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# Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation

By Nunnally Johnson

The marvel of our time, | I guess, is the exploration of outer space.  
Man is, for the first time, | leaving the face of the Earth.  
In the name of science, | diplomacy and technology...  
we're getting off the planet.  
However, the real reason | for this exploration is a simple one...  
and I, Roger Hobbs | of St. Louis, Missouri...  
have discovered this reason.  
It's too damn crowded down here.!  
Oh, welcome back, Mr. Hobbs.  
- Thank you, Ellen. Glad to be back. | - Did you have a nice vacation?  
Wonderful.  
Uh, I want you to take something.  
This goes to Mrs. Hobbs...  
not to be opened | until after my death.  
- Is this going to be a long one or a short one? | - I don't know yet.  
Then I'd better get another book. | I've only a few pages left in this one.  
My darling Peggy...  
when you read this, I- Oh.  
I'm sorry, but I remembered when you were | dictating that one about Mrs.  
Hobbs's brother-  
what you really thought of him-  
it was so long, | I ran right out of the book.  
Uh-huh. Uh, well-  
All right. Are you ready?  
My darling Peggy, | by the time you read this...  
I'll be in an urn | at Woodlawn Memorial Park Cemetery.  
So let me make it clear | from the very beginning...  
that notwithstanding | what I may say here and now...  
I loved you to the end | and with all my heart.  
Paragraph.  
With all my heart. Paragraph.  
Please don't think I was hasty.  
I was just like any other normal, | red-blooded American gopher...  
who works in a big city.  
Living underground | most of the time...  
naturally, I liked the idea | of a little fresh air.  
- Paragraph? | - Paragraph.  
This is simply to explain to you...  
why, after last month...  
you never again | were able to suck me in...  
to another gay, happy, | carefree vacation...  
with the family-  
may God bless and keep | each and every one of them...  
individually.

Paragraph.

Even now, there is no man alive...  
who believes more devoutly than I do...  
that the family is the rock...  
upon which civilization is built.  
But speaking to you now | from beyond the grave...  
let me say to you, frankly...  
that I had rather stay on | as a gopher...  
than be trapped with my family...  
for a whole month in the same house.

Paragraph.

I also agree heartily | with all modern authorities...  
that there is no more | sacred obligation in life...  
than a lasting communication | between parents and children.  
But from now on, I'm going to see | if I can't manage mine by long  
distance...  
and the longer, the better.  
- Paragraph? | - No paragraph.  
It's not that I don't love them, | you understand.  
It's just that the day finally arrives when | a man simply hasn't got the  
strength...  
to handle all the jams | his children get themselves into.

### **Sailing date:**

Remember last June, Peggy?  
I called you from the office | that it was all set for a month's vacation?  
Well, what I had in mind, darn it...  
was a month off | just for you and me.  
Just a couple of old smoothies | on the loose again...  
communicating with nobody but each other | and an occasional deck steward.  
- I can't see. | - Good evening.  
Oh, hello. Would you mind | moving over a little bit, please?  
How would you like to spend next month | on a real Western dude ranch?  
- No, thanks. | - That's what you think, buster.  
Ee-yah.!  
Will you listen-Will you listen | for just one minute, darling?  
Ah, hang up, Mother. Tell 'em Father's | home drunk and needs looking  
after.  
- It's Katey, long distance. | - Well, what's- Nothing wrong, is there?  
Oh, you bet there is. | She doesn't want to go to Emerald Bay.  
It is not stupid, Katey, and I must say | that it's not very bright of  
you...  
to keep describing every place in the world | that's not Paris as stupid.  
Now- Now, will you listen to me | for one second?

Paris? Wh-What about Paris?

Oh, she and three other girls out of her class | have cooked up some crazy notion...

of gallivanting all over Europe | this summer.

But how in the world | are you going to pay for it, Katey?

Yeah, I'd sort of be interested | in the answer to that one myself.

Oh, no, darling.

You can lend it to her, and she'll pay it back | weekly out of her allowance, with interest.

By golly, you really got to hand it | to the kid for trying, don't you?

- How much interest? | - Mother!

Mother. Mother! | Positively weird, both of them.

You should see my mother. | Absolutely weird!

I have never seen anybody | as weird as my mother.

They're all... so insecure.

- That's right. | - Mother? Now, really, I can't-

I'm sorry, darling, but it's out of the question, | and that's all there is to it.

I have to hang up now because | we have a call coming in from Susie.

- Hugs and kisses, darling. Bye now. | - Mom!

Mother?

- She hung up. | - How weird.

Oh, they're weird, I'll tell you.

Positively weird.

Well, what's this | Emerald Bay business?

Well, the Nickersons are letting us | have their beach house there for August.

- It's right on the water, just south of San Francisco. | - You mean for the children?

For all of us. | It's big enough for the whole family.

- Wait a minute, honey. Just wait-wait- | - Oh, I know, I know.

This is the chance of a lifetime for | an old-fashioned family get-together...

and we mustn't be selfish about it.

But, honey, | that wasn't the idea at all.

Do you realize that this may be the last time | we'll ever be all together again?

That's what you say every time, | and I admit it's a very attractive prospect.

Oh, Rog, the way you talk, people would | think that you don't love your children.

Oh, I love 'em dearly, | just from different distances.

For instance, I've never loved Katey | as much in my life...

as I have since she enrolled | at that school 900 miles away.

Has it ever occurred to you | that maybe Katey needs you?  
Needs me? She gets sick at her stomach | every time she looks at me.  
That's exactly what I mean. We're losing our | children, and do you know  
whose fault it is?  
- Ours. | - All right. Where did we fail?  
Well, we haven't kept in close touch | with our children.  
We haven't actually shared with them | in all of their problems and  
pleasures.  
Honey, I don't know about that.  
All I know is that Katey | doesn't need me...  
and Susie doesn't need me, | and Janie doesn't need me.  
Danny only needs me to pick up | a copy of Playboy for him every month.  
That must be Susie.  
Hello? Hello, Susie!  
She had to talk to Stan about it first.  
- You mean you're asking them too? | - Yes, I'll hold it.  
Did you notice how pale those children | looked in these last pictures?  
Honey, everybody looks pale | in snapshots, even cannibals.  
The whole thing's getting out of hand, | with a whole pack of babies  
joining in.  
What do you mean, "whole pack"? | She's got exactly two children.  
You sure?  
- Come in, Brenda. | - Oh, hello, Brenda.  
What did he say, darling?  
Oh, he did? | But that would spoil the whole idea.  
Your father simply lives | for those children.  
And Janie's bringing Junior.  
They can all play on the beach together. | How's Peewee?  
Oh, she is? Well, she didn't | hurt herself, did she?  
As Mr. Hobbs counted up his tribe...  
his spirits began to rise | in eager anticipation...  
of that happy reunion by the sea.  
Doesn't this remind you | of Finland, Brenda?  
- Worse. | - Oh, just you wait.  
You're going to love it.  
Aren't you beginning | to get excited too, Rog?  
- Yeah, I think it's gonna be all right. | - You know what we've got to do?  
- What? | - This month, while we're all together-  
the whole family really living | and playing together-  
we've got to teach our children | what a family really is...  
that the members of a family aren't | separate people like passengers on a  
bus...  
but a single unit- | one for all and all for one.  
- Don't you think? | - You bet.

And if we can do that, it wouldn't | surprise me one bit if this trip...  
brought us all closer together | than we ever dreamed we could be.

You little beast!

- Then keep your big foot off my television set! | - It isn't on your TV!

- You're scratching- | - Mother, have you no control over this child?

- Danny, cut it out! | - All right, break!

You know, I've been reading | in a woman's magazine someplace-  
I don't know.

We got one consolation.

In the whole history of the world, | there's never been a child brought up  
right.

Oh, now, really, Mother.

Now, wait a minute, kid.

- I knew it'd be weird, but not this weird. | - Take it easy now.

Let Mother speak first.

Did you ever see anything | so enchanting in all your life?

- I don't see any aerial. | - I think people go crazy in a place like this.  
I'm not gonna stay here. | That's all there is to it.

You're not only going to stay, you're going | to help get some of this  
stuff into the house.

Now, everybody grab something, | and let's get some organization into this  
deal.

If- If this house was good enough | for Edgar Allan Poe...  
it's good enough for us.

I'm sure it's better inside.

- Can we get an aerial tonight, Dad? | - No!

Maybe I can make one.

Everybody stand back | in case of bats.

Where's the switch? The switch?

Well, I'll be a son of a gun.

Isn't it wonderful?

Netta Nickerson says that most | of the houses out this way...  
haven't any conveniences at all.

I haven't seen a bulb like that | since I was seven years old.

Dad, really, what are we going to do | in a place like this?

But a bulb this weak, | you can't even call it a light.

It's a dark.

You turn that thing on in the middle | of the day, the whole room goes  
black.

Must be simply glorious in here | when the sun is out.

Whoops.

Seems to be stuck a little.

When we get an aerial, would you | like to look at some TV with me?

Danny, | don't be positively infantile.

Wait a minute, Katey. | That was a very nice invitation.  
Why don't you be polite about it?  
If no one has any objections, | I'm going to take a bath.  
That's a very good idea, Katey.  
After a good, hot bath, | we'll all feel 100% better.  
Just as soon as your dad | gets the pressure up.  
- Soon as Dad gets what? | - Well, here it is.  
- What is it? | - The instructions for starting up the pump.  
Mr. Saltonstall, the plumber, left it for you. | Come along, children.  
- We'll get the bags out of the car. | - Wait a minute.!  
- I've never even seen a pump, except in the movies. | - Now, really, Dad.  
No, come on over here. Take a look | at this thing. What kind of a pump is it?  
"Directions for starting the pump. "  
Well, this seems pretty clear. | Let's see.  
"This pump is very simple | and should start easy.  
"Open green priming valve and pour in | bucket of water. Close valve.  
"Open green intake valve | and shut red return valve.  
"Open green supply valve | and close red.  
"Choke butterfly on carburetor | and open throttle. Start motor.  
"Engage clutch, | and motor will start.  
"If it doesn't, | you did something wrong.  
"Also, be sure and adjust throttle | to maintain 50 pounds pressure...  
or else you'll blow up | the whole damn place. "  
Anybody who wants to take a bath around | here tonight can jump in the Pacific Ocean.  
Honey, would you feel better...  
if I went out and gave | that butterfly valve a twist now?  
Oh, Rog, darling.  
Did you ever see anyplace | quite so horrible?  
Not since Dragonwyck.  
Did you take a look | into that kitchen?  
No, and I'm not going up | in the attic either...  
until all that sobbing | and moaning stops.  
Isn't it awful? All those chains | dragging across the floor.  
Yeah, what's that old woman | cackling about? Listen to her.  
There's no aerial.  
There's that fella that gets shot | off his horse every time...  
right in front of the camera.  
That hombre can really bounce, | can't he?  
"Highest Bounce in the West," | they call him.  
Can't be long now.  
Yeah.  
Here we go. | Five, four, three, two, one.

Ee-yah.!

There he goes.

- Poor old Black Bart. | - Shot him right through the heart.

Well, he should never | have killed Tom's kid brother.

We're gonna make a home | out of this place yet, honey.

- Good night, sweetie. | - Good night.

Boy!

Oh, my. Oh, the pump.

All right. | Where is the pump? Uh-

Must be over there.

A hush falls over the crowd...

as Hobbs's shrewd eyes | take in the intricacies...

of the complicated machine...

at a glance.

Then his strong, skillful fingers...

as sensitive as those of a surgeon...

make their first sure contact | with the key valve.

"Open green intake valve...

"and close red return valve.

"And open green supply valve | and close red supply valve.

Throw in a bucket of water. " | A bucket of water.

Here.

Step by step...

with never a false move | or moment of hesitation...

he moves relentlessly | toward another triumph...

in the never-ending struggle...

of man versus machine.

And now-

And now-

And now-

The silence is almost unbearable.

Will Hobbs take this sitting down?

5-3-7-2.

The doctor told her she could look | for a hemorrhage, and sure enough,  
here it came.

Whoosh! | All over the walls, and dripping-

Buckets and buckets and buckets.

- By then, some kind of secretion was coming out of her eyes. | - Eww.

- What was that? | - Sounded like a dog.

There are no dogs on this phone.

Anyway, while they were mopping up-

Madam, I'm sorry, | but I haven't had my coffee yet.

- Who is this? | - Oh, now, really, Dad.

I've gotta get a plumber.



I've never seen such a weird place.

Could be lots of things.

- Did you open the green priming valve and pour in water? | - Yeah.  
Uh-huh. Did you choke the butterfly | on the carburetor and open the  
throttle?

- Yeah, yeah. | - And it still didn't work.

I'm sorry about the delay, but Mr. Saltonstall | fell into Mrs. Coats's  
cesspool.

- Second time this year. Happy to know you. | - Mrs. Hobbs, Mr.  
Saltonstall.

- My daughter Katey. | - Hello, Katey!

I've never seen anything back up | like that cesspool of Mrs. Coats's.  
Mrs. Saltonstall says I spend more time | in that cesspool than I do at  
home.

Well, let's go look at that pump.

- Are you sure you followed all the directions? | - Eleven times.

- And she still wouldn't start? | - Nope.

It's a mighty sweet little pump.

Now, look, I'm not challenging | the sweetness of the pump.

I'm just telling you | I can't get the lousy thing started!

She's okay now.

That's the sweetest little pump | in these parts.

Nice to have you here, Mrs. Hobbs.

And if you need me, I'm generally | at home or in Mrs. Coats's cesspool.

You too, Katey.

How 'bout it, kids? | How's for a little sun on the beach?

How 'bout it, Miss America?

- What's the matter, honey? | - Nothing.

- Well, don't you feel well? | - I'm all right.

Well, then come on, | let's go outside.

I'd rather stay here, | if you don't mind.

Well, if you change your mind, I'll-

Good morning.

- Uh, good morning. Beautiful day, isn't it? | - Gorgeous.

What-What are you reading?

- War and Peace. | - Any good?

Well, The New Yorker | didn't care much for it...

but it got pretty good notice | in some of the other papers.

I like The New Yorker. | It has such lovely ads for jewelry.

Is it true that you are a banker?

Well, yes. Yes, I am.

- May I join you? | - Well, you certainly may.

You know, I haven't met a fellow | out here in more than a year...

that wasn't flat broke.

Well, there's an awful lot of that | going around these days.  
- I think it is the "D-ducks. " | - You think it's the D-duck? The what?  
The "D-ducks. "  
The way they say it's not "D-ductible" | to take a girl out for dinner  
anymore.  
- Oh, I see. | - Oh, Tolstoy's War and Peace.  
- Uh, Tennessee Tolstoy. | - I remember.  
I was trying to read it myself.  
With all these Russian names, | I just couldn't tell the men from the  
women.  
Well, it does call for | quite a bit of concentration.  
- Where is it? | - Where is what?  
- Your bank. | - Oh! St. Louis, Missouri.  
This place is simply filthy | with people from St. Louis.  
You will have a lot of fun | seeing them.  
As a matter of fact, we came out here | to get away from them for a while.  
- You know, you are real sharp for a banker. | - Oh, thank you.  
- Marika. | - Uh, Roger.  
- And over. | - No, that's my name. Roger.  
Oh, really? Is it a big one?  
- Is what a big one? | - Like National or something?  
Oh, yes. Biggest in St. Louis.  
Oh, boy. | What a ball you must have.  
Wait a minute. You know | I don't exactly own the contents.  
I didn't mean | you were taking it, darling.  
- Well, I- | - You're just being in there, with it!  
Yes. Yes.  
- Is, uh, Mrs. Hobbs up here with you? | - Yes, yes.  
And the children. | Two of them, that is.  
- The others will be along in a few days. | - What others?  
Well, our two older daughters | and their children.  
- You mean, you have got grandchildren? | - Babies, of course.  
Well, let me know | how that thing comes out...  
if you think of it.  
- Oh, Rog.! | - Yeah?  
Will you come here a minute?  
Yeah.  
That's a grandma?  
36-26-36 and still operating.  
- You stay right here. I'll be back. | - Uh, listen.  
How 'bout the rest | of the St. Louis crowd?  
Couldn't we sort of all have | a little get-together here someday...  
like a bathing suit party?  
- You sure you don't mind if they're not all bankers? | - Of course not.

- I like depositors too. | - Oh?

Yes, dear?

- Who's the belly dancer? | - Well, what do you mean, belly dancer?

- She's just a big kid. | - Uh-huh.

That was Humbert Humbert's first report | on Little Goody Two Shoes, wasn't it?

All right, all right. | Well, what's out of order now?

- Brenda's leaving. | - Already?

Come with me.

Turn on the water.

The hot water.

She got it right in the kisser.

That was the last straw.

You-You wouldn't want | to try it just one more night?

One more night, I "tank" I go crazy! | Too quiet, like graveyard.

But everybody told me | it was just like Finland around here.

In Finland, once in a while | at night you hear a wolf.

We can fix that water spout | in the kitchen, you know.

And in Finland, | man do not swear at woman!

I "tank" maybe she go crazy already.

Did you really swear at her?

I've never sworn at a cook in my life.

Well, she said that you did | when you came downstairs this morning.

This morning, when I came- | I never even spoke to her.

I asked the kids how they'd like | a little sun on the beach, and then-  
and-and-

Oh.

Oh.

Oh, Peg, I don't know.

I don't know. | Where did we fail?

I can handle the kitchen. | That doesn't bother me.

It's Katey that has me worried.

Do you know that she hasn't | come down for a meal yet?

You think she really | hates us that much?

No. No more than Susan | and Janie did at her age.

- It's those new braces. | - What new braces?

- On her teeth. | - Oh, oh.

Haven't you noticed how | she won't even smile?

- But don't they all have them at that age? | - Hers are new.

She isn't even used to them yet.

But what are we gonna do, honey?

We can't let her go through | the whole vacation in this kind of misery.

Wh-What are we gonna do?

I don't know, Rog.

L- I can't figure it.

L- I can't figure | what we did that was wrong.

Oh, well. Let's not make | too much out of it.

The girls will be here soon, and they'll- | they'll snap her out of it.

Yeah. Susie- | She'll have her out of it in five minutes.

Why, that little monkey | will have her laughing so hard...

she won't remember | she has braces or anything.

Won't she?

They're here, Peggy! | Did you have any trouble finding it, Stan?

- Not very much. | - Good.

- How's my Susie girl? | - Hello, Sue. Hello, Stan.

- Oh, Daddy! | - We expected you earlier.

Oh, hey, hey. | What's the matter, baby?

L- Oh, Daddy, not now. Later.

Don't you look beautiful, Peewee! | Come on, Peter.

- Stan, how's it going? | - Fine, thank you. And you?

- Oh, fine, fine. Not bad. | - Come on, darling.

- I don't like you. | - Hi, Peter boy.

- Don't you want to give Boompa a nice big hug, darling? | - Boompa?

It's what he calls you. He's talked about you | so much, I really don't understand this.

Excuse me, Peg.

- Boompa? | - Don't you want to say hello to Boompa, Peter?

I don't like Boompa!

All right. | Then you just come on out of there!

If you don't mind, | it does no good to yell at him.

- All right. Then you get him out of there. | - Well, I-

- Susie, I'm- I- | - Oh, they're just tired and hungry.

I'll- I'll heat them some milk.

Some milk. Yeah, get some milk. | You need some help?

- Come on, Peter boy! | - I wanna go. I don't like this place!

- Come on. | - Mommy!

- Help! | - Don't worry about that stuff, sir.

I'll bring it in just as soon | as I've got him taken care of.

Help!

Oh, darling. Will you get | that stuff upstairs right away?

Boompa.

Okay.

- Where is she? | - Oh! We didn't expect you until tomorrow!

- Hi, Peggy. How are you? Janie, here she is. | - Oh, Mother!

- Oh, I'm so glad to see you! | - Let me have the baby.

Let me see him. | Oh, he's beautiful! Peewee! Peter!

- Come on down. | - Mother, you're holding him so wrong.

Katey.

- Would you like some coffee? | - I'd love some coffee.  
Well, this is a real occasion, isn't it?  
The whole gang together again. | How long has it been?  
Well, Janie's wedding | was the last time.  
Well, we mustn't ever | let it get too long, kids.  
Just don't ever let it get too long.  
It's a very important thing, family.  
A very important thing.  
What we all mean to each other and, | of course, your mother and me...  
when you were all young...  
and then now- | now you with all your families.  
Don't ever let | either one of them fall apart.  
Uh- Because it's | the one solid thing that lasts in life...  
and that's the family.  
Is this all I'm gonna get? | This... guck?  
Yes, dear. I'm afraid until you're | a little older, that's- I'm sorry.  
All right now. What do you say?  
Now that we're all together again, | let's make this first drink to the  
family.  
- Can I go now? It's 8:00. | - J-Just a minute, son.  
- But it's Tombstone Raiders, Dad. | - I'm- Oh.  
Tombstone Raid- | All right. Okay. Okay.  
Tombstone Rai- | Oh, I don't know.  
You know what this country needs?  
D- Do you know what this country needs? | An un-Edison.  
An un-Thomas A. Edison. | He can uninvent things.  
You know the first thing | I'd have him uninvent? Television.  
That's an amusing idea, of course, | but, uh-  
Oh, what it would reveal | about you to a psychiatrist.  
Yeah, yeah. | Thanks a lot, Professor.  
- Well, all right now- | - Good night.  
- No, honey, please. | - I don't feel well, Dad.  
I know-Just-Would you-  
- What's the matter with her? | - Oh, just the same as with you and Janie  
at her age.  
- New braces. | - Poor kid.  
Yeah. New braces. Let's raise our glasses | and drink a little toast to the  
family.  
- The roast! | - Couldn't you wait a second?  
- I'll be right back. It'll take a minute. | - I know, but could you wait-  
- Are you all well again now? | - Oh, sure.  
- I hate to go on without her. | - In fact, we're gonna try and have  
another one right away.  
You're gonna try and have- | What? What did you say?

We're gonna try and have | another baby right away.  
Well, that's the first time | I ever heard that one in the parlor.  
Well, psychologists have pretty well agreed | that closely spaced  
children...  
promise the minimum | of intra-familial friction actually.  
- He kills me the way he says, "Let's | turn 'em out fast. " - Uh-huh.  
Yeah.  
Well-Well, to what's left | of the family.  
Could we have a little-  
- Listen, dear. | - That's him, all right.  
- Well, couldn't we just- | - You want me-  
Not unless you want to change him.  
That's one thing | I'm not gonna even try to learn.  
- Well, uh, uh- | - Will you pour me another one?  
- Sure. Sure. | - With all these false starts, I-  
Yeah, I know.  
This didn't seem difficult | when I thought of it.  
You know, one little drink for | a few people sitting around a room-  
But they can't be having this much trouble | putting our man on the moon.  
But look, | let's sort of close forces here...  
and let's have a little drink | to the family, huh?  
- Hey! | - Peter, dear. Oh!  
Just take it easy there.  
- Look, darling, let's play with Flopsy again. | - I don't like Boompa!  
How do you think I feel about it?  
Is this the best you can do | for your own father? Boompa?  
Geez- Hey! Now, look, | let's not overdo this thing!  
Come here to Mother. | It's all right. Don't worry.  
- I hate Boompa! | - Well-  
Would you excuse me?  
I think you oughta take a firmer stand on this-  
- Don't anybody touch her. | She's all right. She's scared.  
Here, darling. That's all right.  
Play with this.  
It's all right, baby.  
Hey!  
Didn't I tell you to stop that? And when I | tell you something, young man,  
I mean it.  
- This stuff costs money. | - I'll take him.  
You wanna throw things on the floor, | throw your own stuff.  
It's all right, darling. | Boompa didn't mean it.  
Yes, Boompa did mean it too! | He meant every damn word of it.  
Somebody's gotta straighten this kid out | when he gets out of line.  
If you don't mind, Dad- | I hate to say this- It is your house-

We don't believe | in saying "no" to the children.  
According to all modern psychologists, | saying "no" leads to neuroses.  
It can also lead to bankruptcy, | too, if he breaks enough stuff.  
What we do is put all the ashtrays | and other breakables out of their  
reach...  
like on the mantelpiece.  
If I want to smoke in this house, | I have to stand beside the mantelpiece?  
Well, maybe Susan does | carry it a bit too far at times-  
Susan carries it no further | than Susan has been advised to carry it.  
All I know is that I smoked sitting down | when you kids were little...  
and none of you have gone crazy yet.  
I only meant that under certain circumstances, | when other people are  
disturbed...  
we could afford to be | a little flexible about it!  
You know so much more than the men who | have devoted their lives to child  
psychology...  
I don't see why you don't go | into the business yourself.  
You mean that's better than nothing.  
As usual, you put your own construction | on anything I say!  
Well, now, Susan, we don't have to | make a big thing out of this.  
You don't have to remind me of my position. | I assure you, I never forget  
it for a second.  
You bet you don't!  
Don't think for one second either that | I'm not sick of your reminding me  
of it!  
- You want me to take him? | - Oh, I do not! Give me that doll!  
- Susan! Susan. | - This has nothing to do with you, Dad!  
- I'm kind of in the dark about this whole thing. | - Oh, stop pretending!  
- I'm not a child! | - I don't know what you're talking about, either one  
of you.  
Well, here's to Boompa.  
That was some family reunion.  
Some family, as a matter of fact.  
One kid going blind, | watching actors shoot each other.  
Another resigning | from the human race...  
'cause she's got a little chicken wire | in her mouth.  
A married one squaring off at her husband, | raising infant delinquents.  
And what do you hear | from Janie and Professor Egghead?  
Oh, now, Rog, let's not overdo it.  
Do you know what the truth of this is? | It just occurred to me.  
- I don't know those people. | - Well, now, listen-  
No, I mean it! I mean it.  
I used to know a pretty little girl | named Susie...  
and another freckle-faced | little monkey named Janie.

- You remember? | - Oh, Rog, I wish you wouldn't talk like that.  
Well, they were two little honeys, | weren't they?  
- Well, they're not dead, darling. | - Not technically, no.  
- I know. | - Just "bye-bye, kids. "  
Oh, now, Rog, really, | you're just being maudlin.  
And as for those | two fellas down there-  
I'm scared to death I'll run into them someday | on the street without  
their wives...  
and won't even recognize them!  
Stan's the one who needs the haircut.  
Do you realize that I've seen | Mr. Stanley Carver...  
exactly three times | in my whole life before today?  
The next time I saw him after meeting him | for five minutes in Cleveland  
was at the altar.  
"The dark one on the left," | somebody said.  
And I gave my own flesh-and-blood daughter | to this complete stranger.  
"The dark one on the left. "  
That's what we call "marriage," Rog.  
I'll bet I know 150 guys better than that, | including my barber.  
Netta Nickerson's never | even seen her son-in-law.  
Julie married him in Las Vegas | at the Wee Kirk of the Cactus.  
It doesn't make any difference. I can't ever | think of anything to say to  
him anyway.  
Now you're just being absurd.  
No. Once we've found out how each other's | getting along, we're both dead.  
I know you haven't got | much in common with him...  
but couldn't you at least | ask him about his work?  
Well, honey, | what can you possibly ask a biophysicist?  
I wouldn't know whether | I was pronouncing it right even.  
Very well then, | since we're strictly off the record...  
how do you like these apples?  
You can have my share of Byron too.  
Bless your wicked little heart.  
Did you ever see such a windbag?  
You know, | I was talking to him one night...  
and I suddenly realized | I was apologizing to him...  
for not hating my mother.  
What are we going to do, Rog?  
All right. Now, look, honey.  
I read somewhere once that you can't | live anybody's life but your own...  
and you're nuts to try to.  
I'll bet that goes for families too...  
because sooner or later, | Mommy and Poppy have just got to let go.  
The kiddies are all grown up, | and they're in business for themselves,



right?

I suppose.

You can keep on wiping their noses | just so long...

and pretty soon somebody's gonna come right out | and tell Mommy and Poppy to buzz off.

- Oh, dear. | - So we're going to buzz off before we're buzzed off.

Just stay out of it. Let them take care | of their problems by themselves.

- But- | - From now on, we're going to live our lives...

and they can live their lives...

and happy landings to everybody.

Good night, honey.

But what about the- the family?

Well, what about the family?

- I mean, communicating with the children. | - Oh, to hell with it.

Let them communicate with us | for a change.

Honey.

We're not going to worry | about this anymore.

- You understand? | - Uh-huh.

- Good night. | - Good night.

You'd think that lousy surf would lay off | for two or three minutes, wouldn't you?

- Morning! | - Oh, hi!

- Look! Okay? | - What is it?

War and Peace by what's his name.

I've been just dying to read it.

What page are you on?

Uh, well, I'm afraid I'm, uh-

The same here. I thought I'd never | get out of the first paragraph.

Are there any pictures in yours?

Uh, no. No.

Oh, well. So far it seems to follow | the movie pretty closely.

Who is taking care of all that money | while you are away?

Nobody. | We have the honor system in St. Louis.

Oh. | Oh.

- Good morning. | - Good morning, sir.

Uh, this is our neighbor, | Miss Marika-Cardos.

- This is my son-in-law Mr. Grant. | - How do you do, Miss Cardos?

- Marika. | - Marika.

- Byron. | - Oh, like the painter!

Yes, that's it. Oh, what's this?

Peace and War by what's his-

Wow! His name.

- Have you ever read it? | - Oh, yes. Several times.

- Not all the way? | - Byron's a college professor.

Oh, no wonder! You had to.

Well, the first time, yes, | but then afterwards, of course-

- What about Moby-Dick? | - What about it?

- I suppose you've read that all the way through? | - Yes, actually.

- Who's Moby Dick? | - Oh, Rog!

Can I see you for a minute?

It must be out of order. | Excuse me.

Yeah?

Rog, Stan wants to tell you good-bye. | Don't say anything now.

They're saying that it's a business trip, | but just go along with it.

Don't say anything else. Shh.

Well, Stan, wonderful having you here | for a little while anyway.

- Thank you very much, sir. | - Stan's got to see a man on business.

- Uh-huh. | - Good-bye.

Of course it's not very exciting | around here, I know, but-  
but, uh-

- Good-bye, Peggy. | - Bye, Stan.

- Thank you. Bye, dear. | - Good-bye.

You, uh, let us hear from you, | if you get a chance.

Good-bye, kids. | Don't forget Daddy.

A little sudden, wasn't it?

- Oh! | - Susie.

Wait a minute. Hey, Peg!

- What is this? | - Oh, Rog, you just don't understand.

I'll take a stab at it. | Give it to me in simple English.

What's the matter with Stan and Susie?

Well, it's like that time | that you and I almost broke up.

Oh, you were horrible. | You just sat there and brooded.

- I was out of work. | - Well, so is he.

- You mean he doesn't have a job? | - Mm-mmm.

- Oh. | - Not since the first of the year.

They just didn't want us to know.

For that reason, | he just walks out on everybody.

Oh, Rog, we've got to help them.

- There must be something we can do. | - Well, how do you like that?

He just up and walks out.

How'd we get | Little Mary Sunshine back?

She kept changing to the wrong train...

and finally wound up here | again this morning.

Oh.

The doctor said | she had a liver like a watermelon!

There's still a little seepage, | but if the stitches hold out...

she's gonna take Betty | to the teenage dance.

- What teenage dance? | - Who is this?

You said something about a teenage dance. | Where's it being held?

At the Yacht Club, of course. | May I ask who this is?

This is your very good friend | Roger Hobbs speaking...

and I'm very grateful to you, madam.

Thank you. Hey! | Hey, Peg, Katey! The fleet's in.

So there was nothing-

Oh, excuse me, please.

Take it easy, honey. | You're the prettiest girl here.

Wanna bet?

Now look around. | A lot of'em got braces. Boys too.

Delighted to see you here, Hobbs.

- I'm McHugh, commodore here. | - How do you-

- Haven't we met someplace before? | - Yes.

The bankers' convention in Chicago | two years ago. I'm with First National.

Oh, I remember. This is Mrs. Hobbs. | Commodore McHugh.

- How do you do? | - Charmed, Mrs. Hobbs.

- And our daughter Katey. | - Delighted, Miss Hobbs.

- Thank you very much for arranging this. | - The pleasure is ours.

We can't have too many pretty girls | at these dances.

May I have the honor | of dancing you to a younger partner?

Thank you.

Rather nice-looking, isn't he?

Smashing.

Oh, Phil! Phil. Phil, this is Katey.

Katey, this is Phil. | Now, what are you gonna do about it?

Excuse me.

She's got one.

- He looks like an albino! | - Shh!

- Come on. Let's have a drink, huh? | - I'll stay here and watch.

Okay for openers, I guess.

Oh, what'll you have?

- Uh, scotch and water. Thank you. | - A straight scotch for me.

- I understand that you're an | old deep-water man too. - Me?

Didn't someone tell me that you once | sailed in a Bermuda Cup race?

Oh, well, that was a long time ago | when I was a kid...

and even then I was more a passenger.

You're being too modest. Nobody's | a passenger in a Bermuda Cup sail.

But what you're going to need here, | of course, is a Spatterbox.

- A Sp-What? | - A Spatterbox.

- Oh. | - Well, hip-hip.

Hip.

All right. Attention, everybody.

The next dance will be | the boys' invitational dance.  
All right, girls. Take your seats.  
Girls, quickly. Quiet, please.  
Not so rough. All right then.  
Boys, remain in the middle | of the floor.  
Now, at the third stroke | of the bass drum...  
I want each boy to go to a girl | and invite her to dance with you.  
But this is to be a new girl...  
one you have not danced with before.  
Do you understand?  
At the stroke- | the third stroke of the bass drum...  
you are to invite a new girl | to dance with you.  
All right. Are we ready?  
Yeah!  
At the third stroke of the bass drum. | All right, Artie.  
Some people look on the Spatterbox | as a child's toy...  
and, in a sense, I suppose it is...  
but it calls for a steady hand | at all times.  
An old blue-water man like you won't be long | in discovering it can be  
very tricky indeed.  
But is it- is it very long?  
Some people think so. | It just so happens I don't, but many do.  
- Of course, it all depends on what you call "long. " | - Naturally.  
- Rog. | - Yes, dear?  
- Will you excuse me, please? | - What's the matter?  
- I've got to talk to you. | - Oh. Excuse me.  
- Of course. | - What is it?  
Rog, nobody will dance with her.  
- Oh, they're crazy. Where's that albino? | - Not so loud, Rog, please!  
But look at her, Peg! | They must be out of their minds.  
She's the prettiest girl | in this whole dump.  
I know, but not so loud, Rog, please.  
Look there. Now, look at that one.  
You can't tell me that Katey's | not prettier than that little hobgoblin.  
Of course not.  
All right, boys, back inside. | Come on.  
Everybody back inside.  
Now, this next dance will be | the girls' invitational dance.  
This time, the girls | will ask the boys to dance.  
All right, girls, remain on the floor.  
All right, now, attention.  
At the third stroke | of the bass drum...  
I want each of you girls to go | and find a boy to dance with you.  
All right, Artie.!

Well, now, look, what's she | doin' there standin' like a dope?  
She's looking at one now, isn't she?  
Wanna dance?  
Dance? Okay.  
Holy Moses, this one's a pygmy.  
Look- a white pygmy.  
- Well, at least she's got somebody. | - Come on. L-I need a drink.  
You're-You're too tall for me.  
First a spook, now a midget.  
- Two scotch and waters. | - Well, I think I've got that Spatterbox for  
you.  
Did you see one single thing about him | that wasn't awful?  
Don't you think he had rather | an intelligent-looking face?  
It looked to me like the inside | of a small cantaloupe.  
You know, the beauty | about a Spatterbox is this-  
- At least she's still not sitting there. | - Oh, Rex?  
Now, here's the lad who can really handle | a Spatterbox. Rex McIntosh.  
- Rex, Mr. And Mrs. Hobbs. | - She's back in the chair again!  
You are still interested | in the Spatterbox, aren't you?  
No, Rog! No!  
The poor chap must be drunk.  
Little monster.  
Honey, don't you think you ought to | go and sit with her or something?  
If she wants to leave, | shall I say yes?  
I guess so.  
Don't worry. | I'm not going to jump.  
- Hey, Joe? | - Yes, sir?  
Come here a minute, will you?  
Excuse me.  
- I'm Mr. Hobbs. | - Glad to meet you, sir.  
Say, Joe, uh, I was just wondering, | could you use five bucks?  
But it's just a matter of time, darling.  
They don't know you yet, | and, besides, boys are shy at first too.  
No, really, Mother.  
What has that got to do with it?  
I just don't feel well. | My stomach hurts.  
Well, p-perhaps | if you ate a little ice cream.  
Please, Mother.  
I want to go home.  
All right, darling. | I'll go look for Dad.  
Come on, Katey.  
Excuse me. Are you Katey?  
- Yes. | - Well, come on. Let's dance.  
- No, thank you. | - Well, come on. What's the matter?

- I just don't care to, that's all. | - Well, all right.  
Just one time around, anyway.

- Break. Come on, break! | - Since when?  
Give me a chance too, will ya?  
Where have you been | all my life, wife?  
Break.

Hey, thanks, Mr. Hobbs!

- What's the matter? | - Well, uh, she's okay, Mr. Hobbs.  
- Very cute-looking, but- | - But-But-But what?  
- Well, has she got lockjaw or something? | - Oh, no.  
I mean, with her mouth all squinched up | like that, I can't get her to say anything.  
- Joe, it's her braces. | - You mean, they hurt?  
- No, she just doesn't want anybody to see them. | - Well, why not?  
Well, she just got them, | and she's not used to them.  
You know, it-  
Joe, what's your father like?  
Oh, Dad? He's okay, I guess.  
- All the time? | - Most of the time.  
Now and then, he's a little kooky, | of course.  
A little kooky. Why don't you | go in there and tell her that?  
- What-Are you kidding? | - Who's running this team, now, you or me?  
Okay, Coach.  
Excuse me.  
- Are you paying those boys? | - Five bucks apiece.  
But, Rog, is-is that right?  
No. Unless it works.  
Both of them- absolutely weird!  
Well, you oughta see my dad. | He's a real dingbat.  
- Do you know what my dad did once? | - What?  
You wouldn't believe it. | You wouldn't believe it!  
- Well, tell me then. | - Nah. Tell you later.  
Wanna dance?  
- Where are you goin'? | - We're going to Pizza Heaven, Dad.  
- Would you care to join us? | - No, thank you.  
- You don't know what you are missing. | - Good night!  
I can't find her. | Didn't you get his last name?  
- No. | - Well, where did you pick him up?  
Well, you-you saw me. I just called | the name "Joe" to a group of boys.  
There's always at least oneJoe | in a group.  
Well, if you don't mind me saying so, | that's a fine way...  
to choose an escort | for your 14-year-old daughter-  
giving five dollars to some boy | you don't know from Adam.  
- Where are you going? | - Straight to the F.B.I.

Good night.

- Good night. | - I'll call you tomorrow.

Thank you.

- I'll call you tomorrow. | - Promise?

- Yeah. | - Okay. Good night.

- Bye. Good night, Mr. Hobbs. | - Good night.

I, uh, certainly do wanna thank you.

- You're welcome. | - Uh, won't you shake hands with me?

- Not for her, sir. | - We'll be seein' you, Joe.

- Good night. Good night, Mrs. Hobbs. | - Good night.

Good night, Joe.

- Have a nice time, honey? | - Mm-hmm.

Your father and I | were just wondering if-

Oh, Rog, darling.

Oh!

Well. Well.

- How about that? | - I always get my hair so wet.

What's he doing, beating your time?

- No. I mean, seriously. | - Oh, now, Rog, let's not go looking for trouble.

Well, that bathing suit's | a pretty powerful weapon.

Well, you're the one | who ought to know, lover boy.

Oh, stop!

We were just | reading War and Peace together.

Oh, you're crazy. | That kid's much too old for me.

Really? Oh, how marvelous!

Look, if you've got to worry | about somebody...

I wish you'd worry | just a little bit about Danny.

Well, I can give it a try. | It's not gonna do any good, I'll tell you that.

- Well, why wouldn't it? | - I don't know.

I was reading in a magazine | a couple days ago.

It said, "There are no juvenile delinquents- | only guilty parents. "

- Oh, rot! | - One of these days, Danny's gonna grow up...

hit somebody over the head, | and they're gonna hang us.

Well, never mind | about when he grows up.

What I want to know is, what are we | going to do about him now?

You know, I- | I'd be a much more religious man...

if something just happened | to that darned TV.

Now, it isn't as if I was praying...

for lightning | to strike the whole industry.

It's just this one particular set.

And-And when I think that our son...

is going blind or nutty | or maybe both...

it's-

- It's dead. | - What's dead?

The TV.

I called the man. | He says it's probably a tube.

But he'll have to send | to San Francisco for a new one.

Well, do you know what I think | you both ought to do?

If there's a church open, | I can be ready in five minutes.

No, no, no. The Spatterbox.

Well, now, honey, I'm not gonna | do anything about the Spatterbox...  
until I know what it is.

It's a boat, darling. A sailboat.

Only yesterday, Reggie told me that he | can get one for us whenever we  
want it.

- "Reggie"? | - Or "Reg," as I call him.

- Where'd you see him? | - I had lunch with him.

Can you sail a boat?

Didn't you know that your dad | once sailed in the Bermuda Cup race?

- Did you really? | - When?

- Yesterday. | - Then we can see the eclipse.

- How about it, Dad? | - Where?

Oh, in a discreet | little shrimp-burger joint.

- Can we, Dad? Please? | - No, no, just a minute. Just a minute, son.

If I may be so bold-

Well, we were reading | The Brothers Karamazov together.

C- Can We- | Can we what? Can we-

- Go out on the boat and see the eclipse? | - What eclipse?

Didn't you read about it in the papers? | You can't see it from the land.

You gotta be in a boat off the point. | Can we, Dad? Please?

Your dad may not be familiar | with this kind of boat.

But if he sailed in a big race-

Don't you think we could, Dad? | Just you and me.

Uh, I, uh-

It has been a long time.

Okay, partner. We'll give it a try.

- Whoopee! | - Okay.

Oh, good. | I'll give Reg a ring tonight...

and I'll make all of the arrangements.

It was the old, old story.

Once again, the husband | was the last to know.

Oh, um-

What's your problem?

- Nothing. | - Well, where's Byron?

He, uh- He went into Carmel...

with a couple of his old classmates.



At least, that's what he told me.

Well, I guess I'll turn in.

- Good night, sweetheart. | - Good night, Daddy.

Yes.! Yes, darling, of course.

Yes, yes! Daddy, | it's Stan on the phone from Chicago.

- He wants to talk to you. | - Oh, not me, honey, not after that chicken-out.

- But, Daddy, it's about a job. | - I don't care what it's about.

- I don't want anything else to do with that fellow. | - Oh, but I-I-

- Rog, don't be unreasonable. | - I'm not being unreasonable.

There's a fundamental weakness | in that fellow- a basic lack of character.

And if you're smart, | you'll hang up on him. Now, Susan-

- Daddy, I- - Now, Susan, I'm | telling you this for your own good.

I think your dad is quite right, darling.

Stan's behavior | has been absolutely inexcusable.

- Absolutely inexcusable. | - But, Daddy-

And for the meantime, you can come | right back home and stay with us.

Your old room is still there | waiting for you, you know.

We can put Peewee and Peter | in Janie's old room right next to Dad.

On the other hand, of course, we certainly | don't want to be unfair to the boy.

- Oh, Daddy, you're a darling! | - No, no, no.

There are always two sides | to a situation.

You can't condemn a man without even | listening to what he has to say for himself.

- Can you? | - Of course not.

You don't need to worry. | Just tell him exactly what you told me.

- Now, here he is. Daddy, here. | - Now, wait, wait.

Let's get one thing straight. If he doesn't | have a darned good explanation-

- I understand, Daddy. | - All right, now, as long as that's understood.

Hi, boy! Uh-huh.

Oh, n-nothing to explain, fella. | Nothing-

We understand perfectly. | Now, what's this you've got on your mind?

Uh-huh. Yes.

Yeah-Well, Stan, of course.

- Now, what's his name? | - I have all that, Daddy!

Now, Stan- Now, listen. | Why don't you just leave this up to us?

Now, you go on to Rochester | or wherever you have to go...

and-and just don't give it | another thought.

We'll give this fella Turner | the "A" treatment.

Caviar, champagne, | the red carpet, everything.

He's as good as sewed up right now. | Okay? All right.

Oh, and-and Peggy | sends her love to ya.

- Bye, now. | - I love you, Daddy.  
- Oh, I love you. | - I love you too, dear.  
You just don't know what it's like | to be out of a job like that for so long...  
with a wife and-and two babies | depending on you.  
You get so worried, | so ashamed somehow...  
that you say things- both of you- | that you don't really mean.  
Yeah, I suppose so. I suppose so.  
Well, we're gonna have company.  
Stan's in line for a spot | with General Research...  
and the boss man's driving down the coast | with his wife on a vacation.  
So I asked Stan to have him | come over here and have a drink with us.  
- Oh, wonderful. | - Stan says this is absolutely the greatest, Mother-  
this General Research Foundation.  
But it's so stuffy! He says it's run | like a cathedral or something-  
a cathedral of science.  
And this Mr. Turner's set to put | his personal okay on everyone they  
accept.  
Family, background, everything. | Character-  
But he says once you're in, | the sky's the limit.  
- Come on upstairs, darling. | - Well, well, well, he's in. Don't worry  
about that.  
We'll show him | the kind of background Stan has.  
Good. You coming up, Rog?  
Yes, as soon as I finish the paper.  
Yes. Yes.  
Thought you had me that time, | didn't ya?  
I don't like you!  
Mommy! Mommy!  
Ah, you little creep.  
Mommy.!

- Oh, boy! Which one is it, Mr. McHugh? | - I'll show you.  
You're a lucky lad, you know, | to be taking your first sail...  
with an old Bermuda Cup man | like your father.  
You'll probably find it a bit tricky at first | after the big stuff you've  
been used to.  
But once you get the feel of a boat | that responds like a Spatterbox...  
you'll get a great kick out of it.  
- It that the one? | - Yes, that's her- Dashaway.  
- The one with the blue and white sails? | - That's right.  
And a brand-new sail at that.  
- Uh, one thing you'll have to watch at first. | - What's that?  
You may find she's got too much weather helm, | but you'll get used to it.  
I dare say, | I'll be able to handle it satisfactorily.

Fine. Off you go then.

- Whoops! | - Whoops! There, now. See you off the point.

- Dad, what are we doing? | - Look out.!

- Check your boat! | - Henry, he's going to hit us!

Drop your centerboard! | Drop your centerboard!

All right. What- | Drop the centerboard, son!

- Which one? | - That lever right there. Pull it towards me. That's it.

- You're gonna hit us! | - Be careful!

- Don't you hit us! | - Sorry!

- Go away! Go away! | - There we go.

This is wonderful, Dad. | I didn't know it would be so much fun.

Watch out! Here comes a big one!

Nice work, Dad. Hey! | Get out of the way, buddy!

Get out of the way! | Oh, boy! Great, Dad.

Just great.

Hey, why don't you watch | where you're goin'!

Watch it! Hey, that guy | didn't know where he was goin'.

To the right, Dad! To the right!

Oh, boy!

Oh! D-Dad, watch out! | You're gettin' too close!

Oh.! You just missed 'em.

Hey, get goin', would ya?

Get outta the way!

Move! Hurry up, would ya?

- Watch out.! | - We've got the right-of-way, don't we, Dad?

- Right. | - Yeah, I thought so.

Hey, where do you think you're goin'? | Watch out!

That'll teach ya!

Look, Dad, the fleet's in.

Why, there's one, two...

Three, four, five, six of'em.

Ship ahoy!

Ahoy!

- Boy! | - It-It comes back to ya.

You really went through those boats.

Did you see that fella that fell on his face? | Boy, did you scare him.

Well, I really didn't mean to do that.

It's just that there's a little | too much weather helm in this boat.

How far off the point | do you wanna go?

Just so land's not in the way.

What have you got?

- Well, about time. | - Okay.

- Here's yours. | - All right.

Oh.!

- Gee, Dad. | - It's wonderful, isn't it?

Uh-huh.

Exactly on time too.

- Can you stop for a minute? | - Never hove to with a favoring wind, sailor.

I'd better stick on this port tack.

You know, there won't be | another one till 1999.

What do you say we watch | that one together too?

- You think we can? | - Well, we can try.

Well, I-I think | we'd better head back in.

- But it just started, Dad! | - I know. We're gettin' a little far out.

Come on. Get over there.

Come on.

### **It was around 6:**

that the wind changed | and began to blow steadily out to sea.

Say, this is gonna be | a real adventure, huh, Dad?

A little spot of fog. | Nothing to worry about.

- I wish I'd brought my compass. | - We'll be okay.

We'll be okay.

Sure.

Gee, Dad, I didn't know | you knew so much about baseball.

- You never asked me before. | - All right, how about this one?

- Bob Feller pitched two no-hitters. True or false? | - True.

- False. | - Now, wait a minute.

- He pitched three. | - You're just gettin' sneaky now.

- You want another one? | - All right.

Carl Hubble struck out five heavy hitters | in succession at one of the All-Star games.

- Who were they? | - Oh.

Well-Well, there's Ruth and Gehrig...

and, uh, Simmons...

and Foxx and-

- Who's that fellow that played for the Reds? | - That's right.

Don't tell me. Cronin!

Say, you're good, Dad. | You really do know baseball.

That wasn't the right order, | of course, but-

How many home runs did Rogers Hornsby | hit in Yankee Stadium?

Now, that- that one I don't know.

None! He never played in the stadium. | He was in the National League.

How can you be so cruel | to your own father?

Did you really see Babe Ruth play?

Yeah, yeah. 1928.

I was in New York, and I-

The coast guard informed Mrs. Hobbs...  
that the only hope now was that the boat | had drifted far enough out to  
sea...  
to be picked up | by a passing tramp or tanker.  
- See what I'm doing? | - What do you mean?  
I'm holding her in a tight circle.  
That way, we'll stay just about | in the same place.  
Good idea.  
Who's the greatest quarterback | you ever saw?  
- Sammy Baugh. | - Better than Unitas?  
I think so.  
- Did you ever see Red Grange play? | - Now, wait a minute.  
Wait a minute.  
Following the crash...  
the great ship lowered a boat, | but it was too late.  
There was only a bit of wreckage | to mark the spot.  
- Isn't it gettin' mighty close? | - No, no.  
No, it-it- it's over in there.  
This fog plays tricks with sound.  
I think Jim Thorpe...  
did more things well than any other athlete.  
It's all right, son. She missed us. | Now, hold on tight!  
Hold on!  
All right, | now really hold on tight now...  
because we're gonna get some rough stuff | when we hit the wash.  
Here we go! Hold on!  
Ride 'em, cowboy!  
We're pretty far out, aren't we?  
Yes, yes, we were.  
But, uh, we were making | too big a circle.  
That ship straightened me out. | The ship was northbound.  
So I just corrected the course, | and we're all right now.  
The captain of a southbound tanker...  
reported having sighted | a small boat...  
shortly after noon on Thursday.  
He said it was headed | for the open sea.  
You all right? | Why don't you zip up your jacket.  
It's gettin' a little chilly.  
Well, we're really gonna have something | to tell 'em tonight, aren't we?  
After that, silence.  
You know, I'll tell you why | I know that we're all right, son.  
You see, when you get caught | in the fog, circling is S.O.P.  
That means "standard operating procedure. "  
And the reason | we were too far out is that...

I'm just sort of rusty | on gauging wind velocity.  
I figured it'd be about 10 knots, | but it's more than that.  
It's, you know, 12 knots, 13, 15, six-  
oh, maybe 17 knots, you know.  
So that was the- the difference.  
And I don't mind telling you, if that tanker | hadn't shown up, we'd really  
been in the soup.  
But the tanker, you see, it headed north.  
Then that- It sort of was | like a compass to me.  
You see? So, all I did | when I got a check on north...  
then I just made a 90-point correction | to the starboard...  
and now we're headed | right due east.  
And if they haven't moved the continent | or anything since we took off...  
well, then there's no question | about us runnin' right into it.  
Now, look, I'm not- I'm not sayin'...  
I'm gonna run you right up into that | Yacht Club pier or anything like  
that.  
I'm no miracle worker, but you-  
Dad!  
Oh, boy!  
- Oh, Danny? | - You rang?  
Just so there won't be | any misunderstanding, son...  
nobody was any more surprised | than I was.  
Just like Christopher Columbus, | huh, Dad?  
That's right.  
That's right- me and Chris.  
Columbus, Magellan...  
Drake, Mortimer Snerd-  
Hey, hey. Where are you goin'?  
Pizza Heaven.  
- Dad? | - Yes?  
Would you like to look at TV | with me sometime?  
Why, that's a good idea, son. | Thanks.  
- Nice shot. | - Good man with a gun.  
- Dad? | - Yep?  
- Mom says, will you take a look at the pump? | - Nope.  
Pizza!  
- Joe? | - Yeah?  
- May I ask you something? | - Well, the answer's gonna be no.  
I can't possibly marry you this week. | I spent my allowance.  
- Please? I'm serious. | - Well, be patient. I'll put you on the list.  
At the Yacht Club, when you asked me | to dance, was there any special  
reason?  
Well, it was your charm- | your pure, swingin', way-out charm.

- Hey, Joe, did you lose your razor? | - Get off my back, will ya?  
I just thought, uh, maybe Dad | had something to do with it.  
I swear to ya, it was you.  
But I still think | your old man's a nice guy.  
- I suppose so, if he weren't so insecure. | - Look, they all are.  
My folks average | two or three complexes a week.  
- Pick it up, Joe. | - All right.  
- # Cream puff # | - # Shortcake #  
- # Sweet stuff # | - #Jelly roll #  
- # Gumdrops # | - # Milk shake #  
# Curl up and be my baby doll #  
#Woe is me | my solution isn't solvin' #  
- # Maybe the answer # | - #Woe is me #  
- # Can't be found # | - # My solution isn't solvin' #  
- # Looks like I'm gonna # | - # Maybe the answer #  
- # Have to keep revolvin' # | - # Can't be found #  
- #Just goin' round and round # | - # Looks like I'm gonna have to keep  
revolvin' #  
- # 'Cause I simply can't let go # | - #Just goin' round and round #  
- # It's a terrible confession # | - # 'Cause I simply can't let go #  
- # I'm like a Jonah and the whale # | - # It's a terrible condition #  
- # Can't hold on # | - # I'm like a Jonah #  
- # If you'll pardon the expression # | - #And the whale #  
- # I've got a tiger # | - # Can't go on #  
- # By the tail # | - # If you'll pardon the expression #  
# I've got a tiger by the tail #  
# Cream puff, shortcake #  
# Sweet stuff, jelly roll #  
# Gumdrops, milk shake #  
# Curl up and be my baby doll ##  
- Hi. | - Hi.  
- Well, where-where's Brenda? | - She left again.  
Oh, no, not again- | What-What was it this time?  
Uh, I understand | she didn't like cooking.  
Oh. You know, | when I'm reincarnated...  
I wanna come back as a cook.  
Because- Oh.  
Not only is a cook overpaid | to begin with...  
but a cook doesn't have to pay | for her home...  
a cook doesn't have to pay | for her food...  
a cook doesn't have to pay | for her light or heat or TV...  
or any of her clothes, | except maybe her pants.  
And, on top of that, she doesn't | have to know how to cook.  
What happened?

I'll call Dr. Von Braun now.

Ah, ah, ah! | You don't have to tell me.

Pizza Heaven.

Say, you're really getting with it, Dad.

She had gallstones as big as golf balls.

- Oh, hello? | - Good day.

I'm Mr. Turner, | and this is my wife, Mrs. Turner.

Oh. Oh, oh, yes.! How do you do?

I'm Mrs. Hobbs. Come here, Katey. | This is my daughter Katey.

Nice to meet you. | I'm in a terrible hurry. Bye.!

Good-bye.

- The Turners are here. They're a little early. | - Oh. Fine.

- Well. | - Oh, uh, uh, this is my husband, Roger.

- How do you do? My name is Turner. | - How do you do, sir?

- And Mrs. Turner. | - Mrs. Turner. How do you do?

- How do you do? | - We didn't expect you so soon, but-

Well, we got a little ahead | of our schedule...

so we thought we might spend | a few days with you.

- Uh, a few days. Yes. | That's awfully nice of you to have us.

Yes, of course. | You have accommodations?

Oh, yes, yes, of course. | We have a very nice guest room upstairs.

Would you have your man | take our bags out of the car, please?

Yes, the two big ones for me | and the two smaller ones for Mrs. Turner.

- I see. | - Yes, we'd like to freshen up a little.

- Oh, yes, of course. Come with me. | - Thank you so much.

- Upstairs. | - We're delighted you could drop by.

Oh, man, what are you waitin' for? | Get their bags upstairs!

To his few remaining friends...

Mr. Hobbs had for some time | been known affectionately as "Red Cap. "

He was not aware at the time | that Mr. Turner was an eccentric...

who carried concrete in his suitcases.

- You had no trouble finding us, I hope? | - No.

But that, uh, piece of road | leading up to the house here...

could stand a bit of resurfacing, | don't you think?

Oh, you took the upper road- | the one that goes past the golf course.

Oh, yes. Yes, I- | Did you bring your sticks with ya?

No, I gave up golf | when we got married.

Didn't wanna spend | all that time away from Emily.

Oh, Martin and I both agree | it's perfectly dreadful...

the way so many young, married couples | are split up every weekend by golf.

- That's what Stan says. | - Fine young man- Stanley.

The way Stan puts it, if a husband | and his wife can't do it together, it's out.



Our feeling exactly.

How about some tennis | tomorrow morning?

- Mixed doubles. | - Same thing with tennis.

I used to play a little bit, but Martin | never cared for it. So I gave it up.

That's the way it is | with everything with us.

If Emily doesn't care for it, | I don't either, and vice versa.

Well, what I think we ought to do | is just stretch out down there on the beach...

and do absolutely nothing.

- Well, unfortunately- | - I'm afraid that's out of the question.

You see, | Emily has very sensitive skin.

If she's out in the sun more than a minute | or two, she breaks out in big blisters.

It's probably because | my body's so white.

Every square inch of it.

Well, how about you, Mr. Turner?

Oh, no. | I've got splotches all over.

Big, brown ones. | But I never take my clothes off.

Well-You know what I think?

I think you two folks | have this whole problem licked.

None of this nonsense about exercise | and fresh air and sunshine...

when you could be devoting yourselves | to something really important, like drinking.

Now- Now, what'll we start with?

Something nice, cold and tall?

Or shall I just fix ya | a real short blast here?

Martin and I don't drink.

Well, you mean, uh, just a sherry?

No, we don't touch it in any form, | either one of us.

That doesn't mean you shouldn't have yours | if you're in the habit of it.

Oh, yes, you go right ahead. | Lots of our friends are drinkers.

Oh. Well, uh, honey, | what would you like?

Oh, just the same old root beer, | I guess.

Root beer. All right. | That's- I'll have to get that. Susie?

Root beer's fine for me. | It's in the icebox, isn't it?

Yes. Yes, it's just, uh- Make it three.

Okay.

Well, uh, it's too bad you're | just staying till Saturday.

Yes, I'm afraid that's all. | We have a lot of territory to cover yet.

That's too bad. That's, uh-

That's-That's too bad.

Well, what do you say | to a little bridge?

Not for us, thanks.

Cards bore Martin to tears.

- Would anyone like some more coffee? | - No, thank you.

Uh, did you discover any interesting | little restaurants on the road?

What do you mean, "interesting"?

Oh, you know, out of the ordinary.

Oh, yes. No.

Martin and I don't go in | for that sort of thing very much.

We had a pretty good hamburger | at a diner outside North Eureka.

- Plenty of onions. | - South Eureka, wasn't it?

It was North Eureka.

I remember you saying, "They certainly know | how to cook a good hamburger in South Eureka. "

I never made any comment | about South Eureka.

- Well, um, shall we? | - Yes, yes.

I'll, uh, help clear the table.

- If you'll excuse us, please, we'll join you later. | - All right, dear.

I, uh- I've been dipping | into War and Peace again.

Tolstoy. War and Peace.

I don't get much chance to read anything | but technical stuff anymore.

Of course, | I like a good Sherlock Holmes.

Or Nero Wolfe. | That's the one you like, darling.

Sherlock Holmes, | if it's all the same to you.

Well, uh, what do you do?

I mean, for fun.

I know you work very hard, | but we all do that.

When you want to relax, | what do you do, you and Emily?

Well, the fact is | we lead a very simple life.

Nothing much in the wintertime. | Just chumming around together.

But when the good old | summertime comes around...

we like to get out in the open on our own | trotters and just see what we can see.

- Uh-huh. | - You like birds?

- Oh, very much. | - Do much spotting?

Eh-Well, not real spotting.

We've run up a score of 249 so far this year. | Not bad for August.

- Two hundred and forty-nine what? | - Species.

Different kinds of birds.

- Who took these? | - Peggy. She does all the photography around here.

- What's she use? | - A camera.

- Astrobox? | - Probably.

This is very interesting.

I'm sure that's a yellow-legged | claphanger up that tree. Look there.

By golly, looks like it, doesn't it?

I had no notion there were | claphangers this far west.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

This whole place | is really lousy with birds.

Why don't you and I go out in the morning | and do some spotting? What do you say?

- Love to. What time? | - Oh, 5:00, 5:30.

#### **Let's make it 4:**

- All right. If you wish. | - Fine.

Well, uh, maybe we'd better all turn in, huh? | Get a good night's rest.

Because what we wanna do | is catch those early, early birds.

Really, Rog, | this is perfectly ridiculous.

- Do you know what time it is? | - I don't care.

#### **It's 9:**

I've got to be up bright and fresh | for those spraddle-legged coat hangers.

It's still bright over the ocean.

I'd just as soon try and sit around...

and have a few yuks with Khrushchev.

You were wonderful, darling. | Really, you were.

But be careful tomorrow because | if anything should go wrong...

I'd just hate to think | of what would happen.

Oh, you just don't have to worry, dear, | because if anything would go wrong...

one of the things that would happen-

I'd be living in the same house | with little stinker.

Good night.

Good night.

You sure we oughtn't | to have at least a cup of coffee?

Worst possible thing you could do.

Never fill yourself up with a lot of slosh | when you're taking the field.

That's one of the first lessons | a bird spotter learns.

He travels best who travels empty.

What are-What are those | up in the tree there?

- Barn swallows. | - How can you tell?

Easy to spot. Barn swallows are the only ones | with white spots under their tails.

But they're sitting down.

Interesting call, the barn swallows.

You've never done much walking, | have you?

Only since I was about two years old.

You don't walk right. | You walk with your knees stiff.

You'll never last that way. | Bend them a little, like this.

Of course, this is exaggerating, | but it'll give you the idea.

Try it.

Almost as if you were sitting down.

You're coming down too hard | on your heels.

Try having the whole foot | hit the ground at the same time.

And toe in, don't toe out.

- What about the birds? | - We'd better get the walk straight first.

One, two, one, two, one, two.

One, two. Now you're getting it.

Feel the difference?

Wonderful. Wonderful.

You've got the wrong shoes too.

For walking, you need shoes | that hug the feet.

- See these? See how they hug the feet? | - There goes one.

Barn swallows. Nothing at all.

Emily and I both get | all our walking shoes in Austria.

- Do you think we're too early? | - There they go! Chewinks!

- Where? Where? | - Not over there. Over there. There.

- Oh, they're gone now. | - Chewinks, eh?

First species of the day.

Now you spot one.

Shh!

Ah, just as I thought. | A sharp-shinned hawk!

- Sharp-shinned hawk, eh? | - Did you see him?

Oh, absolutely. Beautiful bird.

Ah, by George, we're doing all right. | Two already.

At this rate we oughta be able to spot | more than 30 by the end of the day.

Oh, boy.

- Stop! | - What? Where? Which way?

- Shh! | - Shh.

Ever see a red-eyed vireo?

- No. | - Halfway up that tree.

- What do you know about that? | - First one I've seen this year.

What's that little fella next to it?

Barn swallow.

The autopsy revealed that Mr. Hobbs...

had had neither food nor drink...

for at least 30 hours.

- Hey, Turner! | - Got something?

Come on. Hurry.

Steady, boy.

- Do you know what that is, Hobbsy? | - Barn swallow?

That is a great blue heron.

My 250th species.

Roger, my boy...

you are going to be a capital birdman.

I'm awake.

- How are you feeling? | - Awful.

- Where are they now? | - Oh, they came upstairs about an hour ago.

They want to get an early start | in the morning.

Then the smart thing for me to do | is just stay right here until they're gone...

and not take any chances.

I don't think you have to worry, | darling.

All he could talk about all evening was how | wonderful you were and that 250th species.

But you could go downstairs in the morning | and just tell them good-bye.

Oh, no. I might lose my head.

You-You don't know what I've been through | today with those sabre-tooth hawks!

All right, darling. | If you don't want to-

Yes, sir. Keep away from that man.

- Good night. | - Good night.

- Now what? | - What is it?

- Help.! | - What the hell is she doing in the sink?

- Oh, it's not the sink. It's the big bathroom. | - Somebody help.!

Turn it off!

Please, somebody.! Help.! Help.!

- Somebody.! | - Mrs. Turner?

Turn it off! Somebody, please!

Mrs. Turner, | you can turn the valve off yourself.

- It's right on the pipe, right next to this door. | - I can't get to it!

Oh! Honey, the main valve's | down in the kitchen.

- Go down and shut it off. I'll get Turner. | - Help.! Help.! Please.!

Please, I'm boiling.!

- I'm coming in, Mrs. Hobbs. | - Mrs. Turner.!

I mean, Mrs. Turner. Is it all right?

Yes, please.!

There. There. It's off.

Are you all right?

Mrs. Turner?

Mrs. Turner? | Where are you, Mrs. Turner?

I beg your pardon.

Will you please withdraw now?

Yes. Yes. I'll get Mr. Turner.

- Will you go out now, please? | - Hey, Turner!

Who's that?

Turner.!

- Emily? | - Hey, Turner.! Do you hear me?  
Hey, Peggy!  
Are you aware that I'm in the nude?  
I'm terribly sorry, | but the doorknob came off.  
I'm gonna have to get somebody | to let me out of here.  
- Peggy? | - Martin!  
- Emily? | - I'm in the bathroom.!  
Can you- | Can you get me out?  
- What's the matter? You lock yourself in? | - The knob came off.  
- Who's that? | - If the knob's not on the door, look on the floor.  
It may have dropped off.  
- Both of you in there? | - Will you look on the floor, please?  
- Where's the knob? | - Will you please look on the floor?  
What are you doing in there?  
Will you please hurry, Martin?  
I think this fog is lifting.!  
I must say, Hobbs, | I don't like this sort of thing at all.  
How does this thing work?  
- Have you got the spindle? | - The what?  
The spindle, the shaft. | The thing that goes through the door.  
- I don't see it. | - Are you looking on the floor?  
I'll have to get my glasses.  
All right. | Get your glasses. Hurry up.!  
Don't you move, either one of you.  
Peekaboo!  
I can see you. Can you see me?  
Now, believe me, Mrs. Turner, | I'm not going to look.  
I'll simply die-  
I'll simply die- | I'll simply die if you do.  
Don't you have a robe | or something in here?  
- Just my little shorty on that hook. | - Your little what?  
- My little shorty nightie on that hook on the door. | - This?  
Aren't I naughty? Skipping down | the hall in my little old shorty?  
I'll throw it backwards to you.  
- If you'll promise not to peek, I'll come get it. | - Hey, Turner!  
Yeah, I guess he'd be pretty surprised | if I took a poke at him.  
Do you know what I wish we had | if we're gonna be in here all night like  
this?  
I doubt very much | whether we'll be here that long.  
Another little toddy.  
You mean a drink?  
Oh, yes, Marty and I always take | a little something to relax us...  
before go- go- going to bed.  
- And then you know what he likes sometimes? | - Now, wait a minute. Peggy!

Oh, did you ever see the way | Brigitte Bardot wears a towel?  
Like this?  
And it's really the cutest thing, | the way she flips it around.  
Like this.!

- Hey, Peggy! | - Wow!  
- Hey, Peggy? | - Oh, you're boiling me! Stop! Marty?  
- Marty.! | - Rog? Rog, I can't find that main valve.  
- Where did you say it was in the kitchen? | - Never mind about that.!  
Look around on the floor and get | the spindle so we can get out of here.!  
Hi, Peggy.!

- Holy Moses! | - Don't worry.  
- I've got on my towel. | - Where's the knob?  
Turner has it.  
Mrs. Hobbs, I am going to | punch your husband in the nose.  
- Thank you. | - I'll teach him to watch my wife take a bath.  
Oh, thanks.  
Excuse me.  
Why, you meathead!  
Oh! Rog, stop it! Now, stop it! Rog!  
Oh, dear. Can I help you?  
Oh, dear. Rog! Rog, where are you?  
What is it? What's wrong?  
Darling-  
Oh. Oh.  
What happened, Mother?  
I'm terribly sorry, but your father | just flattened Mr. Turner.  
- Oh, no. | - Oh, Susan.  
About last night, Mr. Turner.  
Uh, now, about last night, Marty.  
L- I-  
If I might have a word with you, | Mrs. Turner.  
L- I-  
Listen, honey, I- Oh, no.  
Oh, my God.  
- Who was that? | - They've gone.  
No.  
Mr. Hobbs spent the remainder of the day...  
putting his affairs in order.  
I thought that creep of yours | was coming to say good-bye.  
- Oh, turn blue! | - And look like you?  
I would appreciate it...  
if you never mentioned | Joe Carmody's name again.  
You should have let me carry that.  
No, thanks.

Hello there. Can I help?

Oh, hello. No, thank you.

How did the book come out, | that War and Peace thing?

Well, as a matter of fact, I, uh-

I didn't also.

This time I got two men | mixed up with each other.

- Oh, you did? | - Well, look who's here.

- I brought your book back. | - Oh, did you like it?

Excuse me.

Didn't you like it?

Well, it's all right, I guess, | but who wants to read a book about a fish?

About a fish.

Why didn't you call me?

If you'll just take these down, | that looks like about all.

- All right. | - Oh.

It's all right, darling.

We're going home now.

- Be careful, Peewee. | - What's the matter with him?

He doesn't want to leave Boompa.

But you're not going to, darling. | You're going to live with Boompa.

We're all going to live together.

See, I told you we were going home.

It's all right, sweetheart.

Aren't you liable to get a hernia | carrying a load like that?

- I am. | - Oh, Rog.

Thank you, dear.

- Oh, that poor girl Marika's downstairs. | - What's poor about her?

Your husband told me the terrible truth. | Didn't he tell you?

- Tell me what? | - Paranoid schiz.

Split personality.

Liable to go after you with a butcher knife | or maybe a paperweight.

- Dr. Denmark told him. Your husband knows him very well. | - Dr. Who?

- Her psychiatrist, Dr. Denmark. | - Oh.

- It's a pitiful case. | - Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.

- Let me take him. | - All right.

Well, you seem to have | quite a load there, old boy.

I have.

Oh, I cannot tell you how sorry we all are | to see you go, Mrs. Hobbs.

- Oh, thank you, Reggie. You've been so sweet. | - I'm, uh- I'm, uh-

I'm sorry about, uh- about uh-

But your husband. | I thought it'd be wiser not to call you.

Oh, I- I see.

L- I understand.

- We hope to see both of you here again next summer. | - Oh, thank you.



- Good-bye. | - Bye.  
- Thank you, Daddy. | - For what?  
He's an awful schmo sometimes, | but I love him.  
- Well, we all do, darling. | - You don't have to.  
Nobody has to but me.  
But as long as I do, | that's all that matters, isn't it?  
I guess so.  
- So long, sir. | - So long, Byron.  
Katey. Katey, darling.  
- We've got to get started. | - Coming.  
Well, this is the really wonderful part | of a vacation, isn't it?  
Heading home.  
- Who's Dr. Denmark? | - Who? Oh.  
What did you tell Reggie I had? | Dementia praecox?  
I didn't tell him you had anything.  
- What did you tell him? | - Oh, Peg.  
- What was it? | - Shh.  
Well, we did have a little chat | about you one day-  
nothing serious-  
and I told him that, like many couples | who'd been married for a long  
time...  
you and I had come | to a certain understanding-  
the understanding being that if | I ever caught you with another man...  
I'd break his neck.  
You really are a lovable character, | aren't you?  
Look, honey, there's only one rule...  
for a husband married | to a good-lookin' wife:  
Will it work?  
What do you want to see | that weirdy for?  
Stop! Dad, stop! Here comes Joe!  
- Hi. | - Hi.  
- Gee, I'm sorry I'm late, but the crock wouldn't start. | - That's all  
right.  
Here's that Bobby Darin album.  
- But that's yours. | - Well, don't you want it?  
Well, it's fabulous, but-  
Well, then what's the argument?  
- Good-bye, Mr. Hobbs. | - Aren't you wonderful to catch us like this?  
Uh, just a gag, sir.  
It's a whole lot better than my first one. | I'll tell you that.  
If you cut off those long ones, | they'll grow faster.  
- Really? | - That's what I did with mine.  
Well, thank you.  
Looks like it's gonna shape up okay.

- See ya, Joe. | - Good-bye.

I'll write to you, Katey!

- It wasn't too terrible, now, was it? | - No.

So Katey doesn't need you. | Susan and Janie don't need you.

And Danny only needs you to pick up | a copy of Playboy every month.

You know, | I'm awfully proud of you, darling.

- Who's my sweetheart? | - Who's mine?

Katey, please move.

- That's an extra thank you from me. | - What for?

For being jealous.

- Are we home? | - Yes, darling, we're home.

Come on.

- Brenda, when did you get back? | - It's nice to see you again!

- Brenda! | - Well, we've been forgiven again.

Here the water pipes work.

- Hello, Brenda. | - Brenda.

Hello.

- Stan got it, Dad. | - He what?

- Stupid, let Stan tell him. | - It's all set.

- No kidding. | - No, sir.

And not one word about anything wrong | in any way at any time.

On the contrary, the Turners said they | couldn't have had a more wonderful time...

and want us to all get together again | just as soon as possible.

- Well, how do you like that? | - You know what I think?

- What? | - I think he was stoned.

Yeah, people keep telling you | there's no good in booze.

All right. It's getting late. | Everybody grab a piece of luggage, huh?

- What are you gonna get paid, Stan? | - Tell me all about it.

Okay. I'll tell you what happened.

- Hey! | - Oh, yes, sir.

I almost forgot, Rog. | Mrs. Turner asked me to give you this.

Feel better now?

Well, you've just got to get | some things off your chest.

I think this is one of the best | you ever did.

I had some pretty good stuff | this time.

- It's so good, I sort of hate to tear it up. | - You've got to.

We've already taken the house | for next summer.

Get the mail, will you, please?

And finally they found | she had a cyst the size of a grapefruit.