An Affair to Remember

By Delmer Daves
MAN:

Our love affair
Is a wondrous thing
That we'll rejoice
In remembering
Our love was born
With our first embrace
And a page was torn
Out of time and space
Our love affair
May it always be
A flame to burn
Through eternity
So take my hand
With a fervent prayer
That we may live
And we may share
A love affair
To remember
And so, while the New
York Stock Exchange
showed signs
of restlessness,
there was little or no uneasiness
on the part of optimists.
Here's good news
for you bachelors.
Competition
for pretty girls
will definitely
be easier
now that Nickie Ferrante,
the big dame hunter,
is going out
of circulation.
Yes, it'll be wedding bells
for him at long last.
Mr. Ferrante is
sailing today from Europe
and Miss Lois Clark
will be waiting for him
at the gangplank
in New York.
Lois and her lovely 600 million bucks. What a deal!
Not only all that lettuce, but a beautiful tomato, too.
Wow.

(MAN SPEAKING IN ITALIAN)
(CONTINUES IN ITALIAN)
(EXCLAIMING IN ITALIAN)
(BIG BEN CHIMING)

Mmm. Here's rather a choice little tidbit,
Nickie Ferrante sails tonight to enter into matrimony with one of America's industrial nobility.
Rock and gravel,
I believe.
It's a Miss Lois...
Clark.
Yes.
Well...
Well, there you have it.
Signor Ferrante?
No, no.
Signor Ferrante?
Is he on board?
Yes. Signor Ferrante!
Signor Ferrante.
Signor Ferrante?
Boy, here I am.
Are you
Signor Ferrante?
I have a telephone call for you from Paris.
Mr. Ferrante, would you autograph this... (WOMEN CLAMORING)
That's very kind, but I'm wanted on the telephone.
Thank you.
Hello?
Yes, this is Ferrante.
Who's calling?
Oh, put her on.
You beast.
Hello, Gabriella.
(IN MOCKING TONE) "Hello, Gabriella." Don't you talk to me.
"Don't talk..." then why did you call me?
How could you speak of love to me, say the things you did?
And you, about to be married!
You remember what you whispered when I gave you the cigarette case?
Well, of course, dear. I said... I said...
Hello! Hello! Can you hear me, Gabriella?
I believe we're disconnected.
We are not disconnected!
Operator! Operator!
Oh, this is a shame. Operator!
Hypocrite!
I have in my hand a knife and I wish it were in your back.
(WINCES)
(GABRIELLA UTTERING EPITHETS IN FRENCH)
Mmm.
Well! Mr. Ferrante. My name's Hathaway, Ned Hathaway.
Really? Welcome aboard.
I was wondering if you'd care to join my wife, my sister and me in a game of bridge.
Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Hathaway, but I cheat. It's an addiction.
(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)
I beg your pardon. I think
you have my cigarette case.
I might as well confess.
I am a jewel thief.
I don't believe it.
I was returning it to the
purser. I found it in the... Ah.
Just a moment. How do I know it's yours?
(CLEARS THROAT) Well, there's an
inscription to me on the inside.
Oh.
"To Nicolo."
Oh.
Don't tell me
you're the famous...
Oh, I have read so much about
you in Life and Look and...
Possibly Good Housekeeping?
Now, may I have my case?
No, no.
Just a moment.
Hmm.
Whew!
This is frightfully
intimate.
I know just enough French
to be embarrassed.
Could you
refine it a little
and tell me in effect
what it says?
Well, in effect,
it says,
(CLEARS THROAT)
"In memory of three unforgettable
nights aboard La Gabriella,"
which is her yacht.
Oh.
I guess that's you,
all right.
(CHUCKLES)
Tell me, did you write the
song, "I'll Never Smile Again?"
(CHUCKLING) No.
But I'm thinking of writing one
called "Moon Over La Gabriella."
Do you think it will ever take
the place of night baseball?
Please, wait.
I'm in trouble,
serious trouble.
Well, I could've
told you.
Playing around yachts.
The poor thing.
I must talk
with someone.
Well, I'm not very good
at that sort of thing.
I talk a lot.
I've tried to break
myself of the habit, but...
But you have
such an honest face.
I have?
I can trust you,
can't I?
Yes, I suppose so.
Good.
Come with me.
Yes, but the captain
has an honest face, too.
Why can't you tell
him your troubles?
Shall we go to your cabin, or to mine?
Ah, no, mine.
But mine is
just around the...
Mine is here.
It's not that
I'm prudish,
but my mother told me never to enter
a man's room in months ending in "R."
She did?
Ah.
Oh, well, your mother's not only
beautiful, she's clever, too.
What is your name?
Terry McKay.
Terry McKay and
I'm traveling alone.
Was that, by any chance,
what was troubling you?
Yes.
May I?
You may.
Thank you.
Um... I think you can
leave it here.
Oh, you know, this couldn't
be nicer. You saved my life.
I was bored to death.
I hadn't seen one attractive
woman on this ship since we left.
Now, isn't that terrible?
I was alarmed.
I said to myself, "Don't
beautiful women travel anymore?"
And then I saw you,
and I was saved, I hope.
Tell me, have you been getting
results with a line like that?
Or would I
be surprised?
If you were surprised,
I'd be surprised.
That sounds
like a nasty crack.
I could make a few,
too, if I wanted to.
I'm sure you could.
I know I can.
That's what I said. All
right. I think I will.
I'm listening.
Does your fiance know
the lady of the yacht...
Gabriella?
Gabriella.
Why certainly.
She's her best friend.
(CHUCKLES)
Chummy little group.
(SIGHS)
(CLEARS THROAT) You know, this ship is going much too fast.
We ought to take advantage of every moment.
Don't you think that life should be gay and bright and bubbly like champagne?
I like pink champagne.
Yes, that's the kind I mean, pink champagne.
Is there any reason why from now on this trip shouldn't be pink champagne?
Mmm-hmm.
What?
Oh, dear.
(CLEARS THROAT)
He wouldn't like it?
No.
Husband?
No.
He still wouldn't like it? No.
Why isn't he traveling with you?
Because he had to go to Texas on a big merger.
Ah.
He thought it'd be a good idea if I took a little trip while he consummated this big deal because I have no head for business.
It's beyond me how the more money a corporation loses, the more money it makes, because of the carryovers with the write-offs.
The big secret seems to be to merge a sick corporation with a big, fat, healthy one and then everybody gets well. Silly, isn't it? He doesn't think I'm dumb, but he doesn't think I'm very bright about things like that. Well, it isn't necessary, is it? Thank you. That's all right. Well, so he trusts you? Implicitly. No mistakes, no errors, no tiny little slips? Five faithful years. Ah. Sounds awful, doesn't it, but it's true. Yes. Well, there you are. (CHUCKLING) Cigarette? No, thank you. Oh, I don't... You could light it from that inscription, couldn't you? Oh. Oh, I like that. I must stay tuned into you. Yes. He's a very lucky fellow. Must be a remarkable man. Well, you can imagine how attractive he is when I can resist so charming a person as... Yes. Yes.
I understand.
Well, it was nice,
wasn't it?
(CLEARS THROAT)
Oh, well.
Well, there's still deck
tennis, shuffleboard, bingo.
Well, don't tell me
you're embarrassed.
Yes. Yes, as a matter
of fact, I am.
Oh, I am sorry.
It's all right.
Don't apologize.
I do hope it won't
affect your ego because...
No, please. Please, don't
think anything of it.
I'll just take
my ego for a walk.
Unless, of course,
you'd care to...
Have dinner with you? Mmm.
I'd love to.
Here comes
my friend Ferrante now.
Oh, Mr. Ferrante, I'd like to have
you meet my sister, Miss Hathaway
and my wife,
Mrs. Hathaway...
(LAUGHS)
And when
you were little,
what did your nurse
read to you at bedtime?
Let me see...
The Memoirs
of Casanova?
Every night, and then
we'd turn out the light.
"We"?
I was only so big.
You must've had
a happy childhood.
Ah, yes.
And women?
Oh, women.
You've known quite a few, haven't you?
I don't know.
Or perhaps "few"
is the wrong word.
Let's say
it's not precise.
I beg your pardon,
Signor Ferrante.
Would you like me to reserve
this table for you every night?
Why not?
Thank you.
Now, where were we?
And I suppose they've all
been madly in love with you?
I doubt it.
But you haven't had
much respect for them.
On the contrary...
Still, you've always been
very fair in your judgments.
Yes. I've been more than
fair. I idealize them.
Every woman I meet,
I put up there.
Of course,
the longer I know her
and the better
I know her...
It's hard to keep them
up there, isn't it?
Yes, isn't it?
Pretty soon,
the pedestal wobbles
and then topples.
C'est le vie,
et cetera.
Come on.
Let's talk about you.
(CHUCKLES)
No, not tonight.
We'll talk about me some other time.
We've nothing planned for tomorrow.
Oh, I have.
Oh, no.
We'll talk about me tomorrow.
(CHUCKLES)
It turned out beautifully, didn't it?
It's really warm.
Thank you.
Now, where were we?
You were going to tell me where you were born.
That's right. Well... Mr. Ferrante?
Cablegram.
Thank you.
Excuse me,
Miss McKay.
Miss McKay?
Yes?
Oh, I have one for you, too.
Oh.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Excuse me,
Mr. Ferrante.
From him?
From her?
Mmm-hmm.
Mmm-hmm.
Well, where were we?
Well, I was about to tell you where I was born and I was born in Boston.
I can hardly wait for you to grow up.
Yes. Well, be patient.
I grew up quickly.
(CHUCKLING) Then I went to New York
and got a job
singing in a nightclub

from 10:
in the morning
and the manager
used to chase me
around the office

until about 4:
and then... (WHISTLES)
I went home.
Did he ever...
Oh, no, no.
No, no.
No.
Well, then one evening,
he came along.
This is the fellow.
Mmm-hmm.
And he said,
"You don't belong in
a place like this."
Really?
Mmm-hmm.
And I said,
"I don't?"
(LAUGHS)
And well, then...
Mmm?
What?
What "what?"
I don't know, I thought
you said something.
No, I didn't say
anything. Oh, I'm sorry.
But you're right,
you know?
He said I belonged in a
penthouse on Park Avenue
with a breathtaking view
of the East River.
An ideal place for you
to improve yourself.
Yes.
So, I studied hard.
Singing? And...
And music and art
and literature.
Mmm.
So that one day you'd make
a perfectly charming wife.
Yes, that was
the general idea.
Anything wrong
with that?
No, no, there's
nothing wrong with it.
That's what I thought.
Well, that sort of
brings us up-to-date.
Now my life
is an open book.
That's only one page.
Well, that's
the only page.
(BELL RINGING)
I beg your pardon.
Thank you.
Thank you very much.
No, no. Bad, bad.
Wait a minute.
That's a very interesting
camera. May I see that?
Oh, yes.
It's new, isn't it?
Thank you.
Oh, please!
Please, stop!
That's unfortunate,
 isn't it?
That was not
very nice.
You shouldn't
have done that.
I know.
You know,
it's obviously no good,
either of us
being seen together.
Right or wrong,
people will talk
and so I guess it had
better be good-bye.
That seems a pity.
Good-bye.
Well, what's the matter?
Are you afraid?
Of you?
Yeah.
No.
Well, you know, we have several
days to go on this voyage
and I can't
stand monotony.
Well, you can always take
long walks in the sunshine.
What'll I do
if it rains?
(LAUGHS)
No. No, it's no good.
You mean, it's particularly
no good for you.
Yes.
Being seen with you
is news
and I don't want to get my picture
in the papers. (SHUTTER CLICKS)
So, I'll go my way
and you'll go yours.
Help! Help!
Oh!
Oh, here, let me...
Oh, my Lord,
he's heavy.
What's the matter?
Are you in trouble?
Yes. Give me a hand.
He's a bit heavy.
Come on, chum.
I've got him.
That's right.
No, let it go.
Try it the other
way around, Dad.
Oh, thank you. That's...
You're a great help.
Well, how'd you
come to do that?
I got...
I got tangled up.
Mmm-hmm.
Couldn't get down, huh?
Mmm-hmm.
(LAUGHS)
(BOTH GIGGLING) Oh,
you're quite a fella.
You're quite
a fella yourself.
Yes? Why?
Everybody on the ship's
talking about ya.
No kidding?
What are they saying?
I don't know
on account of every time
they start talking about ya,
they make me
leave the room.
(BOTH LAUGHING)
I don't get it.
You take over.
Mmm.
You know, you want
to watch it, chum.
You might
hurt yourself.
When I was little like you,
I fell and broke my leg.
How is it now?
It's all right,
I guess.
Well, what are
ya crabbing about?
I'm not cra...
I'm sorry.
Champagne cocktail, please. Yes, sir.
Have you
any cigarettes?
The smoke room
steward, sir.
Thank you.
This way.
Have you got pink champagne? Of course.
Let me try it.
Good evening. Good
evening, mademoiselle.
Could I have a champagne
cocktail, please?
Yes, mademoiselle.
Do you have
pink champagne?
Of course.
Thank you.
(CORK POPS)
Hello.
Hello.
I changed my table
to a table for one.
So did I.
Now, isn't that a shame
after that
delightful dinner
we had together
last night?
And do you
speak Gaelic?
Fluently.
How do you say,
"Let's get out of here?"
Hmm.
(LAUGHING)
Well, well, well!
(WHISPERING)
Well.
(DINERS CHATTERING)
(DINERS LAUGHING)
(LAUGHTER CONTINUES)
(LAUGHTER INCREASES)
Oh, well, well.
That's good, isn't it? (SIGHS)
This is what's known
as fooling the world.
Hmm? What did you say?
(WHISPERING) I said, this is
what's known as fooling the world.
I can't hear
what you said.
What are you saying?
(DINERS LAUGHING)
Oh, who do you think
you're hiding from?
Everybody's
staring at us.
This is awful.
I'm going to leave. No,
no. Let me. Don't worry.
(DINERS LAUGHING)
That made it worse.
Sit down!
Will you sit down?
You forgot...
Pardon me, sir.
That's the lady's purse.
Yes. I was just...
No, no. Wait a minute. The last one...
(LAUGHTER CONTINUES)
(BELL RINGING)
(SIGHS)
(GRUNTS)
Oh!
What...
(LAUGHING)
Oh!
Oh, my, it's a small pool, isn't it?
Now, don't change
the subject.
You've got
my cigarette case.
Well, not on me.
(SHIP HORN BLOWS)
We've got a five-hour
stopover here.
We're coming
into Villefranche.
Yes, you going ashore?
Yes, I'm calling
on a lady.
Ah. In every port, huh?
This happens to
be my grandmother.
Well, don't you
believe me?
Mmm, no.
Would you like
to meet her?
Yes, I'd like to
meet your grandmother.
Well, you've got a date.
Surprised?
All right.
Is this a present for your
little old grandmother?
Yes. Yes, it is.
Uh-huh.
Isn't it beautiful down there? Huh?
I said, isn't it
beautiful down there? Yes.
But do you want to
hear an old joke?
What?
If it's so beautiful
down there, why did...
You bring me up here?
That's an old joke, all right. Mmm-hmm.
You're quite sure your
grandmother isn't an old joke?
Oh, I do wish
you'd trust me.
(BELL TOLLING)
(BIRDS CHIRPING)
(SIGHS)
Oh!
What a divine place.
(CHUCKLES)
It's perfect!
I'm beginning to think
you have a grandmother.
Oh, that's surprising.
I'll try to find her
and prove it.
Janou!
Janou!
Janou?
Janou?
She's not there.
Look.
She must be
in the chapel.
Ah, Fidel!

(LAUGHING)
How are you, fella? Yes,
yes, yes. How are you, boy?
(SIGHS) What is it
about this place?
There's something about it
that makes you want to whisper.
It's so peaceful here.
It's like another world.
Mmm-hmm.
Well, it is.
It's my grandmother's
world.
Do tell me more
about her.
My grandfather was
in the diplomatic service.
They traveled
all over the world
and when he retired,
they came here to live.
He's buried there
behind the chapel.
She stayed on
to be near him.
She must be waiting, I
think a little impatiently,
for the day
she would join him.
Oh, Nicolo!

(LAUGHING)
(KISSING)
(SPEAKING FRENCH)
(LAUGHING) Oh!
Oh, Nicolo!
(both speaking French)
(both laughing)
(continues speaking French)
Oh, Nicolo!
(speaking French)
Darling,
this is Terry McKay.
How do you do?
How do you do?
Janou thought you were the
girl I'm going to marry.
Oh.
(laughs)
(speaking French)
Oh, pardon moi. I was only
saying I like you very much.
Oh, thank you.
I'm glad.
Well, if you will excuse
me, I must sit down.
I am longer at
my prayers nowadays.
Oh, my knees!
(chuckles)
They're as old
as I am.
Oh, you have the most
beautiful place here.
Thank you.
I think I could
stay here forever.
Oh, no, no, no. You are
too young for that, my dear.
It is a good place
to sit and remember,
but you have still
to create your memories.
And the chapel
seems so charming.
Oh, would you like
to go in?
Oh, may I?
(SPEAKING FRENCH)
Oh, thank you.
Oh, Nicolo!
(BOTH LAUGHING)
And you, Nicolo,
how long is it since you
have been in a chapel, huh?
Oh, well, I...
Not since you were
an altar boy, huh?
No.
Go in.
It won't hurt you.
All right.
I will prepare the tea.
Let me help you.
No, no, no, no.
(SPEAKING FRENCH)
(BOTH SINGING IN FRENCH)
Marius.
Oui, madame.
(SPEAKING FRENCH)
Oh! Monsieur Nicholas!
Oh. Ah!
Marius!
(BOTH SPEAKING FRENCH)
This is Marie.
Well, hello!
(BOTH SPEAKING FRENCH)
This is my friend
Marius.
Oh, madame.
Hello.
Marius has had three
children since I last saw him.
Marius says,
"France needs men."
So he has
seven daughters.
(ALL LAUGHING)
Come to see
the rest of my family.
Yes, go along.
Sure?
I should like a little
tte--tte with Miss McKay.
Oh, Janou,
please be kind.
I won't betray you.
Can I help you?
Oh, thank you,
my dear.
I am glad you are not like
so many young people nowadays,
above a little
housework.
There were 10 of us
in our family.
We all had to
do our share,
or go to bed
without supper.
Oh, what
a magnificent room!
Oh, yes.
My husband was
a great collector.
He loved
beautiful things.
(CHUCKLING) Me, too.
I should have a housekeeper,
but I have outlived two
and I'm too old to start
breaking in another one.
Besides, I don't mind telling you,
I had planned only
to live till I was 80.
Now I am 82.
Well, if I'm not
going to die,
I must start saving
money for my old age.
You're very wise.
Ah!
You like it?
Mmm, yes.
It's charming.
Who...
"Ferrante"?
Nicolo!
Nickie?
Yes. He did that
a long time ago.
Oh, but it's very good.
He is very talented.
Oh, forgive me. You see,
I had no means of knowing.
Unfortunately,
he is also very critical.
The artist in him
would create,
the critic
would destroy.
As a result,
he has done nothing since.
What a pity.
Mmm.
Besides, he's been too busy,
living, as they call it.
Mmm-hmm.
May I?
Oh, thank you,
my dear.
There.
(COUGHING)
It has been such a tremendous
excitement for me, this visit.
I am trying
to appear calm.
Don't you think
I do pretty well?
You do wonderfully well.
Here we are.
Thank you.
I love Nicolo so much.
When he was
a small boy,
he charmed us all
with his piano playing.
Then he studied painting.
And the worst of it is
he's so good at everything.
A jack-of-all-talents.
Everything comes
too easily to him.
He's always attracted by
the art he isn't practicing.
The place he hasn't been,
the girl he hasn't met.
Perhaps I shouldn't
have met him.
No, my dear.
You are different.
I don't mind
confessing to you,
I have been worried
about him.
Sometimes I'm frightened.
Why?
That life will present
a bill to Nicolo one day
and he will find
it hard to pay.
But when I see you
with him, I feel better.
Me? You do?
Yes. You.
(CHUCKLES)
Well, I wish I could
share your confidence.
You will have it
when you need it.
That is your character.
Oh, there is nothing
wrong with Nicolo
that a good woman
couldn't make right.
Mmm.
(Footsteps approaching)
Well, I saw Marius' entire
family. Seven daughters.
I congratulated him and had
a nice talk with his wife.
You should have had a nice talk
with him. And don't sit on my hat.
Tell me, what have you two been talking about?
Hmm.
Oh, you'd be surprised.
I'll bet I would.
And I'll bet that Janou did all the talking.
Mmm-hmm.
She's been telling me that when you were a little boy and didn't get your own way, you'd lie on the floor and kick and get red in the face.
Really?
You should've winked the other eye.
Oh.
And what did you say?
I said you didn't do that anymore.
No!
No.
Now when you don't get your own way, you just get embarrassed.
(CHUCKLES)
Want some tea?
Remind me not to explain that to you later.
Yes, I want some tea.
Janou, I have a gift for you.

JANOU:
Come and see it.
I am too old for gifts.
No one's too old for gifts.
You shouldn't spend your money so recklessly.
It didn't cost much.
Let me help you.
Oh, Nicolo.
How did you do it?
I did it from memory.
Thank you.
It is Andre,
my husband.
It's so real,
so like him.
What a remarkable face.
Did you do that
from memory?
Yes.
Do you like it?
Oh, it's wonderful.
I painted that
a long time ago,
but I hesitated
about giving it to you.
I told you
he has talent.
Mmm-hmm.

(JANOU LAUGHING)
Well, now, for you.
For me? Thank you.
For you.
Thank you.
For me.
Well, now...
I should like to propose a little toast.
I don't quite know
how to phrase it.
Well, would it have something
to do with his happy marriage?

JANOU:
Shall we say,
may your voyage home
be a pleasant one.
Thank you.

(CLEARS THROAT)
(SHIP HORN BLOWING)
Well, now, I'm afraid
we must be leaving soon.
It has been a good day.
Now, before we go, you must play the piano for us.

(LAUGHING) Oh, no, Nicolo. Come along.
No, no, no.
Please do.
Look at my hands.
No excuses.
Come along.
Come on.
Oh. (CHUCKLES)
Janou was a concert pianist.
Was.
Remember,
I was asked to do this.

(PLAYING AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER)
(TRILLS KEYS)
(TRILLS KEYS)
(HUMMING MELODY)
(TERRY CONTINUES HUMMING)
(SINGING AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER IN FRENCH)
(SHIP HORN BLOWING)
(TERRY CONTINUES SINGING)
(SHIP HORN CONTINUES BLOWING)
(STOPS PLAYING PIANO)
(TERRY STOPS SINGING)
I don't like boat whistles.

(CHUCKLES)
Don't you think you should put this around your shoulders?
Thank you, my dear.
It's lovely, isn't it?
You like it?
Yes, I do.
One day, I will send it to you.
Oh, no.
I would like to.
This is as far
as I go.
This is the boundary
of my small world.
Hmm.
(SIGHS)
It's a perfect world.
Thank you for
letting me trespass.
Good-bye.
Bless you.
Well, au revoir,
dear Janou.
I'll come back to see you
very soon and I'll write often.
Please do.
I will.
Oh! Happy thoughts,
darling.
Adieu, mon petit.
(CHUCKLES)
Good-bye.
Good-bye.
(SHIP HORN BLOWS)
I've been looking
everywhere for you.
I called your cabin...
You've been crying.
Mmm-hmm.
Beauty does that to me.
Nickie, I want to
thank you for the...
The loveliest and the most
memorable day I've ever known.
You were very sweet
to my little grandmother.
I'm going to
write to her.
That'll be nice.
Let's walk, hmm?
(SNIFFLES)
No more tears.
I told you that's what beauty does to me.
We're heading into a rough sea, Nickie.
I know.
We changed our course today.
Mmm-hmm.
Shall I see you to your cabin?
I don't think so.
Good night.
Good night.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Just a moment.
Terry...
Oh!
Why did you come here?
You know it's dangerous.
Darling, we've got a lot to talk about.
I am aware of that, but to be seen together could be disastrous for us both.
I know, but we have some fast thinking to do.
We've created a problem.
Yes, I know.
So let's not complicate it any more.
Being a woman, I'm naturally more cautious and I can think more clearly when you're not around.
So you go think in your room and I'll think in mine.
All right.
While we miss each other.
Oh, that was very sweet, what you just said.
(SIGHS)
(IN IRISH ACCENT) Top
of the mornin' to you.
And the rest of
the day to you.
No, listen. What?
No, no.
Keep moving.
Oh, dear.
Wait a minute.
Don't go away.
Now, have you come
to any conclusions yet?
No, keep moving.
Oh, dear.
I miss you.
I miss you, too.
Why don't you
telephone more often?
I'll try,
but you know...
Were you going
to say something?
No, I wasn't going to say anything. Oh.
Listen. Couldn't we
at least eat together,
you know, in your room or my room?
The news would be all around the
ship before we'd had our salad.
I know.
The crew talks, too,
you know.
Do go around the other way.
You're making me dizzy.
Yeah, be better for me
also, I can tell you that.
Oh, wait a minute.
Darling...
Listen, darling, I...
That's odd.
(NERVOUS CHUCKLE)
Well...
Good evening, sir.
Good evening.
Is Miss McKay dining?
Yes, sir. Would you care to join her?
No, I think she prefers
to dine alone.
She's almost finished, sir. Yes.
Whew.
Order the bouillabaisse.
It's superb.
(BOTH SPEAKING FRENCH)
Shut up.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Come in.
Hello there.
Oh, hello,
Mr. Hathaway.
Miss McKay,
where's Ferrante?
Ferra...
Well, how should I know?
Oh, come now. A little bird
told me he might be in here.
Oh, really,
Mr. Hathaway.
Don't you think you're being
a little rude and presumptuous?
I haven't seen
Mr. Ferrante since...
Hello, Terry.
(EXCLAIMS)
It occurred to me you
might like this book.
Yeah.
I've read it.
I haven't seen you
for days.
I thought you must have
got off somewhere.
Why, no. We haven't
docked anywhere.
(LAUGHING)
Well, in case I don't see you
again, Miss McKay, happy landing.
Thank you, Mr. Ferrante, and don't
think it hasn't been absolute...
Now, slow down.
I'm wondering if you two would do me a big favor.
What's that?
Would you be so kind as to autograph these?
My wife and my sister and I each bought a different one.
You bought them?
From whom?
Why, the ship's photographer.
He has a big display up on the promenade deck.
He's doing a wholesale business.
Well, I'll tell you,
Mr. Hathaway, we'll have to think about it.
Now, where could I find you?
Well, I'll either be in the cocktail lounge, or, of course, the dining room.
Yes, of course.
(LAUGHING)
(MOCK LAUGHTER)
Well...
Oh!

Ferrante:
that one. That's pretty good.

Terry:
Oh, do be serious!
This is dreadful!
And after all the pains we took deceiving everybody.
I'm particularly sorry for you. (SIGHS)
You know, I'm not as sorry as I thought I'd be.
(CHUCKLES)
It was rather silly, hiding
like fugitives, wasn't it?
Yes. Yes, I know.
So, to coin a new clich,
shall we join the others?
Well, all right.
Well, why not?
What have we got
to lose?
The last night. Let's
make the most of it.
Good.
(BAND PLAYING
YOU MAKE IT EASY TO BE TRUE)
Hi, Hathaway.
(LAUGHING) Hey! Do me another
favor. Let's swap partners.
It's the last night out,
you know? Everybody does it.
They do? How nice.
In your case,
we'll make an exception.
(BAND SINGING)
I don't get that guy.

BOTH:
Day by day I'm growing fonder
Of those
tender things you do
Oh, nice crossing.
Hello.
Let's get some air.
Yeah, come on. I'll show you the rudder.
Where is it?
Aft.
Got to get my coat.
Careful.

ALL:
May sometimes try to lure me
(HUMMING MELODY)
(BOTH CHUCKLING)
(SINGING) Can't you think of
something spiteful
Something mean
that you could do
Must you be
so darn delightful

BOTH:
to be true
(LAUGHS)
Oh.
Why can't we go on
doing this forever, huh?
I had a talk with the
captain. It won't work.
It won't?
No.
He said he can't
turn the ship around.
Quite nice about it,
but he said
that most of the people
want to get home.
Isn't that silly?
Mmm-hmm.
Well, I can understand
his problem.
Cruising around in the ocean
with just the two of us.
(LAUGHING)
(BOTH HUMMING)
(SINGING) You make it easy
to be true
(BAND PLAYING
AULD LANG SYNE)

ALL:
And never brought
to mind
Should old acquaintance
be forgot
And days
of old lang syne
If you say, "A penny for your
thoughts," I'll jump overboard.
Well...
Tomorrow morning,
New York.
Yes.
Will he be waiting?
Will she?
Mmm-hmm.
Oh, yes.
What makes life so difficult?
People?
Tsk.
(BOTH SIGHING)
Are you in love with him?
I'm not now.
Mmm.
You know, I've never done a day's work in my whole life.
In my whole life, I've never...
I know. I've been thinking about that.
Hmm? What'd you say?
I didn't say anything.
Yes, yes, you did.
What?
You said I was very fond of expensive things.
Furs and diamonds and stuff like that.
Did I say that?
Mmm-hmm.
Pink champagne.
That's the kind of life we've both been used to.
It might be a little difficult to...
Do you like beer?
Mmm, mmm.
Different.
Mmm-hmm.
My father drank beer in the morning.
He was a beer drinker?
Mmm-hmm.
Hmm.
Later in the day,
he drank anything.
(SIGHS)
Oh, winter must be cold for
those with no warm memories.
We've already
missed the spring.
Yes. Well, this is
probably my last chance.
Mine, too.
It's now or never.
Hmm. "Never" is
a frightening word.
We'd be fools to let
happiness pass us by.
Mmm-hmm.
And just because
you haven't...
I haven't worked doesn't
mean to say I couldn't, huh?
No, of course not.
Suppose, I...
It would take some time, say,
six months, to find out if...
If? If what?
Well, just suppose.
Now, be realistic.
All right.
If I worked hard enough and
long enough, say, for six months,
where would you be?
What are you trying
to say, Nickie?
Well, I just want to be (VOICE CRACKING)
worthy of asking you to marry me.
(CLEARS THROAT)
Oh.
Nickie, that's just
about the nicest...
Your voice cracked.
Oh, well,
that's because I...
Yes, I know. I know.
I'm going to turn in now.
Do some more rolling and tossing and thinking about it.
Let me tell you in the morning, hmm?
(SIGHS)
It's going to be a long night.
Mmm-hmm.
For me, too.
Marriage is a very serious step for a girl like me.
Yes, I know.
Do you like children?
Yes. Yes, I do.
Nickie.
Oh, I was so worried.
I didn't even have time to get dressed.
I didn't get to

**sleep until 5:**
I didn't sleep at all.
Oh.
Now, listen carefully. Yes.
If everything goes right, and I mean for both of us, in six months...
Here. I started to write it out.
Should I read it now?
Mmm-hmm.
All right.
"Darling," that's me?
Mmm-hmm.
"You have a date, my beloved, July 1 at 5:00."
But you don't say where.
You name the place and I'll obey.
I don't know.
I can't think.
How about the top of
the Empire State Building?
Oh, yes,
that's perfect.
It's the nearest thing to
heaven we have in New York.
The 102nd floor, and don't
forget to take the elevator.
(CHUCKLES)
No, I won't.
Darling, if things
don't work out...
Don't talk like that.
I'm not listening.
But just in case
one of us is...
We'll both be there.
Hold the thought.
Hold the thought.
Take care.
Take care.
(SHIP HORN BLOWS)
(PEOPLE CHATTERING)
Hmm.
(LAUGHS)
(SHIP HORN BLOWS)
Nickie darling! Oh!
(CHUCKLING)
Oh, Nickie.
Well, I'm so glad to
see you. How've you been?
I'm so glad to see you.
Did you have a good trip?
Not too bad. A little rough
in spots, but very pleasant.

PHOTOGRAPHER:
for a picture.
That's fine.
Thank you.
Did you get
to see Pinky?
May I have one,
too, please?
Yes, how's this?
Thank you.
No, I think he's on
his way to Tangier.
May I have
another one, please?
He's always going
off someplace. Yes.
That's fine. Thank you.
Another one, please.
Excuse me. I have an
important appointment.
Excuse me. Thank you so much. May I?
Terry darling.
Hello, darling.
It's been so long.
Oh, it's wonderful
to have you back.
It's wonderful
to be back, Ken.
Darling,
the car's around here.
What's the matter?
Shall we get going?
Yes, let's.
Shall we?
The car's right out here. Good.

**FERRANTE:**
something I must discuss with you.
It's been on my mind,
so let's go in here
where we can be
alone and quiet...
What in the world
is all this?
Didn't I mention it?
What?
Dear, the TV people
have been after me
for an interview,
so I finally said yes
if they give
a big donation
to my favorite charity,
and they did.
You don't mind, do you,
darling? It's for a good cause.
I wish you'd
let me know.
Oh, listen,
I know you.
If I'd told you, I'd never
have got you off the ship.
Camera one,
take close-ups.
Oh, Nickie, dear, this is Mr.
Lewis who's going to interview us.
Mr. Fulton Q. Lewis.
Robert.
Robert Fulton,
how do you do?
No, Robert Q. Lewis,
but everybody does that.
Please, look,
you're a little late,
and we've got
to go on the air.
Would you mind coming over
here, Miss Clark, please?
Just sit yourselves
right down here.
I'm going to ask a few
questions, then we're going to...
What about his face?
Shiny. Look, Harry.
Would you mind a little
makeup? Harry, just blot it.
I'm sorry, darling.
It'll be over with soon.
I hope so.
Oh, incidentally, that
white shirt, how about that?
Glares.
You don't happen to
have a blue shirt?
No, not with me.
Well, yes. Well, look,
don't worry. We'll manage.
Let me explain
what I'm going to do.
I'd like to ask a few
questions about how you met...
Just a few.
I will.
Just how you met, what your
plans are and things like that.
You make yourselves
comfortable. Thank you.

MAN:
Mr. Lewis.
Right.
Now, then, one thing,
watch the camera.
When the red light
is on, you're on.
Yeah? Well, it's on.
Oh, hello there, and welcome to
another House to House program,
brought to you by the
Benton Baby Food Company.
Remember, Benton's
builds better babies.
Today, our cameras are placed
in the home of Miss Lois Clark,
heiress to one of
America's greatest fortunes.
In just a moment,
we'll meet Miss Clark
and her fianc,
Mr. Nickie Ferrante
and talk to them about their
wonderful true-to-life romance
which has gotten headlines in
papers all over the country.
A romance which has captured the
imagination of the whole world.
But first...
Do you think
they're in love?
I wouldn't know,
Gladys.
I can't wait to see
that Nickie Ferrante.
I don't know what the
$64 million question was,
but he's certainly
got the answer.
(DOOR OPENS)
Point killer.
Terry, darling.
WOMAN SINGING ON TV:
So buy Baby Soft
Buy Baby Soft
Hmm.
Remind me to
ask you later
why your kisses don't
seem quite the same.
Maybe you're just out
of practice, I hope.
Yum, yum
We don't need that
darn thing on, do we?
Buy Baby Benton's
Better Baby Food
It's got more zip...
(TURNS OFF TV)
I see you haven't
changed yet.
I thought I gave
you plenty of time
to get into
something more...
Well, Ken, we have
so much to talk about
and I can just think
better in this outfit.
You know, darling, I hoped
the trip would be good for you,
but I'm afraid you
don't look so well.
What's the matter?
Was it a rough crossing?
(STAMMERING)
Yes, yes.
Yes, it was a little.
Oh.
You know, Ken, that program might have been amusing.
Lois Clark and Nickie Ferrante were about to come on.
(CHUCKLES)
I'm only interested in you, dear, but if it'll entertain you...
Mmm-hmm.
Yes, it will.
Okay.
(TURNS ON TV)
Say, Mr. Ferrante, you must have had some wonderful experiences in Europe.
Yes.
Well, would you care to expand that statement?
No.
(LAUGHS)
Oh.
There are so many questions...
Oh, I forgot Ferrante was on the same boat with you, wasn't he?
Yes, he was.
Did you meet him?
Mmm-hmm.
Was he charming?
Mmm-hmm.

LOIS:
Nickie has all...
Fascinating?

LEWIS:
Mmm-hmm.

LEWIS:
financial difficulties...
Irresistible?
...often cause the breakup of marriages.
Oh, I'm sorry.
That wasn't like me.
I withdraw that remark.

LOIS:
difficulties. (LEWIS LAUGHS)
Well, tell me,
Mr. Ferrante,
is this your first experience
with connubial bliss?
Would you mind
rephrasing the question?

LOIS:
Darling! Darling!
He means is this your first
experience with marriage?
Oh, that's what
he meant. Yes.
Good. Do you intend to
support your wife in the
manner to which...
Yes.
(LAUGHING)
That's very funny.

LOIS:
Well, I'm going to
begin to paint again.
That's how I intend
to support my wife.

LEWIS:
That's certainly going to
take an awful lot of paint.
(LAUGHS)
I mean, you already have a
house full of masterpieces.
Yes, we have and I didn't
realize that you were going to...
I'm still going
to paint.
Oh, really?
Well, I mean, I just thought you'd given all that up. 
I know,
but I shouldn't have. 
Well, I'm sure Nickie has all kinds of plans. 
Yes, I have. 
Well, good. When are you going to be married? 
We're going to be married as soon as we... 
Just a moment, dear. 
In six months. 
Six months. 
I'll bet she never gets him to the altar. 
Six months. 
Well, good. 
Thank you so much, Miss Clark, and you, too, Mr. Ferrante. 
Well, folks, that winds up our interview with this charming couple. 
Terry? 
Mmm-hmm. 
(AD PLAYING ON TV) 
I'd like to ask that question again. 
Did you find Ferrante irresistible? 
Oh, Ken, I'm sorry. 
(TURNS OFF TV) 
You don't plan these things. They just happen! 
(SOBBING) 
Darling, it just doesn't make sense. 
I know. 
I know it doesn't. 
You've got to be realistic. 
About love?
But you know what everyone says about him.
Yes, I know,
I know, I know.
What are you going to do?
Oh, I don't know, Ken.
I think I'll...
I think I'll go back to Boston and try and get a job or something in singing again until he can...
Until he what?
Darling, he'll never be able to support you.
Oh, Terry, listen to me. I want to marry you. I know I should have asked you a long time ago. It's my fault, but it's not too late, is it? It can't be too late. Terry, look at me. Can't you see I'm in love? Mmm-hmm.
So am I. Well, do you think you can sell it? Of course, I'll try. You did this without a model?
Yeah, I couldn't afford one. What is it? Something wrong with my memory? It's getting a trifle dim.
No. And this? I painted that from memory. That was my lunch.
(LAUGHS)
You know,

it's a woman.
Yes.

You mean, you wouldn't
care to be seen with her?
I doubt it.
You know, Nickie, if you
would let me tell people,
by people I mean women,
who painted this,
I could sell it
and plenty more.
No, no, no.
The old Ferrante is dead.
But signing "Rossi"
don't mean a thing.
If you use
your own name...
The old Ferrante
is dead
and the new Rossi
is starving.
What do you expect
in three months?
Remember, the brush
obeys your hand.
It doesn't know you are
accustomed to getting your own way.
You are spoiled, but the
brush doesn't know this.
He cannot humor you.
I know, I know, but I was
hoping you'd sell something.
I want the thrill of
earning that first dollar.
Well, I'll have
to get a job.
What?
And give up painting?
No, I'm not going
to give up painting.
It's the only thing
I know.
But I've got
to earn money.
I've got to earn
a lot of it quickly.
Of course, in the meantime,
I'll buy you lunch.
You can repay me
when you're famous.
That's the first encouraging
thing you've said.
There you are.
Isn't that extraordinary?
Wouldn't you think that's the
one thing I could remember?
Yeah.
Hmm.
Hmm. Oh, well...

**TERRY:**
We'll be walking on clouds
You'll forget every care
And your troubles like bubbles
Will vanish
In air
Ask me how do you get
To Tomorrow Land
Close your eyes
Make a wish
And you're there
Close your eyes
Make a wish
And you're
There
Nickie! Nickie!
Hey!
Hey!
I have good news!
I sold one of your women.
You know, the one with the uh-huh.
I got $200 for her.
Your first dollar!
(LAUGHING)
What's the matter
with you?
My friend, I'm a happy man. I am a painter. So what? I've been a painter for years, but I ain't happy. Oh, well...

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)
Thank you. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. As you know, this is my last night so I would love to sing a song for you that is very close to my heart.

(PIANO PLAYING AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER)

(SINGING) Our love affair is a wondrous thing That we'll rejoice In remembering Our love was born With our first embrace And a page was torn Out of time and space Our love affair May it always be A flame to burn Through eternity So take my hand With a fervent prayer That we may live And we may share A love affair To remember A love affair To remember Did you fasten your seat belt? Mmm-hmm. It's fastened. There's the Empire State Building. Thank you. Miss McKay, my dear.
My favorite customer,
welcome back.

Thank you.

Miss Webb,
look who's back.

Well, Miss McKay.

We were just saying, "Whatever happened to Miss McKay?"

And here you are.

(LAUGHS)

How nice
you're looking.

Mmm-hmm. Yes, I know,
I didn't get it here.

Where have you been
these past months?

In Boston.

Oh. Well,
we've missed you.

Oh, thank you. I've
missed you, too, Miss...

Lane.

Yes, Miss Lane.

Now, Miss Lane, I want something
very, very special for...

Miss Webb will
be very happy
to take care of you,

Miss McKay.

Excuse me. I have something
to do in the office.

All right.

Well, of course, I'd be most
happy to take care of you.

Now, what did you
have in mind?

Well, I want something
irresistible, inexpensive and pink.

Oh, but, of course!

We have it.

The most beautiful. I've
been hiding it just for you.

I tell you,
you give Miss McKay
anything in the shop
she wants.
But keep talking to her
until I get there, will you?
That's all we wanted
to know.
Fine. Say, you weren't worried
about her credit, were you?
(LAUGHS) I'm surprised
at you. Good-bye.
This is adorable.
Mmm. It's a little short,
isn't it?
Oh. With these.
Oh, no.
Oh, but look. Look!
Look! This is a must.
Yes, it's lovely,
but I just want
the little item
I decided on.
All right,
we'll send it.
I'll have to let
you know where,
because
I'm not quite sure.
I believe that's right.
No charge?
No.
No?
No. I know,
I know, but, no.
Why, Ken!
Terry.
How are you?
What are you doing here?
How did you know I...
Uh-huh, I see. Nice
doing business with you.
Oh, forgive me, Ken.
I'm terribly late.
What time is it?
It's five minutes
Oh! Oh, it's been good seeing you, Ken.
It's good seeing you, too, Terry.
There's so much to talk to you about.
I'm sorry, but I'm in such a hurry.
Can't we go someplace and have a cocktail?
No, I really am in a hurry.
But I have so much to say to you.
Why don't you give me a call...
You can't do that, because I'm getting marr...
You're getting married?
Yes.
Yes, I am, Ken, and I'm very, very late.
What time did you say it was? Four minutes to 5:00.
Well, good-bye, Ken.
Terry.
I really hope you've found happiness and if you're ever in need of anything, like someone to love you, don't hesitate to call me.
No. No, I won't.
Good-bye, Ken.
Good-bye.
Good luck.
Shows what a state I'm in.
I thought the Empire State Building was this way, and, of course, it's that way!
I think I'll get out here, because I'm in a hurry.
Here you are.
Keep the change.
What's the rush, lady?
I'm going to be married, and I want you to be the first to congratulate me.
Thank you.
Marriage is something to rush to?

(TIRES SCREECHING)
(SCREAMING)
(PEOPLE MURMURING)

**MAN:**

(BELL TOLLING)
Going down?
No. No, thank you.

**MAN:**

(SIREN WAILING)
Going down?
No, no.
And what time have you?

**Ten after 5:**

Thank you.
(BELL TOLLING)
I know what I'm doing.
I want my own way!
(SOBBING)
Turn the boat around!
I want to turn the boat around.
Nickie, help me turn the boat around.
Well, you're so... You're so much stronger than I am.
I can't do it alone.
I can't.
(SHUSHING)
I can't.
You must be quiet now.
But... But I need him!
Oh, Nickie,
I need you!
Help me! Help me!
Help me turn
the boat around.
I must... I must...
(BELL TOLLING)
(THUNDER RUMBLING)
Going down?
Her X-rays aren't
very encouraging.
It's hard to say if
she'll ever walk again.
We won't know
for a long while.
That's...
That's bad.
I guess you've
gathered by now
I'm not the man
she was screaming about.
She was on her way
to marry him.
Does he know
of her condition?
No.
She said until you know what you
say you won't know for a while,
she'd rather
he didn't know.
She seems nice.
I think so.
She wants to see you.
Go ahead.
I'll be in shortly.
Hello, Ken.
Hello, Terry.
I told her I didn't know whether
or not she'd be with us today.
Fooled you, Father.
(Both chuckling)
Ken, I told Father
McGrath about us.
He's going to find me a job, aren't you, Father?
You'd better get well first, Terry.
He's right.
Then I'll try and come up with something.
Oh.
Take it easy.
Yes.

(PIANO PLAYING AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER)

(TERRY HUMMING MELODY)

(TERRY SINGING AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER IN FRENCH)

Monsieur Nicolo.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

Pour Miss McKay.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

Merci, Marius.

(BOTH SPEAKING FRENCH)

(CAR HORN HONKING)

(CHILDREN CHATTERING)

(INSTRUMENTS TUNING)

(INSTRUMENTS STOP)

Miss McKay?

Yes?

I want to thank you for what you're doing for my son Tyrone.
Now he won't grow up to be a mug like me.
Oh, you're too modest,
Mr. Bugsy.
Oh, no, I ain't.
I'm so stupid, I ain't even ignorant. Thanks again.
Don't thank me.

Thank Father McGrath.

He got the job for me.

Thanks, Father.

All eyes on me, please.

Now, as you know, poor Mollie has the measles, so I'll sing her part.
Now, are we ready?
(Door closes)
Oh.
Well, now we're ready.
Watch me closely.
We mustn't goof today.

All:
there's a tiny little scout
Who follows you about
He knows everything
you say and do
You couldn't lose him
if you wanted to
He knows, like for
instance when you try
To tell a big, fat lie
He starts burning up
at what you said
That's why
your face gets red
When you do good
like he says you should
You can bet he's
as merry as a clown
But when you've done something
and your heart starts thumping
That's him
jumpin' up and down
He's there anytime
that you're in doubt
To tell you what to do
Get smart
Listen to the tiny scout
He knows you inside
He knows you outside
He knows
what it's all about
Without a doubt
He knows you inside out
So you hate to go
to Sunday school
And that's not bad enough
You start messing
with the Golden Rule
You think being good
is sissy stuff
Get wise, try to mend
your dopey ways
Ya might be glad ya did
Then you'll never
hear the corny phrase
Poor little mixed-up kid
When you prove
you can't be trusted
You can say
you're maladjusted
You can blame your ma and pa
If you're a schmo
But you show
a streak of yeller
When you blame
the other feller
Look out

GIRLS:
down below

ALL:
to be a teacher's pet
Don't worry wings won't sprout
Just get smart
Listen to the tiny scout
He knows you inside
He knows you outside
You're on the wrong side
He's on the right side
He knows you backwards
He knows you forwards
You're on the mean side
He's on the clean side
Whew!
I'm running out of breath
Stop smoking
You're saying yes, yes
He's saying uh-uh
You think you've got to
He tells you not to
He's there beside you
all set to guide you
Rah, rah, rah
sis, boom, bah
Ricky, ticky, tin
and a ricky ticky tout
How about a cheer
for the tiny scout
'Cause he knows you
inside out
Good side, bad side,
clean side, mean side
Wrong side, right side,
outside, inside
He's your friend
without a doubt
He's your conscience
He knows you
Inside
Out
(ALL CHEERING)
Well! (LAUGHS)
Come in!
Nickie, I'm so happy
to see you.
My dear friend!
Come in. Come in.
Come in.
How's my
severest critic?
Oh, well, we'll see.
Oh, I see you've got
them all arranged.
Come on.
Let me hear the worst.
Six months' work. You haven't
wasted your time, Nickie.
Thank you. Oh, you
should have seen the 50
I dropped over
the cliff though.
Maybe you should have
dropped this one, too.
Yes, I'm inclined to agree
with you about that one.
You know, Nickie,
I can read
your state of mind
when you painted this.
Yeah?
You were very sorry for yourself
when you painted this one.
That one was painted in
August. Doesn't count.
Mmm.
You were angry here. You were
getting over your broken heart.
Broken heart? Oh, that
stuff's not for me.
I'm glad to hear that.
Come on. Let's get down
to this end. Come on.
I'm coming to that.
I'm coming to that.
Yeah, here, Nickie,
you became a painter.
Thank you. I'm not exactly
ashamed of that one myself.
I had a great deal to say
and I painted it instead.
Your being away,
a lone, for a long time,
has given you
that grasp of...
(PHONE RINGING)
I'll get it.
Remember where you were.
I want to hear
more of that.
Hello? Courbet's Paint
and Varnish Store.
Nickie?
I read you arrived today.
Lois, how nice. How
did you know I was here?
I called your hotel,
and they said
you could be reached
at this number.
Oh, Nickie, I've been thinking
about you morning, noon and night
and in-between times, too.
I was wondering if
maybe you could...
A-ha.
Well, no, no, I like the idea all right.
That's a nice offer, but I don't
think I can make it this afternoon.
Well, if you can't do
that... Oh, I wish you would.
Mmm-mmm.
Thanks anyway. Nicest
thing that's happened today.
Oh.
But you could make
the show tonight.
Well, I'll leave a ticket
at the box office anyway.
Do try to make it.
And, Nickie...
Whatever you do, don't plan
anything for after the show, huh?
(ORCHESTRAL MUSIC PLAYING)
I love our seats.
What?
I said
I love our seats.
(MUSIC STOPS)
We enjoyed it
very much.
Thank you
for asking us.
Oh, it was a pleasure.
If you don't mind,
Mr. Ferrante will
see me home.
Very well. Good night. Good night.
Good night.
Now, where would
you like to go?
Suppose you decide,
Nickie.
After all, this is your evening. I've been away so long I have no idea where people go nowadays. My coat. Hello. Hello. (CHUCKLES) Terry, please let me tell him. Oh, no. No. I'll go get him. No, please. Please, Ken. (SIGHS) It's pretty rough. The first time you're able to get out and you have to run into him. And all I could say was "Hello." (LAUGHS) Well, the show's over. Boy got the girl. Shall we go? I'll only be a minute. Yes. Good night, Lois, and thank you. Taking you to a show tonight wasn't a very good idea, was it? Merry Christmas, Lois. Merry Christmas, Nickie, and auf Wiedersehen. Oh, I think it's terrible to have to take you home just when everyone else is going out. C'est la vie, et cetera. Terry, let me ask you again.
Why won't you let me help you?
All right then,
I will tell you again.
Now, if you paid for my getting well, he wouldn't like it and if he didn't like it, I wouldn't like it.
Then if you did get me well, and I went to him, you wouldn't like it.
But certainly he ought to know.
No, because if he found out, he'd insist upon doing it himself if he had the money, which I doubt.
And then if I didn't get well... Ooh! That'd be awful.
No, unless I can walk to him, and when I say walk, I mean run, he'll never know.
Well, I'm fine. I've got my job, and I'm on a budget. If things come out right, and then maybe if I'm a very good girl, I'll get what I want next Christmas. Follow?
Merry Christmas.

CHILDREN:
How are you feeling, Miss McKay?
Children, I have bad news for you. Doctor won't let me go with you.

ALL:
Doctor, I could be back in a couple of hours. This is the Christmas benefit. This is their first public appearance. This is my team. She's our coach, Doc. Norman, Doctor. She's our coach, Doctor. (CHUCKLES) If it wasn't good for her, you wouldn't want her to go, would you?

CHILDREN:
Well, look, why don't you try it without me, hmm? Mmm. Come on. The only thing that would bother you would be the start. Miss McKay? Yes, Tyrone? We'll be thinking about you while we're singing, hoping that you'll be around okay real soon. Oh, thank you, Tyrone. Wait a minute. Where's Sally? Isn't she with us today? We took her off the team. She sings too loud. She's a show-off.

McGRATH:
it was a joke, and she wanted so badly to go on the stage. Oh. You come here, darling. Now, you go right up on the stage with the rest of them. I'll put you back
on the team,
but you must promise not to
drown out the other children.
All right, Miss McKay.
Now, are we ready?

CHILDREN:
All right.

ALL:
There's a wonderful place
Called Tomorrow Land
Tomorrow Land
And it's only a dream away
Away
And the moment you get
To Tomorrow Land
Tomorrow Land
You'll forget all about
Today
Today
You'll be walking on clouds (HUMMING)
You'll forget every care
And your troubles like bubbles
Will vanish in air
Ask me how do you get
To Tomorrow Land
Tomorrow Land
Close your eyes, make a wish
And you're there
Close your eyes
Make a wish
And you're
There
You're going to do
all right without me.
All right, children. We
must go now. Good-bye, Terry.
Good-bye, Father. Good-bye,
darling. Run along.
Merry Christmas! Bless
you. (CHILDREN CLAMORING)
Be good now.
(LAUGHING)
Oh.
Merry Christmas!
Oh! Merry Christmas,
darling!
Merry Christmas!
This isn't going to be much
of a Christmas for you, is it?
Oh, I'll be all right.
There we are.
Could you just hand
me my... Yes, surely.
Thank you so much.
You're...
You're welcome to have
turkey with my husband and me.
Oh, you save a drumstick
for me for later, will you?
All right, I will.
(CHUCKLES)
And if there's anything
else you want, just holler.
Thank you so much.
I will.
It was very sweet of you.
Merry Christmas.
And a merry Christmas
to you, too.
Does Miss McKay...
Nickie?
Hello, Terry.
(STAMMERING) Oh,
it's good to see you.
Oh, it's good
to see you, too.
You feeling all right?
(STAMMERING) Yes.
Yes. I'm fine.
I'm just resting.
Good, good. Good.
Well, it's been
a long time.
Yes, hasn't it?
Well, it is good
to see you.
You said that.
May I...
Oh, yes, please, do.
Sit down.
I'll only be a minute.
I'm sure you don't mind.
No, no, of course not.
Oh, is this
the breathtaking view?
Well, the altitude
bothered me.
Yeah, yeah.
Well, I'll bet you're
wondering how I got here.
Well, yes.
Yes, yes, I am.
Well, I was looking through a
telephone book for a man named McBride.
And I came across
the name T. McKay.
And I said to myself,
"Now, could that possibly be
Terry McKay, my old friend?"
And it was.
Yes, yes.
And then I said
to myself,
"Well, now, I haven't been
very nice to Miss McKay.
"After all,
I had an appointment
"with her one day,
and I didn't keep it."
You didn't keep...
No.
(LAUGHS)
Well, so I said
to myself,
I talk to myself
quite a lot these days,
I said, "Well, that's
not a very nice way
"to treat an old friend
like Miss McKay.
"I must apologize to Miss McKay."
Don't you agree when someone doesn't keep an appointment they should apologize, hmm?
Yes. Oh, yes, I think you're absolutely right. I... Well, I think the least people could do is to say they're sorry or something. So here I am. That's very sweet. I thought so. I've often wondered about you. (LAUGHS) And how you were. Did you really? Yes, really. Well, I've often thought about you, too. Then you weren't angry because I wasn't there? I mean, you must have been at first. Well, yes. Yes, yes, I was. At first, I was furious. I said, "He can't do this to me. Who does he think he is?" Hmm. How long did you wait? I mean, did you wait long? Well, let's... Well, yes. Yes, I waited until about... Midnight. Oh. And then what did you do?
Well, then I got really mad. Mmm.
Well, you can imagine, standing up there on the...
Yes, in a thunderstorm.
In a thunderstorm.
Then what did you say to yourself?
Well, then I said, "Go on home and get tight."
But you didn't do that.
Didn't I?
No. Well...
Maybe just a little one every hour for about a month.
Can you blame me?
Oh, I should say not.
The least I could have done was to have sent you a note.
Well, perhaps by the time you thought of it, you didn't know where to reach me.
But you swore if you ever saw me again you'd ask.
No. No.
I remember we said that if we could make it, we'd be there.
And if one of us didn't show up, it would be for a darn good reason.
Did we say that?
Yes, that is exactly what we said.
Well, like what for instance?
So, there'll be no more questions asked, I hope?
(CHUCKLES)
Would you like
a cigarette?
(SIGHS) Thank you.
Thank you, Nickie.
Isn't that wonderful?
I walked all
the way here just to...
And now I'm not even supposed
to ask you why you weren't there.
Isn't it strange?
We used to read
each other's thoughts.
It's not the same,
is it?
Not quite.
Hmm.
It doesn't seem...
I know.
I don't know what happens
to me. Whenever I...
No wedding ring, I see.
No.
Well, I thought
at the...
Last night, the show?
No, no.
He was just...
No.
I didn't mean
to offend you.
How's everything
with you, Nickie?
Oh, you can
ask questions?
Mmm-hmm.
(CHUCKLES)
Well, I thought
everything was fine
until I saw you
last night.
Then I knew there must
be something between us,
even if it's
only an ocean,
so I bought myself
a ticket.
Oh, you're sailing?
Tonight.
And you're happy,
aren't you?
Yes, yes.
And you?
I don't know.
I'm worried
about the future.
I don't know what
people will think.
They'll say, "There he
goes, the mad painter.
"There's something the matter
with him. He doesn't like women."
Why would people say that? Why?
Because he sails
the seven seas
and to every woman
he meets he says,
"Where will you be
in six months?"
And they're there?
Everywhere.
Tops of pyramids, the domes of
cathedrals, the Eiffel Tower.
He still tries to
keep them up high.
He keeps them waiting.
Sure. Waiting,
waiting, waiting.
And where is he
all this time?
Waiting.
But you can't go on
like that.
It isn't right for you.
I wish I could say
you were wrong.
I was once.
How'd you like to
change the subject?
Yes, yes, I'd love to.
Merry Christmas.
Oh, I almost forgot.
Now, six months ago,
who'd have thought
we'd be spending
Christmas together
in front of
a nice warm fire?
I brought you a present.
Oh, thank you. I'm sorry.
I don't have one for you.
I didn't think
I'd be seeing you.
That's all right.
I didn't expect one.
That isn't really
a Christmas present.
Oh, that's why
my letters came back.
I would have
sent it to you,
but I didn't know
your address until today.
She wanted you to
have it, remember?
So, well,
that's the reason I...
Good-bye, Terry.
Good-bye, Nickie.
(CLEARSTHROAT)
You know, I painted you
like that with the shawl.
I wish you could
have seen it.
Courbet said it was
one of my best.
I didn't think I could
ever part with it.
But, well, there was no reason
to keep it any longer, and...
I couldn't take money for it,
because, well, you know...
So, Courbet told me
a young woman
came into the gallery, and she liked it. She saw in it what I'd hoped you'd see, so I told Courbet to give it to her because he said she didn't have any money, and not only that, she was... She was... Anyway, I told him to give it to her. Courbet said she wanted it so badly and so I told him to give it to her. You know, it's the Christmas season and all that. And you know me. Holly in my heart. Darling, don't look at me like that. Why didn't you tell me? If it had to happen to one of us, why did it have to be you? Oh. It was nobody's fault, but my own. (SNIFFLING) I was looking up. It was the nearest thing to heaven. You were there. Oh, darling, don't... Don't worry, darling. If you can paint, I can walk. Anything can happen. Don't you think? Yes, darling, yes. Yes, yes, yes.
CHORUS:
Our love affair
To remember