goes up to the lake.
It's pretty out there,
and there aren't so many people.
-Not so bad, is it?
-No.
I told you there was no use wasting any gas.
It's only a short walk from here.
I know. You're trying to wear me out
before we tee off. I got you.
Hi, Chuck, how've you been?
-Hi, swell day?

-Fine.

Its so pretty.

-Hi.

-Hello.

You born in this part of the country?

I was born in Maryland. You get used to
Christmastime being cold and snowy.

This seems more like Christmas to me
than the kind they have back east.

I mean, this is more like the country
where they celebrated the first Christmas.
This reminds me of a lake I used to go to
when I was a kid.

Every spring,
I had a job repairing the boats.

Mary...

I want to tell you why I got mad
at that man in the coffee shop last night...
and why I walked away after I threw
that rock at the lamppost and missed it.

I knew there must be some reason,
but you dont have to tell me.

Look, I was brought up in a home,
an orphans home.

Thats nothing to be ashamed of.

Im not. Its not like being in prison,
or anything like that.

No.

In the home, there was a janitor.

This fellow had been in the last war.

He was a young guy.

He was a shell shock case.

Whenever we could get our hands
on any firecrackers, wed bang them off...
and laugh at him when he jumped.

That fellow in the coffee shop
reminded me of the janitor.

They both made me think of myself,
and what Id be like in a few years.

Only difference is that now in the hospital
they have a fancy name for it:
neuropsychiatric.

The doctors must know more about it now
than they did during the last war.

Maybe.

They dont know something about me
that l know.

You see...

before l became an engineer...

l was an athlete, a pretty good one.

l know what my timing used to be,
they dont.

And its gone, Mary.

Before this happened to me,

l could have hit that lamppost all day.

l dont know why

lm bothering you with all this.

Yes, l do. l know why lm bothering you.

Because l feel so much better

when l talk to you. l like to be with you.

l like to be with you, too.

Mary, l want to talk about you.

Listen, tell me....

-What?

-Well....

For instance, how did you become

a traveling saleslady, and what do you sell?

As l told you,

l started out wanting to be a model...

and after that...

l got a job

with a dress manufacturing company...

and now l travel for them.

Where do you travel?

After your vacation, where do you go?

l go back to Dallas,

and from Dallas l go to New Orleans.

New Orleans? lve been there.

lts a swell town.

Youve been to New Orleans?

-Have you ever been to Florida?

-No.

l go from New Orleans to Florida.

-New Orleans to Florida?

-Palm Beach.

Mary, can you make me believe in myself

the way you believe in yourself?

-What makes you think l do?

-I can tell.
The way you talk, the way you walk...
the way you look,
the way you hold your head.
Maybe thats just make-believe.
Why dont we go down here by the rock?
Like boats?
Do you?
Some kid probably owned that boat.
Thought it could take him
all around the world and back.
Wish it could.
I wish we could get on it and sail away to....
Where would you like to go?
Not Florida or New Orleans.
Some place like the moon, maybe.
With a good breeze and a good compass,
maybe we could find a place.
Well, if it were a real boat,
and the moon a real place...
would you go?
Theres no harm in dreaming. Id go.
Im not going to have you
run out on me again.
Thank you, one and all.
I never could figure out
why the pudding never gets burned.
Ive never been able to, either.
Must be the alcohol in the brandy.
I think.
I think its a shame to burn a good brandy.
That quart I brought home last week
was imported cognac.
Dont worry, Henry.
I didnt burn up the whole quart.
I wouldnt trust Mom with it, Dad.
Maybe youre right. Remember last year,
how Mom got going on a glass of sherry?
Im not going to listen to that again.
You may not believe this
about your dear Aunt Sarah...
but last year she got high as a kite.
If theyre trying to drag out
a family skeleton...

I won't listen to them.
It's just one of those little things
that happen, people start exaggerating.
Exaggerate, my eye. It's as true as I sit here.
Last year, Mother and I had a glass of sherry
to bring in the New Year.
And then we went to a little gathering.
All the way across town it was.
And Mother had her skirt on backwards.
If you're in such good voice,
how about a Christmas carol?
Aunt Sarah, something tells me
you're trying to change the subject.
Nothing of the sort.
Christmas carols go with plum pudding.
And we're eating plum pudding.
Sarah, you don't have to work so hard at it.
I'm a pretty good baritone,
and I don't need much urging.
What'll it be?
I think I like best Come All Ye Faithful.
Fine. Come All Ye Faithful it is.
O come, all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant
O come ye
O come ye to Bethlehem
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels
O come, let us adore him
O come, let us adore him
O come, let us adore him
Christ the Lord!
It feels pretty comfortable to have another
man's voice around here at Christmastime.
I'm sure Barbara's doing her best
to arrange that for you, Henry.
Mother.
Maybe family jokes are in bad taste.
-They make the guest feel out of place.
-No, ma'am.
I haven't felt so easy in a long time.
This is the best Christmas dinner I ever had.
Yesterday I was a stranger here.
I mean, I felt like a prisoner inside myself.

Now...

just to be in a home like this
with people like you...
maybe someplace I can come back to,
next month, or next year....

-Did I say something?

-No, Zach.

-Its just that Marys sentimental or--

-Its Christmas....

Mary, whats the matter?

Is it anything I said?

Anything to do with this afternoon?

No, its just...

a combination of things.

The pudding, and the singing...

and the very nice things you said.

First time my singing

ever brought anybody to tears.

Maybe Id better get out of here.

Its isnt polite to eat and run.

I mean Pinehill. I ought to leave you alone.

Youre just fishing.

You want me to ask you to stay.

Well, ask me.

Please, stay.

Sarah, this is silly.

We cant just sit here all night.

Theyve got to have

a couple of minutes to talk things over.

Theyve had a couple of minutes.

Come on, Dad. Lets go on in.

Wed better give them a warning first.

Well, thats all the plum pudding I can eat.

Cant eat another bit.

Lets play the radio.

Fine.

Come, darling.

Its present time.

Henrys going to act as Santa Claus.

Come on.

-Here you are, Mother dear.

-This is for you, dear.

Is that for me? Thank you, dear.

Look at the size of it.

-Can I have one?
-No, you can't have one.
I know what it is.
Henry, you darling, you did get it after all.
My goodness! Look what I got.
-Here you are, darling.
-Thank you, Uncle Henry.
-Did Zach get his?
-Zach.
-Thank you, Aunt Sarah.
-I hope you like it, dear.
-Merry Christmas.
-Thank you.
I understood, Mary.
When Zach said he was a stranger...
you felt as if the words
were coming from your own lips.
Might have happened to any girl.
Could have been just Christmas sentiment.
Good night, Mary.
-Good night, Uncle Henry.
-Good night.
-Don't forget to turn out the lights, Sarah.
-All right, dear.
So don't worry about making a scene.
I'm not worrying about that, Aunt Sarah.
I was just wondering
if I shouldn't tell him about me.
-Not for the world.
-You don't think so?
Well, why?
He trusts me...
and it doesn't seem fair.
There's no reason for it, Mary.
He'll only be here for a few days.
He's lonely,
and you're making things pleasant for him.
That's not the reason I'm seeing him,
Aunt Sarah.
Because I like him.
I like him a lot.
Of course you do, dear,
but it isn't as if you were gonna marry him.
No.

It isnt as though I was going to marry him.
I didnt mean it like that, dear.
I know.
Have fun, Mary.
See Zach every day, if you like.
Act like any other girl.
I try, Aunt Sarah, but I....
I cant seem to make myself
feel like any other girl.
I just feel like me.
And thats pretty darn good.
Now you have fun.
Hey, you two. Whats cooking?
Remember, Mary, I dont think so.
Good night, dears.
Good night, Aunt Sarah.
She doesnt think so, what?
She doesnt think
there really is a Santa Claus.
Mother, look. It just fits. I love it.
Do you think a long skirt?
Its for New Years Eve. It has to be long.
Isnt it a little old for you, dear?
For Heavens sake,
Im going out with a lieutenant.
Yes, Im quite aware
of the responsibility of the occasion...
-but that neckline.
-So thats it.
For your information, mother,
this neckline is a morale builder.
How would you like to try on this?
-Thats lovely.
-Yes, its one of the best designs we have.
No, Mommy, please. I want this one.
All right, dear.
-It fits you perfectly.
-It feels perfect, too. Ill be right back.
-You like this one, dont you, Mary?
-Its lovely.
-Then youre going to have it.
-No.
Now you listen to me, Mary.
You cant wear the same clothes every day.

Your soldier boys gonna get tired of them.
I've been fooling him well enough so far.
I've been wearing one blouse after another.
I don't need a dress.

Zach's made a big thing of inviting us all
to this New Year's Eve party.

You can't wear a suit.

I'll manage.

Henry and I have talked it over.

We want you to have a dress.

Henry will be so disappointed
if you don't accept it.

Darling, I'll only be able to wear it once.
It'll be out of style in three years.

Then we'll burn it.

-Miss?

-Yes.

-My niece would like to try on this dress.

-It will be fine on you.

Go on, dear. Try it on.

Well, all right, I'll try it on.

-How about you, Mrs. Marshall?

-Thank you, my lavender is still good.

Mother, it's just going to be swell.

Thank you.

Now, you run along,

pick up your father at the store.

Okay. Thanks again. You're so wonderful.

You know how impatient your father is.

Now run along.

-How much is this dress?

-\$69.

Would you take the tag off, please?

Look, here's \$30.

And when my aunt asks you the price,
you tell her it's \$39, instead of \$69.

-It's a bargain.

-Thank you.

Miss...

-How much was that dress?

-\$39.

I'll give you \$20.

When I ask you again how much it was,
you tell me it's \$19.

-Do you like it?
-Its darling on you.
-Isnt it sweet?
-It was made for you.
Miss, how much is this dress?
\$19.
Thats a wonderful buy.
What are you laughing at?
-How do you like my dress?
-Swell, isnt it?
Some hep chick, huh?
-Hello, Zach. Do come in.
-Hello, Barbara.
-Dont you notice anything, Zach?
-Where?
-About me.
-Got on too much lipstick again.
-Hello, Zach.
-Hello, Mr. Marshall.
Lt. Bruce, this is Sgt. Morgan.
-Hello, Lieutenant.
-How do you do?
Isnt a sergeant
supposed to salute a lieutenant?
Only on the street. Anyhow, from
the decorations the Sergeants wearing...
I ought to do the saluting.
Thats not what it says in the book.
-My coat, Lieutenant.
-Sure, Your Majesty.
Henry, are you ready?
No, Sarah, Im down here in my bathrobe,
working on this puzzle.
Dont be impatient, dear.
Well be right down.
-Fine.
-Good night, Pa.
Good night, baby.
Take care of her, Lieutenant.
Why does everybody treat me like a child?
I can take care of myself.
We wont be late. Good night, Mr. Marshall.
Good night, sir.... Sergeant.
Good night, sir.

Heres a nice big piece of sky for you,
Mr. Marshall.

Henry, get your hat. Were ready.

Well, lets get going, Zach,
before they change their minds.

Got my bag, and my gloves,
and my purse, and....

Sarah. Now where is she?

-Sarah, are we going, or--

-Henry, you left the scullery light on.

Mrs. Marshall, this is for you.

I hope you like camellias.

This is for you, Mary.

I hope you like white orchids.

Thank you, Zach.

I havent had a corsage in years.

-Henry, did you lock the kitchen door?

-Lets go, Sarah.

Theres some mistake.

I knew Id do it.

Thats what happens when a man
gets mixed up in things he shouldnt.

The orchids are for you, Mary.

Thats all right, Aunt Sarah.

Sarah, are we going tonight?

The camellias were promised to me,
and Im going to have them.

-It really doesnt matter.

-These were intended for you.

Sarah.

Darling, just give me a minute. Look at that.

-Were gonna be late.

-Flowers make you feel so like a party.

-Wasnt that sweet of Zach?

-Sarah!

Youre always so impatient.

Have you got the key?

Never mind.

Tell me, Johnny, are you sure
its all right for a girl to go into the YMCA?

Change your partners, do-si-do.

-Fine.

-Fine, fine.

I dont know how it is, but every year

at New Years, I get so excited and...
-sort of upset.
-I know what you mean.
Its like being in on something big,
something important.
Thats it exactly.
Back to your partners,
with a right and left grand.
-Thank you.
-Thanks, Mary, that was...
-Thank you, Uncle Henry.
-...swell.
Ill be seeing you
In every lovely summers day
In everything thats light and gay
Ill always think of you
Two weeks ago,
if somebody had told me Id be dancing...
with a girl like you,
know what Id have said?
What would you have said?
Id have said that I wouldnt be dancing
with a girl like you.
Ill be looking at the moon
But Ill be seeing you
-Cutting in. Hello, Mary.
-Hello.
Maybe you dont recognize me
in the outfit Uncle Sam gave me.
-Im sorry, I dont.
-Charlie Hartman, Accounting Department.
Yes, Im terribly sorry. Id forgotten.
This is Sgt. Morgan.
This is Charlie Hartman.
How about a dance?
Boy, am I surprised to see you, Mary.
I didnt think you were trying
to give me the brush. What happened?
-I thought you were still....
-Well, I am.
-They gave me a 10-day Christmas vacation.
-Good. You gonna be around?
Yes.
Charlie, the fellow Im with...

he doesnt know about me,
and Id appreciate it very much...
you know, if you wouldnt--
Sure, Mary. Forget it.
Thanks, Charlie.
Wait a minute, Mary.
Excuse me, could I have a light, please?
Here, Sergeant. Have a cigar.
-Thank you, sir.
-Youve been in the South Pacific?
Yes, sir.
Just the kind of man we want to talk to.
Let me introduce myself.
Im Senator Hugh D. Emmett.
-How do you do, sir?
-This is my friend, John Tombes.
Glad to know you, Sergeant.
Executive chairman of the committee
that raised the funds for this party.
-Thank you, sir.
-Sergeant...
we would like to get the point of view
of the soldiers about several things.
-Soldiers?
-Yes.
We would like to know from you
what the soldier thinks.
-Thinks about what?
-Thinks about political issues.
Senator, I dont know.
What gives you the idea that because
a fellow puts on a soldiers suit...
he thinks any differently from anybody else?
What does the soldier think?
I tell you...
last time some of us voted for Roosevelt,
and some of us didnt.
Some of us werent old enough to vote.
Some soldiers think
labors got a right to strike...
and some soldiers think
labors got no rights at all.
A lot of soldiers have got one idea
about what should happen after the war.

A lot of soldiers have other ideas.
Me? I havent the slightest notion
what a lot of soldiers think.
Senator, thanks for the cigar.
Unless somebody gypped me
with this watch 15 years ago...
its New Years.
Weve got to find Mary and Zach. Excuse us.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
Well take a cup o kindness yet
For auld lang syne
Happy New Year.
What was that, that that poet said
about the deep-throated dog?
-Hes just barking in the New Year.
-Thats not what he said.
I didnt mean that.
Do you believe that saying,
a barking dog never bites?
I believe anything you say.
The thing about a dog is...
you must never let him know
youre afraid of him. That makes him angry.
Youve got to treat him like an old friend.
Here, boy.
See what I mean?
Id hate to run into him in a dark alley.
What do you think this is?
Zach!
Stay away, Mary. Stay away.
Duke!
-Are you hurt?
-No.
-No, but he could have been.
-Im sorry.
Are you all right?
-You know something?
-What?
The doctors are gonna be very surprised

when they see you.
Theyll probably send you back
to active duty.
That lemonade must have been spiked.
No, I really mean it.
Do you realize what you did tonight?
-You couldnt have done that a week ago.
-Why?
Ive watched you all evening.
When you were dancing,
you never hesitated for words...
and your eyes didnt blink.
And then when that dog attacked us,
Ive never seen anyone so fast on their feet.
-I didnt think about what I was doing.
-Exactly. You were so alert and keen.
And your timing was perfect.
I hope youre right. I believe you are.
Mary, you told me that in eight days
you can do a lot of believing.
You see, Im the fellow
thats on the radio that says:
-Life can be wonderful.
-Youre wonderful.
Youre saying that
because Ive got lots of money.
Youre wonderful.
Because you know
Ive got very influential friends.
Because of my social position.
Mary, I know Im going to get well.
Ive got plans, too, lots of them.
I know Im going to stay well, too,
because you figure in all my plans.
Youve got to figure in them because...
without you, Im back where I started.
Im sunk.
Lets dont talk about it tonight.
Im kind of sleepy.
Okay.
Tomorrow, before I go,
Ive got a lot of things to tell you.
Good night, Zach.
Happy New Year.

I love you very much.
Is that you, Mary?
Are you all right?
Aunt Sarah, I love him so.
What are you going to do?
I don't know.
He's going to ask me to marry him.
He would've asked me tonight if I'd let him.
-Did you tell him?
-No.
Are you going back on the train
with him tomorrow?
No. I'm going to catch a later train
tomorrow night.
Why don't you give yourself
that extra time with him, Mary?
Because I'm afraid to be alone with him.
I mustn't tell him.
I lied to him, I told him I was going to stay
here a couple of extra days.
Don't you think he's strong enough yet
to know about you?
I can't take that chance, Aunt Sarah.
He's getting well.
And I want him to go back to the hospital
sure of himself...
and sure of me.
Remember, what you have to do
may seem to be second best...
but it may work out to be first best.
Aunt Sarah, I hope so.
Happy New Year, Mr. Lincoln.
Happy New Year, Zach.
May I have this dance with you, Sergeant?
Happy New Year.
Hold on, Zach. Hold on.
You're just a little tired, that's all.
There was a lot of excitement. That fight
with the dog took a lot out of you.
That's why you're sweating.
It doesn't mean anything.
Sit down, Zach, sit down.
That's it. Sit down, take it easy.
Don't get scared, Zach.

Maybe it is one of those things.
They told you it might happen.
Hang on, Zach, hang on.
You know
what youre going to have to go through.
Its sure banging away.
It doesnt sound that loud.
Youre just thinking it does, thats all.
The doc told you
theres nothing wrong with your heart.
Beating fast like that doesnt mean anything.
This is it. You thought for a minute
it wasnt, but it is.
Youre in for it now.
You know the next step.
You know whats coming now.
Its tough to get hold of yourself, Zach.
Better call for a doctor and let him
get the hypo ready, or maybe a tub.
Zach.
Zach, youve got eight days to believe.
Eight days. You must believe.
I made it.
Barbara!
Barbara, thats awful stuff
for a man to wake up to!
How can you stand it
so early in the morning?
Dad, its beautiful music, a lovely day,
and a wonderful New Year.
Thats the trouble with young people.
Theyre so doggone young.
There you are. I was beginning to think
Id have to bring breakfast to you in bed.
Its not a bad idea, Sarah.
I might try it sometime.
That was the best part
of having my appendix out.
-Please, Henry. One egg or two?
-Three. Im hungry.
-Good morning, Mr. Marshall.
-Hello, Zach. Happy New Year.
-Come on in.
-Had a good time last night?

Fine. Best party lve been to since last New Year.

-Have you had your breakfast yet?

-Yes, sir. Early.

Heres the paper. Make yourself at home.

Be with you in a minute.

Drive you down to the station. Hope you enjoy Barbaras melodious concert.

-Who were you babbling to?

-Zach.

Good morning, Mary.

-Good morning, Zach.

-Good morning, Mrs. Marshall.

-Hello, Mary.

-Hello, Zach.

I was just fixing some sandwiches for you to take with you.

Shouldnt you get ready to go down to the station?

Yes, Ill go get my hat and things.

Ill be back in just a minute.

Marys fixing up a little box lunch for you.

I want a string to tie it up with.

Its difficult to get anything to eat on the train.

-Very nice of you.

-Hello, Sergeant. Happy New Year.

-Happy New Year. How was your party?

-Solid.

-You going back to active duty, Zach?

-Not for a while yet.

You look a lot better than you did a week ago.

-Feel a lot better.

-Was it the Marshall food that did it?

Mustve helped.

I think it was mostly your cousin Mary.

Shes awfully nice.

Ive noticed that, too.

You know what? I think Ill marry her.

-Are you kidding?

-Not as far as Im concerned.

-Of course, I dont know about her yet.

-Wont you mind waiting?

Thats up to Mary, really.
Things have worked out so well,
I may not have to wait as long as I thought.
Thats what the folks
have always hoped for...
that she wont have
to serve her full term now.
But the fact that they let her out of prison
for Christmas is a pretty good sign.
You know, it wasnt until the other night,
when she told me how it all happened...
that I realized it really isnt her fault.
Shes not a criminal.
I mean, not like real criminals.
Its too bad that you two cant go back
on the train together.
But then, Mary isnt due in Easton

until 9:

She wants to spend as much time with us
as she can.
You cant blame her,
after being locked up for three years.
Come on, Zach. Were gonna be late. Mary?
Goodbye, Zach.
Have a nice trip, and come back real soon.
I hate to say goodbye, Zach.
-Come on. Were gonna be late.
-Thank you again, Mrs. Marshall.
Good luck.
Have you got the box? Ill get it.
I hope you like chicken sandwiches.
Zach, is there any special address...
or do I write to you in care of
the hospital at Easton?
Yeah, care of the hospital.
You can write to me in care of
Uncle Henrys address.
Theyll forward it
to wherever I happen to be.
Because I wont know what hotels
Ill be able to stop at.
I understand.
Board!

-Goodbye, Mary.

-Goodbye, Zach. Here.

Thank you.

-Zach, will you write to me?

-Sure. I'll write.

Zach, what's the matter? What's wrong?

-Board!

-Nothing. Bye, Mary.

-Bye, Zach. Goodbye.

-Bye.

What's the matter with Zach, Mary?

He acted kind of strange.

I think I know.

-Mother.

-Look out, don't break any of those globes.

Mother, if you'd been in Mary's place...

wouldn't you have gone along with Zach?

Never mind, dear.

Don't ask so many questions.

As long as Zach's willing to wait for Mary...

-till she gets out of prison, I--

-Prison? Barbara!

-You didn't tell him?

-Wasn't Zach supposed to know?

No.

Why didn't anybody tell me?

Why didn't you tell me, Mother?

I'm sorry, dear. I should have told you.

Mary's always treated me like a grownup.

I didn't want to hurt her.

I've done something terrible.

Mary, I told him.

I didn't want to hurt you.

I didn't know.

I told him.

We're so sorry.

Mary, I'm so ashamed.

Please, forgive me.

I love you, Mary.

I wouldn't want to hurt you,

not for anything.

I understand something....

I understand something now

that I never knew before...

that you can make a mistake,
do something dreadful...
without meaning to.

Mary.

Its all right, Barbara.

Mary, I didnt want to make you cry.

Theres nothing wrong with crying
at a time like this.

The minute I got on the train,
I knew why you didnt tell me.

Nothing matters, except that youre here.

Im terribly ashamed of walking out like that.

I need you, Mary.

I want to feel that you need me.

I do.

Ill be right here.

Ill be right here waiting.

Ill be all well by then.

Ready to make a new start, too.

Zach, I love you so much.