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# Love Finds Andy Hardy

By William Ludwig

Twelve-year-old boy  
driving an automobile.  
I think your father's  
as much to blame as you.  
Father don't know about it.  
-You said you had permission.  
-I did. I got permission from Eddie Cooper.  
-It's his car.  
-His car?  
You mean it was his car.  
Now it's a pile of junk.  
And a law-abiding farmer's tractor  
is damaged to the extent of \$30.  
So, Mr. James MacMahon, Jr...  
...this court sentences you to 90 days.  
Ninety days, Mr. Watkins, of working  
for you after school.  
Weeding turnips or sawing wood or any  
other form of labor to make up your loss.  
Jimmy, you tell your father  
about this mess.  
Dad? He'd just about  
skin me alive.  
I vaguely suspected  
something of that sort.  
This court will recess for 30 minutes  
while I try a case in chambers.  
Am I late, judge?  
I came the minute I got your call.  
That's quite all right, Mary.  
Quite all right. Sit down.  
Now....  
The way this thing  
looks to me...  
...it appears that you...  
...Mrs. Harry Tompkins, purchased an  
expensive radio on an installment plan.  
It appears, Mary, that you're three months  
in arrears in the payments.  
I thought I could pay  
from the household money.  
The store wants to attach  
your husband's salary.  
You just can't let them take Harry's

salary. He'd never forgive me.  
Besides, Mary, employers,  
they don't like that sort of thing.  
That's why I called you.  
Now, Mr. Barnes, I shall delay issuing  
a warrant in this case for 30 days.  
In the meantime, this court  
will guarantee full payment.  
That suits me fine, judge.  
We don't like this sort of thing,  
but it's business.  
-I know. I know.  
-Good day, judge.  
-Good day, Mr. Barnes.  
-Good day, Mrs. Tompkins.  
Even with 30 days more,  
I don't see how--  
Your husband's always bragging around  
at lodge meeting...  
...what a miracle of a cook  
you've got.  
Augusta? She's the best cook ever,  
if I know anything about cooking...  
-...and I was raised in my mother's kitchen.  
-Splendid, splendid.  
Now, when you get home...  
...tell Harry to give you the wages  
he used to pay the cook...  
...and you cook from now on. That'll give  
you the money you need for the payments.  
Judge Hardy, do you think it's fair  
that Augusta loses her job...  
-...just because I've been foolish?  
-Mary, for a long time...  
...I've been trying to get up the courage  
to tell Mrs. Hardy we should have a cook.  
For 30 years she's cooked with  
her own hands every meal I've eaten.  
She's gonna be furious.  
But I'm putting my foot down.  
-Send your cook to my house tomorrow.  
-I'll never be able to thank you.  
And on your way home, drop in on  
Mrs. Hardy and just mention crabapple jam.

She's preserving.

If Harry likes them, tell him you know where he can get lots more.

-Thank you so much.

-You're welcome.

-Goodbye.

-Goodbye, Mary.

-Goodbye, Miss Forrest.

-Goodbye, Mary.

I can't help it, Milly.

I'm glad to give the stuff away.

All the pleasure's gone from putting up preserves. Guess I'm getting old.

Emily, why don't you get a girl to help you in the kitchen?

Why, I'd never dare suggest it to James.

He wouldn't touch a mouthful of food unless I cooked it myself.

I thought it was unusually quiet around here.

Andy's usually home by this time.

Wonder where he can be?

There's \$12. I'll sign a promissory note for the other 8.

Of course, you know, you can't have the car till you pay the full \$20.

-Nobody pays cash nowadays.

-Then bring me that promissory note...

...signed by your father.

Why, I can't make Dad

sign a note, because--

Because he don't know you figure on buying this car.

Sure he does. That is, he hasn't had time for me to let him know about it.

-All right. No \$8, no automobile.

-Oh, look, please.

I'll get the money to you somehow.

But in the meantime, can't I come down and do a little work on it?

Certainly. In a way, it's your car.

Thanks, Mr. Dugan.

I'll have the money by the 23rd.

Because I need the car on the 24th.

Or I'll be a social outcast.

-Hi, Polly!

-Hi!

-Hi there!

-Hello. You're two hours late.

I'm sorry, Polly.

I have bad news for you.

I can't go to the country club dance  
on Christmas Eve.

You can't go? You've got to.

You don't know the sacrifices I'm making.

It's impossible. We're going to my  
grandmother's tomorrow for the holidays.

A whole year to visit her  
and you pick Christmas.

Can't be helped.

And me with a new evening dress.

It's got a low neck  
and practically no sleeves.

-Yeah?

-It would have been fun...

...going to the dance with you.

At the club, there's a lot of little places  
where you can sneak out between dances.

Really, I think we're getting much too old  
for that sort of thing, hugging and kissing.

I ain't ever too old  
for hugging and kissing.

You didn't act no 90 years old  
last night on the porch yourself.

Why, Andrew Hardy!

You kissed me last night by force.

Well, it's good that way too.

Polly, let's get dressed and walk home  
the long way through the trees.

Andy.

You'll take some other girl  
to the dance, I suppose.

No, I won't. There's no other girl I'd ask.

I'm going stag.

That's sweet of you, Andy.

Sit down, Polly?

Polly, when I say goodbye

to you tomorrow...  
-...will you wear your new evening dress?  
-In the daytime?  
-That's ridiculous, Andy.  
-Oh, please, Polly?  
The one I'm not gonna see  
at the dance.  
With the low neck  
and practically no sleeves.  
I certainly will not.  
It might get mussed.  
You mean I'm gonna get  
to kiss you tomorrow?  
Well, I will be gone for three weeks.  
Oh, boy, oh, boy.  
But just supposing, Polly.  
Suppose that I'm about to leave and...  
...I'm about to kiss you,  
one of the girls walk in.  
And why do we have to be supposing that?  
Well, what I mean is,  
suppose I kiss you now.  
We won't have to worry  
about anyone walking in.  
I thought so.  
All your fine talk about...  
...taking the long walk home  
because of scenery.  
You're gonna be gone  
and I'm gonna be all alone.  
Doesn't a man resist temptation better...  
...if his own girl kisses him goodbye?  
Why do you want me to wear  
my new dress?  
I'll bring a camera, take your picture  
and keep it with me at the dance.  
Oh, you're a darling.  
Tomorrow, Andy.  
Don't forget your camera.  
-Hello, Andy.  
-Oh, hello, Dad.  
Just thinking.  
A wonderful age we live in.  
They didn't have airplanes

when you were a boy, did they?

No, I was quite grown  
when men began to fly.

They didn't even have  
automobiles, did they?

No.

When you were young,  
everybody rode horses.

That's so.

-Did you have your own horse?

-Yes, indeed, I did.

That's fine.

Now, today, everybody rides in automobiles.

No. No, not everybody.

Maybe not everybody.

Maybe not children.

But look, Dad,

I'm not a child anymore.

A fella's just gotta have a car.

-Does he?

-Yes, sir.

I casually discussed the used car business  
with Mr. Peter Dugan, and he--

He agrees that every  
young man should have a car.

Yes, sir. There's a peach of  
a job down there for 20 bucks.

-''Dollars.''

-Dollars. I thought if you might help--

Now, Andy, we've been  
over this before.

On occasion, in emergencies,  
you've driven the sedan.

You drive very well, though  
goodness knows where you learned.

When you're 16 years old,  
I'll allow you to take the car out.

One night a week.

That way I'll have some control  
over the situation.

Gee, Dad, other fellas have cars.

Don't I have as much  
sense as the other kids?

I think you've got a lot more.

But I've got to decide this.  
When you can pay cash for a car  
out of your own money...  
-...that's something else.  
-Do you believe in the partial payment plan?  
No, no. Not unless you have  
an assured income of your own.  
-Come on home. Dinner's ready.  
-I'm gonna buy some film.  
Polly wants me to take her picture.  
You know how girls are.  
'Emily, times have changed.  
Today, no woman should be  
tied to her kitchen....'  
Excuse me. Could you tell me  
where number 27 is, please?  
-Right next door.  
-Is it the Draper house?  
Right you are, young lady.  
-I don't know if anyone's home.  
-They'll be home. They're expecting me.  
Mr. and Mrs. Draper  
are my grandparents.  
Well, well, well.  
You're Betsy Booth, Martha Draper's baby.  
I've come for Christmas.  
Mother's doing  
a musical comedy in Chicago.  
I'm gonna be on the stage too  
when I grow up.  
I'm studying for it.  
I hope you're a bigger success  
than your mother.  
So we're gonna be neighbors, eh?  
I'm Judge Hardy.  
Is Andy Hardy your son?  
I have heard something to that effect.  
Grandma always writes about him.  
Oh, he's so polite,  
and he always runs her errands for her.  
She says he's the nicest boy  
in the neighborhood.  
Christmas with Andy Hardy next door!  
-I hope you won't be disappointed.



-Oh, I won't.  
-Well, goodbye, Judge Hardy. For now.  
-Goodbye.  
Don't forget, we're neighbors.  
Here, here, here.  
What's all the--?  
Oh, Dad.  
It can't be that bad, Marian.  
Nothing's that bad.  
I'm just so mad, I--  
Weren't you having  
dinner with Wayne?  
Dinner? I never want to see him again.  
Let's us go in here, huh?  
Now, tell me.  
What's the matter?  
Dad, I'm through with Wayne.  
I never want to see him again  
as long as I live. Never.  
You mean never until  
he calls to apologize.  
No, Dad. Never.  
Dad, he's--  
Wayne went out with another girl.  
That horrible Maxine Fort.  
Well, honey.  
Half a woman's love is faith.  
I'm through with Wayne.  
I'm through with all men.  
I'm never going to marry  
as long as I live. Never.  
Well, that's rather a large order, honey.  
Maybe I'll do social service work.  
That's it.  
I'll be a settlement worker.  
And very commendable too.  
But you want to remember, honey,  
there's no new sorrow in the world...  
...nor a trouble that a lot  
of other people couldn't match.  
'Emily.  
Ever since you were a young bride,  
cooking in your first kitchen--'  
-Hello, Mother.

-Hello, dear. I didn't hear you come in.  
Mother, I want to talk to you.  
James, you're in trouble.  
Can't I just talk to you  
without it being anything special?  
Well, what is it?  
Mother, the day of the pioneer and  
the covered wagon is unfortunately over.  
You're not going camping at your age.  
No, no, no. Of course not.  
I mean, times have changed.  
Once we did all our own work.  
Once we used horses,  
now we have cars.  
-If you've bought another automobile--  
-No, no. Certainly not.  
I mean, horses were all right in their way,  
but cars are better.  
Same with housework.  
Now we have different stoves--  
-It nearly burned.  
-But--  
It's all right, dear. I'm listening.  
You were talking about horses.  
-I wasn't talking about horses.  
-You just said that--  
I'm talking about cooks!  
-I'll go.  
-No, let Milly answer it.  
She's probably getting fixed up  
for dinner. I'll go.  
Good evening.  
Telegram for you, Mrs. Hardy.  
-For me?  
-Yes, ma'am.  
-Will you please sign here?  
-Oh, dear.  
Oh, dear. Oh, dear.  
I'll sign for it, sonny.  
There you are, boy.  
Here you are.  
-What are you afraid of?  
-But a telegram, James.  
When we were young telegrams

were new, expensive and exciting.  
-Today they're as ordinary as postal cards.  
-I don't know, James.  
Mother, you're the same  
sweet girl I married.  
You haven't changed a bit.  
But times have.  
Telegram's here to stay.  
You may as well get used to it.  
Oh, dear.  
What is it?  
Mother had a stroke this morning.  
She's still in a coma.  
-James, I'll have to go to her.  
-Now, Mother, you just relax.  
I know it's a shock, but....  
Now, now, now, Mother.  
Here. You just sit down a minute.  
Can't be as bad as you think.  
Never is.  
That's right, have a good cry.  
Make you feel better.  
Then you must go right upstairs and rest.  
But Milly, our mother....  
James, I have to go to her.  
I'm the oldest, you know.  
There's a train out tonight.  
-Andy will get you a timetable.  
-I can't leave you.  
I'm a big boy.  
I can take care of myself.  
-Milly will go with you.  
-Thanks, James.  
-She'll want to be there.  
-I'll put some of our things together, Emily.  
James, I can't leave you  
and the children alone.  
Who will take care  
of the house and fix your meals?  
Well, Emily, Providence  
sometimes moves in a strange way.  
I hired a cook this afternoon.  
Oh, James, I've wanted  
to ask for one for the past five years.

Yes, so did I.  
I was afraid you'd think  
I didn't like your cooking.  
Best cook in the whole world.  
Aunt Milly just told us, Mother.  
What can I do to help?  
Here's your chance. You can start your  
settlement work right here in the family.  
We're used to having  
a woman look after us.  
Don't worry,  
Grandma Forrest will be all right.  
And I'll take such good care of Dad.  
As for Andy,  
if he once steps out of line, I'll--  
Wait, wait. Wait a minute.  
Social service isn't dictatorship.  
I hear what you're saying.  
You won't ride any high horse  
while Mom is away.  
Now, children, children.  
-I'm sorry, Mom.  
-I'm sorry too, Mother.  
I promise to treat Andrew  
with the consideration that you do.  
I don't like the smell of that.  
I'll let it pass.  
Mom, I won't be any  
trouble to Marian or Dad.  
I'll keep my room clean.  
I'll wash before meals.  
I won't be any trouble  
to anyone in the world.  
The age of miracle has not passed.  
-Find a timetable upstairs.  
-I'll get it!  
Oh, no, you won't!  
Dad told me to get it.  
Everything's under control, Mom.  
Instant service. Timetable as good as here.  
Andy!  
That's all right.  
Everything's under control.  
Everything's under control.

Hey, Marian.  
Ain't grub ready yet?  
You'd let a guy starve to death.  
If you thought to help  
while Mother's away...  
...you'd be up at 7:30  
this morning, as I was.  
Sorry, I'm starving.  
Ain't grub ready?  
-''lsn't.'' And if you mean breakfast--  
-Excuse me.  
Would you inform me whether I can  
partake in my morning nourishment?  
-Come in and find out.  
-Such talk!  
Good morning, Dad.  
Good morning, son.  
Sleep well?  
Perfect, perfect, perfect.  
-Is it that bad, Dad?  
-No, no, no. Not at all.  
That's excellent coffee.  
-Just scalding hot.  
-Oh, I'm glad.  
I know how fussy you are  
about your coffee.  
If she made good coffee,  
she must have got it out of a cookbook.  
She calls that coffee?  
Tastes like she put mucilage in it.  
-It's the worst I've ever tasted!  
-Take it easy, Andy.  
She did the best she could.  
We don't want to hurt her feelings.  
Leave it to me, Dad.  
Marian, this is the best coffee  
I've ever tasted.  
Honestly, Andy?  
That's sweet of you.  
-I'll get another cup.  
-Never mind. Don't bother.  
-Oh, it's no bother.  
-One cup is sufficient for a growing boy.  
All right.

You saved my life. If there's anything  
I can ever do, say the word.

Thank you, Andrew.

Thank you.

There is something you could do for me.

-Just name it. A favor's a favor.

-The car's about due for a washing.

Yes, sir.

That just about makes us even, all right.

Mother left a note for you

to take some preserves over to the Drapers.

-Don't forget.

-Oh, yes. They have a visitor.

A new playmate for you.

Playmate? What do you think I do with my  
spare time, dress dolls or something?

Excuse me, Andrew.

A companion.

-Their granddaughter from New York.

-A new girl?

-Yes.

-How old is she?

Oh, I think about 12 or 13.

Just a child.

I realized something.

I'm older than my years.

-Must have been Washington that done it.

-''Did'' it.

-Did it.

-Nevertheless...

...you'll have to humiliate yourself  
and deliver the preserves.

I understand the little girl  
next door sings.

Twelve years old and sings?

I'll go, Grandma.

How do you do?

Good morning.

I'm Betsy Booth.

Won't you come in?

My mother just sent these  
over to your grandmother.

-You're Andy Hardy, aren't you?

-I live right next door.

l....  
-l sing, you know.  
-l know. l heard you.  
Oh, that wasn't singing.  
That was only practicing.  
Well, go and practice.  
Don't let me bother--  
Oh, it's no bother. l love to....  
l mean, l'd love to sing for you.  
Some other time.  
You just keep on practicing.  
Music isn't the most important  
thing to me.  
-l play tennis. And l swim.  
-Swell. Well, look, l gotta be going.  
l gotta do something for my dad.  
Wash the car.  
l mean, tune it up.  
Wash the carburetor and the spark plugs.  
l might even look at the motor.  
l bet after you work on it  
it'll pass every car on the road.  
Well, l wouldn't be a bit surprised.  
Well, l gotta be running.  
Well, maybe--  
Could l help you?  
No. It's a special job.  
My father won't even do it.  
l'll see you later.  
Goodbye.  
l'll never be able to get a man,  
much less hold him.  
No glamour.  
No glamour at all.  
Betsy, who was that?  
Some of Mrs. Hardy's  
preserves for you, Granny.  
No glamour.  
That's my trouble.  
-Hi, Andy.  
-Oh, hi, Beezy.  
Say, l've gotta talk to you.  
Very private and confidential.  
Just when l was

getting ready to go to work.  
Oh, well, come on.  
-Good morning.  
-Good morning.  
-I'm Augusta, the new cook.  
-Oh, of course. Come right in.  
-Hello there.  
-Hello.  
Say, did Andy go into the house?  
I saw him sneaking  
down the street with Beezy.  
And if the car isn't washed,  
he's going to catch it.  
We're far enough away.  
They couldn't hear us holler.  
-What's on your mind?  
-Andy...  
-...I'm in love.  
-Who is it this time?  
-Cynthia Potter.  
-That dizzy dame?  
-Say, listen--  
-There's no accounting for taste. Go on.  
My folks are taking me away on a trip.  
Three weeks!  
I'm in the same boat.  
Polly left today.  
Andy, I don't suppose, as sort of a favor,  
you'd date her up?  
Keep the other guys away.  
Me? Go after your girl?  
Sure. When I get back,  
you drop her cold.  
-Then she's still my girl.  
-That's a terrible trick to play.  
-Andy, you've got to help me.  
-No, no, no, no.  
Look, if you do it,  
I'll pay you for it.  
Well, I suppose if you paid me  
it'd make it more respectable.  
-Just a straight business proposition.  
-Sure.  
You keep other guys



from dating Cynthia until I get back...  
-...and I'll pay you four bits a week.  
-Four bits a week?  
Expose myself to a redheaded  
vampire for four bits a week?  
-Listen, I'll make it six bits.  
-Look at you.  
You're in love,  
and all she means to you is six bits?  
Beezy, you don't know what love is.  
Look, I'll go one dollar.  
That's as far as I'll go.  
It's a pleasure taking out Cynthia.  
No, Beezy.  
A dollar's not enough.  
Well, how much do you want?  
I need--  
I want 8 bucks and expenses.  
-Expenses?  
-Think I want to ruin her reputation...  
...having everybody say I'm a cheapskate?  
You win. 8 bucks for the job  
and 50 cents a week for expenses.  
-Give me the 8 bucks.  
-I haven't got it right now.  
-Then the deal's off.  
-When Mom gives me Christmas money...  
-...I'll mail you the 8 bucks.  
-When?  
She'll give it to me  
a week before Christmas.  
Word of honor,  
I'll have it before the 23rd.  
-Word of honor.  
-It's a deal.  
Leave it to me.  
I've got a system with women.  
After I give Cynthia the air,  
she'll be tickled even with you, Beezy.  
Hey, wait a minute.  
How do I know you'll go through with it?  
I know. Ask Cynthia to  
the Christmas Eve dance now.  
And if I know Cynthia,

you'll have to go through with it.  
Say, that's not a bad idea.  
After all, a redhead's a redhead.  
I get into my tuxedo  
for a cotillion in Washington--  
Washington?  
This little French girl  
sees I'm a very good dancer.  
She says, ''Pardonnez-moi.''  
That's French for ''Excuse me.''  
-She asked me to teach her the Big Apple.  
-That's marvelous.  
-Do you really like to dance?  
-I sure do.  
But that's with the right partner.  
I'll bet you could dance swell.  
Some girls like a fella  
to hold them tight.  
I bet you're different.  
Fella would be too afraid.  
Well, I am really delicate, but....  
Well, it depends on who my partner is.  
Well, would you like me if I was  
your partner at the Christmas dance?  
Why, Andrew!  
You'll really take me  
to the Christmas Eve dance?  
I'd better go in.  
Mother will wonder why I'm out so long.  
Goodbye, Andrew, darling.  
See you tomorrow.  
Goodbye.  
Say, she's my girl.  
Don't forget that.  
You hired me, didn't you?  
-You didn't have to kiss her.  
-I didn't. She kissed me.  
That's it. You start your system  
and she kisses you.  
It was a kiss of gratitude,  
like a dog licking your hand.  
Besides, I've gotta do  
my wooing my way.  
She's just 8 bucks and expenses to me.

You might at least wipe my girl's  
lipstick off your face.

Hello.

Say, did you notice anything around here  
about washing this car?

Yes, I had Mother's chauffeur do it.

-Mother's what?

-Mother's chauffeur.

-I heard your sister say you'd catch it.

-You've got a chauffeur?

Mother has.

The one that drives the town car.

-Town car? Here?

-Sure. It brought me.

-How do you think I got here?

-How do I think she got here?

What kind of a car?

How many cylinders?

-Two hundred.

-Two hundred?

-Listen, no car has 200 cylinders.

-Hasn't it?

No.

Oh, then it's 200 horsepower  
and only 1 2 cylinders.

Only 1 2 cylinders and 200 horsepower.

Children that don't know what's what  
trusted with town cars.

Betsy? Your name is Betsy, isn't it?

Betsy, I'd like to repay the favor.

I'd like to take you to the drugstore  
and buy you an ice cream soda.

Will you, Andy?

But it's kind of far, and it's liable to snow  
before we get there and dad's using our car.

Mother's chauffeur can drive us down  
before he starts for Chicago.

That's right. I never thought of that.

Let's go!

Yes, sir. Some boat, all right.

The radiator cap alone would make you  
feel like you was a millionaire.

Hello, folks.

What'll it be?

Chocolate soda with  
vanilla ice cream, please.  
-Make it two, buddy.  
-You bet.  
Something about ice cream sodas  
makes a fella feel...  
...as though he's wasting time with  
meat and vegetables. Ain't it the truth?  
-Hello, Cynthia.  
-How do you do, Mr. Hardy?  
Hey, Cynthia, wait a minute.  
-Cynthia!  
-Pardon me, Mr. Hardy.  
I'm not in the habit of being practically  
knocked down by casual acquaintances.  
Casual acquaintances!  
What are you mad about?  
There are plenty of boys  
I could go around with.  
No, you can't go around  
with anybody but me.  
I don't even have to go  
to the dance with you.  
Oh, yes, you do.  
You promised.  
I wasn't crazy about Beezy...  
...but at least he didn't  
go out with other girls.  
Oh, her? Oh, she's just a little kid  
visiting next door.  
Dad told me to be nice to her.  
It won't happen again.  
I'll see you every day, every minute.  
I'll monopolize you.  
-This afternoon?  
-What'll we do?  
Beezy could always think  
of something for us to do.  
We could go and watch  
basketball practice.  
I don't like basketball.  
-I used to like to roller skate.  
-I don't like to roller skate.  
I don't suppose you'd like to

play a set of tennis.

Why, I'd love to.

Oh, I have the loveliest new sports outfit.

Well, you be at my house at 2:00.

-Excuse me for running away, Betsy.

-It's all right.

You see, I can't afford  
to fight with Cynthia.

-Is she your girl?

-No.

I gotta be nice to her till after Christmas.

You expecting her to give you  
a special present?

No.

Look, this is a secret:

I bought a car.

I paid I 2 bucks down on it and  
promised to pay 8 more by the 23rd.

That's why I gotta be nice to her.

-I don't get it.

-Cynthia's Beezy Anderson's girl.

He's away, and he promised to pay me  
to keep the other fellas away from her.

She's just an installment on a car to me.

Polly Benedict's my real girl,  
but she's away too.

Sometimes I wonder if it's all worthwhile.

Twenty bucks!

Mother said in case I needed extras...

...so if you wouldn't mind, Andy,  
I'd like to pay for the sodas.

-No. I asked you.

-Please?

Why, I don't do things that way.

Andy...

...you need that 8 bucks  
pretty badly, don't you?

You're darn tooting I do.

I'd love to give you the \$8, Andy.

No. I couldn't take money from a woman.

Not even if she's just a child?

I couldn't even borrow it from you.

-You wouldn't have to be nice to Cynthia.

-You don't understand.

Polly being away, the girl I take to  
the dance has gotta be sensational.  
I'll bet Cynthia's got  
a sensational evening dress.  
No, I can't afford to fight with Cynthia,  
not a man in my position.  
Then it isn't the \$8.  
Well, it's both the \$8 and Cynthia.  
I gotta take Cynthia to the dance  
to get \$8 for the car...  
...and I gotta have a car  
to take anybody to the dance.  
Well, then you won't really  
enjoy taking Cynthia?  
Well, even if she dances like a horse...  
...it's an awful long ride  
home in the dark.  
Augusta, you must realize we're  
accustomed to the best of everything.  
I want you to pay particular  
attention to the coffee.  
You call that coffee? That's mud.  
That's what it is, mud.  
Augusta, do you realize  
you are being insulting?  
I quit. Any house that calls  
that mud coffee, I don't work in.  
-Oh, but, Augusta, I--  
-Marian?  
Well, well, well,  
what seems to be the difficulty?  
-She insulted my coffee.  
-Mud.  
Any house that calls that mud coffee, I quit.  
I don't work there.  
But, Dad, you said yourself it was excellent.  
It is. It's fine coffee.  
Yes, Augusta, it's fine coffee.  
Of course, only amateur coffee.  
I know you could do much better.  
I'll try, Your Honor.  
We'll reserve that ''Your Honor''  
for the courtroom.  
Okay, judge.

Come along, Marian.  
We ought to write to Mother.  
Anyhow, it was mud.  
That's what it was, mud.  
But, Dad, the bathroom was filthy.  
The towels were black.  
Where he accumulates  
such filth and grease--  
You can't please her.  
She hollers if I wash and hollers if I don't.  
He has no more conception  
of cleanliness than--  
-Than a tomcat?  
-Exactly.  
You see? She wants me  
to lick myself clean.  
If he thinks I'll clean up after him,  
he's wrong.  
Oh, I'll do that.  
It'll be easy after twins at the Tompkins' .  
Thank you, Augusta.  
I'll go.  
Everybody spoils Andy because  
he's the baby in the family.  
Baby? Dad, am I gonna have to be  
insulted until I'm 80?  
It won't happen again, Marian.  
Special delivery.  
She all right, Dad?  
Mother's well and sends her love.  
They don't know about  
Grandmother Forrest yet.  
Pretty serious, I guess.  
What do you say, with Grandma Forrest  
so sick, we give up our social engagements?  
Well, what is it that Grandmother Forrest  
always asks you when you visit her?  
'Are you having a good time?'  
I think that's your answer, Andy,  
in Grandmother's own words.  
I'll get it.  
Hello?  
Just a minute.  
-It's for you, Andy.

-Who is it?  
The same one. Cynthia.  
It's the fourth time today.  
-She ought to move here and save money.  
-Oh, smart cracks.  
Hello, Cynthia?  
Yes, Cynthia.  
Well, anything you wanna do.  
Why, sure, I'd like to.  
Yes, ma'am.  
I mean, certainly, Cynthia.  
All right, Cynthia.  
Goodbye.  
Well, I don't think you're  
very amusing, Andy.  
What else is there to do  
at a pool except swim?  
If you can't think of anything  
to amuse me--  
Okay, okay, watch me.  
Andy! Stop it, Andy! Stop!  
Really, there's no need  
to practically drown me.  
I'm sorry. Come on in.  
The water's swell.  
No, my hair would get wet.  
Oh, well, can't you dry it?  
Andrew, I haven't ordinary hair  
like some girls.  
Special hair like mine is a great  
responsibility. I never get it wet.  
You'll get wet if you swim,  
get muscles if you play tennis--  
-Other boys would be glad of a chance--  
-Don't get mad...  
...but you don't need a bathing suit to sit.  
Can't you think of something else to do?  
Well, we....  
We could take a walk.  
Say, that's not a bad idea.  
I know just the place.  
It's a little longer than  
the regular way home, but....  
Well, I finally found something



you like to do.

Well, doesn't it interest you?

Well, I'm not exactly doing you any favors.

Would you rather be swimming?

What do you think?

Hey, Andy! Andy, come in a minute,

I wanna talk to you.

All right, but I can't make it long.

If I'm late for dinner, I'll catch it.

-What's up?

-Come here. I got something to show you.

What is it?

It's a--

Must have been that

jelly sandwich that I had.

Come on in here.

What's all the mystery?

I got you a present.

I hope you like it.

Well, what do you know?

Do you like it?

Why, it's the best present I ever got.

I'm glad. I guessed you wanted one,

so I ordered it. It just now got here.

It'll make my car look like a million.

Gee, thanks, Betsy.

Some girls don't know what to get a guy,

but this is swell.

Why, Cynthia, she'll be crazy about it.

And Polly, she'll go wild.

I'm sure they'll like it.

I'll drop by before the dance

and show you.

That'll be nice.

Dinner's almost ready,

so I better be going along.

-Thanks again. Goodbye.

-Bye.

Aren't you going to practice, Betsy?

Yes, Granny.

I know, but men just don't seem to be

as important as when I was a young girl.

Well, if it isn't the old ladies'

sewing circle.

-Hi, Andy.  
-Hello there, Andy.  
-Did you enjoy your games?  
-Games?  
With a bit more practice,  
I might be able to make the Potsy team.  
-What's that?  
-Nothing, nothing.  
Oh, all right.  
You're going to have secrets, so can I.  
There are ways of handling  
mysterious children.  
Just because you're the only woman here  
doesn't make you my mother.  
If you act that way,  
I won't give you your telegram.  
Telegram! Oh, my dearest sister...  
...if I've offended you in any way,  
I beg you to forgive me.  
After all, we children, we just--  
We just don't understand.  
Gee, thanks, sis. Thanks.  
Two girls.  
Two girls for the same dance.  
Good morning, Dad, Marian.  
Any word from Mom?  
No news is good news, son.  
Well, in case you're at all curious,  
I finished my Christmas shopping today.  
Me too. And I wanna thank somebody for  
that extra money I found on my table.  
That's all right, honey.  
Christmas comes but once a year.  
-Well.  
-Special delivery for Mr. Andrew Hardy.  
I'll sign for it.  
-Thank you.  
-You're welcome. Good morning.  
Special delivery for Mr. Andrew Hardy.  
Thanks, Dad.  
Francis Bacon Anderson.  
Why, that's Beezy Anderson.  
-Want me to read it to you?  
-Good old Beezy, real pal.

Right on time, just like the Pony Express.

-Goodbye, children.

-Bye, Dad.

Open it. Let's read about the teddy bear  
Beezy's getting for Christmas.

Oh, no hurry.

I know what's inside.

And I know who that is.

' 'This is Miss Potter speaking.

May I please speak to Andrew?'

Kindergarten society.

Hello?

What's on your mind, Cynthia?

Oh, don't worry about the dance.

I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world.

Oh, you got your new formal dress?

Sensational, huh?

No back in it at all?

Boy, oh, boy, oh, boy.

Well, I'll be seeing you soon.

All right, dear.

Bye-bye.

Hello. Is Miss Polly Benedict in, please?

Listen, will you tell her

Mr. Andrew Hardy called...

...and he's unable to take her to the dance?

He remembered a previous engagement.

Thank you so much. Bye.

-Hello.

-Hello.

I spent all my money except 60 cents,  
and I still got two presents to buy.

Gee, I'd like to help you, Betsy,  
but I've got a very important deal to close.

Beezy came through like  
the Marines landing.

Then it's all fixed up about your--

Your car?

-Oh, I'm ruined.

-Andy, what's the matter?

-Are you sick?

-Oh, I wish I was sick.

Oh, how I wished I was sick.

Beezy's gone and fallen for another girl.

He said I could have Cynthia.  
The whole deal's off.  
I'm cooked.  
Well, we've gotta do something.  
We gotta talk to Mr. Dugan.  
Come on.  
Come on, Andy.  
Come on.  
All right.  
No 8 bucks, no sports-model  
roadster, my friend.  
Gee, Mr. Dugan, couldn't I--  
You gotta pay for this car  
by tomorrow noon or--  
You're Judge Hardy's son, aren't you?  
Yeah, sort of.  
I'll go to court and get  
an order to show cause.  
And you know what that'll mean.  
Yeah, I--  
I got a rough idea.  
Well, there you are.  
Andy.  
I've only got 60 cents...  
...but I've got a fur jacket, practically new.  
We could pawn it and pay Mr. Dugan.  
But we just can't let this happen.  
Betsy, you're the best friend I ever had,  
but I couldn't let you do that.  
It's-- Well, it's more than a car now.  
Yes, but if I did get the money,  
no one would know.  
I gotta do this myself.  
Dad used to recite me a poem.  
It's all about a tangled web you make  
when you start deceiving people.  
I know what it means now.  
When you do something phony  
and it turns out good, it's still all wrong.  
-Maybe if I explained to your father.  
-No, I've gotta do my own explaining.  
Of course, I never told him any real lies.  
I just can't seem to be able to.  
But, gee, he'll start thinking that sometimes

not actually telling a dozen lies...  
...is worse than really telling one.  
No, I've gotta tell Dad.  
And there's no telling what'll happen.  
Did you want to be alone, Dad?  
No, not at all, not at all.  
Sit down.  
Dad?  
What's an order to show cause?  
In case someone wants to start  
a lawsuit against you...  
...they ask the court to direct you to show  
cause why they shouldn't be granted relief.  
Like being arrested?  
Technically, you're in custody.  
Why this interest in the law?  
Going to follow in your father's footsteps?  
No. A friend of mine got himself mixed up  
in one of them show causes.  
Too bad for your friend.  
-Dad?  
-Yes, Andy?  
I'm in an awful jam.  
Well, that's too bad.  
What's the trouble?  
I.... You see--  
Start from the beginning.  
Well, to tell the truth,  
you're partly to blame for it all.  
I am?  
You and Polly Benedict's grandmother.  
You just tell me how I'm guilty.  
When I asked you for the money  
to get a tuxedo...  
...you gave it to me.  
If you hadn't, I couldn't...  
...go to the dance  
where you had to wear a tuxedo.  
When you wear a tuxedo,  
you gotta take a girl...  
...and you've gotta have a car  
to take her in.  
I see.  
Well, what about Polly Benedict's

grandmother?

She took Polly away for the holidays,  
so I couldn't take her to the dance.

Because I couldn't take Polly,  
I got mixed up with Beezy's girl.

-Beezy's girl?

-Cynthia. The one that's calling all the time.

-Dad, can I talk to you man-to-man?

-That's the way I always want it to be.

Well, man-to-man, Dad, can a guy  
be in love with two girls at once?

Both are estimable young ladies?

Oh, well, we just do a little  
hugging and kissing, Dad.

I mean, good, clean fun,  
just like Polly and me.

Object matrimony?

Matrimony? You don't have to worry.

I'm never gonna get married, ever.

That's a momentous decision.

Well, not at least until I'm middle-aged,  
you know, 25 or 26.

That's a sound idea.

-Dad, I don't understand these modern girls.

-In what way?

Polly, for instance.

Sometimes she won't let you kiss her.

But this Cynthia, she'll let you  
kiss her whenever you want.

She doesn't wanna swim,  
play tennis, go for walks.

All she does is wanna kiss you.

I'm a nervous wreck.

Well, of the two degrees of kissing,  
which seems the most desirable to you?

When you wanna kiss a girl and she won't  
let you, you wanna kiss her all the time.

But this Cynthia....

Do you think it's wrong for a guy not to  
want a girl kissing him all the time?

Well, what would you say?

I don't know.

When I only had three days  
to go around with Cynthia...

...I felt like a free man  
for the first time in weeks.  
Three more days?  
Yeah. I promised I'd date her up for Beezy  
till Christmas, to save her for him.  
For 8 bucks--  
For 8 dollars that I needed for....  
Remember, now, this is man-to-man.  
You'll know anyway tomorrow,  
so I might as well tell you.  
I gave Peter Dugan \$ 1 2 out of my bank  
account for a down payment on a car...  
...and promised to give him  
the remaining \$8 by the 23rd.  
Was this before or after we had  
our little talk about cars?  
Before. I wouldn't have done it after...  
...but I was already stuck  
for the 1 2 bucks-- Dollars.  
And, well, now Beezy isn't gonna  
send me the 8 bucks...  
...and Mr. Dugan's going to your court  
to get an order against me...  
-...and here I am, and I'm sunk.  
-I shall issue the order.  
Mr. Dugan can serve me...  
...and I'll take whatever steps I think  
necessary as proper punishment for you.  
Why, you can't do that!  
You mustn't do that! It isn't human.  
Dad, why do you have to be an old crank,  
way behind the times? This is 1 938!  
You made easy money in Washington.  
I don't see why you can't give me \$8.  
Andrew!  
Come back here.  
All right. Man-to-man.  
You've asked me a question,  
and I'll answer it.  
That money, that unexpected windfall,  
must never be touched.  
-Do you know why?  
-Why?  
That's to guarantee you

a college education...

...so you, your sister and your mother  
will have resources to take care of them...

-...in case I'm not able to.

-In case you lose your job?

No.

But a man doesn't live forever.

Too frequently, I hear of men I went  
to school with that have passed on...

...and I'm shocked to learn  
that they leave boys like you...

...and girls like your sister and wives  
like your mother with nothing, not a penny.

Dad, don't you dare talk about dying.

-We must plan for it.

-I can't stand it.

I can't let myself think about  
you not being here.

All right, Andy.

Do you want into that kind of money...

...or shall we let it all remain in the bank?

Give me a good licking.

I'd rather have that than more talk.

No, that's why I used words  
instead of a slipper on your pants.

Are you feeling all right, Dad?

Yes, I feel all right.

-Have you been to the doctor lately?

-No. What are you--

-Here. I'll get you a pillow.

-No, no. There's nothing wrong with me.

Oh, I understand.

Well, don't you worry.

Barring accidents, I expect to be  
with you for a long time yet.

Maybe you'd better take a tonic.

Once or twice a day.

Maybe you don't get enough sleep.

A little castor oil would do the trick.

No, no, no. There's nothing--

Let's just dismiss our problem.

Remember that your mother  
is a long way from here...

...and she's got a serious



problem all her own.  
Why? Did you get a telegram from her?  
No, but I have a feeling Mother's  
not very happy at this minute.  
Did you get a message...  
...kind of a thought, a telepathy?  
It doesn't matter what you call it.  
After two people have lived as close as  
your mother and me after all these years...  
...you sense things about each other.  
Why don't you send her  
a wire and make sure?  
They haven't any telephone.  
Besides, a telegram is always  
so startling to your mother.  
I'd give anything to let  
her know we're trying to help her.  
I know how we could get word to Mom  
without upsetting her. By using a ham.  
-A ham?  
-A ham outfit. A radio.  
Jimmy MacMahon's got one.  
We could have him--  
Wait a minute. Hold on.  
I don't believe Jimmy MacMahon  
would be very eager to--  
Why not?  
Because he was in your court once?  
Dad, kids don't hold a grudge against old  
folks just because they punish them.  
-No?  
-Certainly not.  
If they did, everybody would be hating  
their father. Which, of course, they don't.  
Don't they, Andy?  
-You ought to know, Dad.  
-Yes, I know, son. I know.  
Tell me, now, what about this Jimmy  
MacMahon's ham? What do we....  
Dad, write the message.  
Soon as he gets it--  
All set? Quiet, please.  
Here we go.  
This is W8XZR calling

CQ, Brigham, Canada.  
W8XZR calling CQ, Brigham, Canada.  
Emergency.  
W8XZR calling anybody  
near Brigham, Canada.  
Okay. Come in, Brigham.  
You mean to tell me that he can--  
He contacts some bird with a  
ham radio near Grandmother's farm...  
...and then this fellow,  
without disturbing anybody...  
...goes and gives the message to Mom.  
-Amazing.  
-There's nothing amazing about it.  
-Kids are doing it all over.  
-We once got a guy in Australia...  
...when the telephone people couldn't find  
him. Relax, because it takes quite a while.  
This is W8XZR calling CQ, Brigham,  
Canada. W8XZR calling CQ, CQ, CQ.  
This is W8XZR calling  
CQ, Brigham, Canada.  
W8XZR calling CQ, Brigham, Canada.  
W8XZR calling CQ, Brigham, Canada.  
Okay, come in, Brigham.  
This is VE3A VS at Brigham, Canada,  
calling W8XZR.  
Got him!  
This is VE3A VS calling W8XZR.  
Come in, W8XZR.  
This is W8XZR.  
Listen, Brigham, get this right.  
Emergency. Will you take down a message  
and get it to the Forrest farm near Brigham?  
No telephone. Sickness, maybe death in the  
place, so don't disturb anybody.  
Take this message.  
This is message number 247.  
To Mrs. James Hardy,  
Forrest farm, Brigham, Canada.

**''Dear Mother:**

Send you all our love and hope and trust.  
We are here praying for you.

God bless and keep you and yours.  
Father, Marian, Andy. ''  
Okay, VE3AVS, come in.  
Okay, W8XZR. Ill report back.  
Stand by.  
There you are, judge.  
There's nothing to do but wait.  
Well....  
I never expected to see  
anything like this in my life.  
You're still alive, Pop,  
and you're seeing it now.  
This is VE3A VS calling W8XZR.  
Here we go.  
VE3A VS calling W8XZR.  
Come in, W8XZR.  
This is W8XZR.  
Go ahead, VE3AVS.  
I got in through the back door  
of the Forrests to cook in kitchen.  
Cook delivered message to Mrs. Hardy.  
Have a message from Mrs. Hardy  
to Judge James Hardy, Carvel.  
Take it down.  
Message number 329  
to Judge James Hardy, Carvel.  
""Darling husband and children:  
Inexpressibly helped by your dear thoughts.  
Grandmother very low.  
We wont know worst...  
...until crisis sometime tonight.  
Hold the good thought...  
...for we need it badly.  
All my love, Mother Hardy. ""  
Okay, W8XZR.  
Is that satisfactory?  
Come in, W8XZR.  
This is W8XZR. More than satisfactory,  
old man. Thanks a million.  
I'll do the same for you sometime.  
Say, who are you?  
How old are you? Where's your place?  
Come on in, VE3AVS.  
Hello, W8XZR.

This is VE3A VS.  
My name is Basil Gordon.  
Im 1 2 and I work on my  
fathers farm near the Forrests.  
And I built this set myself.  
Drop me a QSL card.  
Come in, W8XZR.  
All right, Basil.  
Thanks again.  
So 73 and lots of DX.  
This is W8XZR signing off for the night.  
Twelve years old.  
I wouldn't believe it.  
Well, Dad, boys are good  
for something after all, aren't they?  
Jimmy...  
...I'm going to send a check tomorrow  
for the damage to that tractor.  
And man-to-man, thank you.  
That's all right, judge.  
Thank you.  
And as for that tractor smashup,  
well, I had it coming.  
Heaven only knows what  
this generation has coming.  
-Oh, hello.  
-It's Betsy.  
Excuse me, Judge Hardy.  
I just came over to see how Andy--  
Marian said I could wait here  
until you got back.  
-Where is Marian?  
-Going over the household accounts.  
She can't figure out why food  
costs so much.  
About that other business,  
do whatever you think I deserve.  
I'll tell you what I'm gonna  
do about that, Andrew.  
I'm going down to Peter Dugan's  
place tomorrow morning...  
...and get you your car.  
-Gosh! Thanks, Dad!  
-Andy, you'll have your own car!

Sure! I got my new car!

-Good night, Betsy.

-Good night.

Good night, and thanks again.

It's swell when both fellas think  
the other guy done him a favor.

-''Did.''

-Did. And how.

-Good night, Betsy.

-Good night, Dad.

-Andy.

-Yeah?

What are you going to do  
about your two girls?

Gosh-all hemlock.

I can't take two girls to a dance.

We've gotta figure out how  
to settle things without any trouble.

I wanna take Polly.

She's the best-looking girl in Carvel.

But I can't get rid of Cynthia.

Cynthia's a stunner.

She's gonna wear a sensational dress.

But if I take Cynthia to the dance,  
Polly will never speak to me again.

Andy, what if Cynthia accidentally  
learned about Polly...

-...and Polly about Cynthia?

-Don't even speak it. Then I'd have no girl.

We couldn't have that, could we?

But suppose you found another girl  
that Polly wouldn't be jealous of.

You don't understand.

Sensational girls don't come  
a dime a dozen in Carvel.

Well, does she have to be  
so awfully sensational?

Does she have to be sensational?

To drive up in my new car...

...me in my tuxedo,

to say nothing of the opera hat?

Does she have to be sensational?

I see.

I guess no girl in the world would be

sensational enough for that.

-Good night, Andy.

-Good night, Betsy.

How long does it take for a letter  
to get from Carvel to Chicago and back?

I don't know. It depends  
how quickly it's answered. Why?

Nothing. I was just wondering why Mother  
hadn't answered my last letter.

-Good night, Andy.

-Good night, Betsy.

Polly, if you're still my girl  
after this mess is cleared up...

...I'll never go in for polygamy again.

There's a lot of power,  
but I can't let her out all the way yet.

Yes, I can feel it straining  
at the leash right now.

Wait just a minute, Dad.

I'll get it. I'll get it.

When I put my new radiator cap on,  
we'll go for a long drive.

I think I'd better stay close to the  
house in case there's word from Mother.

It's kind of a tough day before Christmas,  
ain't it-- isn't it?

Especially for Mother.

After that business in the drugstore,  
I had to explain to you.

-Awfully sweet of you.

-You mustn't ever be jealous of me.

Andy's simply thrilled  
he's taking you to the dance.

-He says you're different.

-I don't know.

You have an important  
social position...

...and with a big formal dance, he  
couldn't afford to take you any old way.

Well?

So he bought a car  
so he could bring you in style.

I wish I could be there to see you looking  
gorgeous in a new evening dress...

...driving up with Andy in his own car  
and everybody staring and....

-Have you seen the car?

-Yes. He showed it to me at Dugan's...  
...where he's buying it.

Well, this is Dugan's now.

And here's Andy's car. They've  
got it all fixed up and ready for him.

Does he expect me to ride  
in this junk heap?

Your dress might get dirty, but  
he'll cover the seat with a piece of carpet--

Me, in a thing like this.

Well, I'll have a few words  
to say to Mr. Andrew Hardy.

Of all the nerve. Well!

I've never been so insulted in all my life.

You aren't fit to take a girl out  
who's been used to the very best.

Don't you ever try to see me again,  
Mr. Hardy.

Riding in such a wreck. It's insulting!

Don't ever come to my house again.

And don't you ever try  
to see me again, ever!

If you don't stop hollering, you're liable  
to get big muscles all over your face.

Hey, Betsy! Oh, boy, oh, boy!

What do you think has happened?

-What? Tell me!

-Cynthia won't go to the dance!

That's a shame. She had such  
a sensational evening dress.

We're gonna go and square it with Polly.

I don't think I'd better.

I don't know Polly.

You'd love Polly. I'm sure she'd like you.

Come on, she adores children. Come on.

Come on, Betsy. Come on in.

Hello, Polly.

-I see you got my message.

-Yes.

The butler gave me your message,  
and it was very clear.

Don't be sore at me.

I can explain everything.

If you can explain this,  
you're smarter than I think you are.

Smarter than I thought you were.

Can I come in and talk to you  
for just a minute?

I suppose one can't very well turn  
a former friend from the door.

I only took the other girl out while you were  
away. You weren't gonna be here--

You didn't know until  
the day before I left.

-You gotta be polite to people, don't you?

-Did you take walks with her?

No.

A fellow has gotta have a little exercise.

-Did you put your arm around her?

-No.

Maybe just a little bit.

You-- You kissed her too.

Polly, you make it sound--

I didn't like it. Honest, I didn't...  
...very much.

Don't be mad.

I don't like any other girl except you.

All the time,

I was wishing you were here.

Who's the girl?

I can't tell you, Polly.

Andrew Hardy, you tell me who she is.

Cynthia Potter.

That awful red-headed creature?

-Andy, how could you?

-I don't know, Polly.

I must have been out of my mind,  
but I needed \$8.

Beezy said he'd give it to me  
if I'd date up Cynthia for him.

-What?

-You see, it was only for financial reasons.

For money?

Andrew Hardy, that's the most  
contemptible, the most--



You're nothing but a gigolo.

I never want to see you again  
as long as I live.

Polly!

Polly, wait a minute.

Besides, when I got your message, I made  
a date with a man from New York.

And he's wearing

full dress and a silk hat.

Wait till you see who he is.

Polly.

Well?

She never wants to see me again.

I doubt if Thomas Edison  
himself could have done better.

It's lovely, Dad, but I do think Andrew  
might have helped a little.

He's sitting in, walking around, polishing  
and pouring out his heart to his new car.

But it is about time he came in.

Well, anyway, the tree's done.

Well, why don't you sleep out here...

-...or take the car to bed with you?

-I wouldn't get to sleep anyway, Pop.

I guess I was just too smart  
for myself this time.

First I had two girls and no car,  
and now I got a car and no girl.

There just isn't any justice.

Andrew...

...for years I've been administering justice  
as I thought the guilty ones deserved it.

You'd be surprised at the number  
of people who define justice...

...as something they think  
they'd like to get.

-Why don't you go to the dance alone?

-Stag? No.

The fellows would think I couldn't  
get a girl. I'd be ruined.

I just can't take any girl.

She's gotta be a knockout.

Well, that's not exactly  
a new thought either.

-Well, don't stay out here too long.

-I won't.

Betsy, you've grown up.

Am I sensational?

I'll say.

Andy, even though I'm only a little girl,  
even little girls can see ahead.

I was afraid there might be trouble,  
so I wrote Mother. She always understands.

She's the one that sent me  
this sensational dress.

She said that just once before  
I left Carvel I could be grown-up.

She even sent me a wrap.

That's for the long drive home in the dark...  
...even though I'm not Cynthia.

This will be a world's record! I'm gonna go  
put on my tuxedo and my opera hat.

Maybe I'll shave!

See that it's parked.

And mind the fenders.

Yes, sir.

Tonight's my big night, Andy.

I hope I don't break my neck.

These heels are two inches high...

...and they're killing me.

I'll tell you about that later, Alan.

This is not like the swell shindigs  
in Washington.

There are so many ambassadors,  
any time you do a Big Apple...

...you insult half of Europe.

-I think it's grand.

-Well, it's pretty swell.

Do we seem provincial, Dennis, after all  
the wonderful parties you've played for?

Of course not. I think the party's charming.

Hope they like our music.

-Hello, Andy. How are you?

-Hello, Gene.

-Hi, Andy. How are you?

-Fine.

-Good evening, Andy. Glad to see you.

-Freddy.

Say, that girl, the one in blue.  
I've seen her in New York.  
If you mean that infant trying to look  
grown-up, I don't know...  
-...but she certainly isn't in good company.  
-I'm sure I know her.  
Of course. Martha Booth's daughter.  
Excuse me a moment.  
Pardon me. Aren't you Betsy Booth?  
-Why, yes, I am.  
-Wait a minute. If he's trying to get fresh--  
I beg your pardon,  
but I know Miss Booth.  
Your mom brought you  
to my father's in New York.  
-Who's your father?  
-Caldwell Hunt, the composer. I'm Dennis.  
Dennis Hunt's Harmonists?  
Certainly. You played for me  
to sing your signature song.  
-We had fun.  
-What are you doing out here?  
Just visiting.  
Help me start the party with a bang.  
Come sing.  
-This is a dance.  
-It'll be better when Betsy warms it up.  
-Come on, Betsy, and sing for us.  
-All right. Excuse me, Andy.  
Betsy, a lot of my friends are here.  
Do you think you've practiced enough?  
She'll be a sensation.  
I've always wanted you  
to hear me sing, Andy.  
-I'd love to.  
-Swell.  
Ladies and gentlemen.  
I know it's not Christmas  
till midnight...  
...but here's a present for  
everybody that just has to be opened.  
Miss Betsy Booth, daughter of that famous  
musical comedy star Martha Booth.  
Miss Booth, by special request...

...my own special request...  
...will sing for us  
'It Never Rains But What It Pours.'  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
as a gesture of our appreciation...  
...I suggest Miss Booth  
be invited to lead the grand march.  
I'll lead with the gentleman  
who brought me.  
Certainly. Who is he?  
Mr. Andrew Hardy.  
May I have the honor, Mr. Hardy?  
You're doggone tooting you can!  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
your partners for the grand march.  
-I have a splitting headache.  
-I'm terribly sorry.  
-I'll take you home.  
-No, you have to stay.  
Carl will take me home.  
It was grand.  
What's the matter, Andy?  
Wasn't I sensational enough?  
You were the most terrific, marvelous,  
sensational girl that ever lived.  
Well, what's the matter?  
I don't know.  
I do.  
It's Polly.  
We'll pick up your Christmas present  
on the way home...  
...so you can open it in the morning.  
Yes, Andy.  
Here you are. Merry Christmas,  
and thanks a million for tonight.  
I'll bring yours over first thing  
in the morning.  
No. You've done too much  
for me already.  
Hello, Betsy.  
Hello, Andy.  
-Hi.  
-Hello.  
Well, children.

I was just leaving my presents.  
I just brought Betsy in for her present.  
Anything happen yet, Dad?  
No, no. Still no word from Mother.  
Gee.  
Well, it's after 1 2:00.  
It's Christmas.  
Merry Christmas to you, Marian...  
-...Andy, Betsy.  
-Merry Christmas, Dad.  
-Merry Christmas.  
-Merry Christmas.  
A heck of a Christmas this is!  
-A telegram.  
-I'll get it!  
Mom!  
Andy, baby!  
-Merry Christmas!  
-Mother!  
-Mom!  
-Oh, darling.  
Hello, honey.  
Why, Emily, how could you--?  
What happened?  
-Didn't you get my telegram?  
-Telegram?  
-Did you send one?  
-Why, of course.  
Mother came through  
her crisis with flying colors.  
I left Milly in charge and came  
home for Christmas by airplane.  
What? You, in an airplane  
all the way from Brigham at night?  
Why, of course. I loved it.  
Okay, everybody's crazy.  
What was it you said about a telegram?  
Oh, James. Isn't that just like me?  
I forgot to send it from the airport.  
Oh, dear. My fingers are all thumbs.  
Here it is.  
I wouldn't be surprised if Grandma  
isn't sitting up tomorrow.  
-Merry Christmas, my dear.

-Yes, sir! It's a Merry Christmas.  
Merry Christmas!  
Merry Christmas, Betsy!  
Merry Christmas, Andy! Don't you worry  
about Polly. Everything's gonna be just fine.  
Yeah.  
Oh, yeah.  
Hello.  
-What do you want?  
-I came to wish you a Merry Christmas.  
Merry Christmas.  
That's not a very nice way to say it.  
Andy, I just found out that  
Mr. Hunt is Polly's cousin.  
Cousin! Yeah?  
Oh, well, then I'm glad to know you, bud.  
Andy, will you drive me over--  
-I didn't know you were busy.  
-I'm Dennis Hunt, Polly's cousin.  
-I'm Marian Hardy, Andrew's sister.  
-Andy seems to be busy right now.  
-Let me give you a ride.  
-It's too much trouble.  
On the contrary.  
It can be your present to me.  
-Oh, Mr. Hunt.  
-Come on. Shall we go?  
I said some nasty things yesterday.  
I'm sorry.  
Nothing you ever said meant a thing.  
I mean....  
Well, I guess I better  
go and unpack my presents.  
It was sweet of you to come  
talk to me this morning, Betsy.  
You mean Betsy squared everything?  
Gee, Betsy, you're the swellest girl....  
I didn't do anything.  
You just had some troubles.  
I sure did. Anybody else had my troubles  
wouldn't have figured a way out.  
Sure. You gotta be smart to get into  
as much trouble as Andy does.  
Betsy, I'll never be able to

thank you enough for last night...  
...the radiator gadget, you wanting  
to pawn your coat, Polly--  
No, Andy.  
I've gotta thank you.  
You know what I'm gonna do? Write an  
Andy Hardy page in my memory book...  
...and read it every day for five years...  
...because on account of you  
I was grown-up for one night.  
Just like Cinderella.  
With an evening dress...  
...and high heels  
and leading a grand march.  
You see, Andy, now I know how wonderful  
life's gonna be when I'm 18.  
And you did it all.  
Well...  
...so long.  
-You're not mad at me anymore, Polly?  
-Not if you'll tell me one thing.  
What's that?  
Did you like kissing Cynthia  
better than kissing me?  
Well...  
...it's been so long since I kissed you  
that I....  
Well, what about Cynthia now?  
Cynthia was just one of the errors  
of my childhood...  
...but you, Polly....  
[ENGLISH]