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# Penny Serenade

By Morrie Ryskind

Don't play that, Applejack.  
# I was meant for.... #  
- I'm leaving.  
- Julie!  
Would you go down to the station  
and get me a ticket on the 11:00?  
And cash that check for me.  
Smith will do it for you.  
And I'd like you to drive me  
to the train.  
Julie, you'd better think this over.  
I have been thinking it over,  
Applejack.  
I've been thinking about it for days.  
You and Roger have been  
married a long time.  
We don't need each other anymore.  
When that happens to two people...  
nothing left.  
# You were meant for me. #  
# I was meant for you. #  
# for you... for you... for... #  
# You were meant for me. #  
# I was meant for you. #  
# for you... for you... for you... #  
# You're like a plaintiff melody. #  
# That never lets me free. #  
# For I'm content the angels  
must have sent you #  
# and they meant you just for me. #  
What can I do for you?  
- The record department.  
- They're right here.  
How about that one up there,  
that book?  
- Beethoven?  
- Yes, the furthest one, see?  
Number seven.  
Oh, you keep them down here.  
- Needles?  
- No, no.  
- Who plays the sheet music here?  
- I do.  
-Oh, you do that?

-Hm-hmm.  
-Would you mind playing that for me?  
-Certainly, I'd be glad to.  
# ...plaintiff melody. #  
# And I'm content the angels  
must have sent you #  
# and they meant you just for me. #  
New tune, isn't it?  
I beg your pardon?  
It's a new tune.  
Oh, I didn't hear you.  
Yes, it just came in.  
-Would be nice to dance to.  
-It is.  
-What's on the other side?  
- It's another new one.  
- Would you mind playing it for me?  
- No.  
This way.  
# For I'm content the angels  
must have sent you #  
# and they meant you just for me. #  
- Good night.  
- Good night.  
Buy a flower, mister.  
I'm going this way, honest.  
I'm going this way, too, honest.  
- What's the matter?  
- Nothing.  
- I live here, that's all.  
- Oh.  
- Well, good night.  
- Good night.  
Oh...  
Would you mind if I ask you  
a personal question?  
Guess not.  
- Have you got a victrola inside?  
Why, yes, of course.  
Would you let me hear this one?  
Otherwise I'll have to take it home  
and imagine how it sounds.  
- Don't you have a machine at home?  
- No.

Well, why on earth did you buy 27...?

# In my dreams it seems #

# your face is near to me... #

# and it's dear to me #

# oh, it's just a memory. #

What are you thinking about?

That it's our song they're playing.

At least that's what you said

when we were dancing.

What are you thinking about?

Oh, just wishing.

Wishing I could be with you

every day like this.

I mean, I wish everyday could be

a holiday like this.

I mean, never have to go back home,

never have to go to work.

It would be perfect, wouldn't it?

- What's it say?

- Oh, nothing. It's silly.

- Come on.

- No, really. It's silly.

Those things are a lot of bunk,

they never come true.

Go on, beat it.

You don't like kids very much,

do you?

Oh, I like them, all right,

except when they're pests.

- What does it say?

- Hm?

- Come on.

- Oh, nothing, nothing.

Come on, tell me.

Come on.

Unromantic.

I thought you said we'd have

the place to ourselves.

Oh, just the ocean.

The beach I couldn't get.

Hey, you're doing all right.

Two or three more lessons

and you'll be able to swim.

You can almost float now.

When your arms are holding me up.  
When you're with me, you're safe.  
I don't know whether it's safe or not.  
I'm darned if I do either.  
It must be getting late.  
Let's get dressed.  
No, there's plenty of time.  
I'm thinking about that last train home.  
Come on, Roger.  
Get dressed.  
All right.///  
..  
...  
Joe Connor is here, yet?  
Yes.  
Joe!  
Hi, Joe!  
Hello, Homer!  
Just off the boat!  
Julie, had Jack called ?  
That's none of your business!  
You don't have to bite my head off!  
Oh, I'm sorry!  
It may have called, or something!  
He said he may get out for a story.  
Julie, has he ever said anything?  
You know what I mean..  
No, not right now.  
That's what I thought.  
Men never say anything,  
you must drag it out of them  
Applejack!  
Let me take your things!  
Put them someplace where  
I can grab them faster.  
I don't belong here.  
Of course you belong here.  
Didn't I invite you?  
Come on in and meet  
some of my friends.  
Night's cold...  
Is there a drink in the house?  
Right off the boat.  
That's what the bootlegger said.

- Did he say what boat?  
- Well, what boat would you like?  
We have all the labels.  
Come on, help yourself.  
-You?  
- Never use it.  
You know, this party  
may turn out all right at that.  
- Where's Roger?  
-I thought maybe you'd know.  
You're crazy about that reporter,  
aren't you?  
I'm sort of fond of him.  
That's bad.  
I hate seeing a nice girl like you  
getting mixed up with a newspaper man.  
Gosh, you never know  
what they're up to.  
They can get away with anything,  
alibiing their work.  
It's a lot of fun docking around  
interviewing chorus girls  
and all that sort of thing.  
You think it's swell getting married...  
Applejack, don't worry about me.  
I don't need any advice.  
I never even thought  
about getting married.  
- No fooling?  
- No fooling.  
- Well I've been worried sick.  
- About what?  
I've been telling him for six months  
if he doesn't keep away from you  
he'll find himself married.  
Julie, I've got to talk to you  
right away.  
Hello!When dd you get here?  
I wanna talk to you!  
It's something important to you  
Where can we be alone?  
Why alone, I'm having fun.  
Don't be angry, Julie.  
A lot has happened.

That's not a reason to leave from a party,  
just before the midnight!  
I'm sorry, but I have a million things to do.  
I wanna tell you everything.  
I've had a real break.  
Flynn quit his job over in Tokyo.  
He's our Japanese correspondent.  
He got fed up with the assignment,  
or the weather, or something.  
Imagine the spot that left the paper in.  
Only one man in the Orient  
and he walked out on the job.  
Darling, you're cold.  
Here, put this around you.  
I'm just so excited.  
There you are.  
You're going to take his place?  
That's what they want me to do.  
I've got a ticket here for a train  
that leaves at 3:00 a.m.  
Gets me to San Francisco just in time  
to catch the next boat for Yokohama.  
I can't believe it yet, Julie.  
Imagine them picking me.  
You're able, Roger.  
You have ability.  
Anybody can see that.  
You're going, hm?  
That's what I want  
to talk to you about, honey.  
It's a good salary.  
Two-year contract.  
And I'm more or less my own boss.  
It's the kind of opportunity  
I've always wanted.  
So look, dear, I was wondering...  
Listen, little boy.  
Of course I want you to go.  
If that's what's worrying you,  
please don't think...  
No, I wasn't worrying about that.  
I knew you'd want me  
to take the job, sure.  
But, Julie...

let's get married.  
Let's get married right away, tonight.  
I'll be able to send for you in three months.  
I'll have the money then.  
Three months?  
Why the rush to get married now?  
Well, do you think I'm going to let  
a funny little redhead  
like you run around loose here?  
Suppose some other fellow  
came along...  
Oh, Julie, I've got to have you.  
Until death do us part?  
Till death do us part.  
Happy New Year!  
Happy New Year!  
Happy New Year!  
I've got a cab waiting.  
All we have to do is sign a license.  
Happy New Year!  
For richer or poorer...  
For richer or poorer.  
in sickness and in health,  
In sickness and in health,  
to love and to cherish,  
to love and to cherish,  
till death do us part.  
till death do us part.  
All aboard.  
The ticket.  
We made it.  
- Well, good bye, Applejack.  
- Good bye, boy.  
- Keep an eye on Julie for me.  
- I sure will, boy.  
So long, Dot.  
Take good care of her.  
I will.  
Good bye.  
Good bye, darling.  
Excuse me a minute.  
-Wait for me.  
-All right.  
Oh, Roger, I can't say good bye.



Here you are, sir.

Thank you.

It's not good bye, darling.

It's just see you later.

-Is there anything I can do  
for you, boss?

-How soon does the train pull out?

- In about three minutes, sir.

Thank you.

Well, Mrs. Adams.

Mrs. Adams!

Sounds strange.

Not strange.

It sounds great.

- Does sound great, doesn't it

- Yes, darling.

There's something about a train.

I don't know whether it's the way

it looks or the way it smells, or what it is.

It always makes me feel

I want to be off somewhere.

I know, darling. I always feel  
the same way.

Oh, Roger,

I wish this was our honeymoon.

Oh, I do too, darling.

Promise me something, will you?

Promise me never to take it off.

I'll never take it off,

no matter what happens.

Thank you, darling.

Roger, the train's moving.

I'll get you off in a minute.

All aboard!.

Write from Yokohama.

Roger.

Darling.

Oh, sweet.

Here we are.

- Ours?

- Yours.

Roger, I didn't expect anything like this.

It's like something in a dream.

These are our servants,

Cook-San and O'Hanna-San.

How do you do?

- Hello.

- Hello.

- Hello.

- Hello.

Hello, there.

- Hello.

- Hello.

- Whose children are they?

- The servant's children. They live here.

I thought you didn't like children.

Who, me? They're all right.

Come on in.

How do you like the place?

It's lovely. But it's so luxurious.

How could we afford it?

Don't be so practical

when I'm being highly romantic.

Nothing's too good for my little wife.

Come on and see it.

- How do you like that?

- It's beautiful.

You are sweet.

But I would have been satisfied  
with anything just to be here.

Oh, I know you would, darling.

But only the best for you.

Come on, we have an upstairs  
to this house too.

- We have a shinshitsu.

- What's a shinshitsu?

Shinshitsu is the Japanese word  
for bedroom, believe it or not.

That's right, you wrote me  
you spoke Japanese.

Roger, it's perfect.

Simply perfect.

I thought you'd like it.

Hello, there.

Roger, are we going to keep it,  
I mean, stay here right along?

Why, certainly.

It's yours.

I bought the lease from  
an American that went back.  
I got the lease, the furniture,  
two servants, three kids...  
a cat, and her kid.  
All for 2,000 yen.  
Two thousand yen.  
How much is that?  
About a thousand dollars.  
- A thousand dollars.  
- That's right.  
How in the world did you do it?  
I mean...  
get the money to send to me  
and buy all this too?  
- I got an advance.  
- Advance?  
Sure. An advance on the salary.  
Everybody does out here.  
Only the other day a fellow  
down at the office was saying...  
he wished April was here.  
And I said why?  
And he said, so I could get an advance  
on my December salary.  
Oh, now, darling.  
You're not going to be one of those wives  
always worried about money, are you?  
No, only...  
Besides, you forget we still  
have the inheritance.  
Yes, I know, but I'd sort of  
hate to start off in debt, especially...  
You've got a lot to learn  
about the Orient.  
Roger...  
Remember this?  
Sure, it's one of those fortune things  
you got at the beach.  
Fancy you keeping that.  
They're not always the bunk,  
you said that.  
Did I say that?  
Well, well.

Sometimes, like wishes,  
they come true.  
Sure they do, certainly.  
Well, why didn't you tell me?  
Why didn't you write me?  
You don't like them.  
I don't like them?  
Why, of course I do.  
Why would I have three of them  
running around the hou...?  
And this will be our own.  
An American kid.  
Our own.  
Gee, that's great.  
Oh, Roger, I'm so relieved.  
You funny little redhead.  
Very fine kimono.  
Very expensive.  
- Husband must be rich man.  
- He's either rich or...  
- Moshi moshi!  
- Hi!  
- What are you doing home  
this time of the day?  
- What makes you so beautiful. huh?  
- How did you get off so early?  
Come on, let me see you.  
Well, if having babies  
makes you look like this  
we'd better keep on having them.  
- How do you like it?  
- Oh, Roger, I adore it.  
Why all this today?  
This isn't my birthday.  
It's a souvenir.  
A souvenir of your stay in Japan...  
because, darling, we're leaving.  
Leaving Japan?  
Hm-hmm.  
Now brace yourself for good news,  
Mrs. Adams,  
because good news is what I bring.  
We now belong to that class of society  
known as the filthy rich.

- Roger, the inheritance.  
- Yes.  
- You got it!  
- Yes, mam.  
- That's wonderful.  
- There, now, you see?  
You didn't believe me about it,  
did you?  
- No, no, I didn't...  
- Isn't it great?  
Thank you for the dolly.  
- Thank you for the ball.  
- Oh, that's all right.  
I'm teaching him to be a first baseman.  
Now, paragraph two,  
Mr. and Mrs. Roger Adams,  
socially prominent young couple  
plan to take a trip around the world.  
-The paper's sending you?  
- No, I quit the paper.  
We're going to have a last fling  
before we settle down  
and become good old American parents  
But, Roger, you just didn't give up  
your job on the paper  
- ...for no reason at all?  
- Oh, darling, this trip's an inspiration.  
Do you remember the honeymoon  
I promised you?  
Well we're gonna have it.  
But everything's different now.  
We've got to think about the baby.  
That's just it. As soon as the baby comes  
we won't be able to go anywhere.  
Besides, I want our baby born  
in the USA.  
Maybe even get to work  
and start a little paper.  
But a trip like this costs a fortune.  
Did you get more than the \$20.000?  
No, as a matter of fact  
we didn't get the \$20.000.  
We sold the property for cash  
and got \$13.500.

Well, can you take a trip, buy a paper  
and all like that on \$13,500?

Don't forget there's still lawyers' fees,  
deductions and stuff like that.

Just how much did you get, Roger?

I'm trying to tell you.

After the deductions we got \$10,000.

- Ten thousand?

- Hm-hmm.

I still got a couple of thousand  
in bills around here to pay.

Then you really got only \$8,000.

Yes.

Well, did you ever have  
that much money in your life?

No.

Then what are you squawking about?

I'm not squawking.

I just think you're acting like a child.

We should be thinking about the future.

You rush in and pack your things  
and give up a perfectly good job.

- No grown-up man shouldn't act like that.

- Oh, all right.

I thought the trip would be  
a lot of fun for you.

If I had known you would feel  
like that, I wouldn't have planned on it.

That's all right, let's forget it.

We won't go.

I'll go in and arrange for the packing.

Oh, no, forget about it.

Well, that's all.

Otherwise, you'll enjoy perfect health.

You'll be playing tennis  
in a couple of months.

Now I've got some good news for you.

I'm letting your husband  
see you today. How's that?

Pretty.

Make you feel better?

I've had my hands full  
keeping that boy out of here  
for the last couple of days.

- Hello, darling.

- Hello, Roger.

How sweet.

Gee, I've been miserable  
not being able to see you, honey.  
But I've had a chance  
to do some serious thinking, dear.  
I've been scouting around  
the nearby towns  
trying to look for that  
little newspaper, you know.  
No more silly ideas  
like traveling around, darling.  
You were absolutely right about that.  
I think I found it, honey.

It's in a little town just north of here,  
a place called Rosalia.

- Did you ever hear of it?

- Hm-hmm.

It's pretty nearly  
the kind of place we wanted.  
The fellow who owns the place  
has been kind of letting it go to seed, but  
we can make something of it.

Best of all, darling,  
we'll have a home of our own.

Something we'll always call ours.  
If I can make a go of the paper,  
I'll be able to get you anything you want.  
I'll be able to get you furniture,  
a car, clothes, everything.

You know, it's strange, Roger...  
but I can't get myself to care  
about those things now.

They don't seem important anymore.  
The one thing I've really wanted...  
I'm never going to have.

- What do you think of this one, Skeeter?

- Quite an improvement.

Gee, Mr. Adams, I'd like to get a job  
in a live wire outfit like this.  
You would? All right, Skeetey,  
you've got one, and a permanent job, too.  
Oh, boy.

- Applejack.  
- Howdy!  
- Hello, fellow!  
- How's the old married man?  
You had me worried.  
Thought you were gonna let me down.  
So this is the fastest growing  
little newspaper  
in the fastest growing little town  
in the west.  
- Certainly!  
- And you left the Bulletin for this.  
What you got here?  
Our new makeup.  
What do you think of it?  
You printed in code?  
No, the Linotype machine is stuck.  
Why did you think I sent for you?  
Applejack!  
Miss Julie!  
Am I glad to see you.  
Come on up and help me  
fix the bathtub. You're just in time.  
Wait a minute.  
Let him fix this first.  
All right. The newspaper always  
comes first around here.  
Come on.  
What've you been feeding it?  
- Is the switch on?  
- Yeah.  
Now where's that bathtub?  
Hello, Applejack.  
I didn't know you were busy.  
I'm not busy.  
I've just been thinking about  
fixing up this old storeroom.  
I just wanted to show you a new ad  
we got from the telephone company.  
- Well, that helps, doesn't it?  
- Sure does.  
If we keep on with it  
we'll pay the paper bill next month.  
Is Roger back yet?



No, he's still out  
running down subscriptions.  
Said he might not be home till late.  
Well, come on then. Sit down, Applejack.  
We might as well have our dinner.  
Miss Julie, we ought to have  
a kid around this house.  
I thought you knew about that,  
Applejack.  
Sure I know about that.  
But I'm talking about adopting one.  
Sure you can get  
some pretty ones that way.  
You know, I'm an adopted kid myself.  
I know that's not much  
of a recommendation, but...  
it didn't turn out so bad.  
Besides, I know a lot of regular kids  
who wound up in jail.  
Miss Julie, I wish you could have seen  
some of those little sons of guns  
I used to room with.  
They was the cutest little rascals  
you'd ever want to look at.  
I don't think Roger would want  
a child that way, Applejack.  
One that wasn't his own.  
Why not?  
He's no sucker.  
He don't want to gamble.  
How do you know what it's gonna be like  
if it's gotta be your own?  
This way you just walk in  
and help yourself to exactly what you want.  
There's no guess work.  
You know, I thought a lot about that.  
I want one.  
Roger was so disappointed when...  
I just haven't had the courage to...  
Miss Julie, do you want  
to know something?  
He's all for the idea.  
Only a few days ago we were working  
together and I was talking with him...

- You were talking to him about this?  
- Sure.  
He's all for it.  
Why didn't he say something to me?  
He was afraid to say  
anything to you...  
he was afraid you might have  
some fool notions.  
Silly notions?  
Why, if he only knew how many...  
Why, the very idea.  
My own husband talking about  
things like this with the printer.  
- Press Manager, please.  
- All right, the press manager.  
- Are you going to be the mother?  
- No, I just thought I...  
Fine thing. Wait till I get  
my hands on that fellow.  
Hello, what's going on?  
A fight?  
- Hello, Roger.  
I want you to take a look at that new ad.  
Would you come downstairs...  
No, Roger.  
Wait a minute. Applejack.  
- Why didn't you tell me?  
- Hm? Tell you what?  
What you and Applejack  
have been talking about.  
Miss Julie, I told you in confidence.  
What were you talking about?  
What did you say to her?  
- You know, about the...  
- He told me.  
- Told you what?  
- You know, what we were talking about...  
What were we talking about?  
Roger, if you wanted to adopt a baby,  
why didn't you talk to me?  
Yes, you should've told her  
in the first place, Roger, not me.  
I'm not gonna be the mother.  
Wait a minute. Did you tell Julie

I wanted to adopt a baby?  
I hinted at it.  
I tried to break it to her gently.  
- Oh, you told her!  
- Yeah.  
Roger, I'm so glad  
you feel that way.  
Yes, she wants it  
even more than you, Roger.  
Well, if that's the way  
we all feel about it.  
I like it too  
- I suppose it's settled.  
- Oh, Roger, I'm so glad.  
If it hadn't been for Applejack  
letting it slip out  
I don't suppose  
I ever would have known.  
Guess I'd better go fix that press.  
Yeah, you fix everything up,  
don't you?  
Didn't do so bad with the bathtub.  
Julie, one other thing...  
Look, er...  
When you get to this place,  
don't get enthusiastic right off the bat.  
You know, don't just rush in and grab  
the first kid you see and go nuts about it.  
What makes you think I'll grab  
the first one they show me?  
I've been doing the shopping  
in this family for some time now...  
I just don't bring home anything.  
You came home with this tie,  
didn't you?  
It's nice.  
Everybody's wearing bow ties.  
I have your letter here.  
Two-year-old child, blue eyes...  
curly hair, dimpled chin,  
sweet disposition...  
We'd prefer a boy.  
But we'd like to look at the girl, too.  
Julie, you know we agreed on a boy.

But it won't hurt to look, will it?

All right, we'll look.

Now, what can you show us?

This is the Administration Building.

We don't have any children here at all.

Oh.

Everybody wants blue eyes,  
curly hair, dimple... sweet...

Everybody wants a two-year-old child.

Will you tell me why?

Well, you see, in our case,  
that would have been the age  
of our own child, if...

Oh, I see.

Anyway, when they're two years old,  
they're more or less

house-broken then, aren't they?

Not always.

At the moment we haven't  
any children available at all.

There's a long waiting list,  
there are three applications for every child.

If you get one within a year,  
you'll be lucky.

- What?

- A year?

You mean to say

we might have to wait a year?

Well, after all, real parents  
wait almost a year.

- Yes, certainly...

- You see, we've waited so long already.

I know, my dear.

But you're both very young.

Then, too, we have to have time  
to make our investigation.

Investigation?

Yes, you see. we're just as particular  
about you as prospective parents  
as you are about the child.

Naturally.

What is your business, Mr. Adams?

I'm a publisher.

I run the Rosalia Courier.

- Publisher?

- Sure.

I beg your pardon.

Mrs. Green is on the phone.

What shall I tell her?

Oh..

Tell her that we're sorry.

But according to our investigator's report

we find that Mr. Green

doesn't have a steady income.

Later perhaps, if he finds himself

better situated, we'll...

reconsider their application.

You see, it's not our aim to place

our children in homes of wealth...

but it's absolutely necessary for us

to have the assurance

that the adoptive parents

are financially responsible.

Oh, sure.

I see in your letter

that you live in the country.

Good. I presume that means then

that you have a house and yard.

- Well...

- No, we don't have a yard.

We live in an apartment.

But there's a nice park nearby.

We've got a swell roof too.

We've been putting a fence around it.

And I could build a slide and a sandbox.

As a matter of fact,

a roof is better for a kid

because then he can't get on the street, see?

Look, it doesn't have

to be a yard, does it?

No, but you have a separate room

for the child, haven't you?

That's very important.

Oh, yes, we have a lovely room.

It's practically fixed up now.

Oh, well that's fine.

Now, about income.

Approximately, how much

do you make a week?  
Well, I couldn't tell you offhand.  
I imagine about \$100 a week.  
Of course, I'd have to look at the books.  
Well, that's excellent.  
If you'll just take that application  
home with you,  
fill it out and mail it in to us  
so we'll have all the details.  
Then in due time, one of our investigators  
will call on you.  
Fine.  
You'll call us before she comes,  
won't you?  
No, we just drop in.  
That's our policy.  
You see, we want to find your house  
as it is everyday...  
- ...not when it's fixed up for company.  
- I see.  
- Good bye.  
- Good bye, Miss Oliver.  
Oh... it doesn't matter  
if he hasn't got curly hair.  
It doesn't really matter.  
- They're darn choosy, if you ask me.  
- Why do you have to be a big shot?  
- When?  
- You know we don't make \$100 a week.  
You want the baby, don't you?  
They can't prove it.  
We don't keep books.  
Hey, quit stalling.  
Get on with the cleaning.  
Look, honey, left from the earthquake.  
From Japan?  
You'd better buy some more.  
Excuse me, lady.  
You should give a fellow a warning.  
Does Mrs. Adams live here?  
Yes, upstairs. I'll call her.  
Don't bother. I'm Miss Oliver  
from the orphanage. I'll find her.  
I don't think she's home just now.

I think she's in church.

In church?

This time of day?

Well, you see, she and Mr. Adams  
go there quite a lot.

They just go there and sit.

Fine people, mam.

Well, I'm sure she won't mind  
if I just look around a bit.

No, she won't mind.

-How do you do, Miss Oliver?

- How do you do, Mrs. Adams?

- I'm sorry.

- It's all right.

Won't you sit down?

- Here.

- No, thank you.

- You've come to see the apartment?

- That's right.

This is it. It's not very neat  
at the moment. We're cleaning.

I see.

That's our little breakfast room out there.

And uh...

if you'll step right this way...

This is our kitchen.

My husband has been meaning  
to fix this door for some time, it's...  
he's been so busy...

And that brings us back  
to the breakfast room.

- Can I fix you a cup of tea?

- No, thank you.

You spoke of a child's room.

A lovely room.

Yes, that's over here.

- Well, this is sweet.

- You really like it?

Any child would be lucky  
to have a room like this.

Well, I want you to see our yard.

We're fixing that up too.

Well...

Hello, Miss Oliver.

Didn't expect you.

I just finished making it.

I thought I'd try it out see if it was strong enough for that two-year old.

I think I have a surprise for you.

A baby came in yesterday.

- No!

- Miss Oliver, you mean...

- Here, come and sit down.

- Thank you.

Sit down.

That's the reason we came around to see you sooner than we expected.

It's a little girl..

We don't want a girl.

Five weeks and three days old.

Five weeks!

Well, we did speak

of an older child, you know.

You might have to wait a long time.

After all, aren't you making to great a point of a child's age, Mr. Adams?

Eventually this child will be two years old.

But we don't know anything about little babies.

No one does until they have them.

And this is such an unusual little baby.

Actually there's another couple who has first choice...

and that's strictly off the record.

But somehow I feel she's exactly the child for you.

That's why I wanted you to see her first and I couldn't resist giving you the chance.

- Did you bring her with you

- No, she's in the nursery.

You and Mr. Adams will have to come over to the city to see her.

What's she like, Miss Oliver?

Well, I can't describe her exactly, but she's...

well, she's like no other child.

Like no other child.



But she isn't a boy.  
But look, Roger,  
there's no harm in looking at her.  
If you don't like her,  
I won't say a word.  
What's the use? We don't want her.  
Please, darling.  
It won't hurt to look at her.  
Well, all right, we'll look.  
That's fine. You call me up and I'll make  
an appointment at the nursery.  
I must go now.  
If you change your mind,  
you will call me up, won't you?  
Yes, yes.  
Miss Oliver, please don't show her to that  
other couple until we've seen her, will you?  
I won't, my dear.  
She's like no other child.  
That's why I wanted you  
to see her first.  
Like no other child.  
Well, how about him?  
This is a day nursery.  
All these youngsters have parents.  
All except this lovely little girl.  
What a grip...  
For a girl, I mean.  
Would you like to hold her?  
May I.  
How are you, kid?  
Well, you've had your look, dear.  
How about going back home?  
All right, she's yours, I guess.  
- When do we get her?  
- Now, if you like.  
She's yours on a year's probation.  
Now?  
You mean we can just walk out  
of here with her like this?  
It sometimes happens that way...  
if we make sure that the parents  
and the baby are just right for each other.  
We have no clothes for her.

We don't know how to feed her.  
It's such a little baby.  
Miss Morgan will take care of everything.  
She'll give you the formulas and so forth...  
then you can go downtown  
and buy whatever is necessary.  
Thank you, Miss Oliver,  
for being so kind.  
Don't thank me.  
It just happened so.  
Perhaps before you make up  
your minds fully to take the child...  
you'd like to have me go  
into her history.  
I assure you it's an excellent one.  
If she'll take a chance on us,  
we'll take a chance on her.  
- Good bye.  
- Good bye, Miss. Oliver.  
I'll shut the door.  
I she wakes up again,  
you know what that means.  
Wait a minute. Wait with that baby  
till I turn on the light.  
I don't want you to drop him...  
I mean her.  
Take off your shoes.  
Go get the big one in our room.  
Come on... let me have it  
It's all right with her.  
Come on, let's go to bed.  
No.  
I don't think I'll go to bed.  
She eats again in a half hour.  
The directions say so.  
Set the alarm.  
Come on.  
Turn the bed clothes down, will you?  
Turn it off!  
Turn it off!  
Press it!  
Please.  
What's the matter with it?  
I don't know.

Do you think she's all right?  
Huh?  
Is it breathing?  
She's certainly a cute a little baby,  
isn't she?  
We were lucky to get her.  
Let's go to bed.  
Well, do something, quickly!  
What do I do?  
Do something. Can't you see  
the baby's suffering?  
That's just it.  
I don't know what to do.  
Don't just stand there!  
Do something!  
Here. You take her.  
Hm?  
Go on. You do something.  
Oh, no... I'm going to get Miss Oliver.  
Just wanted her daddy.  
Pull the chair, please.  
Julie! The baby!  
It's gone!  
The baby's kidnapped!  
She was lonesome  
so I brought her in here with us.  
Don't ever do that to me again!  
Good morning, boys.  
What are you trying to do?  
Shut it off!  
- What are you trying to do?  
- What am I trying to do?  
I'm trying to get your crummy paper out,  
that's what I'm trying to do.  
What's the idea of waking  
the baby up?  
- What baby?  
- My baby.  
- Your baby?  
- Yeah, it came last night.  
No fooling, a baby?  
- A baby, a baby!  
- Quiet, quiet!  
Come on, I'll show you.

- Can I help?  
- No.  
- Sure you don't want me to help?  
- No, thanks.  
- What's the matter?  
- Nothing's the matter.  
What's the trouble?  
I can't do anything as long as  
you're sitting here watching me.  
Get out! Go on,  
get out all of you!  
What do you think this is?  
Go on, get down to that paper.  
And be quiet about it.  
Oh, Roger, I'm afraid I'll drown it.  
Oh, now, darling, take it easy.  
I could drown in that much water.  
Here.  
Now, little peanut...  
your Uncle Applejack's gonna  
give you a nice bath.  
Give me that wash rag.  
There we are.///  
I'll never be able to do that.  
We'll have to give her back.  
Sure you will, darling.  
All you gotta do is decide  
who's boss and throw her in.  
How in the world did you ever  
learn to do that, Applejack?  
My sister had four kids.  
She'd take two and I'd take two.  
Where's that towel?  
There we are.  
- Where's the talcum?  
- Hm? Here.  
Cootchie-cootchie-coo.  
Cootchie-cootchie-coo.  
- Where is it?  
- What?  
- It.  
- Oh, here...  
- There we are.  
You sure is my fine girl.

Just a minute, now..  
Think you can hold this a minute  
without dropping it?  
Here, give it here.  
I forget whether...  
Now watch this closely.  
I'm a one-pin man myself.  
There we are.  
Let's see you jump out of there, peanut.  
Here you go to your mama.  
Better write all that down,  
cause I might get a better offer.  
# Just Molly and me,  
and baby makes three. #  
# We're happy in my blue heaven. #  
- She hasn't got your smile, Roger.  
- Oh, sure, she's good-looking.  
- Still sorry she wasn't a boy?  
- Hm?  
A boy.  
What do you mean a boy?  
Did you hear that? You wanted a boy.  
I didn't want no boy.  
Trina's Daddy's little girl,  
aren't you, Trina?  
Roger, be careful now.  
Hello!  
- Hello, Miss Oliver.  
- How do you do, Mrs. Adams.  
Come in.  
Thank you so much for letting us know  
you were coming this time.  
- Hello, Miss Oliver.  
- Oh, hello, Mr. Adams.  
Trina, this is your fairy godmother,  
Miss Oliver.  
Hello, sweetheart.  
Yes, she's not very timid, is she?  
I can plainly see that she  
adores her father.  
She means everything to us.  
What's the matter, got a cold?  
Yes, you do. Everything.  
When are we going to own her outright?

- You go before the judge the 27th.
- 27th, eh?
- You'll want to see these charts.
- Yes.

One you can send back to us.  
And the other you'll file with the court,  
at the court with the final papers.  
These are the same questions  
that you answered last year.  
I just want to bring them up to date.

Now let's see.

Religion?

Same.

Age?

- One year older.

- I have that.

Profession?

Still publisher, isn't it?

Yes.

Income?

Income?

Well, you see, Miss Oliver...

None.

Oh, that's the way it is  
in the newspaper game, Miss Oliver.  
Specially when you're starting  
one of your own.

You have to close down once  
before you really get going.

Oh, it's only temporary. I'm having a jam  
with my wholesale paper mill.

First thing you know

I'll have it humming by the 27th.

It's only closed for a while.

I'm sure you'll find a way,

Mr. Adams.

But you and I have to prove  
to the judge

that your income is enough  
to take care of Trina.

You know we gave everything  
Trina needed.

no matter who else had to suffer  
around here.

I realize that.  
Well, I must go now.  
That's all we can do today.  
Could I drive you to the train?  
No, thank you.  
I really like to walk.  
This country air is so fresh.  
Good bye.  
The battle axe.  
She doesn't want us to have Trina.  
Yes, she does, darling.  
Oh yes, she does.  
///Better prepare your facts.  
- The option receipt. The Adams case.  
- What?  
The Adams case.  
Oh, yes, yes.  
And if either one or both  
of you gentlemen conduct yourselves  
like you've been doing today  
I'll hold you in contempt, the both of you.  
Oh, this is the child in question.  
Yes, I see, hm...  
Looking over these adoption papers here  
I see that you have no income  
at present.  
Is that correct?  
Yes, Your Honor.  
What is this, Miss Oliver?  
You know this case  
should never have come before me.  
Well, Your Honor,  
I feel that this is a special case.  
I kept hoping until the last minute...  
that Mr. Adams might be able  
to resume the run of his paper  
or get a job.  
But unfortunately he hasn't been able  
to do either, so I thought...  
Under these conditions  
I can't grant the adoption.  
This child will have to revert  
to the orphanage.  
Will you draw up a chair, please,

while I prepare these  
release papers for you to sign?  
It's just a matter of routine.  
If you please, Your Honor...  
it can't just be a matter of routine  
for people to have their baby  
taken away from them.  
This child is ours, Judge.  
But those are the requirements of the law.  
Yes, but you see, we've had her  
since she was 6 weeks old.  
It just doesn't seem reasonable  
that we should have to give her  
back now to strangers.  
Mr. Adams, you are not here  
to plead your case.  
You've had the regular opportunity  
to prove your fitness to provide.  
We are fit, Judge,  
if you just look at the record.  
Without any income I have no alternative.  
Didn't you make that clear, Miss Oliver?  
Yes, Your Honor, I did.  
But I thought...  
I'm sorry, but that is the law.  
Look, Your Honor, she's not like  
an automobile, or an icebox  
or a piece of furniture or something  
you buy on time...  
and then when you can't keep up  
the payments they take it away from you.  
Now sit still and be a good girl.  
Anyone could give up  
those kinds of things.  
But I ask you, Judge,  
how can you give up your own child?  
She is our child just as much  
as if she'd been born to us.  
No, Daddy isn't going to go away, dear.  
Look, judge, we've had her  
over a year now.  
Why, we walked the floor with her  
when she had the colic.  
We've lost nights of sleep worrying



every time she had got a tooth.  
We've gone through everything.  
Everything that real parents have  
with one of their own.  
Ask Miss Oliver here about the inspections  
we've had to have.  
Her weight charts,  
her vaccination certificates...  
her toys, her dresses, her toothbrush.  
They come around regularly  
and check up on all those things  
to see if we're taking care  
of her properly.  
How many real parents can keep one  
of their own and go through that?  
And you sit there  
and say it's a matter of routine  
for you to take her away from us.  
Please, Mr. Adams.  
I'm sorry, Judge.  
But...  
Well, you see, we weren't  
as fortunate as most people.  
We would have had  
one of our own, only...  
You don't know how badly  
my wife wanted a child.  
It wasn't so important to me, I...  
I don't know, I suppose most men  
are like this.  
Children never meant a great deal to me.  
I like them, all right, I suppose, but...  
Well, what I'm trying to say is,  
Your Honor...  
the first time I saw her...  
she looked so little and helpless...  
I didn't know babies were so little.  
And then when she took hold of  
my finger and held on to it, she...  
she just sort of walked  
into my heart, Judge,  
and she was there to stay.  
I didn't know I could feel like that  
I had always been kind of

careless and irresponsible.  
I wanted to be a bigshot.  
I couldn't work for anybody, I had to be  
my own boss, that sort of thing.  
Now here I am standing  
in front of a judge...  
pleading for just a little longer  
so that I can prove to you...  
I can support a little child  
that doesn't weigh quite 20 lbs.  
It's not only for my wife and me  
I'm asking you to let us keep her, Judge,  
it's for her sake too.  
She doesn't know any parents but us.  
She wouldn't know  
what had happened to her.  
You see, there are so many  
little things about her...  
nobody would understand her  
the way Julie and I do.  
We love her, Judge.  
Please don't take her away from us.  
I'm not a bigshot now, I....  
I'll do anything.  
I'll work for anybody.  
I'll beg, I'll borrow, I'll....  
Please, Judge, I'll sell anything I've got  
until I get going again.  
She'll never go hungry,  
she'll never be without clothes...  
not as long as I've got  
two good hands to help me.  
- She's yours, dear.  
- Ours!  
Now and forever.  
Oh, Trina!  
Nothing can ever take her  
from us now.  
You better hurry up, Daddy.  
Mommie'll be home any minute now.  
Yeah. You go and watch for her.  
Let me know when she comes, hm?  
- How are you getting along, Applejack?  
- Ain't she a beauty?

- Here she comes.  
- Now? Well, let's get the presents, quick.  
Here she comes.  
We'll get them later.  
Where is everybody?  
Quick!  
Trina?  
Trina?  
Where can everybody be  
this time of the day?  
Surprise!  
Surprise!  
Happy birthday!  
Happy birthday, darling.  
- Oh, thank you.  
- Sit down. Let's see the presents.  
I had almost forgotten today  
was my birthday.  
- This is from Daddy.  
- Daddy?  
Why, Roger,  
I always wanted one like that.  
- Look Applejack.  
- I'm glad you like it, darling.  
And this is from Uncle Applejack.  
From Applejack?  
Oh, I think I can guess what this is.  
Handkerchief.  
Oh, it's beautiful, Applejack.  
I always figured a person can't have  
too many handkerchiefs.  
Thank you.  
- And this is from me.  
- From you?  
I can't imagine what this is.  
What on earth can...  
I got you a record,  
as you love records.  
And 'cause you and Daddy  
love each other so much.  
Oh, Trina, that's sweet, darling.  
Thank you.  
- Come on, let's play it see how it goes.  
- Come on, Trina.

Dinner's ready. Come and get it  
or I'll throw it in the crate  
Oh, this is wonderful!  
Dinner in my own home  
and I didn't have to cook it.  
Well.  
We sure changed the complexion  
of that bird.  
We certainly did.  
What did you do  
in school today, darling?  
Oh, I almost forgot. I was choosed.  
I'm going to be in the Christmas play.  
In the Christmas play.  
What are you going to do?  
I'm going to sing in the carol.  
Why, Trina, that's wonderful.  
It'll be fun making you a carol's costume.  
I don't need any costume.  
Nobody sees me.  
Nobody sees you?  
All I have to wear is a clean dress  
and some sneakers.  
I'm the echo.  
I'm a way off behind the scene.  
You only hear my voice.  
Miss Hopkins says it gives  
a faraway sound like angels in heaven.  
Well, why do you have  
to wear the sneakers?  
The sneakers are so I'll be quiet.  
I have to walk up in the sky behind  
a cloud and take a big star with me.  
Then, when I get over the manger,  
I stop.  
And then the angels sing.  
And when my turn comes,  
I sing the echo.  
Then I sneak off quietly.  
And next year, when I'm big...  
I get to be an angel  
and wear an angel suit.  
I'll get seen then.  
Of course you'll get seen then,

darling.

Is it a long time

until next year, Daddy?

Oh, no, darling.

It'll be here in no time at all.

Oh, I forgot.

Oh my, what happened to the lights?

Shh!

Did you see the lights go out?

Happy birthday to you,

happy birthday to you...

Happy birthday, dear Mommy,

happy birthday to you.

- Hurry up, Mommy.

- I'll park the car.

All right. See you out front.

Come on, dear.

I spoiled everything.

Now Miss Hopkins won't let me

be an angel next year.

- Yes, she will, darling.

- Certainly.

I was talking to her.

She said you did fine.

Why, you were better than

the rest of them put together.

See?

- Honest?

- Honest.

Gee, I don't know what people

would do without Christmas.

I don't know what we'd do

without you, honey.

Would you please stop that door

from banging?

I wish you wouldn't go out.

I've got to get out of here

and get some fresh air.

Isn't that someone downstairs?

There's someone at the front door.

May I use your phone, please?

Our car is stalled

and I'd like to call a taxi.

It's right here on the balcony.

If you'll just walk around that way.

Thank you.

I saw your light burning  
and we're in such a hurry.

Cabs are always busy  
on a night like this.

I do hope we can get one.

Tommy's in the Christmas play.

I hope we don't get late, Mommy.

Our car is right out in front.

I'll drive you over, if you like.

Oh, that's very kind of you.

But it wouldn't be too much trouble?

Not too much trouble.

Come, dear.

You can't start the car.

The battery's dead.

I'll have to crank it.

I do hope we're not late, Mama.

I can't thank you enough.

If you only knew what these things  
mean to a child.

Let's get out of here.

Roger!

What's the matter?

Take the car on home.

- Roger!

- I'm not coming home.

I don't ever want to see anything  
or anyone that reminds me.

All right.

Good bye.

# We strolled the lane together #

# laughed at the rain together. #

# Sang love's refrain together #

# We'll always be together. #

# You were meant for me #

# I was meant for you. #

# Nature patterned you

and when she was done... #

# you were... #

- Here's your tickets.

Those cool songs kind of  
take you back, don't they?

Yes, they do take you back.  
Did you decide which ones  
you're gonna keep  
and which ones you're gonna  
leave for him?  
Funny, Applejack.  
I can't seem to divide them.  
They belong to both of us.  
Guess I'll just leave them.  
While I was listening downstairs there, I...  
I could remember just as clear  
the first time I ever saw you.  
Roger brought you into the Bulletin...  
and I was cussing and pounding  
on that old machine.  
Gee, he didn't know we was all  
gonna get to know each other  
so well then, did he?  
Would you get the rest of the things  
out of the bedroom for me, please?  
I don't blame you, Julie.  
I don't blame you at all.  
You should leave me.  
Why don't you say it, honey?  
It's all true.  
I haven't done any one of the big things  
I planned to do for you.  
We're right where we started.  
Still struggling.  
I've let you down all around, honey.  
All I needed to make it 100%  
was for you to leave me.  
And I can't think of a reason  
in the world for you not to.  
I'm licked, Julie.  
You're not licked, Roger.  
It's just us.  
We're licked as far as  
our being together is concerned.  
When something really came along  
that hit us hard enough  
we couldn't face it together.  
I needed you an awful lot  
these last few days...

but you've been miles away.  
I've been entirely alone  
right here in this room with you.  
I know, dear.  
I wish I could do something  
to help you two.  
It just hasn't worked out.  
It did work out, Julie.  
Things were wonderful  
until this happened to us.  
I don't know, I...  
I just haven't been able to think  
straight for the last few days.  
She was never sick before and then  
all of a sudden it was all over.  
If there was only some way  
that people could know  
a few days ahead  
what was going to happen.  
Yes...  
Then the day before  
she was taken sick...  
she asked me for a quarter  
and I wouldn't let her have it.  
When she asked me to take her  
to the movies I said no  
run along, I'm too busy.  
I know, it was the same with me.  
I was trying on her angel costume and...  
she was so excited  
she couldn't stand still.  
I scolded her.  
I said, I'll never try  
another dress on you again.  
I never did.  
Yes?  
Oh...  
Hello?  
Miss Oliver.  
It's a very strange thing,  
Mrs. Adams,  
but we have a little boy  
who is just two years old.  
Well, it's the oddest thing.



He's the exact image of the youngster  
you asked for  
when you first wrote to me.  
You remember?  
I have that old letter  
in front of me now.  
Curly hair, blue eyes,  
dimple...  
This is strictly off the record.  
But really, another couple  
has the right to see him first.  
But he's such a remarkable baby that...  
I thought perhaps you and Mr. Adams  
would like to take a look.  
Yes.  
Miss Oliver...  
please don't let that other couple  
see him until we do, will you?  
I won't, my dear.  
Good bye.  
Well, if he's only two years old,  
I'd better put up the gate again, hm?  
Yes.  
I wouldn't want the little fellow falling  
down the stairs and breaking his arm.  
I guess we'd better get out the crib.  
As long as he's two years old,  
he can sleep on this bed, can't he?  
Sure, sure.  
We won't have to put  
the chairs around it.  
And over in that corner  
I could put a little electric train.