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Kit Kittredge: An American Girl

By Ann Peacock

It was May 2nd, 1934.
Even though the Great Depression|was in full swing around the world...
... it still seemed far away|from the world I knew.
I was focused on one thing.
I wanted to be a reporter.
I was more excited that day|than I'd ever been in my whole life.
Next up, Clifton and Ludlow.|Everybody up for Clifton and Ludlow.
If I hurried, I'd have just enough time|to see Dad at his car dealership.
Dad. Dad. Dad, look, I finished my article.
That's great, honey. Oh!
- Wish me luck.|- You can do it, sweetheart.
Go get them.
She's gonna be a reporter, that one.
You just wait and see.
Hobo crime spree|spreading across Ohio Valley.
Come get your paper. Hobo crime spree.
Hobo crime spree spreading...
My brother Charlie|had arranged an introduction...
... at the Cincinnati Register.
Though I was going inside as a visitor...
... I was certain I'd come out a journalist.
How could I have known|what life had in store?
I thought I was ready.
Seven, please?
Excuse me, Mr. Peabody? Sir?
- Charlie Kittredge's sister.|- Yes, sir, I'm Kit.
Uh, Billy, and I'm only 19. I'm not|a sir yet. But thanks. Uh, follow me.
Charlie said you wanted|to see a real newsroom, and this is it.
Wow, the Cincinnati Register.
- Okay. So where's the editor?|- Uh, Gibson? Right there, why?
I've written this article,|and I'd like for you to give it to him.
- Uh, you'd like me to what?|- Give it to him, you know, to publish.
You're kidding.
You're not kidding. She's not kidding.
I'm not kidding.|It's about the Chicago World's Fair.
I've interviewed several people|who've actually been there.
Eyewitnesses.
Heh. That's what this is about?|You want an article published?
Yes, thank you.
Kid, you don't waltz up to the editor|of the Cincinnati Register...
...and expect him to publish your article.
The tragedy is the fact that|I paid you at all to write this drivel!
I want something new.|I want something fresh.
I want something real before 1...

But how about I take a look at it?
Thanks, Billy, would you?
I'll just wait here.
- Ha, ha.|- But you take your time.
Uh, no.
You can come back another time.
That works too.
He's just reading it, Ruthie.
He might not even give it to Mr. Gibson. |Who knows?
- You're late. Let's go.|- Does Mother know you're coming with me?
Mother, |I'm going to Kit's house with Frances!
- Yes, dear.|- Now she does.
Good day.
Come on, let's go.
I'm being sworn |Into the Treehouse Club
- I'm being sworn into the Treehouse Club.|- Afternoon.
Hello.
You all know if the people who live here |might be interested in a barter?
Depends. |What's a barter?
A trade.
See, my partner here and I'll work for food |and...
- Anyways, I'm Will, and this is Countee.|- Hey.
Mother's out back with her Garden Club. |Follow me.
I'm being sworn |Into the Treehouse Club.
Everything will be okay. |Everything will be fine.
I just heard you're moving, Louise.
My husband left weeks ago...
...and we're staying at the Netherland |until he sends for us.
The Netherland Plaza Hotel?
I heard it's magnificent.
We'd love to see the rooms.
Margaret, look.
Mother.
WO |Hobos. We cannot trust them.
Hello.
How can I help you?
- Mother, this is Will and his friend... |Countee.
And they're looking to make a barter, |which means work for food.
I can pretty much fix anything broke.
Windows, uh...
...fences, any kind of machine.
We're trustworthy and responsible.
Come back in the morning.
- We'll see what we can do. |Thank you.

One moment.

WO|Don't feed them, Margaret.

Why don't you take|something to eat before you leave?

Thank you, ma'am,|but, uh, we only take when we work.

I can't let you leave hungry.

Better be quick. I've already seen|Mrs. Culver dive headfirst into the nuts.

Who knows what she'll do|when she sees the sandwiches?

Please, take it as an advance.

Go on.

All right, as an advance. Thank you.

- We'll be working it off in the morning.|- See you then.

Let's go, Countee.|- Ahem.

My husband says let them go hungry.|It's the only way to keep them out of town.

Oh, Louise.

Can't help but think|that those boys are someone's children too.

Hmm.

Will, come on.

Okay, everybody. In your places.

"Member-o-belias."

Eleanor Roosevelt. Amelia Earhart.

Kit, Ruthie, Frances...

...and soon, Florence.

Do you, Florence Stone...

...swear to be true to the treehouse Club|and only the treehouse Club...

...as long as you shall live?

I do.

And if anyone should ask you|to join the 9th Street Club?

I will laugh in their faces.

You're supposed to say, "I will decline."

I will decline...

...and laugh.|- Ha, ha.

Now Ruthie will get the sacred water|off the sacred shelf.

I already did. It's in the sacred bowl.

Good.

Now treehouse members|and potential treehouse members...

...take your right hand,|and place it in the bowl.

We are one.

Now place two fingers|over your heart, like so...

...for the sacred treehouse pledge.

All together:

Gwanga, gwanga, galoolie...

...kariba, kariba, kariv.
- I swear to be true to the...|Betty Lou!
Robert, do something!
Sir...?|Yep.
We're gonna be okay then.|No, save that.
- Frances, look.|That's your bed.
- What does that mean?|My furniture.
"Foreclosure by order of the bank."
That means|the bank's taking our house away.
Ruthie, isn't that your father's bank?
Can you ask your father to give it back?
Just let them go. Betty Lou!|Just let them go.
Oh, what a pity. I had no idea.
Well, he lost his job months ago,|Lorraine.
They've been selling eggs just to get by.
- Will you excuse me?|You just let them go, okay?
Come on, let's go.
But my picture's not up|on the member-o-belia wall yet.
Florence.
Everybody's watching, Lou.
Betty Lou.
Oh, I'm so sorry.
Come on.|- Where will they go?
I don't know.
I'm so sorry, Barbara.
There she is. How's my girl?
- Dad, Dad.|- Come here.
- What's the matter?|- Dad, look.
"The Stones lose their house."
And that's why my|favorite stories are fairy tales...
...because no matter how scary it gets...
...everybody always lives happily|ever after.
And often with some very nice outfits.
Thank you, Ruthie. Thank you.|Thank you, Ruthie.
Does, uh... Does anyone know|where Frances Stone is?
She's away.
Staying with family.
- Yeah, in a hobo jungle somewhere.|- Stop it, Roger.
Frances Stone is a good-for-nothing,|deadbeat egg seller...
...and everyone knows it.|She wore dresses made of feed sacks.
Roger. Ruthie, not another word.
Well, this seems like an opportune time|to let you know...
...that as a final class assignment|before summer vacation...
...we're going to help out|at a soup kitchen...

...where they provide food|for the poor and needy.
Uh, Roger.
My dad says that people|eat at soup kitchens...
...are hobos who feed off the government.|That's why we're in a depression.
I understand, Roger.
Therefore,|anyone who doesn't wish to help out...
...can write a 1500-word essay|on the history of volunteerism.
Roger's leading my team|for the soup kitchen.
Why, he's a nice boy.
He's a horrible boy. He just didn't want|to have to do that paper.
Mother, look. She's all alone.
Oh. Poor thing.
"Grace. Can't feed her anymore."
Can we take her?
Wha...? No.
She can be my birthday present for this year|and next year...
...and forever.
I'm sorry, sweetheart.
Wha...? What's that, Grace?
- Ha-ha-ha.|Mm-hm. Mm-hm.
Okay, I'll tell her.
She said she'll be very quiet|and only eat scraps...
- Mm-hm.|- And be the very best dog...
...you could ever hope to have.
Can we at least bring her home|for one teeny-weeny meaningless night?
How can you say no to that face?
Mother.
Please, please, please.
All right, but one night only.
She said yes. She said yes.|You're coming home.
I'll take care of you. Don't worry.
Help! Stop him!
Help, stop, stop him.|Help!
Stop him. Police.|What happened?
Did you see that? In broad daylight.
- He took my wallet.|- Are you all right?
Yes, ma'am.|- What color was your wallet?
It was red. My son made it for me.
Did you see that tattoo on his arm?
It was odd. Something like a bird, maybe.
It was so fast,|I didn't really get to see it all.
All I noticed was that he was a hobo.
Get your dog.
I had a late lunch today, Margaret.

Save it for leftovers.

- Uncle Hendrick, more meatloaf?|- Thank you, no.

I'll tell you this, Jack, keep supporting|your president and his New Deal...

...and you'll see what'll happen|to this country.

Your own son quit college.

Well, he didn't quit. He postponed.|Right, Dad?

To join one of these newfangled programs.

CCC is a great program, Hendrick.|Charlie is building parks and fixing roads...

And sending money home|because business is a little slow.

There's no shame|in families helping each other.

Hmm.

Hard to think of you this way, Margaret.

Saving leftovers.

We like leftovers.

- I should be leaving.|- Oh, no. Please. Stay longer.

Ha-ha-ha.|You think I'm the voice of doom, Jack.

But I'll tell you this.|When people live beyond their means...

...in houses that are too big|for their pockets...

What's that noise?

Oh, you haven't met our newest addition,|Grace.

She's normally very quiet,|Uncle Hendrick.

Except for when she snores.|And the drool.

It seems to me the last thing you need|is another mouth to feed.

Well, luckily, she doesn't eat very much.

Come on, Grace. Come on.

Good girl.

Shouldn't you fellows be getting on back|to wherever it is you live?

Yes, sir.

What's the capital of North Dakota?|Quick.

Bismarck.

Make sure your mother|doesn't work too hard.

I can't believe that none of|these people have money for food.

You come over here and chop that bread up|for everybody...

...back of the line, right there.

- Would you like some bread?|Thanks, sweetheart.

Excuse me.

Dad.

Tried.

How is she?

Uh, she's... She's up in the tree house.

Kit.

Kit, I know you're up there.

I understand if you're angry with me...
...or, uh, embarrassed.
Please come down, sweetheart. | I'd like to explain.
Kit.
Kit.
Why were you there, Dad?
The bank took the car dealership.
- Ruthie's father did that to us? | - Kit.
This isn't personal.
Are we gonna lose the house?
We're gonna be fine.
Where's our car?
Daddy.
We're gonna be okay.
Hey, Kit, your father good enough | to eat at the soup kitchen? Ha, ha!
Just ignore them.
And now Kit will probably start | raising chickens, selling eggs...
...and wearing feed-sack dresses, | just like Frances did.
What's a feed-sack dress?
It's a dress made out of the bag | that chicken feed comes in.
Are you really gonna wear one, Kit?
Sure she will. | Right after her family starts selling eggs.
We're not egg sellers.
And then it's just one step | before the poorhouse.
Come get your chicken and | your eggs from Kit Kittredge. Bock, bock!
You're all a bunch of freeloaders.
Why don't you come over here | and say that to my face, Roger.
Okay. You're all a bunch of freeloaders!
What's that you've got behind you?
Got any eggs? Bock, bock, bock!
How much for the eggs, Roger?
Bock, bock, bock! | Look at Mr. Feather Pants.
Ha-ha-ha! | - And how's our mural...
...coming?
But, Mother, it was Roger's fault. | - Oh, Kit.
Please don't take everything | people say so personally.
Everyone's in trouble these days.
In fact, we've had to move | your things into the attic.
The attic? Why?
Your mother and I have decided | we're gonna take in boarders.
Boarders? Like...
...strangers?
That are gonna come and live in our house | and eat our food and sit on our
sofa?

There's no shame in it, honey.
Lots of people are doing it to get by.
We're not gonna start selling eggs, |are we?
Ha, ha. We hadn't planned on it.
This is only temporary, sweetheart, |I promise.
You know...
...once I get to Chicago...
...I'll find a good-paying job, |just as quick as you can say "Plymouth."
Chicago?
What? You're leaving?
- I have some good leads in...|- No.
- No.|- Kit.
You said we were going to be okay.
We're not okay if we're not together.
Ah.
Don't let it beat you, Kit.
You know, when I was about 14...
...my dad traded some old farm equipment |for a used Model t.
One time I was cranking it, to start it...
...and the crank broke in half.
Car kind of groaned, |and it just died right in our front yard.
I wanted to junk the darn thing |when my dad walked in...
...and he said, |"Don't let it beat you, son."
Don't let it beat you.
Drove it for five more years after that.
So whether it's an old Model t...
...or a typewriter ribbon...
...or going to Chicago to find work...
...we can't let it beat us, sweetheart.
Come on.
It's time for bed.
What if you don't come back?
I, Jack Kittredge...
...do solemnly swear...
...that I will write you once a week.
And that there is nothing in this world...
...that could ever keep me |from coming back to you.
Do you promise, Dad?
Really promise?
I do.
Gwanga, gwanga, galoolie...
Kariba, kariba, kariv.
I love you, Dad.
- I love you.|- I love you too, sweetheart.

Bye.

June 17th, 1934. Dear Dad.

Thanks for the letter. We miss you too|and hope you're finding work in Chicago.

Here at home, things are hopping.

School's out, and I can't call my friends|because the phone's been disconnected.

No phone?

So now all I do is clean|and sweep and fold...

... and iron and wipe and cook.

And fold and clean and sweep and iron|and wipe and cook some more.

My grand plans for being a real reporter|are kind of on the back burner.

Don't get me wrong, Dad.|I'm not complaining. I'm just...

... well, complaining.

The house is chock-full of boarders,|which keeps us pretty busy.

Mrs. Howard and her son, Stirling,|moved into my bedroom.

We're almost there, lamby.

Lamby.

It's going to be strange|having a boy from my class living here.

But I guess I'll get used to it.

Mother moved into the sewing room|so we can squeeze in another border.

I thought that was very clever of her.

Now your room belongs to Miss Dooley...

... a dance instructor|who likes to practice her steps out back.

Though, I'm not at all sure|Mrs. Howard approves.

Did you know Mother|divided the living room in half...

... to make room for Miss Bond,|a mobile librarian who moved in last week?

Now, if she can only learn the difference|between the gas and the brake...

Oh, take cover!

We'll all breathe a little easier.

Where'd everyone go?

You'll be happy to know|we've been using...

... Aunt Millie's Waste Not, Want Not tips|to make meals stretch.

Like cutting one piece of toast|into four triangles...

... to make a whole loaf|go for three meals.

Mother says it's magic.

- But the real magician is our newest arrival...|- Jefferson J. Berk...

...master of misdirection, dean of deception,|and escape artist extraordinaire.

Observe.|I need a volunteer from the audience.

Young man.

- What's your name?|- Stirling.

Stirling.

- Do you mind wearing these for a while?|No. No.

Come with me.

Notice the strong solid-steel cuffs. | Can you get out of that?

- Are you sure? Are you sure? | - Yeah.

- Are you sure? | Ha, ha!

The only thing that can get you out of that | is this key.

We hope. | Sometimes it doesn't work though.

And then we have to cut you out of it.

Oh, there we are. All right, now, | would you hold this key for me, please?

Yes.

Don't lose it. | Will you put these on my wrists, please?

Yes.

Now.

Would you like me to free myself | from these?

With brute force or with magic?

- Magic. | Magic.

All right, then. All right, then.

Let's count. See how long it takes.

One, two, three...

Wow.

Wow!

- How'd you do that? | - It's magic.

And, Dad, please remember, | I miss you more than you know.

We all do. Never forget that.

Hi.

Hi.

Sorry.

Allergies.

These are from your room.

Uh, just leave them there.

I'll put them away.

Is that...

...Ernie Lombardi?

Yep.

A picture of the Schnoz.

Did you know | that he's the biggest player on the team?

Six-foot-three, 230 pounds.

He's my favorite.

That's funny. He's got a huge nose | and you've got...

Huge ears.

- I know. | - Ha, ha.

That's why I like him.

I'm sorry we put you out of your room.

That's all right. | I can get more writing done here.

- What do you write? | - News articles.

- For your family?|- And for the Cincinnati Register.
You write for the newspaper?
Well, I haven't been in "print" print yet.|But I hope to be.
My brother's friend is a big reporter|for the Register.
Sorry, kiddo, not for the Register.
But everyone wants to know|about the Chicago World's Fair.
Everyone and their second cousin's written|about the Chicago World's Fair.
- You know what Mr. Gibson says?|- Yeah, yeah, do it.
I want something new.|I want something fresh.
I want something real.|Don't sugarcoat your stories, boys.
This is the Cincinnati Register,|a beacon of cold, clear light...
...in a sea of sentimental flop.
So, what were you saying, Mr?
Uh, Peabody.|Sir, uh, William Peabody and nothing.
- I was just quoting you, sir.|- Oh.
Wait, Mr. Gibson.
Well.
Hello, sweetie, what's your name?
Kit Kittredge.|Well, actually, it's Margaret Mildred...
...after my mother and an aunt. But when|I was younger, my father used to
sing:
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And it sort of stuck.
Sir.
- Fascinating.|- Wait.
I wrote an article|I think you should publish.
Oh.
Well, thank you very much.
And, by the way, I don't lisp.
Whoopsy daisy.
Whoo! Are you all right?
Uh, yeah, as long as that horn works.
Ha, ha. Now, can I interest you in a book?
- I don't have much time for reading.|- Well, you should take the time to
read.
It's a wonderful way|to go wherever you want.
I've just finished reading this one.
The Adventures of Robin Hood?
He steals from the rich,|and then he gives to the poor.
And then what happened to him?|- Well, he'll have to tell you.
What about you, Countee?|Would you like one?
I can only read Hobo.
Oh, I've never tried that. Hmm.
How about I teach you to read books,|and you teach me to read Hobo?

That'd be swell, Stirling.

How about this one?

Thank you.

- It's a loaner, though.|- Okay.

Will?

- Are you okay?|- Ha, ha.

Will?

I want you to have|Mr. Kittredge's old boots.

No, ma'am, I couldn't.

You've done wonderful work. |Beyond what you and Countee have eaten.

I insist you take these|before those things fall off your feet.

Thank you.

Go on.

- Miss Bond.|- Mrs. Kittredge.

Will.

Ruthie.

Hi, Ruthie. What's wrong?

- Morning.|- We're going on vacation.

Myrtle Beach, 10 days, starting Friday.

- And that's bad because...?|It's so much more fun here.

You're all I ever talk about at home. |Even ask my mom.

The other day, |I was telling her about you, Miss Dooley.

Aw, thank you.

She didn't say|what she was saying about you.

You know what you need? A novelette.

What are you writing?

You just gave me a great idea|for an article.

I wanna write it down before I forget.

Here.

I'll do this for you, and you go type it up|before you forget, okay?

- Are you sure?|- Go.

Thanks, Ruthie.|- I have just the thing.

They fit real good.

Thank you.

Pretty.

Wish me luck.

Who is it?

Margaret Mildred Kittredge.

- What do you want?|- To be in print.

Well, how do I say this nicely?

- But you haven't even read it!|- She's sorry, Mr. Gibson.

- Come on, Kit.|- Yeah, that's right, I am sorry.

I'm sorry you can't recognize a good story|when it's standing right outside your door.

What did you say?

Portrait of a boarding house, sir. | It's fresh. It's new. It's real.

What you're holding in your hand, sir, | is the story you've been looking for.

And you can throw me out if you want, | but I suggest that you read it first.

"A Kid's-Eye View of the Depression | in Cincinnati."

By Kit Kittredge, age 10.

Ha, ha. | That's enough.

You wrote this?

Yes.

It's not bad.

Are you going to print it, Mr. Gibson? | - I'm sorry, kid.

"Not bad" is good...

...but it's not good enough.

Keep it up, kid. | We pay a penny a word for freelance.

One, two, three, four, | five, six, seven, eight.

And guess what. | They pay a penny a word.

Which means, I can make two | or three dollars from just one article.

Whoo-ee!

I was thinking about doing a story | on you and Countee, Will, if you let me.

What's so interesting about us?

I'd like to find out, | shadow you for the day.

- That's reporter talk. | - Oh, yeah.

Well, actually, I'm on my way out | to get a few things...

...at my camp.

You can come if you'd like.

Unless you need us here, Mother.

No, I can manage.

Come on, Countee.

Ruthie, Stirling. | Would you like to be my assistants?

- Do we get paid? | - No.

- Okay. | Yeah.

Will, Countee was saying something | about reading Hobo signs?

You know, he can read a sign | on a gatepost about 200 yards out.

- He's saved my hide about a hundred times. | - What kind of sign's on a gatepost?

The ones that hobos leave | to help each other.

- You see that? | - Looks like a cat.

It is a cat. It's a good sign too.

It means a kind lady lives here.

- Not many houses want hobos, you know. | - You had a cat on your gate, Kit.

- We had a cat. | - Well, I live over there. Do I have a cat?

- Oh, I hope we have a cat. | - I'm sure you have a cat.

Sorry, Ruthie. No cat.

But you do have fish bones, see?

- Oh, what's that mean?|- Good garbage.

So, what's it like riding the rails, Will?

Train whistles.

Engines smokes up,|and you run and you jump.

And you let it take you|to a whole new life.

- Makes a man feel free. Right, Countee?|- That's right.

So where's home, Will?

Uh...

texas.

We had a farm.|Crops failed two years in a row.

Daddy fought to keep it,|but when he couldn't...

...they headed out west with Belle|and Evelyn and my younger sisters.

They wanted me to go too...

...but I figured it was time for me|to strike out on my own...

...so I rode the rails, uh, made a few friends|and worked when I could.

That's when I met Countee and his father|in Oklahoma about 14 months ago.

Kind of stuck together after that.

- Called ourselves...|- "the three Musketeers."

- Ha, ha.|- Yes, we did.

And, um...

And then the influenza came.

And my daddy didn't make it.

Now it's just us.

Thank the good Lord I've got him.

Soon we're gonna make it out to California|and meet the rest of the family.

Are they gonna like me?

No.

I'm just playing. Come on, let's go.

Let's get going.

You know what that means?

Does it mean we're close?

That means we're near a hobo jungle.

What is a hobo, exactly?

A person who hops the rails,|going from town to town looking for work.

Like a lot of these folks right here.

Here it is. Home sweet home.

Come on.

Life inside a hobo jungle sure isn't easy.

These people once had houses and jobs.

I guess we're all just a few strokes|of bad luck away...

... from being in that exact same spot.

Eddie, down there.

Every day's a challenge for food.

In most camps, |hobos share what they have:
Vegetables, potatoes|and, on a good day, maybe meat.
Would you mind if I took|a couple pictures of you?
Of course you can.
They put it in a pot and cook it|all together and call it hobo stew.
- Those that can contribute do.|Did you get meat?
Those that can't|try harder the next day.
But everyone's welcome to share.
They even have a hobo store...
... where you leave what you don't want|and take what you do.
For the most part, they seem like|a trustworthy group of people.
But trouble must follow them a lot.
The first sign a hobo learns is danger.
They needed to protect themselves...
... and each other.
When times are tough,|people like to blame someone.
And hobos are an easy target, I guess.
Here we are.
Bedroom.
Uh, lounge.
Bathroom.
- Library.|Come on in.
You actually sleep here?|- Hi, doc.
Will.
How's that throat of Countee's?
- Oh, it's doing much better. Thank you.|- Good.
Robin Hood, huh?
Yeah.
Hey, uh...|Doc, what do you think about a person...
...who steals from the rich|and gives to the poor?
Is he a good guy or a bad guy?
I'd have to say a good one.
Yeah, me too.
See you, doc.
Will.
Hey. Y'all come out here.|I got someone to introduce you to.
Okay.|Okay.
Welcome.
Sheldon Pennington III.
- Stirling Howard IV.|- Kit Kittredge I.
I'm Ruthie.
- We're friends of Will and Countee.|- Ah.
Pennington's the name,|stocks and bonds were my game.
My father used to be in stocks too.

Ah. Operative words, "used to be."
You'll find a lot of men around here|who used to be one thing or another.
When I acquire|some gainful employment...
...I am going to send for my wife|and two sons.
One of them is just about your age.
Stirling Howard IV...
...where have you been?
With Will and Countee|at the hobo jungle.
Don't you ever take him there again,|do you understand?
Ever.
Yes, ma'am.
It wasn't his fault. Uh, uh...
- I was just...|- I gave them permission, Louise.
Excuse us.
I warned you about spending time|with those hobos.
Mom...|A lot of them are criminals.
- Next time, you get permission from me.|- I have to go.
Come on.
Ah. I'm sorry, Mother.|- Oh, you don't have to apologize.
We just can't afford|to antagonize the boarders, that's all.
Here, sit with me.
I never wanted this for you.
Should be...
...out playing, not worrying about boarders|and mortgages...
...and selling eggs.
Selling what?
- Uh, eggs.|- But we don't have any chickens.
Yes, we do. Aunt Millie sent them.
Kit, it will help us.
- Oh, no.|- Kit.
- No.|- Kit.
Everyone knows that selling eggs|is one step away from the poorhouse.
Margaret Mildred, sit down.
Look at me.
Selling eggs, growing vegetables,|reusing everything we can...
...may be the only thing|to keep us out of poorhouse.
And it's either that|or go to live with Uncle Hendrick.
Until your father finds work.
So, what'll it be?
The chickens or the uncle?
Hmm?
I'll take the chickens.
Thank you, thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.|I, Jefferson J. Berk...

...will suspend a person in midair.
Levitation?
Mm-hm. | No trickery, no distractions.
Right under your noses, | I will make someone in this room float.
Weightless.
I need a volunteer.
Miss Bond?
I have never levitated | a mobile librarian before.
Have you ever levitated | a dance instructor?
Yes, but that's a long story.
- Come, Miss Bond. | - Oh, no.
Yes. | - No, Mr. Berk, I couldn't.
Yeah. | Come on.
There you go. | - Yeah.
Miss Bond, Miss Bond, Miss Bond.
Oh!
- All right, but it won't work. | Please sit down.
All right. | Lean back.
All right. | That's it, very good.
Cross your arms over your chest. | Good. Close your eyes.
Close your eyes. Close your eyes.
- Are you comfortable? | - No.
Excellent. Children, the lights, please?
Miss Dooley, would you accompany me?
I do.
Will, yes.
Miss Bond.
You are getting sleepy.
Very sleepy.
You're feeling as light as air.
And you only hear my voice. | Only my voice.
All other sounds fade away.
Your eyelids are getting heavy, very heavy. | You can barely keep them open.
You...
...are now...
...asleep.
- Ah! | - Shh.
Please, Mrs. Howard, | any loud noise could awaken her...
...and she could fall.
Shh!
Yeah, yeah.
Miss Bond, ladies and gentlemen.
Well, I told you it wouldn't work.
Mother, Mother, you should have seen it. | Mr. Berk just levitated Miss Bond.

Well, are you all right?

Of course I am|because nothing happened.

- Yes, it did.|- Oh, no.

- You were in the air.|- No.

- Is that the mail?|- Yes.

- Uh, excuse me for a moment.|- Uh, but the mail's here, Mother.

- Mr. Berk.|- Thank you.

- Miss Bond.|- Ooh!

- Is there one from Dad?|- No, sweetie, not today.

Aw. He writes often enough.

I must say, Mrs. K., if I marry,|when I marry...

...I hope my husband|is half as attentive as yours.

My luck, I'll probably get some deadbeat|who never...

Mind. Never mind.

- Oh, no. Oh, no.|- Is anything wrong?

Oh, my poor cousin Frederich,|he was jumped by a hobo.

Took his watch, his wallet...

...and beat him pretty badly.

- Oh. |What a shame.

Is his wife looking after him?

- No, he's not married.|- Oh.

In fact, I'm the only family he has.

Mrs. Kittredge, would you mind if he came|and stayed with us for a few days?

I mean, when he gets better. |I promise, I will pay extra for his meals.

Of course, I have a spare cot in the attic.

- I'll get it ready for you.|- Thank you.

Miss Bond and I were just talking|about these hobo crimes.

Well, it's gossip, really. |You hear these things when you're mobile.

But they say|there's been a slew of hobo robberies.

- Well, not all hobos are alike.|- They've been ransacking people's homes...

...and mugging them in broad daylight. |Really, something should be done.

Well, there's talk of running them|out of town.

They are ransacking people's homes.

I wonder if it's not a bad idea|if we don't lock up our valuables.

I sew my money into my unmentionables.

Oh, Miss Dooley, |please, there are children here.

Don't they wear unmentionables? |I certainly hope so.

My father keeps our money|in the basement safe.

Ha! Isn't that a kicker? |The banker who doesn't trust the bank.

Mrs. K., would you mind keeping that|in your lockbox?

It's old and, they say, quite valuable.

Just in case.

Of course. It's beautiful.

Uh, yes?

Just wanna tell Ms. Kittredge|I found a place to put that coop...
...over in the north corner|by the, uh, clothesline there.

Excellent. Thank you, Will.|- Come on, Countee.

Good day.

- Bye, Will. Bye, Countee.|- Bye.

I think perhaps I should lock these up|as well.

Yes, I think I might follow suit.

I should hate to lose my father's watch.

And these rings as well.

But that's your wedding ring.

It's okay.|It's just for safekeeping, Stirling.

"Kindness and Honor|in the Hobo Community"?

There's no question mark.|It's a declaration.

"Kindness and Honor|in the Hobo Community."

You've got to admit, it's fresh.

Yes, but the thing is, sweetheart...

...you generally want people|to buy the newspaper, not laugh at it.

There are good hobos and bad ones, sir.

Just like with apples.

And with...

...editors.

Come here, Kit.

See that map?

Every one of those cities,|Dayton, Hamilton, Cincinnati...

...has reported crimes|where hobos are the prime suspects.

They're offering \$ 150|to anyone who catches the hobo criminals.

So ask yourself, who's gonna pay a nickel|to hear what good folks hobos
are?

That's exactly why|they should hear it now.

Let me give you a tip.

Sometimes you gotta play the tune|your audience wants to sing to, Kit.

There's been a burglary.|51 North Abbott Place.

- Got an ID on a hobo with a limp.|- That's where Ruthie lives.

It was a hobo.|Jumped right out in front of me.

Right out in broad daylight.

- Had a limp too.|Yes.

- Anything else?|- Did he have a tattoo?

Something unusual, like a bird, maybe?

- Okay, this is a crime scene, miss.|- Yeah, actually, he did have
something.

- Uh, bright colors.|- That's it.

- That's the tattoo.|Frank?

Over here.

- What do you make of that, sheriff?|That I'd say is a calling card.

Will?

Will?

- Everything all right, Kit?|- Where's Will?

I don't know.|He was supposed to be here.

Maybe he got held up.

Mail call.

Ah. If it was only that easy.

Let's see, we have one for Mr. Berk.|I'll give that to him later.

Of course, Mrs. Kittredge.

From Dad?

Uh, it's from Aunt Millie.

And, Stirling, there's one for you.

Mother.

It's from New York.

From Dad.

And there's one in here for you too.

Forty dollars?

Um...

Excuse me.

There you are.

What are you doing up here?

- Sorry, I was just...|- No, no, it's fine.

I'm just changing the sheets.

I was looking for you earlier.|I forgot to ask you about the letter.

Does your father say|when he's coming back to Cincinnati?

Stirling?

Oh, no.

He wants you to move to New York,|doesn't he?

That's it. That's why you're so upset.

Your father found a job in New York...

...and now he wants you to move|with him.

Why can't people find jobs in Cincinnati?

I hate the mailman.

And mailing...

...letters and words. I hate words.

- What are you talking about?|- Because you believe them.

Even when they're not true.

He said he'd write.|He said, "You'll hear from me."

Your father?

I made him promise.

You did?

He kept his word at first.

I got a letter every week.
Then they got fewer and fewer...
...until one day, they just stopped.
And then she took her ring off.
You wrote that letter to your mother?
She just needs to hear from him.
But there was money inside.
He gave it to me before he left.
For an emergency.
I think I always sort of knew.
He's never coming back to us.
Hi, Kit.
I got something for you.
It's a scooter.
Thank you.
Will, what happened to your leg?
I hurt it the other night.
Are you sure it didn't happen|yesterday morning?
Do you mind|if I ask you a few questions, son?
No, sir.
How exactly did you hurt your leg?
I was jumped.
Is that so?
Yes, sir.
It was the other night.
Someone jumped me|and kicked me in the knee.
Are those the boots you were wearing?
- No, he took my boots.|- Now, isn't that a shame?
Now, if we wanted to identify a footprint,|we'd be hard-pressed.
Did you remember to report it?
- Being a hobo, sir, who's gonna listen?|- Hmm.
Do you know the Smithens?
Ruthie Smithens?
All these people seem to think|you know quite a bit about her.
- About her financial situation.|- No. I don't know.
Did you or did you not know|the Smithens were out of town?
I knew they were gone, yes, sir.
Do you remember her telling you...
...they kept their money|in a safe in the basement?
I'm gonna have to ask you|to remain local, son.
You flip a train|in the middle of the night...
...or you step one toe|outside the city limits...
...I will track you down|and lock you up so fast...
...you'll put those boots|right back on your feet.

You understand me?

Stop! Thief!

- Hey, you! Stop!|- Hello?

Mother? Are you there?

Kit? Stirling?|Who's there?

- What's going on?|We've been robbed!

One more time, Mr. Berk.

I couldn't sleep.

- I heard a noise, I thought, outside.|- So did I.

So I went to check,|and that was when I saw him.

Will Shepherd?

It was dark.

It was Will. |And he was carrying the lockbox.

Ms. Kittredge, any of your belongings|in that lockbox?

Um...

...every penny we had|was in that lockbox.

- He took your money?|- Of course he took their money.

Knowing they needed it for the mortgage?

- Let's pick him up, Frank.|- No.

What a horrible boy.

He talked a lot about Robin Hood, Kit.

About stealing from the rich.

But we're not rich, and he knows that.

I don't believe it. I just don't believe it.

Will Shepherd?|Has anyone seen Will Shepherd?

Will Shepherd?

I'm sorry to bother you so early, ma'am.

No, it's fine. Come in, please.

- Morning.|- Morning.

My deputy found these|in Will Shepherd's tent early this morning.

We were hoping you could ID them for us,|ma'am.

Are these the boots|you gave to Will Shepherd?

And this?

Oh, that's my brooch. Yes.

Did...? Did you happen|to see my mother's ring?

No, son.

We figured he started|at the Smithens' house...

...then moved on to yours. |It's an inside job, all right.

No, it's impossible.

The man who robbed the Smithens' house|had a tattoo.

I heard it from an eyewitness. |I have notes.

- Will doesn't have a tattoo, sheriff.|- Sweetheart.

Have you found him yet?

Nobody's seen him.

Nobody seems to know where he is.

Dear Dad, it's been weeks...

... and there's still no sign|of Will or Countee.

I just don't believe he'd rob us, Dad.

But someone did,|and now our money's all gone.

Now there's a foreclosure sign in the middle|of our beautiful, beautiful lawn.

If that's not bad enough, Uncle Hendrick|said we can't bring Grace with us...

... when we go to live with him.|We have to give her away, Dad.

How can I give her away?

I wanna ask Mother to talk to him again.|She's so sad, Dad.

She hardly ever smiles.

Dad, why aren't you here?

Why haven't we heard from you?|You promised you'd write every week...

... and now it just keeps getting|longer and longer between letters.

You can't disappear.

If you're not working in Chicago,|why can't you not work in Cin...?

Dear Dad, I got a letter|from Frances and Florence yesterday.

They're settled with family|in Sacramento, California, doing great...

... just like you said.

Did Mother mention|that Ruthie's father spoke to the bank?

And they're giving us an extra month|to stay in the house?

I know that Ruthie pushed for us.|She's such a true friend.

Last week, Mother made a dress for me|out of a chicken-feed sack.

I wore it on the first day of school.|I didn't mind a bit.

It's so beautiful.

In fact, a few of the girls|thought it looked so smart...

... she made some for them too.|For money.

Imagine that.

All that feed-sack material|was being thrown away.

That's pure profit.

Aunt Millie will be so proud,|and Uncle Hendrick will be horrified.

I think I'll wear it the first day|we move in with him.

I know your legs are short,|but you can do it.

Yes, good girl, good girl.

And selling eggs isn't as bad|as I thought. In fact, it's kind of fun.

Eggs! Get your eggs!|Fresh eggs. Fifteen cents a dozen.

Get your eggs. Fresh eggs.

Mr. Berk went to pick up his cousin|Frederich from the train station.

I think a new face in the house|will cheer us all up.

And wherever Will and Countee|are, I only hope...

Is he wearing the diaper?

Yes, Jefferson.

A monkey?

His name's Curtis. Hmm. Heh.

I love you, Curtis. |Who's my little monkey boy?

He's so cute.

Stirling, get away |from that hideous creature now.

Oh, oh, oh!

Get it off. Get it off. Off, off, off!

Curtis, come.

Scratch his little tummy...

...and he'll be your friend forever, |won't you?

If I scratch his...

Margaret.

It's a good thing we're moving |because otherwise, we'd move.

Uh, Mr. Berk, there's a cot |ready for you upstairs now.

I'm sorry for the mess. |It's such a large house to pack up.

There's no time to do it.

Thanks for your trouble, |ma'am. I'm only staying a few days.

- Are you from Baltimore too, Mr. Berk? | - Call me Frederich.

Originally, I'm from Canada. | - What a coincidence.

- I thought you were from Poughkeepsie. | - Shh!

Uh, but I moved to Baltimore in '22 |to work with Jeff in the magic show.

We called ourselves Luigi and Sam.

I was Luigi.

Yeah. Good times.

Anyway.

Jeff would saw a woman in half |while Lola sang.

- Lola? | - Yeah.

Lola. This was her favorite spot.

May she rest in peace.

The sheriff said it was an inside job.

So Mr. Berk knew |where Mother kept the jewels and money.

But how did Mr. Berk get the brooch |out of the lockbox and into Will's tent?

What if he never put the brooch |in the box?

That's it. A sleight of hand.

Remember when Mr. Berk |put his watch in the jewelry bag?

He must taken the brooch out, |put it in his pocket...

- And given it to... | - Frederich.

He must have stolen Will's boots.

Right. And that means that Frederich |must have gone to Will's camp...

...dressed as a hobo |and hid the boots and jewelry in Will's tent.

All Mr. Berk needed to do |was to make the sheriff suspect Will.

The limp.

Will said someone kicked him |in the knee.

They made him limp|and then committed a crime...
...where a limping hobo|could be identified.
- At my house.|That's why he did it in broad daylight.
He left the boot print in the mud...
... and wanted someone to see him|limp away.
What's going on over there?
We figured it out, Kit.|But now we have to go to the police.
No, not without proof.
Do you know where?|Of course.
I certainly hope so.
Perfect.
Let's go look in their room for the money.
If anyone comes back, blow this whistle.
Are you sure about this?
Look, how often is the house|completely empty?
Everyone's gone. It's now or never.
Come on.
- Ruthie, keep watch.|- Okay.
We need to find our money.|Where is it? It's all the money we have.
In mystery novels...
...there's usually a button|on the side of these trunks...
...that opens a secret compartment.
Where is it? Where's that button?
Ruthie, I found it.
This is the red wallet.
Thought you said you had a map.|I do.
I have one.
- I just don't remember where exactly.|Oh, that's great.
- You need a map to find the map, right?|- I've got a map, Jeff.
Ruthie, your mother's necklace.
But where's the lockbox?
Look at this.
Dayton. Cincinnati. Hamilton.
Sarnia? No.
Columbus.
Cleveland. Ruthie, do you know|what this means?
Yes.
- No.|- Mr. Berk's cousin...
...has been in every city|where the hobo crimes happened.
Holy cow.
Oh, my gosh. Where'd this come from?
Stirling.
The hobo sign for danger.
Shh!

Make him stop that squealing. | Put him in that thing.

- He doesn't react well to tension. | - Neither do I. You don't hear me screaming!

All right, just give me the map. | Come on, let's go.

What are you doing?

There is no map.

Right? You buried the loot, but you have | no idea exactly where you buried it.

Let me think, all right?

- Just let me think. | - Yeah, well, that'll take forever.

I put it somewhere I knew I wouldn't forget, | somewhere I was sure to find it.

You see? | I'm not the numbskull you think I am.

Okay, great. Let's just get going, okay? | Come on.

Hey, what's this doing open?

Is everything still there?

- Where is it? | - Shh.

You probably just left it open by accident. | Come on, let's go.

Then what's this rock doing here?

It probably came from the out-of-doors.

It's got Hobo writing on it, Jefferson. | It means danger.

I don't like it.

Not one little bit.

All right, help me with this trunk.

- Where are we going with my trunk? | - No, we are not going anywhere.

That would just raise suspicion.

You are gonna tell me exactly | where the loot is buried.

Then you're on a 4:00 train to Baltimore.

Bal...? By...? By myself?

I hate traveling alone.

Frederich, if your instinct is right, | and I highly, highly doubt it...

...I don't want to have any nosy boarders | or ambitious little sheriffs sniffing around.

It's too risky. Do you understand me?

- So let's go. | - What about Curtis?

I promise I'll bring him to you | next week, okay?

- You won't forget he likes raisins? | - Can we just go, please?!

Come on.

Wait, my coat.

It's right there on the chair.

Come on.

Come on, you have everything now? | Yeah.

It's okay. It's okay.

Shh! Good monkey. I'm getting in that car.

What? Where are you going?

- It's too dangerous. Stop.|- I need to get our money back.

It's the only chance|we have to keep our home.

Kit, no.

Kit.

Oh, my gosh. Kit, what are you doing?

Stirling. Stirling, wake up. Are you okay?

Yeah.

You and Ruthie get the police. |I'm going with them.

What?

Don't see why I gotta go. |Because you have to.

Curtis. |You can't take a monkey on a train.

I love you too, Curtis.

Get in the car.

You know where everything is, right? |Yeah, I know.

- Yeah, I know. |Do you?

Then where am I going? |Which way do I turn?

Left here. |Thanks for telling me.

- That's nice. |Stop yelling at me!

I'm not. I'm trying to get information. |I won't show you where.

I know where it is, not you. |Who's smart now, Mr. Mustache-Bald-Head?

Moron!

Miss Bond. |Miss Bond.

What? |- Miss Bond. Stirling, come on.

- Miss Bond, we need you. |- Miss Bond. Miss Bond.

We really need you. |- What?

Really.

We found out |that the Berks stole the money.

And Kit got in the back of the car.

And they said something |about a train station.

Get in the car. Get in the car.

I'm going. |I'll call the police.

Whoa!

Whoa! |Are you all right back there?

Kit should never have gone with them.

- What train were they catching? |- The 4:00 to Baltimore.

It sounded like the money was buried |in the woods next to the train station.

Interesting.

Well, we've got to get there |before they find Kit.

Okay, hang on!

Whoa, nelly!

Eight, nine, 10.

All right, we dig.

What do you mean "we"?

Three, two, one.

I got it now.

Seven.

Now, this is it.

Ow!

Alrighty.

Oh, Miss Bond.

- Miss Bond, no.|- Shh.

Now, don't you worry.|- Everything's gonna be just fine.

That's Mr. Berk's car.

I've called the police.|- They'll be here any minute.

Now, stay put, all right?

- Come on, Ruthie. Let's follow.|- But she said to stay put.

Come on, hurry.

There she is.

- Kit.|- What are you doing here?

- Did anyone see you?|- No. Miss Bond brought us.

She's gonna help us. Look.

Is that it?

Easy, easy.

- That's it. That's it.|- Shovel.

Come on.

Yes.

- They found the box.|- This isn't fair.

That's our box. That's our money.|- That's all that we have.

We'll get it back to you, Kit.|- Don't worry.

- Kit was in your car.|- They're blaming Will.

Miss Bond called the police.|- They're on their way.

- Wait, where did Miss Bond call from?|- Your house, why?

Our phone doesn't work, Stirling.

- Oh, no.|- Oh, no.

Miss Bond.

Miss Bond was in on it all along.

How could I have not have seen it?

Of course,|- every magician has an accomplice.

- What are you talking about, woman?|- You can't really levitate someone.

- Unless they're in on the trick.|- Exactly.

What do we do now?

- Turn around and go back right this...

Magic.

Yoo-hoo! Over here.

She's got a camera.

Kit!

Yoo-hoo! Over here.
Ooh! Ooh!
No.
Get up. No, wait. Wait, wait, wait.
He's taking the loot. Get him.
Get him. Get him.
It's all right, Stirling. | No one's gonna hurt you.
Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no.
Look, the hobo jungle. We can hide there.
I've got an idea.
What are you doing?
Giving us a head start.
Oh, just let the Kittredges keep their money.
- Oh, stop it. | - It was never part of our plan.
Okay, there was \$250 in there. | I am not letting them keep nothing.
You tell your girlfriend to button it.
Quiet. | - Girlfriend?
Oh, don't be so naive, Lucinda. | This is the way it's gonna be from now on.
Oh, lovebirds.
It's a good thing I read Hobo.
This way.
Come on. Come on. Come on.
Okay, I think we're close.
Kit? | Will.
- What are you all doing? | They're chasing us.
We know who did it. | The Berks and Miss Bond.
- Berks? | I always knew it wasn't you.
- They're after us. | They set you up.
Come on, let's go.
- Oh, yeah, that's great. | - Oh!
Great, huh?
Boy, sure is a good thing you read Hobo.
Come on, let's go. | Come on. Come on. Come on.
Hi. Ahem. Excuse me.
I was wondering | if somebody could help us.
Uh, we just happened | to be picnicking nearby...
...and, uh, it seems that | we have lost our children.
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.
Yes. So, naturally, we thought | that they had wandered over here.
Oh, naturally, naturally. | Has anyone seen any lost children?
Mm-mm.
No.
Well, I, uh... I have, um...
Let's see. Uh...

Fifty, 70, 80.

A hundred, uh, dollars...

...that, uh, I'm sure would probably buy|a lot of food for that baby...

...and, uh, be able to give some of you|a fresh start.

So that you might once again become...

...respectable members|of the community again.

Ah. Respectable members|of the community?

- Yes.|- Like you?

- Achoo!|- Shh!

Hello, my little angels. Get them.

Help! Help!

Help! That's my money! Give it back!

Not so fast.

Let go of me.

Aah! No!

Thank you, ma'am.

- Anytime.|- Lucinda.

The magic is gone.

No. No.

No. Unh! Ow.

Forgive me, Kit.|All of you, I'm so sorry.

Somehow we convinced ourselves...

...that desperate times|justify desperate measures.

Well, Jefferson, I was being naive.

There we were gallivanting|across the country like Robin Hood...

...stealing from the rich|to give to the poor.

When technically...

...all we really did was steal from the rich|and the poor and kept it.

Really, that's what we did.

And you...

...Jefferson Jasper Renee Berk...

- Ha, ha!|Renee?

- Are no Robin Hood.

Mac, why don't we go to town,|tell the sheriff we solved the crime spree?

Tell him it wasn't a hobo after all.

Yeah. That's right.

Hey, come on. Easy.

Goodbye, my friends.|- Bye, Miss Bond.

Where's Countee, Will?

You know how they say if you wanna|hide something, you do it in plain sight?

- Uh-uh.|- Yeah. No.

Hey, Countee.

You dressed him as a girl?|- I am a girl.

He's a she? You're a her?

Everyone, |meet Constance Angel Eudora Garvey.

Sorry we had to fool you all...

...but, uh, I promised her daddy |I'd look out for her.

- It's dangerous for girls to ride the rails. |- Are you mad?

Of course we're not. |And I like your dress.

- Thank you. |- Do I have to call you Constance?

No.

Good.

You may be a girl, |but you'll always be a boy to me, Countee.

Thanks, I think.

Yeah.

That looks good.

How exquisite. |- Lovely, Margaret.

Well, we certainly have a lot |to be thankful for.

Hear, hear. To Kit.

We certainly wouldn't still be here |without you.

To Kit.

Your father would be so proud.

And what do you hear from Chicago, |Margaret?

Kit, would you please pass the beans |to Miss Dooley?

Yes.

Kit. |Will? Countee?

Ma'am.

Sorry to disturb you all...

...but this being thanksgiving, |we just wanted to show our thanks.

It won't be but a minute.

Come on in.

- May we? |- Please.

- Oh, Will. |- We didn't know how else to thank you.

WO This is yours. |Hi. Thank you.

Hi.

Hi. |- Hi.

Can't thank you enough, Miss Kittredge.

Oh, my good... Will.

You can make a big stew. |- I've never seen...

WO |Hi. Thank you very much.

Thank you. |Thank you very much.

Oh, please. Please. Don't go. L...

I can't think of a better way |to celebrate than with all of you.

Please, won't you join us?

We'd... We'd be honored.

Hello?

Dad?

Dad!

Oh!

Oh!

Oh, Kit. Come here. Let me look at you.

Oh, sweetheart.

You promised me|that you would write to me once a week.

- And it's been...|- too long.

I know, Kit.

Every day I kept thinking,|"tomorrow there'll be better news."

But there never was.

And then I realized...

...that if I couldn't face you...

...or your mother, if I couldn't tell you|what was happening...

...it was like that old car.

I was letting it beat me.

I won't let it beat me, honey.

Kit?

Jack?

I'm here.

And I'm gonna find a job.

I promise.

In Chicago?

No, Kit.

Right here in Cincinnati.

I'm home to stay.

Want some more juice?

WO|I just thank you. This is delicious.

Thank you.

Mr. Pennington.

Thank you, sir.

That son you've got around my age...

...write him, please...

...tonight...

...for me.

- Excuse me. Everybody.|Wait, wait.

Quiet, please, everybody.

Countee has something she has to say.

Ready?

"The cow jumped over the moon."

What's the cow doing|jumping over the moon?

- Ha, ha!|That's just silly.

All this time I've been trying to read,|and this is what they say?

Come here. Aw.

I'm proud of you.

Hi.
Kit, sweetheart.
There's someone here to see you.
Margaret Mildred Kittredge.
Mr. Gibson?
Here you go, kiddo. Hot off the presses.
- You mean?|- Congratulations, reporter. You're in print!
Mother, Dad, did you hear it? I'm in print!
Oh, sweetheart, I knew you could do it.|I always knew.
Come on, let's show everybody.
Mr. Gibson, won't you stay for one drink?|It's a holiday. We're all celebrating.
- Well, perhaps just one, Mrs...|- Oh, it's miss. Miss Dooley.
- Huh.|- Hmm.
But you can call me May.
That was my mother's name.
Ha. Golly.
That is a coincidence.
Well, what sort of drinks|are you preparing tonight?
That November,|we didn't dwell on what we'd lost.
Rather, we celebrated what we had.
Is everyone ready?
Yes.
All right, then.
We are now one.
Oh, my gosh.|- I'm one with the monkey.
Don't tell my mother.
No, wait. We haven't done|the sacred treehouse pledge.
The Depression had changed|each one of our lives.
And while it made us struggle,|it also made us strong.
Klt &|Gwanga, gwanga, galoolie.
COUNTEE &|Gwanga, gwanga, galoolie.
Kit, look, the monkey's got your camera.
Now, no matter what life had in store...
... I was ready.