Scent of a Woman

By Bo Goldman
I wish you wouldn't do that around me.
It's so filthy!
- Don't give me a problem
  about the cigarettes.
- It's such a filthy habit.
Oh, my God!
Look at this.
Oh, Jesus!
This is so appalling!
I can't believe it!
I can't believe
they gave it to him.
Ah, this is pathetic!
Now he's a loser
with a Jaguar.
Seriously, who did he have to blow
to get that thing?
- Good morning, sir.
- Mr. Willis.
- It's really, uh,
- Mr. Trask!
quite a piece
of machinery.
- Good morning, Havemeyer.
- Morning to you, sir.
- Bene!
- Bene?
- Bene! Fabulous!
- What's fabulous?
That fine piece of steel
you have back there.
Ah, you don't think
I deserve it.
No, sir. On the contrary.
I think it's great.
Should the headmaster of Baird be seen
putt-putting around in some junker?
In fact, I think the
board of trustees have had...
their first, true stroke
of inspiration in some time.
Thank you, Havemeyer.
I'll take that at face value.
I'd expect
nothing less, sir.
Have a good day.
- Morning, Mrs. Hunsaker.
- Good morning.
What have we here,
Murderer's Row ?
- What was that about ?
I like to say hello
to Headmaster Trask.
Sugarbush. Lift tickets and
condo vouchers.
- I thought we were goin' to Stowe.
- Sugarbush is Stowe, Jimmy.
We're doing it right. Thanksgiving
in Vermont, Christmas in Switzerland --
-Christmas in Gstaad is gonna cost us --
-'Staad.
The "G" is silent.
'Staad. George ?
- 'Staad.
- Trent ?
- 'Staad, man.
- So what about 'Staad ?
Fine. The "G" may be silent,
but it's gonna take at least
three grand to get there.
- I'll talk to my father.
- Better yet, have my father
talk to your father.
Or my father
talk to your father.
You goin' home
this weekend, Chas ?
Uh, I don't know.
You goin' home to fuckin' Idaho
for Thanksgiving ?
I'm from Oregon.
I meant fuckin' Oregon.
-Charlie, how do you feel about skiing ?
-[ Laughing ]
You in the mood for
the white-bosomed slopes of Vermont ?
Got a deal going.
My father set it up.
Christmas in Switzerland.
- 'Staad.
- Gstaad. Dropping the "G" is phony.
- You said everybody says 'Staad.
- Not if you've been there.
Easter in Bermuda,
then Kentucky Derby weekend.
We could fit you in, kid.
Well, how much are
these white-bosomed slopes of Vermont?
Twelve hundred!
Includes a nine-course,
champagne thanksgiving dinner.
$1200 is a little rich
for my blood, Harry.
Well, how short
are you?
How short, Harry?
So short it wouldn't be worth the
trouble of you and George to measure.
- But, thanks for askin', all right?
- Mm-hmm.
- If you change your mind --
- What'd you do that for?
You know he's on aid.
On major holidays, Willis, it's
customary for the lord of the manor...
- to offer drippings to the poor.
- You're so full of shit!
- Hi. Mrs. Rossi?
- Yes?
I'm here about
the weekend job.
Come on in.
[ Children Chattering ]
Does he got pimples?
He hates pimples.
Francine, be quiet.
Pimples. Pimples.
Yeah.
Shush!
I'm sorry.
- The school gave me your name,
but I've forgotten it.
- It's Charlie Simms.
- How are you, Charlie?
- Fine, thanks.
Right this way.
- You're available the whole weekend?
- Uh, yeah.
- Not going home for Thanksgiving?
- No.
[ Mrs. Rossi ]
Good.
They put him in a veteran's home, but he hated it, so I told my dad that we'd take him. Before you go in, do you mind my telling you a few things? Don't "sir" him and don't ask him too many questions. And if he staggers a little when he gets up, don't pay any attention.
[ Sigh ] Charlie, I can tell you're the right person for the job. and Uncle Frank's gonna like you a lot too.
Uh, where you gonna be this weekend? We're driving to Albany. Donny, my husband, has family there.
- Do you want Tommy in or out?
- [ Man ] Leave him out! He's chasin' that Calico ginch from the track houses again!
Down deep, the man is a lump of sugar.
- Sir?
- Don't call me sir!
I-I'm sorry.
I mean mister, sir.
Uh-oh, we got a moron here, is that it?
No, mister --
Uh, that is --
Uh, Lieutenant.
Yes, sir, Lieu--
Lieutenant Colonel.
busted me four grades before.
Get in here,
you idiot!
Come a little closer. I wanna get a
better look at ya.
How's your skin, son?
My skin, sir?
- Oh, for Christ's sake.
- I'm sorry, I don--
Just call me Frank.
Call me Mr. Slade.
Call me Colonel, if you must.
Just don't call me sir.
All right, Colonel.
Simms, Charles.
A senior.
- You on student aid, Simms?
- Uh, yes, I am.
For "student aid"
read "crook."
Your father peddles car telephones
at a 300% markup.
Your mother works on heavy commission
in a camera store.
Graduated to it
from espresso machines.
Hah-hah!
What are you, dying of
some wasting disease?
No, I'm right--
I'm right here.
I know exactly where
your body is.
What I'm lookin' for
is some indication of a brain.
Too much football
without a helmet?
Hah! Lyndon's line
on Gerry Ford.
Deputy Debriefer,
Paris Peace Talks, '68.
Snagged the Silver Star and a silver bar. Threw me into G-2.
G-2?
Intelligence, of which you have none.
[ Yelling ]
Where you from?
Um, Gresham, Oregon, s-- Colonel.
What does your daddy do in Gresham, Oregon?
Hmm? Count wood chips?
Uh, my stepfather and my mom run a convenience store.
- How convenient! What time they open?

- 5:
- Close?

- 1:
Hard workers.
You got me all misty-eyed!
So, what are you doin' here in this sparrow-fart town?
I, l--
I attend Baird.
Attend Baird!
I know you go to the Baird school.
Point is, how do you afford it, even with the student aid and the folks back home hustlin' corn nuts?
[ Sigh ] I won a, uh, Young America merit scholarship.
Whoo-ah!
?Glory, glory Hallelujah?
?Glory, glory Hallelujah?
- [ Knocking ]
- Who's there?
- [ Knocking ]
- That little piece of tail?
Get her outta here!
[ Girl Giggling ]
Yeah.
Can't believe
they're my blood.
I.Q. of sloths and
the manners of banshees.
He's a mechanic,
she's a homemaker.
He knows as much about cars
as a beauty queen,
and she bakes cookies,
taste like wing nuts.
As for the tots,
they're twits.
How's your skin, son?
I like my aides to be presentable.
Well, I --
I've had a few zits.
Um, but my roommate, he lent me
his Clinique because he's from --
"The History of My Skin,"
by Charles Simms.
You patronizing me,
peewee? Hmm?
You givin' me that old
prep school palaver?
Baird School!
A bunch of runny-nosed snots
in tweed jackets...
all studyin'
to be George Bush.
Well...
I believe President Bush
went to Andover, Colonel.
You sharpshootin' me, punk?
Is that what you're doin'?
Don't you
sharpshoot me!
You'll give me forty.
Then you're gonna give me
forty more.
Then you're gonna pull K.P.,
the grease pit!
I'll rub your nose
in enlisted men's crud...
till you don't know which end is up!
You understand?
Yeah.
- What do you want?
- What do you mean, what do I want?
What do you want here?
I wa-want a job.
A job!
Yeah, I want a job
so I can make, you know,
my plane fare home
for Christmas.
Oh.
God, you're touching!
[ Radio ]
?...from the banks?
?Of the
mighty Mississippi?
?Workin'
the whole night through?
?Till the
riverboat gamblers?
?Stop to make a killin'??
?Bring it on back to you
Still here, poormouth?
Hmm?
Convenience store...
my ass!
Hustlin' jalapeno dips
to the appleseeds.
Go on.
Dismissed.
Dismissed!
[ Radio ]
?Evangeline?
?Evangeline?
- [ Children Chattering ]
- [ Charlie ] Mrs. Rossi?
Charlie, we're up here!
Come on up.
- Uh, this is Donny.
Hey, Charlie.

Hi.

Uh, Mrs. Rossi,
I got the feelin' I screwed up.
- Oh, you couldn't have.
- It was a bad interview.
That was no interview, Charlie.
You're it.
You're the only one that showed up.
You have to take the job.
He sleeps a lot. You can
watch television, call your girlfriend.
I promise you,
an easy 300 bucks.
[ Sigh ] I don't get
an easy feeling.
[ Sigh ]
His bark is worse
than his bite.
He was a great soldier,
a real hero.
The man grows on you!
By Sunday night,
you'll be best friends.
[ Sigh ]
Charlie, please.
I want to get away for a few days,
and Uncle Frank won't come with us.
Six months ago, he could
sometimes tell light from dark,
but now there's nothing.
I feel better having
someone else around just in case.
Please?
Okay, Mrs. Rossi.
Sure.
- [ Sigh ] Thank you, Charlie.
- Come here, you.
There you go.
[ George ]
Chas! Chas, hold up!
- How ya doin'? 
- I'm good.
That's great.
This can't go out.
This is on reserve.
Here's the thing.
I need the book tonight...
- for a Thanksgiving quiz with
big-shit Preston in the morning.
- Yeah, I know.
That's why he put it on reserve.
This is our only copy.
Chas, I'm pullin'
an all-nighter.
Without that book
I'm dead, okay?
If it's not back by 7:30,
it's gonna be my ass.
Oh, I promise.
I promise.
- [ Whispering ] Got it?
- Yeah.
Just a second.
I gotta lock up.
Okay.
God, can you wait to get out
of this dump or what?
Where you guys
going skiing again?
- Sugarloaf or --
- It's bush, Chas, Sugarbush.
That's my boys. [ Whistles ]
What are you doin'?
Keep your voice down!
I'll tell you about it
in the morning.
- Shh.
- Wha--
- Miss Hunsaker, have a nice day?
- George, why all the noise?
[ Whispering ]
It's hunsaker! Go! Go!
I was just
messin' around with Chas.
- Good evening, Charles.
- Hi, Mrs. Hunsaker.
- What was that?
- I don't know, ma'am.
- Who were those boys?
What were they doing?
- Oh, who knows?
- Charles?
- Um --
- Did you make this scarf yourself?
- No, George, I bought it.
- 'Cause it's a beauty. It really is.
- Thank you, George.
In case I don't see you before
the Thanksgiving holidays,
- why don't you give me
one of your big hugs?
- Oh, George!
- Please? Come on.
- Good evening, boys.
Good-bye,
Mrs. Hunsaker.

[ Jimmy On Loudspeaker ]
Mr. Trask is our fearless leader,
a man of learning,
a voracious reader.
He could recite the "Iliad"
in ancient greek...
while fishing for trout
in a rippling creek.
Endowed with wisdom,
of judgement sound,
nevertheless about him
the questions abound.

[ Hissing Sound ]
How does Mr. Trask
make such wonderful deals?
Why did the trustees
buy him Jaguar wheels?
He wasn't conniving!
He wasn't crass!
He merely
puckered his lips...
- and kissed their ass!
- [ Boys Laughing ]
Come on.
Come on.
One more!
One more, come on!
[ Whistling, Cheering ]
Aah!
Fuck you!
[ Trask ]
Mr. Simms, Mr. Willis.
Hmm.
Mrs. Hunsaker says that you gentlemen were at a vantage point last night...
to observe who was responsible for this, uh, stunt.
Who was it?
I really couldn't tell you, sir.
Um, I thought I saw someone fooling with the lamppost,
but by the time I pulled focus, they were gone.
Mr. Simms?
I couldn't say.
That automobile is not just a possession of mine.
That automobile was presented to me by the Board of Trustees.
It is a symbol of the standard of excellence for which this school is known,
and I will not have it tarnished.
The automobile?
The standard,
Mr. Willis.
- What's your position, Mr. Simms?
- On what, sir?
On preserving the reputation of Baird.
- I-I'm for Baird.
- Then, who did it?
I really couldn't say for sure.
Very well.
First thing Monday,
I'm convening a special session...
of the student-faculty
disciplinary committee.
As this is a matter which
concerns the whole school,
the entire student body
will be present.
There will be no classes,
no activities.
Nothing will transpire
at this institution...
until that proceeding
is concluded.
And if, at that time,
we are no further along than we are now,
I will expel you both.
[ Clearing Throat ]
Mr. Willis,
would you excuse us ?
Have a nice Thanksgiving.
Thank you.
You too, Mr. Willis.
I will.
[ Door Closing ]
Mr. Simms.
I'm not quite through
with you yet.
One of the few perks
of this office is that...
I am empowered to handle
certain matters on my own as I see fit.
Do you understand ?
- Yes, sir.
- Good.
The Dean of Admissions at Harvard
and I have an arrangement.
Along with the usual sheaf of applicants
submitted by Baird,
of which virtually,
oh, two-thirds are
guaranteed admittance,
I add one name,
somebody who's a standout
and yet, underprivileged;
a student who cannot afford to pay
the board and tuition in Cambridge.

Do you know on whose behalf
I drafted a memo this year?
- No, sir.
- You. You, Mr. Simms.

Now can you tell me
who did it?

No, sir, I can't.

You take the weekend
to think about it, Mr. Simms.

Good afternoon.

What'd he say?
- Nothin'.
- What do you mean, nothing?

He said the same thing.
He just said it over.

You know what
he's doing?
He's good-cop,
bad-coppin' us.

He knows I'm old guard.
You're fringe.

He's gonna bear down on me
and soft-soap you.

[ Laughing ]

Did he try to soft-soap you? Did he?

No.

Chas, I detect a slight panic pulse
from you. Are you panicking?
- Yeah, a little.
- Come on.
- You're on scholarship, right?
- Yeah.

You're on scholarship
from Oregon... at Baird.

You're a long way from home, Chas.
What's that got to do
with anything?
I don't know how
it works out there.

But how it works here?
We stick together.
It's us against them,
no matter what.
We don't cover our ass.
We don't tell our parents.
Stonewall everybody!
And above all,
never, never...
Leave any of us
twisting in the wind.
And that's it.
What does that have to do
with me being on scholarship?
Hey, hey!
I'm just tryin' to bring you
up to speed, kid, that's it.
Thanks.
I'll tell you what. Give me a few hours
to figure out the moves,
and call me tonight
in Vermont.
I'll be at the Sugarbush lodge,
all right?
All right.
You all right?
Yeah, I guess so.
Okay.
Try to keep him down
to four drinks a day.
If you can keep him down to forty,
you're doin' good.
Try to water them down a little.
Do you know how to do that?
- It's a long ride, honey!
- Get the bags in the car.
I'll be right out.
Mommy, Mommy!
Don't forget Uncle Frank's walk.
[ Mrs. Rossi ]
Oh, ha... Yeah.
Uh, you have to
air him out...
a little every day.
Why don't you go on back there,
get yourself oriented?
I'll come out in a minute,
give you telephone numbers and stuff.
[ Frank ] Well, I wouldn't try a thing like that...
unless I knew,
would I?
Just let me
speak to her.
Hello, beautiful.
Is that you?
Yeah,
we spoke yesterday.
[ Chuckling ] You have a glass of wine with lunch?
You sound
a little dusky. Hmm.
-[ Clearing Throat ]
- Just a minute, sweetheart.
You're back, huh?
Tenacious!
Get out my dress blues.
They're in a garment bag in the closet.
Check the top dresser drawer.
Take out the shoulder boards...
and affix them shoulders right and left,
A.S.A.P.
That means now.
Hello.
Sorry to keep you waitin', sweetheart.
I'm not the kind of guy who likes to rush things,
but I'm catchin' a 4:00 at Logan, lookin' out my window,
and there's not a taxi in sight.
What happened to Chet?
He didn't invest in a radio yet?
Hah! Well,
get your driver on it.
Tell him to get a move on.
Yes. Mmm.
Some kind of body has got to go with that bedroom voice.
One day I'm gonna swing by,
get a better look at it.
You bet.
Bye.
My val-pak's underneath the bed.
Get it out.
Put the boards on the blues
and fold 'em in.
Uh, are we going someplace,
Colonel?
What business is that of yours?
Don't shrug, imbecile.
I'm blind. Save your body language
for the bimbi.
- Now, get my gear out.
- Francine, get in the car.

It's almost 3:
Flintstones haven't left yet.
[ Mr. Rossi ] Willie Rossi
must go in the car!
- Here comes Mrs. Rossi now.
- Damn it!
She said good-bye to me
three times today.
What's she got,
separation anxiety?
Cut her off
at the door!
Hi, honey.
Bye, honey.
I wish you were
coming with us.
Me too.
Maybe next time.
- Drive carefully now.
- Yeah.
Charlie, this is
where we'll be.
Good luck, Charlie.
Don't let him drink too much.
See ya, Charlie!
And no 900 numbers.
He loves to talk dirty.
All right, let's get to work.
L-buckles givin' you trouble?
Never in the Boy Scouts, sluggo?
- I, I made Tenderfoot.
- Tenderfoot, my foot!
Convenience-store mama's boy.
Here. Let me take a look at that.
Touch me again, I'll kill ya, you little son-of-a-bitch!
I touch you. Understand?
My shoulder boards are in the top dresser drawer. Get them, son.
The epaulets with the silver oak leaf.
- Are these --
- Good.
Taxi come yet?
Colonel, where are we going?
Where we going?
Freak show central.
- Where's that?
- New York City.
That's in New York, son.
New York State.
Uh, Mrs. Rossi didn't say anything to me about going anywhere.
She forgot.
- Should we call her, 'cause I --
- You kidding me?
Call her? By the time they get to Albany in that "hupmobile" he drives...
it'll be opening day at Saratoga.
- Colonel, I can't go to New York City.
- Why not?
New York --
- New York's too much responsibility.
- Ah, responsibility!
I had a lot of 17 year olds
my first platoon.
I took care of them.
All set!
How do I look?
Tickets. Money.
Speech.
Old Washington joke...
from my days with Lyndon.
-[ Honking ]
-I knew I could count on transportation.
Are you ready?
This is not Panmunjom.
A simple yes will do.
- Um --
- Good! Here you go.
Come on!
Hup to it, son!
You're in front of me.
Let's go.
- [ Meowing ]
- [ Frank ] Tomster, come here, boy.
Psst, psst.
Come on.
Here, tomster, come on.
Tomster, tomster. Yeah.
Remember, when in doubt... fuck.
Good afternoon, sir.
Where's our destination?
Our destination... New York City,
home of the brave!
- Two for the shuttle to New York.
- I'm not shuttling anywhere.
- Look at those tickets. "First class."
- Yes, sir, first class.
You bought me a ticket?
I never said I'd go to New York.
What are you, some kind of chicken-shit,
sticks to job description only?
Gate 46, sir.
- As you were, son.
- Thank you, sir.
Which way's the door?
Are you blind? Are you blind?
Of course not.
Then why do you keep grabbin'
my goddamn arm?
I take your arm.
I'm sorry.
Don't be sorry.
How would you know,
watchin' MTV all your life?
Yes!
Jack Daniels...
You bet.
And Diet Slice.
The old Diet Slice.
And a water.
Thank you, Daphne.
Certainly, sir.
Ahh! Mmm!
How did you know her name?
Well, she's wearin' Floris.
That's an English cologne.
But her voice is California chickie.
Now, California chickie bucking for English lady --
I call her Daphne.
Oh, big things may happen to that little thing of yours.
Look, Colonel,
I'll get you to New York, all right?
Uh-huh.
Then I'm gonna have to turn around and come back.
Well, Chuck, you gotta do what you gotta do.
Charlie, all right?
Or Charles.
Sorry.
I can't blame you, though.
Chuck is a --
So, why are we going to New York?
All information will be given on a need-to-know basis.

Whoo-ah!
Where's Daphne?
Let's get her down here.
She's in the back.
A tail's in the tail.
Hah!
Oh, but I still smell her.
[ Sniffing ]

Women!
What can you say?
Who made 'em?
God must have been a fuckin' genius.
The hair --
They say the hair is everything, you know.
Have you ever buried your nose in a mountain of curls... and just wanted to go to sleep forever?
Or lips -- and when they touched, yours were like...
that first swallow of wine...
after you just crossed the desert.
Tits! Whoo-ah!
Big ones, little ones, nipples staring right out at ya...
Like secret searchlights.
Mmm.
And legs --
I don't care if they're Greek columns... or secondhand Steinways.
What's between 'em, passport to heaven.
I need a drink.
Yes, Mr. Simms, there's only two syllables
in this whole wide world worth hearing:
pussy.
Hah !
Are you listening to me, son ?
I'm givin' you pearls here.
I guess you
really like women.
Oh, above all things !
A very, very
distant second...
is a Ferrari.
Charlie ?
Give me your hand.
This is just the start
of your education, son.
Whoo-ah !
- Where are we ?
- Where are we, eh ?
The cynosure of
all things civilized:
the Waldorf-Astoria.
The last time I was here, Charlie,
was with a G-2 from Brussels.
Had a Ferrari.
Every day I held the door
open for the fucker.
Never even offered me
a ride.
Well, fuck him.
He's dead and I'm blind.
- Spread the word.
- Thank you, sir.
- The intelligence will be forthcoming ?
- Sir ?
On the escort scene.
Um, yes, sir.
- And welcome to the Waldorf.
- Gracias, amigo.
Puerto Ricans...
always made the best infantrymen.
- [ Clanking ]
- Oh !
I'm home again.
Give me an inventory
on this, will you?
All right,
where am I, in Asia?
He told me the phone was on
the other side of the room, didn't he?
By the windows?
It's right here.
Okay.
We're in business.
Get me the Oak Room.
How's that inventory
comin'? 
Uh, there's Jim Beam
and Early Times.
Quartermaster's on the take again.
Hello.
Is Sheldon or Mack there?
This is
Lt. Col. Frank Slade.
I used to be a regular. I used
to come in with a General Garbisch.
Yes, that's probably because
he's at Arlington six feet under.
Listen up. I want a table for two, and
I don't mean Siberia, 8:15.
Clear them little
bottles off.
And when I get off the phone,
call up Hyman.
Tell him I want it
wall to wall with John Daniels.
Uh, don't you mean,
uh, Jack Daniels?
He may be Jack to you, son. But when
you've known him as long as I have --
That's a joke.
Hello!
This is Lt. Col. Frank Slade.
I would like a limo, 8:00.
What are you drinkin'? 
Uh, nothing, thanks.
I don't use it.
What's useful about it?
I don't know. Listen, Colonel,
I have to get going.
Where you goin'? 
Back to school. I've got some real 
important stuff I have to take care of.
Very well.
But I never let my aides leave 
on an empty stomach.
You'll dine with me and then my driver 
will transport you...
to the airport for the Boston Shuttle 
departing at 2200 hours.
Meanwhile,
unpack my bag.
I'm gonna christen 
the latrine.
[ Frank ] What's your name, 
driver?  
- Manny, sir. 
- Manny.
The bellhops at the Waldorf, are they 
any good at getting escorts?
- I wouldn't know, sir. 
- What would you know? 
- About what?
- About you-know-what? 
Maybe I could 
manage something.
[ Frank ] I'm talkin'
top of the line, now.
Let me think 
about this, sir.
What's the matter 
with you? 
- With me? 
- Yeah. Car feels heavy. You know why? 
You got the fuckin' weight of the world 
on your shoulders.
[ Sigh ]
I got a little problem 
at school, that's all.
- Spit it out! 
- It's not a big deal, all right? 
Where we going, 
the Oak Room or somethin'?
If it's not a big deal, why did you say "real important stuff"?
What are you doin', banging the dean's daughter? Hah!
- I'm just in a little trouble.
- What kind of trouble?
I saw some guys doing something.
To tell or not to tell, or it's your ass.
Hmm?
- How'd you know that?
- I'm a wizard.
Give me the details, come on.
[ Sigh ]
There's this guy at school named Harry.
He's this real rich kid. He like...
runs the show.
Who else?
There's another guy, George, but George didn't do anything.
George and I saw Harry and his buddies doin' somethin'.
Now, the folks at Baird, they know you and George can identify the guilty parties?
Yeah, they think we can.
- George is a friend of yours.
- He's not a friend, but he's all right.
- You trust him?
- Yeah, I guess so.
- He's on scholarship too?
- No, why?
We got George, we got Harry, we got trouble.
They're rich, you're poor.
You wanna get rich.
You wanna graduate Baird, become a rich big shot like them.
- Am I right?
- No. It's not that way at all.
Okay, Charlie!
Here we are, gentlemen:
the Oak Room.
The Oak Room!
Bring us a menu and double Jack Daniels
on the rocks.
Charlie, sit down here.
Uh, perhaps you'll feel more
comfortable in this, sir.
[ Wolf Whistle ]
You look great!
Thank you.
Here we are, Charlie:
the Oak Room.
Now, read me
the bill of fare.
Uh, let's see.
You got the Oak Room Burger
and fries for $24.
Where's the booze?
Flowin' like mud around here.
A $24 hamburger?
W-What's the story?
What story?
- Are you a rich miser or something?
- Hah!
No, I'm just your average
blind man.
Your average blind man.
How do you plan on
paying for all this stuff?
Crisp, clean dollars...
American.
I saved up my
disability checks.
How much did you save?
I mean, we flew first class,
we're at the Waldorf-Astoria,
a $24 hamburger restaurant.
- All part of a plan, Charlie.
- You want to let me in on it?
Why should I? You're not interested.
You don't give a shit!
You're leavin' on that
last shuttle out of La Guardia.
Hmm ? Ooh !
You got 15 minutes, son. I don't think
you're gonna make it,
unless the Oak Room keeps some
complimentary helicopter on the roof.
No, sir. No !
You're here till tomorrow.
You said the last shuttle
leaves at 2200 hours.

That's 10:
Last I heard, yeah.

It's only 8:
I lied. Leaves at 9:00.
- It leaves at 9:00 ?
- Calm down. Calm down.
Ahh ! The truth is, Charlie,
- I need a guide dog
to help me execute my plan.
- What plan ?
You have a right to know.
It's not really a plan, Charlie.
It's sort of a --
more like a tour,
a little tour of pleasures:
stay in a first-class hotel,
eat an agreeable meal,
drink a nice glass of wine,
see my big brother.
Nothing like family,
you know.
And then, make love
to a terrific woman.
After that...
Yeah ?
I'm gonna lie down on my big,
beautiful bed at the Waldorf...
and blow my brains out.
- May I tell you our specials ?
- You may, sir.
Tonight we have charred venison with
buckwheat spaetzle and green peppercorn.
Grilled veal, tomato tapenade, and roasted eggplants.
Get me a napkin.
My mouth's watering.
If you like our souffle for dessert, it would be good to order it now.
Yes, on the souffle. Give us a half a minute on the rest.
Very good, sir.
[ Clearing Throat ]
- I'm leaning towards the spaetzle.
- Colonel Slade --
Charlie, rolls on the table?
Give 'em to me.
You should try these rolls.
I used to dream about them when I was at Fort Huachuca.
- Colonel Slade --
- Bread's no good west of the Colorado.
- Water's too alkaline.
- Colonel Slade, did you say --
Did I hear you right?
Y-You said you're gonna kill yourself?
No, I said I was gonna blow my brains out.
Try one of these rolls, Charlie.
I buttered it for ya.
I don't want a roll, all right?
Okay. Have a radish!
Hah!
Hello! Bring me a double Jack Daniels on the rocks.
Yes, sir.
Right away.
[ Clearing Throat, Mouthing Words ]
Please, don't do that.
Don't do that.
Hmm.
[ Sniffing ]
What a marvelous place!
Okay.
Yeah.
Your billet is here.
You'll find bedding
in the closet on the shelf.
In the morning, the area will be
returned to sitting-room mode...
no later than
What was that ?
Nothing.
Next time...
snap it out !
Thumb to palm, index finger
through little digit, smartly aligned,
sharp to the hairline,
down !
Too many men,
far better than you,
have executed
that courtesy.
And if you're smart,
you won't try it again.
This bat has got sharper radar
than the Nautilus.
Don't fuck with me,
Charlie.
See you get
a good night's sleep, son.
[ Groaning ]
[ Frank ]
?It's a lovely day today ?
?So, whatever
you gotta do ?
?You got a lovely day
to do it in that's true ?
Good morning, Charlie.
- [ Sigh ] Good morning.
- This is Sofia, Charlie.
She's a magician
with a needle.
Sofia's workin' me up
a little "Glen Plaid" number,
and I've asked her if she'd
put something together for you.
Uh, I don't need any clothes, Colonel.
- Standard issue...
for an upscale
urban assignment.
You don't like the clothes,
Charlie, on completion of duty,
you can give 'em away.
Juice, coffee, and other assorted
goodies on the trolley over there.
Get yourself up,
get yourself together !
- It's a great day
for singin' a song ?
- And it's a great day
for movin' along ?
- And it's a great day
from morning to night ?
- And it's a great day
for everybody's plight.
[ Frank Chuckling ]
How are you feeling
today, Colonel ?
Super !
Superior !
Superfluous !
Young Sofie here
is working Thanksgiving...
because she's trying to
put herself through college.
I told her, "My young friend
Charlie's headed for college."
- Uh, excuse me.
- Where you goin' ?
- I-l need to use the phone.
- What's wrong with the phones in here ?
I don't want
to disturb you.
You're not disturbing me.
Make your call.
I'd kinda like
to be private.
Stay outta my room !
This is as private
as you're gonna get.
?But if you've got somethin'
that must be done?
?And it can only
be done by one?
Sofia...
what are the chances
of suitin' you up sometime?
- [Operator] Sugarbush Lodge.
- George Willis, please.
- [George] Hello!
- George! Hey, it's Charlie.
Hey, Chas. Next year you gotta
come up with us.
White powder on
a base of snow bunnies.
Chas,
are you there?
Yeah, I'm here.
Um --
- you told me to call you for the moves.
- All right.
For now, the move's

do move:
Everything's
the way we left it.
How did we leave it?
See no evil,
hear no evil.
You know
what I mean, Chas?
Yeah. See no evil,
hear no evil.
- Okay, then, walk like you talk!
- All right, good-bye.
- George Willis, huh?
- Yeah.
George Willis.
That makes his father probably
George Willis, Senior.
Charlie, I ask ya,
what do you think Big George
is gonna feel about Little George...
seeing no evil,
hearing no evil?
Well, we're not gonna
tell our parents.
We're just gonna keep it
between ourselves.
Oh, George isn't gonna tell
his father about this thing!
Damn decent of him.
Ooh! Aw! Hah!
- Scusi.
- Prego.
I love it
when you hurt me.
Uh, tell me now,
Charlie.
This, uh, George Willis, Junior,
what's his father do?
I don't really know.
Well, I'm gonna tell ya.
When George Willis, Sr., isn't busy as a
million-dollar man for Aetna Casualty --
or is it New England Distributor
for the Chrysler Corporation?
He concerns himself with his young son,
George Willis, Junior.
George isn't going
to say anything to his father.
Oh, Charlie.
Big George is gonna
wind up Little George,
and Little George is gonna sing
like a canary.
And if you're hip, kid,
you're gonna hop to, too.
You've got this
all figured out, don't you?
It don't take no Young America merit
scholarship to figure this one out.
Charlie, you had a little life,
so you decided to go to Baird...
to put yourself in the market
for a big one.
Now, in order to stay
in the running,
you're gonna have to tell these people
what they want to know.
You think so?
- Are we finished, Sofia?
- Yes.
Grazie. Grazie.
Charlie,
if you don't sing now,
you're gonna end up,
not only shelving biscuits...
in some convenience store
in the Oregon burbs,
probably the last word you'll ever hear
yourself say just before you croak...
gonna be, "Have a nice day
and come back soon."
Sofia!
Measure up Charlie, pronto.
We got a date for Thanksgiving.
We got a date?
My brother's place.
W.R. Slade,
White Plains, New York.
Colonel, I can't go with you
to your brother's place.
I mean, I should be
getting back to school.
Uh, well you gotta have
Thanksgiving somewhere.
I mean, eats and treats.
I could use the company.
All right.
D-Does he know I'm comin'?
He doesn't know I'm comin'. But wait
till you see the look on his face...
when I walk through
the door.
Oh, he loves me!
Oh, uh, Charlie,
about your little problem,
there are two kinds of people

in this world:
those who stand up
and face the music,
and those who
run for cover.
Cover's better.
Okay, Sofia, suit 'im up!
Make him pretty!
Careful.
- Should I ring it?
- Yeah.
Yes?
Yes!
Who is this?
- It's Randy.
- Randy? You new?
I'm your nephew.
Hah!
Here I am!
Your sister's been
hoarding me long enough.
- Thought it's time to spread
the riches around.
- Uncle Frank!
- Gloria!
- Gail.
Of course.
Say hello to the potluck
party from New York City.
Good old Uncle Frank and this here
with him is Charlie Simms,
star halfback of the
Baird football team.
They not only beat Exeter and Groton,
but Aquinas High School too.
Where's your
miserable father?
Wait! No, no.
Let's surprise him.
Give that fat heart
of his an attack. Willie!
Oh, Willie!
Hello, Frank.
- How you doin'?
- Okay.
Here's my hand.
Charlie, meet W.R. Slade.
Nice to meet you, sir.
The original bulging briefcase man.
Gretchen, I smell those prunes!
We talkin' Turkey Marbella?
- Yes, we are.
- Whoo!
Let's have a whiff.
Come on.
You know, I always had a sneaker for you. Come here.
[ Sniffing ]
Mmm.
Hah!
- Where are you, Garry?
I heard you cough.
- Who are you again?
I'm just here at the Waldorf-Astoria with -- Is it your brother?
W.R.'s final issue.
How ya doin'? 
- Yes. Who the hell are you?
- I'm kinda takin' care of him for the weekend.
Charlie!
Jesus!
Sorry. Where's the booze?
Flowin' like mud here.
To tell the truth, the colonel's not well, I don't think.
- Not well?
- I think he's a little lonely.
Why didn't you take him to your family's for dinner?
I heard that!
I heard that.
Pay no attention to him.
That's his big-brother talk.
He's been watching out for me since day one.
Bailed me out of more trouble... than he'd like to remember.
- Hmm?
- [Gretchen] Let me take your coat.

I meant to pick up some vino
on my way, but I blew it.
I'll send you the Rothschild
again for Christmas,
- only let's see how Thanksgiving goes.
- I'll set two more places.
- Here's your drink, Frank.
- Thank you, Randy.

Still with
Snow Queen sugar?
Snow Flake. Why do you
always get that wrong?
Because it's not important for me to
get it right. What are you doing there?
I'm Vice President
for Marketing.
Whoo-ah! Congratulations!
Sugar is shit, though.
I told General Abrams to install
honey in the commissaries.
If the K-50s didn't blow your brains
out, sugar, sure as shit, was gonna.
- Why don't we all sit down?
- Ooh!
Mitsouki. Rhymes with nookie.
Be careful.
- When the wife gets restless,
the wife gets racy.
- Let's go and eat.
By all means.
Thank you, Charlie.
Where you wanna sit, Frank, or you gonna
arrange yourself at the head again?
Any old card table
will do. This is fine.
[Frank]
Where was I? Oh!
I wake up. It's four in the morning.
I don't know who I'm with,
why I'm there
and where I am.
What am I gonna do?
I got this Asian flower,
all giggly and dewy-like;
and this hard-boiled
navy nurse outta Omaha, on the other.
We're three across the bed,
not a stitch of clothes on.
It comes to me.
Let east meet west.
We'll build a golden bridge.

[ Frank ]
Hah-hah!
I felt like I'd just joined
the corps of engineers!
We all still here?
It's a beautiful story.

[ Cough ]
- Do you always enjoy
shocking people, Uncle Frank?
- Honey.
I didn't know you were
so easily shocked.
I admire your sensibilities.
I'm touched.

Dad, remember the time
you persuaded Frank...
- to go to the kennel?
- What about it?
- He almost put the seeing eye
dog business outta business.
- Cool it, Randy.
- It's over and done with.
- Indeed it is, Garry.
Indeed it is.
So is dinner.

Charlie, what time do you have?
I think we better be gettin' back.
- You ever given any thought
to a braille watch, Frank?
- Randy.
- Stevie Wonder wears one,
or do you rank on him too?
- Honey, please.
It's all right, Gloria.
I enjoy Randy's observations.
My wife's name is Gail, Frank. Can you hear that? Gail. Excuse me. Gail. Gail strikes me as a very beautiful woman, but there's a little tension in her voice. It could be one of two things: either Gail is nervous or unsatisfied. What's your point, Uncle Frank? You oughta go down on her. Cut it out, Frank, will ya? You're so wrapped up in sugar, you've forgotten the taste of real honey! Frank, for God's sake! Hear that voice? There's fire under that dress.
- Will you cut it out?
- Just get the fuck outta here.
- Whoo-ah!
- Get in your limousine. Go down to the bowery, get with the other fucking drunks where you belong!
- Wait a minute.
- What?
- Could you take it easy?
- What for?
You want me to lay off him, Chuckie, 'cause he's blind?
- No, but I mean --
- My friend's name is Charles. He doesn't like to be called Chuckie.
- This is supposed to be a family get-together. This is --
- A warning.
Jesus Christ. Another sucker who thinks this shitheel's a war hero.

Whoo-ah.

Well, once... maybe.

I suppose he told you about his days on Lyndon Johnson's staff?

I was gonna go.

Now I'm not leaving.
- Frank was earmarked for general.
- Earmarked, good word.
- But Frank likes to spit in everybody's eye!
- Randy, that's enough.

So -- What do they call it when they give you the shaft in the military?
- Passed over!
- Frank was passed over for promotion...

Couple times.
- You want to know what happened then?
- Will you shut your mouth?
- He blew himself up.
- Stop it, Randy.

Our colonel, here, had a grenade juggling act at Fort Bragg or wherever.
- Fort Benning.
- He was teaching hand-to-hand combat --

Randy, look at me when you're talking to me, son.

I'm lookin', Frank.

His partner in the act was some captain.
- Major Vincent Squires.
- Yeah, whoever he was.

Before going on, they'd have themselves a lo-cal breakfast:
- a Screwdriver for Frank,
- Bloody Mary for his partner.

No, Vincent drank Sea Breezes.

Judge Advocate at Benning said Col. Slade had four to his partner's one.

Judge Advocate at Benning said Col. Slade had four to his partner's one.

He's flying in class.

He gets all excited.
He starts pulling
the pins out.

[ Randy ] One grenade
got away from him.

Boom.
The one that got away.
Oh, the pin was in...

Frank claims.
In or out, what
difference does it make?

What kind of fucking lunatic
juggles grenades?

Vinnie came out okay.
And all Frank lost
was his eyesight.

- Wanna know the truth?
- You got a handle on that,
do you, Randy?
- He was an asshole before.
- Whoo-ah!

Now all he is
is a blind asshole.

Whoo-ah.

Hey, God's a funny guy.
God doth have
a sense of humor.
Maybe God thinks some
people don't deserve to see.

[ Sigh ]

Whoo-ah. Hah!

You get the point...

Chuckie?
- Aah!
- His name is Charles.

You can say that,
can't you? Charles.

Know what this is, Randy? It's a choke
hold I'm teaching those lieutenants.
- Little pressure, I bust your windpipe.
- I don't care what he said.
- Charles.
- Just let go, please!

[ Gasping ]

Gretchen?
You outdid yourself.
If you twist my arm
hard enough,
we're talking
Turkey Marbella next year.
Who knows?
Frank?
Good-bye, Willie.
I'm no fucking good...
and I never have been.
Come on, Charlie,
get the coats.
Come on.
Watch your step.
Hold it.
Nueva York, compadre.
Vamos!
[Clinking]
You got a watch?

Ah, it's 7:
I didn't ask you the time.
I asked if you had a watch.
Yeah, in the other room.
Get it.
Colonel, there's a clock
right next to your bed.
Does it have
a second hand?
Yeah.
Time me!
How long?
Um... about
- I'm rusty.
- Where did you get a gun, Colonel?
Piece or weapon, Charlie,
ever a gun.
Where did you get
the piece?
I'm an officer in the
United States Army. This is my sidearm.
- But you're not an officer anymore.
- So I'm retired, so what?
An officer never
relinquishes his 45.
Yeah, but you better relinquish it to me
or I'm gonna call Mrs. Rossi.
Good idea.
Then I'm going back
to school.
Even better.
Blue skies, green lights.
I hope you have a wonderful trip.
That felt like 25.
You oughta be able to do a 45 in 25.
Did you time me?
No, I did not
and I'm calling Albany.
That was stupid.
Was it?
You're stuck with me,
Charlie.
No, I'm not.
- I'm outta here!
- Where you goin' ? New Hampshire?
You got no money.
How you gonna do that?
Mmm.
Karen's number
tastes like Albany. Hah!
Fine.
- I'm leaving.
- Charlie ? Charlie!
All I want from you...
is another day.
For what?
One last tour
of the battlefield.
I can get around a city
like New York,
but l...
sometimes need a point
in the right direction.
What do you say,
Charlie?
What's one day...
between friends?
All right. Well, say
I stay for another day.
Will you give me
your weapon?
Oh, Charlie! I'm a lieutenant colonel,
United States Army.
I'm not giving my
fucking gun to anyone.
- Now, what are you drinkin'?
- Colonel, this -- this is unacceptable.
Unacceptable? What are you givin' me
that prep school crap for?
What have they done,
taken the Oregon out of the boy?
Put in Harvard
Business School?
Then give me
your bullets.
You do see the sense of it,
Charlie, don't you?
I can't chew
the leather anymore.
So, why
should I share...
the tribe's provisions?
I mean,
there's no one...
wants to tear a herring
with me anymore.
The bullets, Colonel.
"The bullets, Colonel."
You sound like a guy in
"Lives of a Bengal Lancer."
What do you
give a shit for?
About what?
About what?
About whether I blow
my brains out or not.
- Because I have a conscience, you know.
- You have a conscience.
I forgot.
The Charlie Conscience.
Do we tell?
Do we not tell?
Do we follow the rich boy's code or not?
Do we let this blind asshole...
die... or not?
Yeah.
Conscience, Charlie.
When were you born, son?
Around the time of the Round Table? Hah.
Haven't you heard?
Conscience is dead.
No, I haven't heard.
Well, then, take the fucking wax outta your ears!
Grow up!
It's fuck your buddy.
Cheat on your wife.
Call your mother on Mother's Day.
Charlie, it's all shit.
Where you goin'? I got piss call.
I know I said I need ya for just one day,
but even I can't hold it that long.
Oh, and, Charlie, you forgot the one in the chamber.
Hah!
There you go, sir.
Thank you.
Twenty-six years in the service,
ever let an aide shine my shoes.
Where you gonna be in 26 years, Charlie?
Playing golf with your friends from the Baird School, I bet.
I don't even like
those guys.
Course you don't.
They're all assholes.
Be a pleasure to squeal
on 'em, wouldn't it?
- Yeah, well, I'm not a squealer.
- "I'm not a squealer."
What is this,
the Dreyfus case?
Ooh! Ooh, Mama!
There you go.
- Thank you.
- Thank you.
Watch your step.
I'm gettin' that
heavy feelin' again, Charlie.
There's more to this,
isn't there?
Isn't there?
- I was offered a bribe.
- Oh, now we're cookin'.
Mr. Trask,
the headmaster,
he promised to
get me into Harvard.
- If you squeal.
- Yeah.
What a dilemma.
Should Charlie Simms accept a
free ride into Harvard or not?
What do you think your friend George
would do if he were in your shoes?
- He is, practically.
- How?
I mean, it's just that Mr. Trask
hasn't promised to get him into Harvard.
Mr. Trask doesn't have to. George's
father's gonna take care of that.
Do the deal, Charlie.
Take it!
Go to Harvard.
- I can't do that.
- Why not?
It's just some things
you just can't do. Explain 'em to me.
- Louder, please.
- I, I, I can't --
You're gonna have a tough time
in this world, Charlie.
To ease the blow,
let me buy you a drink. Come on.
[ Frank ] Double Jack Daniels
on the rocks.
And bring my young friend here
a Shirley Temple.
Hold on.
Do you have beer?
Certainly.
May I see some I.D.?
Are you interested in walkin'
the rest of your life, chappy?
Sir, but --
I'm a regular here.
My boy's going on 23.
Why don't you call up front,
the office?
Mr. Gilbert,
he's a friend of mine.
Any particular beer?
Schlitz.
No Schlitz?
Blatz.
No Blatz?
Improvise.
- I'll do my best, sir.
- [ Frank ] Thank you, sir.
You're human, Charlie.
Beer?
Who are we
drinking with?
I'm getting a nice soap-and-water
feeling from down there.
- Ah... female.
- Female?
You're callin' her female, must mean you
like her or you wouldn't be so casual.
- Is she alone?
Yeah, she's alone.
Things are heatin' up.
Chestnut hair?
Brown...
Light brown.
Twenty-two?
Wh-- What am I,
a guy at a carnival?
The day we stop lookin',
Charlie, is the day we die.
Move.
- Where?
- You know where, son.
Don't be coy, Charlie.
This woman is made for you.
I can feel it.
Goddamn beautiful,
isn't she?
- She's not bad.
- Whoo-bingo! The boy's alive.
Come on, son,
perambulate.
Perambulate.
Excuse me, senorita,
do you mind if we join you?
I'm feelin'
you're being neglected.
Well, I'm
expecting somebody.
Instantly?
- No, but any minute now.
- Any minute?
Some people live a lifetime
in a minute.
- What are you doin' right now?
- I'm waiting for him.
Would you mind
if we waited with you,
you know, just to keep the
womanizers from bothering you?
No, I don't mind.
Thank you.
Charlie.
You know, I detect...
a fragrance in the air.
Don't tell me
what it is.
Ogilvie Sisters soap.
Ah, that's amazing.
I'm in the amazing
business!
It is
Ogilvie Sisters soap.
My grandmother gave me
three bars for Christmas.
I'm crazy about
your grandmother.
I think she'd have liked
Charlie too.
- Don't pay any attention to him.
- What's your name?
  Donna.
  - Donna? I'm Frank. This here is --
  - This is Charlie.
  Yes. She likes you.
Charlie's having a difficult weekend.
He's going through a crisis.
How does he look
like he's holding up?
He looks fine to me.
Oh! She does
like you, Charlie.
So, Donna,
ah...
do you tango?
No. I wanted
to learn once, but --
But?
But Michael
didn't want to.
Michael, the one
you're waiting for.
Michael thinks
the tango's hysterical.
Well, I think
Michael's hysterical.
Don't pay any attention to him.
Did I already say that?
What a beautiful laugh.
Thank you, Frank.
Would you like to learn
to tango, Donna?
Right now?
I'm offering you my services...
free of charge.
What do you say?
Ah...
I think I'd be
a little afraid.
Of what?
Afraid of making
a mistake.
No mistakes in the tango,
not like life.
It's simple. That's what makes
the tango so great.
If you make a mistake,
get all tangled up, just tango on.

[ Frank ]
Why don't you try?
Will you try it?
All right.
I'll give it a try.
Hold me down, son.
Your arm.
Charlie,
I'm gonna need some
coordinates here, son.
The floor's
about 20 by 30,
And you're at
the long end.
There's tables on the outside.
The band's on the right.
Oh, Frank, you are
one incredible dancer.
Wait'll you see
Charlie dance.
- He's a liar. I don't dance.
- Isn't he a charmer, though?
Truth is, not only can he dance,
but he'll sing you a hell of a tune.
He can do bird calls
and imitate Bela Lugosi.
- Hi, honey.
- Hey.
Michael, this is Frank
and this is Charlie.
- Hi, Frank, Charlie. I'm sorry I'm late.
- Oh, that's okay.
These two gentlemen
entertained me,
and time flew.
Your girl is...
a hell of a tango dancer.
You found someone to tango with.
That's terrific!
Let me
shake your hand.
- No, it was Frank.
- Hell, I'll shake both your hands!
Honey, this looks like the place,
but we gotta go.
We got a date with Darryl
and Carol in the village.
Do you have a check?
- Michael, please. My pleasure.
- No, no. I got this.
Michael, get your hand outta
your pocket. I'll take it. Really.
Allow me.
Why, thank you.
Bye, guys.
Bye.
Darryl and Carol.
Yeah.
[ Manny ] It's Apartment 17 E, Colonel.
She's expecting you.
You don't have to worry about a thing.
She's the creme de la creme.
My buddy took the Vice Chancellor
of Germany to her.
Now he wants to immigrate
to this country.
[ Frank ]
You did good, hombre.
My hair, 
how is it? 
It's perfect. 
- I got the red foulard okay, didn't I? 
- Yeah, real dark red. 
Burgundy, Charlie, 
burgundy. 
They love it. 
Bay Rum. 
Windsor knot. 
[Sigh] That's my heart 
I'm feelin'. 
I'm off. 
Can you get long distance 
on this? 
And how. 
Be my guest. 
- Sugarbush lodge. 
- Hi. George Willis, please? 
One moment, please. 
- Hello? 
- Ah, Harry? 
Chas, how are you? 
You just caught us. We're about 
to shoot George over to the airport. 
Why is George 
going to the airport? 
Um, hold on. Maybe you should talk 
to the man himself. 
- Chas. 
- Yeah. Hi, George. 
- You just caught me. 
- Harry said. Where you goin'? 
- Home. 
- To Boston? 
Catching the puddle jumper. 
Keep your fingers crossed. 
What are you 
going home for? 
[Sigh] I was thinking, Chas. 
This asshole, Trask? 
He's making 
no sense at all. 
Somebody's gotta talk to him.
My father's Class of '59.
Your father? I thought we were
gonna keep our parents outta this.
This guy Trask is outta control, Chas.
Outta control!
Somebody's gotta
talk to him.
- My father's a major
fund-raiser, you know.
- No, I didn't.
Just relax.
He'll get us off the hook.
- I gotta go. Everything all right?
- Sure.
- I'll see you Monday. Good-bye.
- Bye.
- Good night, sir.
- Good night.
Hiya, Charlie.
Watch the door.
What a beautiful woman.
- Hello, there.
- Do you see what I see?
[ TV ] Yeah.
Either there's something wrong,
or we got the
world's worst hangover.
Won't you come in?
[ TV Off ]
Colonel?
Colonel, you all right?
What is there?
It's afternoon.
You've been sleeping all morning.
So what?
I don't know.
I thought --
I-1 talked to George
last night.
His, ah --
His father's a big-deal alumnus
at school. He's got a lot of pull.
Really?
Yeah, he's, ah, he's gonna talk to the headmaster. George thinks he might be able to get us off the hook. "Get us off the hook."

Yeah, that's -- that's what he said. Watch the "us" part. Colonel, don't you wanna get up and do something?

[ Groan ]

Colonel?

Oh, Charlie, what do ya want? I don't know! But you're making me nervous.

My wallet is on the dresser. Take out your plane ticket... and $400 mustering-out pay, plus...

airport-to-school taxi. Colonel, it's no rush. I mean, I can -- I could stay for a while. Charlie, you already gave me a day. For that day, I am eternally grateful. But right now I have... other plans. What other plans do you have? To die, son. Colonel, you're -- Come on, Colonel, you're not gonna die today. Charlie, give me your hand.
You go now, boy.
Okay?
You go.
Just, uh --
Just leave me
sleep here.
Look, uh --
Can we start over, please?
What do you feel
like doin' today, huh?
I mean, look at this.
The sun is shining!
It's a beautiful day.
Let's --
Colonel, I know you don't want
to be a party poop,
so let's go out and do something, huh?
Let's go for a ride.
Yeah, a ride.
A ride?
Yeah, Colonel Slade,
what do you say?
Let's go for a ride,
huh?
What kind of ride?
Yeah, this is a valid
Oregon driver's license,
and we let appropriate customers
test-drive the Testarossa.
But you're 17 and with
a blind companion. That we don't do.
This is a $190,000
piece of machinery.
- I'm not letting it out this door.
- How 'bout this one over here?
That's a Cabriolet T.
The same deal.
Think I'm gonna let an unaccompanied kid
get behind the wheel of a $110,000 car?
He will not be
unaccompanied.
I'll be with him.
I'm his father.
- You're his father?
- Yes.
 I have an idea. Why don't I take
your father for a test-drive?
- What's your quota, Freddie?
- Don't worry about my quota. I do well.
How many Ferraris
you sold this month?
That's not relevant
to this discussion.
Freddie,
the 80s are over.
Are you tryin' to tell me
these are just walkin' outta the store?
This is a Ferrari, the finest machinery
made in the automobile industry.
If you like it that much,
why are you sellin' it?
- I'd love to accommodate you--
- If this car performs
the way I expect it to,
you'll get a certified check of $101,000
and change when in you come tomorrow.
It's $109,000,
plus $950, plus tax.
Freddie, for you...
plus a case of champagne
to go with your leftover turkey.
What do you say?
Don't worry about the boy.
He drives so smooth,
you can boil an egg on the engine.
When we bring the car back,
I'll peel the egg for ya.
Listen, you made me laugh,
but I can't let the car go out.
Want a deposit?
This is not an
installment item, sir.
Freddie, you're no
spring chicken, are ya?
Well, you know what they call me
at the home office? The gray ghost.
You know why they
still keep me around?
There's no kid here that
can move a Ferrari like I can.
I'm known from coast to coast
like butter and toast.
Ask anybody about
Freddie Bisco.
When I get a Ferrari...
out the door!
- Hah! You just made me laugh.
- Yeah?
Two thousand.
Unless you take it,
you're gonna make me cry.
I'm a gray ghost too.
See? This is fun,
 isn't it?
[ Engine Sputtering ]
- [ Engine Stops ]
- Drop her into neutral.
Slide her into second.
Pop the clutch.
[ Engine Revving ]
Straight. Hold it
right like that. Feel it?
That's straight.
Just keep it straight.
- Keep it straight.
- No fun just to keep it straight.
You've got to move a little bit,
feel the road.
Please? Just like this.
All right? There you go.
[ Charlie ]
Take it nice and easy.
Do you like this?
Slow it down a little.
You goin' a little fast.
Colonel, slow it down.
Something's happened
to my foot!
- Slow it down, please.
- Hold on, Charlie.
I think I've got
another gear.
Colonel Slade?
- Whoo-ah!
- Oh shit!
Watch out!
Hah-hah!
You'll get us killed!
Don't blame me, Charlie.
I can't see!
- Colonel, slow it down!
- [ Laughing ]
Oh, God.
Oh, Jesus!
Now let's see
how this baby corners.
- Corners?
- Yeah. Say when.
- Say when what?
- Say when to turn.
- Colonel, you can't turn the car.
- Where's the turn, Charlie?
Right oblique? Right face?
Come on!
Talk to me!
Ah... it's left, I guess.
Left. I knew it.
Okay. Now?
No, no!
Not now! Not now!
- Now?
- Colonel, please?
Charlie, I'm gonna do it anyway.
Whether you say so or not, here we go!
Okay! Wait, wait, wait!
Just wait!
Here I go.
Wait... now!
I did it!
Oh, Charlie!
You're ridin' with
one very happy man!
- Turn again!
- Be specific, son.
- Left now!
- Okay.
- Ohh!
- Whoo-ah!
I love this!
I love it!
Shall we take it to the max?
Let me out.
- [ Siren ]
- Shit! The yellow flag.
I hadn't even
opened her up yet.
- Which way's the curb?
- Pull over. Slow down!
- Slow down, Colonel.
- All right, I'm doin' it.
- Pull over to the curb. Slow it down.
- Yep, yep. Got it.
- Oh, Christ.
- Ooh, I haven't had a ticket in years.
I'll do the talking.
License and registration.
What? Are you
test-driving this baby?
Don't she purr though?
At 70 miles an hour?
You should hear her
at 125. Hah!
Where's your license?
At the dealer's.
They give it back
when you return the car.
- You got I.D.?
- You bet.
Indeed.
Lt. Col. Slade.
And you, solider?
The name is
police officer Gore.
Doin' a hell of a job, Gore.
And so are you, Colonel.
Who's the kid?
My boy Charlie.
He kept tellin' me to
"Let her out."
What was I gonna do,
disappoint him?
Yes.
Tell you what I'm gonna do.
I'm gonna let you go on one condition.
- What's that?
- You take this rig straight back to the dealer.
- You got it.
- Shut up.
- You want this?
- Sure. Gore?
Your face and your voice are familiar.
You ever in the officer's club at Da Nang?
No.
- Never in the army?
- No. Coast Guard.
Good Lord.
Hah! Hah!
Your dad is looking good,
Charlie.
He's got a heavy foot.
Tell him to take it light. All right?
- I hear ya!
- Thanks.
Get out of the car, 'cause you are not driving anymore.
Just keeping this baby warm,
that's all.
I'm not drivin' anymore.
Yes.
- Take my arm.
- I'm okay.
- Colonel, it's really bumpy here.
- Yeah, bumpy.
You all right?
Yeah.
Red light.
Hold it.
Taking too long.
[ Screeching Tires,
Honking ]
Shit! Colonel!
Colonel?
Colonel!
Shit!
You all right?
What the hell
are you doing?
- Take the cane.
- I gotta take a piss.
- Take the cane, Colonel.
- It happens to the best of us.
We're on Park Avenue.
You can't go to the bathroom.
- Perfect place.
- You'll get arrested.
Never been housebroken.
Ohh!
Shit!
What's the matter
with you, Colonel?
What are you doing?
Stand up.
Come on.
I'm tired, Charlie.
I'm tired.
Give me your arm.
Here's your cane.
Take me back
to the hotel, son.
Home at last.
You all right now?
Yeah.
- Do you want to use the bathroom?
- No.
- Can I get you something?
- No.
- You sure you're all right?
- I'm fine, Charlie.
Do you mind
if I use the phone?
Go ahead.
[ Dialing ]
- Hello?
- Hi, is George there, please?
Senior or Junior?
Junior.
- Who's this?
- A friend of his from school.
George isn't going to be talking
to any friends from school right now.
- Oh.
- Good-bye.
Colonel, are you
looking at me?
I'm blind, Charlie.
I'm gonna take a nap.
Too much fresh air.
It's probably
a good idea.
Want me to help you
to your room?
No.
Couch.
I like
this couch here.
You sure you're
all right, Colonel?
I got a headache.
[ Sigh ]
Why don't you go downstairs,
get me some Aspirin, Charlie?
- Some Aspirin.
- Yeah. Also...
I feel like
a cigar.
Get me a couple of
Monte Cristos, number one.
- Monte Cristos, number one.
- Yeah.
You won't be able to get 'em
at the newsstand downstairs.
So why don't you
go over to...
Fiftieth and Fifth,
Dunhill's.
Fella name of Arnold
in the humidor.
Tell him, um,
they're for me.
He'll know.
You're back
too fast.
You didn't get
my cigars, did you?
Get out of here,
Charlie.
I thought we had a deal.
I welched. I'm a welcher.
Didn't I tell you?
No, what you told me was that
you gave me all the bullets.
I lied.
- Yeah, well, you could have fooled me.
- And I did.
Charlie, how you ever gonna survive
in this world without me?
Why don't you just
give me the gun, all right?
Wh-- What are you doing?
I'm gonna
shoot you too.
Your life's finished anyway.
Your friend George's gonna
sing like a canary.
And so are you.
And once you've sung,
Charlie, my boy,
you're gonna take your place
on that long, gray line...
of American manhood.
And you will be through.
I'd like to disagree
with you, Colonel.
You're in no position
to disagree with me, boy.
I got a loaded .45 here.
You got pimples.
I'm gonna kill ya, Charlie,
because I can't bear the thought...
of you sellin' out!
Put the gun down,
all right, Colonel?
What? You givin' me
an ultimatum?
No, I'm --
I give the ultimatums!
I'm sorry.
All right?
I'm sorry.
It's all right...
Charlie.
You break my heart, son.
All my life
I stood up...
to everyone
and everything...
because it made me feel
important.
You do it
'cause you mean it.
You got integrity, Charlie.
I don't know whether
to shoot ya or adopt ya.
Not much of a choice, is it, sir?
Aw, don't get cute now.
- Colonel, please put the gun away?
- I asked you a question.
Do you want me to adopt ya, or don't ya?
Please? I mean...
- you're just in a slump right now.
- Slump?
No slump, Charlie.
I'm bad.
I'm not bad. No.
I'm rotten.
You're not bad.
Y-- You're just in pain.
What do you know
about pain?
Hmm? You little
snail darter...
from the Pacific Northwest.
What the fuck you know
about pain?
Let me have the gun, Colonel.
No time to grow a dick, son.
Just, just give me the gun, all right, Colonel?
I'm talkin'
a parade ground. Ten-hut!
Soldier, that was a direct order.
Give me the gun?
You can stay or you can leave.
You understand?
Either way, I'm gonna do this thing.
Now why don't you leave and spare yourself?
I want your gun, Colonel.
I'm gonna give myself a count.
You need a count for balance.
Five, four...
three...
two...
one. Fuck it.
Gimme! Fuck it!
- Get out of here!
  - I'm stayin' right here!
- Get outta here!
  - I'm stayin' right here.
- I'll blow your fuckin' head off!
- Then do it!
You want to do it?
Do it! Let's go.
  - [Click]
  - Fuck.
Get outta here!
You fucked up, all right?
So what?
So everybody does it.
Get on with your life, would ya?
What life?
I got no life!
I'm in the dark here!
You understand?
I'm in the dark!
So give up. You want
to give up, give up...
'cause I'm givin' up too.
You said I'm through.
You're right.
We're both through.
It's all over.
So let's get on with it.
Let's fuckin' do it.
Let's fuckin' pull the trigger,
you miserable blind motherfucker.
Pull the trigger.
Here we go, Charlie.
I'm ready.
You don't want to die.
And neither do you.
Give me one reason not to.
I'll give you two. you can
dance the tango and drive a Ferrari...
better than anyone
I've ever seen.
You never seen anyone
do either.
Give me the gun, Colonel.
Oh, where do I go
from here, Charlie?
If you're tangled up,
just tango on.
You askin' me
to dance, Charlie?
?Did you ever have the feelin'
that you wanted to go?
?And still had the feelin'
that you wanted to stay
You like my blues, Charlie?
Yeah, they're beautiful.
I wore these for
Lyndon's inauguration.
Of course, uh, we weren't
the number one ball.
But he dropped by anyway.
Will you please
give me the gun?
You're askin' an officer
to surrender his side arm.
You don't have to surrender it.
You just put it down for a little while.
All right?
Just put it down.
Boy, I could use
a drink, Charlie.
How about a cup of coffee?
[ Laughs ] Too big a leap for me
right now, Charlie.
Maybe tomorrow. Hah!
No, a Mr. John Daniels
would be preferred.
No water, Charlie.
No water.
Please.
Here's your drink,
Colonel.
[ Door Opening ]
Oh. I'm so sorry.
What time do you want me
to turn down the bed?
- Uh, maybe later, all right?
- What he means, senorita,
is come right in.
- Later, please?
- Yes, sir.
Good afternoon.
Nice voice.
Boy, you have
a one-track mind.
Mm-hmm. Is there anything else
in this world, Charlie?
- Not for you.
- You know what's kept me
goin' all these years?
The thought that one day --
Never mind.
The what?
Silly.
Just the thought
that maybe one day, I'd --
I could have a woman's arms
wrapped around me...
and her legs
wrapped around me.
And what?
That I could wake up in the morning
and she'd still be there.
Smell of her.
All funky and warm.
I finally gave up on it.
I don't know why
you can't have that.
[ Muttering ]
You know, when we get back
to New Hampshire,
I don't know why
you can't find someone.
I mean, you're
a good-lookin' guy,
and you're fun
to be with, and...
you're a great travel companion,
sensitive, compassionate.
Charlie,
are you
fuckin' with me?
- Yes.
- [ Phone Ringing ]
Yeah?
Hey, Manny.
My God. We -- We --
We missed our plane.
Your plane, Charlie.
My ticket was one-way.
- New England Thruway
all the way, Colonel?
- All the way, Rinaldo.
I'm gettin' that
heavy feelin' again, Charlie.
Uh...
"Uh"?
I think you were right
about George and his father.
- Uh, I'm sorry to hear that.
- When we get back,
Mr. Trask is bringin' us up in front
of the whole school.
Puttin' your feet
to the fire, huh?
Special meeting of
the Disciplinary Committee.
And what are you
gonna tell 'em?
I don't know.
I'll think of somethin'.
Oh, Charlie, why are you
all alone in this thing?
Hmm? Where's your father?
He left.
I thought it was a mom-and-pop store.
Who's the "pop"?
- It's my stepfather.
- Oh, yeah.
But why isn't he in on this?
Somethin'
wrong with him?
No, he's okay.
We just, uh--
- We don't get along very well.
- Why not?
- 'Cause he's an asshole.
- Ah. Ha-ha!
Well, that's all right, Charlie.
Every family's got one
nowadays.
- That's it?
- That's it.
- Take care of yourself, kid.
- All right, Manny. Thanks.
No, I'm not open.
I hate good-byes.
So, uh, you'll be
all right, huh?
I'll be fine.
All right.
- [ Bell Ringing ]
- What's that?
Uh, that's first bell.
Just got time
to get cleaned up.
Oh. I almost forgot.
I owe you some money.
Three hundred dollars,
hmm? Job well done.
You ever need any
references, Charlie,
- I'm your man.
- Thanks, Colonel.
- Uh, it's 16 Water Street.
Just over the bridge.
- We'll find it.
Good-bye, Charlie.
Good-bye, Colonel.
Come here, son.
Okay, Manny.
George. George!
I called an open meeting
of this institution this morning...
because the incident that
occurred this Tuesday last...
describes an issue
that concerns all of us.
Not an isolated case
of vandalism, what happened...
is a symptom
of the sickness of a society,
a sickness which runs
counter to the principles...
this school was founded on,
a school, among whose graduates two have
sat behind the desk in the Oval Office,
in the White House.
Baird men have run state departments
and investment houses,
founded department stores
and coached football teams.
Our alumni receive their bulletins
in ashrams in India...
and in palaces
in Jordan.
We are, in fact,
known around the world...
as the cradle
of this country's leadership.
- A beacon in the nation's --
- What are you doing here?
- Got room for me up there, Charlie?
- But today,
- We are bleeding from disrespect,
- Yeah, I guess so.
- Give us a hand.
- disrespect for our values...
and a disrespect
for our standards,
a disrespect for
the Baird tradition.
And, as the custodians
of that tradition,
we are here today
to protect each other...
from those
who threaten it.
Who is this, Mr. Simms?
- Uh --
- This is Mr. Frank Slade,
  Lieutenant Colonel,
  United States Army, retired.
I'm here in place
of Charlie's parents.
- Excuse me?
- In loco parentis.
They could not make
the trip from Oregon today.
And what is your relationship
to Mr. Simms?
Is this a courtroom?
- Closest thing we could manage to it.
- Then if we're taking oaths,
there's a few people
I'd like to swear in.
There are no oaths at Baird.
We are all on our honor.
Larry and Franny Simms...
are very dear,
close friends of mine.
They've asked me to appear here
on Charlie's behalf.
Okay?
Happy to have you
with us, Colonel.
Mr. Willis.
- Which Mr. Willis ?
- George, Junior, sir.
You were in a position
last Tuesday night...
to see who committed
this act of vandalism. Who was it ?
Well, uh, I have
an idea who it was.
No, no, not an idea, Mr. Willis.
Did you see or did you not see ?
Well...
I-l didn't have
my contacts in.
Come on.
I was in the library.
I'd taken my glasses off,
and I was gonna put
my contacts back in.
Um,
I --
Then I helped
Simms close up,
and the next thing I know,
we're outside,
and I hear this sound,
and I, um,
didn't have any time
to put my contacts in.
Whom, with your limited vision,
did you see ?
[ Whispering ]
Like I say,
it was blurry.
Uh,
I can't see
without my contacts.
What did you see,
Mr. Willis ?
What ?
- What, you mean definitively ?
- Stop fencing with me, Mr. Willis !
Tell me what you saw!
Now, don't hold me
to this, but...
no contacts, it's dark...
and everything, I mean --
- Mr. Willis!
- [Willis Sighing]
Maybe...
Harry Havemeyer,
Trent Potter
and Jimmy Jameson.
- Maybe?
- Ballpark, best guess.
[Trask] Could you provide us
with some detail?
I mean, why don't
you ask Charlie?
I really think
he was closer.
Mr. Simms.
[Clearing Throat]
Yes.
You don't wear
contact lenses, do you?
No, sir.
With your untrammeled sight,
whom did you see?
Well, I saw --
I saw something,
but l-l-l
I couldn't say who.
[Trask] All right.
What was the something you saw?
- I-l couldn't say.
- You couldn't say or you wouldn't say?
Well, I just --
I --
- I just couldn't say. I'm --
- Couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't.
You're exhausting
my patience...
and making a mockery
of these proceedings.
I will give you
one last chance.
The consequences of your response
will be dire.
By dire I mean your future
will be jeopardized permanently.
Now for the last time,
what did you see
last Tuesday night...
outside my office?
I saw somebody.
"I saw somebody." Good.
Did you see
their size and shape?
Yeah.
And they were
the size and shape of whom?
They were
the size and shape --
of most any
Baird student, sir.
I am left
with no real witness.
Mr. Willis's testimony is
not only vague, it is unsubstantiated.
The substance I was
looking for, Mr. Simms,
was to come from you.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry too, Mr. Simms,
because you know
what I'm going to do,
inasmuch as I can't punish
Mr. Havemeyer,
Mr. Potter or Mr. Jameson?
And I won't punish
Mr. Willis.
He's the only party
to this incident...
who is still worthy of
calling himself a Baird man.
I'm going to recommend to
the Disciplinary Committee...
that you be expelled.
Mr. Simms, you are
a cover-up artist...
and you are a liar.
But not a snitch!
Excuse me?
No, I don't
think I will.
- Mr. Slade.
- This is such a crock of shit!
[ Trask ] Please watch your
language, Mr. Slade.
You are in the Baird school,
not a barracks.
Mr. Simms, I will give you one
final opportunity to speak up.
Mr. Simms
doesn't want it.
He doesn't need
to be labeled...
"still worthy of
being a Baird man."
What the hell
is that?
What is your motto here?
"Boys, inform on your
classmates, save your hide;
anything short of that,
we're gonna burn you at the stake"?
Well, gentlemen,
when the shit hits the fan,
some guys run...
and some guys stay.
Here's Charlie facin' the fire,
and there's George...
hidin' in
big daddy's pocket.
And what are you doin'?
You're gonna
reward George...
and destroy Charlie.
- Are you finished, Mr. Slade?
- No, I'm just gettin' warmed up.
[ Slade ] I don't know who
went to this place.
William Howard Taft,
William Jennings Bryant,
William Tell, whoever.
Their spirit is dead,
if they ever had one.
It's gone.
You're buildin'
a rat ship here,
a vessel for
seagoin' snitches.
And if you think you're
preparin' these minnows for manhood,
you better think again,
because I say you are
killin' the very spirit...
this institution
proclaims it instills.
What a shame.
What kind of a show
are you guys puttin' on here today ?
I mean, the only class
in this act is sittin' next to me.
I'm here to tell you
this boy's soul is intact.
It's non-negotiable.
You know how I know ?
Someone here, and I'm not gonna say who,
offered to buy it.
- Only Charlie here wasn't sellin'.
- Sir, you're out of order.
I show you out of order.
You don't know what
out of order is, Mr. Trask.
I'd show you,
but I'm too old,
I'm too tired,
too fuckin' blind.
If I were the man I was
five years ago, I'd take...
a flamethrower
to this place !
Out of order ? Who the hell
you think you're talkin' to ?
I've been around,
you know ?
There was a time
I could see.
And I have seen.
Boys like these,
younger than these,
their arms torn out,
their legs ripped off.
But there is nothin'
like the sight...
of an amputated spirit.
There is
no prosthetic for that.
You think you're merely sendin'
this splendid foot soldier...
back home to Oregon with
his tail between his legs,
but I say you are...
executin' his soul !
And why ?
Because he's not
a Baird man.
Baird men.
You hurt this boy,
you're gonna be Baird bums,
the lot of you.
And, Harry, Jimmy,
Trent, wherever
you are out there,
- fuck you too !
- [ Gavel Pounding ]
Stand down, Mr. Slade !
I'm not finished.
As I came in here,
I heard those words:
"cradle of leadership."
Well, when
the bough breaks,
the cradle will fall,
and it has fallen here.
It has fallen.
Makers of men,
creators of leaders.
Be careful what kind of leaders
you're producin' here.
I don't know if Charlie's silence here today...
is right or wrong;
I'm not a judge or jury.
But I can tell you this:
he won't sell
anybody out...
to buy his future!
And that, my friends,
is called integrity.
That's called courage.
Now that's the stuff
leaders should be made of.
Now I have come to
the crossroads in my life.
I always knew
what the right path was.
Without exception, I knew,
but I never took it.
You know why?
It was too damn hard.
Now here's Charlie.
He's come to the crossroads.
He has chosen a path.
It's the right path.
It's a path
made of principle...
that leads to character.
Let him continue
on his journey.
You hold this boy's future
in your hands, Committee.
It's a valuable future,
believe me.
Don't destroy it.
Protect it.
Embrace it.
It's gonna make you proud
one day, I promise you.
How's that for cornball?
[ Applause Continues ]
Nothing can
shut them up, sir.
[ Applause Stops ]
The Disciplinary Committee will take this matter under advisement...
in closed session.

[ Indistinct ]
- What are they doin', Charlie?
- I think they're going to come to a decision now.

[ Indistinct Conversation ]
Very well.
Apparently, that meeting will be unnecessary.
Mrs. Hunsaker.
The joint student-faculty Disciplinary Committee... needs no further sessions.
They have come to a decision.
Misters Havemeyer, Potter and Jameson...
are placed on probation...
for suspicion of ungentlemanly conduct.
It is further recommended that Mr. George Willis, Jr.... receive neither recognition nor commendation...
for his cooperation.
Mr. Charles Simms is excused...
from any further response to this incident.
- Whoo-ah.
- [ Cheering And Applause ]
Charlie!
- Last step.
- I can always count on you, Charlie.

[ Woman ]
Colonel.
Colonel!
I'm Christine Downes,
Colonel Slade.
I teach
Political Science.
I wanted to tell you
how much I appreciate...
- your coming here
and speaking your mind.
- Thank you. Are you married?
Uh --
I, uh --
Went to a artillery school
at Fort Sill with a Mickey Downes.
Thought he might've
snagged you.
Uh, no, no,
I'm afraid not.
Uh, Colonel Slade was on, uh,
Lyndon Johnson's staff,
Miss Downes.
Were you? Fascinating.
We should get together,
talk politics sometime.
Fleurs de rocailles.
Yes.
"Flowers from a brook."
That's right.
Well, Miss Downes,
I, I'll know
where to find you.
Charlie.

- [ Charlie ] Bye, Miss Downes.
- Bye.
You don't have
to tell me, Charlie.
auburn hair,
beautiful
brown eyes.
Yabba dabba doo.
Hah!
Manny.
Aw, Colonel,
this is too much.
You earned it.
Next time Charlie and I...
want to take a breather to New York,
we're gonna call you.
You can drive us both ways.
You're on. Not only will it be an honor, I'll give you a rate.
I'll see your rate and raise you.
Stay outta harm's way, Manny.
- Take care, Colonel.
- You too.
- Ready?
- No, thanks, Charlie.
I'll take it from here.
You go on ahead.
Manny'll drive you back to your dorm.
Come by before you go home for Christmas.
We'll have a little cheer.
And if you like, stay for dinner.
Sometimes she cooks a pot roast.
It's almost edible.
All right, Colonel.
- That'd be really --
- Bye, Charlie.
Who's there?
- That you, Francine?
- Yes.
- What are you doing?
- Taking a ride.
Taking a ride?
What about you giving me a lift?
- No.
- No?
Aw, come on, Francine.
We should make up.
Don't you think it's time we made up?
- [ Francine ] No.
- [ Slade ] Francine?
- What?
- Your Uncle Frank's had himself...
a really hard
Thanksgiving weekend.
- [ Willie Muttering ]
- What's that ?
I hear a chipmunk.
Is it a walrus ?
No, it's Willie.
Willie, why don't you
help me with my bag ?
Come on, son.
Help me with my bag.
Come on. Come on.
You got it. Hold onto it.
You're strong.
Come on.
Here we are.
Francine, come on
with me and Willie.
I'll let you make me
some marshmallow chocolate.
- Whaddaya say ?
- Okay.