



Scripts.com

# O. Henry's Full House

By Lamar Trotti

Hey, Charlie. Your lawyer's here  
with the bail money.  
Tell him I ain't in.  
You're what?  
You heard me.  
Tell him I ain't in.  
That man with the pencil  
is the real star of this picture.  
He was a writer-  
many kinds of a writer:  
A social critic, a humorist  
and a technician.  
His name was  
William Sidney Porter...  
but you'll remember him  
by his pen name.  
That's part of our language now-  
O. Henry...  
I'm a writer too.  
My name is John Steinbeck.  
I've always believed that  
a writer should be read, not seen.  
But O. Henry's dead.  
He can't speak for himself.  
I wonder if he would  
if he could.  
Remember O. Henry.'s safecracker,  
Jimmy Valentine?  
Little boys still want to grow up to be like  
the Cisco Kid, the Robin Hood of the West.  
Our folklore is full of O. Henry. -  
his courage and his gaiety and his people.  
He wrote so many good stories,  
it's hard to choose.  
- Here's one in point.  
- "The Cop and the Anthem." You wanna hear it?  
"When wild geese  
honk high of nights...  
and ladies without fur coats  
grow kind to their husbands...  
then you may know  
that winter is near at hand...  
and that the time has come to resolve oneself  
into a Committee of Ways and Means...

to provide against  
the coming rigors.

Lf, in addition, one is a denizen  
of the city's parks...

like our good friend

Soapy here...

the need is not only great, but a state  
of real emergency may be said to exist. "

Yes, Officer. Certainly.

At once.

Good morning,

Mr. Throckmorton!

Ah, good morning,

Truesdale.

- Kind of chilly, ain't it?

- Bracing, my boy. Bracing.

Have you made any plans  
for the winter yet, Mr. Throckmorton?

- You may call me Soapy, Horace.

- Thank you, sir. Have you?

- Naturally.

- You ain't thinkin' of going to jail again, are ya?

- And why not?

- Because jails ain't what they used to be.

They're lettin' 'em

run down something awful.

They say almost anybody

can get in 'em nowadays.

My dear fellow, you must not listen

to every rumor you hear.

From long experience,

I can assure you that our fair city boasts...

of no finer institution

than its penal system.

What is more to the point, I am a man

of simple, if discriminating, tastes.

Three months in jail,

safe from wind and snow...

and the bludgeons

of the blue-coated minions of the law.

Good morning, Officer.

Three months, I say...

uh, of assured bed, board

and congenial company...

at the city's expense  
are all that I ask of life.  
I don't know, Soapy.  
To me, jail's jail.  
##[Small Band,  
People Singing]  
I'm, uh, considering  
Florida myself.  
Florida, that crass, unspeakable place,  
the Coney Island of the tropics?  
Fit only for millionaires and reluctant  
witnesses? No, my friend.  
For 15 years now,  
a hospitable, luxurious...  
well-heated cell has been  
my winter quarters.  
I would not swap one night  
of it for a full season at Palm Beach.  
A fellow was telling me  
that these people run...  
some nice places downtown  
for dependents like us.  
Charity? No, thank you. I'll take  
the law over philanthropy any day.  
For every benefit received  
at the hands of charity, one must pay-  
If not in coin, at least in humiliation  
of spirit.  
For every bed,  
there is the toll of a bath.  
Nor, may I add,  
does the law insist on prayer...  
morning, noon and night.  
How are you going  
to work it this year, Soapy?  
Oh, there are devious ways,  
my friend.  
Wait here.  
- Say, look here! That's my umbrella!  
- Oh, it is, is it?  
- Yes, l-  
- Suppose you call a policeman and tell him that.  
Go on. Call him.  
There's one

at the corner.

Why don't you call him  
and tell him I took your umbrella?

- If you don't, I will. Officer-

- I'm sorry, but you know how these things happen.

I picked it up in a restaurant this morning,  
by mistake, of course.

If you recognize it as your umbrella,  
I hope you'll excuse me.

Dirty crook.

There are other ways, my friend, one of these  
being first to satisfy the inner man.

Shall we go?

No, no, no. Ah.

What are you gonna order,

Soapy?

How 'bout some, uh, roast mallard duck  
to begin with...

accompanied by a bottle of Chablis wine,  
provided the year and vintage are right.

- Duck for breakfast?

- Breakfast, by all means.

After which, perhaps, uh, a Camembert,  
coffee and, unquestionably, a cigar.

Under the circumstances, I would think  
a dollar cigar would be just about right.

A whole dollar  
for one cigar?

My dear fellow, upon such occasions as this,  
one cannot afford to be niggardly.

Wait for me there  
on the curb.

- Yes, sir?

- Cigar, please.

- Yes, sir. Any particular brand, sir?

- Your best.

Yes, sir.

- Enjoy your breakfast, sir?

- The duck was slightly overdone.

I do suggest you speak  
to your chef about that.

- Oh, yes, sir. Certainly, sir.

- It's inferior. Is this your choice brand?

- Yes, sir.

- It is?
- Allow me, sir.
- Will there be anything else, sir?
- Just my check, please.
- Yes, sir. The check.

Yes, sir.

Check coming up.

It may interest you  
to know, my good man...  
that I and the minutest  
coin of the realm are total strangers.

- Uh, how's that?
- I said I was broke.

Don't just stand there with your adenoids  
showing. Go and call a cop.

- What's the matter?
- He says he isn't going to pay for it.
- He hasn't got any money.
- No money?

No money.

- Come on, you-
- Come on, you thief!
- What do you think, coming in here-

Oh! What are you  
doing to that man?

- He- He hasn't any money.
- After eating everything on the menu too.
- Is this true?
- They neglected to add...

that I also ordered  
a dollar cigar.

Although I must say that any resemblance  
between it and tobacco is purely coincidental.

- A cop will know what to do with his kind.
- Never mind. Let him go.
- Let him go?
- You heard what I said. It's on the house.
- You stay out of this. Nobody asked your opinion.
- Poor devil's probably starving.

Get him outside as quietly as you can.

I don't want any trouble.

Trouble? You don't want  
any trouble?

Listen, you nincompoop.

I don't want any of your charity.

I am a citizen.

I stand on my constitutional rights!

I insist on being arrested.

Do you understand me? Arrested!

- Outside!

- No! You can't do this to me!

Have me arrested, you dogs!

Have me arrested!

- Soapy!

- What happened?

- I've been double-crossed.

- Are you hurt?

- Physically, no.

- Didn't work, eh?

- Due to circumstances beyond my control, no.

However,

I'm not discouraged.

Two battles lost does not mean

that the war is lost.

It only means that some other way than

through the stomach must be thought of.

- Shall we leave this loathsome neighborhood?

- Take this with you!

- Are you hurt?

- No, thank you.

Gosh. Your umbrella.

Are you all right?

I ought to report you

for this banana.

Oh, I'm sorry, sir.

- What was that?

- Call the police!

- Police!

- Who threw it there?

- I did.

- Which way did he go?

- There! There he goes!

- Hold that man!

- Hey, wait a minute. I did it!

Hey, come back!

I did it!

I did it!

E-Excuse me.

You forgot this.  
Good afternoon, my dear.  
Aren't you a little lonely  
window-shopping all by yourself?  
Wouldn't you prefer  
to come and play in my backyard?  
Sure, I don't mind,  
if you buy me a drink.  
How's dear cousin Fanny?  
L-I'm afraid, my dear,  
there's been a mistake.  
Mistake?  
What kind of mistake?  
- I owe you an apology.  
- Apology for what?  
For allowing you to think that I might buy  
you a drink. That's quite impossible.  
I haven't got  
a dime to my name.  
- Hey, what is this? You trying to kid me?  
- Not in the least, my dear.  
I'm only trying to undo  
the wrong I've done you-  
A wrong committed, I might add,  
for reasons that your young...  
and inexperienced mind  
couldn't possibly understand.  
Since my means are limited,  
I can only ask your pardon...  
perhaps persuade you to accept,  
as a token of my regard...  
the last, uh, valuable left to me  
from a once formidable estate.  
My compliments to a charming  
and delightful young lady.  
What's going on here?  
What's happening?  
He called me a lady.  
Think of it. Thousands of them swinging  
their blasted clubs...  
walking their blasted beats...  
doing nothing but eat up  
the taxpayers' money.  
All day long I've flaunted the law



in their faces...  
and not a one of them-  
not a single one, mind you-  
Has lifted a little finger  
to prevent it.  
I've a good mind to write  
to my congressman.  
You going to the park  
again tonight, Soapy?  
Where else can I go?  
There isn't any hurry.  
Listen to the music.  
I seem to remember that tune  
from somewhere.  
No? Well, this might be  
a country churchyard...  
such as I knew  
in my youth...  
in the days when life contained such things  
as mothers and roses...  
ambition and friends,  
immaculate thoughts...  
and Little Lord Fauntleroy  
collars.  
Let's go in for a moment  
and enjoy the peace.  
- Me?  
The front door is open  
The invitation is obvious.  
- What's the matter, Soapy?  
Ain't you feeling  
good, Soapy?  
Hey, maybe tomorrow  
will be different.  
Maybe if you was to try  
somewhere else...  
like Central Park maybe  
or Wall Street.  
There'll be no tomorrow-  
at least no tomorrow as you imagine it.  
That phase of my life  
has ended.  
You sure you  
feeling good, Soapy?

Maybe if you was to go back  
and sit down again.  
It isn't my body that's sick.  
It's my soul.  
For the first time  
in my life...  
I've viewed the horrible pit  
into which I've tumbled-  
The degraded days,  
unworthy desires...  
dead hopes, wrecked faculties,  
base motives...  
that have made up my useless existence!  
I wasn't gonna tell you, Soapy,  
but I got 30 cents a lady give me.  
- I'll buy ya a beer.  
- It isn't beer that I need.  
It's hope, faith...  
the assurance that it's still not too late  
to pull myself out of the mire...  
to make a man  
of myself again...  
to conquer the evil that's  
taken possession of me!  
We better get out of here.  
If somebody was to hear you talking like that...  
there's no telling what  
we'd have to go through.  
People praying over us,  
preaching to us.  
But there is time.  
I'm still comparatively young.  
Resurrect my old  
and eager ambitions...  
and pursue them  
without faltering.  
I'll give up this life of dissipation and idleness.  
Tomorrow I'll go into the roaring downtown  
district and find work.  
I recall a fur merchant...  
who once offered me  
a position.  
I think I must have his card  
about me somewhere.

I'll find him, lay my plight before him,  
seek his aid.

Yes, here is his card.

I recall his kindly face.

A noble man,  
if ever I met one.

He'll give me a job.

He'll help me make something of myself.

- I'll be somebody in the world!

- Okay, come along.

- Huh? Officer, what have I done?

- Never mind. Come along.

Don't give me any of your lip,  
or I'll bash in that skull of yours.

Come on!

Loitering, eh?

Guilty or not guilty?

Your Honor,

if it pleases the court-

One of those  
argumentative types, eh?

- Where did you pick him up?

- Comin' out of church.

- Church?

- Your Honor, I'd just stepped in to refresh my soul.

I'd just undergone the most salutary  
spiritual experience.

I'm a reformed man, and I-

Today I'd planned to apply for a position.

- Find any candlesticks on him?

- Oh, no, Your Honor. I assure you.

- Maybe he was trying to rob the poor box.

- Oh, no, Your Honor.

I didn't find a thing on him-  
not even a dime.

- Ninety days.

- For what?

Vagrancy-

no visible means of support.

- Next case.

O. Henry. Learned about jail

the hard way-

in jail.

He did his research on an iron cot,

listening to his cell mates.  
He never felt superior  
to the people he wrote about.  
And maybe it's that humility  
that draws us to his stories again and again.  
Here's one of the best,  
"The Clarion Call."  
"Half of this story. Can be found in the records  
of the police department.  
There is no record  
of the other half...  
but it belongs behind the doors  
of the editorial office...  
of a New York newspaper. "  
Well, welcome back.  
How'd it go?  
- I got him there.  
- Good.  
- Nine.  
- Uh, 18.  
Hi, Chief.  
Hello, Barney.  
One counterfeiter delivered to federal prison,  
Leavenworth, Kansas.  
- And now I'm bushed.  
- No wonder. Long trip, handcuffed for five days.  
Uh-uh.  
Not that long.  
I took the handcuffs off  
outside Newark.  
He was an old man of 70,  
going in for good.  
That train ride was his last chance  
to stretch his legs.  
You look tired. Take some time.  
Lay out till Monday.  
Thanks. They found some more counterfeit  
in the old boy's shoe.  
The warden ducked and asked us to turn  
it over to the downtown treasury.  
Hundred-dollar bills?  
- Beautiful job.  
- Almost perfect.  
They trapped him

on the picture.

The old goat parted

Franklin's hair on the left side.

- Said it looked better.

You signed for it, you keep it.

We'll send it down Monday.

- Get some rest.

- Thanks.

Does this belong to you?

No, that's a clue

in the Norcross murder case.

Robbery knockdown.

Happened while you were away.

None of that means anything.

No fingerprints, no nothing.

Must be

an out-of-town killer.

I know everybody's work

around here.

Looks expensive.

Where'd you find it?

On the rug

in Norcross's room.

Whoever killed him left it.

There's some printing on it.

Yeah.

"Camptown Races.

July the fourth, 1901."

Doesn't mean a thing.

It's a nice tune though-

"Camptown Races."

Mind if I check it out

a while?

Sure, sure.

If you think you can do any better.

It's our only lead.

I used to sing it myself

in the old days.

A good quartet number.

- Do you happen to know Johnny Kernan?

- Who?

- Kernan. Johnny Kernan.

No, I don't

believe I do.

Thanks.

- Something I can do for you?

- No, thanks.

There.

It's Johnny Kernan.

But he's only

been registered a week.

- Maybe it isn't the same one.

It's the same one.

Look, I'm not full owner.

There isn't gonna be any trouble.

He's the best wrestler

I ever saw.

Whenever the referee

ain't lookin', he gets 'em.

- Give me a beer.

- How's the bock holding out?

- Fine, fine.

- Guess who! Go ahead! Guess.

Guess who. Guess who.

- I don't have to guess.

- Hello, Johnny.

The big man,

Barney Woods.

I bet you'd have known me

anywhere by that trick, huh?

I'd have known you

anywhere.

Give him a big drink. We're old pals

from back in Erie, P.A.

- Long time ago, huh, Barney?

- Yeah.

He ordered a beer.

- He just finished it.

- Now get him a real drink.

- Yes, sir.

Clam head! Oughta give him

a mouthful of knuckles.

What about the old bunch back at

the hotel? See Gimp Charlie much?

Oh, I lost track years ago.

I've been living here for a long time.

No foolin'!

Wish I did.

I'm just passing through.  
Going to Chicago tonight.  
Hey, uh, whatever happened to, uh, uh, Hazel-  
Hazel? Was that her name?  
- Yeah. I married her.  
- No foolin'!  
Bet you got a ton of kids by now, huh?  
Oh, that was some place  
around the Star-Union Hotel.  
Remember  
SoreJaw Weber, huh?  
And the singin'!  
We must have did a hundred songs.  
- Hey, you.  
- Yeah?  
- You know "Sweet Genevieve"?  
- A little.  
A little! Clam head! That's one of  
the best songs there was!  
Don't forget  
the "Camptown Races."  
The best. The best! The best!  
The absolute best!  
- You know that one?  
- Yeah.  
Yeah. Him and me won a prize doing that one.  
Quartet out at the picnic grounds.  
Go ahead.  
Start it up.  
Go on! Open your throat!  
Start! Sing, will you?  
Come on! Sing!  
Ah, that's good, huh? Wish we had the Doc  
and Jonesy for balance though.  
Come on, ya monkey!  
Clap! That was good.  
Clap!  
Okay.  
How 'bout "Heart of My Heart"?  
Oh, I don't know, Johnny. Why don't we go  
somewhere where we can talk?  
Sure, sure.  
The old times, huh?  
Come on upstairs.

I got a jug.  
We'll belt a few, have the old times  
all over again, huh?  
I doubt it. We had 'em once.  
We can belt a few anyway.  
Sure.  
Look at you.  
What are you doing here?  
Get out! Get out.  
Go to your room!  
We wanna talk!  
Can I stay and talk  
too, Johnny?  
Move, or I'll knock some  
of that fat off of you!  
What a nerve, huh?  
- What do you want?  
- The kitten. I've got to have something to do.  
Yeah, kitten!  
Here. Now, get out!  
Now, where's the food, huh?  
Ah, here it is.  
For a man that's just passing through,  
you've got all the comforts of home.  
I always manage  
to keep a jug handy.  
I'll get this glass  
cleaned up a little bit.  
Well, bring me  
up to date.  
You still doing  
hotel work?  
No, Johnny.  
Police work.  
Detective,  
16th Precinct.  
Well, what do you know?  
Honor bright.  
Well, you got  
the right trainin'.  
I still remember  
Barney Woods...  
best speller  
in the third grade.



What about you, Johnny?  
Still as restless as ever?  
I manage to live.  
We can't all be good spellers.  
Here.  
I'll trade you.  
It's yours.  
Mine's at home.  
That was a good quartet, huh?  
First prize we ever got-  
four gold pencils.  
- Wonder what happened to Doc's.  
- I don't know.  
But yours was on the floor  
of the Norcross house.  
- Pack your linen, Johnny.  
Wait a minute, friend.  
- I can still take you.  
Now, get up.  
Get out of that coat.  
Throw it over here.  
I always was born  
a few minutes ahead of you, Barney.  
Where'd you get  
all this steam?  
I knew you had a little trouble upstate,  
a little bank work-  
- But murder?  
- Ring off! Ring off. Ring off.  
Don't get sentimental about  
some old guy neither of us ever met.  
Gun or no gun, Johnny,  
I'm gonna have to take you in.  
Why? Why, huh?  
You're the only one who could connect me  
with that pencil.  
That's right.  
Then let's pretend  
this is one you never heard about.  
Sorry.  
You ain't gonna take me in.  
- Why?  
- If you were me, you'd take me in.  
But you ain't.

You're honor bright.  
You're dumb  
Barney Woods.  
You've got a debt  
to square.  
Don't count on something  
that happened that long ago.  
It'll never be long ago  
for you, Barney. Don't kid me.  
It'll always be right now.  
The backroom  
of the Star-Union Hotel.  
The hour and the night...  
and the pail of beer  
that caused it.  
It's in your eyes  
right now-  
- the trouble you were in.  
You couldn't afford  
to lose money you didn't have.  
You were on probation.  
You'd been a bad boy,  
but people were willin'to forget about it.  
After all,  
it was just a slip.  
But you couldn't  
stand another one.  
That state pen down at Harrisburg  
was a little too close.  
One more slip'd  
get you a train ticket...  
and a nice  
new suit of clothes.  
- Well, you made it that night.  
You wrote out a check  
for a thousand dollars you didn't have.  
all the trouble you needed.  
That's the size of it, Barney.  
You were on your way up.  
A loser.  
And don't kid yourself.  
You'd have stayed a loser.  
'Cause once they make you  
walk up an alley...

you'd never use  
a front door again.  
So I bailed you out.  
You stammered and said you didn't know  
when you could pay it back.  
You stammered and said you didn't know  
when you could pay it back.  
I said, "I'll wait."  
So I'm waitin'.  
And now  
I want my thousand.  
That's what I said, pal:  
"There'll come a day."  
And here it is.  
How 'bout that drink now, huh?  
Come on. Come on.  
You can afford it.  
I'm buying.  
Oh, you don't drink  
on duty, huh?  
Copper.  
Look at ya.  
Look at that suit,  
those shoes.  
You couldn't pay back  
10% of it.  
- What do you make, 40 a month?  
- A little more than that.  
You were a cop  
from the start.  
- You've always had your hat in your hand.  
- Is that all?  
It is if you can't pay up.  
Maybe some other time.  
If you had any belly,  
you'd take me in right now.  
But that little favor out in the past  
sticks in your craw.  
It's there to remind you  
what a naughty boy you were.  
If you ever get in the way of some money,  
look me up, huh?  
Well, well, well!  
Look who's here.

The big man.  
Sit down.  
Let me buy you a drink.  
Hello, Johnny.  
I never knew of a good thief  
that'd touch liquor.  
- Makes you bigmouthed.  
- This is a special occasion. Very special.  
I'm catching the night train  
for Chicago.  
Did you follow me here?  
No.  
I've got part of the money,  
Johnny- nearly \$300.  
- I want you to take it.  
- Stop kidding. Stop kidding.  
A debt's a debt.  
If you give somebody a hand,  
you don't give them your little finger.  
You give them  
your whole hand.  
It's a thousand  
or nothing.  
Look, how long do you think  
you can get away with this sort of thing?  
Take a tip from me.  
Give yourself up.  
Put in a plea.  
Go light.  
I'm light now. I'm light.  
Can't you see?  
You're the only one  
could put a hand on me.  
No, you're all wrong.  
Police files  
are never dead, Johnny.  
- Some cop somewhere, he'll get a line on you.  
- Nah!  
Could be anybody anywhere.  
Could- Could be somebody like that?  
- Yeah, they could put a finger on you.  
- Who's that?  
It's Dave Bascom.  
He's the city editor

of The Clarion-Call.

Newsboys!

Bunch of clam heads, all of them!

They got nothin' on me.

Hey.

You a city editor?

I work on a paper.

Big bunch of crime solvers, ain't ya?

What about the Norcross murder?

What have you done?

- We've got a man working on it.

- Sure, sure!

Big crime stoppers.

What's he done, huh? What's he done?

Did he check with a cab driver down  
at 34th and Fifth? No, he didn't check.

Did he check with a lady across the street  
who saw a man go in the house? No!

Clam head didn't

do nothin' right. Nothin'!

Nothin'.

- Is that all?

- Ain't that enough?

Big crime reporters.

Couldn't find a hangnail

if they told you what hand it was on.

Clam head.

That was a mistake. He's one of  
the best heads on Herald Square.

Oh, you don't think

that meant anything, do you?

The cabbie and the lady  
across the street?

I went in the back way.

I just wanted to show

he was a clam head. That's all.

I'm afraid you're

too smart for us, Johnny.

I'm sick of looking

at you, Barney.

Go somewhere.

- Good luck, John.

- You don't mean that, pal.

No, you're wrong.

I wouldn't wish you bad luck.

You'll have enough of that.

Hmm!

Hmm.

- What's your name?

- Frank.

- Where do you live?

- 221 East Fifth Street.

- I thought I told you to take a breather.

- You did, sir.

But I was in the neighborhood. Besides, I've got something I want to talk to you about.

- It's personal.

- Sure. I'll be with you in a minute.

in the last two weeks you've-

All right, Barney.

What can I do for you?

Barney?

It's getting steadily worse.

We've now hit rock bottom.

Hoodlums, vandals, criminals of every stripe... have turned our police power into a laughingstock.

- It's become a huge public joke.

Mr. Bascom. There's a man here from the police department.

- Says he wants to see you. He says it's urgent.

- Send him in.

Hello, Barney.

Westbound Limited.

- Chicago, Omaha, Denver-

- Here you go, tar bucket.

Los Angeles,

San Francisco.

I've got something for you.

Where'd you get it?

Where'd a cop like you pick up a thousand dollars in clean hundreds?

Never mind where I got it.

Just count it.

I trust you, Barney.  
I trust you.  
The important thing is,  
where does this leave us?  
We're all square.  
Fair enough. Fair enough.  
Fair enough, huh?  
So we start from scratch.  
- Go ahead. Take me in.  
- Just so we'll end even, good luck, Barney.  
Save your strength.  
You got a broken  
firing pin.  
Up in that hotel room.  
You don't think I'd  
give you a healthy gun?  
Give me that.  
Get over here.  
Get out.  
Step over it,  
you clam head.  
O. Henry was born  
in North Carolina.  
He moved to Texas  
when he was 20.  
He bummed all over the Southwest,  
the Gulf ports...  
even the banana republics  
of Central America.  
He was 40 when he reached New York,  
and he loved the city.  
Called it  
"Baghdad on the Subway."  
New York gave him  
a new Arabian Nights.  
Look at this one  
he called "The Last Leaf."  
The setting?  
Greenwich Village.  
The time? Winter.  
The condition?  
A blizzard.  
This was the village  
of low rents and high art...

where poverty and ambition  
held hands.

But also life went on...

and death went on...

and love went on.

And sometimes

love stopped.

Whoa! Whoa!

Joanna. It's about time

you got back.

Your sister got so wild,

she almost called up the police.

Susan! Susan!

Jo!

Well, how is she,

Doctor?

Pneumonia.

I'll look by

in the morning.

Thank you, Doctor.

- Will she be all right?

- Oh, she's young.

No reason why she

shouldn't pull through.

Good day.

Pneumonia.

And all because

of that actor.

- I warned her against him hundred times.

- Shh.

- I know men like him like I know colors.

- Mr. Behrman.

Ah! Would she listen to me,

to the man who knows everything...

who has been everywhere

and seen everything?

- Mr. Behrman, please.

- Oh, yes, I know what you

and your sister think of me.

Just an old goat who lives upstairs and makes

a lot of noise on the ceiling.

- Mr. Behrman, will you please be quiet?

- What is the matter with you?

Why are you so excited?



You heard what the doctor said.  
She's young. She will pull through well.  
She'll be all right.  
It'll be a good lesson  
for her.  
Now, you stay here,  
and I'll take care of this.  
- I was going to the art dealer anyway.  
- Thank you.  
Mr. Behrman-  
Tell the druggist to charge it.  
Yeah. Actors. I hate actors  
more than I hate poison!  
The doctor says  
it's nothing.  
Just a couple  
of days rest.  
Of course, he thinks you ought to be spanked  
for going out in such weather.  
Sue. I'm so ashamed.  
Why should you be?  
Oh, sure,  
your pride's hurt now.  
Six months from now you'll be laughing  
about it if you even remember.  
Now close your eyes  
and go to sleep.  
I can't.  
Nonsense.  
Of course you can.  
You don't understand.  
L-  
I haven't told you  
everything...  
about Sheldon and me,  
I mean.  
You don't have to.  
I think I've known  
for a long time.  
What you must  
think of me.  
L- I feel like-  
Look, baby, it isn't the end  
of the world...

because-well,  
you made a mistake.  
What we both need  
is a change of scene.  
Oh.  
I'll pick it up  
in five minutes.  
- Behrman, not again.  
- Now, look here, Boris.  
You can take my word...  
of a man who is  
independently poor.  
I've done exactly everything  
the way you told me.  
I bought an apple, I bought a pear,  
and I bought a banana.  
And I put it all in a bowl  
and I started to paint.  
Just like you told me.  
Look.  
Another Behrman.  
Ai, yi, yi, yi, yi, yil  
Behrman. Maybe you are  
ahead of your time.  
Maybe in 1950 they will recognize it  
for what it is-  
Whatever it is.  
But my customers only like paintings  
they can recognize.  
All arts must communicate.  
And yours doesn't say anything  
to anybody who comes in here.  
Look here, Boris. What you've got on your walls,  
a camera can do much better.  
- I know, I know.  
- No comparison!  
For once, why don't you paint something that  
people can see what they're looking at?  
- You can do me a great favor-  
don't tell me what to paint.  
- Behrman, please.  
We are old friends, huh?  
Try again.  
Go back and paint

an apple...

a banana and a pear.

- I can't!

- Why not?

I ate them.

Look here. Would you

buy this Behrman...

if I give you my sacred word of honor

that I will try again?

All right.

Three dollars.

Three dollars for a Behrman?

You always pay me five.

Business is bad.

Well, then you cannot afford it

even for three dollars.

I'd rather starve until 1950,

if necessary.

Three dollars for a Behrman!

Who does he think I am?

Well, it's all ready.

That'll be two dollars.

- All right. Charge it to Miss Goodwin.

- Miss Goodwin.

Sorry, sir.

No more credit.

What are you talking about? The girl is sick,  
and you're talking about credit?

I only work here.

I've got my orders.

All right. Wrap it up.

I'll be back in a minute.

I am coming into

a small inheritance.

I've treated a great many patients,

Miss Goodwin.

Some accomplish miracles...

because their will to live

is the best medicine they could find.

There's also

a will to die.

I could save your sister

if she wanted me to...

but she doesn't.

Whatever the reason,  
she isn't helping me.  
You must be wrong, Doctor.  
She has so much to live for.  
Mmm. If you can convince her of that,  
she'd pass the crisis.  
I can only do so much.  
Well!  
- The broth will be warm in a minute.  
- I'm not hungry.  
Another one.  
What?  
- You know, it's funny.  
- What's funny?  
Oh, the things you notice  
when you're ill.  
Things you never  
noticed before.  
Like what?  
Like that ivy vine  
across the court.  
What about it?  
Yesterday I counted  
exactly 21 leaves on it.  
- Don't you think that's funny?  
- Why funny?  
Don't you see?  
I'm 21.  
Now there are only 14.  
I'm getting younger.  
In a day or so,  
they'll all be gone.  
And when  
the last leaf goes-  
That's funny too,  
isn't it?  
The way things live...  
die.  
Oh, but it's good  
to be alive, Jo!  
You believe that,  
don't you, baby?  
I'm so tired, Sue.  
You take a nap.

It'll do you  
a world of good.  
- Don't- Don't do that.  
- I just want to darken the room.  
I like to look outside  
when I wake up.  
You will try to get  
some sleep, won't you?  
I'll try.  
That old goat!  
- It doesn't bother me, Sue.  
Well, it bothers me.  
- Come in!  
How's your sister?  
If you really cared,  
I wouldn't have to be here again.  
Oh, yes, I know.  
I'm making so much noise.  
But, you see,  
when I paint...  
I get so mad with myself  
that I- I forget myself.  
Is she really so sick, huh?  
I thought by now she-  
- No.  
- What's wrong with her?  
I don't know.  
She's got some crazy idea  
about the leaves...  
on the vine  
across the court.  
What kind  
of a crazy idea?  
I think she-  
Oh, it's so hard to explain.  
But- But somehow she feels that the vine  
has something to do with her life...  
that-  
That when  
all the leaves go...  
she'll go.  
Look, Susan, this is  
all absolutely crazy.  
I know it sounds silly, but... the way she talked

about the vine just now.  
Look, now, you're-  
you're tired.  
You haven't slept all these nights,  
and all this is making you sick too.  
If you could have  
heard her-  
Maybe you're right.  
- Maybe I am beginning to imagine things.  
- Of course you are.  
Now, look, you go  
to your sister...  
and I promise you  
I'll be as quiet as a mouse.  
A dead one.  
Hey! No more  
of these crazy ideas.  
All right.  
Jo! Jo!  
Those leaves  
don't mean a thing.  
You're going to get well,  
baby.  
You're going to get well!  
We should know by morning.  
- Behrman!  
- I'm sorry.  
I'm just a little bit tipsy.  
Now, just-  
Go on, sing!  
It's a happy occasion.  
What do you care  
about Joanna?  
You've done everything you could  
to keep her from getting well.  
I don't ask you  
to forgive me. L-  
I just want you  
to understand.  
Please, go away.  
It's only today that...  
for the first time,  
I finally realized what I really am.  
A three-dollar painter.

No more, no less.  
My paintings, they've got  
nothing to say to nobody.  
And I know why.  
It is because I  
got nothing to say.  
And when an artist knows...  
there's nothing left for him to do  
but just to drown himself.  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
Mr. Behrman, I'm so upset,  
I don't know what I'm saying half the time.  
Don't worry, Susan.  
You really didn't say nothing  
that wasn't true.  
What are we going to do?  
I was right  
about the leaves.  
There's just one left now.  
It'll be gone by morning,  
and when Jo wakes up-  
But that kind of thing  
can't happen, can it?  
It- It just can't happen.  
Have courage, Susan.  
And if a prayer  
of an old goat will help...  
your sister will get well.  
Don't worry. She'll get well.  
She'll get well.  
- Susan?  
- Here I am, Jo.  
Let me see the leaves.  
- No, not now.  
- But I want to know.  
- Later, Jo. Later.  
- Please, Sue.  
It hung on, Jo,  
right through the storm.  
Isn't that something?  
And if one brave  
little leaf can do it...  
you can do it too.  
How do you feel?

I'm hungry, Doctor.

Well, that's the first sense  
you've made in days.

- Some broth?

- Yeah.

Well, I'll- I'll  
stop by tonight...

uh, just to say hello.

- Sue?

- Yes?

Could I- Could I have  
my mirror and my brush?

Oh, Sue!

What's going on?

I'll find out.

- What is it, Mrs. O'Brien?

- Why, it's the old man.

- That artist fellow upstairs in 3-B.

- Mr. Behrman?

He was drunk last night,  
staggering around in the snow.

I saw him kneeling on the ground  
as though he were a dog or something.

- What happened?

- An old man his age in the snow for hours?

His heart gave out.

They found him this morning. He's dead.

Oh, he was crazy

like all them artists.

Imagine, in the middle of the night,  
he come and asked me for a lantern.

Oh, but he was a nice

old coot at that, you know?

What is it, Sue?

- Behrman?

- Yes.

What happened?

He died last night.

Oh.

- Poor old Behrman.

- Yes.

Poor old Behrman.

It won't be the same without  
all that noise upstairs-



Stomping around, breaking things  
every time he finished a painting.  
He was a good friend  
of ours, Jo.  
Too bad he wasn't  
a better artist.  
I could never make head or tail  
out of anything he ever painted.  
I think you're wrong, Jo.  
He was a great artist.  
Someday I'll tell you  
how great.  
O. Henry had been,  
at one time or another...  
a druggist, cowboy,  
bookkeeper, reporter, editor.  
To O. Henry., no one was too good  
to slip or too bad to climb.  
Consider  
"The Ransom of Red Chief."  
It happens in rural Alabama  
in the early 1900s.  
There you are, William.  
Six miles to our destination.  
Just about  
the right distance away.  
Let's take a look  
over this way.  
- This looks like a likely spot.  
- Not to me.  
William, this is  
a perfect hideaway.  
Look, a cave, running water,  
all the comforts of home.  
Mmm. I don't like any place  
that hasn't got a door on it.  
A nice, quiet spot  
to spend a few days.  
And nights. Slick, have you ever  
slept out of doors?  
William, don't tell me  
you're afraid of the country.  
There's nothing I'm not afraid of,  
especially the country.

- Why, every time I see a-What's that?

- What is it?

- William, don't act like a child.

It's nothing but a squirrel

or a cat of some sort.

Well, do something.

Get rid of it! Hurry up!

Go away, pussy.

Go away. Nice pussy.

Go away, pussy.

Go on, go on, go on!

You see, it's nothing

if you're not afraid.

But I am.

Never let an animal

know that you're afraid.

It's no use. They seem

to sense it somehow.

Come on. Let's unload

the provisions and get into town.

You know, Slick, I think we should give up

the whole scheme.

- It worries me.

- Why?

Kidnapping.

It's against the law.

You can't go around throwing sacks

over strangers' heads.

You weren't worried about the law when we

sold that oil stock up there in Peoria.

That was different. They were old friends of ours.

We knew them intimately.

There's something impersonal about an

oil well. I wouldn't know one if I saw it.

An oil well is a hole in the ground

surrounded by suckers.

Mmm. I still think kidnapping's

no way to raise money.

That gets down

to a matter of opinion.

Which one of us

is the smarter?

How many times have you

been in jail, William?

- Six times.  
- I have only been incarcerated twice.  
So the answer is obvious.  
I don't like it.  
It involves children.  
We need money. We have all that little bonanza  
gold mine stock you had printed...  
and we can't sell it  
without a nugget.  
Now, Joe Collins has a nugget  
that's as big as a cobblestone.  
We've gotta raise enough money  
to buy that nugget.  
- Will he trust ya?  
- Not again.  
You insist that kidnapping  
is the only solution.  
William, for a quick,  
safe return on your investment...  
you simply cannot  
beat kidnapping.  
I regard it as even a sounder proposition than  
swindling widows and orphans.  
And that is particularly true down here  
in this Peruna-and-chitlins country...  
for the natives down here  
share one outstanding weakness.  
- They love their children.  
- It's too risky.  
Suppose you kidnap an orphan?  
Who pays to get him back?  
William, don't be  
so pessimistic.  
- You know anything about children?  
- Only one thing.  
Children have to do what  
grown-ups tell them to do...  
because we're bigger  
than they are.  
- I don't like it.  
- William, we're procrastinating.  
Let's finish unloading this stuff and get  
into town and find our victim.  
- Mornin', folks.

- Mornin'.

We'd like to get  
a little water for our car.

- Sure.

- And some information, please.

Pete'll get you the water.

What do you wanna know, mister?

Say, mighty nice country  
you got around here.

- Sure is pretty.

- Is it?

If a person wanted to buy some of this land,  
who'd he have to see?

Why do you wanna  
buy the land for?

- What do you wanna raise?

- It ain't good for much.

You want bottom land  
or, uh, hill country?

Uh, which is better?

Well, it depends upon  
what you want it for.

- Bottom land.

- Reckon Eb Dorset could fix you up.

He's foreclosed on about as much land  
as anybody else.

But why do you wanna  
buy the land for?

Eb Dorset?

Which Dorset is that?

Well, there ain't only one  
Dorset, and that's Eb.

Yeah, he married  
the Yarborough girl.

Why do you wanna  
buy the land for?

Married the Yarborough girl.

Say, I seem to remember that.

Uh, was that union blessed  
with any issue?

Uh-

- What did you say?

You know, those little objects people get  
after they're married.

Yeah. Well, I reckon  
you could say they have in a way.

- Yeah.

- May I ask what you mean by that foggy response?

Well, I reckon you could call J.B. A child,  
if you wanted to.

- J. B?

- J. B?

- That's what they call him.

- Oh, it's a boy.

- I reckon you might, uh, call him a boy.

- Yeah.

How old is he?

J.B. Is nigh

on to 10 now.

What a lovable age in a boy.

Where did you say

the Dorsets were living now?

- Didn't say.

- Down the road a piece.

A little white house

with broken windows.

You ain't told us why did you wanna

buy the land for.

You know, I find your conversation rather  
limited, but very stimulating.

- Thank you.

- Thanks a lot. Thanks a lot, fellas.

- Hope to see more of ya later.

- See you later.

Thanks, son.

Sally Mae, you better lock yourself up in  
your room until them Yankees get outta town.

Aw, Pa.

What did he say

that place was?

A little white house

with broken windows.

Oh, yeah.

Dinner ready?

Unlessen you wanna wait

for J.B.

He's late again.

When'd he go out?

Night 'fore last.  
Oughta be gettin' hungry  
by now.  
I'd better set  
a place for him.  
Yep, he's home now.  
Ebenezer, two men just drove up  
in a motorcar.  
They did?  
Well, I'll be.  
Now they're puttin' a sack  
over J.B.'s head.  
No.  
Now they're totin' him away.  
They must be strangers.  
More than likely.  
Set him down over here.  
Are you all right, J. B?  
If we untie you, will you promise to behave  
yourself and not run away?  
Did you hear me?  
I said, did you hear me?  
Are you frightened?  
Hmm.  
Well, all right,  
if you wanna stay tied up.  
Now, listen, J.B.  
You are in the hands of two desperate men,  
and you must behave yourself.  
- Is that right, William?  
- Yeah, you better behave yourself.  
Yes, you've got-  
Put that knife away. Put it away.  
- William, take that knife away from J.B.  
- I'd rather you did it.  
J.B., William and I have decided  
you may keep the knife.  
- Does that make you happy?  
- I don't like you.  
- I said, I don't like you.  
- J.B., you mustn't be afraid of us.  
- We're your friends.  
I'm going back downtown and leave a ransom  
note in your father's mailbox.

And if he pays the little sum  
we're asking for you...  
you will be returned home  
immediately, safe and sound.  
Do you understand?  
Excuse us a minute,J.B.  
How much you gonna ask for him?  
I intended opening up  
with a bid of 2,000.  
Two thousand? I think you're  
overestimating this kid's charm.  
The trouble with you is  
you don't understand human nature.  
The blacker the sheep,  
the quicker they bail 'em out.  
And if I'm any judge  
of black sheep...  
we have come up  
with a collector's item.  
Anybody who'd pay \$2,000  
for him's out of his mind.  
I heard what you said.  
I don't like ya,  
but you're not dumb.  
Thank you,J.B.  
Thank you.  
Money isn't everything.  
I'm convinced 2,000's too much.  
Perhaps you're right. I'll cut it to 1,500.  
I'd better get along.  
I'll drop a note in the Dorset mailbox  
the minute it gets dark.  
- How long will you be gone?  
- Good heavens!  
Don't tell me you're afraid  
to stay here with this child.  
Slick, why don't you stay  
and let William go?  
- Very practical idea.  
- No, it's too late,J.B. Our plans are all made.  
Don't you think it'd be better  
if we tied him up again, and we'll both go?  
Look, you just build a fire,  
giveJ.B. Something to eat...

and make friends with him.

Make friends with him?

Just hurry back.

- Eb?

- Huh?

A man's puttin' somethin'

in the mailbox.

Thought he would.

You want I should

go out and fetch it?

Never mind.

Morning's soon enough.

[Vehicle Backfiring,

Departing]

[Vehicle Approaching,

Backfiring]

William, the ransom note

has been delivered.

There's nothing to do

but await results.

How have you and J.B.

Been getting along?

Slick, stay where you are.

Don't make any sudden moves.

What's the trouble, William?

If the light were better, you could see that in

his left hand, J.B.'s holding my good watch...

and in his right hand, a large rock

capable of enormous destruction.

Please don't do anything rash.

Now, J.B., is that any way to act?

I ask you-

It won't do any good to talk.

Yes, J.B.

How did he

get the watch?

We were having dinner, and suddenly he put

a red-hot boiled potato down my back...

and mashed it

with his foot.

- Why?

- We had a slight difference of opinion.

- He wanted me to call him Red Chief.

- Red Chief?



Yeah. He wanted to play Indian,  
and I didn't want to.  
I see no reason why you couldn't oblige  
the little fella, William.  
Except that he  
wanted to scalp me.  
Surely,J.B., there must be another way  
to play Indian.  
Red Chief gotta ride back  
to reservation.  
Warn his people  
palefaces comin'.  
Red Chief need horse.  
Oh, no, not that.  
If William is your horse,  
will you give him his watch back?  
After paleface horse.  
I won't do it.  
I refuse.  
I'll speak to him  
in Indian,J.B.  
What paleface say?  
William will be your horse,J.B.  
All right, William.  
Slick, stay there.  
Horse, right there.  
How far is it  
to the reservation?  
Ten miles  
to the reservation.  
Maybe there's a shortcut.  
Oh! Ow! Slick!  
- Get back! No fair!  
- Keep quiet. Keep quiet.  
- Keep still. Keep still.  
- No fair! No fair!  
Now, stay over there.  
There you are, William.  
I got his knife too.  
No reason to let a child  
get the best of you.  
- That's true only in theory.  
- Now,J.B., we'll have no more of this nonsense.  
Paleface lie.

Fool Red Chief.  
Red Chief never forget.  
Something tells me  
our triumph is only temporary.  
- Paleface not dumb.  
- Thank you, J.B.  
Don't you think we oughta tie the kid up  
before we go to bed?  
I've got his knife.  
We've hidden every other dangerous  
weapon around the camp.  
What is there  
to worry about?  
Remember what he said  
before he went to sleep?  
Yes, it's nothing.  
I heard what he said.  
- Do you remember? What was it?  
- Yeah.  
He said, "Paleface make'm prayer great  
white father. Tell him good-bye."  
- And what else did he say?  
- "Red Chief never forget."  
And you say there's nothing  
to worry about?  
William, if you persist in this attitude,  
you'll have me worried.  
There's enough worry  
for both of us.  
Come, William.  
Let's get a good night's sleep.  
"Red Chief never forget."  
Slick. Slick. Slick!  
- Huh?  
- Wake up. Don't move.  
Show him you're not afraid.  
Run, William.  
- I can't run far, Slick.  
- We're going up a tree, William.  
- Can bears climb trees?  
- Here he comes. We'll soon find out.  
William, I think  
it's a cinnamon bear.  
I don't care what flavor he is.

He's more apt to taste me.  
Hey, paleface. You want Red Chief  
to get the bear outta here?  
Yes, get him outta here.  
Get him outta here.  
- What will you give me?  
- You can have your knife back, J.B.  
How 'bout your watch, William?  
Sure. Gladly.  
You can have the chain too.  
Slick, I'll take  
your watch too.  
Yes, J.B.  
- Coming up right away.  
- Just get him away.  
And will both y'all  
play Indian with me?  
- Any-Anything you say, J.B.  
- Anything. Just get him away.  
All right. Go on!  
Get outta here! Go on!  
Get outta herel  
Yeah! Go on!  
Get outta herel  
Go on! Get outta herel  
Get goin' I  
Go on! Get outta here!  
Go on! Get outta here!  
Go on!  
All right. You can come down now.  
We'll play Indian.  
Hurry up,  
or I'll call the bear back.  
- Come on!  
- I'm looking forward to it with great pleasure, J.B.  
- Shh. William. Shh.  
William, you don't have to  
war whoop anymore.  
He's been asleep  
for the last five minutes.  
Just don't wake him up.  
Slick, this has been  
the worst night of my life.  
I don't think

I can take any more.

William, you should be  
ashamed of yourself...  
letting a little child  
break your spirit.

That's enough, Slick. I'll take it from him,  
but not from you.

- You're just as frightened as I am.

- Me, frightened?

Yes, you. He said he'd burn you at the stake  
at sunrise, and you're afraid he'd do it.  
And what's more, he would too. And if I hear  
you mutter one more of those platitudes-  
Shh, shh.

William, you're right.

I am afraid.

That's better.

If I could only hold out till his father  
delivers the money. If he does.

- That may be quite a while.

- What do you mean, quite a while?

I told him in the note to bring the money

**at 6:**

- Oh, no.

- I just wanted to give him time to get it.

What time is it now?

Shall I wake J.B. Up  
and ask him?

William, what on earth  
is the matter with you?

- That's a silly question.

- Where's J. B?

Probably out digging worms  
for our supper.

What happened to your eye?

He did it with a slingshot and a boulder  
as big as that derby of yours.

I suggest you put the water on your eye,  
not, uh-

While I was dazed, he pushed me,  
and I sat in the campfire.

This is the only place  
where I feel comfortable.

William, what I have to tell you  
isn't going to make you feel any better.  
Don't tell me  
you didn't get the money.  
Here, help me up.  
No, William,  
I didn't get the money.  
Slick, forget the 1,500.  
Take a thousand, 500.  
You can take it outta my share.  
Look what he did to me.  
Yes, I see what you mean.  
But wait till you hear this.  
This is from J.B.'s father.  
It says, "Gentlemen"-That's us.  
"My heart goes out to you.  
As a token of my sympathy,  
I hereby offer you a counterproposition.  
- For \$250 in cash-  
- He's crazy.  
I will take J.B.  
Off your hands."  
We won't pay it. We'll just go and leave  
the little monster here.  
I'm afraid he's thought  
of that, William.  
- It says, "For your information,  
I am the sheriff of this county...  
- Oh, no.  
And there is only one road  
out of where you are now."  
- What'll we do?  
- "If my proposition interests you gentlemen...  
I suggest that you bring  
J.B. Back after dark...  
as otherwise, the neighbors,  
who have been celebrating his loss...  
may do you a harm.  
Signed, Ebenezer Dorset."  
Have you ever heard of such rustic, uh,  
unmitigated impudence?  
I think his father's a spendthrift  
to make such a liberal offer.  
- After all, what's \$250?

- \$250?

William, that's  
every penny we have.

Slick, I beg you,  
I urge you, I implore you.

It's only money.

Please pay it!

All right, William.

If you insist.

But, uh, to return J.B.

You have to catch him first.

- Now, I suggest-

- Shh. Here he comes.

Good evening, J.B.

Hi, Slick.

You didn't get the money, did ya?

I sure did.

I've got it right in here.

- You mean my father paid ya?

- He certainly did.

- Let's see.

- It's right in here. Look right in there.

There you are. Don't move.

You'll get hurt.

- I've got you, J.B.

- I give up! I give up! Here, William.

- Okay.

For me?

Thank you, J.B.

William, I've changed  
my mind about ya.

- You have? That's nice.

- I still don't like ya.

- But now I think you're dumb.

- Why?

- That stuff you're holding.

- You mean these flowers you gave me?

Part of it's flowers,

but the rest of it's poison ivy.

Poison ivy?

Why, you-

- Just once, please!

- No, William. I forbid you-

- I'm gonna get this one time-

- William, control yourself.  
220, 225, 230-  
Pa, I don't wanna  
stay here.  
- I wanna go with 'em.  
- Ah.  
- Twist his arm, Ebenezer.  
- I'll be good. I'll be good.  
235, 240, 245-  
Y'all better take  
another look, mister.  
That last five-dollar bill  
is a one.  
- Please, Slick.  
- Say, you're right, madam.  
Thank you for  
correcting me. 245.  
There we are. \$250.  
Have you folks thought of investing  
this cash into good, safe prop-  
Please, Slick. How far is it  
to the state line?  
- It ain't far.  
- You think you can hold him?  
Well, I ain't as strong  
as I used to be...  
but I think I can promise you  
at least 10 minutes.  
We'd be very grateful.  
- Good-bye, J.B.  
- Good-bye, J.B.  
Good-bye, Slick. Good-bye, William.  
I hope I see you again.  
There's only  
a bare chance, J.B.  
Don't count on it.  
You got a gold mine  
in that boy.  
- Is anybody coming?  
- Not a sign.  
- But don't slow down.  
Outwitted by a mere child.  
You have no brains,  
and I have no courage.

An unbeatable combination.  
Slick, what do we do now?  
Get out those little  
bonanza gold mine certificates.  
I wouldn't have the nerve  
to sell that phony stock now.  
Pull yourself together,  
William.  
What is a confidence man  
without confidence?  
At the turn of the century,  
certain social leaders in New York...  
claimed that only 400 people  
were worth knowing.  
In disagreement, O. Henry wrote a volume  
he called The Four Million.  
He thought everybody  
was worth knowing.  
Now the very term "400"  
is almost forgotten.  
But from The Four Million...  
"The Gift of the Magi" is as fresh and alive  
as the day it was written.  
O. Henry. Said,  
"The Magi were the Wise Men...  
the wonderfully wise men who brought gifts  
to the babe in the manger.  
They invented the art  
of giving Christmas presents. "  
And that invention was still operating  
when this story. Begins-  
in the year of our Lord,  
1905.

- Good morning, Mrs. Young.
- Oh, good morning, Mr. Schultz.
- How is your lumbago?
- Huh?
- I said, how is your lumbago?
- Can't hear you.

My compliments to the cook  
on this morning's coffee.  
Aw, I made the coffee  
myself this morning.  
Cook isn't here today.



I gave all the servants the day off.  
- It's Christmas Eve, you know.  
- Oh, yes. So it is.  
- And I haven't bought your present yet.  
- Oh?  
- It's just as well,  
because I've changed my mind again.  
- Oh?  
Yes. I've decided  
I don't want the diamond tiara.  
No, I- I must have  
a sealskin coat.  
You see, it's the only fur  
I haven't got, and I simply must have it.  
All right. I'll buy it  
right after lunch.  
Lunch. I'm glad you mentioned that.  
Now, tell me the truth.  
Aren't you a bit weary of going  
to Delmonico's every day?  
Just this once, wouldn't you  
like something from home...  
Wrapped up  
in this cunning little box?  
- That'd be very nice.  
- Yeah?  
There you have it.  
White meat of turkey,  
brandied cherries...  
oh, a bit  
of chestnut dressing and-  
Let me see. Oh, yes.  
Some of those little ice cakes...  
you were so fond of  
on our honeymoon in Paris.  
- Della?  
- Yes?  
Is it awful- not having  
all these things for real?  
I have you...  
and that's for real.  
Quarter past. Well, let's see if St. Benedict's  
on time this morning.  
It's 14 after.

He's a whole minute fast.

That gives me one more minute  
to tell you I love you.

Oh, Jim!

Oh, now, you know I'll just have to  
put it all up again.

I remember the first time I saw you,  
just a year ago.

At Mr. Crump's  
Christmas party.

And I thought, someday,  
I must take out the pins...  
and see that hair fall down  
around her waist.

For that, I'd be willing  
to marry her.

Why, Mr. Young,  
what an improper thought.

- Not at all.

- Oh, I was so glad I went to that party.

I saw you almost at once,  
and I thought to myself...

if he's married,

I shall ask her to give him up.

- Why, Mrs. Young, what an improper thought.

- Not at all.

I thought no one would introduce us,  
so I asked you for the time.

Remember? And you brought out  
your beautiful watch...

and I thought,

he must be very rich.

And for one wonderful moment, there  
was no one at that party but you and me.

No one in the world

but you and me.

- You and your wonderful hair.

- And you and your wonderful watch.

- It is handsome, isn't it?

- The handsomest in New York.

You should have a platinum fob

to go with it instead of this leather string.

Jim, why, that solves it!

Your Christmas present.

I've been wondering what to get you.

A platinum watch fob  
with diamonds to match my tiara.

You changed your mind,  
remember?

- It's a sealskin coat.

- Can't we afford both?

It's 26 after. Not unless I get to the office  
and earn some money.

It'll only take me a second.

I'll walk with you as far as the butcher shop.

How's your lumbago,

Mr. Schultz?

It's better today, thank you.

Good morning.

It's your last day. Tomorrow you can stay  
inside and take care of yourself.

Oh, thank heaven  
she didn't buy them.

They'd be terrible  
in her hair.

They once were worn  
by a Chinese empress.

- Cost \$25.

- Jim, h-how do you-

I priced them day before yesterday.

I thought maybe if they weren't too much-

The diamond tiara will look much better  
with the sealskin.

Now, come on.

You'll be late for work.

Well, what would you like  
for Christmas dinner?

Now, tell me, aren't you getting  
a little tired of turkey?

How about a goose stuffed with apples  
or a duck with orange sauce?

Get whatever you like.

Surprise me.

But don't stay on your feet too long.

You know what-

Mrs. Schultz said a walk every day was  
good for me, and she's had seven.

You want something?

Oh, I'd like a pound of ground chuck beef  
and a half pound of sausage.  
Uh, will that be enough  
to make a meat loaf just for two people?  
I suppose so.  
Fifty, 75, a dollar,  
a dollar quarter, a dollar 50...  
- 60, 75, 80, 85, 86, 87.  
What can one do with a dollar  
and 87 cents?  
Yes?  
Uh, are you Maurice?  
I am.  
What can I do  
for you, madam?  
Do you buy hair?  
If it's good, yes.  
Would you buy mine?  
Well, let's have  
a look at it, madam, right in here.  
Sit down.  
Oh, madam!  
Oh, it is magnificent!  
It is beautiful!  
Such quality, such beauty,  
such sheen.  
Eh, it is not bad.  
I will give you,  
uh, \$20.  
Twenty? I need-  
Oh, I mean, couldn't you please  
make it just a little bit more? Say, 22.50?  
Twenty is my price for this particular  
length and thickness.  
Take it or leave it.  
Well-  
Can you- can you cut it quickly  
so I won't change my mind?  
Oh, naturally, madam.  
Naturally.  
Now, let me see.  
Now, it is better  
if you close your eyes.  
Say, isn't that clock a little slow?

You're right. That clock's  
four minutes slow.

- Mr. Young?

- Yes, Mr. Crump?

- You show a great deal of interest in the time.

- Yes, sir.

Am I to remind you that time is what  
I'm paying you for, at \$17.50 a week?

Yes, sir.

At 54 hours a week,  
that's nearly 33 cents an hour...  
approximately  
half a cent a minute.

- That's right, sir.

- Time, young man, is money.

Christmas Eve here  
is just December the 24th.

I understand, Mr. Crump.

- For two cents, I'd-

- How much is two cents?

- Four minutes.

I was counting on his  
letting us off early today.

I've got to get a present  
for Margaret.

- What are you gonna buy for your wife?

- I don't know.

It all depends on the size  
of our Christmas bonus from old Crump.

I don't think  
it'll be \$500.

Not likely.

That's what  
a sealskin coat costs.

Tell me, Bill, why does a woman  
wanna wear the skin of a seal?

- Who knows?

Shh. He's coming back.

Gentlemen, your attention for one moment.

I'm sorry to announce that because business  
has been very poor this year...

as you who keep my books  
must know...

there will not be

the usual Christmas bonus.  
However, because I've dispensed  
with the usual Christmas party...  
I am adding per capita  
the cost of that party to your checks.  
An extra three dollars.  
Merry Christmas.  
Cheer up, Jim.  
For that three dollars...  
you can buy her  
one sealskin earmuff.  
Genuine platinum.  
He is pretty, nein?  
For your husband?  
He is quiet,  
but he's of real value.  
Yes, that describes  
him exactly.  
Oh! Oh, I thought you  
meant Jim, my husband.  
Maybe I did.  
He must be a good man  
if you marry him.  
Oh, thank you.  
It's the only fob I've ever seen that's  
as beautiful as his watch.  
It's not just  
an ordinary watch.  
It was his father's  
and his grandfather's...  
and it will be  
handed on down to-  
That is, if we have a son.  
And you will.  
You will have a boy.  
This fob, it'll bring you luck,  
I bet you.  
Mr. Menkie, all I have  
is 21 dollars and 87 cents...  
but I do so want to take  
the fob home with me tonight.  
Could I- Could I pay you  
the rest later?  
What is this "later"?

Do you think I'm squeezing blood  
out of a stone?  
For you... I make  
a special price.  
Twenty dollars.  
Oh, Mr. Menkie!  
Oh, thank you!  
Thank you!  
Mr. Schultz, did I wish you  
a merry Christmas?  
- I don't know. Maybe. I think so.  
- Well, I want to.  
I want everyone to have a merry Christmas,  
even Santa Claus.  
- God bless you.  
Oh, dear God,  
let him still love me.  
Please let him still love me.  
- Say, where's Jim? Jim, come on.  
- I haven't seen him.  
We're going to Clancy's Saloon  
and have a hot-buttered rum.  
- No, thanks, fellas.  
- Come on. It's Christmas Eve.  
No, my wife's alone.  
She worries if I'm late.  
- Merry Christmas!  
- Merry Christmas to you.  
Poor fella henpecked,  
isn't he?  
- Did you ever see his wife?  
- No.  
You should be henpecked  
so nice.  
Hello.  
- Don't turn it-  
- Why not?  
Oh, Jim,  
don't look at me that way.  
It'll grow out again.  
You know how fast my hair grows.  
But- But what-  
I cut it off and sold it...  
because I couldn't have lived through

Christmas without giving you a present.  
You cut off your hair?  
Yes. And sold it.  
But it doesn't matter  
so much, does it, Jim?  
I'm still me  
without my hair.  
I can't believe it.  
Your hair-  
L-It's gone.  
You needn't look for it, Jim.  
It's sold, I tell you.  
Oh, Jim, tell me  
it doesn't matter.  
Tell me I look all right.  
Even if you don't mean it, tell me.  
Oh, say "merry Christmas"  
and open your present, darling.  
Why, it's all right, darling.  
It- It looks- looks fine.  
It'd take more than a haircut  
to make me love my girl any less.  
- Honestly?  
- Honestly.  
I, uh- l-  
I stopped on my way home and...  
bought something for you.  
Oh, Jim!  
Oh, Jim!  
They're not-  
Why, my hair  
grows so fast, Jim.  
By spring I can wear them.  
Oh, but- but you haven't opened  
your present, darling.  
Isn't it beautiful? You'll have to look at  
your watch a hundred times a day now.  
Put it on.  
Put it on, and let's see.  
Della, darling, why don't we put our  
Christmas presents away for a while?  
They're much too nice  
to use just now.  
You see, I sold the watch



to buy you the combs.

Oh, Jim!