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Miracle in the Rain

By Ben Hecht

Champion of all the cities of the Earth
is the towering golden city of New York.
It looms higher
than any town of man before.
Within its giant walls and steel sinews
are more enterprises, more people...
...more mystery and more music
than were ever known before.
Its windows are like the leaves
of a mighty forest.
And its streets are filled with wonder.
Our story begins on a spring morning
in May, 1942...
...as the people of this remarkable city...
...start to live and work another day.

- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Good morning, Grace.
- Good morning, Ruthie.
- Good morning, Monty.
- Good morning.

Here's the situation
for the present moment.
In order for us to get
our fleet into action...
...we have to get ahold
of a couple more of island bases.
Once we grab off those islands,
we let go with our fleet...
...and we run them off the oceans.

Nothing can stop us.

- Monty.
- In a minute, please.

Run out and buy some stamps.

We don't have enough.

- Now, you take the Coral Sea...
- Here is \$5. Go to the post office.

I don't want anybody monkeying around
with this map.

- I bought you new ribbon.
- Oh, thank you.
- Monty can put it in for you. Monty.
- I've got too much on my mind.

Listen, do you think you can go

to the movies after work?
Oh, I don't think so.
I have to stay with Mother.
Why didn't you talk to your neighbor,
Mrs. What's-Her-Name?
Mrs. Hamer?
Her arthritis is bothering her.
She doesn't think
she can climb the stairs.
- But you can tell me about it tomorrow.
- It's more fun seeing it with somebody.
I'm going shopping at noon.
There's a food sale on at Macy's.
Maybe I won't go either. Paper says rain.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
What do you people do,
sleep in this place?
The boss in yet?
Mr. Jalonik has not yet arrived, Amelia.
As if she didn't know it.
Are you still here?
I told you to get the stamps.
It's about time this one-horse company
broke down and bought a mailing machine.
I could have had another cup of coffee.
Believe you me, I need it.
I had just four hours' sleep.
Hi, slaves.
I'm tackling Poughkeepsie today.
- How about a little dinner this eve?
- Please, Mr. McGuire.
You know perfectly well I'm occupied.
Fella's gotta keep punching.
Ruth, honey, would you help me out
on this pile of entries?
I'm on one cylinder today.
I will if I have time.
- Good morning, ladies.
- Good morning.
- Any calls?
- Your wife called a few minutes ago.
Thank you.
Oh, Miss Kranz,

may I see you for a moment?

Lucky I didn't stop by your place
this morning.

She keeps on your trail
like a bloodhound.

Look, we gotta get organized.

This is no good.

You're the big boss.

I called you three times last night.

No answer. Is that nice?

What am I supposed to do?

Sit home like a bump on a log
while you're home reading...

okay, forget it. I'll figure something out.

You're an executive.

You tell Ruth to come in here
and bring her pad.

Sure. What about dinner?

- I'll make arrangements.

- Okay.

Now, get Mrs. Jalonik for me, please.

- Mrs. Jalonik.

- Hello, Joan?

I just got in. I understand you called.

What's up?

No, absolutely not. No company.

If I'm home, I'm home. If I'm not, I'm not.

I can't anticipate.

As a matter of fact, I'll probably be tied up
until after dinner.

No, no.

No, I'm not in the least angry, honey.

Sure.

Yeah, call me anytime.

I'll be right with you, Ruth.

- Good night.

- Good night, Ruth.

Wow, look at her go.

Like a pack of horses
coming down the home stretch.

You know, that sort of thing
makes the town look almost human.

Oh, there's nothing so good
as a real rain.

Except maybe a blizzard.

Listen to her.

I'd be out walking in her right now

if I had any place to go.

Maybe that's the best time

to walk in the rain...

...when you got nowhere to go.

If you want, you can figure

you're cast away on a jungle island...

...with nothing

and nobody around you but rain.

Think how surprised you'd be if you were

cast away on a jungle island for 10 weeks...

...you suddenly saw a girl

standing beside you.

You know,

this isn't gonna let up for hours.

What do you say we walk out and soak?

I can put your bundles under my coat

and they won't get wet. Here, give me.

Okay. Come on. Alley-oop.

I bet there's a bus coming.

You wanna catch it?

Yes.

Well, we're off the jungle island now...

...afloat on a raft, which I knocked together

with some homemade nails.

Do you have any idea

where we're heading?

- I'm going home.

- I figured that.

You got a ma or pa or something?

- My mother's at home.

- Oh, that's wonderful.

Let's get down to brass tacks.

My name is Private Art Hugenon...

...and I'm from Tennessee,

only I don't speak it.

I've been in town two days on a pass...

...and have, to an extent,

exhausted most points of interest...

...including the famous street corners...

...the top of the Empire State Building

and the zoo.

What's your name?

- Ruth Wood.

- Ruth Wood.

Ruthie, I can tell by looking at you
that you're a girl a man can trust.

You know, a fella has to be pretty careful
in a town like this, particularly a soldier.

Tell you what, I'm inviting you and your ma
to have dinner with me tonight.

This stuff will keep till tomorrow.

My mother never goes out.

And you have to go home
every night for dinner?

Yes.

Well, then we'll dine at your house.

You mean, you?

Look at the rain now,
it's turning somersaults.

What's that hidden under there?

Corned beef. Fresh.

- You like some bologna? It's a good...

- No bologna.

- We'll have a pound of corned beef.

- Oh, the corned beef is good.

- We got enough already.

- A pound of fresh corned beef.

- Ninety-five cents.

- Oh, a bargain.

You don't know
the powerful appetite I have.

Especially on a rainy night.

Do you have any cake on hand?

I got this and nothing else.

- Sold.

- The whole thing?

In toto, ma'am.

What's that hidden in here?

Oh, that's cheese.

We have enough, really.

- Good cheese.

- The finest I ever saw.

We'll take a sizeable chunk.

There was a man in Nashville
who used to collect cheeses.

About that size would be fine.

What is that I see

lurking in the shadows?

We've struck gold. Beer.

Hello, Mama.

- Won't you come in?

- Thank you.

- This is my mother.

- I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs. Wood.

How do you do?

I hope you don't mind the invasion.

Excuse me.

I'll just dump the groceries in here

and clean up if you don't mind.

No.

I never knew

that people in New York had homes.

I always thought they lived in elevators.

You fix everything up

and I'll grab a shave, if I may.

- All right. The bathroom's right over there.

- Oh, thanks.

I always carry my own razor.

- Makes me socially independent.

- The other door.

Oh, yes.

Excuse me. I was on the right trail.

- Did Mrs. Hamer look in, Mama?

- No.

Who's he?

Well, his name is Art Hugenon.

He's a soldier.

- You shouldn't have...

- Mama.

- You shouldn't have encouraged him.

- I didn't encourage him, Mama.

- Please be nice.

- I've told you and I've told you...

- But he's nice.

- What do you know how nice they are?

Yes, nice, nice,

till they meet someone else.

Mama, I'm home now.

Now, you go and sit down.

We have a surprise for you.

Ruthie?

Ruthie?

I seem to be all out of shaving soap.

Is there any on the premises?

No.

Wait. Just a minute.

What are you doing?

You mustn't touch those things.

Mama, you sit down and rest.

The whole thing is advertising
and propaganda. Shaving, I mean.

The razor-blade people
made whiskers a social crime.

Bet there's not a dozen beards left
in our republic.

I don't know if these are any good.

- They're awfully old.

- Oh, thanks.

I couldn't do better
at the Waldorf-Astoria.

So I said to Aunt Sarah, "Auntie," I said,
"I'm not designed for farm work.

There's no call in me to wrestle
with the Tennessee soil."

That's Sarah Hugenon, my father's sister.

- A sort of cow-and-chicken tyrant.

- Here, I'll do that.

Almost six feet in her stockings
when she stoops to wearing them.

Chiefly at funerals. Chews tobacco too.

With a voice you can hear
halfway across the county.

She sounds very different.

She used to chase me through the house
swinging a broom over my head.

- She didn't.

- Yeah.

Never caught me, though.

She didn't want to.

- I'll wash, you wipe.

- Oh, no, I can do this afterwards.

No.

I can't tell you much about my folks.

I was too little to remember them
when they drowned.

What I remember most of
was my mother laughing.

Oh, she always laughed.

Aunt Sarah claims I take after her.

Same irresponsible type.

Your mother used to laugh?

Oh, that's wonderful.

Well, I'm bogging down on my saga.

Where was I?

- About Aunt Sarah and the farm.

- Oh, Aunt Sarah and the farm, yes.

So I said to Aunt Sarah one day,

"Auntie," I said:

"Every time I hear one of our cows moo,
she seems to be saying:

'Avaunt, Arthur.

This rustic life is not for you.'"

So I avaulted.

Didn't Aunt Sarah

object to you going away?

She gave me \$300 and ran me off the farm
as if I were a federal agent.

Act 2:

Police card in pocket...

...unfinished manuscripts

in the hall bedroom...

...and owner of a set of Joseph Conrad.

Still wanna do the dishes by yourself?

- Well, I think I'd better.

- You win.

Sorry.

I hope it won't disturb you, Mrs. Wood,
if I hang around a while.

When do you have to leave?

I'll have to catch the 9:45 at Camp Shanks,
that haven for tired youths.

Oh, the rain is letting up.

That's too bad.

I always like rain.

But I'm gonna like it more than ever
for introducing us.

It's only a wrong number. It always is.
Hello? Who?
No, there's no one here
by that name. No.
- Who plays? You?
- No, it's my father's piano.
Nobody's touched it since he went away.
A long time, huh?
Yes, it's been a long time.
The idle music box
with a cobweb for a song.
Isn't that awful?
I started under Professor Mike o'Toole,
Nashville's favorite bartender.
- He liked ballad... Do you like ballads?
- Oh, yes.
I'm afraid it's a little out of tune.
You'll never tell it from my playing.
We'll sing together.
What songs do you know?
Oh, I don't know any songs.
Do you know what?
You remind me of a poem.
Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains
You got any music?
I'm a pianist who needs notes, easy ones.
Well, there's some in the bench.
They're my father's.
He used to play in an orchestra,
pit band in the theater.
Is that so? Is this his?
Yes, he used to write songs too.
- No. Just the music, huh? No words.
- No.
Well, let's see what this sounds like.
- Is that the way it went?
- Oh, I really don't remember.
It's pretty good.
It's a good tune.
Do you mind if I smuggle this
into Camp Shanks?
I've got a buddy there in charge

of the band, a real professional.
Dixie Dooley by name.
He might help put a lyric to it.
- Do you mind?
- No, you could take it along with you.
Oh, that's wonderful.
Come on, sit down and we'll play.
I've got a whole hour.
But I'll tell you something.
I wish it was an hour and a half.
Hey, here's an old one Aunt Sarah
used to favor when she was in her cups.
I always liked rain.
But I'm gonna like it even more
for introducing us.
I'm terribly fond of rain
myself, Mr. Hugenon.
Are you really?
Oh, yes, it's utterly enchanting.
I'm very partial to snow too.
Isn't it wonderful
how beautiful nature can be?
That's because you have a poetical soul,
Miss Wood.
I suppose I have.
Because I'm terribly fond of sunsets
and things like that.
Sunrises, you know, and moonlights...
...and, of course, I adore the stars.
Stars and...
I don't know what you want me along for.
He certainly didn't ask to have me along.
- Well, I couldn't go with him alone.
- Why not?
Well, I don't know. I just couldn't.
I don't see how you can tell soldiers apart.
They all look alike.
Ruth, there's nobody to feed my birds.
Oh, you said yourself
it wouldn't hurt them. Please.
Well...
...there's no use
in breaking your neck looking.
He probably won't appear.

You know how soldiers are.

Hi, I got lost,
that's why I wasn't here ahead of time.
I'd like you to meet Miss Ullman.
Art Hugenon.

- I'm glad to meet you, Miss Ullman.

- How do you do?

Well, I guess I better be running along.

Nothing doing. I got three tickets.

I don't wanna waste one.

- You didn't know.

- I know everything.

Come on, the theater's one block north
and turn two to the left.

- Oh, Grace, look, there she is.

- Oh, yes, she was very good.

This is where he comes back.

Remember his friend, Bumpy?

He said, "I'm so hungry,

I could eat a horse."

And the waiter brought the horse.

I nearly died.

- Ladies, looking for somebody?

- Oh, thank you, Mr. Hugenon.

- I've had a lovely time.

- I enjoyed it very much.

Well, shall we?

This is the wrong way.

I go in that direction.

- What for?

- So I can take the subway.

It takes me out

blocks from my home.

I go this way. It's been

a very great pleasure, Mr. Hugenon.

- Goodbye, Ruth.

- You can't cut and run like this.

The sun isn't even down yet.

We've got a whole evening

till the clock strikes 9:45.

- Well, my mother's waiting.

- A few hours won't matter, will they?

I've reserved a table in a restaurant

that Dixie Dooley says is the best.

And what's more,
I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse.
I have 70 to 120. I have 70 to 120.
Eighteen dollars, anybody?
All done.
Sold for \$17.
Madam, you've got yourself a bargain.
- Those auctions, I wouldn't go near them.
- I've never been to an auction.
There's no real danger.
Come on in, it's fun.
- Come right in.
- Oxblood vases.
Imported from the palaces of China.
Do I hear \$50?
All right.
We'll start the bidding with \$25.
Who will bid 25 for these treasures
out of the Ming dynasty of China?
Twenty-five, anybody?
Twenty-five. All done.
Sam, put these genuine oxblood vases
back on the shelf.
We seem to have a lot deaf
and dumb art lovers this evening.
Hand me 77.
Here you are, folks.
Seventy-seven,
the luckiest number in the world.
And we have here something special.
A genuine Roman coin.
Folks, this priceless antique was dug up
from the tomb of a cruel caesar.
"Titus Flavius vespasian, imperator,"
meaning "emperor."
Why, folks,
think of what this coin has seen.
If it could only talk...
...it would tell you the story
of the Roman emperors, all of them.
Now, I'm going to offer this museum piece
tonight at your own price.
Now, what am I bid
for this bit of fabled metal?

I wanna buy it.
- It's no good. It's all a swindled.
- No, it isn't.
Will somebody start the bidding?
Do I hear a bid
for this memento of a dead world?
- Do I hear a bid?
- Two dollars.
Two dollars? I am bid \$2
for this priceless antique.
Now folks, I want 5.
I have 2 and I want 5.
Four dollars, anybody?
I have 2, I want 4. Two, I want 4.
Folks, I know you came in from outside
to rest your tired dogs...
...but this is ridiculous.
Now, I have 2, I want 3.
I have 2, I want 3.
All done?
Sold for 2 dollars.
Or should I say, "Given away."
Now, folks, I want you to study this clock
I have in my hand.
A genuine Louis Xlv
made in Paris by hand.
This is more than just a timepiece,
it's a genuine work of art.
As long as I've been an auctioneer,
and that is for 25 years...
...I have never beheld
a more beautiful object.
This looks quite antique.
It really does say "Titus Flavius vespasian."
He was a Roman emperor all right.
I wonder if it's real.
You never can tell about Roman coins.
Whatever made you buy it?
I really don't know.
All of a sudden, I got the strangest impulse
and I just had to have it.
- It's for you.
- Oh, no.
Well, that's what the impulse was,

to get it for you. Please take it.
My first gift from a lady.
Not counting Aunt Sarah.
Thanks, Ruthie.
I'm gonna punch a hole in it and wear it
around my neck as a lucky piece.
A French restaurant.
Dixie said I couldn't miss it.
He's mad. Look it,
there are millions of French restaurants.
- Well, there's one. Chez Robert.
- No.
No, I don't think Robert is French.
Is it?
You've gotta say "Robert,"
then it's French.
Well, it looks like a nice place.
But it doesn't sound right.
Wait a minute.
I wrote it down on a piece of paper.
That's my trouble. In a crisis,
my memory always turns into a sieve.
Well, couldn't we go someplace else?
Oh, no, you can't double cross a restaurant
after you make a reservation.
Can you imagine,
the fella even spelled it out for me.
All I remember is he had a French accent.
Oh, here it is.
Caf Normandy, that must be it.
- It certainly sounds French.
- It's the best food in town.
Dixie said they make a French pancake
that's worthy of the Nobel Prize.
Good evening.
I beg your pardon, sir.
Could I talk to you
just a minute, monsieur?
The name is Art Hugenon
and I have a reservation for two.
But I'd appreciate it
if you'd crowd a third chair up, monsieur.
- You have reservation?
- That's right.

- What is your name?

- Hugenon.

- Hugenine?

- Correct.

If it's of any interest, I had a great-grandfather who was a French count.

- You are French count?

- Oh, not me, my great-grandfather.

Oh, I guess your grandfather is here to sit down.

- Demetrius.

- You know Dixie Dooley, don't you?

"Dixie Dooley"? What is that?

He said you had the best French pancakes in New York.

Who said that?

I tell you what I'll do. I'll match you.

Heads, I get my reservation...

...tails, you throw me

and my great-grandfather out into the snow.

- This your grandfather?

- Yes, on my father's side.

- Houligani?

- Correct.

Please wait.

You got a reservation for somebody Hukanof?

- No.

- No reservation?

We don't take reservations on Saturday night, you know that.

It's a nice sort of, very mixed up, out-of-town, you know, with his girl.

- Friend of yours.

- Sure, good friend.

Okay.

- There's a booth. I'll hold it.

- Good.

- Come in.

- Hello, mademoiselles.

Come on.

- This way, please.

- Thank you very much.

I thought for a minute that was your

father's song that fellow was playing.

I guess all those songs sound alike
till you get to know them. Thank you.

He's kind of a crazy fellow,
that maitre d', wasn't he?

- Hey, Andy.

- Be right with you, Harry.

I'll have that shot of rye, huh.

What's the matter, Harry?

You look a little pale.

- It finally happened.

- What?

One more, huh.

I've been waiting for it to happen
for years.

- Two Scotch and water.

- Coming right up.

- Bad news?

- Oh, no, no. My daughter, Ruth.

- Ruth Wood.

- Oh, what about her?

She finally came in.

I've been watching the doors for years
in all the joints I've ever played in.

- Did she see you?

- No, I'm safe.

- What do you mean you're safe?

- One more, huh.

Nixed. Now go on in there
and say hello, Harry.

- Do you good.

- Oh, no.

Times I've started to say hello
to both of them...

...I got as far as the house
and just stood there.

Come on, last one. This is an occasion.

- You never went in, huh?

- No, impossible.

They hate me too much, both of them.

Come on, you could be wrong.

Women forgive a fella a lot of times.

No, not me. Not after what I did.

I'll never forget the screams

she let out over the phone.
Her ma, I mean.
She's a nice-looking young woman.
- Well, go on in there and say hello.
- Oh, no, I'd just spoil her fun.
Look, Andy, do me a favor, will you?
Tell the boss I had to leave.
Not feeling too good.
- Okay.
- I'll be on deck tomorrow.
Hey, wait a minute. Which one is it?
See you tomorrow.
Shall we order French pancakes?
Can you keep a secret?
- We're in the wrong restaurant.
- Oh, are you sure?
Definitely. No dance floor.
Dixie Dooley said there was a dance floor
with a blue spotlight on it.
- Well, maybe we better go.
- No, no.
- We haven't got a reservation.
- And Normandy is very popular.
I'm surprised they gave us a table.
That's my lucky piece working.
A genuine Roman coin.
All I have to do is wish for something
and presto. Now, watch.
I'm gonna strain his powers
to the utmost and wish for a waiter.
- You wish to order something now?
- Yes, thank you, just a minute.
Well, are you convinced? A real waiter.
Let's return to the world of reality.
How about some drinks first?
Well, no, thank you. I don't care for any.
- Miss Ullman?
- Oh, no, not for me either.
Three Bacardi cocktails,
two on the sweet side.
Yes, sir.
Three Bacardi's, two a little sweet.
Do me a favor, would you? Ask that
piano player if he'll play that tune again.

- The last one he played a few minutes ago.
- I'm sure he'd be glad to.
I don't drink, really.
Oh, they're just for show.
You sip and hold them.
It will endear us to the management.
How'd you like the way
my magic coin worked?
Oh, it didn't really.
Try it. Wish for something. Wish hard.
Well, I...
I don't know what to wish for.
It's no good, then. You have to want
something with your heart, then it happens.
You see anything you like to eat?
Well, everything is so expensive.
Lou Gehrig, the home-run king...
...made a habit of eating here
when he was alive.
- Where does it say that?
- Oh, I just thought of it.
Grace knows everything about New York.
It's a hobby.
I read all the columnists,
they're very informative.
Imagine, sirloin steak, \$2.50 for one.
- How much is three times 2.50?
- Seven dollars and fifty cents.
We're all right.
Oh, here's one for a \$1.25.
Steak la Salisbury.
It's a trap.
You'll wind up with hamburger.
I like hamburger.
Know what happens when you order
hamburger in a place like this?
A sneer sweeps through the entire place.
The sweet ones for the ladies.
The piano player's gone,
but we got an accordionist.
She plays beautifully.
Oh, thanks.
- You wanna take our order now?
- Oh, yes, sir.

We'll have three sirloin steaks, medium,
three coffees and three lemon...

- How do you stand a lemon chiffon pie?

- Oh, I like it very much.

- No soup first or a little herring?

- Not tonight.

Oh, I'll bring you something nice.

- No extra charge.

- Oh, thank you.

Are the drinks sweet enough?

Oh, yes they're fine, I think.

It tastes very well.

- I got a son in the Army, your age.

- Well, it's a big Army.

I've not heard from him five months.

They're pretty slow delivering
those letters from over there now.

He volunteered the first week
for paratroopers.

I said, "Well, what do you want
to be a jumper for?"

So he tells me, "Pop, you might as well
know my secret. I never liked walking."

Three streaks, medium.

I'll bring you the best we got.

Here's to your son.

May he always land in clovers.

His name is Freddie, thanks.

I'm sorry about
there being no dance floor.

Oh, that's all right. I don't dance.

I haven't danced since I left Sheboygan.

That's in Wisconsin.

- I've heard.

- I used to live there on Highland Avenue.

That is Mayor James Walker's picture
up there on the wall.

Oh, he was very popular.

I saw him in a parade once.

He waved at me.

Is that true about you not dancing?

Yes, except in high school.

We had several dances then.

- Didn't your boyfriends complain?

- My boyfriends?
- I didn't have any.
- Ma'am, I don't believe you.
A girl as pretty as you?
Miss Ullman, I turn to you for the truth
about Ruthie's boyfriends.
In Sheboygan, there was a boy
named William Stoeffle and he and I...
I'm sorry, I was just remembering.
I feel like the show this afternoon
is still going on.
It is, only you've been promoted
to the heroine.
Come on, take a bow.
Well, this is where I live.
I'd ask you up but it's very late.
So it is. It is after 8:00.
I enjoyed myself very much,
Mr. Hugenon.
It was exceedingly kind of you
to take me along. Good night.
Buenas noches, seorita. My sombrero
sweeps the ground at your feet.
See you tomorrow, Ruthie.
No, I mean Monday.
I don't remember
my father being unhappy.
Sometimes he objected the way she dressed
or kidded her about her funny old hats.
There was nothing really wrong
as far as I knew.
It all happened in a minute.
One night we were waiting
for him to come home for dinner...
...and the phone rang.
I answered it and he said,
"Ruth, let me speak to your mother."
And his voice sounded sort of sad or sick
so I gave her the phone.
And then he said... I heard this part.
- He said, "Hello, Agnes."
He said, "I'm calling to tell you
that I'm not coming home anymore.
You'll never see me again.

It has to be this way."

And he hung up.

That's a pretty awful thing to hear.

Yes, she couldn't take it. It was...

Well, I don't know if I should tell you this.

Nobody knows except Mrs. Hamer

and the doctor but she tried to kill herself.

And you've had to stand guard

ever since.

Well, it comes back every once in a while

if she gets too lonely.

Poor lady.

I'm glad I told you, though, because

if she says anything wrong about men...

...you'll know it's nothing personal.

Sometimes she stays up all night

talking about how horrible men are.

She doesn't want you

to get hurt as she did.

Well, she keeps waiting for my father to call
every time the phone rings.

He'll call, you'll see.

After all these years? No.

After a hundred years. But it'll ring again.

- Why do you say that?

- Oh, I don't know. It's just the way I feel.

You know, I really don't understand you.

Except that you are very kind.

I left my mother's dinner in the ice box.

I hope Mrs. Hamer remembered.

Mama?

Mama, are you all right?

Did you eat anything?

I wasn't hungry.

I'm never hungry

when I have to eat alone.

Mama, I'm sorry.

I thought Mrs. Hamer would come up.

I just won't rely on her anymore.

All she makes is promises,

nothing but promises.

- I'll only be a minute.

- Oh, that's all right.

- You must be starved.

- Thank you.
It really isn't late, Mama.
It's not quite 9.
Remember the last time I went
with Miss Ullman, it was after 10:30.
Of course, it's all right.
Oh, I'm glad you're home.
I feel better.
Now, you eat something.
I better run now.
Oh, do you have to go?
Yes, catch the 9:45.
Thanks a lot for a wonderful day.
Oh, thank you.
Thank you for such a nice time, Art.
- I'll be here at 10 sharp tomorrow morning.
- Well, I... I don't really know if...
Yes, I'd be very happy
to have you call tomorrow.
Good, we'll have
the whole Sunday together.
- That is, if it's all right with you.
- Oh, yes, it's all right.
- Well, good night, Ruthie.
- Good night.
Good night, Mrs. Wood.
- Good night.
- Good night.
I feel all right today.
No pains and nothing.
Tomorrow, it'll be awful.
That's how the arthritis works.
It's a terrible thing.
Beautiful.
Only you ought to have a pink sash
with a bow in the back.
Well, he'll be here soon.
I'll have to hurry.
I put four bottles of beer in the ice box,
Mrs. Hamer.
Please don't drink it all at once.
- Put some perfume on.
- I will.
And there's plenty of dinner and supper

in the ice box for Mama and for you too.

It's 11:

Lousy fellow, they're all alike.
I wouldn't give a nickel for them.
You go ahead, go.
Go by yourself. He ain't coming.
You heard about Mrs. Feasley
of the fourth floor.
She got a telegram from the war.
Her husband's missing.
Cheered her up.
I told her, "I know them husbands.
He ain't missing.
He just don't want to come home."
Now, go on, go to the picture show
and have some fun.
What's the matter with you
all of a sudden?
What are you looking at her so funny for?
I told you and told you,
they're all the same.
All they want is to hurt you.
But you wouldn't listen to me.
So now it's happened again,
to you this time.
To you, Ruth.
Don't get excited. It's the milkman.
I'm sorry. I had to fight my way up to the
colonel to get a pass. Took me two hours.
Did Dixie Dooley telephone,
tell you I'd be late?
- No, he didn't.
- Moth-eaten turkey, I told him to telephone.
I couldn't leave my place in line.
For some dopey reason, they've
tightened up on passes. Sunday too.
- It's all right now.
- How are you doing, Mrs. Wood?
- Hello.
- Oh, this is Mrs. Hamer, Mr. Hugenon.
I know the name already,
heard it 50 times.
Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Hamer.

- How is your arthritis?

- Thanks.

Oh, these are for you, Mrs. Wood.

And one for you, Mrs. Hamer.

- For me? What for?

- Yes.

- Well...

- oh, give it to me.

Thank you.

I'll put them in the water.

- It was nice of them to give you the pass.

- I had to lie like a doormat thief.

Luckily, the colonel turned out
to be from Alabama.

"My old pappy," I said to him,

"has come up to see me, sir.

He's on his last legs, lying bedridden
in a lonely Yankee hotel."

I run a tear from a colonel
and a 10-hour pass.

- I'm glad.

- Well, I don't know where to begin.

- Have you been outside yet?

- No.

It is day made out of diamonds.

Everybody's walking three inches
above the sidewalk.

Let's get this over with first.

Oh, you've written words
to my father's music.

Dixie and I sat up for four hours.

I couldn't use any of his suggestions.

You know, he wrote a hit a few years ago
called "Let's Go Bongo in the Congo."

He wants to make this a sequel.

"Let's Take the Congo out of Bongo."

- It was like collaborating with an eager-azi.

- I couldn't find nothing else.

- Oh, Mrs. Hamer.

- Very original.

Oh, you're a nice-looking young fellow.

Why do you want to go
get killed in the war for?

Oh, that's no good.

Stay home. I'm telling you.

- I'll think it over.

- Mrs. Hamer, you mustn't talk like that.

Oh, I'm an old lady, I can talk how I like.

Well, here we go.

Music by Harry Wood.

Words by Art Hugenon.

A little number entitled

"I'll Always Believe in You."

Come on and sing.

Isn't it wonderful

the way the grass smells?

The music of the spheres.

Oh, I thought that was up there.

It's a traveling orchestra

who plays everywhere.

Art, look from here.

The people moving round and round

as if they heard the music too.

I've never known it like this before.

The park and everything.

It seems like some strange place

I've never been before.

I was worried this morning

that you wouldn't come.

- It was very upsetting.

- No faith in the fella, huh?

Well, I hardly know you, really.

That's when you gotta have faith,

when you hardly know something.

Take those people.

They're all full of faith.

You can tell by the mere fact

that they're walking in the park, smiling.

They have faith

that the forces of gravity won't change...

...and send the world tumbling on its ear

and that the sun won't stop warming them.

Okay, doll, give me your best look.

Just a little on this side.

Perfect, Arleen.

Now give me a little more smile.

Hold it. Got it.

Say, buddy, you mind doing me a favor?

- You know how these things work?

- Sure.

It's set for light and speed.

All you do is get the image.

- I've used one of those.

- Would you take one of us together?

Sure. Excuse me, Ruth.

Arleen and I are on a honeymoon.

We just had our wedding breakfast.

- Gilbert, please.

- What's wrong with being married?

It's the one thing

which has the full approval of society.

- Am I right, buddy?

- Yes, you're absolutely right.

Just get the image centered.

Now it won't look like you spent
your honeymoon alone in Central Park.

- I got some film left. Take a few more.

- Okay.

Don't look up in the tree, honey,
look at me.

Would you take a picture of her
sitting on my knee?

Sure.

Okay.

Thanks.

- Name's Gil Parker.

- Art Hugenon.

- Meet the bride, Arleen Witchy.

- How do you do?

You may have heard of her.

- The name sounds a little familiar.

- The Garden of Bali, 52nd Street.

- Oh, yes, of course.

- He knows you.

I bet you looked at her picture plenty.

The life-size one on the outside.

That's something, ain't it?

That's how we became acquainted.

I couldn't rest

till I met the original inside.

All I can say now,

is that that picture ain't nothing.

- Gilbert, please.

- You got nothing to be ashamed about.
You're married now. Keep that in mind.
In fact, I'm her second husband.
You might have read about her first trip
to the altar a year ago.
No, I'm afraid I missed it.
Yeah, William Rylander Borden,
the millionaire with the horses.
He married her after whirlwind courtship.
Took her out to the family estate
on Long Island, right?

- Port Tuckett.

- Port Tuckett.

Well, William's mother takes one look
at the bride and says, "Get out of here."
She recognized me from my photographs.
So Arleen beat it, sued for annulment,
"The Kissless Bride."
It was all over the papers.
Except she made one lousy mistake.
She forgot to ask for a settlement.
She could have shook him down
for a million.
I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.
Say, I got one film left.
How about a picture of you two
before I put a new roll in?
Sure.

- Oh, this is Ruth Wood.

- Hello.

- Pleased to meet you.

- Want your picture taken?

- You mean the both of us?

- Do you mind?

- No, not at all.

- Stand together right here.
Yeah, a little more smile from the lady.
What is it?
You two sore at each other?
Come on. A little action, folks.
Put your arm around her, buddy.
Get a little love into it.
Loosen up, Ruthie.

Make believe you're alone with him
in a parlor with the lights down.
Put a little love into it.
Lean your head on his shoulder.
Look up into his baby blue eyes.
That's it.
Hold it.
Got it.
Where can I send your print, buddy?
Camp Shanks, New York. Hugenon.
Embarkation point.
I better send it to your girl,
a more permanent address.
- Miss Ruth Wood, right?
- 430 West 74th Street.
New York City.
- Say, buddy, can I see you alone?
- Sure.
Entertain the lady
for a couple of minutes, will you, honey?
Of course, Gilbert.
May I ask what part of the country
you're from?
- New York.
- Oh, is that so?
Make out like
we're discussing the camera here.
What's up, colonel?
- You with the 153rd?
- That's right.
I'm Signal Corps, Astoria, Long Island.
We get the latest dope there.
Advance information
on all military maneuvers.
A spy can make a fortune
just sitting around.
But fortunately, we ain't got no spies,
so don't worry.
Here's the latest. Came through Friday.
Your outfit's pulling out
in a matter of days for overseas.
We've been hearing that rumor
for a month.
No kidding. This is it.

Right from the big brass feedbag.

I'm tipping you off in case

you wanna get married...

...you won't postpone it too long.

- Thanks.

- Don't mention it.

Yes, sir. This is one of the greatest
little gadgets on the market.

My advice to you, buddy, is to get one.

You'll never regret it.

Well, thanks for the cooperation, folks.

Come on, baby.

All aboard the Honeymoon Express.

- It's been nice meeting you.

- Likewise.

- So long, buddy.

- So long.

- What did the sergeant really have to say?

- Oh, some old rumor he heard.

- About what?

- That the 153rd is pulling out.

Is that the one you're with?

Yeah.

When, Art?

It's a long way off yet, Ruthie.

Some of our soldiers aren't nearly ready.

But he said right away, didn't he?

The same old "right away" rumor
we've been hearing for months.

Everybody get set.

Now, remember now,

they'll be no pushing.

Pushing calls for disqualification.

Boats coming to shore must be tacked
before leaving skipper's hand.

Remember what you're doing
and don't get excited.

Hey, no fair pushing that out.

- Hey, Windy, you all set?

- Aye, aye, sir.

You ain't gonna win this time.

Don't you have any oil?

I don't.

- That looks like a pretty fast boat, sir.

- I hope she is.
Haven't tried it yet. This is her maiden run.
I built her myself.
You did?
That's quite a piece of work.
Look, Ruth, the detail is perfect.
You think she'll win?
Never loss a race in my life.
Ever hear of Defiance I?
Won the International Cup races in 1898.
She was my first ship.
A hundred and 30 feet
of speed and grace.
I've read about The Defiance.
Did you own her?
Built her, owned her, raced her.
Would you mind telling me your name?
I used to be Commodore Ely B. Windgate.
Now, it's just "Windy."
See those buildings
on that side of the park?
I used to own that whole block.
- You sold it, huh?
- No, no, no. Just lost it.
Lost everything. That was years ago.
Now I live in a backroom.
But I can use the basement
for my shipbuilding work.
So you see, I'm very happy, son.
- What other races did you win?
- All of them.
Until I hit the rocks myself.
In 1905, I put Defiance II
into the water.
Beats Thomas Lipton, four years running.
- What's the name of your present craft?
- Defiance V.
On your marks...
...get set...
...go.
Come on! Come on! Come on!
Oh, this is terrific. It's the break
I've been looking for. Come on.
Look at this one, Ruthie.

"September 1909,
Peary discovers the North Pole."
You know, this is the place
that every newspaperman dreams of.
I told Aunt Sarah four years ago:
"Auntie", I said, "I'm gonna end up
on The New York Times."
Then after five years of newspaper work,
a book or a play on Broadway.
A newspaper job
keeps you breathing life...
Dr. Zero?
Our city editor asked me to tell you...
...that The New York Times has no interest
in stories about the end of the world.
Thank you, sir, for submitting it.
Mr. Hugenon, the city editor
will see you now.
Oh, thank you.
- His name is Mr. Baldwin.
- Mr. Baldwin.
Mr. Baldwin, this is Mr. Hugenon.
- How do you do?
- How do you do?
I hear you ran into a story in the park.
Rowboat turnover?
No, sir.
Mind if I wrote it out instead of telling it?
- Used to be a newspaper man.
- Nashville Beacon. Assignments, rewrite.
Well, go ahead.
Use that desk over there.
Its owner is busy on foreign shores.
Thank you.
Smell of ink.
Isn't that a wonderful smell?
The smell of all the fresh news stories
from all the streets and countries.
Oh, boy. Please, could you introduce me
to some copy paper?
- It's right in the second drawer.
- Oh, thanks.
Well, now for my first crack
at fame and fortune.

Very good. First-rate feature.

Well-written.

Old Commodore Windgate, huh?

I remember him.

Very nice.

I think we can find space for this.

I'll give you a voucher.

Call up the cashier's office
and pick up space rates after we print it.

- What's your name again?

- I don't want pay for that story, sir.

- A rich soldier, huh?

- No, sir, PFC:

Pauper First Class Hugenon.

Rather than get paid for it, I'd like
to put The New York Times in my debt.

If you put my name down,

I'll drop in after the war's over...

...and see if there's a job open

for Reporter Hugenon.

Hugenon, eh?

- Arthur.

- Arthur Hugenon.

I'll be glad to see you after the shooting's
done. We might have something for you.

- Good luck, soldier.

- Thank you, sir.

I'm having nothing else but.

The enemy's strategy ain't got a chance.

That's all the fire our Pacific Fleet has to go.

From here to here and we're off Tokyo.

And in two hours, the war will be over.

The whole city of Tokyo is made out of
paper houses with sliding paper doors.

All our fleet's gotta do is open with
the big guns and it's "Goodbye, Tokyo."

Did you dine at the Caf Normandy
again last evening?

- No, we didn't go there.

- Oh, I think it's a very nice place.

I think the accordion player
is really remarkable.

Oh, Grace, here's Art's story on page 21.

My, it's a long story.

- Good morning, ladies.

- Good morning.

Well, what's the big news?

A friend wrote a story
for The New York Times.

He's in the armed forces.

You mean our Ruth

has acquired herself a boyfriend?

One who writes yet?

Well, this is a distinct surprise.

- Congratulations, little lady.

- Well, thank you.

It's for you, Mr. Jalonik.

- Who is it?

- Mrs. Jalonik.

I'll take it in my office.

"Ely B. Windgate, 82,

wins new yacht race...

...with Defiance V in Central Park lagoon.

On Sunday afternoon..."

oh, I'm so excited. You read it, Grace.

"On Sunday afternoons,

a number of yacht-racing enthusiasts...

...gather at the Central Park..."

- Miss Kranz.

May I see you for a moment?

"On his shelves in his basement room
at 615 West 73rd Street, reposed cups..."

"They are the only objects of value left
from the once-famous Windgate fortune."

I bought two 16-column pads
and a new ledger.

It was nice of Mr. Jalonik
to give you the afternoon off.

Art says we're going to Jones Beach.

I've never been.

I hear it's wonderful.

- What time's he supposed to meet you?

- One o'clock.

It's 1:

Sometimes the colonel asks him
to do something before he leaves.

And he has to obey him.
But he said by Friday, he'd horn goggled
a three-day pass out of the colonel.
This will do, Dixie.
- There she is.
- We can't stay more than three minutes.
Oh, no.
Make it four.
- I'm holding a watch on you, Hugie.
- Four minutes, Dixie.
- Hi.
- Hi. I'm glad I caught you.
I've only got four minutes. I'm leaving.
They just gave us a word this morning
and I wangled a trip to town.
You're leaving for where?
Overseas. I've just got time
to say goodbye.
And listen, write me, will you?
Send your letters to this address.
Don't lose it. They'll be forwarded.
Don't worry if you don't hear from me
for sometime.
I'll be off the mailman's loop
for a while.
- Oh, Art, l...
- Darling, write me, please.
I'm wearing the lucky piece you gave me.
The genuine Roman coin.
So you don't have to worry about anything
and I don't either.
I love you, Ruth.
You don't know how wonderful you are.
Nobody does.
Only me.
I wanna marry you when I come back.
The first day, the first hour,
that's all I'm gonna dream of.
My mother's ring.
Find out which is the engagement finger
and wear it there.
Ruth, listen. Time doesn't matter.
I'll be back as if I'd never left you.
And I love you

as if I'd always known you.
Darling, kiss me once,
so I can remember on the jungle island.
Fancy flowers.
Nice fresh flowers.
Hugie, we gotta go.
I love you forever. Goodbye.
Bye, Ruthie!
Dear Art.
This is my fifth letter.
I have written you one every day.
I am very happy.
It's wonderful to come home
and write to you.
All I dream of is your first letter to me.
Dear daughter, Ruth.
I saw you in the Normandy.
And as your father,
I thought I should write to you.
I can't write to your mother
against whom I committed a great wrong...
...when you were a little girl, and for which,
I have been worried for so long.
But when I saw your sweet face...
Come on, come on.
Let's bring the little lady back.
No extra charge.
Here she is, Arleen Witchy.
She's great, ain't she?
And she wasn't even trying.
You ought to catch her the midnight show.
Red-hot.
- Hi, Ruth.
- Hello.
Hello, baby, you were wonderful.
Gee, I'm simply starved to death.
I've ordered. Chow mein, all around.
- I enjoyed your performance very much.
- Thank you.
Gil told me about the bookcase
you bought for the library. Sounds beautiful.
Didn't tell you
what she plunked down for it.
A hundred and fifty bucks for a bookcase,

I've yet to read a book.
You can't furnish an apartment
without a bookcase. People would laugh.
I saw a bookcase at Gimbel's yesterday.
- How much you pay for it?
- I haven't bought it yet.
I thought I'd look at things, so when Art
comes home, I can take him to see them.
Oh, and a wonderful bed
at Wanamaker's.
Any bed with my bride in it
is a work of art.
Gilbert, please.
- You ain't heard from the great journalist?
- No.
That's only natural when you consider
the red tape and the censors.
It's a wonder that the Army's
got a pair of socks to wear.
Holy lke, I forgot
about the surprise present.
It came out perfect. Had it blown up.
Did you ever see a better piece
of photography than that?
Mama, don't you think
that button's a little large?
Yes, this one is better.
It's funny how clean those shirts
have stayed all these years.
Dear Art.
It's almost three months now...
...and I still haven't heard from you.
But, Art, I haven't stopped thinking of you
for a single minute.
- Miss Ruth Wood?
- Yes.
- Special delivery for you.
- Thank you.
- Sign here, please.
- Yes.
- Good night.
- Good night.
Dear Ruth Wood.
It is my unhappy duty...

...to write you that your friend,
Private First Class Arthur Hugenon...
...died in battle, July 6th, 1942.
I was with him at the end...
...and he spoke of you.
The last words Arthur spoke to me were:
"Write Ruthie...
...and tell her I love her more than ever."
He was killed while advancing bravely
against the enemy.
One of the finest young men
ever to give his life...
...for his country.
I lost my man years ago.
It's hard to get over,
but you get over it one way or another.

Hello, Mrs. Rickles.

Hi, slaves.

- Is the master in?

- Yes.

Did I have a big week in New Jersey.

Double orders like everybody
all of a sudden had four feet.

Tell Mr. J. I'm ready to receive my raise.

And what's the matter with everybody?

Mr. McGuire.

Excelsior Shoes.

Oh, just a moment, Mrs. Jalonik,

I'll see if he's in.

Your wife is on the wire, Mr. Jalonik.

I'm sorry. I'm just not sure about dinner yet.

I'll have to let you know later.

You can let her know now, Steven.

Honey, hold the wire, will you?

A buyer just walked in. Now, hold the wire.

- I thought we had a date.

- Tell her you'll be home for dinner.

- We we're going to...

- Tell her.

Hello, honey, I changed my arrangements.

I'll be able to make it for dinner after all.

About 7:

Well, something nice and appetizing.

Goodbye.

Now, what's all this about?

I just decided to look for another job.

- But that's ridiculous...

- Don't argue.

I got no complaints
except against myself.

You've been fine.

She needs you and I don't.

You stick to her.

Yeah, but, look,

aren't you gonna say goodbye?

This is goodbye, Steven.

Thanks for the buggy ride.

Goodbye, Ruth. There's nothing

I can wish you except keep your head up.

- Thank you.

- So long, Monty.

Miss Ullman,

I hope I see you again sometime.

- Why, Miss Kranz, are you leaving us?

- Yes.

I decided to do my bit
for the home front.

- Well, I certainly wish you luck.

- Thanks.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Maybe we can do some shopping
on our lunch hour. How about it?

I don't think so, Grace.

Ruth, let's talk about him.

You'll feel better if you do.

Remember, I was his friend too.

There's nothing to say.

If you'd like to have my map,
you can keep it.

It's the theater of war
where he was fighting.

Thank you.

I love you
as if I'd always known you.

And I'll be back as if I'd never left you.

Darling, kiss me once,

so I can remember on the jungle island.

Yes, Mrs. Wood.

I'll call back in an hour

to see if you've heard from her.

Yes, if she calls here, I'll tell you.

Goodbye.

- Hasn't her mother heard from her?

- Not yet.

Oh, that's awful. What do you think?

If Mr. Jalonik inquires for me,

tell him I'll be back in an hour.

- Yes, Miss Ullman.

- I think I know where to look.

I hope she's all right.

I don't think it's very wise

to be out in the park when you have a cold.

Why don't we go somewhere

and have a bite?

There's a restaurant in the park.

No. Just leave me alone.

Oh, Ruth, I'm your friend.

Go away.

Well, how can you say that?

- Say what?

- That I'm not your friend.

Grace, I'm sorry, but...

It's just that I can't stand it.

I hate the park and all the people

and the buildings and everything.

Oh, Ruthie.

I just didn't care before Art.

Before he came, I...

But... I just didn't care about anything.

Now I just can't stand it.

I can't stand to live alone in the dark.

I felt like that once, Ruth.

I know.

I felt just like you once.

Saint Patrick's Cathedral.

Shall we go in for a minute?

It's very nice inside.

You don't have to do anything at all.

Just sit down and rest.

Better put your scarf on.

Good afternoon.

Why does he have to stand in the dark?

Why doesn't someone
pay attention to him?

He is St. Andrew.

Famed for his generosity
and self-effacement.

He was the first friend of Jesus.

He was in the dark.

Do I have to pay for the candles?

No.

St. Andrew.

He's really just a statue.

Good night.

- Good night, everybody.

- Good night.

You really should stay home tomorrow,
the way you feel.

Ruthie, look, is there anything I can do?

Sit with your mother while you go out?

Oh, isn't there anything?

- Good night.

- Good night.

Nice fresh flowers.

Buy your flowers. Nice fresh flowers.

Flowers...

Ruth? Going home?

Hey, you've got a cold coming on there,
young lady.

What you need is a good drink. There's
nothing like a drink to make you feel better.

Come on, it will do you good.

Any place you'd like to go.

Now, you just name it.

- This is the right place?

- Yes.

Hello. How is the grandfather?

You don't come in to see us
with your young man.

What's the matter? This place
don't be good enough for French dukes?

Nice table for two.

- Lf you please, nice booth.

- Thank you.

Thank you very much.

- I think we'll have...

- Excuse me.

Marcel. The waiter will take your order.

- Yes, sir, you wish to order?

- Yes, two old-fashioned...

- Two old...

...with bourbon.

Two bourbon old-fashioned.

Oh, glad to see you again.

One a little sweet.

Well, everybody seems to know you.

A real girl around town, eh?

Ruth, I want you to know

that I understand how you feel.

I'm not entirely insensitive to other people,
even though I am married.

I was young once too.

I had all kinds of ideas.

I don't wanna say anything

that might impress you the wrong way.

But sometimes it's better
if people don't get what they want.

- It's just a thought.

- Two bourbon old-fashioned.

Remember I told you about my son?

He's all right. I heard from him.

- He's having a time for himself in London.

- I'm glad to hear that.

Yes, sir, he's all right.

No kidding, I always thought

Miss Kranz was our caf society lady.

Well, there's your drink.

Here's to something nice for you.

And for me too. People are entitled.

- Hello, Andy.

- Hi. How's things?

- Oh, what thing?

- You're early.

Didn't have any other
social engagements.

A brand-new song

that I think is going places.

Words and music composed by an old buddy

of mine, now in the service of Uncle Sam.
Sergeant Dixie Dooley,
stationed at Camp Shanks, New York.
"I'll Always Believe in You"...
...by Dixie Dooley.
Oh, come on, Ruth,
it'll be good for your cold. Take my word.
Hey, Andy, it's unbelievable. My tune.
That's the last tune I wrote
before I ran off with Valerie.
She must have given it to Dixie Dooley.
No, she couldn't have done that.
I didn't have the tune with us.
- I'm gonna call up and ask.
- Ask who?
My wife.
Go on, talk if you want to.
Get it off your chest, you'll feel better.
I don't know what to say.
Oh, you poor kid.
All of a sudden, there's nothing.
I didn't mean anything.
Ruth, I have the greatest of respect
for you.
I'd like you to come to the house
some night for dinner...
...and meet Mrs. Jalonik.
Thank you very much.
- Will you excuse me, please?
- Of course.
Waiter.
- Another shot.
- What she have to say?
I don't know.
I heard her voice, I couldn't talk.
I hang up.
I was gonna be a big composer.
Valerie, she was gonna inspire me.
So after a couple of weeks, she ducked
out on me without even saying goodbye.
She got nervous
when it turned out I wasn't a genius.
Never saw her again.
A little inspiration, Andy.

Good evening.

Good evening.

Can I buy some candles for him?

- How much is it?

- Oh, there's no charge to you.

Do people talk to statues?

Yes. Sometimes helps them.

How can a statue help anybody?

Oh, I'm sorry I said that. Excuse me.

It's just that I think about him all day,
standing there in the dark.

He died in a battle in the war.

And last thing he said to me
was that he'd love me forever.

And I wanna die.

I don't wanna live without him.

I don't know why I'm telling you this.

Because you let him die.

You didn't help him.

How can there be a God
if things like this happen?

People getting killed and...

My father ran away
when I was a little girl.

And my mother got sick.

She's sick all of the time
and I try to take care of her.

I was always afraid to meet anybody.
But...

...when Art found me...

...I was on my way home from work.

It was raining.

And it was different
when he talked to me.

I was happy.

I never had happiness before.

Why did he have to die?

All the things he was gonna do,
they'll never be done now.

I don't know why I'm telling you...

...because... you're not listening.

Nobody's listening.

I want him back.

I want Art back, please.

Do you think he heard me?
Prayers are always heard.
L... I hope you don't mind my coming
to your church. I know I don't belong here.
I don't think St. Andrew
will ask to see your credentials.
Thank you for inviting me.
- I'll be glad to come back.
- Any hour, any day.
And stay as long as you like.
And I said to the librarian:
"There must be just one book
in your library about St. Andrew.
Because he's a very important saint."
And she said, "No, absolutely not,
nobody had ever written a book about him."
I feel like I've discovered a saint
all by myself.
I feel he's just as much mine almost.
I think of him very often,
even during office hours.
Ruth, your cold isn't getting any better.
Really, Ruth,
I'd stay home till I felt all well.
Oh, I can't afford to be sick.
Who would light the candles for him?
He'd go back in the dark again.
I'd be very glad
to take care of him for you.
How do you feel today, Miss Wood?
Much better, thank you.
I'm sorry to contradict her, Father,
but her cold is much worse.
- You must go home now.
- Yes, I'll take her home.
We'll take care of St. Andrew if you have
to stay in bed. We'll keep him lighted up.
You better call the doctor
when you get her home. She has a fever.
I'm so sorry to be so much trouble.
But I'll be back.
- How is she? Still with the fever?
- Oh, just the same.
You got to get sleep.

You can't sit up day and night.
I don't feel sleepy. Here, pour this.
Ruthie.
Ruthie, dear.
Medicine.
I have to go to the church.
I'll be back soon.
He's in the dark.
I have to take care of him.
What's she talking about?
Who is in the dark?
I don't know.
Here, dear. Now, take this.
She don't look no better.
Go on, lay down on the couch,
I'll care.
- Well, she needs me.
- You don't have to worry.
I know how to care of sick people.
When I had the arthritis something terrible,
I took care for my husband for a whole year.
I was twice as sick as him until he died.
I'll call you if I need you.
I want to sit with her. She needs me.
Why, Mrs. Hamer,
when she fell asleep, she held my hand.
Terrible thing, sickness.
Terrible thing.
Call me if you want a rest.
Hello, Agnes.
May I come in?
Harry.
Sorry to track up your carpet.
You're looking very well,
I'm glad to see.
I know this is an intrusion.
I was going to write
and ask for an appointment...
...but I don't know what it is,
I just found myself coming here.
I couldn't get any taxi in this rain,
so I just walked.
I just had an impulse.
Well, Agnes, it's about that song

that Walt Canton's orchestra introduced:

"I'll Always Believe In You."

You know,

the one written by Dixie Dooley.

Words and music.

Now, that's what I wanted

to talk to you about...

...if you don't mind.

I got no right to talk to you
about anything.

No right whatsoever.

Except to say this:

A thousand times I was coming over.

And I was sick for a couple of years.

After that, I lost my nerve.

I'm... I'm sorry I mentioned that song.

Oh, Agnes.

If there's anything I can do
to make things...

Anything.

I'm really sorry for what happened.

Harry.

Ruth's sick. She's awfully sick.

- Help me.

- Anything.

The doctor says it's pneumonia and...

What is it?

She's gone!

Oh, God in heaven, she's gone.

Harry, she's gone.

Oh, Harry, find her. Find our daughter.

- I heard you howling, I thought it was a fire.

- Oh, Mrs. Hamer.

The lousy, good-for-nothing, dirty alley cat.

Phooey on you.

So you came back?

What do you want, something to eat?

You don't get a bite. You're nothing.

Holy saints. What's going on?

- Where is she?

- In the rain. And she's so sick.

- Oh, Harry, find her. Find her.

- I'll find her, Agnes.

My stars, in that lousy rain.

Burning with fever.
Oh, Mrs. Hamer.
What do you want? Who is it?
This is Grace,
Ruthie's friend from the office.
Well, I hope I'm not disturbing you,
Mrs. Hamer...
...but I just wanted to know
how Ruthie is tonight.
Oh, she went out in the rain
with a fever all by herself.
Call the cops.
Oh, that's awful.
Oh, Ruthie.
My arthritis is killing me.
It's worse than ever.
Why don't we pray?
That's the least we can do.
Oh, God in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Don't let nothing happen
to dear little girl Ruth.
Oh, Lord, that lookest out
for everybody and everything...
...don't let the lousy rain hurt her.
Ruthie!
Ruthie!
Hey, wait a minute!
Ruthie!
Gosh, I'm glad I caught up with you.
Oh, Ruthie, let me look at you.
Let me look at your face.
Art, is it really you?
It isn't the King of England.
Oh, I'm so glad.
Thank God.
I'm so glad to see you,
I'm liable to start yelling like an Indian.
Remember?
Everything.
The story I wrote
for The New York Times.
They printed it, second section.
Did you happen to see it?

It was a wonderful story.
I read it over and over and over.
All the other things.
L... I wrote you about
how I remembered everything.
You're still wearing it, huh?
I'll always wear it. Won't I?
Till all the cows come home
from all the green fields.
You didn't write to me.
Why didn't you write?
You can't send letters
where there are no mailmen.
What this war needs
is more mailmen at the front...
...with little wings in their feet
and motors in their shoes.
Oh, you're still the same.
You're so funny.
Do you...?
Do you still feel the same?
I mean, like you did
before you went away?
Infinitely worse.
I love you so much
that I can't eat or sleep or anything.
It's like living castaway
on a desert island without you.
Remember, it was raining like this
when I met you the first time.
Yes, I remember.
Oh, and look.
Remember this?
- It's the lucky piece I gave you.
- A genuine Roman coin.
You keep it now.
I don't need it anymore.
Oh, you're not going back?
I learned something wonderful.
Love never dies.
Did you know that, Ruthie?
Never, never dies.
Oh, Art, don't go away.
No, no, never.

I'm here to stay...
...to love you
till all the cows come home...
...from all the green fields.
To love you forever and ever and ever.
I'll always love you. Forever.
Oh, Art.
What happened to her, Father?
Was it an accident?
No, no, she's ill. Call the hospital
to send an ambulance. And bring a blanket.
Father, I knew she was coming here.
I just knew it.
- She collapsed on the steps. She's very ill.
- In the rain.
Ruthie. Ruthie.
- She's unconscious.
- The ambulance should be here any minute.
Where is he?
He was here.
Art.
Her hand is clenched.
Holding something.
Some sort of a coin.
Do you know what it is?
I think so.
"Titus...
...Flavius...
...vespasian...
...imperator."
Yes.
A genuine Roman coin.
It belonged to somebody who...
She gave it to him.
He must have brought it back.
Thus, a story of New York
and of an antique Roman coin.
That's the way we heard it.
We'd like to believe it's true.