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Lolita

By Vladimir Nabokov

Quilty!
What, what?
Are you Quilty?
No, I'm Spartacus.
Have you come to free the slaves
or something?
Are you Quilty?
Yeah. I'm Quilty, yeah, sure.
Say, what you...
...what you putting your gloves on for?
Your hands cold or something?
Shall we have a little chat before we start?
Before we start?
All righty.
No, no, listen...
...let's have a game, a little lovely game
of Roman Ping-Pong...
...like two civilized senators.
Roman ping...
You're supposed to say, "Roman pong. "
Okay, you serve. I don't mind.
I just don't mind.
Come on.
Bet you didn't know I had that.
Roman Ping-Pong.
Kind of tricky serve to handle, Captain?
Kind of tricky.
One of the champs taught me that.

My motto is:

Say, you Jack Brewster? Are you?
You know who I am.
What's that? That's 3... 3-love.
I'm really winning,
you want to get a rally going there.
You know, I'm not accusing you, Captain,
but it's sort of absurd...
...the way people invade this house,
without even knocking.
...change service. I'll take the serve again,
if you don't mind.
I sort of like to have it up this end,
you know.
They use the telephone.

What's that? That must be...
I'm really winning here. I'm really winning.
I hope I don't get overcome with power.
That's about... 6-1 maybe...
...let's say 6-1, no 6-2,
I'll give you another point...
...6- 2, but I'm still winning.
You really don't remember me, do you?
Did you ever notice how the champs,
different champs, use their bats?
You know, some of them hold them
like this, and everything.
Do you recall a girl...
...called Dolores Haze?
I remember one guy didn't have a hand.
He had a bat instead of a hand.
He was really sort of wacky.
Lolita!
Lolita...
Yeah, yeah, I remember that name all right.
Maybe she made some telephone calls,
who cares?
Hey, you're a sort of bad loser, Captain.
I never found a guy who'd sort of
pull a gun on me when he lost a game.
Didn't anyone ever tell you...
...it's not really who wins,
it's how you play, like the champs.
Listen, I don't think I want
to play anymore. I wanna get a drink.
I'm just dying for a drink.
I'm just dying to have a drinkie.
You're dying anyway, Quilty.
All my friends always put their
smokies out in the drink.
It's so unsanitary.
Quilty, I want you to concentrate.
You're going to die.
Try to understand
what is happening to you.
You are either Australian...
...or a German refugee.
This is a gentile's house.
You'd better run along.

Think of what you did, Quilty,
and think of what is happening to you now.
That's a darling little gun you got there.
That's a darling little thing.
How much a guy like you want
for a darling little gun like that?
Read this.
What's this, the deeds of the ranch?
It's your death sentence.
Read it.
I can't read, mister.
I never did none of that there
book learning, you know.
Read it, Quilty.
"Because you took advantage of a sinner
"Because you took advantage...
"Because you took...
"Because you took advantage
of my disadvantage"
That's a dang...
...blasted, darn good poem you done there.
"When I stood Adam-naked... "
Adam-naked!
You should be ashamed of yourself,
Captain.
"Before a federal law
and all its stinging stars. "
Tarnation! You old horn toad.
That's mighty pretty.
That's a pretty poem.
"Because you took advantage... "
It's getting a bit repetitious, isn't it?
"Because... " Here's another one:
"Because you cheated me
"Because you took her at an age...
- "... when young lads... "
- That's enough!
Say, what you took it away for, mister?
That was getting kind of smutty there.
Do you have any last words
before you die, Quilty?
Listen, Mac...
...you're drunk...
...and I'm a sick man.

This pistol-packing farce is becoming
a sort of nuisance.
Why don't you and I sort of settle this
like two civilized people...
...getting together and settling something?
Instead of... All right, put 'em up.
Do you want to die standing up
or sitting down?
I want to die like a champion.
Right in the boxing glove.
You ought to be more careful
with that thing.
Listen, Captain, why don't you stop
trifling with life and death?
I'm a playwright, you know.
I know all about this sort of tragedy and...
...and comedy and fantasy and everything.
I've got 52 successful...
...scenarios to my credit...
...added to which, my father's a policeman.
You look like a music lover to me.
Why don't you let...
Why don't you let me play you
a little thing I...
...I wrote last week.
Nice sort of opening there.
We could dream up some lyrics maybe.
You and I dream them up together...
...you know, share the profits.
Do you think that'll make the hit parade?
"The moon was blue, and so are you,
and I tonight...
"... she's mine, yours...
"... she's yours tonight...
"... and the moon is... "
Gee, that hurt me, that...
You really hurt me.
If you're trying to scare me,
you did a pretty swell job already.
My leg'll be black and blue tomorrow.
You know this house is roomy and cool.
You see how cool it is.
I intend on moving to England
or Florence forever.

You can move in.
I've got some nice friends
who could come and keep you company.
You could use them as pieces of furniture.
There's one guy who looks
just like a bookcase.
I could fix for you to attend executions.
How would you like that?
Just you there, and nobody else,
just watching, watch.
Do you like watching, Captain?
Because not many people know...
...that the chair is painted yellow.
You'd be the only guy in the know.
Imagine! Your friends,
you could tell them...
That hurt!
Having recently arrived in America...
...where so many Europeans have found
a haven before...
...I decided to spend a peaceful summer...
...in the attractive resort town
of Ramsdale, New Hampshire.
Some English translations I had made
of French poetry...
...had enjoyed some success
and I had been appointed...
...to a lectureship at Beardsley College,
Ohio, in the fall.
Friends had given me several addresses
in Ramsdale...
...where lodgings were available
for the summer.
Mr. Hofstader said that
you're going to be staying all summer.
Well, that was only a tentative plan.
Monsieur, if what you're needing
is peace and quiet...
...I can assure you, you couldn't get
more peace anywhere.
Yes, it is very...
It's very peaceful.
Now, this would be your room.
It's what you might call a studio,

well, you know, a semi-studio affair.
It's very male...
...and quiet.
We're really very fortunate
here in West Ramsdale.
Culturally, we're a very advanced group...
...with lots of good Anglo-Dutch
and Anglo-Scotch stock...
...and we're very progressive intellectually.
That is immediately apparent.
I do hope you'll want to address our club.
There's a nice view from this window...
...of the front lawn.
A good place for you to do your writing...
- Shelves for your books.
- That's very nice, yes.
I am chairman of
the Great Books Committee.
As a matter of fact, you know...
...one of the speakers
that I had last season...
...was Clare Quilty.
Clare Quilty?
The writer, TV?
- TV plays?
- No, I wouldn't...
He's a very stimulating type of man.
He gave us a talk on Dr. Schweitzer
and Dr. Zhivago.
Schweitzer and Zhivago. Very nice.
Oh, no, the bathroom's back here,
right next door.
Well, we still have that good, old-fashioned
quaint plumbing...
...should appeal to a European.
Excuse the soiled sock.
I see that you're interested in art.
In that case...
In that case you really must see...
...the collection of reproductions
I have in my bedroom.
Voila!
Oh, yes, that's...
A Dufy.

That's very nice.
And there's my little van Gogh. Monet.
Is Madame Humbert...
There's no madame. We are divorced.
Happily divorced.
- When did all this happen?
- About a year ago in Paris.
Paris...
...France...
...Madame.
You know, monsieur, I believe
that it's only in the romance languages...
...that one is able to really relate
in a mature fashion.
In fact, I remember
when the late Mr. Haze and I...
Oh, the late Mr. Haze?
Yes, he's passed on.
But when we were
on our honeymoon abroad...
...I knew that I'd never felt married
until I heard myself addressed as "Senora. "
You were in Spain?
No, Mexico.
Mexico.
There were so many places
we had planned to travel...
...but he was occupied with his work here.
He was in insurance...
...left me well-provided for.
He was a lovely human being...
...a man of complete integrity.
I know you would have liked to talk
to the late Mr. Haze, and he to you.
Yes, I'm sure I would have.
Those are his ashes.
How late was the...
...late Mr. Haze?
Seven years.
It's very difficult for a woman...
...an attractive woman alone, you know.
Yes, I'm sure it is.
Downstairs. Excuse me.
I've told Lolita ten times

to keep that in her room.

- You have a maid living in the house?

- Why, monsieur, Ramsdale is not Paris.

No, the colored girl comes
three times a week.

We think we're lucky to get her,
but she does do shirts very well.

Back here we have the kitchen.

That's where we have our informal meals.

- Perhaps...

- My pastries win prizes around here.

If you'll give me your number...

...that would give me a chance
to think it over.

...the Declaration of Independence.

Yes, so easy to remember.

You must see the garden before you go,
you must...

My flowers win prizes around here.

They're the talk of the neighborhood.

Voila!

My yellow roses, my...

My daughter.

Darling, turn that down please.

I can offer you a comfortable home...

...a sunny garden...

...a congenial atmosphere...

...my cherry pies.

Well...

...we haven't discussed how much...

Well, something nominal, let's say...

...\$200 a month...

- Yes, that's very...

...including meals and late snacks...

...etcetera.

That's very reasonable. Well, it's very nice.

You couldn't find better value
in West Ramsdale.

No, when will it be convenient for you
to have me move in?

Right now. It'd be silly for you to go
to a hotel, monsieur.

Both my bags are in the taxi.

You're a very persuasive saleswoman.

Thank you.
What was the decisive factor? My garden?
I think it was your cherry pies.
Now, this is the one
that goes back and forth?
Yes, that can leap over the other pieces.
It goes round corners.
You're going to take my queen?
That was my intention, certainly.
Bed-y-bye, dear.
Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Goodnight, Lo.
Well, that wasn't very clever of you.
Oh, dear.
It had to happen sometime.
...31, 32, 33, 34...
See how relaxed you're getting?
There's Mother. Let's go say hello.
Hi, Mom.
Hello, darling.
Hello, Kenny.
Good evening, Mrs. Haze.
Kenny, this is Mr. Humbert.
- Kenny Overton.
- How do you do?
Are you having a good time?
Well, we'll see you then.
Bye-bye.
Aren't they adorable together?
I think tonight's the night.
Well, Lolita told me that she's positive...
...Kenny's going to ask her
to go steady tonight.
Hello, Charlotte.
Jean, John, hello.
- Hi, Humbert.
- Hi, Hum.
Sorry we're late. I got held up in court.
The prosecution brought in
some new witnesses.
I had to stay with my client
and prepare for tomorrow.
John, can't you stop being a lawyer

for just one night in the week?

Mind if I dance with your girl?

We could sort of swop partners.

You're most welcome.

Well, this is what you get

because you won't dance.

Hi, Humbert.

- I'm sorry that I don't dance.

- That's all right.

I don't like dancing either very much.

Did you know that?

It's a funny thing, Humbert, but John and I,
we first met at a dance...

...and I was sort of sitting it out,
so he just sat it out, too.

That's very romantic.

Hi, Dad.

Mona, baby.

Darling!

- How are you doing?

- Fine.

Humbert...

...don't tell Charlotte that I told you this,
will you...

...but did you know that you've had
the most remarkable effect on her?

- Did you know that?

- I have?

I know it's none of my business, but...

...she's begun to radiate a certain glow.

I hardly think that has anything
to do with me.

Humbert, when you get to know me better,
you'll find I'm extremely broad-minded.

In fact, John and I,

we're both broad-minded.

Hey, you two, cut that out.

I'm so thirsty.

Let's all have a little punch now.

That's a good idea.

- There aren't any clean cups anymore.

- I'll get some from another table.

Thank you, Humbert.

Jean, your Mona looks simply enchanting

in that cloud of pink.
She's certainly becoming
a mature young lady, isn't she?
Yes. Where does the time go?
Do you know this summer
she'll be a junior camp counselor?
No, that's simply wonderful.
Are you sending her
to that Camp Climax again?
Of course.
We've done it every summer,
since she was ten.
It gives Jean and me a chance
to catch up on our homework.
Excuse me, kids.
My feet are killing me!
Who is that?
Who?
There.
It's Clare Quilty. You know, the TV writer?
I adored his play,
The Lady Who Loved Lightning.
It was marvelous.
Excuse me, kids, I'm going to go over
and say hello.
Hello!
Hello, hello again!
Wow!
It's certainly been a long time.
It certainly has... yes.
Do you know I've been the local authority
on you ever since?
Is that so? That's very sweet
of you, thank you.
I'll never forget that
intellectually stimulating talk...
...that you gave to our club.
A magnificent club, really magnificent.
Tell me one thing, are you a columnist?
No, don't you remember?
That afternoon changed my whole life.
Well, how about that.
You remember, you...
What, what?

Did I do that? Did I?
And afterwards, you know,
I showed you my garden...
...and I drove you to the airport.
Yes!
Really great fun.
Listen, didn't you have a daughter...
Didn't you have a daughter
with a lovely name?
Yeah, what was it now?
A lovely, lyrical, lilting name like...
Lolita.
Lolita, that's right.
Lolita, diminutive of Dolores...
...the tears and the roses.
Wednesday she's going to have
a cavity filled by your Uncle Ivor.
Yeah!
There you are. Where have you been?
I've been looking for you.
I strolled around for a while
and then I came up here.
You poor man,
I'll bet you're bored to tears.
On the contrary I find it most interesting.
Charlotte. Hello.
Humbert, you found a place to sit down.
Oh, gosh.
Charlotte, Mona's having
a little get-together...
...later on at our house,
and she and Freddy Beale...
...and some others, are having
a jam session, or whatever it's called.
Anyhow, she wants to know
if Lolita and Kenny can come.
I don't see why not, as long
as you have her home by midnight.
But Charlotte, tonight's a special occasion.
Why don't you have Lolita stay over
with Mona?
John can bring her back in the morning,
can't you?
Yes, sure.

That would be too much trouble.

- Of course not.

- No, it's the easiest thing in the world.

It's settled.

I guess we'd better say goodnight
to you two kids.

John and I have to get home
in time to supervise things.

You know, what she means is
keep the lights on.

- I think we ought to come over and help.

- No, we wouldn't think of it, Humbert. No.

- It's no trouble at all, is it, Charlotte?

- Well, Jean, perhaps we should...

- We're not doing anything else.

- No, no.

No, they don't like
too many grownups around.

That's right.

- Goodnight, Charlotte.

- Goodnight, Jean.

Goodnight. See you.

Goodnight, Humbert.

Now, you don't want that.

It'll spoil your appetite.

We can go home now
and have a cozy little dinner for two.

- I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long?

- No, not at all.

I thought I'd change into something cozier.

Charming.

- You don't think it's... a little too risqué?

- No, not at all.

Charlotte, this may not be
the right time or place...

Not another word until we've finished
our pink champagne.

In a sense, this is none of my business,
but I've come to feel almost...

...like a member of the family
where Lolita is concerned.

Yes, I know, and I appreciate it.

I've come to feel as if
you're a member of the family too.

I wonder if you aren't being
too liberal with her?
Liberal?
Oh, you dear man...
...you dear, sweet, naive man.
No, I don't think you realize
that she's beginning to grow up.
Of course she's beginning to grow up...
...and it's only natural and healthy...
...that she should take an interest
in those fascinating creatures...

...known as:

Cheerio. But should she be allowed
to stay out all night?
She's not staying out.
She's at Jean and John's.
Yes, but something about them
that makes me wonder...
...whether they would provide
the right kind of supervision.
Hum, you're so charmingly Old World...
...but then, that's what I adore about you.
I have a proposal.
What say you I teach you
some of the new steps?
No, Charlotte.
I don't even know the old ones.
And you do this so very well
I'd much rather sit down and watch you.
You're very good.
Come on, Humbert.
Humbert Humbert,
what a thrillingly different name.
Do you pronounce the surname differently,
you know, in a slightly lower tone?
Let me see now, Humbert.
What was that, the first or the second?
Seriously, I'm an awkward tripper
and I have no sense of rhythm.
I refuse to believe that about you.
Rhythm is so basic...
...and it just pours out of you,
you simply vibrate rhythm.

- I'll clap my hands and you go on dancing.
- Now, come on, Humbert...
...and that was not your surname.
Now, put your hands here...
...tighter.
All right, ready, go.
One, two, cha-cha-cha.
Very good.
A little more joie de vivre.
You know, when you smile like that
you remind me of someone...
A college boy I had a date with.
I went dancing with him,
a young blue-blooded Bostonian.
My very first glamour date.
And, you know...
...in certain lights you remind me of Harold.
You mean, the late Mr...
Yes.
You're really very different, of course.
Yes, I imagine I am.
But, you know, I adored Harold.
I really did. I swore at the time
I would never marry again.
I don't think I will, but...
...it wouldn't be fair to his memory,
do you think?
No, one doesn't often find
such loyalty these days.
But sometimes, Hum, I wonder...
...shouldn't life be for the living?
What think you?
You see, I'm a strongly emotional woman...
...very strongly emotional.
- Don't be afraid of hurting me.
- No, I'm not, really.
Take me in your arms.
I can't live in the past.
Not anymore, Hum, not anymore.
Hi!
Lolita!
Darling...
Cha-cha-cha.
Did you come back for something?

No, Mona's party turned out to be sort of a drag. I thought I'd come back and see what you were doing. We had a wonderful evening. Your mother created a magnificent spread. Did you have something to eat? They served some kind of salty fish eggs, but I didn't like 'em. I'll make you a sandwich. There's lots of food left over. That's great. I'm starving. I don't think she should be stuffing herself when she should go to sleep. But, Mom...
...I'm hungry and I've got to have something to eat.
All right...
...but you take it upstairs and after you've eaten it...
...you go right to sleep.
Did you have a good time dancing with Clare Quilty? Well, of course...
...he's a very erudite gentleman.
Yeah, I know.
All the girls are crazy about him, too. That's neither here nor there. Since when?
Here we are, excuse me...
...loaded with mayonnaise, just the way you like it.
Thank you.
Darling, take it upstairs. I don't want to go to bed. It's too early. We all think that Lo should go to bed. I don't have to. This is a free country. Which means there will be no allowance this week. Which means I think you stink this week. To bed this instant!
Go to bed.
I heard that.
Goodnight, Lo.

That miserable little brat.
She is becoming impossible,
simply impossible.
The idea of her sneaking back here
and spying on us.
I don't think she was spying on us.
Really? What would you call it?
I'm sure she intended no harm.
Like hell she didn't!
She's always been a spiteful, little pest.
Since the age of one, you know,
she kept throwing her toys...
...out of her crib so that I would have
to keep stooping over to pick them up.
She has always had some kind
of gripe against me.
Now she sees herself
as some kind of a starlet.
Well, I see her as a sturdy,
healthy but decidedly homely child.
I mean, is it my fault if I feel young?
Why should my child resent it?
You don't resent it, do you?
Do you think I'm just a foolish,
romantic American girl?
No... no.
Why don't I throw on a wrap and we can
go out for a little ride in the car?
Well, it's a little late, Charlotte.
Well, let's at least finish
our champagne, shall we?
I've had a very exhausting evening.
I think I'd best go to bed.
But it's not even 1:00.
My neuralgia's about to strike
with heartburn, an old ally, and so...
Goodnight, and thank you
for a charming evening.
You're very welcome.
What drives me insane is
the twofold nature of this nymphet...
...of every nymphet, perhaps.
This mixture in my Lolita of tender,
dreamy childishness...

...and a kind of eerie vulgarity.
I know it is madness to keep this journal,
but it gives me a strange thrill to do so...
...and only a loving wife could decipher
my microscopic script.
In this house, we do not eat
with the table on the elbows...
...elbows on the tables.
Must you pamper your pimples?
Do you mind if I eat?
I've got to meet Mona.
This morning you have to meet Mona!
Last night...
First you wash every dish,
then you go upstairs...
...and make your bed
and clean up your room.
I am not picking up after you today, miss,
or any day!
Hello. Excuse me.
- Is it Kenny?
- No. Just a minute.
Jean, just a second.
Take this tray up to Professor Humbert
and do not disturb him.
Yes, ma'am!
Yes, ma'am.
Jean?
I'm very glad you called.
Yes.
Mona?
What time?
Well, I'm very glad you called me, Jean.
Well, there's something very important
we both have to talk about.
That's a good idea. Well, I'd rather not...
Who is it?
Lolita.
Come in.
Here's your breakfast.
Thank you very much. Good morning!
Good morning.
Don't tell Mom, but I ate all your bacon.
You have a very long face today.

Oh, yeah?

What were you writing?

I was writing a poem.

What's it about?

It's about people.

That's a novel subject.

You know, it's funny, it sort of looked like a diary when I came in.

I always write my poems in a diary.

It's one of my little idiosyncrasies.

Afraid somebody's going to steal your ideas and sell them to Hollywood?

Perhaps. Would you like me to read you some poetry?

Sure, why not?

This is my favorite poet.

- "It was... "

- Who's the poet?

The divine Edgar.

Who's the divine Edgar. Edgar who?

Edgar Allan Poe, of course.

"It was night in the lonesome October

"Of my most immemorial year"

Notice how he emphasizes this word.

"It was hard by the dim lake of Auber

"In the misty mid region of Weir"

You see, he takes a word like "dim"

in one line and twists it?

And it comes back as "mid region of Weir. "

"Mid region," and twists it to "dim. "

That's pretty good, pretty clever.

"Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her

"And conquered her scruples and gloom

"And we passed to the end of the vista

"But were stopped by the door of a tomb

"And I said, 'What is written, sweet sister? '

"She replied, 'Ulalume, Ulalume. "'

Well, I think it's a little corny,

to tell you the truth.

What do you object to?

Well, the "vista-sister," that's like,

"Lolita-sweeter. "

That's very true.

That's a very acute observation.

If you were in my class
I would give you an A plus.
Tell me, was Mona Farlow annoyed
when you left her party last night?
Mona? Annoyed?
Well, I thought she might be
looking forward to...
Don't worry about Mona.
- Let me tell you something about Mona.
- Do, please.
No, I'd better not tell you. You'll blab.
I will never give away any of your secrets.
- You wouldn't?
- I promise.
Well, for that you get a little reward.
Thank you very much.
- Here!
- Oh, no, please. No.
Lolita. No.
Put your head back.
Put your head back.
Open your mouth.
You can have one little bite.
Lolita?
Lolita!
What?
Come down here.
What do you want?
Firstly...
...when I call you I want you
to come right down...
...and not make me holler for you
from room to room.
Yes, ma'am.
Secondly, I want you to go
right into your room and put on a dress.
I'm going to the Farlows
and I want you to come.
But I'm supposed to meet Mona
at the lake.
And lastly, I forbid you
to disturb Professor Humbert again.
He is a writer and he is not
to be disturbed.

Sieg heil.

I have a glorious surprise for us.

One of your dramatic sweets?

Guess again.

The Farlows have been arrested.

Really, Hum. Thank you, Louise.

I'm no good at guessing.

Mona Farlow is leaving
for summer camp tomorrow.

Lolita is going with her.

You were absolutely right
when you warned me...

...that I was getting too liberal
with her about boys.

What's more, Mona disappeared
from that party last night...

...and she did not come home till 4:00 a. m.

So Jean and I decided
that isolation from boys...

...would be the best thing
for both of the girls this crucial summer.

Do you think that the camp is the answer?

Frankly, Hum, I do. It's all arranged.

The Farlows and I phoned
the camp long-distance...

...and I did all the shopping this...

Is something the matter with your face?

Toothache.

You poor man.

If it still pains you tomorrow,

I'll call and arrange an appointment.

How far away is this camp?

Two hundred miles.

It was a stroke of genius on Mama's part.

Ain't I clever?

Shall we take our coffee out to the piazza...

...or do you want to go upstairs
and nurse that tooth?

Nurse the tooth.

I'll be right back.

I guess I won't be seeing you again.

I shall be moving on.

I must prepare for my work
at Beardsley College in the fall.

Then I guess this is goodbye.

Yes.

Don't forget me.

Are you upstairs, Mr. Humbert?

Mr. Humbert!

Mrs. Haze asked me to give you this.

Thank you very much.

"This is a confession.

"I love you.

"Last Sunday in church, my dear one,
when I asked the Lord...

"... what to do about it,

I was told to act as I am acting now.

"You see, there is no alternative.

"I have loved you from the minute
I saw you.

"I am a passionate and lonely woman...

"... and you are the love of my life.

"Now you know.

"So you will please, at once,
pack and leave.

"This is a landlady's order.

I am dismissing a lodger.

"I am kicking you out.

Go, scram, departez!

"I shall be back by dinnertime.

I do not wish to find you in the house.

"You see, cherie...

"... if you decided to stay,
if I found you at home...

"... which I know I won't...

"... and that's why I'm able
to go on like this...

"... the fact of your remaining
would only mean one thing: That you...

"... that you want me as much as I do you...

"... as a lifelong mate...

"... and you are ready to link up your life
with mine forever and ever...

"... and be a father to my little girl.

"Goodbye, dear one.

"Pray for me...

"... if you ever pray. "

Hum?

Hum, baby.
The wedding was a quiet affair...
...and when called upon to enjoy
my promotion from lodger to lover...
...did I experience only bitterness
and distaste?
No, Mr. Humbert confesses
to a certain titillation of his vanity...
...to some faint tenderness,
even to a pattern of remorse...
...daintily running along the steel
of his conspiratorial dagger.
Dear, the door's locked.
Sweetheart, I don't want
any secrets between us.
It makes me feel insecure.
Can't this wait till I come out of here?
I suppose...
Hum, what do you do in there so long?
I want to talk to you.
I haven't been here long.
In point of fact, I only just came in.
Were there a lot of women
in your life before me?
I've told you about them already.
Well, you didn't tell me...
...about all of them.
Charlotte, if it would make you
any happier...
...I will sit right down and make out
a complete list...
...of every woman I have ever known.
Would that satisfy you?
I'm lonesome.
I think it's healthy for me to be jealous.
It means that I love you.
You know how happy I can make you.
But...
...Charlotte, I haven't even had
my morning cup of coffee yet.
You want me to make you some?
Please do that, like a good little wife.
All right.
Darling...

I don't care about any other woman.
I know that our love is sacred,
the others were profane.
Yes, "sacred," that's right, that's what it is.
Hum, baby, you know,
I love the way you smell.
You do arouse the pagan in me.
Hum, you just touch me
and I go as limp as a noodle.
It scares me.
Yes, I know the feeling.
Do you believe in God?

The question is:

I wouldn't care if your maternal
grandfather turned out to be a Turk.
But if I ever found out...
...that you didn't believe in God...
...I think I would commit suicide.
A gun!
It belonged to Mr. Haze.
You should be careful with those things.
It's not loaded.
That's what they all say,
"I didn't know it was loaded. "
This is a sacred weapon.
It's a tragic treasure.
Mr. Haze purchased it
when he found out he was ill.
He wanted to spare me
the sight of his suffering.
Happily or unhappily,
he was hospitalized before he could use it.
Will you put it down, please?
Thank you.
That's better now, isn't it?
Oh, you man!
Darling...
...you know...
...I have a most ambitious fantasy.
What's yours?
I would love to get hold of
a real French servant girl...
...you know, like the German girls

the Farlows had...
...and have her come and live in the house.
No room.
We could put her in Lo's room.
I've been meaning to make a guest room
out of that hole, anyway.
And where, pray...
...will you put your daughter...
...when you get your guest or your maid?
You know, I've decided
to send her straight from camp...
...to a good boarding school...
...with strict religious training...
...and then on to college.
Darling, it's going to be you
and me alone...
...forever now.
Darling, you've gone away.
Just a minute, darling,
I'm following a train of thought.
It doesn't matter.
C'est la vie.
Am I on that train?
Yes.
I should hope so.
Let's let it ring.
Hello?
Yes, this is Mrs. Charlotte Humbert.
I'll accept the charges. It's Lolita.
She's calling long-distance.
Hello?
Hello, dear.
We're fine.
Yes.
We spent the honeymoon
on Hourglass Lake.
Well, with a few other young marrieds.
Is anything wrong?
You lost your new sweater?
In the woods?
Yes, he's here.
What do you want to thank him for?
Candy!
Just a minute.

Hum, I really wish that you would not send her candy without consulting me. I'm talking to you! Even in the most harmonious households such as ours...
...not all the decisions are taken by the female...
...especially when the male partner has fulfilled his obligations...
...beyond the line of duty.
When you wanted me to spend my afternoons sunbathing by the lake...
...I was glad to become the bronzed glamour boy for you...
...instead of remaining the scholar.
Even then I scoot along after you like an obliging little lapdog.
Yes, I'm happy. I'm delighted to be bossed by you, but...
...every game has its rules.
Lolita?
No man can bring about the perfect murder.
Chance, however, can do it.
Just minutes ago she had said it wasn't loaded.
What if I had playfully pulled the trigger then?
"She said it wasn't loaded.
It belonged to the late Mr. Haze.
"She was having her morning tub.
"We had just finished talking about our plans for the future.
"I decided to play a practical joke and pretend I was a burglar.
"We were newlyweds and still did things like that to each other.
"As soon as it happened I called an ambulance, but it was too late. "
Simple, isn't it?
The perfect murder!
She splashed in the tub,
a trustful, clumsy seal...
...and all the logic of passion

screamed in my ear.;

"Now is the time. "

But, what do you know, folks...

...I just couldn't make myself do it.

The scream grew more and more remote...

...and I realized the melancholy fact

that neither tomorrow nor Friday...

...nor any other day or night...

...could I make myself put her to death.

Charlotte?

Darling?

That's my diary. We don't read

other people's diaries, do we?

Charlotte, that's my diary.

Give it to me, please.

Please. No, no.

"The Haze woman... "

"... the cow... "

"... the obnoxious mama... "

"... the brainless baba... "

The stupid Haze is no longer your dupe.

Give me that, please.

You leave that alone

or I'll scream out the window!

Let's discuss this.

Let's sit and discuss it quietly...

...like civilized people.

- You're a monster!

You're a disgusting, despicable,

loathsome, criminal fraud!

Don't do that.

- Can we discuss...

- Get out of my way!

- Get out of my way!

- No. I want to talk...

Go on, get out of my way.

I'm leaving here today.

You can have all of it.

But you are never going to see

that miserable brat again!

Charlotte, please, listen to me.

Charlotte, come here, please.

Charlotte, open the door!

I want to speak to you.

It's very easy to explain.
You have hallucinations.
You're crazy, Charlotte.
I'll get you a drink. That's what you want,
a nice little drink.
Harold, look what happened.
I was disloyal to you.
I couldn't help it, though.
Seven years is a very long time.
Why did you go and die on me?
I didn't know anything about life,
I was very young.
If you hadn't died,
all this wouldn't have happened.
Darling, forgive me.
Forgive me.
You were the soul of integrity.
How did we produce such a little beast?
I promise, I promise...
I promise you that
I'll know better next time.
Next time it's going to be somebody
you'll be very proud of.
Harold.
Those notes you found were fragments
of a novel that I'm writing.
Your name, and Lolita's,
were put in by mere chance...
...just because they were handy.
That's the way novelists work.
They think of the names of their friends...
...and the people who enter
into their daily lives...
...like the Farlows...
...and they think up funny situations.
I'm making a martini for you.
Charlotte!
I'll take it!
Yes?
Yes, this is he.
Yes.
What?
But my wife is upstairs in her bedroom.
Is this a gag? Is this one of the fellows

at the country club?
Just hold on, please.
Charlotte!
There's a man on the line
who says that you've been hit by a car!
Now, listen, please, my friend.
Just hold on one moment.
The ambulance is here.
Now, you take it easy, okay?
All right?
Mr. Humbert, she just ran
right in front of me!
I swerved around, you see,
to avoid hitting the dog, and...
...she just ran right in front of me.
My dad's in a state of shock,
I gotta look after him...
...but I just wanted you to know
it isn't my fault.
Are you the lady's husband?
Yes.
I'm afraid she's dead.
Humbert?
It's Jean and John.
Humbert, where are you?
It's all right. Come in, both of you.
- Jean, I'm perfectly decent.
- Are you sure it's all right?
Look, there's a stool.
You poor man.
Just have to hang on.
She was a wonderful person.
She was always so gay, wasn't she, John?
Just remember, I mean,
it's always darkest before the dawn.
That's very, very true.
It's just wonderful to have friends
at a time like this.
I'm so, so sorry.
Now, see here, old man...
...you mustn't think of doing anything rash.
Why, of course not.
You have everything to live for, hasn't he?
Perhaps you'd better tell him

about Charlotte's kidney.
Humbert, Charlotte didn't want
anybody to know this, but...
...she hadn't long to live, anyhow.
She only had one kidney.
- Born that way.
- Yes, that's right.
And the one kidney she had
was distressed.
She had...
- Nephritis.
... nephritis.
I'll get it.
Try to think of your poor little Lolita
all alone in the world.
You must live for her sake.
- Excuse me.
- That's all right. Come in, please.
I'm Frederick Beale Senior.
May I talk to you for a moment?
Do, please.
My son was driving the car.
When that thing happened.
Yes.
My two youngest, Jack and Mary,
are in the same grade as your Lolita.
He's had a terrible shock.
Yes, of course he has.
You know, this isn't easy
to talk about, but...
...technically it was the pedestrian's fault
and not the driver's.
Technically, you're absolutely right.
You see, it was raining
and she ran across the road.
You don't have to explain to me
because I have no quarrel with you.
I must say you're wonderfully sympathetic.
In fact, you've been so generous
about the whole matter...
...I was about to suggest that
maybe you'd allow me to pay...
...the funeral expenses.
That's awfully nice of you.

Thank you very much.
Well, that's the least I can do.
It's my pleasure.
Well, I won't keep you any longer.
We'll have to get together very soon
and sort out the details.
Yes, let's do that... yes.
Do you work here?
Yeah, sort of.
- I didn't think you were a camper.
- No.
This is a girls' camp exclusively, isn't it?
Yeah, yeah.
I'm Charlie, Mrs. Sedgwick's son.
You visit the place, I suppose,
from time to time?
No, I live here.
Are you the only boy living in the camp?
The only one.
Do you know a girl called Lolita?
Dolores Haze?
Yeah, yeah, I know her.
Well?
Well, I see her around once in a while.
Hi, Mom!
What are those sheets doing here?
You know they belong in the laundry room.
She's almost packed, Dr. Humbert.
We haven't told her anything.
- Thank you.
- Poor man... terrible thing!
Okay, what's the big mystery bit?
Why did those girls look at me so funny?
There's no mystery.
It's just that I didn't want to talk
in front of your friends at the camp.
It's your mother.
Really? She giving me time off
for good behavior or something?
No, she hasn't been feeling very well.
What's the matter with her?
She's sick.
- Really, what is it?
- The doctors don't seem to know...

...quite what the trouble is.
She's been moved to a hospital
in the country near Lepingsville.
A hospital! Well, is that where
we're going now, this Lepingsville?
Yes, eventually...
...and then, you and I will have
to bide our time...
...until your mother gets well.
After that, I thought we might go
to the mountains for a while.
Does that appeal to you?
What's the routine,
are we going home now?
No, dear. We shall be in Briceland
by dinnertime and I've no doubt that...
...we shall find some comfortable hotel
to spend the night...
...and then tomorrow morning
we'll press on towards Lepingsville.
Did you have a marvelous summer?
Yeah, I guess so.
Were you sorry to leave?
Not exactly.
You know, I've missed you terribly.
I haven't missed you. In fact,
I've been revoltingly unfaithful to you.
But it doesn't matter a bit,
because you've stopped caring anyway.
What makes you say
I've stopped caring for you?
You haven't even kissed me yet, have you?
Hello, Mr. Swine.
Hello, Mr. Quilty. Good evening, ma'am.
Did you get any good pictures today?
Yeah, great. I'm having a swell vacation.
Good.
Mr. Swine, would you mind
if I asked you a personal question?
Sure, go ahead.
What is a guy like you
doing in a job like this?
What do you mean?
Well, you just don't seem to be the type.

Well, as a matter of fact, I was an actor.

I knew it. Didn't I say to you?

When I first saw you, you had...

...a sort of aura that all actors
and actresses have.

Well, since you're a playwright,
maybe you could use me sometime.

Yeah, maybe I could use you sometime.

Mr. Swine...

...what does an actor-manager...

...do with his spare time
in a small town like this?

Well, I don't have much spare time, but...

...I swim, play tennis, lift weights.

Gets rid of the excess energy.

What do you do with your excess energy?

Well, we do a lot of things
with my excess energy.

One of the things we do a lot of is judo.

- Did you ever hear about that?

- Judo!

Yes, I've heard about it.

You do judo with the lady?

Yes, she's a yellow belt, I'm a green belt,
that's the way nature made it.

What happens is she throws me
all over the place.

She throws you?

What she does, she gets me in a sort
of thing called a sweeping-ankle throw.

She sweeps my ankles from under me.

- I go down with one hell of a bang.

- Doesn't it hurt?

I lay there in pain but I love it.

I really love it.

I lay hovering between consciousness
and unconsciousness. It's the greatest.

Wow!

This looks swank.

- See you later.

- Okay.

Good evening.

Good evening, sir. Can I help you?

Yes, I'd like a room with a bath,

or, rather, two rooms with baths.
Did you have a reservation, Mr?
Humbert is the name.
No, I have no reservation.
Well, I'm afraid it'll be impossible
to accommodate you.
This convention's got us tied up in knots.
Is it just you and the girl?
Yes. I would like you to accommodate us
because we're very tired.
Mr. Potts!
Yes, Mr. Swine?
What about Captain Love? Has he called?
He's cancelled his reservation.
Well, I could give you 242.
It's a lovely room...
...but it's only got one bed.
Well, perhaps you could find a folding bed
or a camp bed.
Potts, do we have any cots?
No, the troopers have snapped them all up.
I'm sure you'll find one room satisfactory.
Our double beds are really triple.
One night we had three ladies
sleeping in one.
I'm sure we'll manage.
Even if my wife joins me later,
we'll manage even then, I'm sure.
- Good. Would you mind registering?
- Certainly.
By the way, what sort of a convention
are you holding here?
We are very proud to have the overflow
of the State Police Convention.
Perhaps if you just left them on the floor
that would be all right.
Well, you can just leave them.
Yes, that's fine.
Thank you very much.
Thank you, sir.
Well?
Is this it?
You mean?
Yeah.

Yes.

You see, I'm quite sure that they'll manage to find a cot for us.

I asked them downstairs in the lobby to find a cot.

A cot?

Yes.

You're crazy.

Why, my darling?

Because, my darling, when my darling mother finds out...

...she's going to divorce you and strangle me.

Yes. Now, look, Lo...

I have a great feeling of...

...tenderness for you.

While your mother is ill,

I'm responsible for your welfare.

We're not rich, and while we travel we shall be obliged...

We shall be thrown a good deal together...

...and two people sharing one room inevitably enter into a kind of...

...how shall I say, a kind of...

Aren't you going to go down and see about the cot?

Has there been a message for me from my wife?

I'm sorry, sir, nothing yet, but we're working on that cot.

Thank you.

Hello.

You're addressing me!

I thought perhaps there was someone with you.

No, I'm not really with someone.

I'm with you.

I didn't mean that as an insult.

What I meant was that

I'm with the State Police here, and...

...when I'm with them, I'm with someone, but right now I'm on my own.

I mean, I'm not with a lot of people, just you.

I wouldn't like to disturb you.
I'll leave you alone if you prefer it.
You don't really have to go at all.
I like it. I don't know what it is.
I get the impression that you want to leave
but you don't like to...
...because you think I think it looks
suspicious, me being a policeman and all.
You don't have to think that because
I haven't got a suspicious mind at all.
A lot of people think I'm suspicious,
especially when I stand on street corners.
One of our boys picked me up once.
He thought that I was too suspicious
standing on the street corner.
Tell me, I couldn't help noticing
when you checked in tonight...
It's part of my job,
I notice human individuals...
...and I noticed your face.
I said to myself when I saw you...
...there's a guy with the most
normal-looking face I ever saw in my life.
That's very nice of you.
Not a bit. It's great to see a normal face,
'cause I'm a normal guy.
Be great for two normal guys...
...to get together and talk about
world events, in a normal way.
There's nothing I would like better
than that, but I don't have much time.
It's a pity, because, may I say
one other thing to you?
I've been thinking about it a lot.
I noticed when you was checking in
you had a lovely little girl with you.
She was really lovely.
She wasn't so little, come to think of it.
She was fairly tall...
Taller than little, you know,
but she was really lovely.
I wish I had a pretty, tall,
lovely little girl like that...
That was my daughter.

Your daughter?
Isn't it great to have a lovely, tall...
...pretty, little daughter like that?
It's wonderful.
I don't have any children or boys
or little tall girls.
I'm not even... Are you married?
Yes, I'm expecting my wife,
perhaps, to come here.
May I say something?
I thought you looked uneasy at the desk.
I was thinking that you want to get away
from your wife.
I don't blame you. If I was married
I'd take every opportunity to get away!
Yes. No, that was not it at all.
As a matter of fact, it's possible
that my wife won't join me because...
...when I left home she was not well.
What was the matter with your wife?
It's not important... She had an accident.
She had an accident! That's terrible!
Fancy a normal guy's wife having...
...an accident like that!
What happened to her?
She was hit by a car.
No wonder she's not here.
You must feel pretty bad about that.
What's happening?
Is she coming later, or something?
Well, that was the understanding.
What, in an ambulance?
I'm sorry I said that. I shouldn't say that.
I get sort of carried away,
being so normal and all.
When you were at the desk
checking in with the night manager...
...Mr. George Swine, who I happen
to know as a personal friend...
...I was wondering if he fixed you up
with a good accommodation here.
Yes, they were extremely cooperative.
You sure? Because I could easily
have a word with George Swine.

He's a really normal, nice sort of guy...
...and I've only got to have
a normal word in his ear...
...and you'd be surprised
what things could happen.
He'd probably turn some troopers out,
so you could have a lovely room...
...a bridal suite, for you
and your lovely girl.
I don't want you to take any trouble
on my account.
We're perfectly comfortable.
It's his job to fix you up
with something nice.
He gets paid for doing that and...
...when he sees a guy like you, all normal...
...with a lovely girl,
he should say to himself:
"I got to give that guy a lovely sort
of comfortable, foamy bed to sleep in. "
I don't like to hear things like that,
'cause I could go and take a swipe at him...
...for not giving you a lovely, comfortable,
sleepy, movie-star bed.
You know what I mean?
What has he got you on
the floor or something?
Well, the little girl is probably asleep
already in the bed and...
...I don't know why we're discussing...
- Why don't you let me have a look...
...at the accommodation that you have,
and take it in for a second...
...then I can have a word with
George Swine? It would be simple.
No, you really shouldn't worry
about either of us.
Which reminds me,
I should go upstairs now.
You're going because you think that...
...me being a policeman,
I'd think you were sort of suspicious?
I don't think that at all.
I think you're really normal.

- You don't have to go because of that.
- No. It's been very nice talking to you.
Before you go, I was wondering whether
maybe in the morning, you know...
...me being lonely and normal...
- We have to get up at the crack of dawn.
- We can have breakfast.
- That's very nice, but...
I can arrange it with George Swine.
He could have it laid out.
Well, thank you so much. Goodnight.
You have a most interesting face.
Goodnight.
Excuse me.
Hush, hush, she's asleep.
Good evening. I brought the cot, sir.
Yes. I see you did.
We don't need it now, so take it away.
- You don't need the cot?
- No, she's asleep.
- I won't make any noise.
- That's not the point.
Two of the troopers agreed to double up.
That's how I got the cot, sir.
Well, in that case, all right... bring it in.
But no noise, please. Quietly.
We did it, sir.
Thank you, sir.
Hello.
The cot came.
Yes.
Well...
...goodnight.
Wake up, Humbert, the hotel's on fire!
The hotel's on fire, quick!
What? The hotel's on fire?
Get out of bed real quick!
Quick, it's burning right down
to the ground!
Why did you have to wake me?
I only just got to sleep.
Very funny.
By the way, what happened to your bed?
It looks a lot lower.

Well, the bed collapsed.
It's a collapsible bed.
What time is it?
It's breakfast time.
You know, my tan is much darker
than yours now.
That's not strictly true.
You're a very fair-skinned lady.
Look at that. That's very interesting.
Yeah.
What else can you do?
Well, this little thumb can go
all the way back to my wrist, see?
Yes, I can see. You're very talented.
Boy, you need a shave!
Of course I need a shave because
I've not shaved since yesterday morning...
...and I'm a man who needs...
...two shaves a day.
Do you always have to shave twice a day?
Yes, of course.
All the best people shave twice a day.
What shall we do now?
You ring down and order breakfast.
No, I don't want to do that.
Well, what do you want to do?
Why don't we play a game?
A game? Come on.
No, you get on to room service at once.
No, really.
I learned some real good games in camp.
One in "particularly" was fun.
Well, why don't you describe this one
in "particularly" good game.
Well, I played it with Charlie.
Charlie? Who's he?
Charlie?
He's that guy that you met in the office.
You mean that boy?
You and he?
Yeah.
Are you sure you can't guess what game
I'm talking about?
I'm not a very good guesser.

I don't know what game you played.
You mean, you never played that game
when you were a kid?
No.
All righty then.
Have you ever kissed the Blarney Stone?
No, that's something I never did.
Boy, I sure wish I could.
Perhaps sometime we can organize a trip.
Hey, let's tell Mother.
Tell Mother what?
You know what.
No, I don't think that would be very funny.
I wonder what she'd do.
If you don't stop eating those chips
you won't have any appetite for your lunch.
Did you see that? A squashed cat.
Boy, that's terrible.
I hate things like that.
You know what I'd like for lunch?
No, tell me.
A big plate of French fries and a malt.
How long until we get to Lepingsville?
Well, I'm beginning to think that
perhaps we won't make it this evening.
We got off to rather a slow start,
remember?
Can we go to a movie tonight?
If that's what you'd like.
I would.
Have you ever seen any of those,
you know, those foreign films?
Yes, frequently.
I don't like 'em.
Will you stop at the next gas station?
All right.
You're feeling all right, aren't you?
I feel fine.
I want to call Mother at that hospital.
What's the number?
Don't you know the number?
I think it will be just as well if you wait
until we get to Lepingsville.
Why? What difference does it make?

I want to call her.
I just don't think it'd be a very good idea.
Why can't I call my mother if I want to?
Because you can't.
Why?
Because...
...your mother is dead.
Come on now, cut it out!
Why can't I call her?
Your mother is dead.
Try to stop crying.
- Everything's going to be all right.
- Nothing will ever be all right.
I'm sure that we're going to be very happy,
you and I.
But everything has changed
all of a sudden.
Everything was so, I don't know, normal.
Lolita, please, please don't cry.
We'll do things. We'll go places.
But there's no place to go back to.
We'll find a new home.
Where?
Beardsley!
My lectureship starts in September.
It's in Ohio. You'll like it there.
I'll hate it. I know I will.
No, you won't. It's a wonderful place.
But what about all my things
back in Ramsdale?
And the house?
I'll take care of all those things.
What things do you want specially?
My record player and my records.
We'll send for them and,
in the meantime, I can buy you new ones...
...to take the place of the old ones.
I'll buy you the best hi-fi set
that you ever saw and all the new records.
There, there.
We can't stay in Beardsley forever.
Where's that handkerchief?
Promise me something?
Yes, anything.

Promise you'll never leave me.
I don't want to ever be...
...in one of those horrible places
for juvenile delinquents.
Whatever makes you think that,
that would happen to you?
I know it would...
...and anyway, I'd rather be with you.
You're a lot better
than one of those places.
You will promise, won't you?
Yes, I promise.
Cross your heart and hope to die?
Cross my heart and hope to die.
Cross my heart and hope to die.
Cross my heart and hope to die.
You must now forget Ramsdale
and poor Charlotte and poor Lolita...
...and poor Humbert, and accompany us
to Beardsley College...
...where my lectureship in French poetry
is in its second semester.
Six months have passed and Lolita
is attending an excellent school...
...where I hope that
she will be persuaded...
...to read other things than comic books
and movie romances.
Why were you so late coming home
from school yesterday afternoon?
Yesterday? Yesterday?
What was yesterday?
Yesterday was Thursday.
Oh, well. Was I late?
Yes, you were.
You finished school at 3:00.
You were not home until 6:00.
That's right, that's right. Michele and I...
...stayed to watch football practice.
In the Frigid Queen?
What do you mean, in the Frigid Queen?
I was driving around and I thought
I saw you through the window.
Yeah, well, we stopped there

for a malt afterwards.
What difference does it make?
You were sitting at a table with two boys.
Roy and Rex just happened
to sit down with us.
Roy and Rex?
The co-captains of the football team.
I thought we understood: No dates.
What do you mean, no dates?
They just sat down at our table.
I don't want you around them.
They're nasty-minded boys.
You're a fine one to talk
about someone else's mind!
Don't avoid the issue. I told you no dates!
It wasn't a date.
It was a date!
- It wasn't a date.
- It was a date, Lolita.
- It was not a date.
- It was a date.
It wasn't a date.
Whatever you had yesterday,
I don't want you to have it again.
While we're on the subject...
...how did you come to be so late
on Saturday afternoon?
Saturday I went to my piano lesson.
Your piano lesson?
I thought that was on Wednesday.
No, it's changed to Saturday, remember?

Between 2:

Ask Michele. She was with me.
"Ask Michele," that's what you always say.
Well, now for a change, I'm going
to ask you something about Michele.
You can't have her.
She belongs to a Marine.
I will ignore that idiotic joke.
Why does she give me searching looks
whenever she comes to the house?
How should I know?
Have you told her anything about us?

No, have you?
- You've told her nothing?
- Do you think I'm crazy?
You spend too much time with that girl.
I don't want you to see her so often.
Come on, she's the only friend I've got
in this stinking world.
You never let me have any fun.
No fun? You have all the fun in the world!
We have fun together, don't we?
Whenever you want something
I buy it for you automatically.
I take you to concerts,
to museums, to movies.
I do all the housework!
Who does the tidying up? I do.
Who does the cooking? I do.
You and I, we have lots of fun,
don't we, Lolita?
Come here.
Still love me?
Completely. You know that.
You know what I want more
than anything else in the world?
No. What do you want?
I want you to be proud of me.
But I am proud of you, Lolita.
No, I mean really proud of me.
They want me for the lead
in the school play.
Isn't that fantastic?
I have to have a letter from you,
giving your permission.
Who wants you?
Well, Edusa Gold, the drama teacher,
Clare Quilty and Vivian Darkbloom.
And who might they be?
The authors. They're here
to supervise the production.
But you've never acted before.
They say I have a unique and rare talent.
And how do they know that?
We had readings and I was chosen
over 30 other girls.

That's the first I've heard about it.
I know, I wanted to surprise you.
And I suppose that Roy has a part
in this production?
Roy? What's he got to do with this?
Roy and Rex, naturally,
I suppose they're in it.
How do I know?
I only met them yesterday.
Besides, they're football players,
not actors.
And you suddenly, overnight are
an actress. It's out of the question.
- Out of the question!
- I don't want you in that atmosphere.
What atmosphere? It's a school play!
I've told you, I don't want you mixing
with those boys.
It's just another excuse to make dates
with them, and to get close with them.
- You don't love me.
- I do love you.
- You don't love me.
- I do love you, Lolita.
You're driving me crazy.
You won't let me do anything.
You just want to keep me locked up
with you in this filthy house.
Now, dear, go and wash your face.
I'll go downstairs and start the roast.
Someday you'll regret this.
- I'll go downstairs and start the roast.
- You'll be sorry you won't...
And don't smudge your toenails.
Lo?
Good evening, Dr. Humbert.
Who are you?
I am Dr. Zempf.
Dr. Humbert, I am pleased to meet you.
I am the Beardsley High School
psychologist.
Have you been here?
I mean, how did you get in?
Your little daughter opened

the door to me...
...on the way to her piano lesson...
...and she said I was to wait in here
until your arrival.
So here I am.
Sit down. Make yourself at home.
I sat in the dark so as to save you
the expense of the electricity.
That was very considerate of you.
A great pleasure.
What can I do for you, Dr. Zempf?
Dr. Humbert, would you mind
if I am putting to you the blunt question?
No, by all means do so.
We are wondering, has anybody
instructed Lolita in the facts of life?
- The facts?
- The facts of life.
You see, Lolita is a sweet, little child...
...but the onset of maturity seems
to be giving her...
...a certain amount of trouble.
I really don't think that this is a fit topic.
Well, Dr. Humbert, to you she is still
the little girl that is cradled in the arms...
...but to those boys over there
at the Beardsley High...
She is a lovely girl, you know...
...with the swing, you know, and the jazz...
...and she has got the curvatures
which they take a lot of notice of.
You and I, what are we?
We are symbols of power,
sitting in our offices.
We are making the signatures,
writing the contracts...
...and decisions all the time.
But if we cast our minds back...
Just think, what were we only yesterday?
Yesterday, Dr. Humbert...
...you and I were little High School Jim...
...and we were carrying
High School Jane's schoolbooks.
You remember those days?

In point of fact, Dr. Zemph,
I am a lecturer in French literature.
I have not made my point quite clear.
I have some other details which
I would like to put to you, Dr. Humbert.
"She is defiant and rude.
Sighs a good deal in the class. "
She sighs, makes the sound of...
"Chews gum vehemently. "
All the time she is chewing this gum.
"Handles books gracefully. "
That doesn't really matter.
"Voice is pleasant.
"Giggles rather often and is excitable. "
She giggles at things.
"A little dreamy. Concentration is poor. "
She looks at the book for a while
and then she gets fed up with it.
"Has private jokes of her own. "
Which no one understands
so they can't enjoy them with her.
"She either has exceptional control
or she has no control at all. "
We cannot decide which.
Added to that, just yesterday,
Dr. Humbert...
...she wrote a most obscene word
with the lipstick, if you please...
...on the health pamphlet.
And so, in our opinion, she is suffering
from acute repression of the libido...
...of the natural instincts.
I fail to see the significance of all this...
...as far as her record as a student
is concerned, Dr. Zemph.
We Americans...
...we are progressively modern.
We believe that it is equally important
to prepare the pupils...
...for the mutually satisfactory mating
and the successful child rearing.
That is what we believe.
What do you suggest?
I am suggesting...

...that Dr. Cudler, who is the district
psychologist to the Board of Education...
...should visit you in the home with
his three member board of psychologists...
...and once they are in the home
they can investigate thoroughly...
...in the home situation,
with all four of them.
The home situation?
So that they can get straight
at the source of the repression.
But she's not being repressed, Dr. Zemph.
Do I take it then that
you are refusing to cooperate...
...with Dr. Cudler and his men?
I am not refusing anything at all,
but please understand me.
- No, I don't want to...
- What? What are you saying then?
I absolutely refuse...
...to have a quartet
of strange psychologists...
...nosing around my house.
Dr. Humbert...
...I'm afraid that...
...you may have no choice.
Cigarette?
No choice?
No choice.
Keep the pack.
Look, Dr. Humbert...
...I don't wish to take this
to a higher level of authority...
...if I can possibly help it. Understand?
- I should hope not.
So you must help me.
What can I do?
I don't know, but perhaps there is
another approach that we can take...
...something new altogether,
some new approach. What would you say?
Would you like that?
Some new area of adjustment
that Lolita could find...

...perhaps by taking a larger share
of the extracurricular school activities?
I have never objected to her taking part
in the extracurricular...

- School activities.

- Pardon me.

You see, we have questioned Lolita
on the home situation...

...but she says not a word,
stays with her lips buttoned up.

So we are speaking with her friends,
and they are saying things...

...which I wouldn't repeat to you here.

But there is one thing which has arisen
from this which is quite clear:

That you, Dr. Humbert,
should definitely un-veto that girl's...

...nonparticipation in the school play.

Perhaps I was wrong in the attitude
that I took about the school play.

That's very big of you to admit that.

While you're at it...

...why don't you also loosen up
a bit more on the other two D's...

...the "dating" and the "dance"?

Do you think that those are
equally important?

Dr. Humbert, I tell you what I do think.

I feel that you and I should do all
in our power to stop that old Dr. Cudler...

...and his quartet of psychologists
from fiddling around...

...in the home situation. That's what I feel.

Don't you agree with me?

I stand before you,
a rearsome bucky goat no more.

Tremble not, little nymph.

You see before you a weary goat.

The bewitcher is bewitched.

Look, Semiramis, look!

Yes, the goat removeth his horns.

Let us take him to the Dark Kingdom.

Yes.

To the Dark Kingdom, away, away!

Why, good evening, Dr. Humbert!
Miss Starch! Good evening!
- Did you enjoy the performance?
- Very much. I enjoyed every minute of it.
I wondered if the symbolism
wasn't heavy-handed at times.
I know what you mean,
but weren't the boys and girls charming?
They were, weren't they?
And particularly little Lolita.
She was quite perfect.
You must be awfully proud of her.
Yes, I am. You know, her performance
took me completely by surprise!
She made me promise not to watch
any of the rehearsals.
They're so intense at that age.
She must have worked awfully hard.
No wonder you decided
to suspend her piano lessons.
After all, there are only...
I beg your pardon, did you say,
"suspend her piano lessons"?
Yes.
- Do you play, Dr. Humbert?
- Hardly at all now.
Didn't she have a lesson with you
last Saturday?
No.
Nor the preceding Saturday?
No. She called to say
she was busy rehearsing.
Busy rehearsing?
As a matter of fact,
she hasn't had a lesson for...
...let me see, four weeks!
I hope I haven't spoken out of turn.
No, no, not at all.
I must have misunderstood.
By the way, Dr. Humbert,
there's so few people in Beardsley...
...who appreciate music,
I was wondering, sometime...
...if you'd like to come by

I could play something for you.

Yes, of course, certainly I will.

Thank you. Excuse me now.

- Good evening, Dr. Humbert.

- Hi, Dad!

- Wasn't it wonderful?

- How did you like it?

There's a party for the cast and author.

- Everybody's invited.

- I must take Lolita home.

- Our starlet's had enough excitement.

- They all want to meet you!

I wouldn't want you to miss

any more piano lessons.

- I haven't missed any.

- You know what I'm talking about.

Say goodnight.

This isn't a regular party, it's a cast party.

Come on.

- This is the cast party...

- We'll discuss it later.

Brewster...

...go and get some Type "A" Kodachrome.

Okay.

- You're not going upstairs.

- Yes, I am!

- We must have a talk.

- Let go!

- You're hurting my arm!

- Stop shouting!

You let me go, you jerk! Let go of me!

Sit down! Now you're going to answer

a few questions.

You've got a big, fat nerve

dragging me away.

- Stop that silly noise!

- Who do you think you are...

...not letting me go to the party?

- Stop that shouting.

- I don't care if the police do come in here.

All right, now the doors are shut.

Come on, shout!

Let's hear how loud you can shout.

Come on.

Now perhaps you will tell me.
What were you doing on Saturday

between 2:

I went to my piano lesson.

- That's a lie.

- It is not.

I happen to know you haven't been
to a piano lesson for four weeks.

Yeah? Just ask Miss Starch.

I asked Miss Starch.

How do you think I know?

She told me. I saw her tonight.

Didn't you see her at the performance?

Yeah.

Now tell me.

What have you been doing
these afternoons?

- You really want to know?

- Yes, I do. I really want to know.

All right. I'm going to tell you
the real truth, what I've been doing.

I've been going to extra rehearsals.

That's the most fatuous lie
you could possibly think up.

Don't say any more.

I know what you've been doing.

You've been with this leading man
of yours...

...this Roy, isn't that so?

You're sick.

Stop! Don't throw those silly,
silly cliches at me.

Don't tell me any more.

You've been with this boy?

- Come on, tell me.

- You need help.

- You're imagining things.

- Shut up, Lolita. Stop that silly talk.

Lolita.

Now, if you swear to me that this isn't true
I promise that I will believe you.

I won't swear anything.

You'll never believe me, no matter what.

I will believe you.
No, you won't. You won't believe me.
I'll forget the whole thing.
I'll never question you about it again.
No, you'll never believe me.
Why should I swear to you?
All right, I believe you.
It's partly my fault. I realize that.
It's something that's happened
on account of this horrible place.
These people poking their noses
into our business...
...and I never see you anymore,
with your soda fountains, and your extra...
Stop doing that!
But we could leave this place perhaps.
Yes, there's nothing to keep us here.
We haven't any obligations here.
We don't owe rent to anybody.
We could just pack up our bags.
Tonight. We could go now.
I could take you for a wonderful trip
round the country.
You can't leave here.
Why not?
You've got to work. What about your job?
My job doesn't mean anything.
I could always publish articles...
My book's going to be published soon.
It's a wonderful idea.
I have to go to school.
What about my education?
What sort of an education
do you think you're getting here?
You got a much better education
when you were travelling around with me.
Well, the play has two more performances
next week.
Don't start talking about the play.
That's what's just come between us.
That's what started this whole row.
Don't you want to get back
to where we were...
...before we came to this horrible place?

Don't you want to come away with me?

No!

I hate you!

You want to stay with this filthy boy!

Yes!

- Why can't you leave me alone?

- Shut your mouth...

...you horrid little psychopath!

- Let me go, you creep!

I promise you one thing:

You're not going to see
these filthy boys anymore.

- That's one thing that...

- I've got news for you.

I'll do anything I want to,
anytime I want to...

...with anyone I want...

- Shut your filthy mouth!

...and you can't stop me!

- Shut up!

- Miss Le Bone.

- Dr. Humbert, may I come in?

What can I do for you?

This is a little awkward to say, but I'm...

I thought you ought to know, this noise,
I can hear every word next door.

Well, we were having a family row.

The child's voice is very shrill
when she gets upset.

Yes, of course, I understand perfectly,
but, well, I...

I happen to have company and he's
a minister of the church, and you know...

Perhaps you can convey
my apologies to him.

We were quarrelling about piano lessons.

Hello, dear!

Hello, Miss Le Bone.

Goodnight!

- What a pretty getup!

- She was in the school play tonight.

Yes, of course, the school play.

Dr. Humbert, I do hope...

...you don't think that I'm presuming

on our good neighbor relations, but...
...I should tell you
that the neighbors are beginning...
...to get curious about you and your girl.
- I can't think why they should do that.
- Well, you know how people talk.
I must get back to my guest.
Would you care to join us?
That's very nice of you, thank you,
but I'll take a rain check on it.
Oh, right.
Well, goodnight!
Goodnight.
Come on, we're going home.
- Wait.
- I forbade you to go to the party.
I wasn't going to.
- Who were you talking to?
- I tried to call you.
You were speaking to somebody just now
on the telephone. Who was that?
I got a wrong number.
Listen, I've decided something.
Yes?
I want to leave school.
You what?
I don't want you to be mad at me anymore.
Everything's going to be great
from now on.
- You mean that?
- I hate school, and I hate the play...
...I really do. I never want to go back.
That's good.
Let's leave tomorrow.
We can go for a long trip...
...and we'll go wherever I want to,
won't we?
Yes, my darling.
- Are you glad?
- Yes, of course I am.
To hell with the play! See what I mean?
Yes, that's good!
Let's go home. I feel sort of romantic.
The brakes were relined,

the water pipes unplugged...
...the valves ground.
We had promised Beardsley School
that we would be back...
...as soon as my Hollywood engagement
came to an end.
Inventive Humbert was to be, I hinted,
chief consultant in production of a film...
...dealing with existentialism,
still a hot thing at the time.
I cannot tell you the exact day
when I first knew with utter certainty...
...that a strange car was following us.
Queer how I misinterpreted
the designation of doom.
Fill her up, please.
I'm cold, I'm going to get a sweater.
Watch it, please!
Do you have to drive so fast?
You'll get us killed!
What's the big, fat hurry, anyway?
There's been a car following us
which we've been trying to lose.
However, I haven't seen it recently.
I think we've lost it.
Really?
I didn't want to scare you,
but it's followed us for three days...
...and yesterday it was parked
outside the motel.
- I haven't seen any car. Are you sure?
- Yes, I am sure.
I think you're imagining things.
What did that man ask you
in the service station?
What man?
There was a man in the service station.
I saw you when I was in the john.
I didn't see any man at the...
Oh, yes, that man.
He wondered if I had a map.
I guess he got lost.
Lo, now listen, please.
I don't know if you're lying to me,

or if you're insane...

...and I don't really care any longer,
but that man, I believe...

...was in the car that's been following us.

- That's ridiculous.

- I think he's a cop.

- A cop?

- Yes.

If he is, the worst thing we can do
is let him know we're scared.

Let's just ignore him, and slow down.

Would you kindly tell me, please...

...what you said to him exactly
and what he said to you?

I told you.

Did he ask you where we were going?

All he asked was if I had a map.

I'd have thought that he'd ask
the man at the service station.

I would have thought he would, too.

Well, anyhow, I think we've lost him.

I told you not to drive so fast!

Leave me alone!

- Don't talk to me that way.

- Do you think I wanted to have a blow out?

Hey, look, all the nines changed
to the next thousand.

There it is.

What?

The car. Don't you recognize it now?

No.

Don't look now.

I don't want him to think
that we've seen him.

- What's he stopping for?

- Maybe he's going to help us.

He can't help us,

stopping way back there like that.

It can't be the police because if they were,
they'd pull up beside us and write a ticket.

- But the police...

- I am trying to think.

Maybe it's a special kind of police
who are just supposed to follow people.

Yeah, like the vice squad! Scaddy, wow!
Be quiet! Stop talking!
We've got to think about this.
What are we going to do?
Am I being quiet enough?
Don't try to be clever, please.
I've got a terrific pain in my arm.
- Really?
- I don't know what I did to it.
What are we going to do now?
I'm going to get out of this car...
...walk down the road
and speak to him face to face.
I'll say, "What are you doing?"
- I wouldn't do that.
- Why not?
Well, it might be dangerous.
My arm is killing me.
I don't seem to be able to breathe properly.
It's probably just gas pains.
Yes, it must be that.
Maybe you ought to see a doctor
in the next town?
No, I'll be all right.
It's probably just something I ate.
Wait a minute.
I once read in a Reader's Digest
that this is the way heart attacks start.
Shut up, will you?
Shut up yourself!
I'm tired of hearing
about your moans and groans.
If you want to know something,
I feel pretty lousy myself.
He's moving.
Big deal!
He's turning around.
He's going away.
Are you feeling cold?
Yeah.
I feel all achy.
I bet I'm getting the Asiatic flu.
Here, let me feel your head.
We make a fine pair, don't we?

You just relax and stretch out on the seat,
if that will make you feel better...

...and I'll see what I can do about...

...changing the tire.

Good morning.

Good morning, Mr. Humbert.

Good morning, Mr. Humbert.

We seem to be going the same way.

I was just about to give your daughter
some medicine.

- How is she?

- She's much better today.

Her temperature's normal
and her cough's gone.

Here's your father, dear.

- Hi!

- Hello.

- How are you feeling?

- I feel fine.

You're looking much better.

What gruesome flowers.

But thanks, anyway.

Nurse, can you find some water
to put these in, please?

Certainly.

Have you been getting notes
in the hospital?

Excuse me.

Does your father think that you get notes
from my boyfriend?

I just thought it might be a bill
from the hospital or something.

- Do you have to antagonize everybody?

- It was a perfectly reasonable question.

What's the matter with you anyway?

You look kind of slimy.

I'm afraid I'm coming down with a cold.

Caught it from me?

I suppose.

Mr. Humbert, would you please
move your car to the visitor's parking lot?

I'm sorry. I was in a hurry
and I didn't feel too bright.

But you've parked it right next to a sign

saying "Staff Only. "
All right. I shall leave in a moment.
I'm sorry, but these are the hospital rules.
Mary was only trying to be helpful.
I've no doubt she's been just as helpful
with you all the time.
She has.
And I shouldn't wonder if you two
have been exchanging confessions.
Come on now,
let's not start that all up again.
I brought you some books.
My friend, Professor Baer,
The Romantic Poets...
...and here's something you might like,
The History of Dancing, and...
...A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
by James Joyce, you might like.
- Whose are these? These are not yours.
- Those are Mary's.
And since when have nurses
worn dark glasses when on duty?
There we go again!
When did the doctor say
that you can leave the hospital?
What?
Are you going to read the magazine
or talk to me?
Sure.
When did the doctor say
that you can leave?
I think he wants me to stay
another 48 hours.
That's all right. We can start early
on Tuesday morning...
...and we'll make the Mexican border
in three days, and...
...that'll be the end of all those
mysterious agents following us around.
Mr. Humbert, I must ask you
to move your car.
I'm just leaving.
Goodbye.
Might catch your cold.

I shall stay in tonight and nurse my cold...
...so I shan't see you
until tomorrow morning.
Bye-bye.
Hello?
Hello. Is that Professor Humbert?
Yes.
How are you, Professor?
I'm... Who is this, please?
I'm sort of really sorry to disturb you.
I hope I really haven't woken you
at this terribly late hour.
I was wondering if you'd been
enjoying your stay...
...in our lovely little town here.
Who's this calling?
My name... It doesn't really matter.
It's really an obscure
and unremarkable name...
...you understand, Professor.
But my department is sort of concerned,
sort of concerned with the bizarre...
...rumors that have been circulating
about you and the lovely, remarkable girl...
...you've been travelling with.
Look, I'm very much afraid
you'll have to identify yourself...
...because this conversation is becoming
more and more preposterous.
Professor, now tell me something...
...I guess all this travelling around you do...
...you don't get much time
to see a psychiatrist regularly...
...is that right?
I have no psychiatrist,
and I don't need a psychiatrist!
I'll tell you why I ask, you see...
...you're classified in our files, Professor...
...you're classified in our files
as a white, widowed male.
I wonder if you'd be prepared
to give our investigators...
...a report, Professor, on your...
...current sex life, if any.

I don't know who you are,
and I certainly have no interest...
...in your investigators
so I'm afraid that you will have to...
...terminate this conversation.
Professor, "afraid" is Freudian lingo...
- Can I help you, sir?
- Yes. My name is Humbert.
I want to pay the bill of Miss Haze
in Room 3. I'm taking her home.
Have you gotten permission
from the doctor?
I can do what I choose.
It's nothing to do with the doctor.
You must have permission from the doctor.
What is this, a prison or a hospital?
I'm afraid you'll have to speak
to Dr. Keagy.
Calling Dr. Keagy.
Dr. Keagy, come to Reception please.
I'll just go into her room to alert her.
No, you can't go in there.
I'll get her to get her bags ready.
Dr. Keagy will be down in just a minute.
Why don't you wait?
- Yes, Miss Fromkiss?
- Dr. Keagy, Mr. Humbert.
How long have you had that cough,
Mr. Humbert?
I'm all right, thank you.
I simply want to pay the bill...
...for Miss Haze in Room 3
and take her away from here.
Miss Haze, Room 3.
Wasn't she discharged earlier this evening?
- I'll see.
- No, she couldn't have been.
Yes, she was discharged

at 8:

That's impossible.
- Right here, she was discharged at 8:15.
- I don't care about that.
You, Nurse, what's your name?

She's still in there, isn't she?
Mr. Humbert, your daughter left
earlier this evening.
That's ridiculous.
Where are you going?
Come back here, now.
You can't go in there now, it's a hospital.
- Where have you put her?
- Get your hands off her!
Where is she?
Hold him! Hold him!
Let go of me!
- What do you think you're doing?
- Hold it!
Where is she?
- Easy, now.
- Sidney, get a straightjacket.
All right. I'm calm.
Doctor, this man must be psychotic.
His stepdaughter was a patient...
...and she left this evening
in care of her uncle.
- Her uncle! Did you say "uncle"?
- Yes.
- Let me go!
- Hold him!
Hold him now. Got him, Andre?
Yeah!
All right. Let me go.
Now look, mister...
...you've caused quite
a serious disturbance here. Now, hold it!
If you like, we'll call the police.
The police! No. We don't need the police.
It's quite all right.
Let's get this business straight.
This girl was officially discharged
earlier tonight in the care of her uncle.
If you say so.
Has she or hasn't she an uncle?
All right, let's say she has an uncle.
What do you mean,
"let's say she has an uncle"?
All right, she has an uncle.

Uncle Gus, yes, I remember now...
...he was going to pick her up here
at the hospital. I forgot that.
- You forgot?
- Yes, I forgot!
- It's a strange thing to forget.
- No, it's not so strange.
You don't know my brother Gus.
He's very easy to forget.
He's drunk, that's what's the matter.
That's right, I've been drinking too much.
I have personal problems, you understand?
- Here it is, Doctor.
- No, it's all right, Sidney.
Would you like some black coffee
or something?
No, not now, thank you.
I really ought to move on now.
Think you feel well enough to leave?
Yes. Just let me up, I'm fine now,
much better.
See that he gets home all right.
All right, let him up.
She didn't, by any chance,
leave any message for me?
No. I suppose not.
Well...
...gee, what a surprise!
So, this is what Mrs. Richard T. Schiller
looks like!
You'll have to excuse my appearance,
but you've caught me on ironing day.
But do come in.
You're looking marvelous!
Can I take your coat?
No, I'd rather keep it.
I wrote to you about a week ago.
I was beginning to think
you were sore or something.
I must say I wouldn't blame you
if you were.
A fine thing me dropping out of sight
for so long...
...and then writing you for a handout.

- Would you like a cup of coffee?
- No, thank you...
Or a drink, maybe?
No.
I won't be able to do that
in another month.
Is that him?
The one facing us.
Yes, that's Dick.
He doesn't know a thing
about you and me...
...so please watch what you say.
That's ridiculous! You don't expect me
to believe that, do you?
Why not? You don't think I'd tell him,
do you?
Who does he think that I am?
My stepfather!
Then this isn't the man who took you
from the hospital?
No, of course not!
How long have you known him?
About a year. I met him in Phoenix.
I was working as a waitress.
Who is the man that I'm looking for?
There's no point in going into that.
It's all over.
Lolita, I have to know.
I'm sorry, but I can't tell you.
Lolita, I have a perfect right to know this.
Crimeny! I should never
have written to you.
You wouldn't have written
if you hadn't needed the money.
Now, if you're a sensible girl,
and if you want...
...what I've come to give you,
you'll tell me what I want to know.
Do you remember Dr. Zemph?
Dr. Zemph?
That German psychologist
that came to see you at Beardsley.
Was it him?
Not exactly.

I didn't come here to play guessing games.
Tell me who it was.
Well, give me a chance to explain.
All right.
Do you remember that car
that used to follow us around?
I'm not likely to forget that in a hurry.
Do you remember Mother's old flame
at the school dance?
No, you probably wouldn't remember him.
You remember the guy that you talked to
at that hotel on the way back from camp?
He pretended he was part
of that police convention.
Vaguely, yes.
Do you remember that guy
who called you at the motel?
The night you disappeared?
Yes, I remember him very well.
And yet, you still haven't guessed?
I told you that I'm not
playing games with you.
Tell me who it was.
It was Clare Quilty.
Who was Clare Quilty?
All of them, of course.
You mean, Dr. Zemph, he was Clare Quilty?
Well, congratulations.
I don't suppose it ever occurred to you
that when you moved into our house...
...my whole world didn't revolve
around you.
I'd had a crush on him
ever since the times...
...that he used to come and visit Mother.
He wasn't like you and me.
He wasn't a normal person.
He was a genius.
He had a kind of...
...beautiful Japanese oriental philosophy
of life.
You know that hotel we stopped at
on the way back from camp?
It was just by accident

that he was staying there...
...but it didn't take him long to figure out
what was going on between us.
From that moment on he was up
to every trick he could think of.
And he did all these brilliant tricks
for the sheer fun of tormenting me?
Well, sometimes he had to,
like the German psychologist bit.
He had to trick you into letting me
be in his play...
...otherwise how would I ever see him?
So that's why you wanted
to be in the play?
That's right.
The times you were
supposed to be practicing the piano...
...you were actually with this man?
I guess he was the only guy
I was ever really crazy about.
Aren't you forgetting something?
Oh, Dick.
Dick's very sweet...
...and we're very happy together...
...but I guess it's just not the same thing.
And I? I suppose I never counted,
of course.
You have no right to say that.
After all, the past is the past.
What happened to
this Oriental-minded genius?
Look, don't make fun of me.
I don't have to tell you a blasted thing.
I'm not making fun of you.
I'm merely trying to find out
what happened.
When you left the hospital,
where did he take you?
To New Mexico.
Whereabouts in New Mexico?
To a dude ranch near Santa Fe.
The only problem with it was,
he had a bunch of weird friends there.
What kind of weird friends?

Weird...
...painters, nudists,
writers, weight-lifters...
I figured I could take anything
for a few weeks...
...'cause I loved him.
He was going to Hollywood...
...to write one of those spectaculars...
...and he promised to get me
a studio contract...
...but it never turned out that way.
Instead he wanted me
to cooperate with the others...
...in making some kind of a...
You know, an art movie.
An art movie!
Yeah.
And you did it?
No, I didn't do it.
So he kicked me out.
You could have come back to me.
Excuse me, sweetheart,
Bill's cut his thumb.
It's just a scratch.
Dick, this is my stepfather,
Professor Humbert.
- How do you do, Professor?
- How do you do?
This is our neighbor, Bill Crest.
- Glad to meet you, Professor.
- How do you do?
Gee, Lo's told me so much about you.
I guess we might as well fix that thumb.
This is a grand surprise, Professor.
When you didn't answer the letter
we were afraid that you were...
...still sore at Lo for having run away
from home.
- How about a beer?
- No, thank you.
I'll bet you're dry after that long drive.
This is some of that foreign beer.
You'll like it.
No beer, thank you.

Bandages are upstairs.

- Sorry.

- That's all right.

- Can I get you anything else?

- Nothing, thank you.

How are you two getting along?

Just fine.

Speak up. His phone's on the blink.

One of those for me?

Sure, hon.

I hope you're planning on staying awhile.

You caught us a little unprepared

but we'll try and make you feel at home.

I shall have to be on my way, I'm afraid.

You can have the bed upstairs.

We sleep down here because

Lo likes to watch the TV.

He can't stay, Dick.

What a shame. I wish you could.

Why don't you tell him about Alaska?

Yeah. I guess Lo explained to you
about going to Alaska...

...and all that, in the letter.

It's a marvelous opportunity.

An opportunity for a guy like me
to get in on the ground floor.

Industry's opening up and...

...if we can scrape together
enough money...

...with maybe your help, well, we can go.

We've got a few back debts,
we kind of over-extended ourselves.

How are the Farlows?

John Farlow's all right. It was he
who gave me your letter, of course.

She's sure a swell kid, Professor Haze.

She sure is.

She's just nuts about dogs and kids.

She's going to make a swell mother, too.

Alaska's a great place for kids, you know.

Lots of room for them to run around.

Well, it's as good as new.

Well, we'd better get back to work, Bill.

I guess you two have a lot to talk about.

It's been a pleasure meeting you,
Professor.
When you've finished, Dad,
I hope you don't mind me calling you that...
...come out back and I'll show you
what I'm making for the kid.
Thank you.
Just holler, sweetheart,
if you want me for KP.
Dick's awfully sweet, isn't he?
Come here.
What's going on?
What are you doing?
This may be neither here nor there
but I've got to say it.
Life is very short.
Between here and that old car outside
are 25 paces.
Make them, now, right now.
What?
Come away with me now, just as you are.
You mean you'll give us the money
only if I go to a hotel with you?
No, you've got it all wrong.
I want you to leave your husband
and this awful house.
I want you to live with me and die with me
and everything with me.
You must be crazy.
No, I'm perfectly serious, Lo.
I've never been less crazy in all my life.
We'll start afresh. We can forget
everything that has happened.
- No, it's too late.
- No, it's not too late.
Keep your voice down.
Don't tell me it's too late, because it's not.
If you want time to think, that's all right...
...because I've waited already
for three years and I can wait...
...for the rest of my life if necessary.
You're not giving anything up,
there's nothing here to keep you.
All right, this man is married to you,

but that's purely incidental.
It was an accident that you met him
in the first place.
You're not bound to him,
whereas you are bound to me...
...by everything that we have
lived through together, you and I.
I'm going to have his baby in three months.
I know.
I've ruined too many things in my life.
I can't do that to him, he needs me.
Come on now, don't make a scene.
Stop crying! He can walk in here
at any minute.
Will you please stop crying?
There are no strings attached...
...it's your money anyway...
...it comes from the rent of the house.
There's \$400 in cash.
Four hundred dollars!
I've made out a check here for \$2,500.
There's someone in Ramsdale...
...who's prepared to take care
of the mortgages on the house...
...and make a down payment of \$10,000.
Here's the papers.
You mean we're getting \$13,000?
That's wonderful!
Come on now, don't cry.
I'm sorry.
Try to understand.
I'm really sorry that I cheated so much...
...but I guess that's just the way things are.
Where are you going?
Listen! Let's keep in touch.
I'll write to you when we get to Alaska.
Quilty!
Quilty!