



Scripts.com

In This Our Life

By Howard Koch

- Afternoon, Tom.

- Hello, Mac.

- What are you doing Sunday?

- Nothing.

- I'm going fishing.

- Fishing?

Me, I like to lay around of a Sunday
and drink beer in my undershirt.

Yes, sir, that's what I like.

- Howdy, Mr. Timberlake.

- What you call him Mr. Timberlake for?

You've known him for 20 years,
ain't you?

Yeah. That's why.

- Oh, Mr. Timberlake?

- Oh, hello, Parry.

Mr. Timberlake, Mr. Fitzroy, he most
politely wants you to be home this afternoon.

- All right.

- He called you, but you was already gone.

And Mr. Fitzroy said that he'll be
at your house between 5 and 5:30.

- Thank you.

- He also wants me to pick up...

...Miss Stanley's car.

Give it a wash and a polish.

Very well.

Oh, your mother told me the other day
that you were at the head of your class.

- Yes, sir, I reckon that's so.

- Well, that's fine, Parry. I'm proud of you.

Thank you, sir.

Well, I don't see Miss Stanley's car
here, Parry.

- I guess she's not home yet.

- I'll just wait, Mr. Asa.

All right.

- Hello, Daddy.

- Hello, Roy.

Mother wants you.

My, that's a pretty dress.

I like you in blue.

You like me in green.

You like me in yellow. You just like me.

I guess that's it. Peter home yet?
No, he got a call
and had to go back to the hospital.
Hello, Minerva.
Miss Roy, just look at all these presents.
My, my. They sure is beautiful. I reckon
this won't be like the other times.
I reckon Miss Stanley going to get married
sure enough this time. Bless the Lord.
This time it's the right man.
- He certainly is. Poor Mr. Craig.
- What do you mean, poor Mr. Craig?
Nothing, child, except the gentleman
what gets Miss Stanley, gets a handful.
That dress fit you exactly. Didn't need
no fixing when you was married.
Stan has got a smaller waist.
And Miss Stanley takes after her mama
and her Uncle William, the Fitzroy side.
Now you just like your grandma,
Mrs. Timberlake.
Only I'm not so pretty.
No.
Did you come straight home
from the factory?
Yes, I came straight home.
- What kept you so long?
- I walked.
Why did you walk?
Pleasure, that's all. Just pleasure.
- William's coming over.
- Yes, I know.
Well, aren't you gonna change your
clothes? Make yourself presentable?
- Better put on your other suit.
- Why should I?
Haven't you any pride? Or don't you care?
I guess, I don't care.
You don't care, that's the trouble. If
you cared things wouldn't be as they are.
Well, things are as they are.
Oh, you're a fool.
Lavinia.
I don't blame William

for taking advantage of a fool.
My dealings with your beloved brother
are things of the past. Done.
We have other and better things
to think about.

- Such as?
- Our children, their future.

Stanley's marriage.

- Well?
- Lavinia, I have a feeling...

It's nothing definite, just a feeling.
That things are not as they should be.
No one's making her marry Craig.
It's her own choice.
Ha. She doesn't know her own mind.
Oh, that's nonsense, Asa. She knows her
own mind better than the rest of us.
That's their ring. William and Charlotte.
Hurry, Asa. Go down and let them in.
That's Mrs. Carter's old family
clock. It came from Brussels, Belgium.
I remember. She told me.
It's real nice of Mrs. Carter, isn't it?

- Look, William. Isn't this a lovely shape?
- Junk.
- William.
- Asa.
- Hello, Charlotte.
- Hello, Asa.

My, so many lovely presents.

- How are you?
- Lf I listened to the doctor...

...I'd be in a wheelchair.
I don't and I'm not.

- He's feeling better lately, aren't you?
- I missed you at the office.

Tax payments have been coming up...
...against the old
Timberlake-Fitzroy Corporation.
There's no sense in throwing
money away on a dead company.
This statement says
the corporation's dissolved.
It needs your signature.

I promised to have it in the mail tonight.

Where's Stanley?

Ever since you gave her the car, William,
we've seen very little of Stanley.

Ha. The way she drives, like a lunatic.

"Eighty-five in the city limits,"
the last ticket said.

If it had been anybody else but my niece,
she'd have gone to jail.

What Stanley needs is a firm hand.

Somebody with gumption enough
to make her toe the line.

A man with enough red blood in him
to boss her.

William, how you talk.

Well, she'll have a husband pretty soon.

- That'll be his job.

- Craig's not up to it.

He's soft.

She'll twist him around her little finger.

- Maybe not.

- There's two ways of breaking a colt.

Stanley needs a whip.

And Craig won't bring out the whip
any more than you would, Asa.

If he's anything like Daddy,
Stanley's very lucky.

Oh, you and your daddy.

Asa may understand you well enough.

But I could tell you a thing
or two about Stanley.

Give me five minutes.

If we wanna change our minds,
there's still time.

- Do you?

- No.

Are you afraid?

I know, you're thinking about Roy.

We're in love. Nothing else matters.

Nothing else matters.

That's right.

I adore you, Peter.

- Good evening.

- Miss Stanley. I'm taking the car...

...to give it a wash and polish.

- All right. Thank you, Parry.

Uncle, dear, I'm so sorry to be late.

- Hello, Charlotte.

- You'd better be sorry.

- I couldn't help it. I've been shopping.

- I don't like that dress. It's short.

- You should like it. It cost you enough.

- Your dresses are short.

- Did Parry pick up your car?

- He got it when I came in.

I wish you'd let him do the driving. It would save me paying your speeding fines.

Stanley, you've got to stop driving like a lunatic or I'll let them take you to jail.

You wouldn't let them do that to me, would you, Uncle William?

I don't want people tagging along everywhere I go.

I have half a mind not to give you something I've got in my pocket.

- Which pocket?

- Here, stop it, stop it.

Keep your hands out of my pockets.

Get out, I say. Ha-ha-ha.

Oh, Uncle William, don't be mean to me.

I can't wait.

Well, there.

It's a good deal more than you deserve.

Uncle, you darling. Father, look.

Isn't he marvelous?

- That's very generous of you, William.

- Thank you, too, Aunt Charlotte.

It's wonderful, darling.

Father's giving Stanley some of Grandma's furniture to start housekeeping.

How about a kiss for your old uncle, huh?

You're not gonna turn your cheek, are you?

Not after that check.

This on top of everything else,

Uncle William, you're so good to me.

- I reckon it won't be lasting you long.

- There's plenty more where that came from.

What? You minx.

You hear that? You'd better keep
a close hand on your pocketbook.

What'll you have to drink?

- Whiskey and water.

- Remember what the doctor said.

- The devil with that fussybudget.

Nobody's gonna tell me what I can do
and what I can't.

That's the spirit, Uncle William.

I suppose you've heard what I'm doing
with that white elephant...

...that used to belong to your family
up on Waverly Street.

I have a row of taxpayers in mind.

And maybe some apartments up above.

It was a good building in its day, I
reckon, but these are no times for sentiment.

You can't waste good land
with deadwood.

A thing is profitable or it isn't.

And if it isn't, it's through. Finished.

That's the way I look at things.

That's how I got where I am.

- Peter.

- Hello.

Why didn't you come in?

How's Lavinia?

- I, uh, thought you were upstairs.

We're all having a drink to Stanley.

Please come in, Peter.

She isn't the only one. Not by a jugful.

Why, Uncle William.

Why, Peter, how nice.

Hello, Aunt Charlotte. Mr. Fitzroy.

Ha. Uncle William.

Drink, Peter?

- Uh, straight whiskey.

Dr. Buchanan tells me
that you're doing good at the hospital.

He says you're clever with the knife.

- Not any more than some of the others.

- He is, Uncle. He's just modest.

If you stick to business, there's no reason

why you shouldn't take Buchanan's place.
He's pretty old. I'm not sure
he's as good as everyone thinks.
By the way, where's Craig, Stanley?
Craig? Oh, he's at a meeting of something
or other. He's coming by for me later.
Probably one of those civil-liberty
affairs. Civil liberty. Ha.
If you ask me, they're concerned only
with liberty for the wrong people.
Who are the wrong people, William?
The people who aren't worth a cent
and never will be, that's who.
Stanley, if this young man of yours doesn't
get rid of those half-baked radical ideas...
...he'll never be able
to build up a decent law practice.
On the other hand, if he's sensible...
...I might throw a few sizable fees
in his way myself.
- Perhaps he prefers his ideas to fees.
- What's that?
Craig has convictions. I like
that he wouldn't be Craig without them.
He has to earn a living. Don't forget that.
A pretty handsome living, if I know Stanley.
I needn't worry as long as I have you,
Uncle William.
You little flirt. Ha-ha.
If I were Craig, you bet I'd never let
a pretty girl like you out of my sight.
Ha-ha-ha. Why, Uncle William,
what a thing to say.
I wonder, darling,
if you realize just how lucky you are.
Does anyone ever know?
Yes, I do.
I declare, Peter, your wife still thinks
the sun rises and sets with you.
Excuse me.
We must go upstairs, too, William.
We haven't seen Lavinia.
How is Lavinia, Asa?
- When are you coming to see me?

- I'll come very soon.
Thanks again for the check, Uncle.
I wonder if you'd mind
trying on the dress.
I've got just about as far as I can
without a fitting.
Not now, Roy, please.
But we haven't much time.
I'll be back at the shop on Monday.
You go out every evening.
You want it to be right, don't you?
I don't care.
I don't care whether it's right or not.
Stanley.
Stanley, what is it, dear?
What's the matter?
Nothing.
You and I used to tell each other
everything.
It's different now.
What's happened to us?
Roy...
Oh, I don't know.
I don't either.
That's just the trouble.
Roy, I'll try on the dress.
Maybe tomorrow morning.
I've got a headache.
- Peter.
- Yes?
- Where are you going?
- Away.
What do you mean?
I'm going away. Out of town.
What do you think I mean?
I'm leaving for Lynchburg.
A doctor sent for me for a consultation.
Oh, Peter, why didn't you tell me?
I won't tell you the crazy thing
that went through my mind.
I'm terribly silly because I'm in love.
I guess you can't be so in love
without being silly about it.
What am I saying, Peter?

I'll try to be more sensible.
Just give me a moment.
It's my fault for being so clumsy,
about everything.
If you'd told me that you were going, I
would've had you packed like a good wife.
You'll want your dark-green tie
because it goes well with your gray suit.
And you like things to match.
Yes, I like things to match.
I like everything to match,
to come out right, to...
Oh, I guess I'm talking nonsense.
No, you're not talking nonsense, Peter.
There's something wrong
and you're unhappy.
Anyone with eyes can see that.
Peter, I think I know
what's the matter with us.
It's the way we're living here.
We're never alone.
People are always around.
When you come back, let's find a place
where we can be to ourselves.
Maybe if we'd done it a long time ago
in the very beginning.
It was my fault. It seemed like letting
the family down. It's different now.
- Father says they can manage.
- I don't wanna think about it.
You won't have to. I'll find a place.
Get us all moved into it.
You won't have to worry your head
about it.
- Roy...
- Please, Peter, I...
I'm tired of decorating
other people's houses.
I want one of my own and that's not all.
I want us to have a family...
...and to make our home just what
we'd wanted for ourselves and for them.
I don't want a home.
I don't understand. What do you mean?

We used to talk about it enough,
about being free.
We meant what we said, didn't we?
Why, yes, of course.
But what has that got to do with it?
Don't ask me to explain. I haven't any
reason. No reason on God's earth.
I just want you to remember what we said,
what we promised each other.
I remember there were to be no strings
to our marriage.
Even when I was little,
I hated anything with strings to it.
So we're free. Both of us, free as air.
You're a good sport, Roy, the best thing
that could happen to anybody.
Much better than I deserve.
I haven't been much of a husband
but I love you.
Heaven knows I love you.
Oh, hello, Craig. Come on in.
She's upstairs.
- Oh, Stanley, Craig's here.
- Hello, darling.
I'll be right down.
You just missed Uncle William.
He made you and Stanley a very nice gift.
You mean Stanley. The only thing he ever
gives me is a lecture on my radical views.
- How was the meeting?
- Oh, dry as dust.
It's pretty hard to concentrate on slum
clearance and Stanley at the same time.
Darling.
I can't go out tonight, I've got a
dreadful headache. I don't think I'd better.
I'm so sorry to disappoint you.
Poor darling. Anything I can do?
No, thank you. I'll just lie quietly
until it passes over.
I wish I could stay and look after you.
Pretty soon I can.
You're sweet, Craig.
Much too sweet.

Good morning, Mr. Timberlake. I'll go tell Mrs. Fitzroy you're here, sir.

Mr. Timberlake.

Asa.

What is it? What's the matter?

I thought she might be here.

- Who? Who is it you're looking for?

- Stanley.

But Stanley's never here this early unless she stays overnight.

I thought that's what she'd done.

Spent the night here.

But her car is still in the garage.

What car, Asa?

- What's happened?

- I don't know what's happened.

It's... It's about Stanley.

Stanley? What about her?

Asa, don't stand there like a dumb statue.

What about her?

Well, she's gone. She's not at home.

Well, where is she?

She's got to be somewhere.

Of course she's somewhere.

She can't possibly be lost.

If she'd had an accident, we would've heard from the hospital.

Who saw her last? Where was she?

After you left last night, she went to her room.

This morning she was gone with most of her things. She hadn't slept in her bed.

- Lf anything's happened to that girl...

- William, nothing's happened.

You know how impulsive Stanley is.

She probably thought of someone to visit, and everyone was asleep when she left.

Good gracious, she's able to take care of herself, isn't she, Asa?

What about Craig? Maybe she's with him.

No, no. Craig drove me over here.

He's waiting outside in his car.

This beats anything I ever heard.

Poor Lavinia,

she must be in a dreadful state.
We've got her under drugs.
I'm not worried about Lavinia.
I'm not even worried about Stanley.
It's Roy I'm thinking about.
Roy? What's she got to do with it?
There's something you're not telling us.
I knew that.
Yes, that's true.
I didn't even want to say it to myself.
Peter left last night too.
What's that? What do you mean?
He said that he had to go to the hospital
at Lynchburg, for a consultation.
We called the hospital
and they knew nothing at all about it.
Oh, so that's how it is.
But... But you can't think they're together.
You... You can't think
that she's gone off with Peter.
I've stopped thinking.
But Stanley couldn't.
She... She isn't like that.
I don't know what she's like.
I don't know what anybody's like.
She's like all the others, I suppose.
The rest of her generation.
No scruples, no religion, nothing. By
heaven, Charlotte, if a niece of mine...
You mustn't get excited,
you'll make yourself sick.
After what I've done for that girl.
After what I've done.
It doesn't make much difference,
does it...
...when a person wants something else.
She's not there.
They don't know anything.
We'd better drive straight home.
It's almost an hour since we left.
She may be back by now.
You know,
anything could have happened.
She might suddenly have taken it

into her mind to visit somebody.
Peter may have gone someplace else.
It's conceivable that two people
could leave a house on the same night...
...and not necessarily go together.
- Aren't you coming in?
- What for?
I guess you're right.
But don't do anything foolish, Craig.
You're young, you've got work to do.
- You've got your whole life ahead of you.
- Yeah.
Stanley.
You too, Father?
Oh, I'm sorry, Roy.
From here you looked just like her.
- I guess I've just been hoping that...
- You can stop hoping. Mother got a letter.
- Oh, then they... They...
- Yes, they did.
You didn't expect anything else, did you?
- What did Stanley say?
- Just what they say in books.
"I'm sorry to hurt Roy and Craig.
Peter and I had to be together.
We were meant for each other. "
Meant for each other.
You don't believe such things happen
until they happen to you.
Listen to me, Roy.
Stanley's weak but you're strong.
The weak always have the strong
to protect them.
But the strong must protect themselves
or go under.
I'll protect myself, never fear.
What are you going to do?
Are you going to let them...?
I'll never stand in their way.
Craig's a lawyer.
He may be glad to arrange it.
Oh, I can't bear to hear you talk like that.
We have to talk the way we feel.
That's the way I feel.

Roy, where are you going?
To work, of course.
Why should I stay home?
No, thanks. I'm not wearing black.
Not for Peter. Not for anyone. I've got
a life to live and I'm gonna live it.
Father, I don't like this hat anymore.
I saw one yesterday
in a show window downtown.
Bright red with a black feather in it,
off at an angle.
What could be more appropriate?
Roy, dear, I know what you're going
through but don't let yourself get hard.
Be soft, like you?
No. I'll go out and get what I want.
The way Stanley gets what she wants.
The way Uncle William got away
from you everything he wanted.
I'm going to be like the Fitzroys.
They know how to live...
...and I'm gonna be just as hard as they.
That's the way to be happy.
No, Roy.
Hard things are apt to get broken.
Uncle William hasn't broken.
Stanley hasn't broken.
But you, your life is broken.
I'm not gonna be like you.
- Morning, sir.
- Morning.
- Peter.
- Darling.
- It's been 22 hours, I counted them.
- So did I.
I wish you didn't have to live
at the hospital. When can we be together?
I guess I'm lucky to have a job
under the circumstances.
You have only one job that matters.
- You?
- Me.
- Love me?
- Mm.

Peter, I've got a surprise for you.
Where'd you get it?
Ask no questions.
- I know. You rented it.
- No, silly. It's ours.
How? You can't buy a machine
like this on what I make.
Peter, you needn't look so serious.
I didn't steal the money.
Remember Uncle William's check?
Stanley, you didn't cash it.
Well, why not? It's mine.
He gave it to me.
That was for your wedding.
Well, we're gonna be married.
If you don't understand why you shouldn't
have, there's no use my explaining.
Peter, you're away working
most of the time...
...and I'm stuck up here all by myself.
I haven't even got my car.
That's why I bought the Victrola
to help me pass the time.
You talk about passing the time.
Stanley, do you realize what we've done?
All the unhappiness we've caused?
If we don't make up for that
in our own happiness, heaven help us.
Stanley...
...you're not even listening.
This is the time to face it.
Now when we're starting out.
We've got to be happy, Stanley.
We've got to be happy.
But, silly, we are happy.
Or aren't we?
Sure. Of course, we're happy.
Then I can have it, can't I?
Just this one thing?
You know how I love to dance.
You love to dance, too, don't you?
My lands. You're still here, Miss Roy?
I had some late orders to get out.
How do you like working here, Parry?

Oh, I like it, Miss Roy. Ma and I sure do appreciate your giving me this job. It's mighty good to have money coming every week regular. What did you do with your first week's salary, Parry? Well, part of it went for rent. Didn't you buy anything for yourself? Yes, ma'am. I bought a book I've been wanting to get at the second-hand store. Book? What book? Blackstone's Commentaries: Foundation of Common Law and Modern Jurisprudence. - What in heaven's name is that? - It's a law book, ma'am. Why, Parry, you have in mind to study law someday? Is that it? Yes, ma'am. But I reckon it's not gonna be easy. What made you decide to become a lawyer? Well, you see, it's like this, Miss Roy. A white boy, he can take most any kind of job and improve himself. Well, like in this store. Maybe he can get to be a clerk or a manager. But a colored boy, he can't do that. He can keep a job or he can lose a job... ..but he can't get any higher up. So he's got to figure out something he can do that no one can take away. And that's why I wanna be a lawyer. Why, Parry, that's wonderful. I had no idea. Minerva never told me. Ma's afraid for a colored boy to have too much ambition. Oh, she just wants to save you from disappointment. But you'll make it. You're going to be a lawyer. I'm certain of it. Thanks, Miss Roy. I'll remember your saying that. I sure will. - Goodbye, Parry.

- Good night, Miss Roy.

Craig.

Oh.

Hello, Roy. How are you?

- I'm fine. How are you?

- Fine too. Heh.

- It's nice, isn't it?

- Yes, it's nice.

Um... Sit down, won't you?

Well, I just got my decree.

Puts a period on what's happened.

I'm a free woman.

If we could only get free from ourselves.

- What have you been doing?

- Oh, nothing, everything.

- Which?

- Is there any difference?

I've been keeping very busy.

Decorating homes for new lovers?

- Do you have to talk like that?

- I don't have to talk at all.

- Cigarette?

- Thanks, I have some of my own.

I'm not picking them off the street yet.

You like being hurt, don't you?

You get a pleasure out of it.

Lying down,

letting misery wash over you.

Well...

Have you tried working?

What for?

For yourself. To keep your self-respect.

- You can't keep something you haven't got.

- How about your practice?

- The things you believe in?

- I don't believe in anything.

I've just talked with a colored boy,

Parry Clay.

He's going to be a lawyer.

No woman or nothing on earth's

gonna stop him.

You've got everything that boy wants and

you sit here feeling sorry for yourself.

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

- It's none of my business what you do.
- Wait. Don't go yet, Roy.
- Well?
- Um...

I'm sorry. I guess I ought
to be ashamed of myself.

- Maybe if...
- If what?

Well, I thought, maybe if we...

- Oh, no, never mind.
- Say it.

Well, could I see you sometime?

Whenever you wish.

- If you get yourself a haircut.
- I'll even get a red tie to match your hat.
- That might not be a bad idea.
- Where can I reach you?

Call me at the office. Not at the house.

For the present,
let's keep this between ourselves.

Just as you say.

The impudence of the girl.

The plain, brazen impudence.

But the poor girl is bored and unhappy
with Peter away at the hospital so much...

Oh, is she? Well, that's just too bad.

She disgraces the family,
runs off with her sister's husband...

...and now we're expected to feel sorry for
her. Well, this is a fine state of affairs.

Hello.

Anything happen?

Your sister has the brass
to write me a letter...

...asking me to send her car down
to Baltimore.

I can't bear to think
of my poor child lonely and unhappy.

It's too bad about your poor child.

Roy hasn't a car.

Perhaps she'd like to use it.

- No, thanks.
- I quite understand, my dear.

Besides, it is Stanley's car.

It's just standing idle in the garage.
Why don't you send it?
What's the difference?
I'll do no such thing. Nothing on earth
can make me send her that car.

- Thank you.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye and good luck to you.

Thank you.

Feel any different?

Mm... Not much.

I don't.

Let's go dancing.

- All right. Where?
- There's a place called The Shanty...
...on Macon Street.

I hear there's very good swing.

The Shanty it is.

Hey, wait a minute.

- Happy?
- Mm-hm.

You're sweet.

Darling.

I might even turn out to be a good wife.

- Imagine me being a good wife. Ha-ha-ha.
- Ha-ha.

Oh...

- Why don't you watch where you're going?
- Oh, I'm so sorry, honey.

Here, let me fix it for you.

- That's all right.
- It isn't all right.

It's a dirty shame on your nice dress.

Besides, a drink's a drink.

Fortunately, there's more
where that came from.

And the next one's on me.

Uh, don't bother.

We were leaving anyway.

That's too bad. I thought now
that we're acquainted, we could talk.

- Peter, I don't wanna go yet.
- Don't you think we ought to?

What'll you have? Oh, champagne.

Oh, I guess he can afford it.

- Oh, waiter?

- Yes, ma'am?

- A split of champagne.

- Yes, ma'am.

Look, Peter. He's sound asleep.

Oh, never mind the dormouse.

He works all day.

This is the way he relaxes.

Don't you, honey?

- Huh? What's that?

- Never mind. Never mind.

He loves to go places,
although nobody knows why.

- Doesn't he dance?

- Can't quite call it that.

- You're good. I was watching you.

- I'm crazy about it.

- I could die dancing.

- Try it with him sometime. Ha-ha-ha.

Well, here's to accidents.

We haven't even introduced ourselves.

My name's Betty Wilmoth.

- That's the body of Jim Purdy.

- Mine's Stanley Kingsmill.

And this is my husband, Peter.

Married? I'd never have guessed it.

You look too happy.

- Almost six hours now.

- Just today?

Hey, Jim, wake up. This is a party.

They've just been married.

- Huh? What's that?

- They've just been married.

- Married? Who?

- Our friends, the Kingsmills.

Peter and Stanley.

Oh, congratulations

and many happy returns.

The longest sentence of the evening. It took
a wedding to do it. Here's luck to you both.

Thank you.

- Darling, we've got to be going.

- Oh, so soon. That's a shame.
- Peter, can't we stay a little longer?
- Please, dear. It's late.
Oh, but I'm having fun.
I haven't had fun for such a long time.
- I've gotta be at the hospital in the morning.
- Oh, what's the difference?
This is a wedding celebration.
That's an awful chic hat you're wearing.
Where'd you get it?
- In Richmond. We come from Richmond.
- Let me see.
- Who do I know that lives in Richmond.
- Stanley, come on.
- Good night, Miss Wilmoth.
- Oh...
- Well, don't be such an old stick.
- Stanley?
I'm staying whether you are or not.
Well, go on. What are you waiting for?
Honey, you sure you know
what you're doing?
I always know what I'm doing.
3512 Charles Street.
Driver?
- Take me back to The Shanty.
- Okay.
No, don't take me back.
Take me home.
Darling.
Darling.
Stanley.
I thought you were never coming home.
You ought to be spanked.
For being a good wife?
For making me love you so much.
Darling.
You're everything I want. Everything.
Darling.
Darling.
Am I, darling?
Well, how do I look?
Like a human being.
Last time I saw, you looked like

something stuffed with straw.
Funny what a park bench will do
if you stay long.
Parks are for the very rich
or the very poor.
Say, you've got intelligence.
That's a trait every man admires
in another man.
You're good-looking.
Is that what you wanted to hear?
I don't want to hear anything
or feel anything...
...except the wind blowing in my face.
I know how it is.
Let's talk about us.
What have you been doing?
Yesterday I went down to my office
and blew the dust off the top of my desk.
- Good.
- My father kept up the rent...
...but, uh, he couldn't
keep up the clients. Ha-ha.
By the way, where are we going?
Not that it matters very much.
How about dinner at Williamsburg?
I want to go somewhere
I've never been before.
I don't care how far it is
or how long it takes.
I think I know a place.
It's in the Blue Ridge
outside of Lexington.
They call it an inn but it's really a farm.
- I hope it hasn't even a name.
- No, it hasn't.
It's an old house on a side road
about 20 miles from nowhere.
Out of everywhere into nowhere.
Is that a poem...
...or is it a wish?
Sorry. You'll have to turn back.
The road's closed.
- What's the trouble?
- There's a forest fire west of Hinsdale.

- That's far from here.
- We're setting a check fire just ahead.
- Can we see the fire?
- If you climb the hill, lady.
- Let's.
- Sure.

It's kind of frightening.

Give me your hand.

- To keep me from being frightened?

- No.

Just because I want to hold it.

- You mind?

- No, of course I don't mind.

I'm very fond of you, Roy.

I think you're trying to be.

Trying your best.

That fire over there

must be the one they set.

That's what we're trying to do, Craig,

isn't it? You and I.

What?

Start another fire.

That's what we want of each other,

isn't it? That's all we want.

I'd like to think of it as something more.

Something in itself.

- Permanent.

- Oh, don't use that word, Craig.

It frightens me.

There's nothing permanent but now.

The moment. That's all there is.

There'll be other moments.

And there'll be other days.

I'm not going to lose you.

You'll only lose me if you try to hold me.

Don't do that, Craig.

We should've learned that lesson by now,

both of us.

Never count on its lasting

and don't ask me to count on it.

- I can't think when you're so close to me.

- Then hold me closer.

I don't want you to think.

I offered to give him back the ring but there

wasn't anyone else he wanted to give it to.

He didn't want to have it around
to remind him, so I should keep it.

As long as he felt that way about it,
why should I do otherwise?

It was his desire.

- Put the things down there, Betty.

- What time does Peter get home?

Don't worry about him.

He never gets in till late.

I could do with a drink, honey. Oh.

What are you doing home so early?

- You seem overjoyed.

- How are you, Peter?

Great. How are you?

We... We've been out shopping.

Stanley got the cutest hat and...

- Come on in, Betty.

- No, I think I'd better be going.

- No, come on in and have a drink.

- I'd better not. I'll call you tomorrow.

- I'm sorry.

- Forget it, honey.

- Goodbye.

- Bye.

I'll remember that, Peter.

- It was such a nice way to treat my friend.

- Friend?

She's the best friend I've found
in this place.

- Then you'd better get some new friends.

- Maybe I will.

But you'll approve of them even less.

- What do you mean by that?

- Exactly what you think I mean.

Stanley, we've got to stop tormenting
each other.

Look, I'm a surgeon.

I've noticed lately when I'm operating,
my hands. I'm not sure.

I don't dare slip.

You could give up drinking.

There some things you could give up.

Running up bills I can't pay.

- Who do you think I am, your Uncle William?

- I do believe you're even jealous of him.

Shut that thing off.

I won't.

Do you hear me?

- Shut that thing off.

- Keep away from me. I hate you.

I hate the day I married you.

I hate everything about you.

You and your righteous airs.

Why don't you go back to Roy

where you belong?

She's just fool enough to have you.

Good afternoon, Miss Roy.

- Hello, Parry. How is everything?

- Oh, just fine.

This is the kind of work I like.

Mr. Craig gives me time to study.

- What does your mother say?

- Oh, she's mighty proud, Miss Roy.

She thinks I'm almost a lawyer already.

- Mr. Craig in?

- Yes, ma'am.

You better tell him

I'm here before I go in.

Oh, he'd give me a bawling out

if I kept you waiting.

- Thanks.

- Darling. I'm glad to see you.

- Craig.

- Sit yourself down.

I came to bring you a message

from Uncle William.

- Or maybe that's just an excuse.

- Ha-ha.

- As if you needed one.

- Uncle William wants to see you.

He'll be at the house.

You're coming, aren't you?

Why, of course. What does he want?

He's never been anxious

to see me before.

Maybe he's suffered

a change of heart.

I suspect he wants to offer you
some legal business.

Well, I certainly could stand
one rich client.

- Make up for a lot of the others.
- Craig, I'm so proud of you.
- Proud enough to marry me?
- Maybe. Someday.

How about Christmas?

Christmas is too soon.

- Well, April then.
- Oh, no. Not April.

I thought that was all over
for both of us.

I think it is, Craig, but I wanna be sure.

In the meantime, let's just be happy.

The doctor says I'm getting older...

...although, I'm blamed if I feel it.

Anyway, I've got too many interests
to take care of myself.

And I've decided to entrust the management
of some of my affairs to others.

I've done a good many things
for Stanley, the rascal.

And I figure it's about time

I did something for you.

The long and short of it, Craig, is I
believe you're honest and intelligent.

And I'd be willing to throw some
of the legal end of my business your way.

That's very generous of you, Mr. Fitzroy.

Only one condition

I'm forced to stipulate.

You now represent certain persons

I can't approve of.

As a young lawyer

you had to take your clients...

...where you could find them but now...

- Wait a moment.

Just what clients are you referring to?

Young man, you don't expect me
to hire you as my lawyer...

...and let you bring
condemnation proceedings...

...to tear down my own houses?
- Oho. You're one of the property owners.
I am. And what's more,
those houses are plenty good enough...
...and have been for 50 years.
That's just the trouble.
- Eh? How's that?
- I appreciate your offer, Mr. Fitzroy.
And now I understand
why you're making it.
Well, what about it?
Well, just as you say...
...I can't very well represent you
and be against you at the same time.
Just what do you mean?
- You'll give up the other things.
- I couldn't afford to.
Why not?
Those people can't pay you any large fees.
No, they can't pay much.
But they're very good clients.
Young man...
...before you turn this offer down,
you should consider your future.
- You should think of Roy.
- He is thinking of me, Uncle.
Well, I am blessed if I know how.
Well, I'm afraid I have to be going.
Good night, Mr. Fitzroy.
I'll walk out to the car with you.
- Mr. Timberlake.
- Good night, Craig.
Well, can you beat that?
Turning down an offer like that
and actually patronizing me to boot.
Asa, what is this world coming to?
I doubt if their generation could do
a worse job of it than we've done.
Roy, you think I did the right thing,
don't you?
Craig, is it too late for me to change
my mind about what you asked me today?
- You mean...?
- If the offer's still good...

...I'd like to marry you.
Just as soon as we can.
Darling.
Hello.
Yes.
Yes.
This is Mr. Timberlake.
Baltimore calling?
I can't hear you very well.
What?
What's the name?
Betty Wilmoth?
Yes.
Yes.
When did it happen?
Yes.
Yes.
Well, one of us will be there.
Roy. Craig.
Will you come in here, please?
What is it, Daddy?
Roy.
I have bad news.
It's about Peter.
He died this afternoon.
- Hey, what's that?
- Peter dead?
A friend of Stanley's telephoned me
from Baltimore.
But he can't be dead, Daddy.
- Peter couldn't be dead.
- Was it an accident?
No.
No, it was not an accident.
Then why? What are you keeping back?
She told me
that Peter had killed himself.
Killed himself? But he wouldn't.
Why on...? Oh...
Roy, darling.
Is that all she said? What about Stanley?
Stanley's in a bad way.
She found him.
Peter's a coward to do a thing like that.

I've said that all along. Soft. No guts.

Don't you dare say that.

It was her fault. She drove him to it.

Roy.

Oh, Craig, I'm sorry.

Darling, there's nothing you could've done. That part's out of our lives. Over.

Well, what's done is done.

We've got to do something for Stanley.

Maybe I'd better go to Baltimore.

No.

He was my husband.

Stanley's my sister.

I'll go and do what I can.

- Oh, you're Stanley's sister?

- Yes.

Please come in.

I'm so glad you're here, Mrs?

- Miss Timberlake.

- I'll take your bag.

Thank you.

- How is she?

- A little quieter now.

Poor dear,

she was almost out of her mind.

And what of Peter?

His brother came down this morning.

He's making all the arrangements.

- I suppose you're taking Stanley back home.

- Lf she wants to come.

I think she ought to get out of this house.

I've been doing shopping for her. I had to go to six places to find a decent black hat.

All her hats are so gay, you know?

Just like poor Stanley.

Oh, was she gay?

I was afraid she'd been unhappy.

- Well, she had to keep up, didn't she?

- Yes, I suppose she did.

I don't think she's asleep.

We'll go in and see.

Stanley, dear. Stanley.

- It's your sister.

- Roy.

- Something terrible has happened. Peter...
- Don't talk.
You're going to stay, aren't you?
Please stay with me.
When you're rested and feel better,
I'm going to take you home.
- Home?
- Yes.
They don't want me. Nobody wants me.
They want you very much.
Mother and Dad.
- We all do.
- You don't hate me, Roy?
- No, I don't hate you.
- I didn't mean to hurt you.
I don't know why it happened.
I didn't know at the time.
It's like lightning.
Like being struck by lightning.
Don't Stanley, don't. It's all over now.
We have to live as we can.
I couldn't help it.
I never could help anything.
You loved me when I was little.
- I still love you.
- Why did it happen?
Why'd it have to happen to me?
Don't talk about it, Stanley.
Try not to think.
He always wanted me with him.
He never even wanted me to leave
the house, not unless he was along.
He was that way about me.
And now he's gone
and I can never see him again.
If he'd only told me what he was going
to do, I could've stopped him.
Perhaps he was out of his mind.
No, he wasn't out of his mind.
He did it because he couldn't live with me
and he couldn't live without me.
I really loved him. If I'd only showed him.
Now it's too late. Too late.
Roy, what have I done?

He's gone. He's dead.
Stanley, don't torture yourself.
Life and death happen.
If it hadn't been for me,
he'd still be alive.
He'd still be alive. I can't stand it.
Stanley. Stanley, listen to me.
Repeat what I say right after me.
Just say the words.
Say them very quietly
and soon you'll go to sleep.
I'm going to get better.
I'm going to go on.
I'm going to get better.
I'm going to go on.
Everything will be all right.
In time, everything will be all right.
Everything will be all right.
Just say those things over to yourself.
Don't think of anything else.
And soon you'll go to sleep.
Soon you'll go to sleep.
But you'll stay with me. I'm afraid alone.
Don't worry, dear.
I'm here with you.
- Do me up.
- Darling, you're not going out in this dress.
I'm not gonna wear black anymore.
It's depressing. It seems to blot me out.
- But what'll people think?
- What they like.
I'm fed up with pretending
something I don't feel.
- Stanley...
- For months, I wished I was dead.
I'm tired of wishing it.
I grieved for Peter,
I can't grieve anymore...
- Hello, Stanley, Daddy.
- Hello, Roy.
- How are you feeling?
- Not good.
Oh, I'm sorry. I won't be in to dinner.
I have to change.

It's nice someone's happy.

I wonder what Roy's done to Craig.

- What do you mean?

- He's not the least amusing anymore.

They seem very happy, Stanley.

Well, I'm glad I brought them together.

I won't be in until late.

Where are you going, dear?

- For a drive.

Do be careful, darling.

- Oh.

- Hello, Stanley.

I didn't know you were here.

- Roy's dressing. She'll be down in a minute.

- Thanks.

Don't you dance anymore?

Not very much.

You used to be crazy about it.

What's the matter?

Oh, we've been sort of busy.

- We?

- Yes. Roy and I.

Oh.

Doing what?

Lots of things.

Tonight we're going to the opera.

Sound simply fascinating.

Just think what you escaped.

Just think what you missed.

Anyway, it's too late now.

Hello, Craig.

Hello, darling. I think we'd better hurry.

We have plenty of time.

Why don't you come with us?

No, thank you.

I'll have to keep still at the opera...

...and I'd do anything than keep still.

- We'll see you later.

- I won't be here. I'm going out.

- Oh, well, good night.

- Good night.

What is the matter, Stanley?

Stanley, what is it?

I can't bear it.

I can't bear to see other people happy...
...when I'm so miserable.
Can't you see I'll go out of my mind...
...if I have to sit by
and watch other people make love?
Can't you see?
Oh, Daddy, I wanna go away.
I wanna go away before Roy's marriage.
I can't stand the wedding.
I wish I could fly.
I wish I were rich enough
to buy a plane and fly away.
You can't fly away from life, my dear.
And you just can't sit and wait
for unhappiness to come to an end.
It takes too long.
In my day,
we didn't talk about happiness.
If it came, we were grateful for it.
We were brought up in the belief...
...that there were things more important.
- What things?
Oh, old foggy, fantastic notions...
...such as duty
and personal responsibility.
It's a chronic condition
and probably nothing serious.
But I'd feel better
if he went down to Johns Hopkins...
...and had a thorough going-over.
You know how he is. He won't admit it.
He's frightened to death of hospitals.
- Stanley, dear.
- Hello, Aunt Charlotte.
I hope there's nothing wrong.
Nothing that a visit
from you won't improve.
- Run and cheer him up. He's in the library.
- Thank you, I will.
I'll make the arrangements, Mrs. Fitzroy.
Good evening.
- Uncle, dear.
- Stanley.
I'm so sorry you're not feeling well.

Oh, it's nothing. Nothing at all.
You know what alarmists
these doctors are.
Doctors and wives,
they're the same breed.
A man gets a stomachache
and what do they think?
They think all sorts of things.
I swear you don't look sick. In fact,
you've never looked better. Or younger.
Ha-ha. You're the kind of medicine
a man needs. Not that stuff.
I guess I'm...
Kill or cure.
Kill or cure, eh? Oh...
You're the one who could say a thing
like that and get away with it.
You're the only one I could say it to.
- You're a rascal. That's what you are.
- So are you.
Oh, I know you go to church on Sundays
but you aren't fooling me.
- And you probably aren't fooling God.
- Oh...
Now, come on, Uncle William. Admit it.
And save us both the trouble of pretending.
Stanley. Ha-ha-ha.
You're the limit.
Say, you know,
I'm feeling better already.
How about a drink?
- You wouldn't dare.
- Oh, wouldn't I?
- No.
- You'll see. I'll show you.
You've got to pamper
that delicate stomach of yours.
My stomach's as good as yours.
It's those doctors.
The idea of your being sick. When
your time comes, you'll die violently.
Like as not,
somebody's husband will shoot you.
Uncle, that little glass.

I told you, you were afraid.

Oh, I am?

Say...

...maybe you're trying to get rid of me.

One of my heirs, you know?

Blessed if I'd put it past you.

- Kill the goose that lays the golden eggs? - Oh... Ha-ha-ha.

- Goose.

- Not on your life.

That's marvelous.

Let's sit over here.

I haven't laughed so much since...

Well, not since before you went away.

Here's to us.

Uncle, dear, what are you leaving me in your will?

- You little devil.

- No, come on, tell me. How much?

When you ran off with Peter,

I cut you off. Every cent.

Was it moral indignation? Or jealousy?

It was what you deserved.

Come on, let's not pretend. I've got as much right to your money as you have.

- What?

- You cheated my father out of it.

- I did no such thing. That was business.

- That's just a nice name for it.

When you went into business,

he had the money and you didn't.

When you finished with him,

you had the money and he didn't.

- What do you call that? I call it smart.

- You rascal. Ha-ha-ha.

- Did your father tell you how I did it?

- No. How?

Well, I got him to sink every cent in new machinery.

I saw the Depression coming and he didn't.

Tobacco prices went to pot.

And there he was out on a limb.

But you were partners.

Why weren't you out on the limb?
I was. But not on the same limb.
At the receivership sale, I got someone to
bid on the shooting match, dirt cheap.
Then I built up the business
to what your father never dreamed of.
I gave him a decent job in the factory
and that's that.
Uncle William, you are wonderful.
I never knew what you saw in Peter.
Or Craig either for that matter.
No gumption, either of them.
No one else around.
They're not up to us, Stanley.
Not a blessed one of them.
What we want, we go after.
And what we go after, we get.
There's nothing worth getting here.
Not in this place.
What are you hatching up
in that head of yours?
Uncle, dear, I'm so unhappy.
I wanna get away from here
just as soon as I can.
You'll make a trip? A vacation?
For longer than that. I wanna live
somewhere, I can't stand it here.
You'll get over that. Give yourself time.
No, I won't. You don't know what this
means to me. I'll go mad if I stay here.
Nonsense.
You can't keep running away from life.
You've got the courage. Stay and face it.
Oh, I'm not afraid. It's not that.
I don't care what people say.
I'm just bored.
And it's horrible to be bored.
You're a spoiled child
and ought to be spanked.
- Well...
- I'm not gonna spoil you anymore.
- And you're not going away again.
- Uncle, dear. Just this one thing.
I'll do anything else in the world. But I

won't give you money to go away with.
But why? I don't understand.
You're not telling me the reason.
All right.
I'll tell you.
I'm lonely, that's why.
It's bad enough to be old.
It's worse to be lonely.
When you ran off with Peter,
I was miserable.
And you're not running off again.
Don't leave me, Stanley.
Come here and live with us.
That'll be a change for you.
You can live in this fine house.
And we'll do lots of things together.
We'll make trips.
Anything you want. Anything.
No. No. I won't. I won't stay here.
You're like all the rest of them.
You don't care what happens to me.
- No one cares what happens to me.
- Stanley, come back.
- No. No.
- Stanley.
- Miss Stanley's here.
- Miss Stanley?
- Yes, sir.
- Very well.
Come in, Stanley.
Thank you.
Hello, Craig.
What can I do for you?
My, how very formal.
- May I sit down?
- Yes, please.
Craig, I've got a favor to ask of you.
Would you explain this to me?
It's Peter's.
Well, it's very simple.
It's an insurance policy.
Making you beneficiary for the sum
of \$ 1000 a year after his death.
Yes, I know that, Craig. But can I borrow

any money on it before the year's over?

- Lf it's urgent.

- I want the money to go away.

I'm wretched here.

No one will help me,

not even Uncle William.

- That's why I came to you.

- Oh, I'm sorry, Stanley.

I didn't realize you were so unhappy.

No one knows

what I've been through, Craig.

Oh, I know it's mostly my own fault.

But that doesn't make it

any easier, does it?

I understand.

Well, I'll see the bank this afternoon.

See if I can't arrange a loan

on your policy.

Oh, that's very kind of you, Craig.

You're the only one

who's been sympathetic.

And I guess you've got more reason

than anyone else not to be.

Well...

...it's all over now.

- Then we're still friends?

- Of course.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

Craig, have dinner with me

somewhere tonight.

Please, I've got a reason.

- I don't think we'd better, Stanley.

- Why not?

You're afraid, aren't you?

Afraid of yourself.

Afraid of what you might feel

if you let yourself go.

Why don't you admit the truth, Craig?

You've never gotten over me,

you never will.

You'd like to put your arms

around me right now.

You'd like to kiss me, won't you?

That's the truth, isn't it?
Well, if you are not afraid,
you can prove it.
I'll meet you at the Southside Tavern

at 7:

And since you're so businesslike
these days.
Seven o'clock.
Southside Tavern.
Stanley.
I'll be waiting for you.
This is the start
of the final round in this great fight...
...between two boys battling for the title.
Brown throws a wild right
at Callahan and misses.
Callahan sure with a left
to the chin of Brown.
Hey, lady. Do you mind?
Callahan countering
with a hard right to Brown's mouth.
- Who's winning?
- The dame.
Callahan follows him across the ring,
landing a long, looping left to Brown's head.
- I'd like another drink.
- Brown bounces off the ropes...
...stings Callahan with a short...
- Haven't you a clock?
- What time is it?
- Throwing punches wildly.

I make it 7:

- Of a great battle
between two game boys...
...who have given everything they have
from the start of this fight.
That, folks, winds up our program
from the stadium tonight.
And we don't even know who won.
Imagine a dame like that.
- I hope she breaks her neck.
- I'll drink to that one.

- Good morning.
- Are you Mrs. Stanley Kingsmill?
- No, she's my sister.
- I'm Inspector Millett of the 7th Precinct.
I've been sent to ask your sister
a few questions.
- Please come in.
- Thank you.
I wonder if you'd mind
asking me instead.
- You see, my sister hasn't been very well.
- I'm very sorry.
I'm afraid I'll have to see her.
You see, it's about an accident.
A very serious accident.
She hasn't been in any.
There must be some mistake.
Perhaps we can clear the matter up.
You see, we received a report...
Roy, what is it? What's happened?
It's nothing, dear. Don't be frightened.
This is Inspector Millett.
I'm mighty sorry to disturb you,
Mrs. Kingsmill.
But I've been sent here
to investigate an accident.
What has that got to do with me?
Well, perhaps I'd better tell you
what we know so far.
Last evening, about 7:30,
a car struck a girl and her mother...
...as they were crossing Granite Boulevard
and Sawyer Street.
The woman was badly injured
and the little girl was killed.
Killed?
Nobody saw the accident.
But one woman saw a sport car
speeding away from the spot.
She couldn't get the number...
...but a car with bloodstains on it
was found in an alley.
We traced the license number
and, well, it seems the car is yours.

But how could it be?
I got home about 7:30
and went to bed early with a headache.
Oh...
Yes?
What is it, dear?
Roy, it's awful. I can't believe it.
Believe what?
If someone else was using your car,
you'd better tell us, Mrs. Kingsmill.
- I can't. Please don't ask me.
- You've got to tell us.
Stanley, dear. It's no use.
You can't protect whoever it is.
They'll find out anyway. It's better
for them to know the truth from the start.
Well, I can't believe it.
That he'd run away from...
He just said that the little girl was dead.
I know it's awful, but it isn't your fault.
But it was. I mean, in a way it was.
Because, you see,
I'd come in from a drive...
...and instead of taking the car
to the garage as I usually do...
...I left it out front.
- You see, he was going to wash it, but...
- Oh, Stanley, it wasn't.
It couldn't have been.
I don't understand it either.
He's always so careful.
It's not like him at all unless...
Oh, unless he'd been drinking.
But he doesn't drink. I've never known
him to touch a drop in his life.
Well, it seems everyone knows
who it is except me.
Sorry, I'll have to ask you...
...to give me the name.
- No.
I'd be obliged to take you to the station.
I don't wanna do that unless...
I can't. I just can't.
His name is Parry Clay.

He's a colored boy who works
in a law office and does odd jobs.

- We've known him a long time.

- And his address?

Wilson Street.

- I don't know the number.

- We'll find it.

I'm sorry. I understand how you feel.

Thank you. You've been very kind.

It's nothing. I just did what I had to do.

You can have the car back any time.

We've already taken photographs.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

We've gotta do something about Parry.

If they send that boy to prison,
it'll ruin his life.

I'll get Uncle William.

He'll be back from Johns Hopkins tonight.

In the meantime,

I'll stop off at Craig's office.

- You've got enough on your mind.

- Nothing's as important as this.

But it was my car
and that makes it my responsibility.

- You don't have to do anything about it.

- I think, first of all, I'll go to Parry's mother.

I couldn't have Minerva think we'd let
her down when her boy's in trouble.

Minerva, I want you to tell me exactly
what happened.

Do you understand?

No matter what it is, I've got to know.

Have you spoke with Miss Stanley?

I was there when she told her story
to the police.

Child, this seems hard to say.

But what Miss Stanley told
the police about my poor boy...

...there ain't a word of truth, so help me.

Then Parry had nothing...

Minerva, how do you know that?

Because Parry come home from office,
and that was about 6:00.

And he stayed home all evening
studying some legal books.
But he took the car to wash it.
Didn't he pick it up on the way?
No, ma'am. Miss Stanley called up
and said she was gonna use the car...
...and for him not to bother.
But why didn't Parry say that?
Why didn't he tell the police?
I don't understand.
The police just come and took him off.
And he tried to tell him
but they don't listen to no colored boy.
Minerva, you wouldn't say that unless...
Miss Roy, I ain't never lied to you
or your daddy all my life.
And nothing can make me lie.
Not even Parry.
Oh, Minerva, I believe you.
I'll go and get Mr. Craig right away.
We'll do all we can.
Yes, ma'am.
- Craig, I've just been to see Minerva.
- Yes? What about?
- Parry had nothing to do with the accident.
- What do you mean?
Just that.
He was at home when it happened.
Minerva told me and I believe her.
Craig, you're his lawyer.
Parry's put his trust in you.
- You've got to get him out of this.
- No, I'm not his lawyer.
I'm not gonna handle the case.
I couldn't get him off.
Yes, the evidence would be bad if Stanley
were telling the truth but she isn't.
- She wouldn't lie?
- She has before.
Oh, but not about a thing like this.
She may be wild, but she has feelings.
She wouldn't set out to hurt anybody.
No, all she wants is to be happy.
No matter what it costs somebody else.

- She's young.

- So is Parry.

Just because of what Stanley did to us,
you mustn't misjudge her now.

Letting a boy suffer
for something he didn't do.

You mustn't accuse Stanley
of anything so terrible.

After all, she is your own sister.

You mustn't forget that.

I mustn't let you forget it.

Is all this defense because Stanley's
my sister or because she's Stanley?

No, don't answer that.

I don't want to know.

Oh, Roy. How about a Scotch?

I've got a new bottle.

- No.

- No? Why not?

I could dance all day and all night.

Then you wouldn't need to drive fast,
would you?

- It's the same thing, isn't it?

- Why do you say that?

You do drive fast, don't you?

Peter said I was the best driver
he ever saw.

- Peter said?

- Yes.

What do you think
is going to happen to Parry?

Craig will get him off
with a light sentence.

Then you're certain it was Parry
who was in the accident?

Naturally. Who else would it be?

Stanley, what time last evening
did Parry pick up the car?

Oh, I got home about 7:00.

It must have been some time after that.

Where had you been?

What business is it of yours?

Why do you keep asking me questions?

I've told you all I know about it.

Stanley. Stanley.

We can't always help what we do.

The awful thing is not to face what we've done, to make someone else face it.

What has that got to do with me?

For your own sake,

please tell me the truth.

What truth? What are you talking about?

I'm talking about a woman

in the hospital badly hurt...

...to be told her little girl is dead.

Well, it wasn't my fault.

You said it wasn't my fault.

I can't help what...

What someone else does.

Minerva says that Parry wasn't out

of the house last evening after 6:00.

Whenever they're in a tight spot

they lie for each other.

She says you called Parry...

...and told him you didn't

want the car washed.

She lied.

- Parry says the same thing.

- I know that.

He told Craig that.

Craig didn't believe him.

- Nobody believes him.

- I believe him.

Oh, you do?

If you believe him,

it's because you want to believe him.

You hate me and that's your way

of getting back at me.

You wanted the truth. All right,

here it is and I hope you like it.

You hated me ever since... Since Peter.

You put on the forgiveness act but you

weren't fooling me. You were jealous.

You can't stand the sight of me

because you couldn't hold him.

- Stanley.

- And it's not only Peter. It's Craig too.

You're afraid I could get him back,

and I could if I wanted him.
All I have to do is lift my little finger.
That's why you're tormenting me.
Because you're jealous
and you're getting revenge.
Hello, Roy. Stanley here?
She's in there.
- Oh, Craig.
- Uh, Stanley.
We'd better get your story on paper
while it's fresh in your mind.
Suppose we go down to my office
and make out an affidavit.
- Right now?
- Yes, right now.
Well, whatever you say.
Anyway, it'll be nice to get out
of this house. It's so gloomy here.
- See you later, Roy, if you're here.
- I'll be here.
But, Craig, this isn't your office.
I wanna stop here for a few moments.
Come on.
But it's the jail.
- Yes.
- Well, you didn't tell me...
...you're bringing me down here. You
said you're going to take down my story.
Well, I thought we'd stop
and see Parry on the way.
If I brought him face to face with you,
he might break down and tell the truth.
All right, then.
Come on.
Hey, you. Come on down.
Somebody for you.
Parry.
- I brought Miss Stanley to see you.
- Yes, sir.
How do, Miss Stanley?
Hello, Parry.
Now will you tell us exactly
what happened?
They just come and got me.

That's all I know.
Miss Stanley, she knows.
Miss Stanley thought you took the car
on your way home before the accident.
But, Miss Stanley,
you know that ain't so.
You know you told me not to get the car,
that you were gonna use it yourself.
You know you did that, Miss Stanley.

It was 6:

my supper when the telephone bell rang.
I remember every word you said.
You said, "Parry, you needn't bother
to come and get the car tonight. "
You see, Craig, what's the use?
That's his story.
That's the thing
he's made up his mind to tell.
It ain't no use.
It ain't no use in this world.
Don't you see, Parry? Mr. Craig wants
to help you and I wanna help you.
All you've got to do is just...
Just say you took the car.
That it was a lovely evening and you went
for a drive and that there was an accident.
That's all you've got to say.
And we'll do everything,
everything we can to get you out.
My Uncle William. He's got money
and influence and I'll go to him.
And then when you get out,
why, we'll all give you a fresh start.
But, Parry, if you go on lying like this...
...there isn't anything any of us
can do for you.
- All you've got to do is just say that you...
- Is tell the truth.
Yes, only the truth, Parry.
Just say you took the car.
You see, Parry,
this way it's your word against hers.
It ain't no use.

It ain't no use in this world.
My telling the truth ain't gonna help me.
There ain't nothing gonna help me.
Wouldn't you think the sensible thing
to do is to say he took the car?
Then we could help him.
Stanley.
I'd like to make one more stop.
Well, what for?
The little girl was carrying a bunch
of pink carnations when she was killed.
They must have been flowers she liked...
...so I think you should leave some
before the funeral.
All right, Craig.
I'll order some this afternoon.
No. It would be better if you left them.
More fitting.
But I can't go there, Craig.
Why should you ask me to?
- What are you trying to do?
- I'm trying to get you to tell the truth.
I've told you I don't know
anything about it.
You were driving. It was dusk. You
didn't see the woman and the little girl.
- I don't know anything.
- You lost your head.
You didn't know what you were doing.
If it's the truth, everybody will know
it was an accident.
I've told you all I know.
The very idea,
just because it was Stanley's car.
We wanna make it easy for you.
We want you to save yourself.
- You've gotta help. Tell the truth.
- The truth. The truth.
Stop using that word.
I've told you everything I know about it.
I signed the affidavit.
Now will you leave me alone?
Why are you persecuting her?
Who said Stanley...

...had anything to do with the accident?

- I did. Or if I didn't, I say it now.

That's a lie. I was right here
in this house when it happened.

- I don't believe that.

- Tell them, you remember.

Of course, I do. She was up in my room.

- What time was it?

- Time? Well...

It was about 7:

Yes. I'm sure it was 7
because Stanley brought me my medicine.

Mr. Timberlake,
was Stanley here at 7:00 last evening?

No, she wasn't.

- It was after 7 when she telephoned in.

- That isn't true.

You're taking Roy's side.

You're both against me.

Don't you dare say a thing like that.

William will...

I don't care about William.

That's the fact.

All right. It's your word against ours.

Go ahead, tell them I wasn't here.

Tell them I was out in the car instead.

Tell the police and see who they'll believe.

Stanley.

You remember this page

from my desk calendar?

You wrote something.

Seven o'clock. Southside Tavern.

But I didn't go.

I wanted you to sit there

and wait for me.

- I stayed here all the time.

- No, you were not here.

You were at the Southside Tavern

until 7:

You had three drinks.

You played rumba music on the jukebox.

The bartender remembers you.

Because he wanted to listen to the radio
and you kept running the jukebox.
Then you asked what time it was.
And then you left.
You got into your own car...
...and you drove away.
Craig, it wasn't my fault.
It was so dark, I couldn't see
and not until I'd hit them...
...and not even then
did I realize what I'd done.
I was so scared.
Craig.
Craig, the man at the tavern
couldn't identify me.
Not unless you told him
it was me, could he?
And you wouldn't do that, Craig.
Not to me.
You wouldn't let them send me to prison,
would you? You couldn't.
Not to me.
Stanley, you're coming with me
to the district attorney's office...
...and make a statement
that's going to clear Parry.
Everybody, listen to me.
It's terrible if Stanley
did it but it's done.
- It's too late to change it.
- It's not too late for Parry.
Get William to do everything
to cut short his sentence.
Just a moment, Mrs. Timberlake.
This is my responsibility.
You... You mean that you're going to...
Come on, Stanley.
All right.
I, uh...
I'll have to change my dress before I go.
Stanley, I'll do everything I can.
- We all will, Stanley.
- Thank you.
My poor baby.

I'll be all right, Mother.
Come upstairs, Lavinia.
There's nothing more you can do here.
Craig, I know how hard all this
must have been for you.
I'm sorry.
- Roy.
- Please don't say anything.
I already know.
What do you know?
The way you feel about her.
You thought it was all over,
but it wasn't.
It's still in you, like an old fever.
I was just the cool nurse
who sat beside you...
...and stroked your head
until the spell was over.
Then you thought you needed me.
Roy.
I do need you.
And I'm going to go on
needing you as long as I live.
Police station, operator.
- Good evening...
- Where's my uncle?
Mr. Fitzroy is in the drawing room.
Doctor and Mrs. Fitzroy are in the library.
Uncle.
Uncle.
Uncle, dear.
I've done a dreadful thing.
That accident, it wasn't Parry.
I did it.
They've found out
and they're gonna tell the police.
And they'll send me to prison.
Prison, Uncle.
Oh, it was an awful thing. I know that.
But I didn't mean to hurt anybody
and it just happened.
And then I was so upset,
I didn't know what I was doing.
Uncle, I don't want Parry punished.

Maybe you could fix it
so that he'd get out of prison...
...and then I wouldn't have
to go to the police. I can't face it.
You're the only one who can save me.
The only one in the world.
I'll do anything you say.
Just tell me what to do.
Uncle, I'll come and live here.
I'll take care of you. I'll make you laugh.
Remember how we laughed
the other night? Oh, we'll have fun.
We'll do anything, anything you want.
Uncle, dear, why don't you answer me?
Why don't you say something?
Uncle, what's the matter with you?
Six months at the outside.
That's all he gives me.
Six months.
- What are you talking about?
- Only six months to live.
- That's what the doctor said.
- Maybe the doctor's wrong.
There isn't time. They may be on their way
to the district attorney's office.
Call him up, Uncle.
He'll listen to you. Say anything.
Just so they don't arrest me.
But I'm going to die,
don't you understand?
- I'm going to die.
- All right, so you're going to die.
You're an old man. You've lived your life.
I haven't lived mine. Mine's hardly begun.
Think of me, Uncle. Think what'll happen
to me if you don't get me out of this.
You're not even listening.
You don't care
what happens to me anymore.
You'd let me go to prison. All you're
thinking of is your own miserable life.
Well, you can die for all I care. Die!
Boy, look at her travel.
Officer Fallon reporting a wreck

on Revere Boulevard.

A woman driving a car at high speed
failed to make a sharp turn.

Crashed through a fence and down a hill.

License number, 24769.

Two-four-seven-six-nine.

- Is she dead?

- Yeah, she's dead.

Why, that's the Timberlake girl.

We've been looking for her.

No, on another charge.

Yes?

Oh, I see.

Yes, I'll make all arrangements.

- Craig, if she's arrested we can...

- No.

It's out of our hands.

There's nothing more we can do.