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The Man Who Came to Dinner

By Julius J. Epstein

To think that this great man
is coming to our house for dinner.
- Ernest, Ernest, aren't you thrilled?
- That depends. What are we having?
Ernest.
If he's gonna shave at our house,
he's not gonna use my razor.
Hush, Ernest. Somebody will hear you.
Hello, Lottie.
Mr. Whiteside's beard is what makes
him so distinguished.
It is, huh? Well, you just hide
my razor for three days...
...maybe I'll look distinguished enough
to get \$ 1500 a lecture too.
Haven't you a bit of culture?
Haven't you any respect for
this first man of American letters?
He may be the first man
of American letters...
...but I rate pretty high
in ball bearings.
- At least I'm a defense industry.
- Ernest...
...I'm so excited.
I simply will not sit down at dinner
with Midwestern barbarians.
I think too highly
of my digestive system.
But Harry Clarke is one
of your oldest friends.
My stomach is an older one.
Mrs. Stanley is president
of the Women's Club.
I wouldn't care if she was
the whole cabinet.
And it's important to Harry's
future lecture bookings.
You can't let him down.
Ernest, there he is. There he is.
That's probably Mrs. Stanley.
- I won't budge.
- Come on, babykins.
He looks just like his picture,

doesn't he?

Sherry, you have one great advantage
over everyone else in the world.

You've never had to meet
Sheridan Whiteside.

Oh, Mr. Whiteside, please, please,
may I have your autograph?

Stand back, please.

Don't come too close.

I have several contagious diseases.

Maggie, my dear, will you
run interference for me?

Would you please step back?

Mr. Whiteside's in a great rush.

Oh, dear, Mr. Whiteside.

I'm Mrs. Ernest Stanley,
and this is Mr. Stanley.

You are coming to dinner, aren't you?

Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Whiteside
is having his little joke.

- He'd be delighted to come to dinner.

- Oh, how nice of you.

I'm Miss Cutler,

Mr. Whiteside's secretary.

- And you will come too.

- Thank you.

Mr. Whiteside, this is simply wonderful.

Did you have a pleasant trip?

Charming. I killed a woman
in the next compartment.

She asked me to lunch.

Oh, have you ladies
seen Mr. Whiteside?

- In Mr. Stanley's car.

- Oh, thanks a lot.

- Be sure that goes to the Mansion House.

- Yes, sir.

I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Whiteside.

Jefferson of the Mesalia Journal.

Mind if I ask a few questions?

- Mind if I ask you one?

- Of course not.

Have you got a dollar?

Why, sure.

- Thank you. Hope it's not counterfeit.

- Thank you, sir.

Drive on.

Well, here we are.

Mesalia isn't a big town, Mr. Whiteside,
but it's simply filled with culture.

The nights you lecture,
everyone stays home.

Except if Errol Flynn is playing.

Mesalia has many points of interest.

Crystal Cave, a short drive from here.

- And the petrified animals.

- Are they coming to dinner too?

Phillip, help me. Get down here.

Oh, Maggie. Maggie!

Oh, Maggie. Get me out of here!

Oh, what a... Oh, what a...

Sheridan Whiteside fell on his...

Give me 500 words on that, will you?

Yes, ma'am.

Yes, Miss Barrymore.

I'll see that he gets your message.

But it is hoped that Mr. Whiteside...

...will be able to resume his broadcast
on Christmas Eve.

Now, a word to those

who have athlete's foot.

I think the doctor said
in about a week.

Yes, he's still confined to his room.

- Package for Mr. Whiteside.

- Telegrams for Sheridan Whiteside.

- Flowers for Mr. Whiteside.

- Wheelchair for Mr. Whiteside.

"The idol of the airways rests
until further notice...

...at the home of surprised

Mr. And Mrs. Stanley...

...of Mesalia, Ohio. Possibility,
Christmas may be postponed this year."

How is he? Is he coming out?

- I'll go, Mother.

- All right, Richard.

What's the matter? What is it, John?

- They want pillows.
- They want pillows?
- Anything I can do, Miss Preen?
- No, thank you.
Take your fishhooks off me!
Two more packages
and more telegrams.
Dad's going crazy upstairs
with that bell ringing.
Oh, dear. Will you answer it, darling?
What did you say, Richard?
One's from San Francisco,
one's from New York.
There was something from Alaska
this morning. A baby seal, I think.
You move like
a broken-down truck horse!
I'll get them right away.
He wants some
Metropolitan Club cigarettes.
Metropolitan Club?
They have them at Kitchner's.
I'll get some.
- Here are the pillows.
- Thank you.
Tell me, is he...?
Are they bringing him out soon?
We're getting him out of bed now.
He'll be out soon.
Oh, I'm so glad.
Doesn't that bird brain of yours
ever function?
He must be very happy.
Two o'clock? Yes, I'm sure
he can talk then. All right.
Mother, who do you suppose that was?
Winston Churchill from London.
- Winston Churchill, on our telephone.
- I'll be upstairs if you want me, Mother.
Oh, yes. Tell your father
he better come down.
- Mr. Whiteside's coming out.
- Yes. You'll call, won't you?
- Of course.

- Mr. Whiteside is coming out.
- Daisy, I can't wait.
- Ernest, he's coming any minute.

Winston Churchill

was on the telephone.

We're in the national
news magazines. Look.

"The idol of the airways rests
in the home...

...of surprised Mr. And Mrs. Stanley
of Mesalia, Ohio.

Christmas may be postponed
this year. " What does that mean?

I'm sure it's a great honor,
but I don't like this publicity.

It's upsetting. Phones ringing
all the time. Bells ringing.

- Messenger boys running in and out.
- Trapped like a rat!

I beg your pardon, Mrs. Stanley.

Have the cigarettes come?

They're on their way.

My son went for them.

Mind if I move this chair?

- You mean he's coming out now?
- He is indeed.

June. June, Mr. Whiteside's
coming out.

Sarah? Bring me a glass of the calf's
foot jelly I made for Mr. Whiteside.

Oh, I'm so excited,

I don't know what to do.

- Oh, me too.
- Thank you, Sarah. Thank you.
- Good morning, Dr. Bradley.
- Good morning.

Well, here we are, merry and bright.

Bring in our little patient, Miss Preen.

Good morning, Mr. Whiteside.

I'm Mrs. Ernest Stanley.

- Remember? And this is my husband.
- How do you do? I hope you're better.

Thank you. I am suing you
for \$ 150,000.

How's that? What?
I said that I am suing you
for \$ 150,000.
You mean because you fell
on our steps, Mr. Whiteside?
Thomas E. Dewey
will explain it to you in court.
Why are you standing there
like the kiss of death?
Oh, my calf's foot jelly.
Made from your own foot,
I have no doubt.
Mrs. Stanley, there are a few matters
to take up with you.
Since this corner druggist
at my elbow...
...tells me that I shall be confined
to this moldy mortuary...
...for at least another 10 days...
...due entirely to your stupidity
and negligence...
...I shall have to carry on
my activities as best I can.
I shall require the exclusive use
of this room...
...as well as that sewer
you call the library.
I want no one to come in
while I'm in this room.
What do you mean, sir?
But we have to go up those stairs
to get to our rooms, Mr. Whiteside.
- Isn't there a back entrance?
- Why, yes.
Well, then use that.
I shall also require a room
for my secretary.
There'll be a great many
incoming and outgoing calls...
...so please do not use the telephone.
I sleep until noon
and must have quiet until that hour.
There'll be five for lunch today.
Where's the cook?

- Mr. Whiteside, if I may interrupt...

- You may not, sir.

Will you take your clammy hand
off my chair?

You have the touch

of a love-starved cobra.

And now, will you all leave quietly,
or must I ask Miss Cutler...

...to pass among you
with a baseball bat?

- Now, look here...

- There is nothing to discuss, sir.

Considering the damage I suffered,
I'm asking very little. Good day.

- I'll call you from the office later, Daisy.

- Not on this phone, please.

- Here is the menu for lunch.

- But I... I've ordered lunch.

It'll be sent up to you on a tray.

I'm using the dining room for my guests.

Where are those cigarettes?

Why, my... My son went to get them.

I don't know why... Here, Sarah,
here's the menu for lunch.

- I'll have mine on a tray upstairs.

- Yes, ma'am.

Young lady, I cannot stand indecision.

Will you either go up those stairs
or come down them?

Good morning. I'm sorry I'm so late.

I had to go to three different stores.

How did you travel, by oxcart?

Richard.

Is there any man
who suffers as I do...

...from the gross inadequacies
of the human race?

Where are you going?

Keep those canal boats
away from me.

Go read *The Life*
of Florence Nightingale...

...and learn how unfitted you are
for your chosen profession.

Well, I think I can safely leave you
in Miss Cutler's capable hands.
- Shall I look in again this afternoon?
- If you do, I shall spit right in your eye.
What a sense of humor
you writers have.
Oh, by the way, it's really
not worth mentioning...
...but I've been doing a little writing
myself about my medical experiences.
Am I to be spared nothing?
Would it be too much to ask you
to glance over it while you're here?
- Trapped.
- Why...
Well, I just happen to have
a copy of it with me.
Forty Years an Ohio Doctor.
The story of a humble practitioner.
I shall drop everything.
I'm much obliged. I hope you like it.
Well, I'll see you on the morrow.
Keep that hip quiet
and don't forget those little pills.
Maggie, will you take
Forty Years an Ohio Butcher...
...or whatever it's called?
I must say, you have certainly behaved
with your accustomed grace and charm.
I'm in no mood to discuss my behavior,
good or bad.
I didn't wish to cross
this cheerless threshold.
I was hounded and badgered into it.
Now I find myself,
after two weeks of wracking pain...
...accused of behaving without charm.
What would you have me do,
kiss them?
Very well, Sherry.
After 10 years, I should know better
than to try and improve your manners.
When I finally leave this job,
I may write a book about it.

Through the Years
with Prince Charming.
Listen, repulsive, if we may
dismiss the subject of my charm...
...for which, incidentally, I receive
\$ 1500 per appearance...
...possibly we can get to work.
Oh, no, we can't.
My name is Harriet Stanley.
I know you are Sheridan Whiteside.
I saw this holly framed green
against the pine trees.
I remembered what you'd written
about Tess and Jude the Obscure.
It was the nicest present
I could bring you.
- And what, may I ask, was that?
- That was Mr. Stanley's sister, Harriet.
I talked to her a few times.
She's strange.
Strange? She's right out of
The Hound of the Baskervilles.
- I've seen that face before somewhere.
- Nonsense. You couldn't have.
Oh, well. Let's get to work. Here.
Press this in the doctor's book. Did you
put through the call to Mrs. Roosevelt?
I called her in Portland,
but she'd already left for San Diego.
Try her tomorrow in Phoenix.
Now, let me see.
Send a wire to the editor
of The Atlantic Monthly:
"Do not worry, Stinky.
Copy will arrive on time. Whiteside."
Send a cable to
the Duchess of Windsor:
"Dear Wally, can you and David meet
me in Miami, February 20th?"

Dinner, 8:

I see no reason why I should endorse
Snug-Fit brassiere.
- What date's this?

- December 10th.
Send a wire to
American Broadcasting:
"Schedule my Christmas Eve broadcast
from your New York studio...
...as I shall return East instead
of proceeding to Hollywood. Stop.
For New Year's Eve broadcast,
we'll have as guests...
...Jascha Heifetz, Helen Hayes,
Schiaparelli, the Lunts, Dr. Alexis Carrel.
With Haile Selassie on shortwave
from Addis Ababa. Whiteside."
Well, what do you want now,
Miss Stomach Pump?
It's your pills. One every 45 minutes.
Thermometer puss.
If that's for Mrs. Stanley,
tell them she's too drunk to talk.
Hello? Yes.
What? Palm Beach?
Oh, just a moment.
It's your dear friend,
Miss Lorraine Sheldon.
Oh, give it to me.
Hello.
Is this my blossom girl?
Sherry, you poor, sweet darling.
Are you all right?
I haven't been able to think
of anything else...
...since this awful thing happened.
You poor lamb.
- You fool!
- Sorry, madame.
No, no. That was Cosette.
Darling, how you must have suffered.
I know. I know.
Me? Oh, I'm wretched.
I can't find a play, Sherry, dear.
I just don't think I'll ever act again.
Tell me, blossom, what made you take
your white body to Palm Beach?
- Who's holding you captive?

- Oh, Lord Bottomley's in from London.
Some mission or other.
Now, look, darling.
Take care of that sweet little hip,
will you?
And here's a big kiss
from your blossom girl.
Sorry, madame.
- Goodbye, darling.
- Goodbye, my lotus blossom.
"My lotus blossom."
Little Miss Stinkweed.
Pure jealousy if I ever saw it.
Give me those wires.
Lorraine Sheldon, Lord Bottomley,
my Aunt Fanny.
If these people intend their friends
to use the front door...
What should they use,
a rope ladder?
I will not have itinerant firemen
rushing in and out of this house.
- Good morning, Mr. Jefferson.
- Morning, John. Mr. Whiteside in?
- Yes, sir.
- There's nobody home.
The Stanleys have been arrested
for peddling dope. Go away.
Good morning. I'm Jefferson
of the Mesalia Journal.
- Remember? I met you at the station.
- Get rid of him, Maggie.
I'm sorry, Mr. Jefferson.
Mr. Whiteside is seeing no one.
- Really?
- So will you excuse us?
Mr. Whiteside seems to be sitting up
and taking notice.
I'm afraid he's not taking notice
of the Mesalia Journal.
If I'm gonna be insulted,
I'd like it to be by Mr. Whiteside.
- I never did like carbon copies.
- Oh, touch, if I ever heard one.

- And in Mesalia too, Maggie, dear.
- Will you please leave?
- How about an interview, Mr. Whiteside?
- I never give them. Go away.
If I don't get this interview,
I lose my job.
- That would be all right with me.
- You don't mean that, Mr. Whiteside.
You used to be a newspaper man.
You know what editors are like.
- Mine's the toughest one ever.
- You won't get around me that way.
- If you don't like him, get off the paper.
- But I think it's good.
William Allen White could've
left Emporia, but he didn't.
You have the effrontery to compare
yourself with William Allen White?
Only in the sense that White
stayed in Emporia.
I'd like to stay and say what I want.
- Such as what?
- I can't put it into words, Mr. Whiteside.
It would sound like
an awful lot of hooey.
The Journal was my father's paper.
It's kind of a sentimental point with me.
I'd like to carry on where he left off.
- So you own this paper.
- That's right.
This terrifying editor, this dread
journalistic Armageddon, is you?
- In a word, yes.
- I see.
Sherry, the next time
you do not want to see anybody...
...just let me know,
and I'll usher them right in.
Young man, come over here.
I suppose you have written
that great American novel?
No, I've written
that great American play.
Well, I don't wanna read it.

Do these old eyes of mine
see a box of goodies over there?
Hand them to me, will you?
The trouble is
that your being in this town...
...comes under the heading of news,
so I just gotta get a story.
Pecan butternut fudge.
Oh, my. You mustn't eat candy,
Mr. Whiteside. It's very bad for you.
My Great-Aunt Jennifer ate a whole box
of candy every day of her life.
She lived to be 102,
and when she'd been dead three days...
...she looked better than you do now.
Now you've won me with your
pretty way, have a piece of candy.
- Thanks.
- I'll grant you a one-minute interview.
What do you wanna know?
How do you think Ohio women
stack up against...?
Well, I've never gone in for stacking up
women, so I really can't say.
What do you think of Mesalia? How long
you gonna be here? Where you going?
Oh, very well. A, Mesalia
is a town of irresistible charm.
B, I cannot wait to get out of it.
C, I'm going from here to Crockfield...
...for my semiannual visit to
the Home for Paroled Convicts...
...for which I have raised
half a million dollars the past five years.
Filched from the pockets of an
all-too-gullible and long-suffering public.
- Will you sign here?
- This aging debutante, Mr. Jefferson...
...I retain in my employ only because
she is the sole support...
...of her two-headed brother.
Thank you.
- Do you play gin rummy?
- I sure do.

Fine. How much can you lose?

- I generally win.

- We won't discuss that.

Come back at 8:

three-handed with Elsie Dinsmore.

By the way, you owe me a dollar.

- What for?

- At the station, the dollar you borrowed.

You pay a healthier income tax
than I do. Give.

Maggie, make out a check
for this miserable moneychanger.

Make the check out to Bertram H.

- That must be my luncheon guests.

- I beg your pardon?

Just a few murderers from the Crockfield
Home at the state penitentiary.

The fact that Mr. Whiteside
happens to be...

...the nation's foremost authority
on murders and murder trials...

...forms a bond between them.

By the way, Jefferson,
how about staying for lunch?

Oh, glad to.

That will cost you a dollar.

There will be one more,
please, Maggie.

- Mr. Whiteside at home?

- Yeah.

We're here for lunch.

Come right in, gentlemen.

- You're Mr. Whiteside?

- That's right.

- Line up there, boys.

- Good morning.

- Hi.

- Jefferson...

...these lads formed a Sheridan
Whiteside club at the penitentiary.

They listen to every one
of my broadcasts.

I arranged with the warden

to have them come for luncheon.

You're Michaelson, aren't you?

Did the drainpipe murders?

- Yes, sir.

- Thought I recognized you.

The one on this end, Jefferson,
is Haggerty, the hatchet fiend.

Always chopped them up
in a salad bowl, remember?

- How do you do?

- Hi.

- Lunch is ready.

- Good, we'll go right in.

- Can I help you?

- Yes, thank you.

- After you.

- All right, boys.

We're having chicken livers tetrazzini
and cherries jubilee for dessert.

- What? No salad bowl, Mr. Whiteside?

- No, Haggerty.

I do not wish to place temptation
in your path.

I hope every little tummy is aflutter
with gastric juices.

Close the doors, John.

We don't want a lot of people...

...prying on their betters.

- Yes, sir.

Hello, Mr. Stanley. Would you sign?

- What is it?

- We're not quite sure.

It's for Mr. Whiteside
from a William Beebe.

William Beebe?

Why, he's the great naturalist.

- Good heavens. It's an octopus!

- That's it.

I knew there was a "pus"
in the name somewheres.

When you return to
the University of Canton...

...I want you to take a message for me
to Professor Chung-Wong Lu.

- We went to Hamilton together.
- Mr. Whiteside!
Sit down, gentlemen.
This isn't anybody.
- There's an octopus at the door.
- Good. Bring him in.
Now I'll have somebody intelligent
to talk to in the evenings.
Mr. Whiteside, I warn you, I will not
have that monster in my house.
Well, there's always a motel for you
if you're finicky.
Right in here.
- A little playmate for you, Mr. Whiteside.
- Good. Put it right down here.
My, what a charming little creature.
- Mr. Stanley, what's your first name?
- Ernest. Why?
Boys, take Ernest down to the basement,
will you please?
What? Mr. Whiteside, there is a limit.
- I warn you, I'm a patient man, but...
- Dinner is served, Mr. Whiteside.
Daisy, where is that
bicarbonate of soda?
Daisy, this is the end.
I've stood all I'm going to stand.
- Where's that telephone bill?
- Now, Ernest, please listen to me.
John, tell Sarah the lobster Newburg
is absolutely superb.
- Yes, Mr. Whiteside. Thank you.
- Mr. Whiteside, I wanna talk to you.
- I've stood all I'm going to stand.
- Ignore the interruption.
The past 10 days, we haven't
called our souls our own.
We haven't had a meal
in this room once.
I came home last week and found
convicts sitting at my dinner table.
- Drainpipe murderers. And now...
- Now, Ernest...
Please. I go into my bathroom

and bump into two more.

I won't stand for it,
no matter who you are.

- Have you quite finished?

- No, sir, I have not.

This bill from the telephone company
for \$ 784.

Oklahoma City, Rome, Calcutta,
Hollywood, Buenos Aries...

...New York, New York, New York.

- But, Ernest...

- Leave me alone.

Mr. Whiteside, I want you to leave
this house as soon as you can...

...and go to a hotel.

Stop pawing me, Daisy!

That's all I have to say to you,
Mr. Whiteside.

And quite enough, I should say.

If you insist upon my leaving,
thereby causing me to suffer a relapse...

...I shall sue you for every
additional day I am held inactive...

...which will amount, I assure you,
to a tidy sum.

- This is outrageous.

- As for your petty complaints...

...these gentlemen came
from the White House...

...where, I assure you,
they used the bathroom too.

- Ernest didn't...

- I did too. I meant every word.

There's only one point
in which I see slight justice.

I do not expect you to pay for my calls,
and I shall see that restitution is made.

- Can you provide the exact amount?

- I certainly can and I certainly will.

Good. I shall instruct my lawyers
to deduct it from the \$ 150,000...

...that I am suing you for.

Let me ask you, gentlemen,
is it true that in China...

...you drown middle-aged businessmen
at birth?

Oh, I'm sorry, Maggie.

I understand now why Sonja Heine
makes so much money.

You can't learn to skate
without taking a spill or two.

- You've got pretty good balance.

- I should have.

I cut a mean figure eight
at the Stork Club.

You wanna sit down? Hiya, Jack.

And I didn't even say yes.

I'm sorry, Maggie.

Come on, let's go sit by the fire.

Don't you ever wave again
unless you see the Statue of Liberty.

Okay.

Hi, Paul. What do you say?

What do you say, Jack?

- Hello, Mary.

- Hi.

- How's the ice?

- Hard.

How is it, Sam? Gertie?

You know more people
than a headwaiter.

Well, I admit, I'm popular. Here I am,
the most attractive man in town.

- Are you?

- Sure.

We ran a contest in the paper
last week, and I won.

Of course, I own the paper,
but that's just a coincidence.

- How about a hot sweet potato?

- A what?

Oh, sweet potato. That's what they
serve at 21 with pineapple glac.

- Hey, Freddie.

- Yes, Mr. Jefferson?

- Two sweets.

- Best in the West.

Hot.

- Thank you.
- Thank you, Mr. Jefferson.
- How's your back?
- Broken, thank you.

Maggie, I was wondering, I don't know if I'm making a hit with you or not.

You're doing all right.

- Are you having fun, Maggie?
- I'm loving it.

Good.

- You got a girl, Bert?
- Oh, not particularly. Why?

I was just wondering. You know, most attractive man in town.

Funny thing is, you are sort of attractive in a corn-fed sort of way.

I can imagine some poor girl falling for you if...

Well, if you threw in a set of dishes.

Well, I've got the dishes.

"Her footsteps quicken.

Calmly and quietly,

she goes through the doorway...

...and the door closes behind her.

There's a moment's silence, and the curtain falls."

Well, Maggie, there it is.

It's wonderful. I think it's a fine play.

Honestly, Maggie?

You telling me the truth?

It's better than that.

I think it's great.

May I take it with me?

I wanna read it again myself.

Sure. You like it as much as that, huh?

Bert Jefferson, you're quite a guy.

Say.

I'll write another one right away.

There, you see how good it is?

I've forgotten the time.

I must go.

Miss Preen?

Miss Preen!

What have you got

in there, a sailor?

I was just fixing your medicine,
Mr. Whiteside.

- Has Miss Cutler come in?

- I don't know, Mr. Whiteside.

- At least I haven't seen her.

- Are you sure?

I'm not sure of anything
anymore, Mr. Whiteside.

- Here's your medicine.

- All right, all right. Go back to the Navy.

Come here, you two.

Come on, come on.

I'm not going to bite you.

Now, look here. I am, by nature,
a gracious and charming person.

I'm afraid when we first met, I was
unpleasant to you. For that, I am sorry.

I wish in the future you won't treat me
like something out of Edgar Allan Poe.

- How do you like my tie?

- Oh, thank you.

This makes things so much pleasanter.

Your tie is pretty.

Now that we're speaking, I don't mind
saying I've been admiring all your ties.

- You like this one?

- I certainly do.

- It's yours.

- Well, thanks.

Really, this curious legend
that I am difficult is pure fabrication.

Ice-skating, eh? Ah, me.

I used to cut figure eights,
arm in arm with Betsy Ross...

...waving the flag behind us.

- It was wonderful on the ice tonight.

Miss Cutler and Mr. Jefferson
were there.

- Maggie? Skating?

- I got a marvelous picture of her.

They seemed to be having
a wonderful time.

Did they indeed?

Would you mind if I took
a picture? I'd love one.
Very well. Do you want my profile?
Afraid you're done for, Mr. Whiteside.
My brother's a camera fiend.
Thanks, Mr. Whiteside.
I got a great one.
- Good night.
- Good night.
Good night.
Dear Mr. Whiteside.
How wonderful to find you alone.
I've been wanting to show you
a few mementos of the past.
I somehow feel that you
will love them as I do.
Why, I'd be delighted.
Miss Stanley, haven't we met
somewhere before?
No. I would have remembered.
It would have been one
of my cherished memories...
...like these.
Look, there I am with my first
sweetheart under our beechwood tree.
I was 8, and he was 10.
I have never forgotten him.
What happy times we had.
What precious hours.
Good night, dear Mr. Whiteside.
Good night.
Happy, happy dreams.
Good evening.
Really, Sherry, you've got this room
looking like an old parrot cage.
Did you have a nap while I was out?
What's the matter, dear?
Cat got your tongue?
Don't look at me with those
great cow eyes, you simpering Sappho.
Where have you been all night,
playing house with Bert Jefferson?
I had the most wonderful evening.
I've been ice-skating for the first time.

I'm the first person to do a figure eight
from a sitting position.

We are not amused.

Bert read me his play. It's superb.

It's not just a play by a newspaperman.

It's really superb,
cries out for Cornell.

Will you send it to her?

Will you read it?

No, I will not read it tonight
or any other time.

You might tell Mr. Jefferson
that I'm suing him for your salary...

...since he takes up all your time.

- Sherry, it's not as bad as all that.

- I haven't been able to reach you...

...not knowing what ice-cream parlors
you frequent.

You're acting

like a very spoiled child, Sherry.

Don't take that patronizing tone
with me, you flea-bitten Cleopatra.

I'm sick and tired of your sneaking out
every time my back is turned.

I'm afraid you've hit the nail
on the head.

Stop acting like Zasu Pitts
and explain yourself.

Well, I'll be quick about it.

- I'm in love.

- Nonsense.

This is merely delayed adolescence.

No, Sherry, you're just about to lose
a very excellent secretary.

- You're out of your mind.

- Yes, I think I am a little.

I'm a girl who's waited a long time
for this to happen to her. Now it has.

Mr. Jefferson doesn't know it yet...

...but I'm going to try
my darnedest to marry him.

- Is that all?

- Well, yes, except that...

...this is my resignation as soon

as you can find someone else.
Listen to me.
We've been together a long time.
You are indispensable,
but I'm unselfish enough...
...not to let that stand in the way
of your happiness.
- Because I have a deep affection for you.
- I know that, Sherry.
So I will not stand by
and see you make a fool of yourself.
- But I'm not.
- You are, my dear.
You're behaving like Tillie the Toiler.
Oh, it's incredible.
I don't know how it's happened, Sherry.
I can only tell you that it has.
It's hard for me to believe myself.
Here I am, a hard-bitten old cynic...
...behaving like Winnie the Pooh
and liking it.
Discovering the moonlight
and ice-skating and...
We're leaving here tomorrow. Hip
or no hip, we are leaving here tomorrow.
I don't care if I fracture the other one.
You get me a train schedule and pack.
I'll pull you out of this, Miss Stardust.
I'll get the ants out...
It's no good, Sherry. It's no good.
I'd be back on the first streamline train.
It's completely unbelievable.
Can you see yourself...
...the wife of the editor
of the Mesalia Journal?
Having an evening at home
for Mr. And Mrs. Stanley...
...Mr. And Mrs. Dribblepuss...
...and the members of the
Big Sisters Benevolent Association?
Sherry, I've had 10 years of
the great figures of our time.
And don't think I'm not grateful.
I've loved every minute of it.

They've been wonderful years,
gay and stimulating.
I don't think anybody's had more fun
than we've had.
But a girl can't laugh
all the time, Sherry.
There comes a time
when she wants...
...Bert Jefferson.
You don't know Bert, Sherry. He's
gentle and he's unassuming and he's...
- Well, I love him. That's all.
- I see.
I remain completely unconvinced.
You're drugging yourself
into this Ginger Rogers fantasy.
Before you become
completely anesthetized...
...I shall do everything in my power
to bring you to your senses.
Now you listen to me, Whiteside.
You lay off. I know you.
I know what a devil you can be.
I know what you've done to other
people, but you won't do it to me.
And don't drug yourself with the idea
that you're thinking of my happiness.
You're thinking of all those months
of breaking in somebody new.
I've seen you in a passion before
when your life has been disrupted...
...and you couldn't dine on July 12th in
Calcutta with the maharajah this or that.
Well, that's too bad, Sherry.
But there it is.
I'm going to marry Bert...
...if he'll have me.
Don't you pull any of your tricks on me,
because I'm onto every one of them.
That's my message to you...
...big Lord Fauntleroy.
Long distance, please.
Hello, long distance?
This is Mesalia 142.

I want to speak to
Palm Beach, Florida.

Miss Lorraine Sheldon.

S-H-E-L-D-O-N.

She's at the home
of Lord Cedric Bottomley, Palm Beach.

Well, will it take long?

All right, my name is Whiteside.

Thank you.

- Good evening, John.

- Good evening, doctor.

- Well, good evening, Mr. Whiteside.

- Come back tomorrow. I'm very busy.

Yeah, I know it's rather late. But I've
got something wonderful to tell you.

Now, what would be the very best news
that I could possibly bring you?

You have hydrophobia.

Yes. No, no, Mr. Whiteside.

You're a well man.

You can get up and walk.

- You can leave here tomorrow.

- What do you mean?

Well, sir, I looked
at the x-rays again tonight.

And what do you know,

I've been looking at the wrong x-rays.

I've been looking at old Mrs. Moffat's
x-rays. You're absolutely perfectly well.

- Lower your voice, please.

- What's the matter?

- Aren't you pleased?

- Well, delighted, of course. Naturally.

But it's a rather unexpected bit
of news, however.

It comes at a very curious moment. I...

Doctor, I have some good news
for you too. I've been reading your book.

- Forty Years... What's it called?

- An Ohio Doctor.

I consider it to be one of the greatest
literary contributions of our time.

- Mr. Whiteside.

- So strongly do I feel about this...

...that I have a proposition to make you.

The book's a little uneven.

What I should like to do is to stay here in Mesalia and work with you on it.

Oh, Mr. Whiteside,

I should be so terribly honored.

Yes, but there's just one slight difficulty.

If my lecture bureau and my radio sponsors were to learn I am well...

...they'd insist upon my fulfilling my contracts. I would be forced to leave.

Therefore, we must not tell anyone at all that I am well.

- I see. I see.

- Not even Miss Cutler. You understand?

- I won't. Not a soul, not even my wife.

- That's fine.

Mr. Whiteside, when shall we start work on my book? Tonight, late as it is?

I've just got one patient that's dying.

Then I'll be perfectly free.

Tomorrow morning. This is a private call, if you'll excuse me.

Yes? Hello. Yes, I'm on.

- Good night, doctor. Good night.

- Good night.

I'll be here early in the morning.

Hello? Is this my blossom girl?

Sherry, my sweet.

How are you, darling?

Lorraine, my blossom, I have the most wonderful news for you.

I've been reading the most brilliant play with an enchanting part in it for you.

- Why, you're on-stage every minute.

- Darling.

What?

Darling, why do I have to come there?

Can't you send it to me?

Lord Cedric's bringing the yacht down tomorrow.

Now, wait, wait, let me explain.

The author is a young newspaperman

here in town.
His name is Bert Jefferson.
He wants Katherine Cornell. But if you
jump on a train and get out here...
...I think you could swing it
if you play your cards right.
What? No!
He's young, very attractive.
Why, he's just your dish, my dear.
It just takes a little doing,
and you're the girl that can do it.
Isn't that exciting, my pet?
Oh, yes. I understand.
Sherry, you're the dear sweet
of the world...
...and I'll take the first train
tomorrow morning.
Good-looking too, huh?
I can hardly wait.
And, look, don't send me any messages.
Just get on a train and arrive.
That's my blossom girl.
Goodbye.
- I forgot your sleeping tablet.
- Hello, Miss Preen!
My, you're looking radiant this evening.
Sit down, stay a while.
Sherry, I'm sorry for what I said
just now. I'm afraid I was unjust.
That's quite all right, my dear.
We all lose our tempers now and then.
Don't worry about it.
Get a good night's sleep.
People misjudge you, Sherry.
You're really very sweet.
- Good night.
- Good night. Sweet dreams.
Thank you. Good night, Sherry.
Well, I guess that's all there are,
Miss Cutler.
Thank you, John.
My, I never saw
anyone get so many presents.
- I can hardly wait to see what's in them.

- When will Mr. Whiteside open them?
Well, you see, John, Christmas
is Mr. Whiteside's personal property.
He invented it. It belongs to him.
Tomorrow morning, very first thing,
Mr. Whiteside will open every present...
...and he'll raise the biggest stink
you've ever seen in your life.
From Winston Churchill.
Deanna Durbin.
Gypsy Rose Lee.
Somerset Maugham.
My, I can hardly wait
till tomorrow.
Isn't it wonderful?
Mr. Whiteside's tree is so beautiful too.
Mr. And Mrs. Stanley can hardly undress
at night with their tree in their bedroom.
- Good evening, John.
- Good evening, Mr. Jefferson.
Hiya, Maggie.
Merry Christmas, Sarah.
Merry Christmas, Mr. Jefferson.
Say, business is good, isn't it?
My, what a little quiet blackmail...
...and a weekly radio show can get you.
What did his sponsors give him?
A full year's supply of their product,
Cream of Mush.
Cream of Mush. Well, he'll give it
right back to them over the air.
Wait till you hear tonight's broadcast,
old fellow.
It's so gooey, I haven't been able
to get it off my fingers.
I'll bet.
Look, I'll come clean. Under
the influence of heaven knows what...
...I've just bought you
a Christmas present.
- Why, Mr. Jefferson, sir.
- I'd like you to see it...
...before I throw away my money.
Can you run downtown with me?

Bert, that's very sweet of you.

I'm quite touched.

- What is it? I can't wait.

- You think I'm gonna tell?

- Come on down and see.

- All right.

Sherry?

Sherry? I'm going out for a few minutes with Horace Greeley.

I won't be long.

NoI, NoI, Mr. W. How about a little gin rummy tonight after your broadcast?

No, I will not play gin rummy with you, Klondike Harry.

You've been swindling the pants off me.

By the way, what are you giving me for Christmas?

I've enriched your feeble life beyond your capacity to repay me.

That's what I figured, so I'm not giving you anything.

I see. Well, I was gonna give you my old truss, but now I shan't.

Sherry? The radio men will be here

at 6:

Where are you off to anyway, Madame Butterfly?

I'm being given a Christmas present.

Anything I can bring from downtown?

Yes. Bring baby a lollipop.

I want to know what you bought me.

I'm like a 10-year-old kid.

You know, you look like a 10-year-old kid right now, Maggie, at that.

Operator, give me the Mansion House.

No, I don't know the number!

Hello. Mansion House, tell me, has a Miss Lorraine Sheldon arrived yet?

Yes, that's right. Miss Lorraine Sheldon from Palm Beach.

She hasn't, eh?

What do you want, coming in like that?

Knock when you come into a room.

But I wasn't coming in.

I was coming out.

Miss Preen, you are obviously
in this room. That's true.

- Yes, it is.

- Therefore you came in.

Hereafter, please knock.

There's some expressmen with a crate.

I told them to go to the front.

Thank you, John.

Well, don't stand there, Miss Preen.

You look like a frozen custard.

Go away!

- What is it this time, Joe?

- Penguins, Mr. Stanley.

- All the way from the South Pole.

- Penguins?

Four of them.

Two girls and two boys, I think.

Four. Well, he can't name them
all after me.

Here's where you come in, Daisy.

Right in here, boys.

Careful, now, don't bump into anything.

- Who's it from, Joe?

- Admiral Byrd. They're penguins.

Directions how to feed them on top.

The slats are loose.

"To be fed only whale blubber,
eels and cracked lobster."

They got root beer this morning
and liked it.

Hello, hello. You know, they make
the most entrancing companions, John.

Admiral Byrd has one
that goes on his tours with him.

I want these in the library.

Take them right in, will you, please?

Tell Sarah to order

a couple dozen lobsters.

Is there any whale blubber
in this town?

- Good evening.

- Yes, there is.

- Merry Christmas, Mr. Whiteside.

- Merry Christmas.

You don't happen to know
if eels are in season, do you?

- How's that?

- Never mind. I was a fool to ask you.

I opened those slats a little.

They seemed so crowded in there.

Oh, thank you, John.

Must be Mr. Stanley
wrestling with my octopus.

- Mr. Whiteside...

- Goodbye, doctor.

I'm sorry you dropped in just now,

I have to do my yogi exercises.

Mr. Whiteside, it's a week now.

My book, you know.

When are we going to start
to work on my book?

I thought perhaps today
maybe we could...

- Good evening, Dr. Bradley.

- Good evening, Miss Preen.

Doctor, perhaps I'm not well,
but when I opened the door...

...I thought I saw a penguin
with a thermometer in his mouth.

Have those penguins
gotten out of their crate?

- Did you say penguins?

- Yes.

I was afraid the strain
was too much for me.

- Penguins?

- Would you go in and capture them...

...and put them back in their crate?

There are four of them.

- Capture the penguins?

- That's right.

And, Miss Preen, will you entertain them,
please, until I come in?

Yes, sir.

The Christmas tree just fell on Mr.

Stanley. Got a bump on his forehead.
Isn't that too bad.
Go ahead, doctor.
Go on, Miss Preen.
- Hello, Mr. Whiteside.
- Hello, Dickie, my boy.
But, Mr. Whiteside, will you have
some time later today? My book.
- I don't know, doctor. I'm busy now.
- Suppose I wait a little while.
I'll wait a little while.
Dr. Bradley is the greatest living
argument for mercy killing.
Richard, would you like a candid-camera
shot of my left nostril this evening?
I'm sort of stocked up on those.
But have you got a minute...
...to see some new ones I've taken?
- I certainly have.
These are splendid, Richard.
Richard, I've been meaning
to talk to you about this.
You're not just a kid fooling around
with a camera anymore.
These are good.
This is what you ought to do.
You ought to go away and do
the things you've told me about.
Get on a boat, get off wherever it stops.
Galveston, Mexico, Singapore.
Work your way through
and just take pictures.
Terrible pictures, wonderful pictures,
everything.
If I could do that,
I'd be the happiest guy.
Why can't you do it?
If I were your age, I'd do it like a shot.
You know why.
- Dad.
- Richard, do you really wanna do this...
...more than anything else?
- I certainly do.
- Well, then do it.

- Hello, Dick.
- Good evening, Mr. Whiteside.
- Hello, lovely.
So, Richard, I'm afraid
it's up to you.
I guess it is.
Thank you. You've been swell.
I'll never forget it.
- All right, Richard.
- June, are you coming upstairs?
- In a few minutes.
- Knock on my door. I wanna talk.
Yes, I will. Mr. Whiteside, may I speak
to you for a few minutes? It's important.
Certainly, my dear. I take it this is all
about your young Lothario at the factory.
Yes. I simply can't get Father
to understand.
What are we going to do?
Sandy and I love each other.
- I don't know where to turn.
- I'd like to meet this young man.
- I'd like to see him for myself.
- Would you meet him?
- He's just outside. He's in the kitchen.
- Good, bring him in.
Mr. Whiteside, he's a very sensitive boy.
You'll be kind to him, won't you?
Confound it, June, when will you learn
that I'm always kind and courteous?
Bring this idiot in.
Sandy. Sandy.
Here he is, Mr. Whiteside.
This is Sandy.
- How do you do, sir?
- I've heard a good deal about you...
...from June this past week.
If I have been correctly informed...
...you two babes
have gone quietly out of your minds.
There's another name for it.
It's called love.
You've come to the right place.
Dr. Whiteside...

...broken hearts mended, brakes relined,
hamburgers. Go right ahead.

If June has told you anything at all,
you know the jam we're in.

You see, I work for the union,
I'm an organizer.

I've organized the men in Mr. Stanley's
factory, and he's pretty sore about it.

- I'll bet.

- June told you?

- Yes, she did.

- Sandy's leaving town for Chicago.

He'll probably be gone a year.

We've simply got to decide now.

My dear, it's absurdly simple,
no problem at all.

Suppose your parents are unhappy.

It's good for them.

Develops their characters.

Now look at me.

I left home at the age of 4
and haven't been back since.

They hear me over the radio,
and that's enough for them.

- Then your advice is to go ahead?

- It is. Marry him tonight.

- You mean that, Mr. Whiteside?

- No.

No, you should marry

Walter Winchell.

If I didn't mean it, I wouldn't say it.

Should I say it again?

- Daisy, I can't wait any longer.

- There's Dad. Come on.

- Forgive us for trespassing.

- Not at all, it's Christmas, you know.

- Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas.

- Yes, merry Christmas.

- Come along, Daisy.

- What has happened to your forehead?

Have you had an accident?

No, Mr. Whiteside, I am taking
boxing lessons. All right, Daisy.

Dear Mr. Whiteside, I've been trying

all day to see you to give you this.
Why, Miss Stanley,
a Christmas gift for me?
Oh, it's just a trifle.
But I wanted you to have it.
It's a picture of me
as I used to be.
It was taken on another
Christmas Eve many years ago.
Don't open it
till the stroke of midnight, will you?
Merry Christmas, dear Mr. Whiteside.
Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas, Miss Stanley,
and thank you.
Mighty nifty-looking package.
I had quite a struggle with myself...
...before I decided not to open it.
- Here you are, Maggie.
- I'm so excited.
Here, sign for it, will you, please?
Know what I'm giving my wife?
- A pipe.
- A pipe?
That doesn't sound very sensible.
Just as sensible as the vacuum cleaner
she's giving me.
Oh, look how beautifully it's wrapped.
Why, Bert, how wonderful.
Here's a typewriter.
That's what brought us together.
Remember the day
you fixed the ribbon?
And a pair of ice skates to remind you
never to go skating again.
This little heart with the arrow through
it, they just had that in the catalog.
Bert, this is the nicest Christmas
I've ever had.
Well, I just never happened
to be around before.
I'm certainly glad that Sherry fell
and fractured his hip.
Oh, there's a little something

engraved on them.

Here, it starts here.

"Faint...

...heart ne'er...

...won fair lady.

Nor iron...

...bars...

...a cage."

Bert, it's a very nice sentiment,
but isn't it a bit grim towards the end?

- It should've ended after "fair lady."

- Thank you, sir.

I guess he just had some extra charms
laying around.

Oh, heavens, I've got to get back.

Sherry broadcasts at 7:00.

Come on. Merry Christmas.

Thank you, ma'am. Merry Christmas
to you. Merry Christmas, Bert.

If you ever get married,
how many children are you having?

- Six or seven.

- Goodbye.

- Hey! I'll make it four.

- Well, that I might consider.

Cosette, take everything on
to the hotel.

I'm going right out to see
poor Mr. Whiteside.

Give me something to wear, dear,
I feel so naked.

There.

- Taxi?

- Taxi, lady?

- Taxi?

- Taxi, lady?

This way, miss.

- This is the Stanley residence, isn't it?

- Yes, it is.

I've come to see Mr. Whiteside.

Tell him Miss Sheldon is here.

Lorraine, my blossom girl!

Darling!

Darling, look at that poor,

sweet, tortured face.
Let me kiss it. Oh, darling, how drawn
you are.
Sherry, my sweet, I want to cry.
You've made a very nice entrance.
Now relax.
But I've been so worried.
And now seeing you in that chair...
This chair fits my contours
as nothing else ever has.
I'm feeling better than I have in years.
My only concern is news of the world.
So take off that skunk, dear,
and tell me everything.
I'm so relieved. You look perfectly
wonderful. My dear, do I look a wreck.
I jumped on the train the minute you
called. Palm Beach has been so hectic.
Fun, but simply exhausting. Jock
Whitney, Cary Grant, Barbara Hutton.
Just too exhausting. I never got to bed.
I don't know where to start.
Start with the dirt first, dear.
That's what I want to hear.
Let me see. Oh, yes, Cybil Cartwright
was ordered right off the beach.
It happened the day before I left.
She had a new cellophane bathing suit.
- You could see the waves breaking.
- Poor old Cybil.
And Louise Curtis...
You know her, Sherry.
She divorced her fourth husband
and remarried her second.
It was awfully messy
because before he could remarry her...
...he had to divorce his third wife,
Louise's mother.
But it was a beautiful wedding.
And before I forget it...
...Eisa Maxwell gave me a message
for you.
She wants you to take off 25 pounds
and send them parcel post.

She needs them.
They shall be packed in ice.
Now, come on. What about you?
What about you and that splendid bit
of English mutton, Lord Bottomley?
- Haven't you hooked him yet?
- Sherry, please.
- He's just a very dear friend of mine.
- Now, blossom girl, this is Sherry.
Don't try to pull the bedclothes
over my eyes.
You would like to be Lady Bottomley
with 100,000 pounds a year...
...and 12 castles. By the way,
has he had his teeth fixed yet?
Every time I order Roquefort cheese
I think of those teeth.
Sherry, really.
Cedric may not be brilliant...
...but he's rather sweet, poor lamb.
And very fond of me.
After all, if I can marry him,
I don't see why I shouldn't.
Shall I tell you something,
Sherry, darling?
I think from something he said to me,
he's finally coming around.
Nothing definite,
but don't be surprised...
...if I am Lady Bottomley before long.
- Lady Bottomley.
Won't Kansas City be surprised?
However, I shall be a flower girl...
...and I shall give the groom
an iron toothpick as a present.
Come on, my blossom.
I want some more of your skullduggery.
- Well...
- Oh, Mr. Whiteside...
- No, no, I'm busy now.
- Yes, but I...
- Go away!
- Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
- What was that?

- He's fixing the plumbing.
- Now, come on, I want some news.
- But, darling, what about this play?
After all, I came all the way from
Palm Beach, even on Christmas Eve.
I've been so excited ever since
you telephoned me.
- When can I read it?
- Here's the situation.
This young author,
his name is Bert Jefferson...
...brought me the play to send it
to Katherine Cornell.
It's a magnificent part,
and heaven knows, I feel disloyal to Kit.
There you are. I've done this much. The
rest's up to you. He's young, attractive.
Just how you'll go about persuading him
I'm sure you know more about than I do.
Oh, darling, how can I ever thank you?
Does he know I'm coming?
This young man?
No! You're just out here visiting me.
You'll meet him, and that's that.
Get him to take you to dinner
and work around to the play.
I don't have to tell you how.
How'd you get those other parts?
Sherry.
I'll run to the hotel
and get into something more attractive.
I just dumped my bags and rushed right
over here. You're wonderful.
All right. Run along
and get into your working clothes.
Then come back and spend Christmas
with me. I'll have Mr. Jefferson on tap.
And by the by, don't mention a word
of the play in front of Maggie.
You know what a friend
she is of Cornell's.
- I'll just be polite with Maggie.
- I've got a little surprise for you.
Who do you suppose

is paying me a visit tonight?
None other than your old friend
and fellow actor, Beverly Carlton.
Beverly? Really? I thought he was being
glamorous again on a tramp steamer.
Oh, come, mustn't be bitter
just because...
...he got better notices than you did.
- Don't be silly. I never read notices.
I simply wouldn't care to act
with him again.
He's not staying here, is he?
I hope not.
Temper, temper, temper.
No, he's not.
Where'd you get that diamond bracelet?
That's a new bit of loot.
Haven't you seen this before? Cedric
gave it to me for his mother's birthday.
She was simply furious. But
I have a taxi waiting. If I'm to get back...
Sherry. Sherry, what do you think...?
Oh, hello, Maggie.
I knew you must be around somewhere.
How are you, my dear?
Santa Claus has been at work.
Lorraine blossom just dropped
in out of the blue and surprised us.
- Hello, Lorraine.
- Hello.
Bert, is that you? Come right in, Bert.
Mr. Bert Jefferson.
- Miss Lorraine Sheldon.
- How do you do?
How do you do?
I didn't quite catch the name. Jefferson?
That's right, pet.
Why, Mr. Jefferson,
you don't look like a newspaperman.
You don't look like one at all.
Really? I thought it was written
all over me in neon lights.
Not at all. You know, I should have
said you were a... Oh, I don't know...

...an aviator,
an explorer or something.
They have the same dash
about them.
I'm simply enchanted
with your little town.
It gives one such a warm,
gracious feeling.
- Have you lived here all your life?
- Practically.
Now, if you wish to hear the story of
his life, kindly do so on your own time.
Maggie and I have work to do.
Get out of here. On your way, blossom.
He's the world's rudest man, isn't he?
Oh, could I drop you, Mr. Jefferson?
I'm going down to the Mansion House,
I think it's called.
Thank you, but I've got my car.
Suppose I drop you?
Would you? That'd be lovely.
We'll send the taxi right off.
I'll see you later, Sherry. Bye, Maggie.
Goodbye, Maggie. By the way,
I'm invited back for dinner, am I not?
Oh, yes. Yes, you are.
At Christmas, I always feed the needy.
Now stop oozing out. Get out.
Come on, I wanna hear more
about this charming little town of yours.
I wanna know a great deal
more about you too.
Let me see. Is there a copy
of that broadcast around here?
How much time did
they want out, four minutes?
That's right, four minutes.
- She's looking very well, isn't she?
- Who?
Countess de Cyanide.
Quite a surprise, wasn't it,
her dropping in like this?
Yes. Yes, it was. Yes, it was. Yes.
"At this joyous season of the year, when

in the hearts of men..." I can't cut that.

Isn't it curious, there was

Lorraine snug as a bug...

...in somebody's patio in Palm Beach?

"Ere the Yuletide season pass"...

Now, Sherry,

I think we will talk a bit.

Look, just because a friend

comes out here and spends Christmas...

I don't think she happened to come

out here. I don't think that at all.

Surely you're not suggesting

that I had anything to do about it?

- Yes, Sherry, I am.

- Maggie.

You know that

one of my cardinal principles...

...is never to interfere in

other people's lives. Absolutely never.

Goodbye, Mr. Whiteside,

we can never thank you enough.

- You've changed our whole lives.

- Yes, well, goodbye. Have a nice trip.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye, Miss Cutler.

Bye.

I see.

I don't know what

they were talking about.

And as for Lorraine, no one was more

surprised than I when she walked in.

Sherry, I'm warning you.

This means a great deal to me.

I won't stand for any nonsense.

I have a hunch that's Beverly.

See who it is.

Go ahead, Maggie, run, run, run!

- Mr. Whiteside?

- Yes, come in.

Thank you.

- Beverly.

- Magpie.

Beverly Carlton. Come in here,

you Piccadilly penpusher...

...and gaze upon a soul in agony.
Now, don't tell me how you are, Sherry.
I want none of the tiresome details.
I have little time, so the conversation will
be entirely about me, and I shall love it.
Shall I tell how I glittered
through the South Seas like a scimitar?
Or would you rather hear how
I finished a play with one hand...
...and made love to a maharajah's
daughter with the other?
It was a very pretty sight.
Magpie, you are the moonflower of my
middle age, and I love you very much.
- Say something tender.
- Beverly, darling...
That's my girl. Sherry, without going
into mountainous waves of self-pity...
...how are you?
I'm fine, you presumptuous cockney.
How was this trip, wonderful?
The trip was fabulous. I wrote
two plays, a revue and an operetta.
All of them so brilliant
that they frighten me.
How can one man possibly
be as clever as I am?
It's one of the mysteries
of the universe.
Beverly, a very dear friend
of yours is visiting us.
- The languorous Lorraine.
- Oh, Miss Sheldon. Yes. Dear girl.
They do say she set fire to her mother,
but I don't believe it.
Tell me. Did you see my wonderful
Banjo when in Hollywood?
I did. And he gave a dinner for me.
I arrived in white tie and tails...
...to be met at the entrance
by two bewigged butlers...
...who very quietly proceeded
to take off my trousers.
I was then ushered in my lemon silk

shorts into the room...
...where there was Norma Shearer,
Claudette Colbert...
...and many, many others.
Dear, incomparable Banjo.
I'll never forget that summer when
Banjo put a mike in Lorraine's cabana...
...and played the record at lunch.
- I remember very well.
- And she left for the very next boat.
- I wish Banjo were here now.
Oh, my poor sweet little Magpie.
What's the matter?
Is Lorraine being her dear,
sweet, sick-making little self?
Wouldn't take her away with you,
would you? Would you, just for me?
Lorraine is a charming person...
...who has given up her own
Christmas to spend it with me.
- I knew I had dirt for us to nibble on.
- Oh, Mr. Whiteside?
What? Oh, no. I'm very busy now.
Go away.
Oh, that's all right. I'll wait.
Did you kidnap someone, Sherry?
No, that was Superman.
Now, come on, is this something juicy?
Juicy as a pomegranate.
It's the latest report from Palm Beach...
...on the winter maneuvers
of Lorraine Sheldon...
...against the left flank, or rather all
flanks, of Lord Cedric Bottomley.
Listen. "Lorraine arrived here in
November, in a cloud of Chanel N5.
Since then, in her relentless pursuit
of Cedric, she has paused only...
...to change girdles and check her oil.
She's chased him from beach house...
...to beach house, until he finally
took refuge for several weekends...
...in the men's locker rooms
of the Turf and Jockey Club.

Cedric is hiding in Carolina,
but Lorraine would fly to him...
...in a Stratoliner if he so much
as sneezed in her direction."
- Have you met our little Cedric, Maggie?
- No, I haven't.
"Not very good shooting today, blast it.
Only six pheasant, four duck
and my cousin Archie."
That's Bottomley to his very fingertips.
Oh, but that's impossible.
Nobody could be like that.
Oh, it's so good, it's uncanny.
Why do you have to race out of here?
I never see you, you ungrateful moppet.
Sherry, all I can tell you is my esteem for
you is so great that I changed trains...
...in Chicago to spend 10 minutes with
you and wish you a merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas, my lad.
And to you, my little Magpie.
Beverly, dear.
Good evening.
Mr. Whiteside's in the living room.
Thank you. Come on, boys.
- Hello, Mr. Whiteside.
- Come in, Wescott.
The airwaves. Well, I shan't have
to listen to you, thank heaven.
I shall be on the train.
Mr. Wescott, will you go in the library?
John, will you help the men?
Yes. Right this way, gentlemen.
- Come on, say goodbye.
- Stop this nonsense, Maggie.
- Au revoir, my fabulous cream puff.
- What? I want to talk to Beverly.
Kiss Beverly in Macy's window
on July 4th.
I will not be rushed out like a baby that
has to have its thingamabobs changed.
Well.
Beverly, I want one minute of your time.
You'll make your train.

- What's the matter?
- I'm in trouble.
- What is it?
- I've fallen in love.
- No.
- Yes, for the first time in my life.
I can't tell you about it now,
there isn't time.
Sherry's trying to break it up,
in his own fiendish way.
- What's he doing?
- He's brought Lorraine to smash it up.
- It's somebody in this town?
- Yes, he's a newspaperman.
You'll see him, he wants
to interview you. He's written a play.
Sherry is using that as bait. Lorraine
will eat him alive. You've got to help.
- What do you want me to do?
- Lorraine's coming, and perhaps you'd:
Don't say another word, Maggie,
I know just what to do.
And I shall love it.
I shall absolutely love it.
What's more, it crosses up
Sherry and Lorraine at the same time.
It's pure heaven. I adore it.
I must fly.
Beverly, you're wonderful.
I know I am. Come to my house
for your honeymoon.
- We'll name the first baby Beverly.
- Darling, I love you.
Don't spare the horses, my man,
a woman's honor's at stake.
There you are, my pretty.
- Hollywood calling you, Mr. Whiteside.
- Oh, thank you, John.
Hello?
Banjo.
Hello, Banjo, my boy. How are you,
you feeble-minded actor?
Hello, Whiteside. How is tricks? I hear
you broke your hip chasing a blond.

No, no, my bustle's fine.
Couldn't be better.
Maggie? She's lost her mind
temporarily, but I'm fixing that.
Listen, Banjo, did you reverse
the charges? You didn't.
Call the operator
and tell her to do it.
Just a little Christmas present to you
from my host.
Well, I can't waste my time
talking to Hollywood riffraff.
- Just get on a plane right away.
- I'll think it over. I...
Hello, Banjo? If I know Banjo,
we were cut off by a beautiful blond.
Is there anything I can do
before the broadcast?
No, thank you. It isn't television, thank
heaven. They only hear his liquid voice.
He's wonderful.
The things he finds time to do.
Yes, he certainly sticks
his nose into everything.
- Good evening, Miss Sheldon.
- Good evening, John.
Hello, dear. Where's Sherry?
Inside, working.
- He's on the air very soon.
- Oh, well, of course.
That's quite a getup you have on.
Going anywhere?
This? Oh, I just threw on anything at all.
- Aren't you dressing for dinner?
- No. Just what meets the eye.
Who does your hair, Maggie?
A little French woman named
Maggie Cutler comes in every morning.
You know, every time I see you, I keep
thinking your hair could be so lovely.
I always want to get my hands on it.
You know, I've always wanted
to get mine on yours, Lorraine.
What, dear?

- How long will Sherry be in there?

- Not long.

Lorraine...

...did you know that Mr. Jefferson had written quite a good play?

The young man who drove you to the hotel.

Really? No, I didn't.

Isn't that interesting?

Yes, isn't it?

Hello?

Yes, yes, Miss Lorraine Sheldon?

She's here. Yes, just a minute.

A long-distance call for you.

Long distance, for me, here?

Why, what in the world?

- It's South Carolina.

- Oh, South Carolina.

Hello? Hello? Cedric?

Why, Cedric. Why, what a surprise.

How did you know I was here?

Lorraine, my sweet, I was so upset to return and find you gone.

I was devastated. Really, I was.

Absolutely devastated.

I simply had to call you and...

- I love you.

- What?

Darling, don't talk so fast.

Then you won't stutter so.

Yes. Yes, that's better.

Yes, now I can hear you very clearly.

It's as though you were just around the corner. I see.

I said, I simply had to call you and tell you how much I...

- I adore you.

- What?

Oh, darling, I...

Cedric, dearest, will you wait just a moment, please?

Maggie, do you mind? Lord Bottomley, a very personal call. Do you mind?

Not at all.

Yes, my dearest, now tell me.
Cedric, please don't stutter so.
Don't be nervous.
Lorraine, my sweet,
I've got in touch with Mater...
...and she's given her consent
to our betrothal. Lorraine, my darling...
...will you...?
- Will you be my wife?
- Oh, darling, yes. A thousand times, yes.
Oh, my darling.
Oh, my sweet. You don't know
how I've prayed for this every night.
I'll take a plane right out of here. What?
Cedric, please don't stutter so.
Yes, I love you, my darling.
Oh, so much. Oh, my sweet.
Yes, I will. I'll be thinking of you
every moment.
You've made me the happiest girl
in the world. Goodbye.
Goodbye, darling. Goodbye.
Sherry? Sherry? Sherry, darling. I can
hardly wait to tell you, it's unbelievable!
The most wonderful thing has happened.
Cedric called from South Carolina.
- He's asked me to marry him.
- What?
I must get out of here
and catch the next plane.
May I come in now, Lorraine?
Oh, Maggie, can I get a plane
out of here right away?
The most wonderful thing has happened.
Lord Bottomley's asked me to marry him.
- Really?
- Isn't it wonderful?
I'm so excited I can hardly think. Maggie,
you must help me get out of here.
- I'd be delighted to.
- Can you look up things?
I have a timetable over here.
If you can't catch a plane here...
...I'll drive you to Cleveland.

- Maggie, you're wonderful.
Sherry? Sherry, darling,
what's the matter?
You haven't said a word.
You haven't congratulated me.
Let me understand this, Lorraine.
Am I to gather from your squeals...
...you're about to toss your career
into the ashcan?
- You couldn't expect...
- Don't explain. I understand too well.
I also understand why Cornell
remains the first actress of our theater.
Lorraine, we're in luck. There's a plane
out of Cleveland at 10:03.
- Let me see.
- Takes an hour to drive over...
Isn't everything working out, Sherry?
Peachy.
What's the hotel where I'm staying?
I want to get my maid to start packing.
The Mansion House.
Mansion House, please.
Oh, it's snowing. Isn't that wonderful?
I've never felt so much like Christmas
in all my life. Don't you, Sherry?
Shut your nasty little face!
Hello. Hello? This is Miss Sheldon.
Put me through to my maid, please.
Cosette? Now listen carefully, Cosette.
We're leaving by plane
tonight for South Carolina.
Start packing immediately,
and I'll call for you in an hour.
That's right. Now, I want you
to send some telegrams for me.
Have you got a pencil? Right.
The first one goes to the
Duchess of Sutherland, in Newport.
You'll find all the addresses in that little
book in my dressing case. Now, ready?
"Darling, Cedric and I are being
married tomorrow, South Carolina.
Wanted you to be the first

to know. Love, Lorraine."
Oh, madame, I am so happy.
At last you have hooked him.
Thank you, Cosette. Thank you.
Now send the same message
to Mr. And Mrs. Perry Livingston...
...Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt
and my mother in Kansas City.
Now I'll send a wire
to Tiffany's, New York:
"Can you bring to South Carolina
the string of pearls...
...I picked out in October?
Lorraine Sheldon."
Now, have you got all that straight,
Cosette? That's fine.
Oh, you must hurry, dear. I'll be there in
about an hour, and you mustn't be late.
All right. Goodbye.
Thank goodness for Cosette.
I'd die without her.
Who would've thought an hour ago
I'd be on my way to Carolina?
Life is just full of surprises, isn't it?
Will you both stop this female
drooling? I have a violent headache.
- Sherry, can't I get you something?
- Now, look here, Sherry.
After all, my life is my own.
- Good evening, Mr. Jefferson.
- Hello, John.
Hello, everybody.
Do you know it's snowing out?
We're gonna have
an old-fashioned Christmas.
Why don't you telephone your scoop
to the Associated Press.
Bert, Miss Sheldon has to catch a plane
tonight. Shall we drive her, you and I?
Why, certainly. Oh, thanks, Maggie.
Sorry you have to go.
No bad news, I hope.
Oh, on the contrary,
very good news. Wonderful news.

Yes, indeed. Calls for a drink, I think.
Sherry, you're not a very good host.
How about a bottle of champagne?
I can do better than that.
Let me mix you a Jefferson Special.
- How about it, Mr. Whiteside?
- Oh, yes, yes, yes.
Mix anything, only stop driveling.
Anybody admired
my Christmas present yet, Maggie?
Oh, I forgot. From Mr. Jefferson to me.
Oh, Maggie, let me see.
Why, that's charming.
That's a lovely present.
- Isn't that sweet, Sherry?
- Ducky!
I told you it was beautiful, Bert. See?
What's going on between you two?
Are you hiding something from us?
Great heavens, will this drivel
never stop? My head is bursting.
My Jefferson Special
will cure anything.
By the way, I got a one-minute interview
with Beverly Carlton at the station.
- You were right, he's quite something.
- Mix the drinks, will you?
I was lucky to get a minute.
He was in a telephone booth.
- Bert, mix the drinks.
- Okay. Couldn't hear him...
...but from the faces he was making,
it looked like a scene from a play.
Just a moment if you please,
Mr. Jefferson.
Mr. Carlton was in a telephone booth
at the station?
Certainly was.
I thought he'd never come out.
Kept talking and making the darnedest
faces for about five minutes.
Bert, my boy, I feel that
I'm gonna love the Jefferson Special.
Make me a double one, will you?

My headache is gone with the wind.

Okay.

Philo Vance is now at work.

Operator?

Have there been any calls
over this phone...

...from South Carolina
during the past half-hour?

Yes, I'll wait.

Sherry, what is all this?

What's that?

There have been no calls
from South Carolina at any time?

Thank you. Now, will you repeat that,
please? Blossom girl.

Hear it, dear?

Thank you, operator.

And merry Christmas.

What is this? What does it mean?

You've just played the love scene of your
career with your friend, Beverly Carlton.

Not true, I was talking to Cedric.

What do you mean?

I mean, that was Beverly you poured out
your girlish heart to, not Lord Bottomley.

Who would've thought five minutes ago
you would not be going to Carolina.

I want this explained.

Explained? You've heard Beverly imitate
Lord Bottomley before, haven't you?

Yes, yes, of course, but why?

Why in the world would
he want to do such a thing?

Why, this is the most dreadful...

Oh, those telegrams.

Give me the hotel, whatever
it's called. I want the hotel!

The rat. I'll pay him back
for this if it's the last thing...

The skunk. The dirty, rotten...

Mansion House? Connect me
with my maid.

What? Who the devil do you think
it is? Miss Sheldon, of course.

Oh, if only Cosette hasn't sent those...
Cosette. Cosette, did you send
those telegrams?
Cosette, I want you to send another
telegram to every one of those people.
Tell them somebody's been
using my name, and to disregard...
...everything they hear from me,
except this, of course.
Don't ask questions,
do as you're told.
Don't argue with me, you French
moron! Unpack, we're not going!
- Steady, blossom, take it easy.
- What do you mean?
Do you realize I'll be the laughingstock
of New York? I knew Beverly was low...
...but not this low. Why? Why?
Why would anyone in the world
want to play a silly trick like this?
I can't understand it.
Do you, Sherry? Do you, Maggie?
Why would he walk out of here,
straight to a telephone booth...
...and send me to South Carolina on
a fool's errand? Must be some reason.
Why would Beverly Carlton or anyone
else, for that matter, want me to...
I think I begin...
Of course, of course, that's it!
Yes, and that's a very charming bracelet
Mr. Jefferson gave you, isn't it, Maggie?
It makes complete sense now.
And to think that I nearly...
Well, wild horses couldn't
get me out of here now, Maggie.
If I were you, I'd hang on
to that charming little bracelet, dear.
It'll be something to remember him by.
Mr. Whiteside, it's almost time.
Hook him up, boys, and start testing.
Give us a hand with the furniture.
Move it out.
- Miss Cutler, here's the new script.

- Come, Daisy.
Testing, one, two, three, four.
Mary had a little lamb.
One, two, three, four.
Mary had a little lamb.
Here comes a Jefferson Special.
Oh, have we time?
Sure we have, Mr. Jefferson. I'm not
leaving after all. My plans are changed.
- Really? Oh, that's good.
- You can read the play to me tonight.
We'll go to the Mansion House
after dinner.
I should say so. I'd be delighted.
Maggie, did you hear that?
I'll bet you did this.
You arranged the whole thing.
It's the finest Christmas present
you could've given me.
Maggie!
Maggie!
Where would you like to have this?
My son has run off on a freighter!
My daughter's marrying an anarchist!
Oh, I see he's still busy.
Quiet! Stand back from the microphone
and let Mr. Whiteside broadcast, please.
Get the heck out of here,
we're going on the air!
All right, boys, step right this way.
We'll use the microphone over here.
Snap into it, fellas, snap into it.
Okay, New York.
Cream of Mush brings you
Sheridan Whiteside.
A penguin bit me.
This is Whiteside speaking.
On this eve of eves...
...when my own heart is overflowing
with peace and kindness...
...I think it is most fitting
to tell once again the story...
...of that still and lustrous night.
A fine Christmas morning.

Mrs. Stanley up there crying in her room,
Mr. Stanley in Chicago someplace.
Think he'll catch them in time
to stop the marriage?
I don't know, Sarah. Nobody knows
where Mr. Richard went.
Even Mr. Whiteside bit my head off
when I asked if he wanted breakfast.
Miss Cutler didn't take any.
What's the matter with everybody?
- Good morning. Merry Christmas.
- Merry Christmas, Mr. Whiteside.
Merry Christmas, John, Sarah.
- Has Miss Cutler come down yet?
- Not yet.
- Is she still in her room?
- Yes. Shall I call her?
- No, that's all. Thank you, John.
- Yes, sir.
You don't think it's all got something
to do with Mr. Whiteside, do you?
Mr. Whiteside? A lovely man like him?
No.
You can drop
that guilty expression, Sherry.
It's not a guilty expression.
I simply haven't had breakfast.
- Maggie, if you'd only listen to reason...
- I'm taking the 1:00 train. I'm leaving.
- You're doing nothing of the kind.
- Here are your keys and driver's license.
The key to the safety vault is
in your apartment in New York.
- I'm going in here to clear things up.
- Just a moment, Sarah Bernhardt.
Where were you until 3:00 this morning?
I sat up half the night worrying.
You heard me call when you
came in. Why didn't you answer?
Sherry, it's all over, and you won.
I don't want to talk about it.
Oh, come, come. What are you trying
to do, make me feel like a naughty boy?
Honestly, Maggie, sometimes

you can be very annoying.
Sherry, you're quite wonderful in a way.
You're annoyed.
I wish I had a laugh left in me.
Shall I tell you something, Sherry?
I think you're a selfish,
petty egomaniac...
...who would just as soon see
his mother burning at a stake...
...if that was the only way
he had to light a cigarette.
I think you'd sacrifice your best friend
without a moment's hesitation...
...if he interrupted the sacred ritual
of your self-centered, paltry little life.
I think you're incapable of any emotion
higher up than your stomach.
And I was the fool of the world
for trusting you.
Well. As long as I live, I'll never
do anyone a good turn again.
I shan't ask you to apologize. Six months
from now, you'll be thanking me.
Sherry, in six months' time,
I'll be so far away from you that...
Hello, hello. Merry Christmas,
everybody. Merry Christmas.
I'm a little high, but I can explain.
Hiya, Maggie. Hiya, Mr. Whiteside.
Shake hands with
a successful playwright.
Maggie, why did you run away
last night? Where were you?
Miss Sheldon thinks the play is
wonderful. I read her the play...
...she thinks it's wonderful.
Isn't that wonderful?
- That's fine, Bert.
- Isn't that wonderful, Mr. Whiteside?
I think you ought to go home,
don't you?
What? No. Biggest day of my life.
I know I'm a little drunk,
but this is a big day.

We've been sitting over in
Billy's tavern all night long.
Miss Sheldon thinks the play needs
a little fixing. Do it in three weeks.
She's gonna take me to Lake Placid.
We're gonna work together.
Isn't that wonderful?
Why don't you say something?
I suggest you tell us about this later.
Now I think you ought to go home.
Excuse me. Merry Christmas, everybody.
Merry Christmas. I thought that perhaps...
Would you do me a favor? Mr. Jefferson
would like coffee and breakfast.
- Would you take care of him, please?
- Of course.
Dr. Bradley, I want to buy breakfast for
you. The biggest breakfast you ever had.
- I know what we'll do, doctor.
- Yes, come along.
Let's climb down chimneys.
I got a friend
that doesn't believe in Santa.
Let's climb down his chimney
and scare the pants off of him.
Look. I'm willing to forgive your tawdry
outburst and talk about this calmly...
Oh, Sherry, I love him so terribly.
Why did you do it? Why did you do it?
Merry Christmas, Mr. Whiteside.
Merry Christmas, Miss Stanley.
I'm afraid I shouldn't be seen talking
to you. My brother is terribly angry.
But I couldn't resist asking.
Did you like my Christmas present?
I'm terribly sorry, Miss Stanley,
I haven't opened it yet.
Well, I haven't opened
any of my presents yet.
Oh, dear, I was so anxious to...
Why, it's right here, Mr. Whiteside.
Won't you open it now?
I appreciated your thinking of me
this way, Miss Stanley.

It was very thoughtful of you.

Why, it's lovely.

I'm very fond of these old
photographs. Thank you very much.

I was 22 when that was taken.

That was my favorite dress.

- Do you really like it?

- I do indeed.

When I get back to town,

I shall send you a gift.

Will you? Oh, thank you,

Mr. Whiteside. I shall treasure it...

Well, I shall be late for church.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Sarah's got a little surprise for you.

She's just taking it out of the oven.

Oh, thank you, John.

What is it about that woman?

Miss Preen.

- Miss Preen!

- Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

Miss Preen, where do you

hide yourself all the time?

Mr. Whiteside, I can only be

in one place at a time.

That's very fortunate

for this community.

Now, go and answer the door.

John's gone upstairs.

Go on!

My beautiful one!

You're gorgeous. You're beautiful.

- Put me down, do you hear?

- I love you madly.

- Madly. Do you hear what I said?

- Put me down!

- Kiss me!

- Don't you dare kiss me. I'll scream!

Don't be afraid of my hot

Spanish blood. Kiss me!

I can feel the blood pounding

through your varicose veins.

- Banjo.

- Whiteside.
Will you sign for this package, please?
Put that woman down. That's
my nurse, you mental delinquent.
Come to my room in a half-hour.
And bring some rye bread.
Really. Mr. Whiteside!
Whiteside, I'm here
to spend Christmas with you.
I think. I may stay a month,
or I may leave immediately.
I don't know. Things are so uncertain.
Oh, will you shut up,
you reform-school fugitive.
Whiteside, I loves you, I loves you.
- How'd you get here anyway?
- Santa Claus loaned me his reindeer.
Whiteside, we finished shooting
a picture yesterday, so, what did I do?
I borrowed the B-19 from the Army,
and I'm on my way to Nova Scotia.
I brought you a wonderful present.
This sweater was once worn
by Lana Turner. Try it on for size.
- How long can you stay?
- Just long enough to take a bath.
I'm on my way to Nova Scotia.
Where's Maggie?
Nova Scotia. What are you
going to Nova Scotia for?
I'm sick of Hollywood, and there's
a dame in New York I don't wanna see.
So I figured I'd go to Nova Scotia
and get some smoked salmon.
Now, where the devil's Maggie? I wanna
see her. What's the matter with you?
Where is she?
Bum Bums.
Banjo, I'm glad you're here.
I'm very annoyed at Maggie, very.
Why? What's the matter?
What is this? I thought
you couldn't walk.
I've been all right for weeks.

I'm furious at Maggie.
She turned on me like a viper.
You know how fond I am of her.
She's repaying my affections
by behaving like a fishwife.
- What are you talking about?
- I never believed she loved him.
Loved who? I just got here.
Remember?
I'm trying to tell you, you Hollywood
nitwit. A newspaperman, here in town.
So Maggie finally fell.
Well, what do you know.
Say, what kind of a guy is he?
- Shut up and listen, will you?
- What happened?
Lorraine Sheldon happened
to come out and visit me.
- The oomph girl, here? Well...
- Now, listen.
This fellow had written a play.
Well, you can guess the rest.
He's going away with Lorraine
this afternoon, to rewrite.
So there you are. Maggie's in there now,
crying her eyes out.
What do you mean, Lorraine
Sheldon happened to come here?
I smell a rat, Sherry.
A rat with a beard.
All right, but I did it for Maggie.
I thought it was right for her.
Sure. You haven't thought
of yourself in years.
- Gee, poor kid. Can I go talk to her?
- No, leave her alone.
Where does this guy she likes live?
Can we get ahold of him?
Wait, Banjo. We don't want
any phony warrants...
...or you pretending to be
J. Edgar Hoover.
I've been through that with you
before. I got Lorraine out here...

...I've got to get her away.
It's gotta be good, Sherry.
Lorraine's no dope.
There must be something that would
get her out of here like...
Say, I think I got it.
That Englishman she's so crazy about.
What's his name again? Lord Bottomley.
That's it. Bottomley.
- No, Banjo, no.
- Wait a minute, you don't catch on.
We send Lorraine a telegram
from this bird...
I catch on. Lorraine caught on too.
It's been tried.
I told you Lorraine was no dope.
Well, you've got a tough
proposition on your hands.
There's little time. Lorraine's taking
him with her this afternoon.
There must be some way out of this.
Trouble is, I've done this too well.
Stuck, huh?
In the words of one of our
greatest lyric poets, "You said it."
Listen, I'm hungry. Don't worry,
we'll think of something, Sherry.
We'll get Lorraine out of here
if I gotta do it a piece at a time.
Get out of my chair. Go on.
Mr. Whiteside... Oh, excuse me.
Come right in, Sarah,
it's quite all right.
- I've got something for you.
- You have?
- But, Mr. Whiteside, it was for you.
- Oh, never mind, Sarah, he's quite mad.
Come, Petrouchka, we will dance.
We will dance in the snow...
...while all St. Petersburg
is aflame with jealousy.
Just give him some breakfast,
Sarah, he's harmless.
Just what does this mean?

It means, Mr. Whiteside,
that I am leaving.
My address is on the desk inside.
You can send me a check.
You realize, Miss Preen, this
is completely unprofessional.
I do indeed. I am not only walking out
on this case, Mr. Whiteside...
...I am leaving
the nursing profession.
I became a nurse because all my life,
since I was a little girl...
...I was filled with the idea
of serving a suffering humanity.
After one month with you,
Mr. Whiteside...
...I'm going to work
in a munitions factory.
Anything that I can do
to help exterminate the human race...
...will fill me
with the greatest of pleasure.
Mr. Whiteside,
if Florence Nightingale...
...had ever nursed you,
she would've married Jack the Ripper...
...instead of founding
the Red Cross. Good day.
June. June, my baby.
Mr. Stanley's here with June.
He's brought June back.
Thank goodness, thank goodness!
- Darling, you're not married?
- I'm not. Don't get hysterical.
Anybody but that awful boy.
Ernest, thank goodness you stopped it.
- How did you do it?
- Never mind, Daisy.
Just take June upstairs. I have
something to say to Mr. Whiteside.
- What about, Richard?
- It's all right, Daisy, all under control.
- Just take June upstairs.
- We've had enough melodrama.

I don't have to be taken,
I'll go upstairs.
- Merry Christmas.
- Merry Christmas, June.
- Lock me in my room.
- You'll feel much better after a hot bath.
Have you had anything to eat?
I am pleased to inform you,
sir, that your plans...
...for my daughter
seem to have gone a trifle awry.
She is not, nor will she ever be,
married to that labor agitator...
...that you so kindly picked out
for her.
As for my son,
he has been apprehended...
...in Toledo and will be
brought home within the hour.
Not having your gift for invective...
...I cannot tell you what I think of your
obnoxious interference in my affairs...
...but I have arranged
that you will interfere no longer.
Mr. Whiteside, these gentlemen
are deputy sheriffs.
They have a warrant by which I will be
enabled to put you out of this house.
And I need hardly add that it will
be the greatest moment of my life.
Mr. Whiteside, I am giving you 15
minutes in which to pack up and get out.
If you have not gone in 15 minutes,
these gentlemen will forcibly eject you.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Will you wait outside, please?
Fifteen minutes, Mr. Whiteside,
and that means bag, baggage...
...wheelchair, penguins and octopus.
I am now going upstairs
to smash our radio...
...so that not even accidentally
will I ever hear your voice again.
Sure you don't want

my autograph, old fellow?
Fifteen minutes, Mr. Whiteside.
Well, Whiteside, I didn't get an idea,
but the food was wonderful.
- Any news from the front?
- Yes.
- The enemy is at my rear and nibbling.
- Where did you say Maggie was?
It's no use, she's taking

the 1:

No kidding? You didn't tell me that.
She's quitting you after all these years?
- She's really leaving?
- She is.
- You only got till 1:00 to do something.
- No, dear.
I have 15 minutes... Fourteen minutes
in which to pull out of my hat...
...the most gigantic rabbit
you've ever seen.
- What do you mean, 14 minutes?
- In 14 minutes...
...baby's rosy body
is being tossed into the snow.
My host has sworn out a warrant.
I am being kicked out.
What? I never heard of such a thing.
- What would he do a thing like that for?
- Well, never mind.
I've only got 14 minutes
to get Lorraine out of here.
Banjo, dear, the master
is growing a little desperate.
Say, if I knew where she was,
I could get a car and run her over.
- It wouldn't hurt her much.
- Banjo.
Please go talk to Maggie.
She's in there. I've got to think.
All right.
- Pardon me, miss, is this the YMCA?
- Oh, Banjo, you old darling.
Come on, I've heard the whole story.

Everything is gonna be all right.

- Banjo.

- Don't worry...

...your Uncle Banjo

will pull a few strings.

- Say, that wasn't a bad pun, was it?

- No.

You're gonna hear that

in my next picture.

- Is this your father?

- No, you idiot.

Hello, Mr. Whiteside.

I didn't get very far. Any suggestions?

I'm very sorry, Richard.

Very sorry indeed.

- I wish I were in a position...

- Well, you're not in a position.

Thank you very much, officer.

- Here's something for your trouble.

- Thank you, sir. Good day.

Will you go upstairs, Richard?

Ten minutes, Mr. Whiteside.

I brought you some orange juice.

Feeling better?

Oh, superb. Is there any cyanide
in this orange juice, John?

Open the door, John. It's probably
some mustard gas from an old friend.

Yes, sir. Say, that crazy fellow
made a great hit with Sarah.

He wants to give her a screen test.

- Morning, John. Is Mr. Whiteside up?

- Yes, Miss Sheldon. In there.

Merry Christmas, darling.

Merry Christmas.

I've come to have breakfast with you.

May I?

Of course, my sprite.

- John, a breakfast tray.

- Yes.

- Better make it one-minute eggs.

- Yes, sir.

Darling, I was simply swept off my feet
by the play. It's fantastically good.

It's the kind of part
that comes along once in 10 years.
Oh, I'm so grateful to you, darling.
Thank you, dear. What time
are you leaving, you and Jefferson?
Oh, I don't know. It's 4:00, I think.
You know, Sherry, apart from everything
else, Bert is a very attractive man.
It'll make it rather a pleasure
squaring accounts with little Miss Vitriol.
In fact, everything
has worked out beautifully.
Sherry, lamb, I wanna give you the most
beautiful Christmas present in your life.
Now, what do you want? Anything.
I'm so deliriously happy that...
- That sounds like Banjo. Is he here?
- He is.
The family circle
gathering for Christmas.
My, how time flies
when you're having fun.
What ho, and all that sort of thing.
If it isn't Lady Bottomley.
My dear, you look ripping.
Positively ripping.
Very funny. It's too bad your pictures
aren't as funny as you think you are.
You've got me there, Lorraine.
You still got ants in your glance.
- Anything in the wind?
- Not a glimmer.
- When does the boat sail?
- Ten minutes.
- What boat is this?
- The good ship behind the eight ball.
I have everything except
the New Year's broadcast.
- Is there a schedule on that?
- It's on that table someplace.
- Thank you.
- New Year's Eve?
Bert and I will hear it from Lake Placid.
You've been to my place up there,

haven't you, Sherry? Lovely, isn't it?
Away from everything.
Just snow and clear, cold nights.
Oh, that must be Bert now.
I told him to meet me here.
You know, I'm rather looking forward
to Lake Placid.
Bert's the kind of man
who'll do all winter sports beautifully.
Will he have time?
With all the rewriting and...
- For Mr. Whiteside.
- All right, come ahead. In here.
- Careful now.
- Yeah, this thing's valuable.
This old dame is 2000 years old.
She's in better shape than I am.
For you, Mr. Whiteside.
Careful now.
Great Aunt Mehitable.
If there was one thing I needed at this
moment, it was a mummy.
"Merry Christmas
from the khedive of Egypt."
What did you send him,
Grant's Tomb?
Five minutes, Mr. Whiteside.
Including that.
Who's that man?
He announces the time every
few minutes. I pay him a small sum.
- Well, what on earth for, Sherry?
- I lost my watch.
Mr. Whiteside, are you busy?
Well, I'll wait in the library.
Excuse me.
Is that the plumber again, Sherry?
Oh, dear, I wonder where Bert is.
Darling, you're not very Christmassy.
You're usually bubbling over
on Christmas morning.
Who sent you this, Sherry?
The khedive of Egypt?
You know, I think it's rather beautiful.

I must go to Egypt sometime.
I really must. I know I'd love it.
You know, the first time I went
to Pompeii, I cried all night.
All those people. All those lives.
Where are they now?
Here was a woman like myself.
A woman who'd once lived
and loved.
Full of the same passions,
fears, jealousies, hates.
What remains of it now? Just this.
Nothing more.
A span of 4000 years...
...a mere atom in the eternity of time.
And here am I,
another woman living out her life.
I want to cry.
I mustn't talk like this today.
It's Christmas. It's Christmas.
Lorraine, dear, have you ever
played St. Joan?
No, I haven't, Sherry. Why?
Something about your expression
in that case.
- There was an absolute halo about you.
- How sweet.
It transcended any mortal expression
I've seen.
- Step in it again, dear.
- Now, Sherry, you're joshing me.
Oh, I don't make light of these things,
I was deeply moved.
There was a strange beauty about you,
Lorraine, pure da Vinci.
- Please do it again, dear.
- Well, I don't know exactly what I did...
...but I'll try.
- Oh, no, Sherry. I feel too silly.
- Oh, no! No!
In that single instant, you approached
the epitome of your art.
You should not be ashamed. You asked
what I wanted for a present.

All that I want, Lorraine, is the memory
of you in that mummy case.
Why, Sherry, I'm... I'm all choked up.
Dust, thou art, and dust to dust...
Banjo!
Eureka!
- There's service.
- Will she be all right in there?
Sure, she can breathe easy.
I'll let her out as soon
as we get on a plane.
Cute kid. Say, how do we get this
out of here?
Now, one thing at a time.
That's the next step.
- Think fast, Mr. Moto. Think fast.
- Look out. Get out...
This is everything.
I'm leaving three carbons.
Christmas card from
the head guy of Egypt.
Anything I can do for you here?
What's in this basket?
Nothing, thank you. Thank... Eleanor
Roosevelt. Did you call her in Atlanta?
She'd left for Washington...
...but I left a message at
the White House to call you here.
- Do you want these letters?
- Throw everything away.
- Do you want this picture?
- No, no. Oh, yes.
I want the picture. Give me that.
I've done everything
but put your broadcasts in order.
Do that right away, Maggie.
It's very important.
I'll see you before I go, Banjo.
I got it. I knew I'd seen this face before,
I knew it.
- I know how to get this out of here.
- What face? How?
The time is up, Mr. Whiteside.
Fifteen minutes.

Glad to see you on your feet.
- It will save me having you thrown out.
- One favor before you leave.
I would like those officers
to help this gentleman...
...to the airport with this case.
Would you be good enough to do that?
- I will do nothing of the kind.
- Oh, I think you will, Mr. Stanley.
Or shall I inform my audience...
...on my next broadcast
of your little secret?
That your sister, Harriet Stanley...
...is the famous Harriet Sedley,
who murdered her mother and father...
...with an ax 25 years ago
in Massachusetts.
Oh, come, Mr. Stanley,
it's a very small favor.
Would you rather have the good folk of
Mesalia repeating at your doorstep...
...that once-popular little jingle:
Harriet Sedley took an ax
And gave her mother 40 whacks
And when the job was nicely done
She gave her father 41
Remember, Mr. Stanley,
I am giving up something.
- It would make a whale of a broadcast.
- Mr. Whiteside, you are a devil.
I often think so myself, fellow.
She gave her mother 40 whacks
How the Dodgers could have used her.
Mr. Stanley would have you
help this gentleman to the airport...
...with this mummy case. He's sending it
to a friend in Nova Scotia.
- Collect.
- Right, Mr. Stanley?
Yes. Yes.
Thank you, gentlemen.
And handle that very carefully, please.
Banjo, my lad, you're wonderful.
- I may write a book about you.

- Don't bother. I can't read.

Goodbye, Maggie.

Love conquers all.

Here's a Christmas present for you.

Take it easy. Don't drop
that case, boys.

It contains a jewel,
slightly tarnished.

Whiteside, I'll load it up
with smoked salmon...

...and ship it back to you.

Sherry.

- Sherry, was that...?

- It was indeed.

The field is clear,
and you have my blessing.

- Oh, you old reprobate.

- Just send me a necktie sometime.

My hat and coat.

I'm leaving for New York.

- Well, what...?

- Don't argue, rat girl. Do as you are told.

Yes, Mr. Whiteside.

Sarah. John.

Maggie. Maggie, I want to apologize.

Don't give it a thought, Bert.

There's been a change in plans.

La Sheldon has departed
for parts unknown...

...and I'm going to see
that Sherry gives your play to Cornell.

Maggie.

How would you like to come
to New York and work for me?

This is an outrage!

- We'd love it.

- Thank you, Maggie, me darling.

Mr. Whiteside. My cook and my butler.

- They've been with me for 10 years.

- I am commuting their sentence.

If you and your husband
come to New York...

...come to my place for dinner
if I'm not in town.

- Mr. Whiteside, are you very busy?

- Oh, yes, doctor. Very busy.

But if you ever come to New York,
doctor, try and find me.

- Yes.

- Goodbye, my lamb.

- I love you very much.

- Sherry, you're wonderful.

Nonsense. Jefferson, you'll
never know the trouble you've caused.

- Goodbye, Mr. Whiteside.

- Goodbye, Mr. Stanley.

I would like to hear in the future...

...that your daughter

had married her young man...

...and that your son had been permitted
to follow his own bent. Or else.

What about the penguins, octopus,
baby seal and the rest of the menagerie?

They're all yours, Mr. Stanley.

- Merry Christmas, everybody.

- Merry Christmas, Mr. Whiteside.

What is this? Where's he going?

- I didn't know he could walk.

- It's all right. You're too young to know.

Hello?

Mrs. Roosevelt? Eleanor Roosevelt?

Just a moment, please.

Mr. Whiteside?

Oh, Mrs. Roosevelt,

I want you to know...

...my husband didn't vote

for your husband, but I did.

Oh, you're welcome, I'm sure.

And I'd love to vote

for your husband again sometime.

Mrs. Roosevelt.

Mr. Whiteside.

Mrs. Roosevelt's on the phone.

What, Eleanor?

I've done it again. Oh, my!

Sherry! Bert. John. Sherry's fallen.

- What is it, Maggie?

- What happened?

Perhaps he fell again.

I'll have a... Miss Preen.

Miss Preen. I want Miss Preen.

Help me up.

Maggie.

- What's the matter?

- Is anything wrong down here?

- Mr. Whiteside.

- I want Miss Preen back.

- What happened?

- Mr. Stanley, I'm suing you for \$350,000.

- Where is the doctor?

- Here I am.

- Bring in the wheelchair.

- Oh, doctor!

You'll have to get me out of this house!

Hello? Hello? Oh, dear, something

must have happened to Sherry.

Operator? Operator?