



Scripts.com

# Kings Row

By Casey Robinson

What are you waiting for?

- So long, Drake.

- Parris!

- Hello, Cassie.

- Hello, Parris.

I'll get another one.

It's warm.

Warm enough to go in swimming, I guess.

Unbutton my back. I can't reach.

- There.

- Thanks.

It's not so warm on the bottom.

Girls have to go in gradual.

I'll be glad when school's out, won't you?

We'll go swimming every day then,

won't we?

I'll have to dry my hair out

so Papa won't know.

He'd take a switch to me, I guess.

You're awfully pretty, Cassie.

- Am I? Honestly?

- You bet.

I guess you're the prettiest girl

in the whole school.

- Goodbye, then.

- Goodbye.

But I'm late with my practicing.

Here's something came for you,

delivered most impressively

by a young lady.

Thank you.

- You are hungry?

- Of course.

Louise Gordon is having a party

on Saturday, too.

The same day

as Cassandra Tower's birthday party.

I bet she did it on purpose.

Well, you go to the Gordons,

if you want my opinion.

Anna, Parris has learned

to decide for himself

what's right and what's wrong.

Just the same, there is something queer

about those Towers.

A doctor who says he's a doctor,  
but never has a patient.

And his wife, who stays  
in that upstairs room all the time.

It gives a person the creeps.

It ain't the proper association  
for a boy like him...

I don't care what anybody says  
about the Towers.

I'm going to Cassie's party.

Would you like to play some more games?

No, I wouldn't.

I wish everybody'd go home.

I'll go home if you want me to.

Then maybe the others will follow suit.

I invited ever so many.

Well,

I'll go say my goodbyes.

Mrs. Tower.

Oh, Mrs. Tower!

Mrs. Tower!

Oh, Mrs. Tower.

- Boy, where are you going?

- To say goodbye to Mrs. Tower, sir.

That won't be necessary.

Grand-mre told me to be sure

to pay my respects, Dr. Tower.

I'll see that Mrs. Tower

receives your message.

Why didn't she come down, sir?

- Doesn't Cassie's mother like parties?

- Cassandra, here's a guest leaving.

- Goodbye, Cassie.

- Goodbye.

Oh, gee, what a shame.

- All that ice cream and cake, too.

- I imagine we'll survive it.

- I had a lovely time, sir.

- Goodbye. Thank you for coming.

Thank you for inviting me.

- You're Parris Mitchell, aren't you?

- Yes, sir.

Give my regards to your grandmother.

Come, Parris! Come on in!  
Oh, let him alone. We don't want him.  
Hey, Parris. Wait a minute.  
That sure was a sissy party.  
- How was Cassie's?  
- How did you think it would be?  
Well, heck, Parris. Don't bark at me.  
I'm kind of ashamed of myself as it is.  
Everybody showing up at Louise's.  
Even me.  
But I left to come with you, didn't I?  
- That's why you did? Just to be with me?  
- Sure it is.  
Let's go down to the depot.  
Maybe we'll run into Fulmer Green  
and his gang.  
They're tough as all get-out.  
"Baltimore and Ohio."  
Oh, "Chesapeake and Illinois".  
Look, there's one from way out West.  
Denver and Rio Grande.  
I bet that's a good railroad, don't you?  
Hi, Drake. Hi, Parris.  
- Up here on the fence.  
- Hiya, Red.  
- What you doing up there?  
- Oh, this is where I live.  
- What are you all doing way down here?  
- Going down to Elroy's icehouse.  
- What for?  
- Swing on the rings.  
- Why don't you come, too?  
- All right.  
You go on. I'll catch up with you.  
- Why didn't she come right along with us?  
- Say, you don't know much, do you?  
I guess her old man knows better  
than to let her go around with boys.  
She's kind of tough, though.  
You ought hear her cuss.  
Watch this.  
Oh, I can do that.  
Try this!  
Here I come.

Doggone!  
- Go on, Parris, you skin the cat.  
- Go ahead, Parris.  
I'll bet you can't do it.  
Go on, hurry up!  
Come on.  
Try it again. Try it again.  
Trouble is your pants are too tight.  
Take them off, why don't you?  
I can't.  
I haven't got anything on under them.  
Oh! Bye, you all.  
I'm coming down  
this way again sometime, Red.  
All right! It's a free country. I guess.  
Look at those horses.  
Doc Gordon's buggy, ain't it?  
Willy McIntosh.  
I heard his pa's sicker than a cat.  
You ask him. You're gonna be a doctor.  
I'm sorry about your father, Willy.  
What's Dr. Gordon going to do to him?  
He's going to do an operation!  
Pa's got ulcers on his leg.  
- What's ulcers?  
- I don't know.  
They're terrible bad, though.  
- He's got to have them cut out.  
- I hope your father will...  
He's got to quit that. That's my pa!  
Didn't Dr. Gordon  
give your old man chloroform?  
The doctor says he's got heart disease.  
I thought they had to give chloroform  
for an operation.  
He's gotta quit that. He's gotta quit!  
I'll kill that old doctor. I'll kill him!  
Let's get out of here.  
I never heard a grown man cry and holler  
like that before, did you?  
Bye, Drake. I had a good time today.  
Sure. Why not?  
You stick with me  
and I can teach you a lot.

I guess you can, all right.  
Sure. We're friends  
and we ought to go on being friends.  
Drake McHugh.  
Get in here and do your chores!  
All right, Aunt Mamie!  
Here's where I catch it again.  
- Remember what I just said.  
- I sure will, Drake.  
Parris?  
For heaven sake. Is that you, Cassie?  
Where have you been?  
Well, down to the tracks  
with Drake McHugh,  
and to Elroy's icehouse.  
He and I and Randy Monaghan  
swung on the rings.  
Did you swing on the rings  
with Randy Monaghan?  
That doesn't mean anything.  
Say, don't you know it's almost dark.  
I just had to tell you something,  
something terrible.  
Here, I've got a hankie some place.  
I can't go to school anymore.  
You can't?  
Papa says he's gonna teach me  
out of books and things.  
He says it'll be better for me.  
- But everybody goes to school.  
- I don't. Not anymore.  
But if you don't go to school,  
then you can't walk home with me,  
or go swimming  
or play with me or anything.  
Maybe I can't ever go anywhere.  
Maybe I'll just have to stay home  
like Mama does all the time.  
Gee!  
Cassie, wait a minute!  
Cassie!  
Whoa there!  
Well, for Pete's sake! Look who's here.  
- Parris!

- Hello, Drake.

Where you been keeping yourself?

This is the fella I was telling you about.

Meet the Ross girls,

Jinny and Poppy Ross.

- How do you do? I've heard about you...

- Oh, I'll just bet you have.

Say, how do you like

my new horse and buggy?

Just got my allowance yesterday.

What have you been doing

with yourself, anyway?

I've been pretty busy, Drake. College...

He's studying to be a doctor.

He's smart as a whip.

Hey, climb in the buggy

and forget your studies.

We're going out for a ride in the country.

Sit Jinny on your lap or I'll give you Poppy

if you like them plump. I do!

- Some other time, Drake...

- Well, there's no time like right now.

Why, I can't go this afternoon.

I'm on my way to see, well, Dr. Tower.

- Cassie's old man? What for?

- I'm gonna read medicine with him.

Say, I didn't know anybody

ever got to see the Towers.

- How long has this been going on?

- Oh, it hasn't.

This is the first time I've been there.

- Cassie Tower? Ain't she the one...

- Sure, she is.

Her old man keeps her under lock and key

like he thought every fellow in town

was aiming to kidnap her.

I guess they'd like to at that.

Say, I haven't seen Cassie

since we were kids together in school.

- Have you?

- No. No, I haven't.

Sure wish I was in your boots.

Let me know how you come out.

I'll have to go now.

Only gal in school  
that used to wear silk stockings.  
I'm sorry about this afternoon.  
Some other time.  
Oh, sure, kid. See you soon.  
Well, here we go.  
Cassie?  
Down there. The last door.  
- How are you, Cassie?  
- I'm all right.  
I'm sorry to hear your mother isn't well.  
Down there.  
Come in.  
How do you do, sir?  
Hereafter, you may come around  
to the study door.  
It won't be necessary  
for you to come through the house.  
I beg your pardon?  
I said, hereafter, you will use this door.  
You will come through it  
and you will leave through it.  
- Sit down.  
- Thank you, sir.  
I understand your grandmother proposes  
sending you to medical school in Vienna.  
Yes, sir.  
Well, if you have any brains,  
I might be able to prepare you  
for the examinations.  
Do you want to be a good doctor  
or one of these country quacks?  
Oh, I want to be a good one like...  
- Like whom?  
- Like those you read about in books.  
What books?  
I got into it that time, didn't I, sir?  
I guess I mean  
the legendary sort of doctor.  
Well, Mitchell,  
of course, I don't know at all  
your approach to medicine.  
Perhaps you regard it as an opportunity  
to become one of those bedside manners



with a list of the proper pills  
to give the patient,  
particularly when you don't know  
what is the matter with him.  
Or perhaps your aim is  
to become an eminent carpenter  
with a knife and a chisel and a saw.  
Perhaps, even you flow over  
with the nobility of relieving  
humanity's suffering.  
I'll tell you my approach to medicine.  
It is a game.  
It is a game in which man pits his brain  
against the forces of destruction  
and disease.  
In the beginning, I don't expect you  
to be able to participate in the game.  
You'll only listen and accept.  
You will study and you will make notes  
and you will memorize,  
and you will do all this  
only because I tell you to.  
The details are simple, Colonel.  
I want to leave everything to Parris  
so that his schooling is assured.  
I want to do the best I can for him  
with what I have.  
Yes, yes, of course. Of course.  
It's wise to have a will, ma'am.  
Then, in case anything  
should happen to you unexpectedly...  
It wouldn't be unexpected now, Isaac.  
I think it's urgent  
we complete arrangements quickly.  
Marie, I'll have to be blunt.  
How much time do you think you have?  
Well, Henry?  
Madam has a few months, a year at best.  
I don't believe it.  
I don't believe a word of it.  
But we'll act as if Gordon knows  
what he's talking about.  
You don't look it, Marie.  
You don't look it in the least.

We all have to die. I shan't want to.  
For Parris' sake, I shan't want to at all.  
But if you'll please excuse me.  
I feel a little tired now.  
Certainly, Marie.

- Good night, my dear friend.  
- Good night.

Thank you both for your kindness.  
I think I'll go to bed now, Anna.  
When she passes,  
how much passes with her?  
A whole way of life.  
A way of gentleness.  
And honor and dignity.  
These things are going, Henry.  
And they may never come back  
to this world.

- You are up late.  
- So are you.

But every night.  
These books, so thick and heavy.  
Do you have to read them all?  
I guess these books  
are only the beginning.  
You like to read them?  
And Dr. Tower, do you like him?  
You knew I would when you sent me.  
Confess.  
I only know that you have to judge people  
by what you find them to be  
and not by what other people say they are.  
Oh, I don't pretend to understand him.  
What he's like, I mean.  
But he's the most brilliant man I ever met.  
I know I'm lucky to be working with him.  
Does he like you?  
Half the time  
he doesn't even know I'm there.  
Well, he will. He should.  
Go to bed now, Parris.

- Take care of yourself.  
- Oh, you're one to talk.  
- Put her to bed at once, Anna.  
- Yes, sir.

Listen to the man.

Good night, my darling.

I'm crazy about you, lady.

- Good night, Anna.

- Good night, Parris.

And in diagnosis,

you must never underrate

the value of subconscious observation.

Instinct, if you want to call it that.

Or, more properly, intuition.

It's what makes a born physician.

Better ease up a little on your work,

young man.

- Oh, I'm quite all right, sir.

- You don't look it.

We've had a hard winter.

Take the afternoon off.

Get outside somewhere.

You need to see some other boys.

Rowdy around a little. Do you good.

- What is it? Have you no friends?

- I have one, sir.

Well, a little loneliness won't hurt you,

to speak of.

You get used to it.

There's something I want to speak of.

I was terribly sorry about Mrs. Tower.

No one seemed to know about the funeral.

Thank you. I received your note

and your grandmother's.

I'd like to see Cassandra

and tell her, too, if I may.

I shall be very glad to tell Cassandra,

thank you.

Dr. Tower...

You have a question?

No, sir.

- Run along, my boy.

- Goodbye, Doctor.

Hi, Parris.

Gee, Drake, I'm glad to see you.

You know, kid,

if you're gonna keep your nose

buried in those books all the time,

it's up to me to look you up.

- Hop in.

- Sure.

Say, it's funny,

you coming along this afternoon, Drake.

Dr. Tower just told me I ought to see you.

- Me?

- He said I ought to look up my friends.

Oh, that's me all over.

- How's Cassie?

- I don't know.

What do you mean you don't know?

Well, Dr. Tower makes me

use the side door

- and I just don't see her.

- I bet I'd find a way.

You know, kid, if you don't go out

after things in this world,

you don't get anything.

You never did come with me

to see the Ross gals.

I took them and Dudley Wright

down to Whaley's pond

just last week on a picnic.

Hotchy-koo, boy!

- Where we going now, Drake?

- We're gonna stop by the Gordons.

I want you to help me talk to Louise.

What do you want me

to talk to Louise about?

Well, she's the gal I've decided to marry.

Drake, you're gonna get married?

Didn't you know about me and Louise?

I thought everybody knew everything

about everybody in this town.

Just do this for me, will you, kid?

I'm in a mess. You'll see.

It's almost time

for Papa and Mama to come home.

- Drake, don't you think you...

- No!

Make Drake calm down, Parris.

Oh, I know Papa's unreasonable.

He's mean to me.

But I'm a girl, and I'm afraid of him.  
Well, what's the old geezer  
got against me?  
Why can't I ever see you anymore?  
Will you be mad if I tell you something?  
Well, what? I don't know. I'm already mad.  
I won't talk about it then.  
Go on. What is it?  
All right, I'll tell you what Papa said.  
Well...  
It's about Poppy Ross.  
Oh, that.  
He said you're wild.  
Of course, I don't pay any attention.  
I know you've been taking her out  
buggy riding.  
I don't mind. Not too much.  
I know you get lonesome  
and you're not in love with Poppy,  
but I'm lonesome, too,  
and I haven't any Poppy Ross.  
And people are talking  
and Papa and Mama hear them...  
What's that?  
Quick. Go out the back way.  
I think it's time  
we looked the old mossbacks in the eye.  
Drake, you're all worked up.  
Maybe if you come out and cool off...  
Is this your doing, Louise?  
No, it's mine, Dr. Gordon.  
I want to speak to you.  
I've nothing to say or listen to.  
Then I'd like to talk to you, Mrs. Gordon.  
Drake McHugh, it's a mercy  
your dear Aunt Mamie isn't alive  
to see you these days.  
- She was a righteous, God-fearing woman.  
- Oh, can it.  
- Well, I guess it's up to you, Louise.  
- What do you mean, Drake?  
I won't get the money  
my Aunt Mamie left me for two years,  
but until then

we can make out together somehow.

That settles that. Let's go.

Wait a minute, Drake. I...

Just because I'm out in the open  
about things!

- Just because I don't sneak around.

- Now, be reasonable, Drake.

I'll show them. I'll get my horse and buggy  
and drive by the Gordons every day  
with Poppy Ross. I don't care.

I'll even have her right to my house  
if I want to.

Say, I wonder why I never thought of that.

It is awfully hard

for a girl to stand up against her family.

All right, I know. I'm always wrong.

I always have been

ever since I can remember.

Hello, Cassandra. It's me, Parris.

I didn't want to scare you.

Why, hello.

- Come in.

- I was on my way home

when I remembered

I left my notebooks today.

Oh...

Come on in.

I guess you know where they are.

Yes. The doctor always leaves them  
in the same drawer.

Sit down?

I'd like to.

Is your father in?

He's gone to St. Louis. The 6:00 train.

He'll be back Tuesday.

- Do you have to go?

- No.

- May I stay a while?

- Over here by me.

I...

Do you know, Cassie, I haven't seen you  
to talk to you, really, in a long time.

Yes, I know.

All the time I've been coming

to study with your father

- I'd been hoping I'd see you.

- It'll probably be the only time.

Oh, why?

I can't see anyone, ever.

Don't you know that?

- Your father won't let you?

- I said I can't see anyone.

You don't have to ask questions

to understand that, do you?

Well, I don't know. I want to ask you why,

if you don't want to tell me,

- if you don't want to see me...

- Oh, don't get your feelings hurt, Parris.

Just let's talk.

All right, Cassie.

- What can we talk about?

- Oh, anything.

Tell me what you do all the time.

I just read and study and practice,

that's all.

- Do you still study music?

- Yes.

Well, I just read and study,

so I guess you're ahead of me.

I never see people.

I just read books.

Why'd your father take you out of school

when you were such a little girl?

Was it because...

If you want to know,

why don't you ask him?

Always, after that, I kept remembering.

Little things.

How you'd trot along the road with me

home from school.

The way you had of tilting your head

when you'd look up.

The color that the sun made your hair

when you said, "I like to be your girl.

"I guess you're my sweetheart, too."

That's the way I thought of you

most of the time.

Then sometimes I'd remember

you were growing up, too.  
Why, you were 16, now 18.  
Then I'd wonder what you were doing,  
right then, at that moment.  
Were you sewing  
or studying your lessons or crying or  
could you be laughing?  
Could you be laughing  
when I was thinking so hard about you  
- and feeling so terrible?  
- Children can be so silly.  
Oh, no. No, I don't mean that, Parris.  
You were always the nicest.  
Oh, just talk about something else,  
will you?  
You are pretty, Cassie.  
Really you are.  
You're prettier than you ever have been,  
and you always have been  
the prettiest girl in town.  
Don't!  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
- Cassie.  
- Parris.  
- Hey, who's out there?  
- It's me, Drake. Parris.  
Well, for Pete's sake, what're you doing  
around here this time of night?  
- Let me in, quick.  
- Be right down, kid.  
- What's up?  
- Nothing.  
I just came by. Just took the chance.  
- Drake, can I stay here with you tonight?  
- Say, are you crazy, you galoot?  
No, I don't guess I am.  
Hey, something's happened  
and you'd better tell me what it is.  
Why, I just want to stay here.  
I'll telephone at home in the morning  
- and say I stayed here with you all night.  
- All right, all right.  
But I just want to make sure  
you're not in any trouble, kid.



- You better tell me where you've been.  
- I'd rather not, Drake.  
For Pete's sake, you!  
What's funny?  
And I've been saying I'd take you around  
and show you the ropes!  
Well, for Pete's sake!  
Come on, get that wet coat off!  
I'll fix you a cup of coffee.  
It won't take a minute.  
No, no, thanks. I don't want any.  
Well, all right then.  
Come on up and get these wet clothes off.  
Say, I'll have to take care of you now.  
Come on, pile into bed.  
Of course, you'll have to bunk with me.  
I hope you won't mind, Mr. Mitchell.  
It's just as I say, madam.  
All the time he comes in, then he goes out.  
He wanders all over the place,  
absentminded and just looks at things.  
- Maybe there is a girl.  
- It's something more than a girl, madam.  
He's in love with here, with this place.  
I have no idea what you're talking about.  
Madam, I've watched him grow  
every day of his life.  
I feel, in here,  
sometimes just what he feels.  
It's this, I think he feels change.  
I think he's afraid something is to happen  
and he doesn't understand.  
- Anna, you haven't told him.  
- No, madam.  
He mustn't know, Anna.  
Oh, no, madam, when I think...  
Don't cry, Anna, for me.  
It will be worse for him.  
My troubles are almost over  
and his are just beginning.  
Growing up is so difficult, Anna.  
The disappointments and the heartbreaks.  
The frightening problems.  
The meannesses

and the cruelties of the world.  
How often I have wished  
that his mother be lived,  
or his father.  
Or that I were his mother.  
It isn't fair that a young boy  
should be brought up by an old woman  
who will leave him  
when he needs her most.  
What's going to happen to him?  
- Parris is a good boy, madam.  
- I hope so.  
I've done my best  
to make him into a gentleman.  
And my best to provide for his future.  
For the rest,  
everything must be pleasant for him  
until he goes away.  
I will try to live until then.  
- Digging in?  
- Oh, hello, Drake.  
Something like that, I guess.  
What are you doing way out here?  
Oh, got a note from your sweetheart.  
Cupid's messenger, that's me.  
Thanks.  
What's the matter?  
Something gone wrong  
between you and old Cass?  
Something's going to happen, Drake.  
Something bad, I don't know what.  
It's just a feeling I've had lately.  
Something I can't stop happening,  
that maybe I'm even responsible for  
in some way.  
She wants to see me  
at your house again tonight.  
Well, don't you want to?  
I wouldn't say this to anyone else, Drake.  
Ever since we were kids,  
there's been no one but her.  
Gee, I had no idea.  
Well, then everything  
ought to be hunky-dory.

Oh, I get it. Her old man.  
No, no,  
there's something more to it than that.  
Some mystery about Cassie herself.  
Dr. Tower said something once,  
"Each of us live in multiple worlds."  
It's like that with her.  
Say, you're getting to be  
a regular philosopher.  
No, I'm not.  
I've learnt a lot from Dr. Tower, though.  
- Not enough yet, I guess.  
- He's crazy, isn't he?  
No, he's brainier than the rest of men  
in this town put together.  
Well, there's something crazy  
about that house.  
I feel like a dog when I go there now.  
I like him, Drake.  
Yet, when I think about Cassie  
and the way he makes her live...  
Gosh, I'm all mixed up.  
- Come in, Parris.  
- Good afternoon, sir.  
Something on your mind?  
Dr. Tower, I'm going to ask you a question  
perhaps you won't like answering.  
- Then I shan't answer it.  
- Is Dr. Gordon a good doctor?  
Not a very a tactful question, young man,  
nor a very ethical one  
for a young doctor-to-be to ask.  
Ever since I can remember  
I've noticed things.  
When I was just a kid,  
there was Willy MacIntosh's father  
who died from shock  
during an operation without anesthetic.  
There have been other cases,  
Ludie Simms.  
You know the widow  
the men all wink about?  
Dr. Gordon operated on her,  
now one whole side of her face

is horribly paralyzed.

There've been others.

Now he's attending my grandmother.

I can assure you

that in your grandmother's case

he knows his business.

I'm glad to hear you say that, sir.

- Trust my judgment, do you?

- I know you know.

Maybe you're a fool, Parris Mitchell.

- Like a cup of coffee, my boy?

- Yes, sir.

Parris, I began this work with you  
with decided misgivings.

It's only fair to tell you now  
that I've enjoyed it.

- Let the devil take the hindmost, eh?

- I guess I'll have to, sir.

Oh, it's not too bad

a philosophy sometimes.

- Hope you like your coffee black.

- Thank you.

- Oh, have you read this?

- Yes, sir.

I didn't understand it entirely, I'm afraid.

Well, it's a new field.

They've even a new word for it:  
psychiatry.

It's something I never thought about.

I mean, for a doctor

to want to cure diseases

of people's minds instead of their bodies.

- I suppose it a pretty big field, sir.

- Maybe too big.

Maybe a hundred years off.

Of course, one never knows.

There's a stir in Vienna now.

I don't want to push you

one way or the other,

but if you are interested,

I have some other material.

You had medieval history

in school this year, didn't you, Parris?

Yes, sir.

You should pay some attention  
to 12th and 13th centuries.

A man's discomfort, his real discomfort  
in this world began not long after then.

- But I always...

- Oh, I know, soap.

Macadamized roads,  
dentistry and freedom of speech.

- Yes, yes, sir.

- Negligible factors.

In the 13th century, man was happier  
and more comfortable in his world  
than he is now.

I'm speaking of psychic man  
and his relation with his whole universe.

I get it, sir. Everything was so simple then.

That was it, Parris. That was it.

But now, in this modern,  
complicated world,  
man breaks down under the strain,  
the bewilderment,  
disappointment and disillusionment.

He gets lost, goes crazy, commits suicide.

I don't know what's going to happen  
to this world

in the next hundred years or so,

but I can guarantee you

life isn't going to get any simpler.

Worry and doubt bring on a belly-ache.

Mankind's building up  
the biggest psychic belly-ache in history.

I'd better stop this.

I seem to be in a vein of  
epigrammatic sententiousness today.

I was thinking, as you were talking...

No, I don't guess I better say it.

Go ahead, there's no one listening but me.

Well, you were saying that man gets lost.

It seems to me that these lost people  
have kind of fooled themselves  
clear out of the world of reality.

And the right way

is to fool them right back in again,  
like catching a rabbit

that's strayed out of its pen.  
You get his attention on something else  
and he doesn't see the gate  
and the first thing he knows  
he's back home again.

Did you read that phrase somewhere?

"Back home again in the pen"?

No, sir. I must have made it up.

It won't surprise me, young man,  
if you become a good doctor.

Maybe even a brilliant one.

Now, you run along home  
and I'll get these entrance applications  
off to Vienna.

I've enjoyed this afternoon very much, sir.

I like your politeness, Parris.

You're a credit to your grandmother.

And you're going to be a credit to me, too.

I'll try to be, sir.

If I had a son, I'd want him to be  
as nearly like you as possible.

Yeah, yeah, that is good.

That is better than you know, Parris.

Such a waste of talent  
for you to become a doctor.

Excuse me.

- Anna, how is she today?

- The same.

The weather will be cooler soon.

If you'll excuse me, Professor Berdorff,

- I don't feel like finishing.

- Yeah.

Dr. Gordon came here twice today.

Anna.

- How long has this been necessary?

- How stupid, I left it.

Anna?

For several weeks, Parris.

- Cancer?

- Yes, Parris.

Why wasn't I told? Why have I been  
kept out of this like a child?

Madam wished it.

She wanted you to finish your studies

without worrying.

She made me promise.

She thought

she would live through September.

And she won't? Is that what you mean?

It's impossible that she could live more than a few days.

- Only a few days?

- Yes, Parris.

Parris.

Oh, Parris, I had to see you.

Weren't you scared here in the dark by yourself?

A little. You know I wouldn't have telephoned just now

- if it wasn't important.

- Well, let's go back to your house?

No, I had to get out of the house tonight, I couldn't stand it.

- Cassie, what's the matter?

- Can't we just walk here in the trees?

I never realize how little you are till I walk with you.

Oh, you've just gotten to be awfully tall.

It seems a long time ago since we walked home this way from school.

Look, Parris, the pond.

I'd forgotten how lovely it was.

You know something?

I used to think of this as our secret lake.

So did I.

How odd it is that we should both...

Or perhaps it isn't odd at all.

You'll be going away pretty soon now.

Yes, I guess so.

I'll miss you.

Will you really, Cassie?

So much I don't know what will become of me.

- I adore you, Cassie.

- Don't.

Even now,

don't say anything you don't mean.

I don't even know how I feel about you.

I haven't known  
since the day you came to our house  
and I opened the door.  
I know I just never think of anyone else  
but you, but...

- Why whenever I ask...
- I didn't come here to be questioned.
- I can't understand you. Sometimes...
- Don't talk about it, please.
- You said you had something to tell me.
- Did I?

Parris.

You know I wouldn't do  
anything to hurt you, don't you?

- What is it that frightens you?
- It's...
- I'm...
- Tell me.

I don't think  
they're treating you right, Parris.  
That's it.

Parris, your grandmother is dying  
and they don't tell you.

I thought you ought to know.

I was afraid of what the sudden shock  
might've done to you.

Oh, darling!

I guess it's just as bad  
the way I've told you.

No, no. It's all right, Cassie.

I knew.

I'm glad you wanted to tell me, though.

I just won't have anyone at all,  
Cassie, when...

- I forget sometimes, how pretty you are.
- Oh, Parris.
- You're crying.
- Just a little bit, never mind.

But I do mind. I mind awfully.

Oh, why do you have things  
happen to you?

Why do you have to cry?

You're the nicest, best.

Why do any of us have to cry?



You or me, what have we done?  
Oh, I hate it. I hate everything.  
I'd hate God if I could.  
But there's nothing you can reach.  
- Cassie.  
- Don't. Don't say anything.  
I want you to hate it, too,  
whatever hurts us.  
Oh, Parris, don't cry.  
Please don't cry, I can't stand that.  
Oh, darling! Darling, darling.  
This may be the last time I can see you.  
Cassie, listen to me.  
I'm going away, but I'm coming back.  
I want to be a good doctor,  
a great one if I can.  
When I come back, maybe somehow  
the time will pass quickly.  
When I come back, will you marry me?  
- Cassie, don't you want to marry me?  
- If I can let you understand.  
- Maybe I do.  
- No, you don't.  
Not at all. You couldn't.  
- Well, never mind, Cassie...  
- Please, Parris.  
Everything is perfect  
until we try to talk about it.  
Don't try to understand me.  
But just be with me when you can, and...  
Cassie?  
- Parris, you are here.  
- Yes, I...  
I came for you at midnight  
when Dr. Gordon left.  
- Anna, is she...  
- No.  
Dr. Gordon said  
he couldn't do anything more.  
I thought maybe,  
I hoped it would be over  
before you came in.  
You come now.  
Anna, I can't help her.

No, no.

- Getting straightened around?

- Oh, hello, Drake.

Are you sure you don't mind  
my storing all these books here?

I guess the old barn is big enough  
to hold them.

It's been awfully good of you, Drake,  
to take me in just now.

- I can't be any fun to be with.

- Well, it's like I always said,  
you and me are in the same boat,  
more than ever now.

There's something I've been meaning  
to ask you for a long time, Drake.

You haven't said anything  
about Louise Gordon in I don't know when.

Heck. I guess I'll marry  
somebody like Poppy Ross.

- It's more fun anyways.

- You wouldn't do a thing like that.

No, I guess not.

Someday I'm gonna surprise  
some of the people in this town.

When I get my money

I'm going into business.

Settle down hard, when I do settle down.

I'll make Louise proud of me  
and then maybe she...

What's that?

- Cassie.

- Parris!

- Parris, I got to talk to you.

- If you two will excuse me.

Don't go. I've only a word to say.

You know all about us anyway.

You look... You look...

- How?

- You look scared.

- Parris, let me go away with you.

- Go away? You mean when I go to Europe?

Anywhere, anywhere, I don't care.

I'll run away somewhere.

Let me go with you, I can take care of you.

But we can't get married now.

I've got to get through all that study first.

- I asked you if, when I came back, you'd...

- Never mind.

Cassie, if you'd rather, I...

- It was a wicked idea. Forgive me.

- Wait a minute. Sit down.

- Tell me what happened.

- Nothing. Nothing at all. I must go.

- I'll take you home.

- No. No, you can't.

You've got to let me  
talk to you now, Cassie.

You'd better let me  
go part of the way anyhow.

Thank you, no. Good night.

- I'm going over there, Drake.

- Take it easy.

She said... Well, you heard her.

She didn't want you to come along.

She looked twice as scared  
when you suggested it.

See there, nothing's happened.

He's sitting on the porch swing.

For half a cent I'd go in there.

That's just what I'm gonna do.

I'm gonna take her out  
right in front of him.

We'll move out to my place.

You a farmer? You're gonna be a doctor.

It's what you've always wanted  
and what your grandma planned.

- Kid, if I have to slug you...

- Let loose, Drake. I...

There.

Does that look like anything's happened?

Old Cass was just having a fit  
about you going away, that's all.

All women and girls  
act like that sometimes.

It doesn't mean a thing.

Just the same, Drake, I'm scared.

I don't know why.

What you need is some sleep.

You're worn out and nervous.  
Come on home.  
You can see Cassie tomorrow.  
Just don't say anything to him about it.  
Here, maybe I better take it up.  
Are you awake, kid?  
Here. Eat your breakfast.  
- What's the idea of all the attention?  
- Come on. Better eat this.  
You all right, Drake?  
I've got something to tell you,  
but you gotta drink your coffee first.  
Tell me now.  
It's something about Cassie.  
Cassie's dead.  
She was killed early last night.  
I guess shortly after we were there.  
Who?  
Her father killed her  
and committed suicide.  
- I don't believe it. You...  
- Now, get a hold of yourself, kid.  
I'll tell you everything I know.  
I heard it first from Ester  
when she came in early this morning  
and I telephoned the Gazette  
and confirmed it.  
Cassie was poisoned.  
Quite a bit later, Dr. Tower shot himself.  
He hadn't been dead very long  
when the cook came in and found them.  
He left some kind of letter or letters.  
I don't know which, the Gazette said.  
I'm going over now  
and see what I can find out.  
Yes, that's it, Drake. We've got to go.  
You're not going  
if I have to tie you in the cellar.  
- I've got to.  
- Listen, you fool.  
Cassie was here last night.  
We were probably the last people  
who saw her alive.  
If you won't think about yourself

I should think

you'd at least want to protect her.

- Protect her, Drake? I think I've killed her...

- Yeah.

You say that out loud a few times

and somebody'll believe you.

Then where'll your future in this town

be shot to?

- I don't care.

- Listen, kid, I know how you feel.

I know what you'd like to do,

but just let me go first. That's all I ask.

I'll come back and tell you everything.

Then you can do

whatever you feel is right.

- Hey, McHugh.

- Friend of the family.

- Find anything more?

- Not yet.

Darndest mystery.

Hello, Sam.

Good afternoon, Colonel Skeffington.

Well, what do you want here, Drake?

This is no time...

Wait a minute, Sam.

Just as well you came by.

Where's Parris Mitchell?

Still at your house?

Yes, sir.

Ask him to be kind enough to wait there

till I can see him.

- May I ask why, sir?

- I want to talk to him.

He isn't the one you want to talk to.

What's that?

Anything new?

Just something about the girl.

You mean her having her things packed

ready to skedaddle.

Tell you later.

What were you about to say?

When you say that Parris is not the one

we should talk to,

you imply there's someone else.

I guess I mean me.

- Do you know something about this affair?

- I knew Cassie Tower.

I just heard you say  
her things were packed.

Well, we were going to run away.  
She'd been getting out to meet me  
for a long time.

- Do I have to say anything more?

- Did Dr. Tower know anything about this?  
I guess I wouldn't be here today if he had.  
Pretty lucky.

But I don't know anything about this crime  
or whatever you call it.

And if you want to put me on the stand  
I'll even lie about what I just told you.

- Is it all right if I go now?

- I guess it is. Nothing to hold you on.

Why did you come here to tell us this?  
I just wanted to relieve your mind, sir.  
You won't need to talk to Parris now,  
will you?

Looks like you jumped  
to the wrong conclusion, Drake.  
All I wanted to see Parris for  
was to tell him about this letter  
that Dr. Tower wrote.

He left his property,  
everything he owned to Parris.

He what?

Well, it appears you weren't so lucky  
as you thought you were.

If he'd know about  
his prospective son-in-law  
he might have left it to you.

I guess I'll go now, sir.

Funny thing. I sort of like that boy.  
Bold as brass.

But he is the only young man in town  
beside Parris Mitchell  
who has grace enough  
to say sir to his elders.

- Now, for Pete's sake, please...

- Why, Drake? Why did it happen?

Why did Cassie come here last night?  
What was she afraid of?  
What happened since the other night  
when I saw her?  
What reason could her father have had  
for killing her?  
What reason could he have had  
for killing himself?  
Why didn't Cassie explain things  
last night?  
Why did Dr. Tower leave me his property?  
Why should anyone wanna kill Cassie,  
who never did any harm to anyone?  
Why?  
Say, do you know it's  
the middle of the night?  
Sit down, Drake.  
Sure, what's up?  
I think I know...  
I do know why Dr. Tower  
killed Cassie and himself.  
Sure enough?  
You've got to promise me  
this'll be a secret between us, Drake.  
Of course.  
Drake, do you remember  
Mrs. Tower very well?  
Cassie's mother?  
A little, when we were kids.  
How she used to stay inside all the time  
just up in her window looking out?  
Sure. Everybody thought she was loco.  
How do you feel  
about people like that, Drake?  
Do we have to talk about it now?  
How do you feel  
about somebody who gets a bad heart,  
or something wrong with their legs  
or their hands or their eyes?  
Well, things like that,  
that aren't their fault...  
That's the way I feel about people who  
get something wrong with their brains.  
Say, are you trying to tell me Dr. Tower...

- You know, kid, I always did tell you...  
- There's a note here near the beginning that says, "Today, I noticed the first sign in Cassandra."  
- Do you mean that she... That Cassie...  
- Not so you could notice it.  
No more, I suppose,  
when Mrs. Tower was  
when D. Tower fell in love with her  
and married her.  
- Our own Cassie?  
- They were just the first indications, the early maladjustments of dementia praecox.  
Hey, you sound like a doctor already.  
I certainly don't feel like one.  
- Well, we won't talk about it anymore...  
- No, I'd rather.  
- Drake, I think Dr. Tower knew about us.  
- About you and Cassie?  
But, do you think that she knew?  
About herself, I mean.  
Yes, I'm sure she did.  
That's why whenever I asked her questions about us  
I could never pin her down.  
What about the night  
she came to ask you to take her away?  
She wasn't pinned down then.  
A kind of final desperation, I guess.  
I don't know what Dr. Tower knew about that night. Maybe nothing.  
Maybe he guessed.  
Maybe he was just looking into my future.  
- I don't quite follow you, kid.  
- He was a brilliant doctor, Drake.  
Why did he come  
to a little town here like Kings Row  
and bury himself  
while he was still pretty young?  
You mean Mrs. Tower?  
He didn't want that to happen to me  
that happened to him...  
Stop his career.



He thought more of me  
than I ever knew, Drake.  
Listen, Parris.  
Let's burn this book up  
and nobody will ever know but ourselves.  
No, Drake.  
We're not going to burn it.  
I'm going to study this book.  
- I'm tired now.  
- Sure, kid. I'll get the light.  
Drake, I'm going now as quickly as I can.  
I've had about  
as much as I can take, I think.  
And you just stay out of the house  
until it's sold.  
Anything you want there,  
anything at all, just take it.  
Let the rest of the stuff go.  
Write to me.  
If there's ever anytime you need me,  
my Liebchen, I will...  
I know, Anna, I know that.  
Hello, Drake McHugh.  
Why, hello, Randy Monaghan.  
Say, I haven't seen you in a long while.  
You never did come back  
to Elroy's icehouse. Going away?  
- Hello, Randy.  
- Hello, Parris.  
Parris is going away.  
He's going clear to Europe.  
Sure enough? Gonna stay long?  
I don't know.  
I haven't felt like making plans.  
- I think I'll just let things happen.  
- He'll be back.  
I heard your grandmother died, Parris.  
- Yes.  
- I'm sorry.  
Say, Randy, I'll bet  
you're the prettiest girl in the world.  
Here she comes.  
- Gosh.  
- What's the matter?

I hate to see that boy go away.

He's the best friend I've got.

- He's a nice boy, isn't he?

- Very best.

There he goes.

Four or five years. Gosh.

Say, I have my buggy down here.

How about coming for a ride  
out in the country?

All right, let's.

Oh, wait a minute. Bread and butter.

Have you ever seen a prettier day?

Whoa, there, Tom Thumb.

What's the hurry?

- Why do you call him Tom Thumb, Drake?

- Because he's so big.

- That makes sense.

- My kind of sense.

That's what I mean.

- I got him trained.

- I see.

- He knows just what I want him to do.

- I guess he's had plenty of training, too.

- You mean, going on by himself? Sure.

- Why?

For this.

I'm as bright as the horse,  
but not so well trained.

Oh, gee, Randy. I'm so lonely and blue.

Be nice to me, will you?

Maybe you got me confused  
with one of the Ross girls.

Well, what's the harm in a little kiss?

A kiss?

Suppose we find out?

- No, no, wait a minute.

- Hey.

Happy new century, dummy.

This is it, honey.

Did you bring me way up here in the wind  
just to look at scenery?

But I'm going to buy all this  
with Peyton Graves

- when I come into my money.

- What for?

Just something I dreamed up.

A subdivision.

Can you imagine what it would be like  
to have houses up here?

- Yes. It'd be windy.

- Oh, shut up. It isn't windy all the time.

But, Drake, only rich people could  
build houses like you're talking about.

- Well, we'd sell them to rich people.

- How many are there in Kings Row?

What do you

want to throw cold water for?

Would you like me to show you

what I think would be a good idea?

- Where to?

- The lowlands, down by the creek.

The other side of the railroad track.

My side.

You mean here?

Isn't it delicious?

It stirs you up, doesn't it?

- I mean...

- Yes, honey. I know what you mean.

- Well, doesn't it?

- Yes, I guess it does. But, Drake...

Now you're fixing

to yell at me about something.

No, I was just kind of wondering.

Most everything stirs you up, doesn't it?

This, the smell of wild plum blossoms,

the sunlight or the moonlight

or morning or noon or night.

Just anything.

- But mostly you.

- So you say.

Honest.

- Let's get out and walk. It looks so pretty.

- You bet.

Drake McHugh,

you make me awfully mad sometimes.

Oh, now,

one of the nicest things about you, honey,

- is that you don't pretend anything.

- Well, I don't pretend.

Well then, what are we talking about?

Well, for instance, right now.

I suggested we walk down here.

- All right, what's wrong with that?

- Right away you thought...

- What?

- Well, all the time

I only wanted to tell you my idea.

Go ahead and tell me. I'm listening.

I will. And it's not a bad one either.

If you want to buy real estate,

why don't you buy this?

- This junk?

- Well, it could be cleared and drained.

After all, there are a lots of people

who work in the clay pits,

in the mills and the coal mines

who'd like to own homes, too.

- A lot of nickels and dimes...

- Make dollars.

I don't see how any one so pretty

could be so practical.

Remember once you came down

to Elroy's icehouse

and you and Parris and I played on

the rings?

I was an awful little toughy then, wasn't I?

Oh, yes. I was.

But you teased me, you tried to get fresh.

- I was an awful kid, I guess.

- Yes, you were.

But I think I got mad mostly that day

because Parris was there.

I liked him a whole lot better

than I did you...

then.

- You're sure of that now?

- What do you think?

When a girls acts the way I do about you,

she means it.

It's because I want to.

Because I like you

better than anybody in the world.

Serious as all that?

Nothing is serious to us  
in the whole world, is it?

- Hey!

- Oh, Drake, my new hat!

No, my new hat.

Louise. Louise.

- Yes, what do you want?

- Your father would hear of this.

What are you crying about?

- Does it make any difference?

- Don't answer me like that.

Why can't you let me alone?

Because I don't want you sitting up here  
crying like a little fool over nothing.

- Nothing.

- Oh, I know what you're crying about.

I saw Drake McHugh going by

with that little nobody from downtown.

- Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

- For what?

- For letting her take him away from me?

- Louise,

you know what I mean.

Haven't you got any self-respect?

No.

Well, I almost believe you.

If he wants to run around  
with that kind of trash...

You know what boys are like.

Your father is a doctor.

- If you knew all I know...

- I don't want to hear it!

You can be sure when a boy runs around  
with a girl like that, it is for just...

I wish it was me.

What did you say?

I said, I wish it was me.

I wish it was me! I wish it was me!

- Hi, Randy.

- Hello, Ed.

- Oh, let me out here, Drake.

- Why?

Why can't I ever let you out

at your front door?

It's late, and Pa and my brother Tod will be home.

- I'm not good enough even for...

- Drake,

you were just going to say, "Even for me."

I wasn't either.

I was going to say, "Even for them."

They don't think I'm good enough for you.

Now, hold your temper.

We're not a fitting match.

You belong up on Union Street.

Your family was rich and high-toned.

My Pa's a railroad section boss...

Oh, if you're gonna start that bunk about class again.

Why did you drive by the Gordon's just now?

Well...

It's on the way home.

Even when it isn't, you do.

Didn't you go around with Louise for a while?

Yeah. Her old man thought I was wild.

So you came downtown.

Anything south of the railroad tracks.

Randy, you know that's not so.

- Do you ever think of Louise anymore?

- Sometimes.

- What do you think?

- I get mad.

Anything else?

- I don't know.

- Thanks, Drake.

- For what?

- For being that honest.

When a boy who belongs uptown begins taking a girl from the lower end of town out buggy riding at night, people talk. You know that, don't you? I'll say. Gabble, gabble, gabble. I'd like to hear them to my face sometime.

Well, we can't honestly blame them for saying something that's so, can we?

Oh, Randy, for Pete's sake.  
Well, just saying, "For Pete's sake,"  
doesn't clear up anything.  
What's got to be cleared up?  
Just why Pa doesn't want me  
to go with you.  
I guess Ma wouldn't either,  
if she was still living.  
I'll go with you as long as you want me to.  
But don't get mad  
when I try and clear up how things are.  
If I married you, that'd shut their traps.  
- I wouldn't marry you, Drake.  
- What?  
- Surprised, aren't you?  
- Yes, I am.  
Well, that's the way it is.  
I'll go on this way, but no other way.  
Remember that, will you?  
This where you want to get out?  
- Goodbye, Drake.  
- Bye, honey.  
- Hello, sis.  
- There you are.  
I didn't mean to be so late.  
Here, Pa, I'll take over.  
- Oh, well, it won't hurt us for once.  
- Go on, sit down. I'll put it on the table.  
Fixed that kink  
in the third section today, sis.  
- Fixed her straight and true as a die.  
- That's the stuff, Tod.  
When Pa retires  
and I get to be section boss...  
Drake!  
Mr. Monaghan, I'm Drake McHugh.  
Maybe you've heard about me.  
Be a wonder if you haven't,  
the way people gab.  
And most of what they say is true.  
But the one thing they can't say is that  
I ever do anything behind anyone's back.  
Well, I've been taking your daughter out  
buggy riding.

I like her and she likes me.  
But I won't do anything on the sly.  
So if you've got any objection  
to my going on seeing her,  
now is the time to spit it out.  
Why, no, no, no.  
Now, what have you got to say?  
Won't you sit down  
and have some supper?  
- You wanted to see me, Mr. Lawes?  
- Oh, yes, McHugh.  
Come in and sit down.  
It's about your account.  
It's overdrawn a little, you know?  
Naturally, the way you tear around.  
But I thought I had more than \$1,000  
in my account.  
- How could you be that far off?  
- I don't know. Can I talk to Mr. Curley?  
Mr. Curley's in Texas.  
Down there on business.  
I don't expect him back until next week.  
Well, I haven't been spending any money.  
Not much.  
Last July there must have been  
about \$1,000 put in.  
The regular quarterly installment.  
Is that so?  
Just a minute.  
- There wasn't any deposit made in July.  
- Are you sure?  
Nothing since the 2nd of April.  
And the bonds and estate papers  
are in Mr. Curley's own box, I suppose?  
That's where he always kept them.  
- Bring the keys.  
- Yes, sir.  
Don't say anything about this to anyone  
until we're sure.  
- Not to anyone.  
- Yes, sir.  
Why, Drake.  
Come in, come in.  
I'd like to talk to you



for a little while, Mr. Monaghan.  
Is Randy here?  
I don't want her to see me  
looking like this.  
- I just want to talk to you.  
- She's upstairs.  
I was just puttering around here.  
Never know  
what to do with myself Sundays.  
When Ma was alive we'd sit and talk.  
How about a cup of coffee?  
No, thanks.  
The constable gave me some coffee.  
I got drunk at Fritz Bachman's last night.  
Sam Winters came along  
and hauled me to jail  
just in time to keep me  
from getting kicked out to freeze.  
Fritz Bachman, lowlife skunk.  
Well, I didn't have to go there  
and get drunk.  
No, you didn't. To tell you the truth, son,  
I've been meaning to talk to you  
for some time.  
You won't need to.  
I gave myself a talking to this morning  
when I woke up in jail  
with three other guests of the town.  
I want a job, Mr. Monaghan.  
Can you get me a job at the railroad?  
I've got no place  
on the section gang, Drake.  
I guess I will have some coffee, please.  
Look at me, Mr. Monaghan.  
I look like a tramp.  
I'll be a tramp,  
if somebody doesn't give me a job.  
- I've tried everybody in town.  
- Drake?  
- Oh, Drake, you look like...  
- I know how I look.  
Like I was in the calaboose all night  
for being drunk.  
Oh, Drake.

You know what people around town  
are saying about you and me?

No.

They're saying that you're gonna  
give me the gate any day now.

It's nice of them

to make up my mind for me.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

I'll come to if you'll just be patient  
and give me a little time  
to get over being confused.

Trouble is, I've never had to think  
about money all my life.

Just counted on having it, and now...

- Drake wants me to get him a job.

- Oh?

I'll talk to Mr. Turner.

Maybe he'll give you a job in the yards.

Switchman or flagman or something.

It means being out in all kinds of weather.

It won't break your back

but it's work and no mistake.

What are your toney friends

up on Union Street going to say?

I'll get you a job, son.

You can depend on me.

Thank you, sir.

If you do, I'll sell my place uptown.

I'm coming down here somewhere to live.

- Pretty rough.

- My friends are down here.

Well, I'm going home now and clean up.

If I can come back later...

You stay here now.

Go on up to Tod's room

and I'll bring you some hot water

and you can wash and shave.

I'll fix you something to eat.

Then you're going to bed

and get some sleep.

Bossy redhead, isn't she?

- You know something, Randy?

- What, Pa?

When you was my little tomboy daughter,

I used to wonder how you'd turn out.

I shouldn't ought to have worried.

"Baltimore and Ohio."

"Chesapeake and Illinois."

- Hi.

- Hi.

Coffee, mister?

Say, you shouldn't be out

on a night like this.

I had to keep the railroad running.

- Besides, I've got news.

- So have I, come to think of it.

Thanks, honey.

Now, which news first?

- Yours. I already know mine.

- Well,

Pa heard this afternoon

that you're going to get a promotion.

Sure enough?

Mr. Turner's finally become convinced

that your intentions are good.

So, he's making you an assistant

in the freight office with a raise of \$2.

You're climbing up, my friend.

Twenty or 30 years like that

and I'll be somewhere, won't I?

- What's your news?

- Oh, I got a letter from Parris.

- Oh, how is he?

- Fine. Hopes I'm the same.

Wants to hear all the news in Kings Row.

"Dear Drake, glad to hear

that you're feeling good

"and everything is going so..."

I'll skip that.

- "Of course..."

- Why haven't you ever told Parris?

About your bad luck, I mean.

- Think that's why I got a friend?

- I love your beautiful pride, darling.

"Of course, I'm cramming like blazes

for final examinations right now.

"Just think, graduation in June.

"I've definitely decided

what I'm going to do with my life, Drake.  
"I'm going to be a... I'm going to be a...  
"A psychiatrist." What does that mean?  
Don't ask me, I'm one of the illiterate.  
"I think you'll understand why,  
remembering Cassandra.  
"I guess I'll be the first..."  
Well, here's it is again.  
"In Kings Row and maybe in America."  
Oh, you could trust Parris to be the first.  
Here, take it home and finish it.  
Gee, I'm sorry I sold the house  
even if I did get \$400.  
- Why sorry?  
- Well, if Parris comes home this summer  
he could've stayed with me.  
Still living on the other side  
of the railroad tracks, aren't you?  
Oh, Parris isn't that kind.  
He's not Kings Row at all.  
No, I didn't mean that.  
What did you mean?  
Just you, I guess.  
I've been kind of wondering...  
Well, tonight's the Skeffington party  
and I know you were invited.  
- Are you sorry you're not there?  
- Not by a long shot.  
Most of Kings Row has forgotten me  
and I can forget them.  
You know, it's funny  
how things have changed with us.  
We used to be so...  
Well, so excited all the time.  
All breathlessness  
and one joke on top of another.  
Now, we gotten used to each other,  
I guess.  
Sometimes when we're together  
and you're in a mood,  
you don't talk for hours at a time,  
I wonder if you even know I'm with you.  
I don't want it to be that way.  
You're all there is.

Even when I'm not with you for a minute  
I get all jumpy and lost.

I know, darling.

I'm happier than anyone has a right to be.

I hope you get to be, too.

- Like some more coffee?

- No, thanks.

Well, maybe you'll want some later.

Be sure and bring the kettle home,  
will you?

- Yeah.

- I'll wait up to say goodnight.

- Bye.

- Bye, honey.

So long, fellas!

Look out!

Quick, Dutch, there's been an accident.

Get Doc Gordon as quick as you can.

Quick, Drake McHugh has been run over.

- Run over? Drake?

- Don't stand there, get the doctor.

Oh, Henry, do you have to leave the party?

There's been an accident, Drake McHugh.

- Drake McHugh?

- Yes, crushed by a freight car.

- What's happened to Drake?

- Nothing that concerns you, Louise.

Where is he? I'm going with you.

You'll do nothing of the kind.

You can't keep me away from him,  
not anymore.

- Harriet.

- Now, Louise.

- Take your hands off me.

- Louise.

I'll go to him and I'll stay with him!

And nothing you could do or say  
can stop me.

- Henry! Oh, I beg your pardon.

- It's all right, Colonel.

I've just heard about young McHugh.

- You want me to come with you?

- No, no, no, stay with your guests.

Keep her here.

- I'm going.  
- Louise, Louise, people will hear.  
Now, be quiet.  
- I'll have to have some help.  
- What you gonna do, Doc?  
Someone, you, Davis, get me  
some blankets and a half a dozen sheets,  
anywhere here in the neighborhood,  
and be quick.  
Yes, sir.  
Can you heat some water  
on the stove, Dutch?  
- Sure.  
- I'll help, Doc, tell me what you want.  
All right, Sam, I'll need somebody steady.  
Now, everybody else get out.  
- What do you want me to do first?  
- Cut his clothes off.  
Someone stand at that door  
and keep everybody out.  
I'll do that, sir, and I'll keep them out.  
And when you're finished,  
we can take him across to my house,  
it's just a few steps.  
- Good, pull those shades down.  
- Yes, sir.  
Now, Sam, let's see.  
- What'll have to be done, Doc?  
- Amputation.  
- His leg? Which one?  
- Both.  
There's just a chance.  
- Father.  
- Party over?  
- Where's your mother?  
- I got out. I said I would.  
I stood it as long as I could,  
then I went down to the railroad.  
- You had no business there.  
- You had just left.  
They'd carried Drake away somewhere.  
A terrible old man  
was cleaning up the depot where...  
That will do.

It was most unbecoming of you  
to go about parading your feelings,  
whatever you think they are.

- Father.

- What do you want to say?

- You monster, you fiend!

- Louise!

I'll let the world know what you are,  
if it's the only thing I ever do.

Tomorrow... Tomorrow, I'll tell everyone.

I know what you are.

I know all about you and your operations!

You're going to bed at once.

- I will not, I'm going to tell.

- Louise, listen to me,

I cannot permit my daughter  
to make an hysterical spectacle of herself.

Now, go to your room  
and don't you come out of it again  
until you have my permission.

I will tell, I will tell, I will tell. I'll tell them!

This is enough of your willful tantrum.

If you persist,

there's one thing I shall have to do.

- What?

- If you utter one more word

of the kind of nonsense

I've heard from you,

I shall commit you to an asylum.

You wouldn't dare.

I've only to go to that telephone  
in the hall there and have you in a cell,  
behind bars in one hour.

- I'm not crazy and you know it.

- I don't know anything of the sort.

You mean, you actually think...

You really...

I could think nothing else  
when you make these insane accusations.

- I'll go.

- That's better.

And stay in your room  
until I say you can come out.

Yes, sir.

Can you make out for an hour or two until the night nurse comes on?

- Yes, I know what to do.

- Good night, then.

You ought to go out for some fresh air.

I've got to be here when he finds out.

Sit down and have some supper, child.

Please drink some coffee.

You haven't slept for three nights.

He's going to get well,

the doctor promised that.

I know what you're thinking.

Even if he does get well,

how is he going to make out now.

I wish you wouldn't talk about it.

I want you to hear what I've got to say.

You want to keep Drake here, don't you?

That's what you want, ain't it, Randy?

- Randy.

- Yes, Tod?

He's waking up, I think.

Did the doctor say to give him another injection this evening?

- No, I'll go to him and talk...

- Randy wants to keep Drake here.

Gee, that's fine.

You got to have somebody to look after him.

Oh, Randy, what's the matter, sis?

Drake hasn't got any money.

Almost none, anyway.

- Money?

- Yes, he's just got a few dollars.

Well, he don't need any, does he?

Oh, sis.

Randy! Randy!

Randy! Where's the rest of me?

- Drake.

- Randy!

Yes, Drake?

It was that accident.

Yes, dear, but don't talk about it, yet.

Parris.

- Herr Mitchell.



- Dr. Candell just sent for me.  
Letter came for you, special delivery,  
thought it might be important.  
Thanks, Heinrich.  
Come in.

- Good afternoon, Mitchell.  
- Good afternoon, sir.  
- I beg your pardon, letter from home.  
- Home?

That's some little hamlet  
in North America, I believe.  
Yes, sir.

- Care to read it?  
- Oh, no, later.

Mitchell, we've liked your work here.  
It may please you to know  
that you will graduate  
with one of the best records  
of our recent history.  
Really, sir?  
Another thing may please you.  
At least, I hope it does.  
I've been talking to some of the others.  
We plan to expand our  
department of Psychiatric Research here.  
It gives us satisfaction  
to offer you a post with us.  
Me?  
Of course,  
if you want time to think it over.  
- No indeed, you might change your minds.  
- Good.

You begin immediately. The summer term.  
And, if you care to celebrate tonight,  
they say that that new dancer  
at the Hotel Crillon is divine.  
Drake.  
This first sentence.  
"You and Randy stick together  
until I get there."  
Yes, I know it by heart.  
Of course, he doesn't understand  
I haven't any money.  
Even selling the house

is only a few hundred dollars.

So?

Oh, for Pete's sake, Randy,

I can't ever earn anymore.

So, I thought...

Well, I remembered that

if you have just a little money that...

Well, I've heard there are homes

that you can get into.

Drake McHugh.

Don't do that, Randy, I'd be all right.

I'm going to see to it that you are.

Listen, Drake,

I didn't ask to come into your life, did I?

No.

All right, but then you owe me something.

You owe me yourself.

- Drake, are you all right?

- Yes.

I guess I don't get it through my head

just what you want.

I want you to trust yourself entirely to me

for a while, until you're up and around...

You see, honey,

I can't ever be up and around.

What has happened is terrible,

but you're alive.

- That's a lot of good.

- You're alive and I love you.

I'm going to tell you something,

and I want you to listen until I've finished.

Then you can talk if you want to,

but I want my say first.

It's first of all, what Parris said there

in the cablegram.

"You and Randy stick together

until I get there."

We're going to do that,

but I'd made up my mind about it

a long time before this happened.

Then after you got hurt,

I just had to figure out how, that was all.

Remember once you said something

about marrying me?

Well, I got mad  
because I guess I'd been a little hurt.  
I knew you'd never thought about it  
until just then.  
Then I shouldn't be blaming you  
even that much.  
You never thought about much of anything  
in those days until you had to.  
Then, later on you came down here.  
Remember the morning  
you came to ask Pa to help you get a job?  
Well, I made up my mind that day  
that I'd marry you,  
as soon as the right time came around.  
I guess I was convinced inside by then  
that you did wanna marry me.  
I knew I wanted to marry you...  
- Randy, for Pete's sake, I...  
- Hush, you were to listen.  
So, now the right time has come.  
We'll get married,  
and then we'll work out some way  
what we'll do afterwards.  
- Randy.  
- I won't listen.  
I'm going to cable Parris now and tell him.  
He'll be glad, Drake.  
Of course, Randy,  
it is a ghastly and terrible tragedy,  
particularly to have happened to Drake.  
He lived by his freedom and independence.  
He will feel, probably already feels,  
that he's lost both.  
It'll be your problem  
to restore them to him.  
Repairs to the body can sometimes  
be made in a short space of time.  
The injury to the mind,  
to what is called the psyche,  
this takes longer.  
The psychic injuries strike at his pride,  
his initiative,  
and we shall have to save them  
if we're to save Drake.

Never when I decided  
to become a psychiatrist  
did I imagine I'd be writing  
my first prescription  
for my dearest friend.  
As soon as he's well enough,  
he must find an interest  
outside of himself.  
Some job to do that will force him  
to depend upon himself  
and make his own decisions.  
The helpless invalid complex  
must be avoided at all cost.  
In fact, he must be made to feel that  
since he was making a living for himself  
he will, of course, go on making a living.  
I've written to the bank  
instructing them to turn over to you  
the small Tower estate that was left me.  
Use it to make some sort  
of a new beginning for you.  
I don't care if it's real estate  
or chicken farming,  
so long as it is something  
that will take his mind off himself  
and make him realize  
that he's still some use in this world.  
I feel so helpless being way over here.  
I rely on you.  
You must obey my instructions faithfully.  
Dear friend, Parris,  
I don't know what I'd do  
without your daily letters.  
I think I'm just beginning to see  
what you're trying to accomplish.  
I had a terrible time about the money.  
I tried to remember what you said,  
to make him decide for himself.  
But you know Drake, how proud he is.  
If you could have seen him  
jutting out his chin and saying...  
I won't take charity.  
- Very well, dear.  
- Do you want me to take it?

You'll have to decide that  
for yourself, Drake.  
Women haven't got any sense  
about money.  
Of course, I'd hate to see you  
hurt Parris' feelings.  
What do you mean?  
Oh, he's gone to all that trouble.  
You'd do the same for him, mind you.  
I guess you'd feel pretty bad, too  
if he just took some of your money  
without any intention of ever returning it.  
But that's just the point.  
How could I ever pay him back?  
- You think I can learn needlework, honey?  
- Don't joke like that.  
Well, if there was anything at all  
I could do...  
You still got your brains, Drake.  
No, don't turn your face to the wall.  
Look at me.  
You're my man and I love you.  
And you're a better man than a lot I know.  
Take Peyton Graves, for instance,  
puffed up like a pouter pigeon  
because he went ahead  
with that real estate deal all by himself.  
Say...  
No, I guess, we couldn't.  
Couldn't what?  
That land down by the creek  
you're so crazy about.  
Oh, I don't know why we couldn't.  
You've got brains.  
Of course, you'd have to tell me  
everything to do, I'm only a woman.  
- Do you think we should try it?  
- You're the boss.  
Oh, let's, Drake.  
We can do anything together.  
We're just a young couple starting out.  
Others have started on borrowed money.  
Wouldn't old Parris be surprised  
if he came home

and found us all set up in business?

His money doubled or maybe tripled.

Hey, go easy.

He wouldn't be ashamed of me then,  
would he?

- Parris?

- He'd be proud of me, wouldn't he, Randy?

Sure, he'd be.

He'd be doggone proud of me,  
wouldn't he?

Parris, my boy. Parris.

- Hello, sir.

- Well, well, home at last, eh?

I couldn't be gladder to see anyone.

You're looking very well, sir.

You haven't changed a bit.

Just grown up a little, that's all.

Well, come on, I got my buggy waiting.

Would you mind if I didn't come  
right now, sir? I want to see Drake.

- You understand?

- Oh, sure, sure.

- Give me the bag.

- Fine.

Come up to the office  
whenever you get through.

- Parris!

- Randy.

- Randy.

- Oh, Parris, I'm so glad to see you.

How is he? How is he, really?

Oh, I don't know, he's better.

I think he's better.

Oh, I've tried, Parris.

But now you're home.

Randy.

Oh, hurry, Drake will be crazy.

He'll be so glad to see you.

- Look. Look who's here.

- Drake.

Mary, blessed Mother of God.

Mary, blessed Mother of God.

Mary, blessed Mother of God.

Well, how does the old town look?

Oh, I don't know, all right.  
Of course, after Vienna and Paris,  
it's a little strange.  
I'll bet.  
Well, it's the same old provincial hole.

**Population:**

As long as there's you and people like you,  
Kings Row will be all right.  
I won't take up any more of your time, sir,  
if you just tell me where my bag is,  
I'll run over to the hotel.  
Did you notice anything  
as you came along the hall?  
Something new or anything like that?  
- Don't believe I did.  
- Not a thing, eh?  
Then I got a surprise for you.  
Yes, sir, you wait and see.  
Fixed it up to set you off on the right foot  
and make you feel at home.  
- You like it?  
- It's very thoughtful of you, sir, I...  
Well, I must say,  
you don't seem very much pleased.  
Don't tell me  
that Europe's given you notions.  
No, no, sir, it's not that. It's just that...  
Oh, you've gone to all this trouble  
and I don't think I'm going to settle here.  
Not permanently, that is.  
Not in Kings Row? Why not?  
For one thing, I've been offered a position  
in the school in Vienna,  
an invaluable opportunity.  
I secured a leave of absence  
and came home here  
because of Drake.  
As soon as I'm sure he's all right,  
I expect I'll go back.  
Oh, this is a terrible shock, Parris,  
I'd counted on...  
Well, we need a new man here,  
now that Dr. Gordon's dead.

Dr. Gordon's dead?

Yeah, hadn't you heard?

Passed on last month, like that.

Heart, I guess.

Newspapers must have passed me  
on the way home.

Yes, sir, him is deader than a doornail.

Is either one of you gentlemen

Dr. Mitchell?

'Cause you ain't, Colonel Skeffington,  
then this letter must be for you.

- Amazing deduction, Daisy.

- Thank you, Daisy.

You's welcome. You's the doctor now.

Little Parris Mitchell,  
what do you think of that?

- Mrs. Henry Gordon.

- Imagine that.

Haven't seen much of the Gordons lately.

Louise, not at all.

She wasn't even at her father's funeral.

- She...

- Well, I'll run along.

Come up to the house when you can.

We'll have a chin.

Thanks, I will.

Dr. Mitchell, I'm sure you were surprised  
to hear from me.

Somehow, I felt that

I could trust your discretion  
since you used to be a friend of Louise's.  
I've been through a very trying experience  
since my husband passed away.

Is Louise ill?

I'm afraid her mind has become affected.

After Drake McHugh  
met with his accident,  
Louise had a terrible scene with her father.  
A little while after,  
we heard a strange report  
that he'd actually married...

A Miss Monaghan, who's taking  
marvelous care of him, Mrs. Gordon.

- Really?



- Yes.

That seems remarkable, doesn't it?

But from that day on,

Louise refused to leave her room.

She wouldn't speak.

She did nothing but sit in her room.

Then Dr. Gordon passed away.

And now I have to tell you a terrible thing.

When...

When my dear husband

was lying here in this room,

Louise came downstairs.

I followed her after a few minutes,

and I found her...

Yes, Mrs. Gordon?

Just try to tell me quietly.

I found her standing over her dead father  
and cursing him.

Dr. Mitchell, I'm a desperate mother.

I cannot bear that my daughter should  
so defame the memory of a great man.

I know that you've been studying there  
in Vienna.

There's no doctor here  
who understands these things.

No one at all I can turn to.

Can you help me with her?

To keep her quiet.

- Where is she?

- I'll take you to her.

I've brought an old friend to see you.

Parris Mitchell, daughter.

Dr. Mitchell now,

and he's come to see you.

Hello, Louise.

- Parris?

- Yes.

Parris Mitchell.

I'm awfully glad to see you again.

It's been a long time.

Yes, it's been a long time.

Go away.

- You're Dr. Mitchell now.

- Yes.

- I'm not crazy, Parris.

- Of course not.

She thinks I am.

- It's a wonder I'm not, but I'm not.

- I know that, Louise.

- Have you seen Drake?

- Yes.

How is he?

- As well as he can be.

- She married him.

She was the kind he liked.

He never went with any other kind.

She takes good care of him, Louise.

He had to have care, you understand.

- My father cut his legs off, Parris.

- Yes, I know.

I was there.

- You were where?

- I was too late. If I hadn't been too late...

I'm not crazy, Parris.

I know, Louise.

You must find out about it.

There was a man who helped my father,  
maybe he'd know.

I don't believe it was necessary.

My father did it on my account.

You see? You think I'm crazy, too.

Do you realize what you're saying?

A horrible accusation.

You've got to believe me, I kept a list.

He always talked about his operations,  
other doctors don't do that.

He thought it was his duty to punish  
wickedness wherever he found it.

He was a fanatic like my mother,  
he used to talk to her.

- I think she knew, too.

- But your own father!

My father.

Nearly always he'd say their hearts  
were too weak for chloroform.

But their hearts were not too weak  
to be cut to pieces.

And with Drake, he had a double purpose.

He hated him because of me.  
Parris, do you think I'm crazy?  
No, Louise, I'm sure you're not.  
I want you to begin quietly.  
I want you to gather all the evidence...  
But your father's dead,  
it's all over and done with.  
I want to tell. I want them all to know.  
- But, Louise...  
- I want to destroy his memory!  
Have you thought  
what terrible harm you would do?  
Perhaps someone you love.  
You used to love Drake.  
To be crippled is terrible enough,  
but to find out it was unnecessary...  
- She married him!  
- You must try to be calm.  
Parris, will you help me?  
Yes, Louise, I'll help you all I can.  
- What will we do first?  
- First?  
We'll not say a word about this to anyone.  
For a little while.  
We'll keep it a secret between us,  
you know, until we're sure.  
I'll come and talk to you every day,  
whenever you want.  
If you want me to help you, you must  
put yourself entirely in my hands.  
Will you do that for me, Louise?  
Maybe I will.  
- For a little while.  
- That's better.  
Now, let's begin thinking about  
other things.  
There's a book I've been reading  
you might like.  
Do you think there could be  
the slightest possible ground  
for Louise's charges against her father?  
- Yes.  
- But a man, a doctor...  
I don't say it's true. I say it's possible.

Sadistic surgeons are not unknown  
in medical history.  
They're scarce, thank heaven.  
One in millions.  
You're startled to think that such a thing  
could happen right here in Kings Row.  
You wouldn't be shocked  
if you heard of it happening  
in some remote town  
in Europe somewhere.  
I'm shocked because of Drake.  
Son, men have often killed other men  
who are after their daughters.  
Murder.  
Parris, I think you better get yourself free  
of this Gordon case.  
- I can't.  
- Why not?  
- Well, Louise isn't insane.  
- Then she doesn't need your help.  
If I don't help her, she'll become insane.  
I've tried everything I know.  
Talk, books, music.  
I tell you, she'll go insane  
unless I relieve her obsession  
by letting her tell everything she knows.  
You think it'll do any good to have a thing  
like that noised around?  
- Then do you want some real advice, son?  
- Yes, sir.  
Get out of this town. Now.  
Before you're in too deep.  
- But I thought you said...  
- Changed my mind.  
That golden chance in Vienna, take it.  
I can't leave here with this thing unsolved.  
Go on like that from case to case,  
you'll be here a lifetime.  
Don't tell me you could be satisfied  
to be here.  
I never wanted to see Kings Row again.  
But still it's...  
I don't know,  
it's the place where I grew up.

I used to love to walk around the country  
and just look at it.  
Every leaf and stick of it.  
If I could do that now.  
Can't you?  
Afraid of meeting ghosts, or memories.  
People I loved.  
My grandmother. Dr. Tower.  
Cassandra.  
Places I remember. The stile and the pond,  
the house I lived in.  
- Been out there since you got back?  
- Couldn't stand to see it.  
I thought chasing away ghosts  
from people's minds was right in your line.  
- What?  
- I gotta be running along now.  
- Wait a minute. Colonel.  
- So long, sonny.  
Cassie!  
Hello.  
Don't go away.  
I don't mean to intrude.  
You see, I'm Parris Mitchell and I...  
Are you Dr. Mitchell,  
the one that plays the piano?  
Well, nobody ever identified me  
that way before.  
- Professor Berdorff often speaks of you.  
- Do you take piano from him?  
- Yes, a little.  
- But he tells me he has only dunderheads.  
- I'm a dunderhead.  
- I don't believe it.  
How could you know?  
He said you were a genius.  
Well, I'm not. You have a trace of accent.  
Are you European?  
- I'm Viennese.  
- I studied medicine in Vienna.  
Yes, I know.  
- You know everything, don't you?  
- Some people get talked about.  
I'm Elise Sandor. My father's head

of the experiment station here.

Of course, you've come to see your home.

We've been expecting you.

I always used to walk in this way, over the stile, down the trees, past the pond.

The pond was a very, very special place.

It is to me, too. Would you like to walk down and see it closer?

If you don't mind.

Why ever should I? It was yours first.

- Have you lived here a long time?

- Almost two years.

All that time?

And I didn't know, Miss Sandor.

Everyone calls me Elise.

I'm not used to "Miss" yet.

- How old are you? Do you mind?

- Nineteen.

- Why, you're just a baby.

- I don't think so.

Probably not.

Did you think you were just a baby when you were 19?

No.

When you saw me, you called out a name.

Why did you that?

I think I was startled with the way you looked sitting here.

Like someone named Cassie?

A little like someone, yes.

A little girl I used to play with.

- Your sweetheart?

- Yes.

We used to go swimming here.

We were just babies,

but I think we knew we ought not to.

You mean... Oh, you naughty children.

- It was a long time ago.

- What became of her?

She died.

- I'm sorry.

- No, it's all right. I can think about it now.

Would you like to come up and see the house?

I'm a little timid about it.  
Can you understand?  
Come on. I'll go with you.  
Does it look the same?  
Almost as it used to when I'd come in  
from school.  
A little smaller, but I expected that.  
Father.  
Here's a visitor come to see us.  
It's Dr. Mitchell.  
What do you think?  
How do you do, sir.  
I'm very happy to welcome you,  
Dr. Mitchell.  
Oh, but perhaps that's impertinent.  
This used to be your room.  
- We are the intruders.  
- Not at all, sir.  
It looks... Well, we had the piano over here  
instead of where it is,  
but otherwise, it's like coming home.  
You'll stay to dinner, then?  
He may, mayn't he, Father?  
- Certainly.  
- I'll bet you have a maid named Anna.  
You're not a dunderhead.  
- Surely?  
- Surely.  
Some things you don't do in the right way.  
May I show you?  
Would you? But this is a visit.  
The next time you come.  
No, no. Let's get at it now.  
I'm not a teacher,  
but I can show you some things, I think.  
- Will you practice?  
- Six hours a day, if you say.  
Heavens, no. Here, now.  
The beginning.  
Your tone is thin.  
You see?  
I had no idea. It's 11:00.  
- Father, for shame.  
- Please forgive me.

What?

Going so early, Dr. Mitchell?

I'm going, but not so early, I'm afraid.

Good night, sir.

You must come often,  
if my child isn't tiresome.

- Her? Oh...

- She is a little lonely sometimes.

Talks too much,  
when she finds someone to listen.

You must feel that this is a little  
your home again, if you will?

She means that, Doctor.

So do I, for that matter.

There's always room here.

You know the house.

I want you feel that you can come  
sometimes to rest,  
to stay over Sunday, whenever you will.

- Thank you, sir.

- Which was your room?

The northwest corner room.

It's my room now. I love it.

I have my bed under the big window.

So did I.

I'm glad it's your room.

And I'm glad that you,  
both of you live here.

Good night now.

It's been a wonderful day and evening.

- You'll come often?

- Yes.

You may be sure. Good night.

See all those marked in red?

They're all sold.

The whole number one tract.

- Twenty-four lots.

- That's great.

The clay pit workers took most of them.

Low prices, but they make wages  
and pay off.

- Treasurer, show him the figures.

- I just finished.

That's how we stand, as of today.



Half of that's yours of course.  
We're all gonna be nasty, old, rich people,  
I can see that.  
Not bad for a girl  
and an old cripple piled up in bed.  
It's marvelous, you kids. I'm tickled pink.  
You know what you ought to do  
when you open up the new tract?  
You ought to save a couple of lots  
for yourselves, move into a new house.  
You'd like that, wouldn't you, Randy?  
Like it? Why, that's what I've hoped for  
more than anything. May we, Drake?  
- Randy...  
- Yes, honey, what is it?  
Randy, listen.  
I want you to promise me one thing.  
I'll promise you anything.  
Promise me I'll never have to go outside  
of this house until I'm dead.  
- Oh, Drake, how foolish.  
- Promise me.  
Of course I'll promise you  
if you want me to, darling.  
Forget it, Drake. It was just an idea.  
- I'm sorry.  
- You're fixed up here fine. Forget it.  
Well, I've got to go.  
I've got a patient waiting.  
Did you hear that, Drake?  
He's got a patient.  
Oh, I got a lot of patients.  
Two colds and a pair of twins, last week.  
I told you he'd be famous.  
I'll come down to the door with you.  
Will you be all right, Drake?  
- Sure, what do you think?  
- See you soon, plutocrat.  
So long, Doc.  
Do you suppose you'd hate to give me  
a cup of coffee?  
I wanna talk to you for a minute.  
- Is Drake...  
- He's all right.

We've got to expect those outbursts  
once in a while.

Hello, Pa, Todd.

- Hello, Doc.

- Caught us at it.

- Parris wants to talk to me, Pa.

- Oh, yes.

Well, we'll step in the parlor.

- Sorry to chase you out.

- Oh, that's all right.

- Oh, don't bother to make fresh.

- It's no trouble.

It isn't good,

that impulse of his to hide in a corner.

I've tried to get him to move,

even as far as downstairs.

I know it's bad for him up there.

He can see the trains and hear them.

Sometimes he has nightmares.

I've heard him wake up

in the middle of the night, screaming.

He won't be the old Drake until he can  
go about as free as any of us.

Tod gave him a wheelchair once  
for a present.

He would have killed him if he could,  
and he loves Tod.

We'll think of a way.

I still believe we've half-won  
a very ticklish fight.

Of course, your marrying him  
did more than anything.

I never told you,

but I think it was fine of you.

- I didn't marry Drake out of pity, Parris.

- I knew that.

I never loved anyone else.

Even in school

I never had crushes on boys.

I liked them or I didn't. They said  
naughty things to me and that was all.

Aside from that,

they treated me as one of themselves.

Then that day I saw Drake at the station,

well, he simply went to a place  
in my heart  
that had been waiting for him.  
Drake. Oh, Parris!  
Tall and laughing and going about  
with his head up.  
Then after his accident, I knew I had to  
ask myself a question and answer it.  
I'd loved Drake wholly.  
What about that now?  
What was left of it?  
I was half afraid I might love him less.  
That something I couldn't help,  
something physical,  
might turn me away from him.  
There was my question staring at me.  
Then, in one of your letters,  
there was a sentence,  
"You must remember now,  
that Drake lives in a new world  
"and that his relationship with it  
and with everyone in it will be changed."  
I knew that applied to Drake  
and myself, too.  
An episode of youth and fun had closed,  
and with it had gone  
all the demands, forever.  
I knew then that I didn't love him any less,  
only differently.  
With an overwhelming,  
new, calm feeling, Parris,  
that so completely took the place of the  
old excitement that it would last forever.  
Randy, you are wonderfully wise.  
The coffee's boiling.  
You can't see him. Nobody can see him.  
- I will! I will see him!  
- What's that?  
Louise! You shouldn't have come here.  
You said you'd help me, but you won't.  
You're only tricking me.  
- I'm going to tell Drake. He'll help me.  
- What is it?  
She's the one he married.

Listen to me, Louise.

Get control of yourself.

- You mustn't see Drake. Drake is ill.

- You said you'd help me.

I said I would and I will, but I can't if you don't do what I tell you. Go home now.

- Pa, you'll take her, won't you?

- Sure.

- Will you help me?

- Yes, Louise,

but you must let me do it my own way.

Go home with Mr. Monaghan now,

and I'll come to talk to you tonight.

- You'll do that for me, won't you?

- Yes, Parris.

Parris, that poor girl. What did she want?

I've been treating her.

Her mother sent for me.

Drake was in love with her once?

That was over even before

I went to Europe, Randy.

I suppose you might as well know.

Louise has had a sort of breakdown.

She has it in her head

that her father sometimes...

Well, her father sometimes performed unnecessary operations.

- Drake.

- You mustn't think, Randy.

- You mustn't let yourself think...

- Parris, did Dr. Gordon...

- I don't know.

- You do and you won't tell me.

- I don't know.

- I could tell you something about that.

Something I ain't never told before.

Maybe I shouldn't now.

I think we'd better know

as much as possible now.

- I was there that night.

- Yes, I know.

Something that Sam Winters said.

He helped the doctor.

Something he said started me thinking.

He said...

Go on, Tod.

- Drake wasn't run over, Parris.

- What are you saying?

No, he wasn't.

When he was knocked over by them tiles,  
he was caught between two cars.

As near as I know, he was sort of,  
I guess you'd say pinched by a wheel  
that didn't go clear over him.

Exactly what did Sam Winters say, Tod?

He said... I can remember  
just the right words.

He said, "I looked good at them legs,  
and the bones in neither one of them  
"was broke up one bit."

Then it's true.

Stop it, Randy. Stop it.

Even so, we can't ever know.

Sam Winters, an unprofessional witness.

What he says doesn't mean a thing.

I know how you feel, Randy,  
but we've still got Drake.

Drake's still alive.

That's the only important thing.

- When Drake finds out...

- He'll never find out.

Oh, but he will.

She'll come again or someone else will.

That kind of news always gets home.

Then what?

If it should ever enter Drake's mind  
that this whole catastrophe  
was anything but an accident...

What would happen?

I think the whole structure we built up  
for him would topple down again.

This time we couldn't rebuild it.

He'd be gone.

Louise has got to be kept quiet, Parris.

I can silence her, Randy.

She could be put in an asylum.

Her mother wants that.

I can...

Whenever I had anything that  
was too big for me,  
I used to run home with it, here,  
to my grandmother.  
And what would she say, Parris?  
She'd say, no one could tell me  
what is right and what is wrong,  
except myself.  
She must have been a very wise old lady.  
But there isn't a right without a wrong,  
a terrible wrong.  
Shall I commit Louise Gordon  
to a life of unspeakable horror?  
Or let her mother carry out her plan,  
which is the same as my doing it?  
You can't.  
Then shall I set her free  
and destroy Drake?  
It isn't fair that you should have to decide  
such a thing.  
I know what I can do.  
I can get on a train, then get on a boat.  
Will you go back with me to Vienna, Elise?  
- Parris.  
- I mean it.  
Yes, Parris. I'd go with you anywhere.  
But you wouldn't be proud to go with me.  
That's true, isn't it?  
Parris, I've been so hoping.  
Oh, for many things.  
Ever since the first time I saw you,  
and all the other times, too.  
I've hoped that some day you would say  
something to me as you've just said.  
And other things I've hoped, too.  
I've hoped that you would never want to  
go back to Vienna, but stay here.  
And find your work here, too.  
I can't stay here. I've failed here.  
Would you succeed then, in Vienna?  
Perhaps you're right.  
Perhaps I should never have tried  
to be a doctor.  
But that's childish, unworthy of you.

If I could see any way at all.  
Parris,  
are you sure that your treatment for Drake  
is the right one?  
If I can't cure him, my best friend...  
That's just it. He is your best friend.  
Perhaps you protect him too much.  
It would only be natural.  
Suppose he was just a patient.  
Suppose they both were,  
he and Louise Gordon.  
Would you know what to do then?  
Suppose they weren't people you loved  
or even knew.  
Don't say anything more.  
Elise, wait here for me, right here,  
a little while.  
Of course I will, but why?  
What you said just now,  
I'm gonna try something.  
If I don't come back,  
you'll know I haven't succeeded.  
Parris, don't go.  
"A new feat in news transmission  
is being tried  
"in connection with the use  
of wireless telegraphy..."  
Why, kid.  
- Stick your chin out, Drake.  
- Why?  
You're going to get the worst wallop  
you ever had.  
- Yeah? Who's gonna do it?  
- I am.  
Start swinging.  
It's something about you  
and Louise Gordon and her father.  
- Parris.  
- She was here today, Louise was.  
She wanted to tell you  
and I wouldn't let her.  
- Parris, you can't. You said yourself...  
- I've just come from the Gordons.  
I've sent Louise out to tell anyone

she pleases,  
but saying it to you I've saved for myself.  
I won't let you, Parris.  
Please, if you have any heart.  
I'm not your friend now. You're not mine.  
I'm your doctor. And you're my patient.  
It's as if I'd taken you in  
the operating room  
and I had the scalpel in my hand,  
which may make you  
or destroy you.  
What's this all about, kid?  
My grandmother used to say,  
"Some people grow up  
and some people just grow older."  
I guess it's time we found out about us,  
you and me.  
Whether I'm a doctor,  
and whether you're a man.  
You know the kind of man I mean, Drake.  
There's a piece of poetry, Invictus.  
I don't think I remember all the words.  
"Out of the night that covers me  
"Black as the Pit from pole to pole  
"I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul  
"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I had not winced nor cried aloud  
"Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed"  
I don't know if you can take it, Drake.  
Give it to me.  
Dr. Gordon cut off your legs.  
I don't know if it was necessary.  
He was that kind, a butcher,  
who thought he had a special ordination  
to punish transgressors.  
With you he had a double incentive  
because of Louise,  
heaven knows what else.  
The caverns of the human mind  
are full of strange shadows,  
but none of that matters.  
The point is, he wanted to destroy you.



Oh, not literally,  
he wanted to destroy  
the Drake McHugh you were.  
He wanted to see you turn into  
a lifelong cripple,  
mentally, as well as physically.  
That's all there is, Drake.  
Now, if you turn your face to that wall...  
That's a hot one, isn't it?  
Were did Gordon think I lived, in my legs?  
Did he think those things  
were Drake McHugh?  
Spout that poetry again, Parris.  
I never was any good at poetry.  
Drake, Drake.  
What was it you wanted, honey,  
to build a house?  
We'll move into it in broad daylight.  
And we'll invite the folks in, too.  
For Pete's sake, let's give a party,  
I feel swell!