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# My One And Only

By Charlie Peters

[Man]

Well, I'm packin' my grip

Think I'll take a trip

Think I'll leave today

No, I'd better stay

Well, oh, well, oh, well

oh, well, oh, well, oh, well

[Man On Radio] All of you listening

to me out there realizes that...

Communism is the avowed enemy

of the free world.

- [Explosion]

- [Continues]

Today, fourth June, 1953,

at the Nevada test site...

a thermonuclear device was...

Well, oh, well, oh, well

oh, well, oh, well, oh, well

Oh, well, oh, well, oh, well

Goin' to stay right here

[Man #2 On Radio]

A solid marriage is one of the most...

wonderful things in the world.

My gal won't wait for me

[Chorus Singing Jingle]

Drink Bubble Up, Bubble Up

Kiss of lemon

Kiss of lime

[Man #3 On Radio] And now, my friends,

a new hit record among my souvenirs...

backed with "God Bless America"

by Connie Francis.

White Rain

White Rain shampoo tonight

Tomorrow, your hair

sunshine bright

- [Static]

- [Woman]

A new love for you

[Girl]

I can save you money, here's a tip

So many ways to use me and free

[Giggles]

[Woman]

From kids to dad and mother

The family all approved

[Man]

To dad's delight the price is right

For the newest Easter shoes

[Chorus]

Refinery fresh to each station every day

Higher octane for power

the Oklahoma way with

Oklahoma

I said Oklahoma

The best gasoline you can buy

[Woman]

It's time to wake up, it's time to go

It's time to get rolling

It's time for the show

[Man]

Keep your eye up high

[Woman]

Keep your ear to the ground

- [Continues]

- [Man] Hey, kid.

Don't touch the car, will ya?

[Boy Narrating] If I'd walked out  
of the showroom right then...

none of this would've happened.

You should be in school. Scram.

But I didn't leave,

and nothing was the same after that.

How much is this one?

This one?

About 50 more years on your paper route,  
sonny. That's how much.

And that works out to...

Now, beat it!

I presume you'd consider  
lowering the price if I paid you in cash.

The money's legitimate, gentlemen.

- You heard him. Keep out of this.

- Oh, right.

Kid might've murdered his parents.

- But to Mickey, a sale's a sale.

- Will you both shut up.

[Sighs]

You got five minutes to explain  
before I call the cops, kid.

My name is George Devereaux.

I'm 15.

I live on the Upper West Side  
with my parents and my half brother.

This afternoon, my mother returned home  
a day early from a trip to the shore.

Mrs. Devereaux. We weren't  
expecting you until tomorrow.

A lady should never do  
what anyone expects of her, Henry.

[George Narrating] My parents'  
marriage is not what you'd call seamless.

[Elevator Bell Dings]

Holy shit.

Yep.

[Narrating]

My father's a band leader.

Normally, he's better dressed than this.

His stage name is Dan Devereaux.

You might've heard of him.

Although his real name is Dan Hamilton.

He's from Paris, Texas...

- not Paris, France.

- [Singing, Indistinct]

He made a lot of money  
off a song he wrote called...

My one and only

The only thing louder  
than its arrangement is its irony.

My father is an artist...

with all the strengths  
and weaknesses that implies.

- [Knocking On Door]

- [Man] Dan, two-minute call.

- Comin'.

- As much as my father's life...  
relies upon improvisation...

my mother's life is guided  
by a large number of aphorisms.

Sayings.

Like, for example...

[Mrs. Devereaux]

What you do while you're in a room...

- You don't wanna go in there.
- is never as important as how you enter or leave it.
- [Screams]
- Please. Don't get up.
- This isn't what it looks like.
- Really? Well, what does it look like, child?
- Danny!
- Of course it's what it looks like, Sherry.
- My wife's not an idiot, for Christ's sake.
- Thank you, darling.

That's the nicest thing you've said to me all year.

Here. Let me help you.

You know, you really shouldn't wear this color.

It makes you look like a tramp.

What am I saying?

You are a tramp.

Hey. What are you doin' with that suitcase?

- I'm leaving you.
- Oh, Christ, honey.

Come on. You know you're not gonna leave me.

Never contradict a woman while you're in your underwear.

It puts you at a great disadvantage.

I'm-I'm-I'm sorry. Baby, I am.

You know I do these crazy things.

But they don't mean anything.

No offense, Sherry. Sherry?

Oh, come on now, honey.

Be realistic.

W-Where would you go?

What would you do?

- Where's my passport?
- Oh, hell. Go on then. Leave me.

I don't need you around here anyway. All you do is hold me back and spend my money.

- And everybody knows that.
- What a relief for you then.
- Well, what about the boys?

- Boys?

- Yeah. George, Robbie. The boys.

You remember them?

- Where are they?

- They're at school, Miss Devereaux.

- Why?

- I'm going to take them with me.

- And do what?

- Raise them.

- You?

Well, you don't think I'm leaving them here with the likes of you, do you?

Give me a break.

You're a lousy mother.

- I love my children.

- So what?

I love my kids, and I'm shit for a father.

- Bernice?

- Yes, ma'am?

Am I a lousy mother?

It's not my place to say, Miss Devereaux.

[Softly]

But if you wanna know the God's honest...

- There.

- Aw, shit.

Go on, then.

Take the damn kids. What do I care?

[Elevator Whirring]

[Sighs]

[Elevator Bell Dings]

- [Elevator Doors Close]

- [Narrating] Ten minutes later...

- my mother took my brother and me out of school.

- Shit.

I'm sorry, Mrs. Devereaux, but your boys don't attend this school anymore.

Of course they don't.

[Chuckles]

I'm sorry, Mr. Connors.

I'm just very upset.

- They go to...

- Radford.

Radford. Of course.

They go to Radford.

Where is Radford?

[Narrating] My brother Robbie was playing Lady Macbeth in the Scottish play.

It is so nice to see that there are still some gentlemen left.

Thank you.

[Man]

He was playing Lady Macbeth?

In Shakespeare's time, all the women's roles were played by men. Right. I knew that.

That's all the cash there is in here, Mrs. Devereaux.

- And all the jewelry.

- Of course.

What's in that cloth there?

- Oh.

- I'll take that too.

Will that be all, Mrs. Devereaux?

That will be all. Thank you.

George, darling.

I want you to take this money and go and buy us an automobile.

A car? Why? Where's Dad?

First things first.

We need a car.

- Well, what kind of car?

- What kind would you like?

- I don't want a car.

- A Jaguar.

Admirable taste as always, darling.

But we need something more practical.

- A Chevy?

- Perhaps not that practical.

So here I am,

and that's the car I want.

It's not as easy as that, son.

- Is there a problem, George?

- Have a seat, Mrs. Devereaux.

Well, thank you, Fred.

- May I call you Fred?

- By all means.

Well, how much is the car we want?

It's, uh, 3,500, ma'am.

- Give it to the nice man, George.
- That's not how you do it, Mom.
- That's not how you do what?
- Your son means that...

you offer me less than that,  
and then we bargain.

All right. \$1,000.

- [Chuckling]
- This is so much fun.

What?

It's a little low, Mom.

- Offer me, say, 2,500.
- All right, then.
- No.
- What do you mean, no?

You just said, "Offer me 2,500."

I can let you have it for 33, Mrs. Devereaux,  
but that's as low as I can go.  
faster than a cat in a rainstorm.

- Huh?
- [George] What about Dad?

What does he have to say about all this?

Your father has betrayed us,  
and I never wanna hear his name again.

What about marrying my father again?

Once was an adventure.

Twice would be a perversion.

Look, you can't just take a kid  
away from his father like this.

Ask any psychiatrist.

A boy needs his father's influence.

- That is what the telephone is for.
- I'm not going.
- Well, who's gonna drive the car?
- Robbie can drive.

Robbie doesn't have  
the personality for driving.

- I'm too sensitive.
- You're too full of shit is what you are.
- George!
- Then you drive it.

It would not be appropriate  
for me to drive it.

It's 1953, Mom.



Women vote now.

They smoke. They even  
go to the bathroom by themselves.  
You're becoming very crude, darling.  
Your father's influence, no doubt.  
Nice car.

The only reason why I'm giving in...  
is because I know that  
we'll be back here in a week.

It's time for your boy's medicine, ma'am.

- Bernice has your medicine, George. Take it.

- It's not my medicine.

I do not care whose medicine it is.

Just one of you take it,  
and let's get out of here.

Good-bye, Bernice.

I'll miss you.

Any parting words of advice for us?

Yeah. Take the parking brake off.

- [Gears Grinding]

- [Robbie] George! George!

- Please don't get us killed.

- [Tires Screeching]

[Narrating] My mother was  
determined to teach my father a lesson...  
even if it meant

killing us all in the process.

With that in mind, she told us  
to drive around the city for an hour...

so she could teach me everything  
she knew about driving a car...

- which wasn't much.

- [Brakes Screech]

George, I almost stabbed myself.

- You wanna drive?

- That was a lovely stop.

You're a natural, darling.

Well, I think we're ready to go.

- Anywhere in particular?

- Boston.

- Boston?

- Mm-hmm.

- For how long?

- Well, with a little luck, forever.

What are we going to do in Boston?  
We're gonna start a new life.  
We are going to have fun, that's what.  
My dear friend Julie Harper lives there.  
- Bette Davis was born in Boston.  
- Boston is a very elegant city.  
It's full of museums and universities.  
- Tea parties.  
- Precisely.  
Accelerate, darling.  
- Put the pedal to the metal, George.  
- Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
- What did you just do?  
- I was checking the rear view mirror.  
Oh. Never, never look  
in the rear view mirror, darling.  
It makes no difference what's behind you.  
I don't even know why  
they put those up there.  
Just look where you're going  
and pretend that that's not even there.  
- Understood?  
- Yes, ma'am.  
Now go.  
[Narrating] The whole drive up  
to Boston, my mother and Robbie...  
planned their upcoming adventures.  
Around Hartford, her euphoria  
was sounding a little forced.  
It made me think.  
By the time we got to Boston...  
she'd proclaim this was all  
a big misunderstanding...  
and tell me to turn around  
and drive us back to New York.  
But she didn't.  
We'll stay here until  
Julie returns from her cruise.  
- Mom, isn't this place a little...  
- Isn't it a little what?  
Well, don't you think that  
we should be saving our money?  
Certainly not.  
What an unpleasant thought.

- Sorry. I'm sorry. Oh!

- Oh, my goodness.

- Are you okay?

- I'm very sorry.

- Oh, my goodness. Ann Devereaux.

- Wallace...

- Ann Devereaux.

- Wallace McCallister!

[Ann] Wally's an old beau of mine,  
and he's divorced.  
He once asked me to marry him.  
He tried to kill himself when I turned  
him down. Unsuccessfully, of course.  
Great. He deserves another chance.  
Well, if that's the way you wanna put it.  
So, is this the look  
we're going for, Robbie?  
I'm trying to find you a balance between  
Dorothy Malone and Donna Reed.

- Try this one.

- I'm completely in your hands, darling.

- You're like some predator.

- I'm merely having dinner with an old friend.  
Like the angler fish we studied in biology.  
Never compare a woman to a fish, George...

- or anything with scales for that matter.

- Here. Try these.

[Gasps]

They're perfect.  
We're newcomers here, and Wallace  
is a well-respected gentleman...  
whose friendship will help  
establish us in the community.  
I got a feeling this is all gonna  
come flying right back in your face.  
Nonsense.  
Everything works out for the best.  
Always.

- [Door Closes]

- What?

- [Laughing]

- [Piano]

Wallace, you haven't changed a bit.  
[Snickering]

Thank you.

[Groans]

Goddamn, Ann.

Why can't we just go back...

to the way everything was, huh?

Well, sometimes,

fate offers us a second chance.

- [Liquid Pouring]

- Mm-hmm.

Wallace, is something wrong?

Um...

Things are, um...

Things are bad for me, Ann.

They're bad.

Well, divorce is a terrible experience.

But sometimes, good things can come from...

from trials like ours.

I'm not talking about divorce.

I'm talking about... my business.

- Oh, your business.

- Yeah.

I've had a setback,

and-and-and I-I need cash.

Lots of cash, and fast.

[Scoffs]

Lower your voice, Wallace.

It's why I wanted to see you tonight.

Can you lend me some money?

Can I what?

- Dollars?

- All right, 50.

Fifty. And I will get it back to you  
by the end of the month, I swear to God.

It's not appropriate for you

to solicit money from me.

Appropriate? Appropriate my ass!

I am broke, babe!

The wolves are circlin'.

They're standin' in line

waitin' to take chunks out of my ass...

bigger than that flank steak you just had!

- [Slams Fist On Table]

- Sorry. I'm sorry.

Please excuse me while I powder my nose.

Okay.

[Sniffling]

[Sighs]

Everything will work out for the best,  
George Devereaux.

You'll see.

It's not our policy to extend credit  
to patrons we do not know.

Oh. Well, is it your policy for your patrons  
to be robbed in plain sight?

- Madam, please.

- Listen, I am the victim here.

I returned from the ladies' room  
to find that my purse has been ransacked.

Madam, all I know is that  
someone needs to pay for this meal.

Trust me, I already have.

Ma'am? May I be of assistance?

Well, who are you, cavalry?

Henry, I'll take care of that.

Harlan.

Harlan Williams.

We met at Julie Harper's  
Christmas party last year.

Yes, of course. Harlan.

Well, Colonel.

[George]

Why does he wear that uniform all the time?  
Hasn't anyone told him the war is over,  
for Christ's sake?

[Robbie]

Now that he and Mom are engaged...

I bet he sends us off to military school.

[George] I hate the way he calls me

Georgie boy all the time.

I hate the way he keeps  
slapping me on the back...

like he's trying to dislodge a piece of meat  
from my throat or something.

If he touches my hair one more time,  
I'm gonna kill him.

Holden Caulfield would tell him  
what he really thought about him.

Holden hates phonies more than anything.

Holden Caulfield  
is a fictional character, George.  
You ever think about goin' back to Dad?  
He's your father, not mine.  
What was your father like?  
I saw a picture of him once.  
His pants were too short.  
You think Mom is crazy?  
I can't tell.  
She's the only one I've had.  
Every time there's a picture  
of a Communist in the school...  
he's always wearing a wool cap  
and driving a tractor.  
That's 'cause Stalin  
killed all the designers.  
That's why we're fighting  
Communism, boys.  
Because we're a country  
that's founded on individualism.  
- Right, George?  
- Yes, sir.  
Hell, if the Commies did take over,  
everybody would be wearing the same clothes.  
Every street would have  
the same exact stores...  
no matter which town you went to,  
each the same as the next.  
That's why our boys  
are fighting and dying...  
so that doesn't happen.  
[Whispering]  
[Clears Throat]  
[Both Snickering]  
Did I say something funny, George?  
It was nothing, sir.  
They weren't laughing at you, honey.  
They were laughing with you.  
What was there to laugh with, George?  
[Ann]  
I think you're overreacting, darling.  
Don't tell me I'm overreacting.  
Why am I so goddamn funny, George?  
Harlan.

Oh.

[Chuckles]

I'm sorry. I must be overtired.

It's probably just battle fatigue, sir.

Sorry about that, Georgie boy.

[Line Ringing]

[Woman]

Hello? Who is this?

Nicky, is that you? Hello?

[Dan] Oh, sweetie,

it's the middle of the damn night.

- Just hang up.

- [Line Disconnects]

- Dad, it's...

- [Dial Tone]

[Dog Barking In Distance]

[Harlan]

Find anything interesting, George?

- No, sir. Good night, sir.

- Sit.

- I've gotta go.

- Sit.

Sit.

You think of yourself as  
the man of the family, don't ya?

- My brother's older.

- Robbie's... Well, let's just say...

that Robbie's not likely  
to be the man in anyone's family.

I'm gonna marry your mother.

- I know.

- That's going to make me the man of the family.

[Dog Barking In Distance]

It's like dogs, see?

In every pack,

there's a leader of the pack.

You've been that dog for a while.

Now, I'm going to be top dog.

And there's always the dog  
that challenges the leader.

Things can get pretty nasty  
till one of them wins.

Son, you can fight me...

but I guarantee you,

you're going to lose.

You understand?

Woof, sir.

So, what's Harlan  
gonna wear for the wedding?

His uniform, I assume.

- Does he sleep in that thing too?

- George!

Doesn't that just break your heart?

We should buy them something.

[Ann]

What a sweet idea.

- How much should we spend?

- How much did Harlan give you?

- \$500.

- Spend it all.

Oh, I can't, George.

That money has to pay...

for the caterers, the band, the flowers.

And before that,

there's a rehearsal dinner.

Look at them, Mother.

Are you telling me that you spent all the money  
I gave you on a bunch of crippled kids?

I just couldn't help myself.

And you should've seen them, darling.

They were so happy.

I don't care if they were  
shitting wedding bells.

You stole 500 bucks from me.

I didn't steal it, and I'll pay you back.

How are you gonna do that?

How are you going to pay me back?

- How?

- It was my idea.

[Ann]

It was not your idea.

I bet it was your idea, you little turd.

It was my idea, and don't call him that.

I'll call him any damn thing I wanna call him.

Now, give me back that necklace.

- What are you talking about?

- The one you're wearing.

The pearl necklace I gave you.



Give it to me.

- Why?

- I'm returning it for the money you owe me.

Give it to me.

I will not.

- Give me that goddamn necklace!

Give me those goddamn pearls!

- Oh!

- [George] Leave her alone!

- Come here!

- [Screams]

- Give me those damn pearls!

You hear me, woman?

- Leave her alone!

- I order you to give me those pearls right now!

Damn it, stop! You stop!

If you touch my boy again...

you miserable son of a bitch,

I will kill you!

- [Grunts Loudly]

- Oh...

[Groans]

[Rock On Speakers]

You jumped on his back?

Your brother was so brave.

Are we going home now?

- You know we can't do that.

- Why not?

- Because your father doesn't love me.

- Why not?

Well, you'll have

to ask him that yourself.

- We don't have any money left, do we?

- We have plenty of money.

How much?

Enough to keep us until I find someone.

- You mean, like, a husband?

- And a father.

Does it worry you that the last one  
you picked turned out to be a total psycho?

So, where's the next spot on the map?

Where is that map?

What's this?

- It's mine.

- Be careful, George.

Does he ever write you back?

Where's he gonna write to?

Howard Johnson's?

- Well, what do you have to say  
to your father anyway?

- A lot of stuff.

- Such as?

- Guy stuff.

Women, guns, ice fishing.

Women.

What your father knows about women...

wouldn't begin to fill a postcard.

That man's all potatoes and no meat.

Let's just go.

- Where to this time?

- [Engine Starts]

- [Ann] This is it here.

- [George Narrating] Next stop was Pittsburgh.

We were getting short on money,

and my mother knew that...

unless she found herself a husband fast...

she'd have to swallow her pride and head back

to New York, which would've been fine with me.

I almost married a man in this city.

You almost married a man in every city.

Sarcasm is the refuge of scoundrels.

- Gene Kelly was born in Pittsburgh.

- Now I feel much better.

Suite 203.

- Not so bad.

- Yeah, look. Wall-to-wall floors.

Is that your car?

Yeah. It's a Cadillac Eldorado.

I know what it is.

How come you're staying here

if you're so rich?

We're not rich.

Well, your mom's pretty.

Is that her hair?

Whose else would it be?

I mean, is that her real color?

- I guess so.

- A lot of women color their hair.

Not me, though.

- What are you doing here?
- Mother's looking for a husband.
- Anyone in particular?
- Apparently not, no.
- Where's your father?
- He's a band leader in New York.

Like Ricky Ricardo?

Yeah. Yeah, like him.

Hey, Bud.

Lucy and little Ricky moved in next door.

This is my brother Bud.

Bud doesn't talk much.

- Hello.
- Nice car, ma'am.

Thank you.

The automobile is seen  
as a symbol of latent sexuality.  
Sometimes male, sometimes female.  
Fins are often compared  
to the lines of a raised skirt...  
taillights to a sexual organ.  
Myself, I think the Cadillac is feminine.  
If you ever have any trouble with it,  
I'll fix it for you.

We take it to a gynecologist.

[Girl] Those are the most words  
Bud's ever said at one time.

Maybe in his whole life put together.

[Woman]

Sail the sunlight sparkling on the bay

[Continues, Indistinct]

[Ann]

It's called a TV dinner.  
That's because it tastes like a TV?  
It comes in that one little package,  
and it practically cooks itself.  
Maybe it could eat itself too.  
Why don't we just go out?  
No. We're poor now.  
We're gonna have to drop out of school...  
start working in the steel mills.  
- Oh, I love those boots they wear.  
- We have plenty of money.

We're just conserving is all. And I thought  
it would be nice for us to sit around...  
and share with each other  
what we did during the day.

- Just like a real family.
- [Robbie Chuckles]
- Now, who's got some good news to share?
- I do.
- I got the lead in the school play.
- Good for you.
- Well, who are you playing?
- Othello.
- That's wonderful.
- Do you really think it's a good idea though...  
to start your life  
in Pittsburgh as a Negro?
- George.
- [Sighs]

Well, I've got some good news.  
I ran into Oliver Pearson yesterday  
at Kaufmann's.

- Who's he?
- He's an old beau of mine.  
He's invited me to  
the theater Friday night.  
His family makes Pearson sewing machines.  
It's your dream father, Robbie.

[Chuckling]  
[Woman On Screen, Indistinct]  
Doesn't work that way with me.  
It's all lies, you know,  
what they say up there.

- It's all crap.
- It's not crap.

Sure it is.  
I can tell you how it's gonna end...  
without even looking.  
The bad guy's gonna get killed...  
and the handsome guy  
and the beautiful woman...  
- are gonna end up in love with each other.  
- They will?

Of course they will.  
They always do.

That's what people pay for.  
Maybe.  
It makes people feel better.  
It makes them think that  
everything's gonna work out for them.  
Everybody's looking for the American dream,  
but it's a sucker's bet.  
No, it's not.  
You know, things might be bad sometimes...  
but in the end, everything works out.  
It always does.  
Oh, yeah?  
Who says that?  
People.  
You know, for someone from New York,  
you're pretty stupid sometimes.  
Mr. Lomax in 2-C said he'd give me  
two bucks if I showed him my breasts.  
- He did?  
- Do you think I should?  
I don't know.  
Have you ever... seen breasts?  
Sure. One.  
You saw one breast?  
I meant once. I saw some once.  
- Some?  
- Two.  
I saw two once.  
[Chuckling]  
Do you wanna see mine?  
Who, me? Now?  
That way, you could tell me if you think  
I should ask Mr. Lomax for more money.  
Okay. Sure, yeah.  
[Voices Continue On Screen]  
You ready?  
So how do they look?  
All right. Good.  
Fine. Of course, I don't have much  
to compare them to, but...  
I don't think you should show them  
to Mr. Lomax.  
Why not?  
'Cause you're better than that.

[Woman On Screen]

If I tell you something, you won't laugh?

- [Man] I won't laugh.

- I love you.

Why don't you call Dad

and ask him for some money?

- In your dreams.

- Then I'll go to New York and I'll ask him myself.

We do not need that man's help.

And I wouldn't take it if we did.

Oh, here.

Take this one.

- Oh, thank you, darling. Perfect.

- Mm-hmm.

Don't worry.

I will find you boys a father.

We have fathers, remember?

It's you who doesn't have a husband.

- Then I'll find one of them too.

- How?

Nobody's good enough for you.

No matter what happens in our lives,  
there are standards we must maintain.

You ever think that maybe  
you don't meet some of their standards?

And what would those be?

- Maybe you're not smart enough for them.

- [Door Opens]

Trust me, George. A woman never appears  
more intelligent to a man...

than when she's listening to him.

[Orchestral]

- [Ends]

- [Applause]

- [Ann Chuckling]

- [Oliver Chattering]

- Mmm. Mmm!

- It was a lovely evening.

You know, Ann,  
you are a beautiful woman.

Thank you, Oliver.

[Chuckles]

Come back to my place with me.

Oh, I can't. I have the boys.

[Sighs]

They can take care of themselves.

[Chuckles]

I only wish.

No, honestly, I should go.

I had a very nice time.

- And maybe...

- Maybe...

Oliver... Oliver, please don't.

- Come on, baby. Don't be a prude.

- Oliver, no!

I said stop!

Just what the fuck do you think

I asked you out for anyway?

- Conversation? Gosh. You go.

- [Scoffs]

- Get the hell out of here!

- [Groans]

[Car Door Closes]

[Ann]

\$600.

Those belonged to my grandmother.

Everything in here belonged

to somebody's grandmother, lady.

[Horn Honking]

- Afternoon, Miss Devereaux.

- Hello, Bud.

You're a long way from home.

- Yes, I am.

- You're lookin' very pretty today.

Well, thank you, Bud. You have no idea

how much I needed to hear that.

Can I give you a ride home?

Oh, I-I have to get some things,

but thank you.

Would you like to go for a drink later?

Not tonight,

but maybe some other time.

Yeah, maybe.

Bud saw your mom

coming out of a pawn shop.

So?

I took your advice.

- [Vehicle Approaching]

- I told Mr. Lomax that  
I wouldn't show him my breasts.  
I told him he could see my finger  
for a quarter though.  
Come on.  
You coming or what?  
[Ann] Charlie Currell is  
one of my oldest and dearest friends.  
- [George] What's wrong with him?  
- There is nothing wrong with him.  
He's handsome as ever,  
and he's still interested in me.  
- [Robbie] Oh, wow. I could live here.  
- George?  
Promise you won't say  
anything to embarrass me today.  
- I won't if you won't.  
- I have such good feelings about things.  
- How do I look?  
- You always look beautiful.  
- George, how do I look?  
- Ripe.  
[George]  
Where is this guy? Hmm?  
- I thought he couldn't wait to see you.  
- Charlie has other guests.  
We can't monopolize all his time.  
Why don't you boys go and mingle?  
I love to mingle.  
These are good. But don't put  
the soft ones in your pocket...  
or you'll squish 'em.  
- Enjoying yourselves, gentlemen?  
- Oh, yes.  
Very much so. You know,  
I'm playing a Negro in my school play.  
- Is that right?  
- Othello.  
Ah. The noble Moor.  
- Verily. Perchance you could  
give me some character notes.  
- Gladly.  
[Children Laughing, Shouting]  
Someone would think it was a...



Ann!

Excuse me a minute.

I got a beautiful woman to talk to.

- Annie!

- Hi, Charlie.

- I see you found the place.

- All I had to do was look  
for the biggest house in town.

Uh-huh.

[Chuckles]

- Hi.

- And these must be your boys.

- They certainly are.

- You guys having a good time?

- Yes, sir.

- "Yes, sir."

- I don't like the sound of that.

Makes me feel old.

- Oh, Charlie.

- You'll never be old.

- [Woman] Charlie.

- Harry says I can't drive the MG.

- Yeah, because you can't.

Sweetheart, I want you to meet  
one of my oldest and dearest friends.

Ann, this is Nancy.

Nancy, Ann.

- Nice to meet you, Nancy.

- My mother used to wear gloves like that.

Well, your mother must've been  
a very elegant lady.

It's what women in her generation did.

Hey, a bunch of us  
are gonna go dancing tonight.

- Why don't you join us.

- I have the boys.

Mom, don't worry about us.

We'll be fine. She's a great dancer.

Well, maybe your mother  
could teach us to do the Charleston.

I could probably teach you  
a lot of things, child.

Come here.

- Don't pay any attention to Nancy.

- Oh, no.

Look, um, I should be  
at the William Penn at 11:00.  
You and I could, uh, sneak off  
and do some serious catching up.

- That sounds like fun, Charlie.

- Good.

That's a lovely dress. Is it rayon?

No!

[Scoffs]

You going somewhere, darling?

For a walk.

You're going to see  
your father, aren't you?

So what if I am?

What are you gonna say to him?

That I wanna go back to New York  
and live with him.

I'm not gonna let you do that, George.

We can't stay here anymore.

We have no money.

Darling, your father...

He doesn't want you.

- He does too want me.

- You don't know him like I do.

I know him better than you do, and I know  
that he'll take me back in a minute.

George. I know

this has been hard for you.

But things will change soon, I promise.

How? How will they change?

I'm going dancing tonight  
with Mr. Currell.

[Sighs]

Mom. Listen.

Charlie Currell is not interested in you.

- You know that for a fact, do you?

- Yeah. Everybody knows that.

That girl he was with today  
is closer to my age than she is to yours.

Don't say anything you'll regret.

You have two kids, for Christ's sake.

You're too old for him.

Isn't it obvious?

It is to everyone else.  
[Woman] It's such a cryin' shame  
to play the numbers game  
And barely know  
the company you're keepin'  
You can take the tears  
Give me the golden years  
The smiles that I'll be reapin'  
while I know each night I'm sleepin'  
I'll wake up to a friend  
And another happy end  
Has begun  
With my one and only  
- [Ends]  
- [Applause]  
Thank you. Thank you, Tanya.  
Isn't she great?  
Folks, that was "My One and Only" hit.  
- [Laughter]  
- Hey. Give me time.  
Give me time.  
One, two, three.  
[Resumes]  
- Can I help you, ma'am?  
- I'm meeting Mr. Currell.  
I don't believe Mr. Currell's party  
is here yet, ma'am.  
But they usually head right up  
to the Starlight Room.  
Thank you.  
I'll wait for him in the bar.  
- [Continues]  
- [Laughter, Chattering]  
Hey, kid.  
What you doin' here?  
We're living here now.  
Didn't you get my postcards?  
Well, yeah, sure I got 'em.  
But I've been on the road.  
You know how that is. Hey, Carl. Carl.  
You remember my boy George.  
- Oh, sure, yeah. Hi. How are you?  
- This here's Tanya, our singer.  
- Hi, cutie.

- And you know Nate.  
- Hey! How's it goin', George?  
- It's okay.  
- All right.  
- Hey, sit down. Sit down.  
- So where are you livin'?  
- In an apartment on the South Side.  
- Yeah? Nice place?  
- No, it's mostly working people.  
That must rankle your mother to no end.  
Imagine her livin' with the riffraff.  
- She's fine.  
- Good.  
Hey, you want a Coke?  
- You got a Coke?  
- Give the kid a Coke.  
- I don't want a Coke.  
- What do you want?  
I want you to take me back  
to New York with you.  
Take you back? Oh, man.  
Son, I'd like to do that.  
I really would.  
But I'm on the road for, like, what,  
five months at least.  
After this, we go straight to Cleveland.  
And after Cleveland, it's...  
- Hey, Carl, what's after Cleveland?  
- Chicago.  
- Chicago.  
- Five weeks.  
Five weeks in Chicago.  
And then, you know, who knows where?  
- Kansas City.  
- Kansas City.  
- After that, Dallas.  
- After that, Dallas. And Dallas...  
And you'd hate Dallas, George.  
I gotta tell you. What's after Dallas?  
- Phoenix.  
- Phoenix.  
Okay. Forget about it.  
I wasn't being serious.  
I was just kidding anyways.

I'm gonna stay here.

- So how you fixed for money?

- We're running out.

Yeah? You know, I send your mother money all the time. She sends it back to me.

- She does?

- Yeah.

So I stopped.

She got a job?

Oh, man!

[Laughing]

What was I thinkin'?

Can you imagine Ann gettin' a job?

Your mother always thought she was too good to work.

I hate to be the one to break it to you, kid...

but your mother has got delusions of grandeur.

- No, she doesn't.

- Mm-hmm.

She always figured she was some kind of southern royalty, man, you know.

But you gotta take it from me.

In the real world...

class doesn't count for anything.

If it ain't in the bank, it ain't anywhere.

Let me see if I got some...

Hey, Carl.

- You got any money on you?

- No.

Don't bullshit me, man.

Come on. Give me \$100. It's for the kid.

- I got some.

- I don't want your money.

Wait. Hey, hey.

Come on, now. Don't be stupid, kid.

Take the money.

Don't be like your mother. Take it...

till she finds some other guy to pay her way.

Did you ever love her?

Your mom? Yeah.

I loved her a lot.  
- You ever love me?  
- You're up in five!  
- I better go.  
- Wait, wait.  
I still love you, pal.  
You know, it's just...  
I mean, with my life  
on the road and all...  
I was never cut out to be a father.  
Just-Just like your mom  
was never cut out to be a mother.  
Yeah, well, at least she tries.  
Yeah, she does try.  
She loves you, kid.  
Don't ever forget that.  
See ya.  
Hey.  
[Clicks Tongue]  
I'll see you, George.  
I'll see you around.  
You owe me a hundred, Dan.  
[Piano]  
- Thank you.  
- Ma'am.  
Paging Mr. Foster.  
There's a call here for Mr. Foster.  
Call for Mr. Foster at reception.  
[Chattering, Laughing]  
When your old friend shows up, you can  
dance with her once, but that's all.  
I doubt she'll even come, doll.  
She's got kids to take care of.  
- Well, then it's probably past her bedtime.  
- You...  
[Elevator Bell Dings]  
- [Man] All aboard!  
- [Man 2] We can all get in.  
[Bartender]  
Martini? Certainly, ma'am.  
- Hi, there. I'm Ann.  
- Hi.  
I'm Frank.  
- Hello, Frank.

- Hello.  
I hope you don't mind me  
coming over here to talk to you.  
Not at all, no.  
I don't normally do this.  
- Ma'am.  
- Don't you?  
I'm a little lonely tonight.  
Are you alone too?  
Yeah, I'm-I'm alone.  
- From out of town?  
- Well, originally, yeah.  
So you're staying here at the hotel?  
Well, actually, Ann,  
I-I work at the hotel.  
Oh, do you?  
Well, what do you do?  
[Sighs]  
I'm a detective.  
And I'm arresting you for solicitation.  
- Prostitution.  
- [Laughing]  
You had me going there, Frank.  
I'm not kidding, ma'am.  
- [Chuckles]  
- Now, listen, you have a choice here.  
I can either handcuff you  
right here at the bar...  
which would be very unpleasant for you,  
for me and for the hotel...  
or you can walk quietly with me to the back  
while we wait for a police officer.  
All right. Come on, doll.  
- [Line Ringing]  
- It's ringing.  
- [Up-tempo Jazz]  
- [Phone Ringing]  
'Cause you know how he starts  
playing something, and it's totally wrong.  
- [Ringing Continues]  
- Hello.  
Yeah. Who is it?  
Hey, hey, hey! Hey, y'all, keep it down,  
for Christ's sake.

- Who is it, Dan? Another girlfriend?

- Give me that thing.

[Tanya]

Hello? H...

[Dan] Come on, baby.

Give me that phone. Stop fooling around.

Yeah. Hello? Who is it?

- Oh, well.

- [Replaces Handset In Cradle]

[Line Disconnects]

There's no one there.

- [Chattering]

- Come on.

- Come on.

- No, wait!

Thank you.

I'd like to, um...

I need to explain.

You don't need to explain anything to me.

You just need to get home.

Thank you.

Well, good night.

Well, morning.

[Chuckles]

Yeah.

Thank you.

Oh, uh, Bud?

I would really appreciate it

if this didn't get around.

If what didn't get around, ma'am?

[Chuckles]

You're the most beautiful woman

I ever saw, Mrs. Devereaux.

You take care of yourself, ma'am.

Bud?

You're the first real gentleman

I've met since I left New York.

- Where were you?

- Car broke down.

- What was wrong with it?

- How should I know?

Bud fixed it. Ask him.

Where's your brother?

- He had rehearsal.



- Oh. Well, get your things together.  
His too. We're leaving.  
We're not goin' back to Dad now, are we?  
You saw him, didn't you?  
Yeah, I saw him, and he's a shit.  
Don't talk like that about your father.  
You'll regret it one day.  
What do you care? Hmm?  
It's pretty obvious that you're not  
thinking about him these days.  
I have been loyal to your father...  
since the day I met him...  
which is something no one would make  
the mistake of saying about him.  
That's what I said. He's a shit.  
Your father adores you.  
Right.  
When you were two...  
or maybe three years old...  
you came down with something awful.  
Like an earache or something.  
Well, whatever it was, you were crying...  
and nothin' anybody did  
could make you stop.  
Until your father came into your room...  
sat down on your bed,  
and started playing his clarinet.  
- He did?  
- Mm-hmm.  
And whenever he would stop,  
you would just start crying again.  
So he just kept on playing nonstop  
for what felt like days.  
What happened?  
You got better.  
That's the biggest bunch of crap  
I've ever heard.  
There are some things  
that you are too young to understand.  
Such as?  
Such as you're not the only one  
who gets lonely around here.  
[Keys Jingling]  
George.

- You guys leavin'?

- Yeah.

They'll probably rent your apartment out to some loser.

Probably will.

George, we should get going.

I'll see you around.

Yeah. Yeah, I'll see you around.

[Starts Engine]

[Ann]

George. Mirror.

Bye.

[Robbie]

George, this is ridiculous.

Is it a family tragedy, boys?

We're going to our Aunt Hope's in St. Louis.

That counts as a tragedy.

Okay, everybody, let's, uh...

let's take five.

- [Ann] Thank you.

- The doctors have tried everything.

Eat up, boys. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Especially when it's your only meal of the day.

You sure Aunt Hope has room for us all?

Your Aunt Hope and Uncle Tom have a comfortable if modest home.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. How appropriate.

- Aunt Hope... the woman that God forgot.

- [Chuckles]

Your Aunt Hope is a good person.

What happened, did you run out of ex-boyfriends?

[Robbie] You did say you'd never go back there, remember?

Well, I said a lot of things that don't mean much now.

- Why are we going there if you hate her so much?

- I love my sister, George.

It's being near her that I hate.

Things will turn our way soon.

Now eat your food.

Looking for somebody?

Yeah. Ann Devereaux.

They left yesterday.

She say where they were going?

- Who wants to know?

- Her husband.

Your wife's a beautiful woman.

She's got a lot of class.

Yeah, well, I guess

I knew that before you did.

They're heading west.

Said something about her sister.

- Thanks, pal.

- Don't mention it.

[George Narrating] My mother always said she'd have to be desperate...

to go to her sister's in St. Louis.

So I guess we were officially desperate.

- Tom?

- Ann? Is that you?

Hi, Tom!

Pull up around the back.

- Where'd you get that car?

- [Ann Laughs]

Hey, Hope, your crazy sister.

Robbie, you can have

half your Uncle Tom's pork chop.

Give him the meaty half, Tom.

- All right.

- And George can have my mashed potatoes.

- I don't want your mashed potatoes, Aunt Hope.

- Of course you do.

You're our guests,

and we're happy to feed you...

- even if it is with the food off our own plates.

- Thank your Aunt Hope, George.

No need to thank me. You're family.

Good Christian people help their families...

even when they do show up hungry

and without a word of warning.

Well, especially then.

So, from what you say, it sounds like you don't

even know yourselves where you're going.

The boys and I are on an adventure.

Oh.

[Chuckles]

I only wish Father were here to see where his little darling is having supper tonight.

Apple doesn't fall far from the tree after all, does it?

Guess not.

And what are you doing in a car like that?

- It's a beauty.

- It's ostentatious, is what it is.

- I won't have it sitting in front of my house.

- All right. All right.

So how long did you say you were staying?

- They just got here, Hope.

- Well, we're not going to be a burden.

The first thing I'm doing is going out and getting a job.

You? A job?

Is this the kind of job that entails working?

Order number three up!

- Where's my ketchup?

- Check, please!

Sorry about that.

Excuse me.

Um, I asked for toast.

Oh. Oh, yes. I'm sorry.

Order number four up!

Yes, yes.

- Ann!

- Here we go. Coming!

Excuse me.

Okay, here we go.

Where's my coffee, sweet thing?

- Right here.

- What the hell? Are you crazy?

Hey! Where the hell are you goin'?

Hey! Come on back here!

Oh!

You all right, honey?

Oh, I'm fine.

You're so pretty.

I'm supposed to tell you you're fired.

Is that man all right?

Raymond? Hell, it's the only time he didn't complain his coffee wasn't hot enough.

Oh, there you go.

Good as new.

- Thank you.

- Rosie!

All right.

I'm comin'.

Even God don't make green in any other shades, Mrs. Donahue.

Well, I can see the color in my head.

Oh. Uh, we'll be in touch,

Mrs. Devereaux.

I've got to find something to go with my new sofa and curtains, Joe.

What color are they?

l-I got the swatches right here.

Hmm. Well,

have you considered a peach?

It would bring out

this color in the fabric.

Ooh. That's a nice color.

Peach Melba.

Oh. Who makes up these names?

Mr. Massey names all his paints himself.

Well, it's a beautiful color just the same.

Oh, and doesn't it bring out the pearl in her skin? Joe?

Right. It brings out

the pearl in your skin, Mrs. Donahue.

Jesus, Joe. Can't I go back to Chicago for two days...

without you hiring a woman to work here?

That's what I'm trying

to tell you, Mr. Massey.

She's been here three weeks, and sales are up 20%.

Are you sure that's gonna be enough, Ted?

Uh... Better give me four gallons, I guess.

- Yeah.

- Heavenly Gold.

I beg your pardon?

Your hair.

I'm gonna mix a color just like it...

and call it Heavenly Gold.

Bill Massey.

Gentleman's Blue.

- I beg your pardon?

- Your eyes.

They're Gentleman's Blue.

Well, are we finished here?

- Yeah.

- Don't want anyone to miss out on this...

- Oh, well, oh, well, oh, well

- vision.

- Gonna stay right here

- Pass it! Pass it!

- To me! To me!

- Where I'm at

Boys, you know the rules. Outside.

- Sorry.

- Yeah. George, just a minute.

You enjoying it here in St. Louis, George?

- It's okay.

- You're a good writer.

- I am?

- Of course, what you wrote about...

uh, your mom and your brother

and all that...

Uh, it's a little exaggerated.

- Isn't it?

- I wish.

Well, keep it up.

You're not ready

for a Pulitzer Prize yet...

but you certainly got yourself a voice.

Oh, well, oh, well, oh, well

oh, well, oh, well, oh, well, oh, well

I'm gonna stay right here

Where I'm at

George?

So I got the lead in the school play.

I'm playing Oedipus, king of Thebes.

In the original Greek play, Oedipus kills

his father and marries his mother...

but Mrs. Kirkland made us change it

so that now I just hit my father...

over the head with a shovel and take  
my mother to Howard Johnson's for dinner.  
Boys! Boys!  
Come and help us celebrate.  
Mr. Massey asked your mother to marry him.  
- Congratulations.  
- See? My knight in shining armor...  
is a salesman in high-gloss enamel.  
But he's here, and I'll take him.  
- Oh. Here.  
- Oh...  
Oh, Hope. Have a little too much  
of something once in your life.  
All right. Maybe a little.  
- When's the ceremony?  
- In two weeks, and I'm gonna need you...  
- to help me with my outfit.  
- Of course.  
- What should I wear?  
- Certainly nothing white.  
Oh, no more. I can't.  
All right, what the hell.  
Darling, would you get my lighter, please?  
- It's on the table in the kitchen.  
- Sure.  
Are we going back to New York?  
Well, Mr. Massey has this idea  
to expand west to California.  
What if I want to stay here?  
In St. Louis?  
Oh, don't be ridiculous.  
Nobody wants to stay in St. Louis.  
Do you even love this guy?  
It's so damned unfair.  
You are like a cat...  
always landing on your goddamn feet.  
Rest of us play by the rules, get nowhere.  
But where do you end up?  
You're right up there on top of the heap.  
- Well, that's because I have faith in the world.  
- Oh, horseshit!  
It's because the world makes exceptions  
for a beautiful woman.  
The world is a whole nother place

for a homely woman like me.  
And how many years  
have I been trying to have children?  
How many? Twenty.  
And do I have them?  
No, I don't. I am dry as a damn bone!  
But you can.  
You have two normal...  
Well, you have...  
you have two healthy boys.  
Look at him.  
I ask you, is that fair?  
No, it's not fair at all.  
- Oh, Hope.  
- There is no God!  
Calm down. Here.  
Have a cigarette.  
- Here we go.  
- Front row?  
Robbie will be over the moon.  
There's nothing I wouldn't do  
for the boys, Ann.  
You know Robbie's been the lead  
in every school play?  
This is the first one  
that he's actually going to perform in.  
Salesmen are like actors too, George...  
wearing the masks of both comedy  
and tragedy on the stage of commerce.  
Right.  
Oh, I'm so excited.  
The sands of ignorance  
blow in our faces...  
and we are lost without our king.  
Hark! Here he comes. Oedipus...  
the king.  
Citizens of Thebes...  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I'm afraid we must stop the show.  
- What?  
- The weather service...  
- has spotted a tornado 10 miles east of Danson.  
- So? So what?  
- Everyone should exit the auditorium.



- No, they shouldn't.  
- The show must go on.  
- Please head to the basement  
in a calm and orderly fashion.  
- Sir... Sir...  
- Let's go. Please. Hurry. Let's...  
Let's hurry it up.  
He's gonna be so disappointed.  
Well, he can always say  
he brought the audience to its feet.  
Bravo!  
- Bravo!  
- Bravo!  
Thanks. Oh, my God.  
Okay. First batch is almost ready, guys.  
- Good.  
- Robbie, get that off of me, please.  
- Then the camera...  
- Oh! Robbie, no!  
Hey, Ann, could I get a Bud?  
- Uh, yeah.  
- Thank you.  
- Uh-huh. Oh!  
- He's so shy, your son.  
What are you doing out here  
by yourself, George?  
Thinkin'.  
I like thinking too.  
Clears the mind. Cigar?  
No, thank you.  
Your mother's a fine woman.  
I know.  
Now that I'm to be your stepfather...  
your mother asked that I might...  
talk to you about some things...  
man to man.  
As a man, there's only one thing  
you need to know about a woman.  
What's that?  
They're never the right temperature.  
No?  
Something to do with their plumbing.  
Reproduction.  
Whatever reason, most of the time...

they're either too hot or too cold.  
Mostly too cold.  
So what you have to do...  
is carry a sweater or a jacket  
or something with you at all times.  
Something you can keep  
in the trunk of your car...  
or in your closet at work...  
for when their thermostat gets messed up.  
What else?  
That's it.  
Once you've got that covered...  
there's nothing else  
you need to know about a woman.  
What do you say  
we go get something to eat?  
Well, one of you gentlemen  
needs to make a toast.  
- Tom?  
- No, I don't want to make a toast.  
l... l... All right. Okay.  
I'll make a toast.  
Um... Congratulations.  
- That's a good toast!  
- For God's sake, Tom!  
George, you say something.  
I'm happy my mother  
finally found someone to marry her.  
That sounds like a eulogy, sweetheart.  
- Cheers.  
- Thank you, George.  
- Cheers.  
- I'll make a toast myself.  
To Ann...  
the most beautiful  
and charming woman I have ever known.  
We're gonna have the perfect life together,  
you, me and the boys.  
And I've decided to name  
a whole new line of paints after you.  
Starting with Matrimony White.  
- William?  
- Oh, hell.  
- Hello, William.

- Hi, Marla.  
Well, who's this, darling?  
- I'm Marla Massey.  
- Oh.  
- Is this your sister, darling?  
- I'm his wife.  
Surprise, surprise, surprise.  
You need more of a flick  
of the wrist, like...  
Like that.  
Hold it there and just...  
Ah.  
Mr. Massey is mentally ill,  
Mrs. Devereaux.  
But he runs a business.  
He-He... He's heir to a fortune.  
William is one of the heirs  
of the family fortune, yes...  
but he has nothing to do  
with the running of the business.  
His family lets him oversee the shop here  
in St. Louis as a distraction.  
He's like a child who doesn't know  
the difference between right and wrong...  
and, sadly, his weakness is women.  
Over the past two years, he's become  
engaged or married to seven of them...  
seven that we know of, anyway.  
The Massey family profoundly apologizes  
and hopes that this sum...  
will alleviate any inconvenience...  
that this unfortunate affair  
may have caused you.  
Payoff green.  
I'm so sorry, Ann.  
May I call you Ann?  
You really love him, don't you?  
What?  
I said you really love William.  
No. No, I-I don't.  
Of course you do. You don't have to lie  
to me. Massey is a charmer.  
All the women love him.  
I do. I always have.

Why?

- Why what, dear?

- Why do you love him?

Because he's my husband.

But beyond that, why do you love him?

You look a little chilly, darling.

I've got a sweater here you can put on.

So tired

Of dreaming daydreams

So tired

- Of only play schemes

- Hurry up, George!

You should put the top up on the car, Mom.

It looks like rain tonight.

We should get going. George!

- All right.

- I'm not going with you.

Oh, don't start with that again.

Get your things.

- I'm not going.

- Well, who's gonna drive the car?

- Robbie can drive. I'm staying here.

- In St. Louis?

Yeah. I have a normal life here.

I do well in school. I have friends.

Mr. Dillon, he likes my writing.

He says I have a voice.

Well, I'd like to be hearing a little less  
of that voice right now.

Get your things.

Where are you going this time?

We are going to California.

- Why California?

- 'Cause that's where Hollywood is.

I know where Hollywood is. Just what  
do you think's gonna happen there?

- Your brother will be discovered.

- I will.

Things will work out, George.

They always do.

Will you stop saying that?

You sound like a lunatic. You're gonna be  
sitting in the electric chair one day...  
as they flip the switch, and smoke

will be coming out of your ears...  
while you're still sitting there saying,  
"It'll all work out, you'll see. It always does."  
All right?  
I'm staying here in St. Louis.  
Your Aunt Hope doesn't want you.  
She said I can stay.  
You asked her without asking me first?  
That smile, girl.  
Who are you to tell my son  
that he can live with you?  
- He asked me.  
- Oh, well, then.  
Do you even want him,  
or do you just not want me to have him?  
- You just don't want me to have him.  
- That is not true.  
It is true. Isn't it true?  
Well, I don't care whether  
she wants me or not. I'm staying here.  
Do you know how insulting that is to me?  
Will you stop thinking about yourself  
for once in your life and start...  
- thinking about what I want?  
- I'm always thinking about you, George.  
- That's bullshit.  
- Well, why do you think I've just spent...  
the last four months  
driving halfway around the world?  
I forgot.  
Tell me why again.  
Get in the car.  
You don't even know me.  
Oh, George, stop being silly.  
- Now get in the car.  
- All right then.  
I'll get in the car.  
But here's the deal.  
First you have to tell me  
what my shoe size is.  
What are you talking about?  
Then tell me what I want to be  
when I grow up.  
- Does anybody know what he's talking about?

- What's my favorite color?

Blue.

Red.

Yellow?

Green?

Hell, I don't even know  
what my favorite color is.

All right then.

Here's an easy one.

What's my favorite book? Huh?

Tell me what my favorite book is,  
and I'll go with you.

I've been talking about it  
for the last two years. What is it?

I don't know what your favorite book is.

It's Catcher in the Rye.

We have a winner.

Not that I approve of a book like that.

I've done the best I could.

Well, it's not good enough.

Well, aren't you an ungrateful brat.

And you're a lousy mother.

George...

We're going.

You wanna wait for  
the storm to pass, or are you gonna...

- We'll be fine, Tom.

- You know, she doesn't mean  
anything by it, you know.

She's just, uh...

I know, Tom.

She can't help herself.

You'll look after George?

I will.

- Bye, Uncle Tom.

- Bye, Robbie.

Don't look in the mirror. Remember?

Yeah. It's a good thing  
they got that top up, though.

If not, they'd be swimming for sure.

It could turn into a tornado in no time.

No, it's not gonna be a tornado.

It's just heavy rains.

Hey, did Bob ever call you

about your truck?  
Even though I told her  
I wanted to stay in St. Louis...  
I was surprised when my mother  
left without me.  
I guess I didn't give her  
much of a choice, did I?  
I sat there waiting for her  
to barge back in and drag me into the car.  
Once again, I underestimated her.  
Eat your food, George.  
It's getting cold.  
Wanna go to heaven and rest  
Robbie called collect almost every day.  
He said to make money,  
they were taking on day riders.  
Yeah, yeah, good face.  
- Yeah. That's great. What is this made of?  
- That's horse hair.  
I'm a salesman by trade, ma'am...  
on my way to Amarillo to start a new job...  
to sell the product of the future.  
Oh! Well, what's that?  
- Asbestos.  
- Asbestos?  
Asbestos.  
Yes, son, asbestos.  
It's a fireproof building material.  
You heard about that school fire in Kentucky  
where all those poor kids died?  
Yeah. Never again.  
Ever. No, sirree.  
Asbestos is gonna save thousands,  
maybe millions of lives.  
You mark my words, son.  
I took a correspondence course in acting...  
and my teacher,  
Mr. Brinkston of London, England...  
He said I have the talent  
to go to Hollywood and become a star.  
- Oh.  
- So that's why Becker and me  
are going to Hollywood.  
- Maybe.

- Not maybe at all, sweetheart.  
That's where we're going...  
same place they are.  
You know, you kind of have  
a Judy Garland type look to you.  
You're not the first person  
who's said that. Is he, Becker?  
You're gonna do real good there too.  
- You're really handsome.  
- Well, thank you.  
He looks like a girl.  
No!  
He's got that "andro-gynous" quality  
that Marlon Brando has.  
Don't worry.  
That's a good thing.  
You can leave us off here.  
S-Stop.  
- Here? What do you mean?  
- Shut up. Pull over.  
Are you sure you want to get out here?  
Yeah, I'm sure.  
Just pull over.  
All right.  
Okay.  
Thank you.  
Well, that'll be, uh, \$10, you two.  
Nobody move!  
- Oh, my God!  
- Oh, not again, Becker!  
- Jesus!  
- Shut up!  
- Please don't hurt my mother.  
- He's not going to hurt me, Robbie.  
You get me all the cash you got,  
or I'm gonna slice her wide open.  
- There's money in my bag.  
- Go get it, pansy.  
Okay. Okay.  
Come here. Take her ring.  
- I don't want her ring!  
- Take it!  
- What else you got, lady? Huh?  
- I don't know.



Put down the knife!

Oh, my God, Becker!

See?

- Hell, he ain't gonna shoot nobody.

- I'm not?

No, you're not. Do what he says

and put the gun down, Robbie.

I can handle this, Mom.

Put down the shiv, soldier boy.

Make me, fairy.

Get back! Pick up the knife

and get in the car now! Get back.

- Are you okay?

- I'm fine.

Why are you asking him, huh?

I'm the one he shot at.

- Let's get out of here now.

- Okay. Wendy...

- come with us.

- No, you leave her alone!

You can't stay with him. Look at him. He's  
a bully. He'll bring you nothing but trouble.

- But he wants to marry me.

- Oh, for God's sake, child.

If you marry him, you're gonna regret it  
for the rest of your life.

- I'm sure you know that already.

- Sometimes I do think that.

Of course you do, darling.

Sorry, Becker.

Yeah, right.

Okay.

Bye, sweetie.

- You're a no-good bitch.

- You watch your mouth.

So I figure we can stop

in Flagstaff on Monday...

and make it to Los Angeles

by Tuesday night.

What's Wendy doing?

Oh, no. It's the soldier.

We only have \$67 left.

Well, at least she didn't take my shirt.

I'll get it.

- Give it time.

- Hello?

It's a collect call from Robert Mitchum.

I'll take it.

- Don't you dare accept.

- I'll accept the call.

- George, it's me... Robbie.

- I figured. Where are you?

Someplace with the unfortunate name  
of Albuquerque.

One of the riders we picked up  
stole all of our money.

Are you and mom all right?

We're fine. Mom's coming.

I'll call you later.

Someone stole their money.

As long as she doesn't  
expect me to give her...

Why don't we just wire 'em  
some of the money she left us?

- Tom!

- What money?

- Sorry.

- My mother gave you money?

The money that she got from Massey...  
she gave you that?

- Some of it.

- Most of it, actually.

- Tom, would you keep out of this?

- Fine.

- We're not a charity, George, and taking care...

- of a growing boy is not exactly cheap or easy.

- Give it to me.

- I will not.

- It's not your money.

- Give it to me.

- Over my dead body.

- I'll give it to you, George.

- No, you won't!

Stay out of this, Hope.

The boy's right. It's his money.

We never should have took it from  
the mother in the first place, all right?  
I didn't take anything.

She gave it to me.

- Well, then give it to the boy.

- And what do I get?

You get to do the right thing, Hope.

Thank you.

And we both watched you drive away.

Oh.

Truth be told, I'm glad to be rid of it.

- I didn't like having all that money around.

- No. Of course you didn't.

Come on.

We're missing our show. Let's go.

Why are we stopping here?

Well, I figured we could just stop here and pick somebody up.

Well, I don't see anyone.

Oh, look. There's someone now.

- Get in the back.

- Okay.

It's all she had left.

Here's the thing.

I'm only going as far as California.

After that,

you're on your own. Deal?

Deal.

Just drive.

George?

George, wake up.

There it was. Los Angeles.

The city of dreams.

- We'd finally made it.

- There's a pool!

It wasn't exactly the glamorous Hollywood entrance...

my mother had imagined us making, but we were in no position to complain...

- even though I did.

- At least we won't drown.

Here we are.

Perfect.

Well, you don't get sunlight like this in New York.

Oh!

If you stand right here,

you can see the ocean.  
Oh, wow.  
George, come look.  
How long is that money gonna last us?  
That's not your concern.  
Why don't you boys  
go to the beach and have some fun?  
- I don't like the beach.  
- Oh, go get yourself some color, George.  
You're paler than a nun's behind.  
Door was open.  
Nothing to steal.  
You been here long?  
Couple weeks.  
Nice.  
Always were a terrible liar.  
Well, at least you're not gonna  
drown in the pool.  
So I've been told.  
How did you find us?  
I got a postcard from George.  
- He get mine?  
- I don't think so.  
Where are you playing?  
Coconut Grove.  
Opening up for Basie.  
How is old Basie these days?  
Same as ever.  
How are you?  
I'm good.  
You look good.  
You look tired.  
You're not eating right.  
Well, the road wears you out.  
Yeah. Tell me something I don't know.  
So, you done with this?  
Done with what?  
This little experiment of yours.  
Oh.  
It's not an experiment, Dan.  
Whatever you say.  
Hey, how about you and the boys...  
come back to New York with me tomorrow?  
What do you say?

I can't do that.  
Don't you love me anymore?  
I don't know if I love you anymore.  
But I do know that  
I don't need you anymore.  
Oh!  
Well, I never thought  
I'd hear you say something like that.  
Neither did I.  
Hey, you want me to get down on one knee  
like I did 16 years ago tomorrow?  
First time you've ever remembered.  
Carl remembers stuff for me.  
- Oh.  
- Maybe you should have married him.  
You're a hell of a woman, Ann.  
You don't know the half of it.  
I could learn.  
No.  
I wish things were different.  
God, I really do, Danny.  
Okay. Okay.  
Are we still friends?  
I hope so.  
Look, um...  
you know, if...  
you change your mind...  
Oh, I'll know where to find you.  
Come on!  
Move!  
Cut! Cut!  
All right, people, let's take five.  
And that's a reset,  
ladies and gentlemen. That's a reset!  
Back to first positions.  
Come on, guys!  
- I'm just such a mess.  
Maybe if I put this side up like that.  
Darling, you're a slave.  
You're building a pyramid.  
Well, that's no reason  
to not be presentable.  
What the hell is it this time?  
One of the slaves got her foot run over

by the chariot, Mr. Kamen.

Christ. Is the chariot okay?

Just kidding.

- Let me help you.

- Oh. Thank you very much, Mr., um...

- Martin Kamen, producer.

- Ann Devereaux, pyramid builder.

You're much too beautiful to be a slave.

Words every woman dreams of hearing.

- Are you an actress, Miss Devereaux?

- No, I'm not.

- But my son is.

- Is that right?

Robbie.

This is Mr. Kamen.

He's the producer.

Oh. How do you do, sir?

- So you want to be an actor?

- Oh, yes.

- Nice-looking boy, isn't he?

- Yeah.

If he still wants to be an actor in the morning, bring him by my office.

- All right.

- Come on, boys. Let's get a move on.

We're losing the light.

Yes! Oh, my God!

So my mother was about to deliver on her promise to Robbie.

And for a moment, I thought maybe she'd been right after all.

Maybe things did work out for the best.

Hello?

Hello.

All right. I'll get her.

It's for you.

- Hello?

- Miss Devereaux?

Yes, this is she. Yes, please.

I'm so sorry.

No.

Thank you for calling.

Who was that?

Mom?

Your father has died.  
He had a heart attack...  
after a show in New York.  
Mom... Mom...  
Yeah.  
It's all right, baby. Cry.  
You cry.  
You just...  
cry as much as you want.  
It's cold.  
Thanks.  
Do you want my blanket?  
Mm-mmm. I'm fine.  
I just got off the phone with the airline.  
They'll give one of us the bereavement fare  
to go back for the funeral.  
I think that should be you.  
Okay.  
I called Mr. Dixon today...  
The headmaster at Radford.  
That was my school.  
I know.  
Well, they offered me  
a full scholarship...  
if I wanted to go back next semester.  
I could never afford  
a school like that out here.  
Is that what you want to do, George?  
You want to go back to New York?  
I think so.  
Well...  
Where will you live?  
Billy's parents said I can stay with them there.  
I like them.  
New York's my home.  
I know it is.  
And everybody knows if you want to be  
a writer, you have to live in New York.  
There's too much sun here in L.A.  
It's not depressing enough.  
You sound like your father.  
We will find a way to make that work.  
You will?  
That was our deal.

So, I was finally on my way back to New York.  
I'd won the battle with my mother...  
but it sure wasn't the way  
I wanted to win it.  
Not like this.  
So my father went down to the kitchen...  
and cooked breakfast for us  
and a bunch of other guests.  
It was the wildest thing  
my family ever did.  
And that's what I did  
on my summer vacation.  
Very good, Judy.  
Now, George, why don't you  
tell us about your summer?  
My summer really started last year...  
when my mother left my father  
for sleeping with his band singer...  
and she gave me \$6,000 cash  
to go buy a car.  
My mother was arrested for solicitation...  
but of course it was all  
just a big mistake.  
Massey was a serial matrimonialist...  
who had proposed to  
or married at least 11...  
- different women...  
- Then the girl steals all their money...  
and runs off with  
the psycho soldier again, so...  
I had to go back and get all the money  
my Aunt Hope stole from my mother...  
and meet up with them again...  
We finally made it to L.A.  
But right after we got there, my...  
my father died,  
and I came back here for his funeral.  
I miss him.  
I always thought that after this...  
we were all gonna end up together again.  
But we're not.  
They sat there  
looking at me like I was an alien...  
from some faraway planet speaking



in a language they'd never heard before.

I'm not running anymore, Mary Beth.

But it's too dangerous

here for you, Frankie.

I'm not afraid of danger, Mary Beth.

Not anymore.

Frankie, they already killed Ma and Pa.

He just needs to relax.

He'll be fine.

I-I don't care, Mary Beth.

- I don't think so.

- I'm finished running...

even if it means I have to die here.

- I'm sorry.

- Cut!

Take 10, everyone.

Yeah, right.

- Let me talk to him.

- Here. I'm sorry. The plants just...

Is there any way we can just try one m...

one more? I'm really sorry.

- Kill those lights then, will you?

- Oh, no.

- That's pretty.

- Yeah. And what do you think...

- Yeah. And you have a bonnet too.

- It's perfect.

- Good.

- Yeah. Thanks.

- This should do it.

- I'll be right back, okay?

Roll camera. And... action.

I'm not running anymore, Mary Beth.

I don't care what anybody says.

It's too dangerous here for you, Frankie.

I'm not afraid of danger,

Mary Beth. Not anymore, I'm not.

Frankie, they already killed Ma and Pa.

I don't care, Mary Beth.

I'm-I'm finished running.

I'm staying here even it means

I have to die from it... for it!

Cut!

- Jesus, it's killing me too, kid.

- I'm sorry!  
George! This is going terrible.  
Where's Mom?  
Probably hanging herself somewhere.  
Did you see me?  
Who was I kidding? I can't do this.  
Sure, you can. Right? This is what  
you came all the way out here for.  
- What, humiliation? I'm awful.  
- No, you're not. All right?  
Look, you did all those plays.  
I never actually acted in any of them.  
All right, it's easy.  
Just-Just think the scene through.  
They killed your parents.  
They killed your brothers.  
It's only you and your sister left,  
and you have to make a stand.  
Look. Just listen to how I do it, okay?  
Let 'em come for me.  
I'm not moving.  
I'm staying right here on this land.  
If I have to die for it, then so be it.  
This is our family's land, Mary Beth...  
soaked with our parents' blood.  
We earned it, and I'm staying right here.  
So what are you gonna do if they come?  
Let 'em come for me. I'm not moving.  
I'm staying right here on this land.  
This is our family's land, Mary Beth...  
soaked with our parents' blood.  
We earned it. I'm staying right here.  
They'll kill you, Frankie.  
I don't care.  
Mary Beth, I'm not afraid anymore.  
I've run all my life,  
and I'm finished running.  
This is where I belong...  
with you, with whatever's  
left of my family.  
I didn't know it before,  
but I know it now.  
I made the mistake of leaving once,  
but I'm home now...

and I ain't goin' anywhere.  
I don't care what anybody says.  
And that's how I got my studio contract.  
They're coming! They're coming!  
Call the sheriff!  
Cut! Print! Moving on!  
- Moving on!  
- What's happening now?  
It took Robbie  
all of a minute to forget about acting...  
and decide to change his career.  
- Here. Let me just...  
- His first love was costumes anyway.  
I decided to change my name  
to Hamilton, my father's real name.  
My mother decided  
to change her priorities.  
She discovered that  
she didn't need a husband...  
although she had plenty of offers.  
I often think about those months  
we spent on the road together...  
trying to find someone to take care of us.  
What we found instead  
was that we didn't need anyone else...  
that we could take care  
of ourselves just fine...  
thanks all the same.  
I've seen some dreamy guys  
With sparkles in their eyes  
Ah, but none  
like my one and only  
A billion stars at night  
Could never shine as bright  
as the sun  
Like my one and only  
It's such a cryin' shame  
To play the numbers game  
And barely know  
the company you're keepin'  
You can take the tears  
Give me the golden years  
The smiles that I'll be reapin'  
While I know each night I'm sleepin'

I'll wake up to a friend  
And another happy end's begun  
With my one and only  
It's such a cryin' shame  
To play the numbers game  
And barely know  
the company you're keepin'  
You can take the tears  
Give me the golden years  
The smiles that I'll be reapin'  
While I know each night  
I'm sleepin'  
I'll wake up to a friend  
And another happy end  
Has begun  
With my one  
And only  
Sail the sunlight  
sparkling on the bay  
A magic carpet  
'cross the Milky Way  
Don't forget whatever  
golden rays may say  
You're mine, mmm  
Stroll the sands  
of some exotic shores  
There's a world as big  
as all outdoors  
Don't forget whatever dream is  
Yours to find  
You're mine  
I'll  
Just keep hoping in  
My heart  
In some way, we  
Won't stay far  
Apart  
Other places  
just around the bend  
All the faces  
where you'll find a friend  
Don't forget who's yours  
Until the end of time  
You're mine

I'll  
Just keep hoping in  
My heart  
Don't forget who's yours  
Until the end of time  
You're mine