Mona Lisa Smile

By Lawrence Konner
All her life she had wanted to teach at Wellesley College. So when a position opened in the Art History department... she pursued it single-mindedly until she was hired. It was whispered that Katherine Watson... ...a first-year teacher from Oakland State... ...made up in brains what she lacked in pedigree. Which was why this bohemian from California... ...was on her way to the most conservative college in the nation.

- Excuse me, please.
- Oh, sorry.

Excuse me. The bus?
- Keep walking, ma'am.
- Thank you.

But Katherine Watson didn't come to Wellesley to fit in. She came to Wellesley because she wanted to make a difference.

- Violet.
- My favourite Italian professor.
- Nice summer?
- Terrific, thanks.
- Who's that over there?
- Where?

Oh, Katherine Watson. New teacher. Art History. I'm dying to meet her. Who knocks at the Door of Learning?
- I am every woman.
- What do you seek?
To awaken my spirit through hard work... ...and dedicate my life to knowledge.
Then you are welcome.
All women who seek to follow you can enter here.
I now declare
the academic year begun.
A shame you didn't come yesterday.
It's so quiet before the girls arrive.
Just a few rules.
No holes in the walls.
No pets, no loud noises, no radio
or hi-fi after 8 on weekdays...
...10 on weekends...
...no hot plates and no male visitors.
Anything wrong?
I don't think I can go a year
without a hot plate.
Don't you just love chintz?
And look.
They match.
Sweet, right? Your room's here.
My room is just across the way...
...and Amanda Armstrong's
down the other end.
- You grew up here?
- My whole life.
You'll meet my parents
when they come to visit.
- They visit?
- Regularly.
- What do you teach?
- Speech, elocution and poise.
Dinners are communal,
so I'll handle that.
But breakfast and lunch,
you're on your own. So...
...we each get our own shelf.
I'll make your label this evening.
I don't need to tell you, everything on
our individual shelves is sacrosanct.
I just knew when we met...
...we'd be instant friends.
Be careful. They can smell fear.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
Thank you.
This is History of Art 100.
We'll be following
Dr. Staunton's syllabus.

- Any questions so far?
- Your name?
- Why don't you go first?
- Connie Baker.
- Katherine Watson. Nice to meet you.
- Dr. Watson, I presume.
- Not yet. And you are?
- Giselle Levy.

Giselle. If someone could get the-
- Susan Delacorte.
- Thank you, Susan Delacorte.

From the beginning, man has always had the impulse to create art.
- Can anyone tell me what this is?
- Wounded Bison, Altamira, Spain...
...about 15,000 B.C.

Joan Brandwyn.

Very good, Joan.

Despite the age of these, they are technically sophisticated because-

The shading and the thickness of the lines moving over the bison's hump.
- Is that right?
- Yes, that's exactly right.

Next slide.

This is probably less familiar.
It was discovered by archaeologists-

In 1879, Lascaux, France.

Dates back to 10,000 B.C.

Singled out because of flowing lines depicting the movement of the animal.
- Impressive. Name?
- Herd of Horses.
- I meant yours.
- We call her Flicka.

Elizabeth Warren.
They call me Betty.

Very good.

Betty is also correct.

Just because something is ancient doesn't mean that it is primitive.

For example. Next slide, please.

Mycerinus and His Queen. 2470 B.C.
It's a funerary statue
of the pharaoh and queen...
...originally intended to preserve
the pharaoh's ka. Soul.
Have any of you taken
Art History before?
No.
Let's go on. Slide.
Seated Scribe. Egypt. 2400 B.C.
Peasant Couple Plowing.
Sixteenth century B.C. Egypt.
Snake Goddess.
Minoan. 1600 B.C.
Fresco. Minoan. 1600 B.C.
Funeral Mask. Mycenaean. 1200.
Could someone please get-?
Thank you.
By a show of hands only...
...how many of you have read
the entire text?
- And the suggested supplements.
- Long way from Oakland State?
Well, you girls do prepare.
If you've nothing else for us,
we could go to independent study.
Ac-
I was in California once. How do you
get work done with all that sunshine?
- We tan in class.
- Really?
No.
You know, not everybody
wanted you.
I'm not naming any names.
These jobs usually go quickly.
Ex-students, friends of, you know...
...the right people.
The person they wanted took a job at
Brown, and no one else was available.
So here you are.
You can go in now. Good luck.
Your first class left a lot
to be desired, Miss Watson.
And I'm curious about the subject
You suggest, "Picasso will do for the 20th century... ...what Michelangelo did for the Renaissance," unquote. In terms of influencing movements. So these canvases that they're turning out these days... ...with paint dripped and splotched on them... ...they're as worthy of our attention as Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel? I'm not comparing them. Have you ever seen the Sistine Chapel, Miss Watson? Actually stood there? I've never been to Europe. I can assure all of you this is the place I want to be more than anything. Better discipline next class, Miss Watson.

- Hello.
- It's me.
- Hey!
- Collect from Katherine Watson.
- Will you accept?
- Yeah, sure, of course I will.
Hey, is everything okay? Yeah.
Tough, huh?
Well, how are the classes? Snobs, right?
- I hate to say I told you so.
- You don't have to.
I can't really talk right now. I'll write you tonight.
When Lenny left for the South Pacific, it nearly broke my heart. We wrote every day until... He was a great man.
I'm sorry.
It was a hundred years ago.
I'm babbling.
I love Lucy.
Even if she is a communist.
The only thing red about Lucy
is her hair.
And even that's fake. Desi said it.
Winchell wrote it.
Amanda Armstrong.
I see you survived.
Katherine Watson. Just barely.
Oh, good. You've met.
Katherine's taken the third bedroom.
How about a little dinner
before What's My Line?
How about a little drink?
Her companion died in May.
Companion?
You know, companion.
Josephine Burns.
Taught biology here for 30 years.
You'll love it here, Katherine.
You'll see.
I already do. Honestly,
it's beautiful. It's perfect, really.
Well, don't fool yourself. They have
claws underneath their white gloves.
Who?
The alumnae, their offspring,
the faculty. You name it.
Watch out for yourself.
Too much independence
frightens them.
- Will you please stop?
- Oh, a word of advice.
Don't let those girls
know that they got to you.
- They didn't.
- Good for you.
You almost convinced me.
- What is that?
- You tell me.
Carcass by Soutine. 1925.
- It's not on the syllabus.
- No, it's not.
Is it any good?
Come on, ladies.
There's no wrong answer.
There's also no textbook
telling you what to think.
It's not that easy, is it?
All right. No. It's not good.
In fact, I wouldn't even call it art.
It's grotesque.
Is there a rule against
grotesque art?
I think there's something
aggressive about it...
- ... and erotic.
- To you, everything is erotic.
- Everything is erotic.
- Girls.
- Aren't there standards?
- Of course.
Otherwise a tacky velvet painting
could be equated to a Rembrandt.
My Uncle Ferdie has two tacky velvet
paintings. He loves those clowns.
There are standards, technique,
composition, colour, even subject.
So if you're suggesting
that rotted side of meat is art...
...much less good art,
then what are we going to learn?
Just that.
You have outlined our new syllabus,
Betty. Thank you.
What is art?
What makes it good or bad?
And who decides?
Next slide, please.
Twenty-five years ago someone
thought this was brilliant.
- I can see that.
- Who?
My mother. I painted it
for her birthday.
Next slide. This is my mom.
- Is it art?
- It's a snapshot.
If I told you Ansel Adams had taken it, would that make a difference?
- Art isn't art until someone says it is.
- It's art!
- The right people.
- Who are they?
Betty Warren!
- We're lucky we have one right here.
- Screw you.
Could you go back to the Soutine, please?
Just look at it again.
Look beyond the paint.
Let us try to open our minds to a new idea.
All right, back to chapter three.
Has anyone read it?
Okay.
"When your courses are set, and a dream boat you've met...
...have a real cigarette."
Have a Camel."
I've got my courses, I've got my Camel cigarette. Where is my dream boat?
- Giselle, where is my dream boat?
- Betty's cousin isn't good enough?
- I haven't met him.
- Don't encourage her.
He's only escorting Connie as a favour.
Why are you like this?
I didn't mean that.
I'm just under so much pressure with the wedding.
Do you realize November 2 is three weeks from now?
- Oh, honey.
- Don't have it.
- Don't come.
- Here. Here.
I'm working on table seating now,
so I can just erase your name.
- Can I see it?
- No.
Let me look.
I can't look for a second?
- You want to see where Bill is sitting.
- No. That is over. Right?
Right? Giselle, right?
Damn it.
- Do I look a little bit like her?
- Like who?
- Katherine Watson.
- You mean, "crap is art"?
- I think she's fabulous.
- Well, no man wanted her.
- She isn't dead.
- She's at least 30.
- Oh, no. No.
- I guess she never wanted children.
For your information...
...Katherine Watson had to take
this job to escape from California.
Please.
She had a torrid affair
with a Hollywood movie star.
- She came here to get away.
- That's ridiculous.
- Who was it?
- I don't know.
Who was it, Giselle?
Don't be a pimple! Tell me!
- It's ridiculous.
- Tell me. No, it's not. You know.
- You know something. Tell me.
- It's William Holden.
- Fantastic!
- I know.
Who is it?
William Holden.
I know. I know. I'm late. I'm- Abject
pleading, apologies, forgiveness.
Is she giving you any trouble?
If these girls can't get back on time, 
know what I say? Lock them out.
Come on. Out! I'm going
to lock the door. Out!
Bedtime, ladies. Bedtime.
Let's go. Bedtime.
- Hey, Betty.
- Quiet time, ladies.
Women like Katherine Watson
don't get married...
- ... because they choose not to.
- No woman chooses to live...
...without a home, unless she's
sleeping with her Italian professor.
- You are so critical.
- I am not.
Of course you are.
You're your mother's daughter.
It's a classic Electra complex.
I don't blame you. I mean...
...who wouldn't want
to murder your mother?
- Hey. How's the Harvard sweetheart?
- Divine.
Got an extra ciggie?
- Did you do his homework?
- Of course.
- Want to do mine?
- No.
This isn't what I think it is. Is it?
Where'd you get it?
From the school nurse.
- It's against the law.
- Oh, honey. It's a girl's best friend.
- A certain kind of girl.
- Meet the last virgin bride.
- Spencer is a gentleman.
- And even gentlemen have dicks.
- Maybe I'll get one.
- What? A dick?
Don't be stupid, Connie.
Someone, somewhere,
someday might be interested.
Just in case.
Just in case, I'll be prepared.
Was that necessary?
I was taught it's best
to speak honestly.
Okay. You're a bitch.
We recently learned
that Amanda Armstrong...
...our nurse, has been distributing
contraception to Wellesley girls.
This revelation is disturbing
to an institution...
...that prides itself on propriety.
Go, go, go! Go, go!
It's been going on since the late '80s.
- Whoever wins is first to marry!
- Do the girls take it literally?
Only the girl with the winning hoop.
Oh, look, it's Phyllis Nayor!
Good for her. It gets me every time.
- Why the buggies?
- They've got their man.
They're wishing for their babies.
Have you seen this?
What is it?
It's a front-page attack on Amanda
Armstrong. Betty Warren wrote it.
"By providing contraception
on demand, our school nurse...
...is little more than a cheerleader
for promiscuity. " Wow.
Oh, they're not going to dump her
in a lake!
- I'm coming, Phyllis!
- Have you seen this?
I wouldn't worry. Betty's just
a young girl flexing her muscles.
So was Lizzie Borden,
and her mother wasn't president...
- ...of the alumnae association.
- Would somebody get that girl a towel!
- That's her mother?
- Apple, tree.
Is Amanda going to get into trouble?
Amanda needs to start
minding her p's and q's.
The trick to surviving Wellesley
is never getting noticed.
Ciao, Mona Lisa.
The big war hero.
He thinks he's something special.
He sleeps with his students.
The gold is fine.
The napkin rings are vulgar.
The glassware should be trimmed with gold.
The little sugar boxes, gold and white, filled with chocolate. No candlesticks.
- Freesia instead of daisies.
- Wise choice, madam.
No baby's breath.
- You already had your fitting?
- We're on our way.
Here's the seating chart and Spencer's list of groomsmen.
Oh, I almost forgot.
I spoke to him about reading the poem. He'd rather not. I said all right.
Excuse us for a second, Joan.
A good wife lets her husband think that everything's his idea...
- ... even when it's not.
- I don't care if he reads it.
You will in retrospect.
Now, why don't you see if you can't nudge the idea into his head.
I've been here now for 21 years, Jocelyn.
- I remember you as a student.
- Twenty-four, if you count that.
So why the theatrics?
We cannot appear to promote sexual promiscuity.
Okay. It's about appearances, then?
No.
All right, all right.
All right. Well, I promise not to appear to be sympathetic, progressive...
...or what did Mrs. Warren call it? "Liberal."
Scout's honour.
I spent the better part of Friday afternoon convincing the alumnae...
...that your record was impeccable...
...that you would no longer provide contraceptive devices...
...and you'd make a public statement to that effect.
I'm not willing to make a public statement.
It doesn't matter, Amanda.
They're letting you go.
It's out of my hands.
And this champagne cup is in the wrong place.
And up and down. And up and-
Katherine. Good evening, Miss Watson.
- Good evening, Miss Watson.
- Join us.
No.
- Good night, Miss Watson.
- Good night, Miss Watson.
And down. Very nice. Very nice.
Hey.
Heard about Amanda. I'm sorry.
She seemed all right about it.
I wouldn't be.
They don't give you too many chances around here.
Oh, that depends how much they hate you to begin with.
Can I buy you a drink?
Or are you here for dinner?
How long do the marriage lectures take?
Get this woman a booth.
Your husband is at a crossroads in his career.
He's competing for promotion against two rivals, Smith and Jones.
To get the edge, you have wisely decided to invite the boss...
...and his wife to a 7:00 dinner.
You've carefully planned
your meal...
...set your table
and arranged for a babysitter.
- Oh, we have babies!
- Yes, and I have twins!
Then, surprise. It's 6:15...
...and your husband's called to say
that Smith, Jones and their wives...
...have been invited
at the boss's request.
Ever the Wellesley girl...
...you keep your cool
and understand...
...that the boss is probably testing you
as much as your husband. What next?
- Yes?
- File for divorce?
That's very funny.
But the thing is, it's not a joke.
A few years from now
your sole responsibility...
...will be taking care
of your husband and children.
You may all be here...
...for an easy A...
...but the grade that matters the most
is the one he gives you, not me.
- You'll need to-
- Whatever you do...
...don't put the boss's wife
next to your husband.
- Why not?
- She's screwing him.
Is that where you learned
to speak Italian? In Italy?
Yeah.
- Have you got a boyfriend?
- Yes.
You know, if you were mine,
I'd never let you go.
I wouldn't have asked
your permission.
Yeah, they say you're progressive.
A forward thinker.
- Are you?
- There are a lot of labels here...
...I've noticed.
Right family, right school, right art, right way of thinking.
Well, saves the effort
on thinking for yourself.
How do you expect to ever make
a difference if everything is a joke?
Oh, Katherine Watson comes to
Wellesley to set us all free? Come on.
- Thank you for the drink.
- No, no. Wait. I was teasing.
They have their own way
of doing things here.
You've just gotta find a way
to work with them. We all had to.
I'm sorry.
Five years ago,
they'd have slapped my wrist.
But now there's a committee
for the protection of everything.
They think you're dangerous?
Oh, no, darling. No. Subversive.
It's gotten to the point...
...where you don't know
who is protecting whom from what.
Or should that be "from whom"?
Well, whom gives a damn anyway?
They're doing me a favour really.
Will you be all right?
Better than that.
I should really have left
when Josephine died.
Nothing left to love
here anymore. So...
Hello?
- Miss Watson?
- Yes. I'm back here.
I've never been to this part
of campus before. Where are we?
No man's land. So to speak.
Come on in.
What's all this?
Different things different days.
People who inspire me,
artists I admire, editorials I don't.
So you came to see me.
- You gave me a C.
- I'm kind.
The assignment was to write
about Bruegel. I did that.
- No, what you did was copy Strauss.
- I was referencing an expert.
If I wanted to know what he thought,
I'd buy his book.
Miss Watson, with all due respect...
Bruegel was a storyteller.
Find the stories.
Break them down into smaller pieces.
You might actually enjoy it.
- You're giving me another chance?
- So it seems.
Is that my file? What's it say?
Well, let's see.
- Straight A's.
- Until now.
President of the poetry society,
captain of the debate team...
...co-captain of the tennis club,
founder of the horticulture league.
- I sound like a pompous ass.
- Yes, you do, but a very busy one.
And it says here that you're pre-law.
What law school are you gonna go to?
I hadn't thought about that.
After I graduate, I'm getting married.
- And then?
- And then I'll be married.
You can do both.
Just for fun, if you could go
to any law school, which would it be?
Yale.
Yale.
They keep five slots open for women,
one unofficially for a Wellesley girl.
But you haven't really
thought about it.
Wake up, Joanie, wake up.
Wake up.
Okay, don't get up.
Don't hear what I have to say about Tommy and Spencer...
...looking at an engagement ring...
...for you.
You're sure?
That's everything we always wanted, huh?
We'll be best friends, and our husbands will be best friends...
...and we'll have houses together and we'll have babies together...
...and they'll be best friends.
You're going to be Mrs. Tommy Donegal.
When?
I'll get the scoop tomorrow.
You go back to sleep.
The first part of the exam will consist of two pairs of slides. Please identify each of the slides by name, period and date. Then compare and contrast them.
You will have 10 minutes for each pair. Then you will write a 1500-word essay... ...describing the stylistic differences between Raphael and van Eyck.
Eyes forward, Miss Delacorte. You have 40 minutes. Good luck.
- Excuse me.
- Governor. Another shot, please.
This way, please. Thank you. Excuse me.
This is quite the event.
- I'm surprised I was invited.
- Well, look around you.
Who wasn't? You ever hear the expression "Keeping up with the Joneses"?
Of course.
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Jones.
The actual, historical family
they invented the phrase about.
Good to know.
That's him!
- Thank you.
- Good to see you.
- Thank you very much.
- A beautiful dress.
Hi, we're so glad you came.
- We're together. Table 19.
- Good.
Holy God!
The governor is right behind you.
Don't turn around.
Great band.
- Violet.
- Yes?
- Would you mind if I go here?
- Not at all.
Over here. Thank you.
- Great band.
- Great band.
- Hi, Katherine.
- Hi, Professor Dunbar.
I'm getting a Manhattan.
Like anything?
No, thank you.
I'll take a Jack and ginger.
He's making his move.
I knew he'd go for her.
She's too old for him.
She's too smart for him.
Hold that.
- They're playing our song.
- What?
- They're playing our song.
- I heard you.
- Hi.
- Hi, Giselle.
- Ladies' choice?
- Sure.
Excuse me.
Ladies, gentlemen! Quiet!
What's this about the poem you wanted me to read?
- It was your idea, remember?
- I never said that.
Ready?
Excellent.
Well, I wrote this down, just in case you forgot. It's my favourite.
Smile.
Now, Betty, I tried to think of a million ways to tell you how I feel.
But instead...
...I refer to your favourite poem.
- Good catch.
- You said it.
- He's a morsel.
- Miss Watson!
- He's a favour. Remember?
- Come on.
Miss Watson,
I want you to meet Tommy.
Tommy, come here for a second.
You are so beautiful.
- This is Katherine Watson.
- Oh, wow! In the flesh.
- She has not shut up about you.
- Oh, stop.
- You know what I'm saying?
- I do.
- You did something to impress her.
- Well, it seems you did too.
- You make these especially well.
- Thank you.
I had a fella. Lenny.
You remind me of him so much.
He had this...
...funny little thing
where his two front teeth...
...they overlapped.
He's dead.
South Pacific.
My parents say my future is right on the horizon.
Tell them the horizon
is an imaginary line...
...that recedes as you approach it.
I think I'll go back to my seat.
I had a really nice time. Thank you.
Connie.
- Is this the brushoff?
- No.
I thought you were, you know...
...done with me.
- Why would you think that?
- Betty said that you-
I don't wanna take advantage.
I know that this was some favour.
She did me the favour, not you.
Come on, dance with me.
She's too good for you.
Maybe you're right.
I'm too good for you too.
- But I have lower expectations.
- I thought we settled this last spring.
So then we probably shouldn't have
slept together over the summer.
Stop.
You ready?
Do you wanna know something funny?
Lenny's not dead.
Not technically.
He...
He's got married.
He's got a wife and kids...
...and a mortgage.
It was all supposed to be mine,
except for the wife.
And you...
You don't look a thing like him.
- You ugly bartender.
- Stop it.
- You couldn't shine his shoes.
- I'm sorry.
It wasn't supposed
to turn out like this.
It wasn't supposed
to turn out like this.
- Which way?
- Let me just see here.
I'm not sure.
- Where are we supposed to go?
- I think it's here.
Come this way. We're almost there.
Joe.
- Hello.
- Hi. How are you?
Great. Thank you so much for this.
You're a pal.
It's a pleasure.
Your timing is perfect.
There it is.
- That's Jackson Pollock.
- In a word.
I was getting used to the idea of dead,
maggoty meat being art, now this.
Please don't tell me
we have to write a paper about it.
Do me a favour.
Do yourselves a favour.
Stop talking and look.
You're not required to write a paper.
You're not even required to like it.
You are required...
...to consider it.
That's your only assignment today.
When you're done, you may leave.
Thank God Betty isn't here.
Where did you come from?
Mars.
What a coincidence.
Tom Donegal came by to see Joan.
So I hopped a ride.
Why?
So I could do this:
- Katherine.
- Yes?
- Have you got a minute?
- Of course.
Walk with me.
- You going home for the holidays?
- No.
- Too far?
- Too expensive.
But I've never had
a New England Christmas, so...
- Our weather hasn't scared you away?
- I love it here.
Do you?
I've been getting some calls about
your teaching methods, Katherine.
They're a little unorthodox...
...for Wellesley.
- We are traditionalists, Katherine.
- Yes, I noticed.
So if you'd like to stay here...
- Is that a question?
- More a discussion.
- About my staying here?
- You'll have your formal review in May.
Until then...
...a little less modern art.
Happy holidays.
And to you.
- Afternoon.
- Oh, hi-
I hope you get that ring!
Bye, girls, see you next year.
Have a safe trip.
So, what's the big hush-hush secret?
Are we gonna hear the pitter-patter
of little Spencers?
Stop. They'll tell us
when they're ready.
Are you ready?
Is she the cutest? You are the cutest.
Come here, you.
Spencer's been made junior partner.
- It is about time.
- And it's a significant raise too!
- Betty!
- What? I can say that, can't I?
To Tommy and Joan?
Well, it is.
So maybe a family isn't far behind.
Let's take our coffee
in the sitting room, shall we?
I'll help.
- Keep them closed.
- All right.
Beautiful! You've got everything you've ever dreamed of.
You will too.
I've got a secret to tell you.
You swear you won't gab to anyone?
I got accepted early to Yale Law School.
To what?! Why?!
You don't want to be a lawyer.
Maybe I do.
You won't switch cold creams without asking me, but you applied to school?
On a lark.
We never thought I'd get in.
- Who's "we"?
- Miss Watson.
She practically filled out my application for me.
You've got to be kidding me!
What right does she have?
You're getting married!
First of all,
there's no ring on this finger.
Second, I can do both. I can.
- How does Tommy feel about this?
- He doesn't know. No one does.
- Not even her?
- No one.
Joanie! Betty!
You are this close to getting everything you ever wanted.
And this close to losing it.
I just got a call.
They need me in New York tomorrow.
Joan and Tommy are here.
Can't you leave in the morning?
Then I'd miss the meeting.
Sorry, guys. We take a rain check?
- Sure, buddy.
- We'll see you in the new year.
Happy and merry.
I'll call you in the morning.
Coffee?
Guess who has
an early Christmas present?
- Oh, my! How can you live like this?
- Like what?
We'll just wait for you
to tidy up a bit.
In this lifetime? It'll never happen.
Come here, beautiful.
What are you doing here?
- You still like it here?
- I do. I like getting to know the girls.
Most of the time.
- And the weather.
- Yeah, the weather's nice.
- Are you freezing?
- Yeah.
- Your lips are a little blue.
- I like them that way.
Why didn't you bring a coat?
Bill.
Giselle, what are you doing here?
Freezing.
Look, it's over.
I can't see you anymore.
- I can't.
- I know.
Really.
I just want to talk to you
for a minute.
Come on.
Oh, I missed you.
You're beautiful.
Life without you...
...just isn't life.
And I don't want to go through life
not living. Do you?
No.
I love you so much I would move
to this elitist icebox if you want me to.
Make an honest man out of me.
Miss Watson?
Hi. I didn't know you were here.
Giselle Levy, Bill Dunbar,
this is...
- This is my... Paul.
- Fianc.
As of about a minute and a half ago.
Paul Moore.
God. Congratulations!
Your fianc?
You must be thrilled.
I don't think she's caught
her breath yet.
I haven't.
- Well, sit down. We'll have a toast.
- We'd love to. We're in a hurry.
But that's really great.
Congratulations, old man.
- Congratulations. Merry Christmas.
- Come on, let's...
Best of tidings to you both. Bye.
No, Paul.
Nancy'll have a heart attack.
She has these rules.
- Come on.
- No.
- Why?
- I said no. I'm not comfortable.
I'll make up the convertible sofa.
What are you doing?
You're not kidding?
I just came 3000 miles to see you.
I'm sleeping down here by myself?
Stop. Stop. Stop for a second.
- Tell me what the hell's going on.
- I don't know.
I feel like everything
is getting away from me.
We haven't actually, literally looked
at each other for three months...
...and now you're here,
and I have this ring on my finger.
Which makes you uncomfortable too?
The last time I checked,
we weren't on this track.
When was the last time you checked?
Bill...
The name is Paul.
I'm not saying no to you.
No, you're not saying anything.
You never really do.
If you need me for anything else, my number's on the refrigerator.
I feel so guilty
leaving you alone after-
I'm fine. I have lots of research to do.
That's right.
Throw yourself into work.
I'll be back...
...on the 2nd.
See you next year.
He painted what he felt, not what he saw.
People didn't understand. To them, it seemed childlike and crude.
It took years for them to recognize his actual technique...
...to see the way his brush strokes seemed to make the night sky move.
Yet, he never sold a painting in his lifetime.
This is his self-portrait.
There's no camouflage, no romance.
Honesty.
− Now, 60 years later, where is he?
− Famous?
So famous, in fact, that everybody has a reproduction.
− There are post cards−
− We have the calendar.
With the ability to reproduce art, it is available to the masses.
No one needs to own a van Gogh original.
We do. In the Newport house.
But it's small. Tiny.
They can paint their own.
Van Gogh in a box, ladies.
The newest form
of mass-distributed art:
Paint by numbers.
"Now everyone can be van Gogh.
It's so easy.
Just follow the simple instructions...
...and in minutes, you're on
your way to being an artist."
Van Gogh by numbers?
Ironic, isn't it? Look at what
we have done to the man...
...who refused to conform
his ideals to popular taste.
Who refused to compromise
his integrity.
We have put him in a tiny box
and asked you to copy him.
So the choice is yours, ladies.
You can conform to what
other people expect or you can-
I know. Be ourselves.
You're a sight for sore eyes.
I would've been on time but, silly me,
I thought class was in the classroom.
Glad you could join us, Mrs. Jones.
We thought we'd lost you.
-There's an unwritten rule for marr-
-Don't bother.
Since your wedding, you've missed
six classes, a paper and your midterm.
Well, thank God I didn't miss
the paint-by-numbers lecture.
I was on my honeymoon
and then I had to set up house.
-What does she expect?
-Attendance.
Most of the faculty turn their heads...
...when the married students
miss a class or two.
Then why not get married
as freshmen?
That way you could graduate without
actually ever stepping foot on campus.
Don't disregard our traditions
just because you're subversive.
Don't disrespect this class
just because you're married.
Don't disrespect me
just because you're not.
Come to class, do the work,
or I'll fail you.
If you fail me,
there will be consequences.
- Are you threatening me?
- I'm educating you.
That's my job.
Miss Watson!
Miss Watson!
What's this?
Every year, the ARs nominate a
member of the faculty to be our guest.
The what?
You'll see. Come by tonight at 5:00.
Adam's Ribs. A very secret society.
Wait here.
First, the oath.
Please raise both hands.
Do you swear not to repeat what
you see, hear or smell tonight?
- Smell?
- Keep your hands up!
Yes, smell.
I do.
It'll only burn for a second.
Go on.
And now that you've taken the oath,
we get to ask you whatever we want.
- Oh, is that how it works?
- And you have to answer.
Who invited her?
You're in time
for truth or consequences.
I go first. Why aren't you married?
Well...
That's poisonous.
I'm not married because...
...I'm not.
I was engaged to Patrick Watts.
Everybody called him Leo,
and I never knew why.
He was the first person
that I ever danced with...
...or smoked with,
got incredibly drunk with and—
Well, a lot of first things.
We were 18 and getting married,
Christmas of '41.
Then Pearl Harbor happened
and everything changed.
Everybody changed.
And by June, he was sent overseas.
- Did he come back?
- Yes.
- Was he changed?
- They both were.
I'm sorry.
- Your parents?
- Yeah.
After the war...
...they didn't know each other
anymore, didn't like each other.
He left. He got a whole new family.
Divorce.
What?
Yeah. First on my block.
That's a city block.
People change. Things happen.
It's the same with me and Leo.
He went off and married
someone else.
- And I got to go to graduate school.
- UCLA, right?
- Which is in Hollywood?
- It's close.
Anyway, aren't you gonna tell
everybody about, you know...
- ... your big news?
- What are you talking about?
- She got engaged over Christmas!
- Congratulations!
I'm sorry to blab.
It's just so romantic.
How fantastic!
We split up.
– What?
– We split up.
Well, that was fast.
Well, not every relationship
is meant for marriage.
– Some are strictly affairs?
– Bill Dunbar.
He'd be an affair. Let's talk
about that, Miss Watson.
You don't believe in withholding,
do you?
No. I do, however, believe in manners.
But for you, I'll make an exception.
That's what we're supposed to do
for married students. Right, Betty?
Professor Dunbar and I
are not having an affair.
Did you have one
with William Holden?
– Connie!
– She asked about Bill Dunbar.
– How did you hear that?
– Oh, it is true!
Betty, I told you.
– Won't you regret never marrying?
– There's still time.
I guess I assume that I will
at some point.
– I'm not gonna plan my life around it.
– Neither should we.
– I didn't say that.
– You did to Joan.
– That's what she told me.
– What are you saying?
She knew you and Tommy
were getting engaged.
And she practically filled out
your application.
– I didn't say that.
– She's been accepted.
Now she just has to figure out a way to tell Tommy.
Why don't you do it? You're good at butting into people's business.
Funny, that's what they say about you.
- Spencer, do I look all right?
- Yeah, fine.
- I don't have a lot of time. Speed it up.
- Mr. Grouchy.
- All right, here we go again.
- All right, go ahead, Louise.

Married Wellesley girls have become quite adept at balancing obligations. One hears such comments as.
"I baste the chick en with one hand and outline the paper with the other."
While our mothers were called to work for Lady Liberty...
...it is our duty, nay, obligation to reclaim our place in the home...
...bearing the children that will carry our traditions into the future.
One must pause to consider why Miss Katherine Watson...
...instructor in the Art History department...
...has decided to declare war on the holy sacrament of marriage.
Her subversive and political teachings encourage our Wellesley girls...
...to reject the roles they were born to fill.
Thank you.
Slide.
- Contemporary art.
- That's just an advertisement.
Quiet!
Today you just listen.
What will the future scholars see when they study us?
A portrait of women today?
There you are, ladies.
The perfect likeness
of a Wellesley graduate.
Magna cum laude, doing exactly
what she was trained to do.
Slide.
A Rhodes scholar.
I wonder if she recites Chaucer while
she presses her husband's shirts.
Slide.
Now, you physics majors can calculate
the mass and volume...
...of every meat loaf you make.
Slide.
A girdle to set you free.
What does that mean?
What does that mean?
What does it mean?
I give up.
You win.
The smartest women in the country.
I didn't realize that
by demanding excellence...
...I would be challenging...
What did it say?
What did it say?
"The roles you were born to fill."
Is that right?
The roles you were born to fill?
It's my mistake.
Class dismissed.
These girls...
Are you proud, President Carr?
- Yes, actually, I am.
- Well, you should be, I guess.
Half of them are married.
The other half, give it a month or so.
It's really only a matter of time.
They're biding time
until somebody proposes!
A hundred years ago, it was
inconceivable for a woman...
...to be a college graduate.
Perhaps you should look back
to see how far we've come.
I'm sorry, from where I sit,
it's just a different kind of corset.
- Well, we can all use a little support.
- Oh, like Amanda Armstrong?
- She broke the law!
- According to Betty Warren.
According to the state of Massachusetts.
To hell with Wellesley.
I'm done.
Goddamn it!
It's brilliant, really.
A perfect ruse.
A finishing school disguised as a college. They got me.
- What do you expect?
I thought it was a place for tomorrow's leaders, not their wives.
- Calm down, please.
- No, I will not!
I've got 10 more minutes.
Meet me in my office. Meet me!
- How you feeling?
- Stupid. Deceived.
Really, really angry.
Change takes time, you know?
You gotta let them catch up with you.
Katherine, this place needs you.
I don't know how the hell they let you in, but I'm sure glad they did.
The things I said to President Carr.
She'll never let me back in.
She's a pretty good egg.
What things?
Don't worry.
Time will heal it.
Unless, of course, you want to go back to California and that fiancé of yours.
We're not engaged. Thanks.
Sorry I interrupted your class.
Katherine!
I wanted to give you this.
It was for Christmas, and...
Then I met your man, so I...
The Sistine Chapel.
David.
Venus de Milo. And...
...Mona Lisa.
Thank you.
This is gonna be
a three-in-one shot. Ready?
You didn't even try.
This game is probably a no-no
in the Better Homes and Gardens.
Not that I have ever been in the
better homes and gardens. Have you?
No. No, I'm just an old soldier.
They don't invite us.
What do they say about them though?
- Old soldiers never die. We just-
- They just...
...become philandering
Italian professors.
- That was below the belt.
- That was unkind.
Deeply unkind.
You know, I don't know how I feel
about being a rebound.
- I'll leave.
- No, you don't have to do that.
I'll get used to it.
- What are you doing?
- Getting dressed.
I had fun, and I'm not looking
for anything serious.
Why don't you come down here
and we can discuss it.
But as long as we're doing
whatever it is that we're doing-
Which we did pretty well,
don't you think?
No students.
I'm serious.
I don't want to teach a class wondering
why a girl is wearing my perfume.
- Katherine, I-
- I need your word.
All right, you have my word.
Okay.
Now can we change the subject?
Talk about something
a little more interesting?
Like breakfast.
You know, I make
a mean blueberry pancake.
I just put that shoe on.
I don't think I know you
well enough for breakfast.
I don't know about that.
So how does a guy
going to know you better?
Well, let me-
That's a good idea.
Is that a battle wound you have?
I'm a sucker for war stories
in Romance languages.
Well, that's pretty easy.
Yeah?
I was in a village... called San Remo...
...the Krauts pounded us hard...
...me & Stan...
...you remember Stan? We were the
only two left from our platoon.
We heard a distant cry coming
from an abandoned shed.
When night fell...
A trap it was?
Remember...
...invert your nouns and
your verbs.
Hungry?
Famished.
Don't say we can live on love.
That's how I missed breakfast.
What's the matter?
What's the matter?
Phillip and Vanessa McIntyre.
Parents of a friend.
You wanna say a quick hello?
No! No, I'll be trapped.
Damn it!
Could you seat us in the bar?
We're only serving... in the front part of the restaurant this afternoon.

Miss! Miss Stone.
This has been the most romantic weekend I may ever have.
Ever. And all that's standing between right now and perfection...
...are the Mclntyres over there.
Now, with the competition out there, a girl's got to be able to move...
...a few mountains every once in a while.
- I could use all the help I could get.
- Come this way.
- I fixed it. No more Mclntyres.
- Thank you. Thank you.
- Let's not talk about this.
- All right.
Hold your breath and-
And turn.
Don't forget to smile.
Arms up.
Move together. Faster, Fran!
- When you surface, smile.
- Come on, Connie!
How about we have a girls' luncheon this weekend? Just us.
- Where's Spencer?
- Away.
- I'm free.
- I'm busy.
- What are you doing?
- She's dating a psychoanalyst.
- Oh, really?
- Who's married.
- Giselle!
- Sorry, it slipped.
- Are you in, Connie?
- I'll check with Charlie.
- Who?
- Charlie Stewart. Your cousin.
You're kidding?
We spent last weekend at the Cape.
- A little hideaway he knew about.
- Operative word, "hide."
Men take women to the Cape in
the winter when they're embarrassed.
- He's using you.
- He's not using you if you want to go.
Come here. Don't listen to her.
I love you, and I swear
I'm not saying this to hurt you.
Charlie's promised to Deb Mclntyre.
She wears his pin.
- Giselle, you know it's true.
- I don't know anything about a pin.
Mclntyre?
Are her parents named
Phillip and Vanessa?
You know them?
Only from a distance.
- Good morning. Good morning.
- Goodbye. Good morning.
Okay, wait. No, we have an audience.
Don't look.
No, I don't-
No. Stop it. Put me down.
Put me down.
You're not coming in this house.
You are not coming
in this house. No.
- Bye. Good morning.
- Good morning.
Go away. Go away.
How can you date a man like that?
What if you're wrong about him?
What if I'm not?
Coffee's cold.
Row!
Ride the plank!
Row!
Are your ears burning?
I think the feet go first
when they set the stake on fire.
"What do you say, Edward?
Should we have her back?"
"She's got rather nice legs. "
— Who's to say I wanna come back?
— What...
...leave me here with all these girls?
You'd think someone
would notice empty trays.
You are good. You remind me
of myself when I was your age.
Cheers.
He's positively vomititious, Giselle.
Don't be so sentimental, Connie.
It was a fling. It's fine.
It was nothing.
Hi!
Pleasure to meet you.
Would you excuse me?
I'll be right back.
Connie! Connie!
Excuse me. Sorry. Connie!
Charlie. It's been a while.
Yeah. How are you?
I'm fine, thank you. You? Deb?
— Pardon?
— Deb. Your girlfriend.
With the very large—
With the very large teeth.
With the very large teeth.
— Oh, did you think I didn't know?
— Connie.
Deb and I broke it off last summer.
That's Miranda.
We started seeing each other when
you stopped returning my calls...
...or answering any of my letters.
Okay, maybe I should go.
Have you seen Spencer?
But I did see Charlie Stewart.
And he told me that he and Deb
broke up last summer.
And you told me they were together
when he invited me to the Cape.
Oh, Connie.
I don't keep track of his dates.
They've been on-again, off-again
for the past few years.
No, apparently they've been off-again for a while. For quite a while.
- So?
- So you made me believe...
  ...that he was hiding me.
Either way...
  ...why couldn't you let me be happy?
Betty.
And we switch.
- Wonder teacher.
- Tommy.
- How's Harvard?
- Oh, not too bad. Not too bad.
- Congratulate me.
- You set a date?
No, nothing official. Yet.
I meant, I got into Penn. Grad school.
Congratulations. What about Yale?
Yale? Oh, you mean Joanie.
Yeah. How about that, huh?
She is some girl.
- She's terrific.
- Yeah.
Just the fact that she got in.
I mean, she will always have that.
Thanks to you. Miss Watson, you've been real swell to her.
We both appreciate it.
I'm sorry. "The fact that she got in," what does that mean?
Well, she'll be in Philadelphia.
With me.
Well, that's an awful long commute to get dinner on the table by 5:00.
- And we switch.
- Thank you.
Excuse me.
Excuse me. Have you seen Spencer?
I can't find him anywhere.
Actually, Spencer asked me to take you home.
- He has this meeting-
- In New York.
Thank you.
- Honey, what are you doing here?
- I'm staying the night.
- Spencer won't mind?
- Spencer won't notice.
- He's working hard for both of you.
Don't lie for him, Mother.
He does it so well for himself.
You're going to turn around,
go home...
...fix your face
and wait for your husband.
This is the bargain you made,
Elizabeth. We all did.
So you're not gonna let me
stay in my own house?
Spencer's house is your house now.
Believe me, it's for your own good.
Miss Watson. Come in.
Seven law schools within 45 minutes
of Philadelphia.
You can study and get dinner
on the table by 5:00.
- It's too late.
- No. Some accept late admissions.
- I was upset at first.
- Joan, the guests.
When Tommy told me that he got
accepted to Penn, I thought:
"Her fate is sealed.
How can she throw it all away?"
I realized you won't have to. You
could bake your cake and eat it too.
We're married.
We eloped over the weekend.
Turned out he was petrified
of a big ceremony...
...so we did a sort of
spur-of-the-moment thing.
Very romantic.
Look.
It's beautiful.
It was my choice. Not to go.
He would have supported it.
- But you don't have to choose.
- No, I have to.
I want a home, a family.
It's not something I'll sacrifice.
No one's asking you
to sacrifice that, Joan.
I just want you to understand
that you can do both.
Think I'll wake up one day
and regret not being a lawyer?
Yes, I'm afraid that you will.
Not as much as I'd regret not having
a family. Not being there to raise them.
I know exactly what I'm doing, and
it doesn't make me any less smart.
- This must seem terrible to you.
- I didn't say that. I-
Sure you did. You always do.
You stand in class and tell us to look
beyond the image, but you don't.
To you, a housewife is someone who
sold her soul for a centre hall colonial.
She has no depth,
no intellect, no interests.
You're the one who said
I could do anything I wanted.
This is what I want.
Congratulations.
Be happy.
Sometimes I think you say
these things to provoke me.
Does your father know
that you speak this way?
Does your wife know you're here?
- Where might I find Charlie Stewart?
- Charlie Stewart? C1744.
- But it's too late. You'll have to leave.
- All right.
You can't go up there!
What is going on here?
There's no women allowed
in the dorms!
Can you please not interrupt me?!
Connie! What are you doing here?
Well, I saw...
I saw Big Teeth with...
...Kevin Tawil looking pretty cosy,
and I thought that maybe...
Maybe you two weren't...
- Dating?
- Yes. Thank you.
Hey, no girls in the dorm.
I know I have made mistakes.
A ton.
But I never make them twice.
And?
And it was perfect. Romantic.
We stayed up all night talking.
You're late. What happened
to Sunday brunch?
We stayed up all night too.
Not talking.
The psychoanalyst? Again.
- Divine exhaustion.
- He's married.
He's not married like
you and Tommy.
What does that mean?
It means he and his wife
don't speak the same language.
- Spelled S-E-X.
- Does he pay you?
For sex?
At the rate you're going,
you could make a fortune.
- Betty.
- Everyone thinks so.
Do you know what they say?
They say you're a whore.
Once they've all sampled you,
they'll toss you aside like a used rag.
- Betty, stop now.
- The men you love don't want you.
- Your father doesn't want you.
- I'm gonna meet you downstairs.
- Professor Dunbar.
- Betty, that's enough.
Everybody knows that you hide
outside his house.
It must be torturous running after
a man who doesn't care about you...
...who's in love with someone else,
who hates you.
- He hates you!
- Betty.
And it hurts! No!
- Get off me!
- Quiet!
Oh, God.
- He doesn't want me.
- Okay.
He doesn't sleep with me. He-
I know.
I say no. I mean, it's not fair to her.
- She's not happy.
- Don't forget about her outburst.
Oh, that's right.
Dr. Staunton, will you tell the
alumnae the figures you have?
Enrolment for her class next year...
...is the highest
the department's had. Ever.
She'd have to promise
to turn in her lesson plans.
In advance. And they'll need
to be approved.
She'll never agree to that.
Bill, the brochures
for Europe arrived.
Surprise!
Sir, I'm so sorry!
- Who are you?
- I'm Stanley Sher...
...a friend of Bill's.
We were in the 37th together.
- Okay.
- You must be Katherine.
I am.
He told me you were a looker, but...
- I'll wait for you downstairs, Stanley.
- Okey-dokey.
So you and Bill
were in the war together?
Yep. Now he's some
fancy teacher...
...and I'm in air conditioning.
Forget the A-bomb.
Freon. It's gonna change
the good old U.S. of A.
Open the entire West to development.
I'm based in El Paso.
- Oh, thank you.
- And cheers.
Well, you've come a long way
from San Remo.
Yes, sirree.
That in California?
Italy.
- Where you two were stationed.
- Italy?
Well, somebody's been
pulling your long leg.
We were stationed at the Army
Language Institute on Long Island.
Closest we ever got to Italy
was the baked ziti at Mama Leone's.
I don't think Bill's
ever been to Europe.
I sure as hell haven't.
Cheers.
Katherine!
You okay?
I met Stan.
Hell of a nice guy.
- Yeah.
- What a talker.
Yeah.
We go back a long way.
All the way to Long Island.
Secret's out.
What an incredible lie.
I spoke the language, I had the
uniform, people just assumed things.
I didn't correct them.
I guess I should've done.
I guess you should've done.
Katherine, look, I'm sorry, okay?
I made a mistake.
Just give me a chance...
...to straighten things out, okay?
Why couldn't you just be honest?
You don't make it easy.
You're so perfect, you...
It's impossible to be honest
with you. I...
For you, it is.
Well, it's not just me, Katherine.
Joan failed you too, right?
- That's an awful thing to say.
- I know, but it's the truth.
If you want honesty,
I can be real honest.
You didn't come to Wellesley
to help people find their way.
I think you came to help people
find your way.
I'm not accustomed
to hunting you down.
Elizabeth, look at me, please.
I've spoken with Mrs. Jones.
There will be no divorce.
There's always a period
of adjustment.
I've assured her that you will try
for a year.
Look at this, Mother.
Spencer will try as well.
According to her, he's really
very upset. You should call him.
She's smiling. Is she happy?
The important thing
is not to tell anyone.
She looks happy.
So, what does it matter?
Don't wash your dirty laundry
in public.
Let me tell you something.
Not everything is as it seems.
Dear Miss Watson:
It is with great pleasure...
that we invite you... 
to return as an instructor... 
in the Art History department... 
for the 1954-1955 academic year.

We do wish to make clear, however, 
that this invitation... 
is absolutely conditional 
upon the following:

Please, Nora, may we continue?

**Number one:**
You will teach only the syllabus 
as outlined by the department chair.

**Number two:**
All lesson plans... 
must be submitted at the beginning 
of every term for approval... 
and revision.

**Number three.**
You shall not provide counsel 
beyond your own subject... 
for any student at any time.

**And finally.**
That you will agree to maintain 
a strictly professional relationship... 
with all members of the faculty.

- Good evening, Katherine.
- Hi, Violet.

Assuming you accept the conditions, 
we look forward to your continuing... 
...to be a part of our Wellesley tradition.

Nice party.
I didn't realize.
It was a surprise.

William H. Taft.

What does the letter H stand for?
- Howard.
- Howard. Yes!

Howard.
Oh, it doesn't matter.
The important thing is
that you'll be back next year. Hopefully living here.
Well, I haven't really thought about that. They just told me today.
Well, there's still plenty of time. You should be celebrating.
You're right.
You're right. Let's celebrate.
Let's go upstairs and get gussied up and go out dancing.
Silly, it's after 8:00.
Strike It Rich is on.
- Life isn't about Strike It Rich.
- It's a school night.
- So what?
- So I don't want to go. I'm happy here.
It's back on.
- Do you feel good about music...
- Oh, isn't he handsome?
Watch with me.
"You talk ed me into it, " says this oldie. What's the title of this one?
"You Made Me Love You. "
"You Made Me Love-
"You Made Me Love You. "
You get all that from looking at paint on a canvas...
...and it's her facial expression...
...her eyes that makes you think that.
- I think that makes it interesting.
- The context that it comes from...
...affects the way we view it.
I think it provokes us because it provoked the painter...
...and in turn, he's kind of sending that message to us.
Whether or not it's a good painting cannot be subjective.
I feel like I'm missing something.
It was Joan's idea.
How else will you remember us?
- They've invited you back.
- Do you think they made a mistake?
I do.
- Elizabeth, I don't see Spencer.
- Excuse me, Mother.
Miss Watson, can you help me
get in touch with your friend...
...in Greenwich Village?
What do you need
in Greenwich Village?
An apartment.
I filed for a divorce this morning.
And since we know
I'm not welcome at your house...
You remember Giselle Levy?
What did you call her?
Well, we're going to be roommates.
Hi.
- You ready?
- Yeah.
You okay?
- Greenwich Village?
- Yeah. For a while.
Then, who knows?
Maybe law school. Yale, even.
Well...
...I wouldn't want to come up against
you in any court anywhere.
Maybe I can drop by next year?
Keep you on your toes.
You will be here?
Miss Watson?
Dear Betty.
I came to Wellesley because
I wanted to make a difference.
But to change for others...
...is to lie to yourself.
My teacher...
...Katherine Watson,
lived by her own definition...
...and would not compromise that.
Not even for Wellesley.
I dedicate this, my last editorial...
...to an extraordinary woman...
...who lived by example...
...and compelled us all to see
the world through new eyes.
By the time you read this,
she'll be sailing to Europe...
...where I know she'll find new walls
to break down...
...and new ideas
to replace them with.
Hold it, everybody.
I've heard her called a quitter
for leaving...
...an aimless wanderer.
But not all who wander are aimless.
Especially not those who seek truth
beyond tradition...
...beyond definition...
...beyond the image.
Get the hell out of the way!
I'll never forget you.
Betty! Betty!
What about after this war, Lee?
Well, this job belongs
to some soldier.
When he comes back...
- ... he can have it.
- Oh, that's swell.