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# They Drive by Night

By Jerry Wald

- How's it going, Joe?  
- Okay. Fill her up.  
- What are you hauling?

- Apples.

- How's your brother, Paul?

- Asleep.

Every time you come here,  
he's asleep and you're driving.

- What is he, a growing boy?

- He drives as much as I do.

You run your station,  
we'll take care of our rig.

I was just wondering.

This is the nearest I've had  
to a bath in two weeks.

Yeah, I noticed.

Seventy gallons of gas, three quarts  
of oil in your crankcase...

- I'll have to get you on the way back.

- Five quarts in your spare...

What did you say?

I can't pay till I drop off this load.

- Why didn't you say that?

- You wouldn't have given me the gas.

I'll say. I got a notion to  
siphon it out of there.

You know I ain't selling gas on time.

Relax. I wouldn't gyp you. I'm honest.

I know you are. All you truckers  
are honest, but you're always broke.

The finance company comes, you're out  
of business, and I never see dough.

Don't worry. He's gotta catch me first.

That won't be tough, you ain't driving  
any speedway special. Sign it.

- Twelve dollars and 90 cents.

- Don't overflow your tank.

On the cuff. How do you like that?

- You'll get it on the trip back.

- You didn't pay for this pop.

Put it on the bill.

- Where are we?

- Not far from Lansdale.

- You should have woke me up.

- It's okay.  
We'll grab a cup of coffee at Barney's.  
Then you can wheel it into Los Angeles.  
How's about laying over at my house  
for a couple of days? I'm knocked out.  
I'd like to stay in bed for a week,  
not even get up to eat.  
So would I.  
But that ain't the way  
we get ahead.  
I gotta think of Pearl.  
I ain't been home for two weeks.  
She might as well be  
married to an explorer.  
Look out, Joe!  
You dirty son of a road hog!  
- You should've smacked into him.  
- What is that gonna get us?  
What do we do now?  
You watch the load, I'm gonna hop  
up to Barney's and phone Williams.  
And see if he'll send some  
of the dough he owes us.  
Thanks.  
Hi, Harry.  
Hello, Joe. Where's your rig?  
- Down the road. Busted wheel.  
- Oh, tough going. Can I help?  
I'm gonna phone Williams to send  
the dough he owes me.  
I hope you get it.  
I quit hauling for that crook.  
Ran me ragged and I  
hardly ever got paid.  
He'll pay me now, or he won't  
get his apples in L.A. On time.  
You got him over a barrel,  
that's different. Maybe you'll get it.  
- Come on. We go.  
- Yeah, he's right.  
Can't make no dough drinking coffee.  
Good luck, guy.  
- Same to you.  
- Thanks.

Oh, Harry! Write your wife.

I hear she's worried.

Okay, I will. Thanks.

- Hello, Joe.

- Hello, Jake. How's it going?

- Give me a Frisco phone book, will you?

- Yeah.

Be sure you bring back

all the pages too.

So I'm telling you, see...

...here I am with these two  
beautiful dames. What equipment.

They're hanging around my neck,  
begging me not to go.

I tell them, "Look, sisters,  
I got a job to do".

So I push them away and leave.

After all, a guy like me with  
hundreds of dames...

I'm getting out of here.

Come on, Shorty. It's too deep for me.

I'm losing my touch.

Give me some nickels, Barney.

Joe! Where you been, guy?

Been getting any good hauls?

Some. How they been for you, Irish?

I still get my check  
every Saturday.

But you get ordered around  
every other day. Ain't for me.

Hey, Red, this steak's tough.

You can't send it back now.

You bent it.

- I'll be back this way tonight, Red.

- Thanks for the warning.

Give me the phone, will you?

- What, you keep it in a vault?

- Don't call New York.

Another cup of java.

- You must like our coffee.

- It stinks.

You're drinking your seventh cup.

I like your sugar. Why don't you  
and your brother quit wildcat trucking?

With a legitimate company,  
this is a swell job.  
Why don't you get smart like me  
and work for Ed Carlsen?  
- Give me long distance.  
- Hey!  
Relax, I'm reversing the charges.  
There's only one guy I'd sooner  
work for than Carlsen.  
- Who?  
- Me.  
You ain't working for you,  
you're working for the finance company.  
Soon as your truck's paid for,  
you'll need another one.  
Hello? I wanna talk to Mike Williams.  
Standard 7-2961, San Francisco.  
Reverse the charges.  
Joe Fabrini calling.  
Don't worry about me.  
Someday you road-skinners will say,  
"Joe Fabrini's a good guy to work for".  
- And I will be.  
- No doubt about that, kid, but me...  
...I'll take the salary and let  
someone else worry.  
That's the easy way.  
Give me a cup of coffee.  
- Anything else?  
- What else you got that ain't poisonous?  
I don't know. I never eat here.  
- How about taking my order, Red?  
- How about taking your time?  
Nice new fixture, Barney.  
Yeah. She'll do.  
Not a bad thing to know.  
Nice chassis, huh, Joe?  
Classy chassis.  
Yes, and it's all mine too.  
I don't owe any payments on it.  
I'd be glad to finance it, baby.  
Who are you kidding?  
You couldn't even pay for the headlights.  
What? He won't accept the call?

Wait a minute. Hey, Irish.  
Lend me a buck,  
I wanna pay for the call.  
Get a load of the big trucking operator.  
I still vote for a salary.  
Okay. I'll pay for it at this end.  
This is 2212.  
Anything else?  
Yeah, but it ain't on the menu.  
And it ain't gonna be.  
You better settle for a hamburger.  
Okay. With onions.  
Hello, Mike Williams?  
What's the idea of ducking  
my phone call?  
I never take collect calls.  
Where are you?  
Barney's Caf, north of Lansdale, 99.  
You got a busted wheel?  
Look, Fabrini, those apples have gotta  
be delivered to the market tonight.  
- That ain't wood you're hauling.  
- Okay, I'll get the apples in...  
...but send me some of that 300 bucks  
you owe me so I can get a new wheel.  
Yeah, wire it to me, right here.  
Well, I ain't got much  
cash right now, Joe.  
All right, all right, don't get excited.  
I'll see what I can do.  
Who do those Fabrini guys  
think they are, anyhow?  
I've thrown more business their way  
than any freight agent in town...  
...and I ain't sending money.  
- The apples won't get to L.A.  
They will if somebody else hauls them.  
Who's up there near Lansdale?  
Hank Dawson. He's due there  
and we don't owe him much money.  
You get him on the phone  
and tell him to pick up Fabrini's load.  
Those Fabrinis are tough babies.  
They only think they're tough.

Say, is Farnsworth still outside?  
- He was a minute ago.  
- Tell that loan shark I wanna see him.  
But you fellas don't understand.  
Everything I do is within the law.  
All I can say is,  
we need a lot of new laws.  
Hey, the boss wants to talk to you.  
Excuse me, gentlemen.  
Bye-bye, buzzard.  
What's the matter with the man?  
Tell me, Farnsworth, do the Fabrinis  
owe you any dough on that truck?  
I've been trying to catch them.  
They're behind three payments,  
plus my interest.  
I know all about your interest.  
Would you like to repossess the truck?  
- Yeah, certainly.  
- Here's your chance.  
They're stuck with a busted wheel  
near Barney's Caf on 99.  
- Get a tow car and haul in the rig.  
- Thanks. I'll do you a favor sometime.  
Just don't lend me any money.  
That's all I ask of you.  
You know what happened?  
The guy had an iron...  
- What are you doing here?  
- I got blisters waiting...  
...so I hitched to Lansdale  
and got a secondhand wheel.  
Told the guy I'd get the dough.  
- What about the load?  
- Got a kid watching it.  
- How'd you make out with Williams?  
- I'm still waiting for the dough.  
Why do we stay in this racket?  
We aren't gonna make enough  
to buy ourselves decent coffins.  
Stop crabbing. I got enough worries.  
Get that into you.  
We gotta start rolling.  
All right, that's enough

of the x-ray treatment.

Don't get me wrong, sister.

All you make me think about is how much I'd like to be with my wife.

First time I've ever heard that one.

- I ain't got a wife.

- That's not hard to understand.

If any of you guys owe on your trucks, you better fade.

Farnsworth's coming.

- Where's Fabrini?

- With Byrd, at the South Pole.

Fishing with the president.

I heard he was playing left end for Notre Dame.

It ain't nothing personal.

He bought a truck and he's gotta pay.

Why?

Everything on that pile makes noise except the horn.

I'm standing on my legal rights!

I gotta make a living too.

- Why?

- Because it says in the law...

I ain't gonna argue with you fellas.

Miss, did you see Joe Fabrini around?

I know he's been here.

- He pulled out more than an hour ago.

- Yeah? Whose wheel is that outside?

It's mine.

- Wanna make anything out of it?

- Now, no offense.

Listen, runt, we don't like you around here.

- Throw him out, boy!

- I'm warning you!

There he goes!

Yeah! He's over for a touchdown!

Thanks, honey.

I'll do you a favor sometime.

That's all right, I don't like them either.

They got a coat of mine once.

- How much do we owe for the chow?

- Thirty-six.



- Here you are. Keep the change.

- Thanks.

It's all right. He's on his way.

- Thanks, fellas. I'll be seeing you.

- So long, Joe.

- Take it easy, Joe.

- Come on, kid.

- Where's the wheel?

- Right over there.

If we're lucky, maybe we can get a ride.

Who's this?

Hi, Dawson.

- Hello. How are you, Joe?

- Hello. Will you give us a lift?

- We had some trouble.

- Williams told me.

- Williams?

- Yeah.

He sent me here to

pick up your load.

That dirty muzzler.

We carry the load all this way

and we don't get a dime.

- Suppose we don't give it to you.

- You can suit yourself...

...but if you miss market, you'll take  
a rap for the whole load.

- Yeah, just let him try to collect.

- Shut up.

Of course he'll collect,

out of the dough he owes us.

You're a nice guy, Dawson.

- Why do you pull stuff like this?

- It ain't my fault, Joe.

I got a wife and a kid

and another one on the way.

I gotta do what Williams says,

or I don't get no hauls.

- Don't get sore at me.

- I'd like to kick that chiseler's teeth out.

That ain't gonna get you nothing,

and besides, Hank ain't interested.

Come on. Let's hop in.

- Give us a hand, will you?

- Yeah, sure.  
- Ready?  
- Yeah.  
That's it.  
Our rig's about two miles  
down the road.  
And where do we go from there?  
We better go back to Frisco  
and see Williams.  
By the time I get home to my wife  
I'll be too tired to turn out the light.  
Come on, Williams ought to be  
in his office by now.  
What if he don't see it?  
What do you think?  
Hello, Joe.  
How they rolling?  
How's that broken-down tub of yours?  
No loads yet. Hang around.  
What do you think  
we been doing?  
Tell Williams we want to see him.  
You guys again?  
You heard me say there ain't any loads.  
Who said we wanted any?  
We don't get paid for them anyway.  
Oh, hello, boys.  
How'd you get back?  
What's the difference?  
We should wrap a crank around you.  
We got a hunch it was you  
put Farnsworth on our tail.  
What did I want to see you boys  
lose your truck for?  
I got some beer hauls in mind for you,  
something coming up soon.  
Beer's out, you bring back the empties.  
Three hauls a week, how'd you like that?  
- We'd like it fine if we got paid.  
- You been horsing around enough.  
We ought to break your neck  
for leaving us stuck...  
...then lifting our load.  
What, you want me to dig

into my pocket...  
...every time you fold a wheel  
or blow a tire?  
- I'm just as broke as you are.  
- What is this, tin?  
Here, here, here.  
Where's your manners, anyhow?  
Going into a man's papers.  
You owe us 300 bucks  
and you're gonna pay us now!  
- If you don't...!  
- All right! Don't get hot.  
- I'll give you a check.  
- What'll we do, use it for a tire patch?  
We'll take it out of here. Cash.  
Let go of him, Paul,  
and write out a receipt.  
You know, there's a law  
against taking people's money.  
That was so, you'd have been  
in the clink years ago.  
I knew you'd see it our way.  
You mark my words,  
you guys are gonna regret this.  
We're tired of taking chances  
and leaving you the dough.  
That's the worst of you road slobs!  
Always getting too big for your britches!  
But I don't mind telling you one thing:  
This is the last load you'll ever get here.  
In that case, we haven't got  
anything to lose, have we?  
There's your receipt.  
There's a bad curve  
sitting out front.  
It's got mud on it. Be careful.  
Go to sleep, will you?  
I'm driving now.  
I was just reminding you.  
If we go over a cliff, wake me up.  
Pour on the brakes.  
If we stop and pick up everybody  
we see on the road...  
...we ain't gonna get in till next week.

It's a dame. It won't hurt to  
get her out of the rain.  
It's too bad one of them hotshot  
passenger cars couldn't give her a lift.  
Come on, hop in.  
Thanks. I was beginning to  
wonder if I'd ever get a ride.  
Well, you got one now, so relax.  
You're the dame that was  
slinging hash at Barney's.  
- That's me.  
- Well, what happened?  
Barney had about 12 hands,  
and I didn't like any of them.  
Barney's all right.  
You didn't have to pass him  
100 times a day.  
- It was like tangling with an octopus.  
- How far you going?  
- How far are you going?  
- We're going to L.A.  
That's okay by me.  
I'd just as soon be out of a job  
one place as another.  
Wait a minute. I better...  
...wrap you up.  
- What's your name, Red?  
- Cassie Hartley.  
You know anyone in L.A?  
- Well, what are you gonna do?  
- Get a room, look for work.  
Jobs ain't growing  
on bushes these days.  
- How much dough you got?  
- Enough to get by.  
You're gonna lose your teeth chattering  
if we don't get something hot into you.  
Pull into Mandel's, Paul.  
We've been rolling pretty good.  
Pearl's waiting up for me.  
I was going to spend  
an hour with her.  
So you'll spend a half-hour  
with her. Oh, look.

It's clearing up. We'll be all right.  
Don't stop on my account.  
We gotta stop,  
it might as well be Mandel's.  
That ain't home.  
Pearl can't cook a steak  
like Billy Mandel.  
I ain't interested in steaks.  
How come you're here?  
Ain't you behind schedule?  
I've been having tough luck.  
I won 48 free games.  
I tried to shoot them, but I kept winning.  
Only three games and then I roll.  
And I'll have to push my foot through  
the floorboard to make up my schedule.  
What will it be, boys?  
A T-bone, rare,  
and make it good this time.  
The last one I had could've  
been used for a manhole cover.  
This one will be so tender,  
it'll throw its arms around you.  
- Same for you?  
- Yeah.  
I'll just have some coffee.  
- Bring her a steak.  
- Fattening her up, huh?  
- Something else for you, honey?  
- Yes. Cool off your imagination.  
Hey, McNamara.  
Where are you going?  
- What's it to you?  
- Come on. We go.  
What's the matter?  
Don't you know me?  
- Hello, Joe.  
- Come on. Sit down, Harry.  
- What are you guys doing here?  
- What do you suppose we're doing?  
- Have a cup of coffee?  
- I had five.  
Don't do any good.  
I'm still sleepy.

- Come on. We go.  
- Yeah, he's right.  
I haven't seen my wife for so long.  
As soon as I deliver this load,  
I'm hot-tailing it home empty.  
Bet when I walk in the kids will say,  
"Who's that man?"  
You should have wrote, Harry.  
I know how worried Pearl gets.  
No use writing now.  
I'll be home tomorrow  
night and surprise her.  
I hear you've been  
doing pretty good.  
Yeah. I got the truck all paid for.  
Don't owe a cent.  
Come on. Let's go.  
When you guys are hitting  
the road tomorrow...  
...think of me in that  
nice white bed.  
So long, guys.  
So long, Harry.  
Well, you gotta have your brains  
knocked out to be a truck driver.  
You don't have to, but it helps.  
Here she goes, boys, the last game.  
Then I can hit the road.  
I don't know why I mess  
with them machines.  
They almost cost me my job three times.  
Irish, you remember Cassie.  
Sure. Hi, Cassie.  
Quit working for Barney?  
Yeah. He was always trying  
to tie my apron strings.  
- There's nothing wrong with that.  
- There is if you're not wearing an apron.  
Fifty-eight free games!  
I'll never get away from here.  
- What's that for?  
- Gonna pass.  
If it's clear ahead,  
he'll wink back at me.

That's funny.  
It looks clear to me. Hey, Paul.  
Yeah? What is it?  
Ain't that McNamara's  
truck ahead of us?  
What do I care  
whose truck it is?  
Yeah, it looks like it.  
It is.  
What's the matter with him?  
He's all over the road.  
- He must be asleep.  
- Blow your horn.  
Not unless I have to.  
He might come to and run  
his rig off the road.  
- We gotta try to head him off.  
- Watch out he don't cut into us.  
Get over close. I'll try to hit his hood  
with this and wake him up.  
Pull over closer and I'll  
try to hop aboard!  
Watch out!  
Grab the extinguisher!  
- How many in there?  
- There were two.  
Oh, Paul, you're late.  
How's about coming in  
for some coffee, Joe?  
Oh, this is Cassie Hartley.  
This is Pearl, Paul's wife.  
- Hello.  
- Pleased to know you.  
Come on, it's cold out here.  
Can't stop. I'll about make  
the market now.  
- What's wrong with Paul?  
- He'll be all right.  
He just needs a good night's sleep.  
Tell him I'll wire him from L.A.  
What time I'll pick him up.  
Bye. Goodbye.  
Bye.  
I can't figure you out.

If you took care of your truck like  
yourselves, it'd fall apart in two weeks.  
We're tougher than any truck  
off any assembly line.  
I bet your friend Harry McNamara  
thought that too.  
Forget about Harry, will you?  
He probably was so tired,  
he thought the whole thing was a dream.  
How much money you got?  
Come on, how much?  
- A dollar and 12 cents.  
- Just what I thought.  
Not even enough to rent a room.  
- I'll get by.  
- How?  
I get rid of this load,  
I'll get you a room.  
You needn't do that.  
I'm grateful for the ride.  
You've been nice.  
If I let you go, I'll be worrying,  
wondering what happened to you.  
And I got enough worries  
the way it is.  
I guess I'd be pretty dumb  
not to say yes.  
Maybe I'm dumb anyway.  
You can figure that out later.  
I ain't used to taking in roomers

**at 4:**

It's never too late to start.  
The best people check in at 4:30.  
I don't know about that.  
I never see any of them.  
Well, anyway, you got  
a bed for a week.  
Yeah. That'll give me time  
to find something to do.  
- I'll pay you back.  
- I'm real worried about that.  
I got it all doped out  
with the cops if you don't.



What are you crying for?  
I don't know. Just crying.  
If you got a load of  
your face, you'd stop.  
You look like you walked  
through a sprinkling system.  
Oh, you dames are sure screwy.  
Paul's wife pulls  
the same stuff too.  
What stuff?  
One minute she's all right,  
the next minute, she's bawling.  
She never knows why.  
The trouble with her is,  
she wants a kid.  
Paul says no-go. They can't afford it.  
Don't get me wrong.  
That's not why I'm crying.  
I get a kick out of you.  
I've picked up lots of girls on the road,  
but none of them ever was like you.  
Come here.  
Come on, I ain't gonna bite you.  
I wasn't afraid of that.  
I always have liked redheads.  
You shouldn't. Red means stop.  
I'm colorblind.  
I think I'd better unpack.  
Joe, don't you think you'd  
better get on your horse?  
What's the rush? We got a  
lot of things to talk about.  
We can talk some other time.  
Now is a nice time.  
When I'm relaxed  
my thoughts are clear.  
Yes, I can even read  
them from here.  
You know something, Red?  
I like you.  
I like the way you  
fill out your clothes.  
I like everything about you.  
Are you glad you ran onto me?

Yes. You're a nice guy.  
But you've got to remember that  
nice guys leave when ladies ask them to.  
That nice, I ain't.  
Mister, you worry me.  
Oh, Cassie?  
You're plenty beautiful.  
Joe, you need sleep and so do I.  
Will you do me a favor and get going?  
Joe?  
Joe.  
I'm sorry I woke you up,  
I was trying to shut out the kid noise.  
That's all right.  
I gotta get going.  
You sure slept.  
That's the first time I've been  
in a bed in weeks. It felt good.  
- Where did you sleep?  
- Chair.  
Oh, I'm sorry, kid. I didn't mean to  
gyp you out of your bed.  
You didn't mean anything.  
You went out like you were slugged.  
You ought to get yourself a regular job.  
What do you see  
in the trucking business?  
I'm on my own, anyway.  
If a guy can get two or three big rigs,  
there's a fortune in this business.  
You really believe that, don't you?  
Sure, I believe it.  
If I didn't, I'd be on Paul's side.  
I'd quit right now,  
let Farnsworth take the truck...  
...and go grab a job  
digging ditches.  
After what I saw last night,  
digging ditches looks good to me.  
No future in it.  
A shave wouldn't go bad,  
but I ain't got time now.  
I gotta get to market  
and hustle up a load.

- When will you be back?  
- That depends. Maybe a couple of days.  
- Good. I'll have a job by then.  
- That's the talking.  
In the meantime, you gotta eat.  
This won't take you  
into the Cocoanut Grove...  
...but you'll get enough till I get back.  
You must be out of your mind.  
You may never see me again.  
Don't worry about that.  
I'll see you.  
Joe.  
- Don't go to sleep on the road.  
- I won't. Not after a pepper-up like that.  
And don't practice that on anyone else.  
Save it for me.  
- Hiya, fatso.  
- How are you, Joe?  
Oh, I been eating.  
Where you going?  
Gonna pick up some watermelons.  
- Who gave you the load?  
- Me.  
A guy would get blisters  
waiting for a load...  
...so I'm going down to Imperial  
and buy some of them babies myself.  
When market opens, I'll clean up.  
You know, they ain't hardly  
got a watermelon in town.  
That's one way to do it.  
Well, good luck, guy.  
Thanks. Same to you.  
What do you think you're doing  
with that broken-down tub?  
Parking it. Why?  
Get it out of there, or I'll park one  
on your chin. I was here first.  
Don't look that way to me.  
Smack him on the chin, boy.  
Shoot for his button. Go on! Go on!  
What's going on?  
Well, it ain't the guy selling bananas,

it's a fight! Look!  
Get in there, now!  
Go ahead, go ahead!  
Ed, stop yelling out the window.  
You're not a truck driver anymore.  
Can I help it if I get a little excited?  
When we got married,  
you promised to be a gentleman.  
It's disgusting to see the head of a big  
company being noisier than his drivers.  
One of those guys  
looks like Joe Fabrini.  
It is Joe!  
You remember Joe, don't you?  
Yeah.  
And Joe shouldn't be fighting  
in the street like that too.  
You'll need the other eye for the road.  
And this ain't making  
either one of us any money.  
Look out, Joe.  
Hey, Joe Fabrini!  
Champ!  
Hey, Joe!  
Joe Fabrini!  
Come on up here and see  
what you can do with a good man.  
I used to could hit like that.  
And get hit too.  
- Oh, boy.  
- Is he coming up?  
Yeah, and a great guy he is too.  
Say, Lana, what are you doing  
with all the dough?  
This is 200 bucks this week.  
Would you like me to give you  
an itemized account?  
Penny by penny?  
Oh, no, sug.  
You use all of it you want.  
If you're gonna look like a million,  
you got to spend a million, huh?  
I just got my makeup on. You need to  
get romantic around noontime?

Where you're concerned,  
I don't watch the clock.  
I wish you would.  
You're having a visitor,  
you may as well put your coat on.  
If you can't sound like an executive,  
you might try looking like one.  
You're gonna make a gentleman  
out of me yet.  
I doubt it.  
What is it?  
What is it?  
Yes? What...?  
Oh, I wish they'd stop inventing things.  
Joe Fabrini to see you.  
What?  
Oh, well, shoot him right in.  
Hello, Joe.  
What do you know?  
Who do you think you are,  
Jack Dempsey?  
What is that, a gag?  
It's Lana.  
She thinks it makes me look dignified.  
- What was the beef out there?  
- Oh, nothing much.  
- Hello, Mrs. Carlsen.  
- Hello.  
Where have you been hiding? It's  
a wonder you wouldn't come see a guy.  
- I've been pretty busy.  
- The mice must have got into this.  
That was no mice, that was a rat.  
Very funny.  
Very funny, babe!  
That's just like Lana.  
Right on the trigger every time.  
Well, you and I will strike a blow  
for liberty.  
- You know I never touch it.  
- That's all right.  
I'll strike the blow for both of us.  
Well...  
Your liver must look like

a bomb hit it.  
Well, you know what I say,  
live and let liver.  
Or, or, liver,  
stay away from my door.  
It's a cinch to think of fast ones...  
...when you've been married  
to a smart girl for seven years.  
Now, Joe, park it there.  
Oh, thanks.  
Say, Joe...  
...why don't you cut out trying to beat  
this wildcat game and work for me?  
- You beat it, didn't you?  
- Well, yes.  
You're leading with your chin.  
Working for me...  
...or any other real trucking outfit,  
you can only drive 8 hours at a clip...  
...and you're sure of both your sleep  
and your pay.  
- You know what I'm gonna do, Ed?  
- No.  
Paul and me are starting  
to buy our own loads.  
After this, we're gonna make the profits  
instead of 16 other guys.  
I'm just getting five  
brand-new diesels.  
I'd sure like to see you and Paul  
on one of them.  
Thanks, Ed,  
but I'd still like to be my own boss.  
You should listen to Ed.  
He's talking sense for once.  
Oh, don't get me wrong,  
Mrs. Carlsen...  
...I probably sound like I don't appreciate  
Ed's offer.  
I do.  
But I'd still like to try it my way.  
Just a few breaks,  
and maybe I'll be higher than Ed.  
Yeah, and Ed'll be hauling for you.

What do you think of that?

- Know where you can buy any loads?

- No, I ain't looked into it yet.

I know just the guy. He knows all the angles. And since I'm gonna be...  
...working for you someday, I might as well start getting on your good side.

And you better be nice to him too.

- I'm always nice to your friends.

- You see that one? She kills me!

I'll be right back.

- Where were you last Thursday?

- On the road, I guess.

You're lying. You were here in town.

One of the boys saw you.

So I was in town.

I waited so long in front of that restaurant, they thought I was a picket.

Don't you ever keep a date?

I didn't make a date.

You did.

I told you then I wouldn't be there.

And I'm telling you now...

...I'll never be there.

- What's the matter with me?

Nothing...

...except you got a husband,  
Mrs. Carlsen.

And it happens that he's a good friend of mine. Understand?

Oh, you've been listening to some narrow-minded people.

There. What would they say about that?

You know what's gonna happen to you?

One of these days,

Ed is gonna catch you.

And when he does,

he's gonna slap your ears off.

I wonder what I see in you, anyway.

You're crude.

You're uneducated.

You've never had a pair of pants

with a crease in them.  
And yet, I couldn't say no to you.  
Don't worry about it.  
I'm not asking you.  
You better get two cases.  
Bourbon!  
- Joe.  
- Yes.  
Go here.  
That's the United Warehouse in Pomona.  
Ask for Oscar Drake. He's got a load  
of lemons he's dying to get rid of.  
That ain't bad. There's a flu epidemic up  
north and they're hot for lemons.  
The guy's had the fruit laying around for  
some time, so you got him over a barrel.  
- Got any money?  
- Enough for a load.  
- Thanks, Ed. I won't forget this.  
- I know.  
Goodbye, Mrs. Carlsen.  
Goodbye.  
It was nice seeing you again, Joe.  
Don't forget,  
keep your eye on that white line.  
You betcha.  
And I'll watch all the curves too.  
Now, there's a great fellow.  
There's anybody in the world  
could beat that wildcat racket, it's him.  
- Funny how the dames fell for him.  
- Can't understand it.  
Neither can I.  
Course, I mean waitresses and such.  
None of them were high-class broads...  
I mean, gals, like yourself.  
Oh, please, Ed.  
Suppose someone should come in?  
Then we'd have to get married  
all over again, wouldn't we?  
Yes, thank you.  
- Who was it?  
- It was a wire from Joe.  
He'll be by for you



in about a half an hour.

Paul.

I think you'd better let Joe go on again.

You didn't sleep.

Well, how could I?

Every time I closed my eyes,

I could see those two guys burning.

Well, I'm thankful it wasn't you.

Every minute, I expect someone to knock  
on the door and tell me I'm a widow.

- Please stay tonight and get some sleep.

- I can't.

I was enough of a heel last night,  
walking out on Joe the way I did.

I guess I'd try anything

to keep you home one more day.

I'm alone so much,

it's got me talking to myself.

Paul.

Why can't I have a baby?

Maybe then I wouldn't be so... so lonely.

There you go,

singing the same old song.

- You know we can't afford a kid.

- It's the same old song from you.

How long do you think

I'm gonna stay young enough?

The girls I went to school with

have two or three kids now.

The girls you went to school with

were smart to marry guys with real jobs.

Paul, I'm not blaming you.

I'm complaining for both of us.

We've got a right to a better life

than this. You could get a job...

...and though there wasn't much money,

you'd get it every week, be home nights.

- Yeah, try and tell that to Joe.

- Who are you married to, Joe or me?

I can't leave him out on a limb as long

as he thinks we got a chance in this.

And there he is now. He must have

burned the rubber off that rig.

Well, I'll see you in a couple of days.

- Paul, be careful.  
- Don't worry, honey.  
Everything's gonna be all right.  
Listen, we'll have so many kids,  
we'll run out of names.  
Hiya, Fabrini.  
- Oh, hiya.  
- Your truck around?  
Yeah. I got it parked  
under the kitchen sink.  
There's no use getting smart.  
I'm acting within my legal rights.  
You're three installments behind.  
Either you pay or I take the truck!  
- You and who else?  
- Me.  
And don't try to get tough about it,  
buddy. Where's the truck?  
- I don't know.  
- It'll be along.  
- He and his brother ride together.  
- I ain't riding with him anymore.  
He may not be by here  
for a couple of weeks.  
That's all right.  
We'll wait.  
If you get thirsty,  
come on in and I'll give you a mickey.  
I'm going out the back  
and head Joe off at the highway.  
If you didn't do anything,  
we'd be out of the business.  
You'd get that job with regular pay,  
and be home nights.  
- It's what we both want.  
- Yeah, that's what I want, all right.  
But I don't want to get it  
by double-crossing Joe.  
If I can save the rig, I gotta save it.  
Keep rolling!  
Farnsworth's at the house with the law.  
Well, he ain't got us this time.  
What's the difference?  
He'll get us the next.

- What are we hauling?
- Lemons.
- Who for?
- Ourselves.

What do you mean?

I bought the load with the money  
we got from Williams.

- All of it?
- All of it.

Except 2 bucks for rolling dough.

- I bought the stuff for 80 cents a box.
- Are you nuts?

Relax, will you? When we sell the load,  
we'll have twice what we started with.

You mean, if we sell the load.

Hey, don't I rate in this outfit?

What am I, just a stooge?

Half of that dough was mine.

Mine and Pearl's.

Don't I even get asked  
about anything?

A guy's gotta be around  
before you ask him.

Yeah, I'm sorry about that.

I shouldn't have walked out on you, Joe.

That's all right.

I almost threw in the towel myself.

Well, did you see  
any of your old girlfriends in L.A?

Nope.

Didn't have time.

What do you mean?

Joe Fabrini didn't have time  
to see even one dame?

You heard me.

It's just like I've been saying.

This business is really tearing us down.

- Hiya, boys. What do you got?
- A load of lemons. Wanna see them?

I really don't want no lemons,  
but I guess it won't hurt if I take a look.

You can have a look.

- How's the market?
- Oh, only fair.

Drop it right down there.

- Hear you got married.

- Oh, forget that.

- Nice stuff, eh?

- This ain't no lemon, this is a lemonette.

Don't try to kid us.

- We know good stuff when we see it.

- I hate lemons, even if they're good.

Quit stalling, George.

How do you like them?

It all depends

upon what you're asking, boys.

- Well, we'll leave that up to you.

- Since you come to see me first...

...I'll give you \$3.50 a box.

- Oh, no. No deal.

Come on, give me a hand, Paul.

Wait a minute, boys.

I'll treat you right, you know that.

Name your own price.

Well, we hauled this stuff a long way  
and we paid a good price for them.

- We figure they're worth 5 bucks a box.

- You got me mixed up with Santa Claus.

Okay.

No hard feelings.

Come on, Paul. We'll take them down to  
Riley's. We might even get 6 from him.

I tell you what I'll do, guys.

I'll give you \$4 a box,

but I want you to throw in some fill-ins.

We bought 145 boxes,

and that's what we're selling.

Okay, robber.

145 boxes...

...at \$4 a box is 580 simoleons.

That's all you'll get.

I don't know, George, I...

All right, it's a deal.

Hey, Junior, Harvey!

Dump that load.

- I'll get you your money.

- All right, George.

Here, you always liked apples.

I hope I never have another 5 minutes like that again.

We made 500 profit on the deal. We should have a lot of 5 minutes like that.

- Well, we're finally rolling.

- It looks that way. What next?

We'll buy another load.

Then we'll buy some more loads.

Then we'll buy another truck.

Then buy some more trucks.

Whoa, wait a minute.

Maybe we better pay for this one first.

Don't worry.

We'll send Farnsworth dough tomorrow.

One, two, three, four, five...

...twenty, forty, sixty, eighty.

- 580.

- Thanks.

If you guys got any more good loads, don't forget I treated you right.

We'll come straight to you.

Come on, I wanna use the phone.

- Give me a flock of change, Leo.

- Say, who you calling?

- Cassie.

- Cassie? Who's that?

That gal we picked up on the road.

I just wanna find out how she's doing.

I thought nothing happened with that dame.

Nothing did.

But I ain't saying nothing won't.

Give me long distance.

Hello. Hello, Joe? Did something happen to you? You weren't in a...?

No, nothing happened.

Nothing bad, anyway.

I was scared when she told me San Francisco was calling.

- I knew it was you or about you.

- How did you know?

Oh, I just knew.

Is everything all right?

Everything's great. We got more dough than we ever seen before.

Say...

...this is a funny time to call up a girl, ain't it?

Oh, I don't mind. I'm glad you called.

I was worried about you.

Oh, Cassie...

...do you believe in love at first sight?

Well, it saves a lot of time.

- When are you coming back?

- I think I wanna get back and see you...

...as fast as we can buy another load.

- Be careful and don't drive too fast.

I want to see you quick,

but all in one piece.

Your three minutes are up. Deposit 50 cents for an additional minute.

Don't spend any more.

When you get back we can talk all you want, and it won't cost a...

Hello?

Hello?

Give me a cup of coffee, Leo.

That was great talk.

Pearl and me used to have them same conversations before we got married.

Who said anything about getting married?

Nobody, but you can't horse me.

I know that rash when I see it.

It all depends on how smart the dame is.

Oh, your brakes are dragging. L...

Our rig's moving!

- Hey, where do you think you're going?

- Out of the truck!

- But...

- You, out the other side!

Now, fellas,

I'm strictly within my legal rights.

You'd look pretty silly with a monkey wrench out of your head.

- I'll call a policeman!  
- If I touch you, you'll call an ambulance.  
- How much do we owe you?  
- \$300 plus \$50 interest.  
- Sure you ain't gypping yourself?  
- Where's that loan paper?  
- Right here.  
- Mark on it "paid in full" in big letters...  
...because that's  
what you're getting, cash.  
One, two, three, twenty, forty, sixty.  
Here. Give me a 10.  
You understand,  
there's nothing personal.  
Yeah, we understand. We love you too.  
Now get out of here.  
- You don't have to be nasty about it.  
- We don't have to be, but it's more fun.  
What do you say  
we throw this monkey over the truck?  
Well, baby, you're all ours.  
- I never thought I'd live to see this day.  
- And you're gonna live to see better.  
Come on. We just got enough dough left  
to buy another load.  
Hiya, Fabrini.  
Got that dough you owe me?  
- Yeah. I'm gonna pay you in full.  
- I congratulate myself.  
- What are you hauling?  
- Pears.  
Oh, fill it up with gas.  
Well, I see Paul's asleep again,  
as usual.  
What is it about my brother sleeping  
that annoys you so much?  
You've always got your nose  
in everybody else's business.  
- Come on, fill her up.  
- Okay.  
If it was me...  
...I'd get a little sleep once in a while  
myself and let him do some driving.  
Paul?

- Paul!

- Yeah.

Yeah, what, what's the matter?

Nothing, but you'd better take the wheel for a while.

I'm knocked out.

Where are we, Haig's?

What do you say you and I stop over and grab a couple hours of shuteye?

For the first time in our lives, we get ahead of this racket...

...and he wants to stop and sleep.

- Sure, I wanna sleep.

Everyone sleeps

once in a while, remember?

You'd think I wanted

to do something peculiar.

- You all right?

- Yeah.

I'm all right.

But my brother's in the truck!

Shoot your lights down there.

Come on. Come on.

Hold it.

Paul!

- Paul!

- I'll go and get help.

Paul!

Joe, how is he?

Busted up, but he's gonna be okay.

At first they thought his skull was fractured, but it ain't.

- Where is he?

- Down here.

It was all my fault.

He wanted to stop and sleep...

...and I made him drive.

- Don't blame yourself, Joe.

It was bound to happen.

I'm grateful he's alive.

- The truck's gone, I suppose.

- Complete wreck.

Load smashed, not a cent of insurance.

And we were just starting to do good.



It's always that way, isn't it?  
You and Paul will get another truck  
and be back on the road.

- Wait, Pearl. Before you go in.

- Yes?

Looks like Paul's gonna be out of work  
for some time.

And I don't want you to worry, see.

While he's getting well,  
I'll take care of everything.

What are you trying to do, Joe,  
soften the blow?

- How bad is he?

- Oh, he's all right.

A couple of cuts here and there.

All except his right arm.

They thought...

Well, they had to do it.

I'm gonna surprise you.

I'm gonna surprise you a lot.

I'm almost glad it happened!

- You're what?

- You heard me, I'm almost glad.

Now he can't drive a truck anymore.

Now he'll be home nights.

Now I won't always

be alone, worrying.

Maybe it's worth a right arm, Joe.

Maybe it's worth it.

- Hello, sug.

- Don't you ever knock?

Oh, it's all right. We're married.

Don't you remember?

Yeah, how can I forget?

Well, what are you gonna do,

open up a shop?

Where's the pole

that goes with this?

Oh, to show you how things break  
in this business...

...you know what happened?

Last night, the Fabrini brothers  
smacked up, truck and all.

- Was Joe hurt?

- No. He got scratched up a little.  
His brother lost a wing.  
- What are they gonna do?  
- Joe's gonna wheel a truck for me.  
He's a good man  
and I hate to get him that way.  
If he's a good man,  
why are you wasting him on the road?  
Where else am I gonna put him?  
Anyone with a big back  
can drive a truck.  
Why don't you put him  
in the garage?  
In the garage?  
What would he do there?  
I don't know.  
There must be a lot of things.  
You're always complaining  
how tired you are.  
Maybe if you had someone  
to help you...  
...you wouldn't always fall asleep  
after dinner.  
You know, sug,  
that ain't a bad idea of yours.  
- Always thinking of the old man, huh?  
- Sure I am, Ed.  
But you never give me any credit  
for it.  
- Brakes? Hand brake?  
- Check. Check.  
- Tires? Spare tires?  
- Check. Check.  
- Everything set?  
- Fine.  
- Okay, Sweeney, let her roll.  
- All right, Joe.  
Joe!  
- Is Ed ready?  
- I don't know, Mrs. Carlsen.  
- I'll go and see.  
- Never mind. He'll be down.  
Got a match?  
No lighter in this car?

It doesn't work.

Did Ed tell you about our anniversary party tomorrow night?

- I'm sorry, I can't make it.

- But Ed's counting on having you!

- Weren't you, Ed?

- Sure.

- What is it, and how much does it cost?

- Joe says he can't make our party.

Sure you can. It's our new house.

I want you to see it.

I gave it to Lana as a surprise, after she picked it out.

I had something planned with Paul tomorrow.

Look here, I'm boss.

This is a royal command.

You show up at my new dump tomorrow night. Paul don't pay your salary, I do.

Okay, I'll show up,

but I've gotta leave early.

I knew Ed could bring you around.

He must have more appeal than I have.

She's terrific.

If you open your mouth, she puts her foot in it.

Here comes work.

Good night, Mrs. Carlsen.

See you tomorrow, Ed.

Right on the nose, Irish. They must've taken out the pinball machines.

They're getting tougher. They got a new one, if you hit a winner...

...it mixes you a drink, tucks you into bed, but nobody ever wins.

- Hi, Irish!

- Hello, Ed.

Funny. She almost never used to call for Ed nights until you started here.

- Or am I talking out of turn?

- Come on, get washed up.

- We're going to Paul's for dinner.

- Again?

It's sure nice

since he moved into town.

- Yeah. Pearl's cooking a steak.

- Swell! Ain't had a steak since breakfast.

Oh, boy, I'm hungry!

- I wonder what they'll have for dessert.

- For you, probably stewed pinballs.

- Hello, baby.

- Hello, Joe.

- That's nice.

- How'd you get here so early?

I got a lift from one of the girls.

- How are you, Irish?

- Hungry.

- Hiya, fellas.

- Hello, Paul.

Hello, Paul.

Any luck today?

Yeah, but all bad. All the old men  
get the watchman's jobs...

...and that's about the only thing  
a one-armed guy can do.

There are a lot of jobs you can handle.

Hey, Pearl, medium-rare on my steak...

...and not much butter  
on my potatoes.

Any special design you want  
on the plate?

- Come on, everybody, sit down.

- You don't have to call me twice.

When I was riding that truck, I used to  
think I'd never get enough staying home.

- I got enough, all right.

- Relax, you'll find something to do.

Sure. I can always learn to knit,  
and Ripley'll print my picture.

Have some steak, Cassie,  
and pass it on.

- How's things going at the store?

- Fine, except I get tired...

...of being on my feet all day.

- I got the same trouble.

The only difference is,  
I drive all day.

- Beer, Irish?

- That's me, kid.

I'm the best two-fisted beer drinker  
in America.

Sometimes I get so thirsty,  
I wish I had three hands.

- Cut it.

- That's okay. He didn't mean no harm.

He's right. Three hands  
are better than two, ain't they?

- Just like two hands are better than one.

- Take it easy, fella.

Easy?

Yeah, that's a nice word. Maybe  
you think it's easy being helpless...

...waiting for Pearl to dress me  
and feed me...

...sitting around all day, wondering what  
a guy with no right arm is good for.

Why'd you ever cut me  
out of that wreck?

This way, she don't even get  
no life insurance.

- It don't help to get excited.

- It's all well for you, you're in one piece.

You don't have to take nobody's charity  
like I gotta take yours.

I guess he's been moping  
around the house too much.

After we eat, we'll go out  
and have some nightlife.

Maybe that'll cheer him up  
a little, huh?

- I ain't danced in a long time.

- Me neither, and I used to love it.

It's the most fun you can have  
without laughing.

Take a lot to get me laughing.

Say, what do you say  
we get married?

I'd like that fine, but you've got enough  
responsibilities right now...

...with the hospital bills  
and Paul out of work.

Yeah, I wish I could

find him something.

Why don't you change your mind  
and ask Ed?

I'd like to, but I can't.

Paul ain't able to do a hard day's work  
at the garage yet.

Ed's been too swell as it is.

- Guess we gotta just keep on hoping.

- Joe, do me a favor, will you?

Take me dancing again tomorrow night  
when we both feel better.

Okay.

Oh, I can't. I gotta go  
to the boss's house to a party.

Don't say "oh" like you think

I'm walking out on you.

- I don't wanna go.

- I didn't say you did.

Let's sit down.

If we stay here, we'll be fighting.

I'm sorry, kid.

I guess I got the jitters tonight.

- Where's Irish?

- He's wandering around all over.

Yeah, he's doing a little hunting.

Looks like

he bagged something special.

Hello, folks.

This is...

- Say, what's your name?

- Miss Sue Carter.

- Sue Carter.

- Any friend of his is a friend of mine.

- What's your name?

- What's the difference?

Sit down and have a drink.

Drinking makes you beautiful.

- I haven't been drinking.

- I know, but I have.

Leave it to Irish to find romance.

Don't she look like a million bucks?

And just as hard to get.

- Wanna come up for a while?

- I don't think so, not tonight.

- I'll make you some coffee.  
- I don't want any. It keeps me awake.  
Still worried about Paul?  
Yeah.  
Are you too worried to kiss me?  
Not that bad.  
- What's the matter, you stop loving me?  
- No, darling, but I still have to breathe.  
Cassie, you're the only girl in this world  
I've ever been crazy about.  
You're the only fella in the world who  
could make me believe a lie like that.  
Come on.  
Come up and have some coffee.  
No, no coffee.  
Yes, sir!  
That's what I always tell my drivers.  
No phone pole ever hit a truck  
unless it was in self-defense.  
I think the guy that wired this  
must have baled hay.  
There.  
Now, get a load...  
Wait a minute, now.  
Ed.  
We have servants to open the wine.  
What's the fun of having champagne  
if you can't pop the cork yourself?  
Here now, Irish, that ain't beer,  
so don't start guzzling it.  
And you and your truck driver friends  
stop drinking so much.  
This is the only eighth anniversary  
we're ever gonna have.  
Come on, we gotta celebrate.  
- Evening, Mrs. Carlsen.  
- You're late.  
- Oh, I got stuck at the office.  
- I'm sorry...  
...I forgot to tell you we were dressing.  
- Well, I'm not up in that bracket yet.  
- Hello, Joe!  
- Hello, Ed.  
- A glass of champagne?

- No, thanks.  
- You know Joe never takes a drink.  
- I know.  
He's like me. I don't either,  
unless I got a glass in each hand.  
Don't have any bad habits,  
do you, Joe?  
None that I can't handle,  
Mrs. Carlsen.  
Joe, how do you like the dump?  
- I think it's swell.  
- You wanna know something?  
Lana decorated it  
all by her itty-bitty self.  
Early American bargain-basement.  
You ain't saw it.  
You ain't seen it too, Irish.  
- Come on, I'll...  
- Ed.  
Don't you think  
Joe ought to meet guests?  
What's the use?  
He'll only forget their names.  
- Culpepper, I sure thirsty.  
- Yes, sir.  
Charles, bring Mr. Carlsen  
some water, will you?  
Yes, ma'am.  
I said thirsty, didn't I?  
Not dirty.  
If you fall on your face,  
don't expect me to drag you to bed.  
Don't worry about me.  
If I fall, I'll fall upstairs.  
Come on, Joe.  
See, Joe,  
we had all the screens removed...  
...because they were fixed  
so the flies can't get out at all.  
- Hey, this leaves me speechless.  
- Good. Stay that way.  
Well, there you are.  
Swimming puddle and everything.  
Hot, cold running water.



Guess I'll have to learn how to swim.

- Well, right this way.

- You sure got a nice layout here, Ed.  
Someday you'll have one just like it,  
and a swell wife like Lana to go with it.

- Yeah, that would be nice.

- Yes, sir...

And here we have a badminton court.

Great game. A couple of guys  
chase a feather with fly swatters...

...and the one that don't drop dead  
wins the game!

Come here.

And, Joe, there's something else

I sure want you to get a gander at.

Around a place like this, there's always a  
lot of confusion about bushes and trees.

Avocados, male and female.

- How can you tell?

- Oh, that's easy.

The bashful one's the girl.

And now for the topper.

You know how you drive up, and you've  
got to get out and open the doors?

That ain't for me. Get a load of this.

- Say, I'm speechless.

- That's where we came in.

Now you see, all you've got to do  
is drive or walk between the posts...

...break the ray, and the doors start  
swinging. Want to see me close them?

Say, what will they think  
of inventing next?

I understand some guy's  
working on a sundial.

Oh, Irish, don't talk silly.

Who'd want to dial the sun?

- Good night, Ed. I had a swell time.

- You're going so soon?

I've got to be at the office at 6:30.

Good night, everybody.

- Good night.

- See you in the morning.

- Good night, Joe.

- Good night.  
- Good night.  
- I certainly am.  
- Joe, you're not going.  
- Yes, I told you I had to leave early.  
Well, I'll walk out with you.  
I need some air.  
It's chilly. Don't you think  
you'd better go in?  
No, it feels good.  
- I had a nice time, Mrs. Carlsen.  
- Do you have to call me Mrs. Carlsen?  
You know, I have a first name.  
When I call you Mrs. Carlsen,  
that keeps me in my place.  
Wouldn't be trying to get over  
it also keeps me in my place?  
- That ain't what I said.  
- I can read between the lines.  
- Joe, what is it? What's wrong?  
- Nothing wrong that I know of.  
Then why do you keep acting like this?  
Why do you keep pretending  
you don't even notice me?  
Now look, who do you  
think you're fooling?  
I'm not fooling anybody,  
and that includes you and me both.  
Listen, Joe, please.  
If I told you once, I told you 50 times,  
I'm doing good at the office...  
...and I'm not playing around  
with the boss's wife.  
Ed's been always all right with me,  
and I'm never gonna be wrong with him.  
How touching.  
The faithful employee.  
The devoted friend.  
That's me.  
Good night, Mrs. Carlsen.  
Mrs. Carlsen.  
Mrs.  
Mrs.  
Listen. Listen, now. Listen.

I'm gonna drink you all a little toast.

- Just a little toast.

- A toast.

Early to rise and early to bed makes  
a man healthy, but socially dead.

Now I'm gonna take you all  
to the Tango Club.

Tango Club! Tango Club.

Oh, sugar, listen, will you rush out  
and leap into that ermine gunnysack?

- We're gonna sneak up on a rumba.

- What's the matter, not enough liquor?

Maybe you'd like to put  
a still in the basement.

Never at a loss for a comeback.

We're married eight years,  
and she still tickles me pink.

Shut up, Ed.

You don't want to dance?

She don't care to dance.

I always get a partner.

Oh, well, then you'll do.

- Ed, pay the check.

- No, that's one thing I'm not gonna do.

The liquor is no good.

You can't get drunk on it.

Then someone must have hit you  
over the head with a mallet.

- Keep the change.

- Thank you, madam.

Someone help me get him  
out of here. I'll drive him home.

- You're lucky I stayed sober.

- It certainly does.

Come on. Come on.

- I don't want to dance now.

- Very well.

- Come on, Ed. The air will do you good.

- Oh, I don't know. What's the trouble?

Who's...? What's going on here?

Oh, it's a shame, a fine fellow like  
the boss disgracing himself in public.

Yeah.

Come on. Sit up, you drunken pig.

Let's go in the office  
and take a little snooze.  
Come on, get up and walk,  
or do I have to carry you?  
No, I'm just gonna catch a little snooze.  
Needless to say, Mrs. Carlsen, I regret  
having to go through this formality.  
He was so drunk.  
I always told him something awful would  
happen if he kept drinking that way.  
Naturally, I couldn't lift  
such a heavy man out of the car.  
He'd stayed in the garage before...  
...but he always came in the house  
when he sobered up.  
- This time, he...  
- Don't distress yourself, Mrs. Carlsen.  
Just take your time.  
This time, he must have awakened  
still drunk and started the car.  
Oh, it's awful.  
He wanted so much to live.  
- He had everything to live for.  
- Thank you, Mrs. Carlsen.  
I regret that I've been forced to  
question you. I won't bother you further.  
- You're very kind.  
- Please accept my sincerest sympathy.  
Thank you.  
The cause of death was accidental,  
carbon monoxide poisoning.  
Close the case.  
- Stop creeping around the house.  
- I wasn't creeping. Honest, I wasn't.  
- I don't want you snooping around.  
- I wasn't doing no snooping.  
I come in to see  
if you wanted coffee.  
I've had four cups. I don't want any  
more, you hear?  
- Well, do you hear?!  
- Yes.  
Now get out of my sight,  
and stop sneaking around!

I don't want you spying on me!  
You were supposed  
to be here at 10:00.  
One of our drivers crashed  
into a load of pipe...  
- I don't care about that.  
- The driver don't, either. He's dead.  
Oh, I'm sorry, Joe. Being alone  
in this big house gives me the willies.  
- Would you like a drink?  
- No, thanks.  
Oh, that's right. I forgot.  
Sit down, Joe.  
What was this business  
you wanted to talk to me about?  
Look, Joe, I don't know anything  
about the company.  
I've tried to understand, and the  
lawyers have explained things to me.  
The more they talk, the less I know.  
I can't run a trucking business by myself.  
I've got to have someone to help me.  
- Does that mean me?  
- Yes. Ed had such confidence in you.  
He said you had great ideas.  
I know he'd want you to be my partner.  
- Partner?  
- Yes, partner. 50-50.  
I've got the papers all drawn up,  
and all you have to do is...  
What's wrong? Don't you want to own  
half of the big trucking business?  
With anyone else, I'd think it  
was a swell deal, but you...  
- I don't know.  
- Why not, Joe?  
It's good for me because if I don't  
get help, I'll lose the business.  
It's good for you because  
you'll never get this chance again.  
- No interference?  
- None. I promise you, Joe.  
I don't know anything about trucks.  
How could I interfere?

- I wasn't talking about trucks.  
- Oh, you've got to help me, Joe.  
I haven't anyone else  
in the world to turn to.  
Well, what's it gonna be?  
If it's gonna be like you say,  
you can count me in.  
Oh, I'm so glad, Joe.  
Neither of us will regret it.  
Now, how about that drink  
to celebrate, just this once?  
- Okay. I'll take a short one.  
- It's gonna work out fine, Joe.  
I know it will. And it's what Ed  
would have wanted.  
Maybe you're right.  
Well...  
...here's to our partnership.  
May it be a long and happy one.  
It could work out pretty good.  
I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll  
figure out new lines, buy new trucks.  
We'll get business we never even  
thought about. We'll go a long way.  
Yes, we will.  
- Hey, Joe, who sneaked those rigs in?  
- New refrigerator jobs.  
Opens up a lot of dairy  
business for us.  
I don't know where I'm gonna get  
20 drivers to wheel them.  
- Is Bill McGowan a good driver?  
- I don't want to say anything bad...  
...but when the road turns the same time  
he does, it's just a coincidence.  
Yeah, that's what I thought.  
- What's the trouble?  
- Got to clean and adjust the points.  
- How long will it take?  
- About 15 minutes.  
Hello, Joe.  
How are you?  
- These the new trucks?  
- Yeah. I see you got a new buggy.

- Blowing all the profits?  
- We're making a lot of profits to blow.

Why not?

Say, that's a snappy outfit.

You like it?

I didn't think you'd notice.

It isn't too soon for me to stop  
wearing black, is it?

- No, I don't think so.

- That's the way I felt.

Take a good look. You're not gonna see  
me in the same outfit twice for months.

Pardon me.

Hello, Cassie.

Come on, I want you  
to meet Mrs. Carlsen.

- Mrs. Carlsen, this is Cassie Hartley.

- I'm glad to know you.

- If you're talking business, I'll wait.

- Oh, no.

- Cassie and I were going to get dinner.

- Would you care to come along?

No.

- No, thank you.

- Joe.

What's the matter?

Get some water.

- We'll take her to a doctor.

- Take me home.

- Don't you think it...?

- I said, take me home!

Hop in, Cassie.

- I'll run it in the garage for you.

- No, stop. Stop it, do you hear?

- What's the matter with you?

- Please, let me out. Please, let me out!

- Would you like me to come in?

- Leave me alone.

Hi, boss.

Here are those federal gas papers.

They look all right.

Fine, George. I'll go over them.

Mrs. Carlsen's been here

while you were out to dinner.

I don't know,  
she may be here yet.

Okay.

- Hello, Joe.

- Oh, hello.

We may knock over  
that federal gas contract.

That's swell.

- How do you feel tonight?

- Oh, much better.

Oh, that's good.

Sorry about yesterday, Joe.

I guess my nerves just gave out.

You ought to go away for a while,  
get a change.

You've been hanging around  
that house too much.

Maybe I will.

Your friend Miss Hartley,  
she's very nice.

- Known her long?

- Quite a while.

Did you have a nice time  
after you left me?

It was all right.

You must apologize  
to Miss Hartley for me.

Oh, she didn't think anything of it.

- How about some dinner, Joe?

- I've had mine.

You could sit with me and have a drink.  
Maybe we could dance.

I'd like to, but I've got to get some  
estimates. Figures on the new trucks.

I know, but you can do  
all that tomorrow morning.

I've got a lot of other things to do  
in the morning, and this is important.

It's the only time I have to do it.

I'm sorry, Joe.

I guess I'm a fine partner,  
trying to pull you away from your work.

The Frank Connors  
are throwing a party Friday night.



They asked me to bring you along.  
Sorry, I can't make it.  
"Can't make it. Can't make it."  
That's all I ever hear from you.  
It used to be because my husband  
was your friend. Well, he's dead.  
He's been dead for six months.  
What's wrong with me now?  
Why can't you make it?  
I'm getting married Friday.  
Is that a good enough reason?  
Married? To that redhead?  
To that redhead.  
What made you think  
you had to marry her?  
I just thought it was a good idea.  
Any objections?  
Yeah, I got objections. What makes you  
think you can make a sucker out of me?  
- You better relax.  
- Don't tell me to relax, you road slob.  
If it weren't for me, you'd still be  
kicking trucks up the coast.  
I get Ed to take you off the road.  
I put that clean collar  
around your dirty neck.  
I put those creases in your pants.  
I put that money in your pocket.  
What makes you think  
you can walk out on me?  
I came in here on a business deal,  
and I've done all right for you.  
Don't talk like a fool.  
I walked you right into a company  
that was set and established.  
I gave you Ed's insurance money  
to buy new trucks.  
I could have picked anyone off the street  
and they'd have done as well.  
Anytime you don't like the setup,  
I can check out.  
You're not getting out.  
You belong with me,  
and you're gonna stay.

If you don't like it, you'll learn to.  
Only you're not going off  
marrying that cheap redhead.  
I'm marrying Cassie, and I'm not asking  
anybody what they think.  
That includes you.  
She hasn't any right to you.  
You're mine, and I'm hanging on to you.  
I committed murder to get you.  
Understand? Murder.

- You what?

- Sure. I killed Ed.

I killed him to get you because  
you always threw him in my face.

"Yes, Mrs. Carlsen. No, Mrs. Carlsen.

No, Mrs. Carlsen.

Good night, Mrs. Carlsen."

You made me do it.

You, understand?

I didn't want to kill anyone, but you  
made me murder Ed, your friend.

Joe! Joe, where are you going?

I'm getting out of here,  
and stay away from me.

Oh, Joe, don't go. Forget what I said.

I didn't mean what I said.

I didn't know

what I was talking about.

- I didn't kill Ed. It was just an accident.

- Save that record for someone else.

- You may need it.

- Oh, listen, Joe. I'll be a good sport.

Marry her, and I hope you're happy  
with her, only please don't leave me.

Please come back.

I didn't want to kill anyone. I didn't.

I didn't want to kill anyone.

He made me do it.

Yes.

He made me kill him.

He made me kill him.

He said he'd kill me if I didn't.

I didn't want to do it,  
but I was afraid of him.

I had to. Joe wanted  
the insurance money.  
He wanted everything for himself.  
He made me do it.  
Just a moment.  
Have Joe Fabrini of Carlsen Trucking  
picked up, and you come in here.  
In other words,  
when you were in this office...  
...the morning after your husband's  
death, your statement was a lie.  
Yes, but I didn't want to lie.  
I was afraid to tell the truth then.  
- Now I'm not afraid anymore.  
- I see.  
The truth is that you were coerced  
into murdering your husband by Fabrini.  
Yes, yes, that's it.  
That's it.  
- He made me kill him.  
- Sit down.  
I'm going to dictate for your signature  
the confession you've just made to me.  
Correct me if I'm wrong.  
"I, Lana Carlsen..."  
She never thought I'd see her.  
I'll bet she was surprised  
when they told her I would.  
I'll see her, all right.  
I've got things to tell her.  
- All right, tell her, not me.  
- Just wait till I see her. Just wait.  
- What's the matter with you?  
- That door...  
...it opened.  
- Of course it did. We broke the ray.  
It's an electric eye door. Come on.  
No, I won't go through it.  
I won't go through it, I tell you.  
- I won't, I tell you.  
- Stop it.  
No, I won't. No, please.  
Please don't make me.  
I thought you'd show up.

Now that you're here,  
what do you want?  
I want you to tell the truth.  
What do you think the truth is?  
Joe had nothing to do with killing your  
husband, and nothing to do with you.  
Is that so?  
What do you think he was doing those  
nights he was working in the garage?  
Do you think he was  
in the garage at all?  
Why do you think I took him  
into the business?  
Why did I give him my husband's  
insurance money to play with?  
Because he had an honest face?  
You could talk from now on,  
but you'd never make me believe...  
...that Joe ever laid a hand  
on anyone like you.  
- What makes you so sure of that?  
- I love him. I know.  
You love him.  
You don't know what  
it is to love a man, but I do.  
And I'll take him with me  
wherever I'm going.  
You're worse than I thought  
anyone could be.  
Why don't you tell them  
what really happened?  
Joe wouldn't have  
anything to do with you.  
You killed your husband  
because you thought he was in the way.  
You threw yourself at Joe,  
but he wouldn't look at you...  
...because he had you pegged  
from the beginning.  
Tell them you found out  
he was going to marry me...  
...and you decided to stop it,  
even if it meant double-crossing yourself.  
You've got it all worked out,

haven't you?  
But you've got it worked out  
wrong, all wrong.  
Because I'm the one who...  
Stop that door.  
Stop it, I tell you.  
Stop that door!  
- Stop it! Stop it!  
- Come on. Come on, your time's up.  
No, I won't go through that door!  
I won't! You can't make me!  
- Come on, come on.  
- I won't! No, I won't! I won't, I tell you!  
I won't! I won't! I won't!  
- What's the dame hitting high C for?  
- Maybe she don't like the service here.  
I don't know why these things  
always got to bust at lunchtime.  
This one's all right. Close her up.  
So, Your Honor, and ladies  
and gentlemen of the jury...  
...the prosecution will prove  
that Joe Fabrini...  
...by means of duress and threats,  
employed the wife...  
...of the murdered man  
as ruthlessly as ever a man...  
...employed a dagger or gun,  
to commit for profit...  
...a cold-blooded, brutal,  
preconceived murder.  
With your permission, I will call  
the first witness, Miss Sue Carter.  
Is it true you attended  
a party at the Carlsen home...  
...the night of Mr. Carlsen's death?  
Yes, Your Honor.  
The judge is the only person  
in this courtroom...  
...to be addressed as "Your Honor".  
- How do you do?  
- Now, at this party during the evening...  
...did you see Mr. Fabrini  
and Mrs. Carlsen in private conversation?

- Yes, Your Honor.

- Miss Carter, I am asking the questions.  
Now, where did this  
conversation take place?  
Well, I just happened to be  
in the powder room...  
...powdering my nose, of course,  
and I looked out the window...  
...and I saw Mr. Fabrini and Mrs. Carlsen  
standing by the side of his car arguing.

- Did you hear what they were saying?

- Well, I didn't exactly hear.  
You understand, I didn't try,  
but it seemed to me that one of them...  
...wanted the other one  
to do something...  
...but I couldn't tell who wanted who  
to do what to which.  
When your brother became head  
of the Carlsen Trucking service...  
...did you get a job as traffic manager  
with the company?

- Yeah, but...

- Objection. The question is leading.

- Objection sustained.

- That's all.

Miss Hartley, you say  
that you and Mr. Fabrini...  
...have been in love,  
plan to be married.

- That's right.

- Can you tell me why...  
...you didn't get married  
some time ago?

- We couldn't afford it.

- Did Fabrini work evenings quite a bit?

- Yes.

- Could you swear that Mr. Fabrini...  
...was actually in his office  
working on those evenings?

- No, but I...

- Isn't it possible that Mr. Fabrini...  
...didn't marry because  
he found marriage inconvenient...

...in his relations with Mrs. Carlsen?

- Objection.

Objection sustained.

The witness will not have  
to answer that.

Isn't it true that Mr. Fabrini  
kept you two ladies apart...

...until one evening, when he got  
his dates crossed...

...he found you both face to face?

- Well, Joe never did...

- I object!

- Overruled.

- Isn't it true that Mrs. Carlsen...

...was so unnerved that she fainted?

- She was ill.

- Certainly, she was ill. Ill of shock.

Shocked at finding the man  
for whom...

...she murdered her own husband  
with another woman.

That's not right.

Joe didn't help in any murder.

He didn't have anything  
to do with it. If he thought...

That's all.

Did you say anything to Mr. Fabrini  
about Mrs. Carlsen?

I don't remember.

Did you ever notice that after Fabrini  
came to work at Carlsen's...

...that Mrs. Carlsen frequented the  
garage more than she had previously?

- I don't remember.

- Don't you remember anything?

- Why don't you remember?

- Maybe it's because I got a bad memory.

Now, Your Honor and ladies  
and gentlemen of the jury...

...I call to the stand Mrs. Lana Carlsen.

Stand up, please.

Do you swear to tell the whole truth,  
and nothing but the truth?

I do.

Take the chair.

State your name.

- Lana Carlsen.

- You will speak up, please.

You were, at the time of his death,  
the wife of Edward Carlsen?

Yes.

How long before the death of Carlsen  
were you acquainted with Joe Fabrini?

Two years.

Where did you first meet him?

Mrs. Carlsen, I asked you  
where you first met Fabrini.

You will answer  
the question, please.

He was laughing.

Yes, he... He was laughing.

He kissed me when he was drunk.

Yes, he kissed me  
when he was drunk.

So I got a new car.

Yes, I got a new car.

And I bought some new clothes.

Yes, they were pretty.

And he used to tell terrible jokes.

And he'd laugh at them.

He was always laughing.

And then I saw him lying there...

...drunk.

I heard the motor running.

And I saw the doors.

I heard the motor.

I saw the doors.

The doors made me do it.

Yes.

The doors made me do it.

The doors made me do it.

The doors made me do it!

- Matron, remove the witness.

- They made me do it!

They made me do it!

The doors!

They made me do it!

The doors! The doors



made me do it!

Your Honor! Your Honor,

I move that this case be dismissed...

...on the ground that the sole witness  
to the alleged crime is obviously insane.

Court is adjourned while the state's  
alienist examine Mrs. Carlsen.

Everybody rise.

- City desk and hurry.

- Give me the desk.

Hello, Ed. Here it is.

The doctors all say she's daffy.

Yeah, nuts. They had  
to take her away in a straitjacket.

Yeah, that's right. Case thrown  
out of court. Fabrini goes free.

Sounds funny, I suppose, but I can't  
help feeling sorry for that dame.

Me too, in a way.

- What about the business, Joe?

- What about it? It's like I told you.

I'm giving my share to the boys.

After what's happened,

I need a change of scenery.

What about us?

We're getting married  
just like we figured.

I'll dig up a new truck  
and hit the road again.

Why, I'll be on top in no time.

I can't miss with...

Say, you're not gonna tell me

I'm not right, are you?

No, Joe. Of course, I hate  
to see you go back to the road...

...but if that's the way you want it  
I'm with you around every curve.

Well, my mind's made up.

Gee, I promised to phone the store.

Do you mind stopping while I call?

All right.

I'll only be a minute.

- Hello, Irish. This is Cassie.

- Hello, Cassie. What's on your mind?

Joe's on his way to tell you  
he's giving up the business.  
Have the guys shout him down,  
I'll do the rest.

Okay, kid. Leave it to me.

My mind's made up too.

So it's like I tell you, fellas.

I don't feel I got the right  
to stay on here...

...so I'm giving you my share,  
and I'm bowing out.

No!

- Slow down, will you?

- You're on a dead-end street, Joe.

That's right, Joe. These boys  
want no part of an executive business.

Paul here can handle things  
as good as anybody.

Oh, no, not me.

I got too many other problems.

- We're gonna have a baby.

- Congratulations. Say, does Pearl know?

- Say, that's good news, Paul.

- You can give us some good news.

Say you're staying on  
as the head guy.

Fellas, I'm sure glad  
you feel this way, but I...

Well, I...

- What do you think, Cassie?

- Your mind's made up, Joe.

But there's a lot of angles here.

Somebody's got to take care  
of those accounts.

- I may get that gas contract.

- I wouldn't try to influence you...

...any more than I would the boys, Joe,  
but the way you're talking...

...maybe you'd better stay.

Okay, fellas, I'm sticking with you.