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Without Love

By Philip Barry

No vacancies.

What next, boss?

Big hotels are full, small hotels are full.

Ain't you got no friends here
in Washington you could stay with?

You haven't got an extra bed at home?

Boss, I got two cots,
both of them taken.

- Who sleeps in your bed?

- My wife does. What'd you expect?

I don't know. I don't know.

I'm a stranger here.

- Well, you're married, ain't you?

- No, I'm not.

Well, take me to a hotel that's got
a nice large rug in the lobby, will you?

And with a small runner
alongside of it for the dog.

Right.

- Hey, taxi.

- Another customer, mister.

Throw out the lifeline.

Come on.

We've been sharing rides all evening.

What is it, a dog?

- Are you the dog I know?

- Where to, mister?

I want to go to the nearest
recruiting station.

I'm going to join
the United States Navy.

They're not open this time of night.

Oh, well, that's no excuse.

Oh, I know, you think
the Navy won't take me...

...just because

I happen to be nearsighted.

All right, ask me to see something.

That's a house.

There's a tree.

There's a sign.

It says, "Keep off the grass. "

I should think the Navy
would be very happy to get you.

Well, I'm sleepy.
Good night, doggie.
Get some sleep.
Say, where do you live?
No, no, no.
No, a home is where the heart is,
and a man's best friend is his mother.
But not tonight, my friend.
Not tonight,
because you don't know my mother.
She's a...
- To Jamie's house.
- Where's that?
Oh, well, now let's not be stupid,
shall we?
It's Connecticut Avenue Northwest.
Northwest by east, and a quarter south.
Aye, aye, skipper.
But what number,
if I'm not too inquisitive?
Oh, it's all right.
It's 184.
It's 481.
Well, you try all of them. I always do.
You'll find it. You'll find it.
See? I told you.
It was just a question
of trying all the numbers.
Nice landing, commodore.
Quiet, quiet.
The day shift is trying to sleep.
Oh, now, let's not be absurd, shall we?
I mean, there's...
Nobody lives in this house.
It's gonna hear the patter
of four little feet tonight.
Four? I can stand up.
Are you sure nobody lives here?
My cousin Jamie lives here.
But nobody lives here now.
Compre...? Oh, yeah.
- What is that, free French?
- Very free. As a matter of fact...
...I'm gonna give it to you

for a night's lodging.

That'll be 3.25 altogether.

Why don't you let him pay it?

- He'll never know.

- Oh, no.

I couldn't do that to a man
who wears glasses.

That would be grand larceny.

Thanks.

Come on.

Hey, have I been out of town?

These are my bags.

Here.

Oh, refugee!

I'm a refugee.

You don't believe that, do you?

Well, I'm a refugee from love.

Really? Well, the same thing
could be said about me.

Say, why don't you spend
the night here?

Spend the night here?

Oh, I couldn't do that.

- Is the dog okay?

- Oh, be careful. You'll hurt his feelings.

Oh, I'm sorry, old man.

- May I take your bags?

- Thank you.

- Thank you very much.

- Not at all.

Let me tell you about love.

If I only knew where Jamie keeps
the keys...

...we could have a drink.

Jamie? Who's he?

Jamie is a she.

Like George Eliot.

- Oh, she writes.

- Who?

Jamie? She writes.

She writes horseback.

She "writes" horseback.

- That's a good one.

- Not that good.

- Don't you say anything against Jamie.

- She's the woman you love?

No, no, no. Jamie's my cousin.

She owns this house.

She spends most of her time
in the country.

Well, sit down.

I'd like to tell you about Edwina.

- Say, who's the scientist around here?

- Oh, that's Jamie's father.

But he's dead. My father's dead too.

Makes my mother a widow.

She's much older than I am.

That's very often the case.

- Not necessarily.

- Really?

Perhaps I've just never met a son
who was older than his mother.

No, no, no. I'm talking about Edwina.

- Edwina.

- Edwina is older than I am.

She's going to be married next month.

- What would you do?

- I'd go to sleep.

No. That's a coward's way.

Edwina's mother and my mother
were the best of friends.

Our fathers were the best of friends.

Our uncles were best friends.

Edwina and I have been engaged
since we were that high...

That high.

I love her and she loves me.

At least I think I do.

Now, you take love.

- You take love.

- Why, what's the matter?

You see this book?

It's logical, it's clear, it's honest.

It doesn't tell you one thing today...

...and another thing tomorrow.

It doesn't double-cross you.

It's beautiful.

I'd rather have it than any woman

who ever lived.

You know something?

I'm sober and you are terribly drunk.

I've gotta go on the wagon.

I've never heard of dogs barking before.

- Hi.

- Who are you?

Pat Jamieson. You brought me here last night, remember?

Oh, did I? Well, I didn't...

- I don't remember any dog.

- I'm sure there was a dog.

- Would you hold that, please?

- Sure.

And take it over here.

Here, I'll take the cleaver.

- Now put it against the post there.

- Sure.

Thank you. That's it.

- Nice house your cousin Jamie has.

- Do you know Jamie?

Well, you told me about her last night.

- Nice cellar, isn't it?

- Why, yeah.

Would you put that right against the sewing machine over there?

Down... On the floor.

Down on the floor against the corner.

I say, pardon me for asking...

...but are you gonna dig a hole here or something...

...because I don't think

Jamie would like you to...

...even if I said you could last night.

No, no. No holes. Now would you come over here? Just bring it with you.

Right there.

I don't suppose she'd like to rent the place, without holes.

Well, I don't know.

The house is for sale.

But rent, well, I doubt it.

Jamie is a funny sort of bird.

Do you know...

Do you know that she hasn't
cracked a smile in years?
Money's a great thing
to keep the face straight.
- Oh, yeah, you know, she...
- Right on the pencil mark.
- Do you see where I made the pencil...?
- Oh. Yes.
Oh, would you get your leg
out of the way?
- That's it.
- She lives alone.
She walks alone. She rides alone.
She even eats alone.
Say, what are you doing here, anyway?
Can't tell. Maybe I'm a counterfeiter.
Yeah, maybe you are.
You know, if I were a counterfeiter
and I were talking to me...
...I'd say I am, just to throw me
off the track.
But I'm not as foolish as you think I am.
No.
Of course, I maybe doing
something legal.
I might be doing secret
government work.
- Who knows?
- Oh, not I.
The basement is wonderful.
It's the basement
I've always dreamed of.
If you could persuade your cousin
to rent it to me...
...or loan it to me or let me buy it,
I'd really be happy I met you.
- Quentin.
- Oh, hello, Edwina.
What are you doing in this filthy place?
- Where did you get that vile dog?
- Oh, it's his dog.
Is Jamie here? I was to meet her.
She's coming to town to see about
getting a caretaker for this place.

You aren't a caretaker, are you?

Oh, Edwina. This is a very, very good old friend of mine.

Edwina Collins, Pat Josephson.

Jamieson. Pat Jamieson.

My dog's name is Dizzy.

What are you doing

in your dinner jacket?

Aren't we dressing for dinner

at your mother's house tonight?

- I see.

- You do? Well, that's fine.

You overdid it again, as you say, didn't you?

Why, in the name of heaven,

you think it amusing...

...to get yourself in a completely drunken state is beyond me.

- I know you're not a great brain...

- Please behave...

I behave? If you take

one more drink today, I'm through.

Not even a little tail of the cock that bit me?

- So you think that's funny?

- Moderately, yes.

Well, I don't.

You and your drunken friends.

- Why, you disagreeable little piece, you.

- I beg your pardon.

Should have your mouth

washed out with soap.

- You know what you're saying?

- I know what I'm saying.

How dare you insult this nice guy

in front of a perfect stranger?

- Who do you think you are?

- I know perfectly well who I am.

I'm trying to figure out what conceivable training you could be the product of.

Quentin, who is this man?

I've never been spoken to so in my life.

- Time someone started.

- Quentin.

Easy there.

Take her upstairs
and lock her in her room.

- Now look here, Joseph...

- Jamieson.

Quentin, get rid of that man and
come up to Jamie's room this minute.

Would you care to step outside with me?

Don't be a dope.

Go and consolidate your position.

What do you mean?

Say, look, I usually charge
for unpleasant work like this.

- Oh, I get it, I get it.

- Well, go on and carry it through.

Yeah.

Well, that's that, Diz.

Too bad,

would have made a nice kennel.

He's already arrived, Miss Jamie.

How did you get in?

Are you gonna stand there
with your hat on?

No, ma'am.

Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon.

- I'm sorry if I kept you waiting.

I told the agency not to send over
any caretakers until 2:00.

But, well, I'm sorry to disappoint you,
but I'm afraid you won't do.

- No?

- No, I wanted an older man.

Well, I'm much older than I look.

Somehow, I thought you'd be older too.

What is your name?

Patrick Jamieson, ma'am.

- Are you single?

- Oh, yes, ma'am. Very much so.

Well, that's also unfortunate.

I wanted a couple.

Something in the nature
of superior caretakers for this place...
...which I intend to offer for sale

furnished as it is.

I'm sure I could show it off
to the best possible advantage, ma'am.
Well, I'm afraid it would be too lonely
for one person alone, I'm sorry.

Madam, I am a great reader.

Well, as it happens
there's quite a large library.

- Still, I'm afraid that wouldn't be...

- Could I play the piano maybe?

Well, of course,

I should have no objection to that.

- Do you play the piano?

- Oh, yes, ma'am. Quite well.

There's no better companion
for a lonely man anywhere.

My father used to play the piano
for hours on end. He...

But that's quite beside the point.

The fact is, I don't...

Your father must have been
a very remarkable man, madam.

Perhaps if I could get someone in
by the day to cook for you.

Yes, yes. That'll do it.

Now... May I see
your last references, please?

- What is it you like to be called?

- How do you mean?

- Patrick or Jamieson?

- Whichever comes easiest.

There would be an afternoon off
once a week and every evening...

...unless I particularly wanted
you to be here.

You could ring me up.

And how much are you asking?

If I may ask.

Well, in this case, just my meals
and lodging would be quite enough.

You would have wages suitable
to the position, Patrick.

Whether or not you would be
suitable for it, I'm not yet sure.

- The references, please.
- Yes, now what did I do with them?
I don't remember
if I put them in my overcoat...
Another man is here from
the agency, Miss Jamie.
Yes. Now I remember.
I left my references at the agency...
...and this man has been sent with them.
I'll get them and then come on back.
- Did you come about the job?
- Are you Mr. J. Rowan?
No, no, no. I'm sort of her secretary.
Mrs. Rowan is ill.
- What's the matter with...?
- Nothing.
- Just nerves.
- Just nerves?
Yes. You'd better stand over here.
Mrs. Rowan is a little fearful of burglars.
She has trap doors all over the place.
If you don't happen to know
where they are...
...you may make a hasty exit.
Careful. Don't break the vase.
The last man who held this position
broke the vase.
Poor fellow.
But you look very strong and able.
I'm sure you'll be very happy here.
Good day.
- Where did that dog come from?
- He was in the cellar.
- Is that your dog?
- She must have said something...
I did no such thing.
He attacked me the minute he saw me.
He's a wonderful little watch dog,
ma'am.
He eats lighted cigarettes too.
- I should like to see your references.
- Matter of fact, I have no references.
You'll just have to take us
on faith, Jamie.

Naturally, you can't expect me...

What did you say?

I said you'll just have to take us
on faith, Jamie.

Good afternoon.

Leave at once, please.

- I should have known better...

- Here you are.

Oh, there's that horrible dog.

I want to apologize though

for thinking you were a caretaker.

- But I am. That belongs to me, please.

- You're a highbrow scientist.

Want to read a fascinating article by
him on oxygen in relation to altitude?

Will you kindly explain to me?

He played nursemaid

to my dear little fianc last night.

- I'm grateful to you, of course.

- Part of a caretaker's duties.

There. Now are you sorry

you spoke so rudely to me?

- Not a bit. It did you good.

- You fiend.

- How do you spell your last name?

- He's a brain, my dear.

- Are you related to...?

- My father.

Hurry up, Quentin, I'm leaving.

- I'll come back later.

- That won't be necessary.

What about interviewing
caretakers for you?

I've already engaged a man.

- You have? Who?

- You.

- Me?

- Yes.

Better be careful.

The joke may be on you.

I may like it here. You'll want
to consult your husband, of course.

My husband is no longer living.

I met your father in this house.

My father admired him tremendously.
Well, about the job,
we were joking, weren't we?
Oh, no, we weren't joking.
You've hired me.
Oh, you've already met Mr. Jamieson.
He's a great guy, Jamie.
Hurry up, Quent. They're expecting us.
Oh, not me.
- But I told them.
- Well, telephone.
But what can I say...
Just tell them politely
that I'm drunk in a gutter someplace.
Quentin, this is the limit.
This is about all I can stand.
Why don't you all stay
and have dinner with me?
- Together? You mean it?
- Please say you will.
We will. We will.
If Edwina comes back, we can leave
a saucer of cream in the pantry.
Quentin, tell Anna to set
a little table for three on the terrace.
On the terrace, madam.
And may I have the keys
to the wine closet, madam?
- To the...?
- Yes, to the wine closet.
It's the brass one.
I don't know long it is
since it's been used.
It seems such a shame to keep
a lovely thing like wine locked up.
You should be a shade more trustful.
- Anna will show you.
- But you seem to be a girl...
...who's kept a lot of precious things
locked up...
...for a great many precious years.
Thank you, madam.
You slay me.
Hello. Colonel Braden's office?

May I speak to the colonel, please?

- This is Patrick Jamieson.

- Oh, yes. Jamieson.

Here's your protg, professor.

Any luck?

Yes. I found a place.

I can start work tomorrow.

Nobody will bother you?

You're sure?

Good. Wait, here's a friend.

Just flew in from Chicago.

Thank you. Hello, Pat.

Well, well, you'll be happy to know
they already think you're crazy here.

Hello, Professor Grinza.

Sure they think I'm crazy.

That's why I wanna work alone.

How's Chicago?

Well, we are waiting for you
to come back...

...with that oxygen mask

that'll prove who's crazy...

...you or these army aviation experts.

Don't tell them, but I'm betting on you.

Oh, yes, yes,

we have all the equipment you need.

Say, what address shall we send it to?

Address? Oh, wait just a minute.

What address is this place?

481 Connecticut Avenue, Northwest.

Why?

481 Connecticut Avenue, Northwest.

Yes. Well, if there's anything else,
I'll call you. Thank you.

I was just ordering some groceries,
madam.

- But I'm only staying tonight.

- That's too bad.

We're going to have baby limas.

Thanks, Diz.

I haven't done that for a long time,
have I?

Go on, go to bed now.

- Is that all you're going to play?

- Where did you come from?

I've been sitting on the stair

listening for a long time.

I play a little too but nothing

as well as you do.

Perhaps you'd like to take over.

No, thanks.

Thanks very much, but no, thanks.

Look, because I'm a...

- Because I can't sleep is no reason...

- I'm staying right here.

I know what it's like to

be wakeful with no one to...

Well, then, talk, just talk.

Come on. Talk my ear off.

- What about?

- About yourself.

- That's always interesting.

- Not myself.

Why don't you let me be

the judge of that?

Come on, now. Come on.

Come out with it.

Where you from? Whither bound?

I like to know all about people.

Well, I was born in 1917

in the New England town...

...where my father was born,

his father before him, my mother too.

- Is that the way?

- That's the way. Go ahead.

Oh, we lived in a big brick house...

...bigger than this, but like this,

with no reason for it.

I was the only child

and even I didn't appear...

...until several years

after father and mother were married.

I guess he knew

I was all he was going to get...

...and that's why he named me Jamie.

Mother was never very strong.

But I remember that she was

terribly sweet.

And really quite pretty.
I can understand that.
She died when I was 8.
Father loved me dearly...
...and I simply worshipped
the ground he walked on.
Miss Jennings, my governess,
I always secretly hated.
And I hate her now.
She made me terribly shy with people...
...and frightened the life out of me
about God and purity.
You probably had
a very healthy reaction.
No, the fact is I never did.
By gum, I'm still scared.
I pray for guidance
and blush when I get it.
When did you get married?
Don't you think that you ought to
tell me...
...something about yourself first?
After all, if you're going to live
in my house without references...
What do you wanna hear? My father?
I didn't have a governess.
You don't have to tell me
if you don't want to.
Look, I'm what is known as a scientist.
I'm curious about things.
Reasons for things. Facts.
I'll tell you what I'll do with you:
I'll tell you a few facts about myself
as one scientist to another.
- And I'll expect facts in return.
- Keep going about you.
Well, fact number one:
About love.
I have been in love once in my life.
A girl I met in Paris. Lila Vine.
She was cuckoo, nuts.
She was bright and gay and shallow.
And lived for parties.
She was forever humming

or singing magical little French tunes...

...and saying,

"What, darling? What, sweet?"

It was a thoroughly devastating
and a supremely joyless affair.

- Couldn't it have been otherwise?

- Fact number two:

She had no heart. I tell you this
scientifically and honestly.

She was a witch on a broomstick.

She wouldn't have me

and she wouldn't let me go.

The last time I saw her, she was
wearing a white evening gown...

...with her curls piled on top
of her head, looking about 16.

I think most girls

have a white dress they remember...

...or are remembered in.

- And if one falls in love in one...

- Love?

For our conclusions on love, madam,
let me tell you that you can have it.

Anybody can who wants it,
but not for me.

No, madam, never no more.

- I don't want anymore of that sickness.

- Don't call it that.

That's what it was for me.

If I ever feel symptoms of it again...

...I'll show it's fair object the
cleanest pair of heels ever a girl saw.

- Oh, it's you.

- Yes, good morning.

- I thought I heard somebody.

- It's odd, this. It's very odd.

Very odd indeed.

Anna doesn't believe
in scientific research.

You never want love in your life again.

I never want it in mine.

But our reasons are as different
as the sun is from the moon.

You don't want it

because you've had all the worst of it.
I don't want it
because I've had all the best.
- Was it like that?
- His name was...
His name is Harry Rowan.
He was 22 when we met. I was 20.
He was getting just out
of the University of Virginia...
...where my father went to make
the commencement address.
We were in love before we knew it,
deeply and instantly.
We got married a month later...
...and went to live on the sweet farm
his grandfather left him, White Gate.
That's where I'm going back
to this morning. I live there still.
He was a scientist too.
Agricultural. I helped him.
He was the finest, the kindest...
...the gentlest human being
I've ever known.
He had a first-rate mind
and was very amusing.
I was amusing then too,
or he seemed to think so.
We laughed a great deal together.
We were so young
and everything was such great fun.
He must have been something,
all right.
He was everything.
For two years, it was heaven on Earth.
Every living, breathing moment of it,
perfection.
- For only two years?
- That's all.
But it was a lifetime, really.
Then one morning early...
...a morning just like any other one...
...he was trying out a new horse,
a jumper.
It seems that he behaved all right

at first and then...
...suddenly without warning,
refused a fence and threw Harry...
...marvelous rider that he was.
He landed the terribly wrong way...
...as sometimes happens,
even to the best.
They brought...
They brought him back to me...
...and he lived only long enough
to grin his grin at me and say:
"What a dirty trick on us, Jamie.
But don't think we end here. "
- So you see.
- Yes, I see.
A story of a girl who wants no more of
life because life has no more to give her.
That's right.
It isn't right.
It's a complete denial of life.
You can't close the book on life
where and when you please.
- It isn't allowed.
- No? By whom is it not?
By the heavenly powers, I expect,
or by the devilish ones.
Both to the contrary,
I shall do as I wish.
But it's so stupid. It's such a waste.
You've got a brain.
At least your father
was supposed to have had one.
- Thank you so much.
- It's selfish, it's shocking.
Don't you know what
you could be doing?
Or don't you think this is your world?
Harry and I were doing everything
we could long before lots of people.
- He had a way of seeing things ahead.
- Too bad his horse didn't.
I said that purposely.
Yes, I know you did.
I like to see how much

a person like you can take.
You fancy yourself as being
hard as nails, don't you?
It's a useful quality.
Well, my deepest respects
to the retired student of science...
...in her rural retreat.
- And mine to my retired caretaker.
- You mean, from this house?
I mean from this house
as soon as possible.
At least it's nice to know
you still have a spark of life in you.
- Are you trying to be vulgar?
- It's no effort.
Cheer up, Anna. I've been thrown out,
but not for the reason you think.
Where does this go, cookie?
- Cookie?
- You must have the wrong address.
Isn't this 481 Connecticut
Avenue Northwest?
- Yes.
- Okay, men.
- I think there must be...
- Gangway, sister.
- Sorry, ma'am.
- If you'll let...
Please, I'm quite capable of
handling this myself, Mr. Jamieson.
- Mrs. Rowan, really, really.
- Where does this stuff go?
Well, it obviously does not go here.
- If you'll just let me...
- This is not your concern.
But it is my concern.
This stuff happens to be
from the War Department.
I happen to be a member
of a group of scientists...
...who work in cellars,
garages, anyplace.
Anyplace that'll keep the rain off.
Anyplace that's a little

more or less secret.
Dreaming up something
that'll help make this war...
...a little less difficult
for the people in it.
Your father, if he were alive,
would be one of us.
My own contribution
happens to be an oxygen mask...
...which I hope will function
over 40,000 feet for the flyers.
You know, you could really be
a lot of help to us.
How do you breathe up in that
private little world you live in?
Look, doesn't anybody know
where this stuff goes?
- It was to go to the cellar.
- What cellar?
Our cellar, Anna.
You mean, it's okay?
Well, that is, unless you'd like
to use the living room.
There won't be anyone else here
but you for the next six weeks.
- The cellar.
- Out of the way, Cookie.
- Mrs. Rowan. Mrs. Rowan.
- There's a war on, Anna.
- Not between you and me, I hope.
- No.
You and I'll declare an armistice,
at least until I come back.
That's fine. You furnish the cellar
and I'll feed the birds...
...and mow the lawn,
take care of the garden.
- I'll keep the house in apple-pie order.
- It's a deal.
- By gum.
- By gum.
Must be time for tea, Diz.
Now the thing is to find the tea.
Well, I made it this far.

Doesn't the front doorbell work?
Not now. Not now. Well, what is it?
- Call off your dog.
- Why?
I might bite him.
I might bite you too
if I knew who you were.
I'm the caretaker.
Shut up, Diz. Lie down.
Who, me?
Hello, caretaker. I'm Kitty Trimble.
I'm Mrs. Rowan's caretaker too.
- Her business caretaker.
- She sent you here?
And high time, I should say.
Does the rest of the house look like this?
- Like what?
- Like this.
I have to show the house
to a prospect.
You can't do that.
I'm working here now.
What are you doing?
Inventing the steam engine?
I'm making tea.
I take a lemon and two lumps.
I'd better write a note to my client
that that bell doesn't work.
Maybe I can fix the bell.
Handyman around the house, huh?
Well, you'd make someone
a nice husband.
I'd just as soon be a good client.
Well, that might be arranged.
"Washington Contacts Limited. "
Is that you?
We fulfill a very useful function.
Contacts knows the ropes,
the people, the places.
Whom to see, where to go.
Provides backgrounds, foregrounds,
middle grounds.
Chiefly middle. It's a master at the art
of collaboration and compromise.

But it isn't doing very well.
- That's too bad.
- Well, don't let it depress you.
I've been worse off
and I have a stout heart.
Who and what does it tick for?
- Its owner, chiefly.
- That would have been my guess.
Still, there are times
when one's not too busy.
Really? I must make a note of that.
When is your slack season?
Late spring. Any time now.
How about dinner at the Cavendish
Hotel two months from now?

Good. Around 7:

- You're a good girl, Miss Trim.
- Please. Don't make that mistake.
- Which one?
- The good girl.
I'm really quite a bad one
and I revel in it.
There's my client.
He won't wanna see the cellar,
will he?
I don't suppose you have any bodies
buried down there?
Say, if your client wants to see bodies,
he'll have to look for another house.
I suggest he do that anyway.
- How does the rest of the house look?
- It's in apple-pie order.
Well, no apple-pie, thanks.
Just the check.
- Come in, Mr. Carrell.
- Thank you.
- I'm a little late?
- Oh, no. I'm early.
- Now, this is the front hall.
- Oh, magnifico.
- You don't like it?
- I love it. It's charming.
So American in the best sense.

Like yourself.

Glad you like it.

Shall we start in the front of the house?

- If you prefer.

- I prefer.

This is the living room
or drawing room or music room.

I've been dreaming of something
like this for 12 years.

Tell me, Mr. Carrell,
did you live in Spain all that time?

Longer than that.

- How long since it's been occupied?

- Several years.

But Mrs. Rowan
has had an excellent caretaker.

- So I see.

- I should...

Please, it doesn't make any difference.

- The house is charming.

- Quiet, please.

You're not by any chance
a ventriloquist?

Perhaps the house is haunted.

Will you please draw those shades?

I'm trying to sleep.

That is the caretaker?

- No, that's Mrs. Rowan's cousin.

- I see. He goes with the house.

- No, he goes with Edwina Collins.

- That's not so. The engagement's off.

- What, again?

- Well, this time it's for keeps.

That's what you said last time.

Now, Kitty, give me another chance,
will you?

If you think you can stroll
into my life and pick me up...

...where you put me down,
you're just...

Now, just don't be so mean, Kitty.

- Did you really break your engagement?

- I did. Wanna hear about it?

Who's that?

Quentin Ladd, Mr. Paul Carrell.

Another client.

- Yes?

- He wants to rent this house.

- Oh, yes. Well, how are you?

- Splendid, thank you.

Number 11 is late.

Just relax while I show Mr. Carrell
the rest of the house.

- Dinner tonight, maybe?

- I wouldn't wonder.

Passing from the living room, we
approach what is known as the library.

A very interesting room
containing hundreds of rare volumes.

Excuse me. There may be a wreck.

- If you don't mind.

- Some girls just can't resist a whistle.

That's right.

I'm just a poor working girl.

How'd you find the house?

Well, there's a little dust
on your apple pie.

Little dust on your apple pie too.

- And this, I imagine, is the kitchen.

- Paul Carrell.

- For heaven's sake...

- Pat Jamieson? Hello there.

- Hello.

- Well, well, it's a small world, isn't it?

- Too small sometimes.

- You know, Miss Trimble...

...I haven't seen Pat since...

Since...

You never married that girl, did you?

- What was her name? Lila...

- Vine.

- No, never married her. How's Madrid?

- Madrid is still Madrid.

My company decided I might be
more useful here in Washington.

Back home again, thank goodness.

Think you'll be able to stand

American women?

The question is,
will they be able to stand me?
This might be a lovely house in which
to experiment along those lines.

- Yes. Say, what are you doing here?
- I'm the caretaker.

Most curious. Mr. Jamieson
is quite insane, you know.

- Oh, of course.
- Hello. Oh, hello.
- Set another place, cook.
- Jamie, this is Mr. Paul Carrell.
- He wants to rent the house.
- How do you do?
It's the most perfect house,
Mrs. Rowan. Charming.
And now that I've met the owner...
...I can understand its perfection
and its charm.

- Yes.
- You belong only in a house like this.
And in an old-fashioned dress...
...with perhaps some flowers,
some violets.
Do you like white violets?
If they're fresh. But I'm sure
that any from you would be.

- I thought this was about a house.
- This house is not for rent.
I'm sorry if it has inconvenienced you.
But how could it be any inconvenience
to have met you, Mrs. Rowan?

- I'm well repaid.
- Let's go, Contacts.
Have a date
with a bartender named Charles.
All right.
Only three drinks a day from now on.
Jamie, let me know if you change
your mind about renting.

- Bye, all.
- I like purple violets.
Goodbye, Mrs. Rowan.
When will you have lunch

with me, Pat?

I can't lunch. I'm too busy.

But of course.

That man had the oddest effect on me.

- Don't think he didn't mean to have.

- Him and his white violets.

By gum, I'm glad to see you.

Weren't supposed to be here

for two weeks.

Well, anyway, I'm glad to see you.

I've been busy keeping things in order.

- I must say, Mr. Jamieson...

- Don't say it.

- You can think it, but don't say it.

- I got your letters. Thanks.

You didn't actually tell me much about
what you were really doing though.

- How's it going down below?

- I can't tell you.

You wouldn't trust me to take a look?

Well, it's your house.

I rather hoped that my letters
would make you trust me.

Just wait right there, please.

Okay.

Jiminy Crickets, Patrick!

Oxygen?

How long will it take you
to complete your decompression tank?

How'd you know

it was a decompression tank?

Just guesswork, I imagine.

What equivalent altitude pressure
will this withstand?

About 60,000.

- You're pretty smart, aren't you?

- Well, that's just a guess.

Fairly dangerous to try that out alone,
I would imagine.

Oh, you would?

Well, that's just a guess.

Well, what have you been doing
with yourself?

Oh, nothing much.

I've just been around by myself.

Just riding and thinking.

- Big thoughts?

- Enormous ones.

What about?

Life with a great big L.

Well, that's sometimes rewarding.

How did you come out?

Not very well.

- Really? Anything I can do?

- There might be.

To tell you the truth,

that's why I came in this afternoon.

- Really?

- Yes, really.

Well, there's nothing I could

that I wouldn't.

- Why isn't there?

- I don't know. I may be wrong.

But I think

that you're the most... woman...

...I've ever met in all my life.

- I guess that's why you're here.

- Are you sure?

No, no, it's just guesswork.

That's nice because I've been guessing

that I like you a good deal too.

And we're so utterly different

we could help each other.

- I mean, really help. That is, if we...

- If we what?

Don't rush me. Give me time.

Since I told you, I've been thinking

all sorts of things.

And in all sorts of ways.

Backwards, forwards,

every which way but chiefly forwards.

Well, I hope that means that you've

decided to stop living in the past.

Yes, that's it.

I got to thinking maybe you're right.

It is stupid of me. It is selfish.

It's a terrible world to live in alone

with just memories.

You've got such qualities to face it
with, to do something about it with.
Your eye is clear, you see
straight, you're honest, quick...
...aware of everything
and fearless and...
- Wait...
- Don't stop me.
I'm none of those things
except honest.
I've got qualities for it too.
I'm strong and have lots of energy.
And I'm brave too, in a way.
Things don't get me down.
I can take punishment.
It isn't just this house I can offer you
or myself as an assistant.
I could be your assistant. I helped
Harry. I did a lot of college work.
It isn't only that.
But I want to be... I must be part of it.
I can't just stay outside.
Nobody any good can.
But I don't wanna be
all alone through it.
I want someone to lean on a little.
- And stand by as well. I can do that.
- So?
So I thought after all we said
to each other...
...and the way we understand
each other about love...
I never could and I know how you
never could or would or would want to.
And there's all that powerful
commodity to be put to use.
- I thought...
- You thought...?
So I wondered
if maybe you'd like to marry me.
Would the idea interest you?
Because, by gum, I'd like you to.
All of a sudden, I've seen that there
can be another basis...

...for a good and happy marriage
besides love.

- And what would that be?

- Several of them.

Things shared in common.

Honesty, say, and courage and humor?

Though I haven't got much of that,
I'm afraid.

I think you have a great deal of that or
you never could have thought this up.

It is sort of funny, isn't it?

I feel as though I'd run a mile.

- Mrs. Rowan, you're nuts.

- Yes, so are you. That's just the point.

- It would never work.

- Why not?

- Because of ghosts?

- Well, for a lot of reasons.

If you're interested at all,
I demand that you think it over.

Well, I mean, two...

After all, two people getting married
without love or the hope of it?

- Without even any desire for it?

- That's just it. That's just it.

I could never even think of it
if someone loved me.

I'd feel so guilty all the time. And you.

Do you want the jealousy,
the possessiveness...

...the misery, the exacting,
the demanding?

You'd be safe forever
from the other side of love.

The side you said you knew.

You'd have companionship
and the independence you prize so.

And you could work.

We could both work
with no interruptions of any kind.

It would take a lot of working at.

There's one thing, though.

- I do...

- Madam...

You would never have to give that
a thought.

- This is for you.

- Thank you.

Jamie Jamieson.

Be kind of a pretty name.

Don't think I didn't think of that.

How's it feel?

- How's it feel?

- Feels fine. How's it look?

Oh, it looks great.

You look like Buck Rogers.

Buck Rogers. Great flyer,
especially in the stratosphere.

- Where?

- In the funny paper.

Let's try the oxygen valve.

Doorbell.

- Anna's gone out. Let it ring.

- Might be General Stevenson.

Hold everything.

Professor Grinza. Well, come in,
come, come in, come in.

- How are you?

- My woman-hating friend.

How do you like Washington?

Fine, fine, fine. You'll spend the night.

- Well, are you sure, Patrick?

- Sure.

You couldn't have come
at a better time.

- I just started my first test.

- Really?

I don't think the thing will
work tonight...

...but I want you to see
what I've been doing.

Oh, yes, I forgot. Hey.

Great piece of luck.

This is Professor Grinza
I've told you about.

How do you do?

How do you...? Excuse me.

How do you do?

This is my little tank job.

- Very nice.

- Honey of a pump.

I can get her up to 30,000 feet
in less than two minutes.

Say, Patrick. Who is that?

I'm sorry.

May I introduce my assistant
and my wife?

- Well, Patrick, I congratulate you.

- Thank you.

Mrs. Jamieson, I can only say...

- Mrs. Jamieson, I congratulate you too.

- Thank you very much, professor.

Well, come on. Excuse me.

Let's get on with it, huh?

- Mind stepping into your plane?

- Good luck.

Thank you. Same to you.

- Be careful, won't you?

- Yeah.

Drive slowly. Don't bump into
any clouds.

If you get too much oxygen
better pull over...

...or they'll pinch you
for drunken driving.

- When will I know if I get too much?

- You'll know, all right.

Will you handle the exhaust valve?

Okay.

Oxygen starting in
at four pounds' pressure.

- Altitude 4000 at zero minutes, 20.

- Check.

You weren't married
when I saw you in Chicago.

No. Oxygen coming in at 4.7.

Altitude 18,000 at zero, 58.

- Oxygen intake perfect.

- Check.

You were perhaps engaged
to her then?

No. Only met her two months ago.

- Well, she's not like the girl in Paris.
- I should say not.
- Oxygen coming in at 5. 1.
- One-forty-nine. Oxygen intake perfect.
- When were you married?
- This afternoon.
This afternoon?
But, Pat, your wedding day.
I'm worried about that valve.
- Oxygen still at 5.2.
- Oxygen intake perfect.
She's very useful to me.
Used to work with Perry at Columbia.
Yes. Good, good.
But what am I doing here?
Here's where I load it.
- Oxygen going up now, 5.9.
- Altitude perfect.
Oxygen intake...
I feel so uptake intake outtake.
I take, you take, we all take.
I take, you take, I take, we all take.
That settles it. Come on down.
Pull over to the curb.
You're coming down, Mrs. Uptake.
- What happened?
- Too much gas.
What?
Oh, Pat, I hope it wasn't my fault.
No, no, no. It wasn't your fault.
How do you feel?
All right. I feel all right.
Pat, maybe it was something
with the valve.
I feel intake, uptake, outtake.
I don't know.
Three thousand...
...2000...
...1000.
Happy landing, Mrs. Uptake.
How'd it go?
Wait a minute. I have to undo this.
Maybe we could try it again, Pat,
at a lower pressure.

No.

No, I don't think that was the trouble.

- Do you, professor?

- Possibly not.

But you can't solve this problem
in one day.

Especially your wedding day.

Mrs. Jamieson, I can't tell you...

You see,

I was Patrick's father's best friend.

I'm so very happy that he has found
what he has been looking for.

- A woman who can stand on her head.

- Exactly.

Exactly, Patrick.

Now, Mrs. Jamieson,

that you've come down...

...from 35,000 feet to the level
on which you were married...

...I think I'll say good night.

Oh, no,

but you're gonna spend the night.

- Pat, didn't you ask him?

- Oh, sure.

Who? Me? No, thank you. I've

a very urgent outtake. I'm late now.

- Oh, no, no.

- Oh, you must stay.

- It's silly for you to leave.

- Goodbye. Goodbye.

We have plenty of room. Come on, stay.

- Professor, you don't understand.

- What don't I understand?

Well, you see, we have a few questions
we'd like to ask you.

Oh, Patrick, you are a big boy now.

I'll be back tomorrow in the afternoon
after I've seen General Stevenson.

I'll tell him that you have
made satisfactory progress.

Up to now, anyway.

Why, even Dizzy wants you to stay.

- What's the dog's name?

- Dizzy.

Dizzy?

That's quite a name

to live up to in this house.

- Well, goodbye, Mrs. Jamieson.

- Goodbye.

I'm very happy to have met you.

Bye, Pat.

Professor, your...

Well, he didn't have to insult Diz.

I guess there's no use trying to

explain our marriage to anyone.

No, we can't expect people

to understand.

Did it upset you?

The experiment? Oh, no, just means

we have more work to do, that's all.

I'll turn out the lights. I'm tired.

You're tired, Mr. Jamieson?

I flew up 35,000 feet.

- And upside down too.

- Were you ashamed of me?

I was proud of you.

Grinza likes you too.

We're off to a flying start.

Hey, what are you doing?

- Are these your pajamas?

- I hope so. Why?

Glad I don't have to see you in them.

Fish eyes swimming in mucilage.

Well, good night,

Mrs. Uptake Intake Outtake.

If I couldn't invent

a better helmet than that...

- We will.

- You will.

- Breakfast at 7:30.

- Well, thank you.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Diz. Hey, Diz. Diz.

Diz, hey.

Mr. Jamieson. Mr. Jamieson.

What are you doing in my bedroom?

Get out of here.

I think it would be better
if you didn't try to pretend.
Pretend? Aren't you ashamed
of yourself? Get...
Where is my bathrobe?
You happen to be in my bed.
Yes.
I might have known.
I guess you'll just have to lock me up.
Well, it's no crime, you know.
If you do it, you do it.
Do what?
Somnambulism.
Noctambulism,
there are a lot of names for it.
There doesn't seem to be any cure.
They throw you out of the army for it.
Oh, Pat. Pat.
- Well, okay?
- Yes.
If it gets any worse,
you'll have to call the...
It couldn't get any worse.
If you knew...
I know.
Good night.
Where were you in my hour of need?
Remind me to trade you in
on a cat.
What was that measurement again?
One thirty-three point seven.
Let's have a little more light, huh?
Let's take tomorrow off and go fishing.
One thirty-three point seven.
I said come here.
I wanna show you something.
Well, what?
- Nature.
- Where?
Out there.
Don't be afraid to breathe it.
It's just Virginia fresh air.
Fresh air? What's that good for?
You and me after six months in a cellar.

Okay. I'll breathe
your fresh country air...
...and I'll smell your fresh
country flowers...
...and I'll listen
to your loudmouthed birds...
...but I won't visit with those visitors
that are coming.
Hi there, Dizzy. Anybody home?
Anybody home?
Oh, hello, Contacts.
Would you like to take a buggy ride?
Certainly not.
What are you doing down here?
Oh, same as you. Visiting friends.
What friends?
Over there.
You mean over there, don't you?
That's where Edwina Collins' place is.
Virginia in April.
Edwina Collins in any month.
Is that engagement on again?
Of course not. I just happened
to run into her, that's all.
She just happened
to ask you down, huh?
Yeah, me and lots of others.
There's Sandy Burnham, Paul Carrell.
Oh, is he down here too?
I thought I heard wolves howling
last night.
Oh, me a wolf?
You a dyed rabbit.
Oh, yeah? Well, how long
since you've been kissed, my sweet?
Well, let's see, what's today? Saturday?
Since night before last, I guess.
- Who by?
- An unidentified target.
Somebody in uniform.
Well, it wasn't a WAC.
Nice going.
Say, where are the married folk?
Oh, out there working as usual,

and not to be disturbed.
How are things going?
Any patter of tiny feet?
I haven't been listening.
Paul said a very, very funny thing
to me about them this morning.
He wondered if I had noticed anything.
Such as her wearing his white violets
the last couple times they had lunch?
No, no, no, he wondered if
I had noticed the absence of anything.
The absence of what?
Oh, well, it's a little difficult
to put into words.
Well, maybe you can act it out.
Now, that's a very good idea.
Supposing that I'm Pat
and you're Jamie, see?
- All right.
- Well, you don't look like Jamie.
Here. Just tilt your head back a little.
There, that's better.
Now, Paul says he never remembers
seeing them do this.
He does, huh?
And not only that, but this.
Did you notice it too?
Well, I'm beginning to.
Maybe... Maybe we can rehearse
some more.
The second act.
Curtain.
Oh, hello, Jamie,
I hope I don't interrupt your work.
I hope I don't interrupt yours.
This isn't work.
- You said it, Dobbin.
- Her name isn't Dobbin.
- Maybe she wants a drink.
- Who doesn't?
There's a pail in the barn.
I'll see what we've got.
What'll it be?
Rum Collins, Tom Collins...?

Edwina Collins?

Why, Kitty Trimble,
aren't you ashamed?

Don't you try to make me feel guilty.

Kitty, I wouldn't dream of it,
it looks such fun.

It often is.

Often?

Does it really happen to you often?

Well, not anymore so
than is good for me.

It just never does to me.

- Well, I should hope not.

- Why?

- Because you're different.

- How?

From me?

Well, you're a person of some stature.

Stature? You mean tall?

- I'm not so tall.

- I mean tall in soul.

In addition to which, you're married.

In addition to which,

I'm from New England.

- So you see?

- Oh, dear.

You don't seriously mean you'd like
to have passes made at you?

No, no. I'd just like to feel
that someone might want to.

Of course, there was that Brazilian
that tried to hold hands...

...under the table.

But I expect he was just being
good neighborly.

Oh, sure, like Paul Carrell.

Now there's real nice neighbor for you.

Paul doesn't think of me that way.

He doesn't think of anything
any other way.

I'll get it, Anna.

Hello?

Yes.

Yes, he'll be here tonight.

Well, what time

will Colonel Braden telephone?

Yes, yes, thank you.

- By gum.

- Good news?

Maybe. By gum.

Hey! Washington called.

- Who was it, the colonel?

- His office. He's gonna call you later.

Oh, just teasing us?

I suppose that's the colonel's privilege.

- Who was your visitor?

- Quent.

Quent? That's good. He brings me luck.

- What luck?

- You.

Why, Mr. Jamieson.

Whatever are you saying?

Yes, sir, it was a lucky night for me
the night you proposed marriage to me.

I proposed to you?

A lady doesn't do a thing like that.

That's no lady. That's my partner.

The concern of Jamieson and Jamieson
is quite a going one, wouldn't you say?

The formula's perfect, Pat.

You've made me over
into something useful and alive.

I never felt it so much as today.

Nonsense. No one ever made you over
into anything.

You're your own special creation.

You always will be.

- Only...

- Only?

Only, I wonder if you don't miss love
more than you admit.

No, I don't. How about you?

Who runs from the telephone every
time it might be Lila Vine's in town?

Listen, you never catch me
running away from anything.

My mind is busy with other things
to think about anything like that.

Get that through your head.
And you be sure, Mr. Pat, that my
head's all I've got to get it through.
And that it's through that already.
- Then why, for the love of...?
- Love of what, Pat?
What love have we two anything
to do with?
- Washington.
- Jiggers. I hope so.
Yes?
Yeah. Yeah. Tell him I'll be right there.
I forgot. I told Paul Carrell
I'd go riding with him.
- Do you need me anymore?
- No, no.
Tomorrow, you'll learn to ride a horse,
deal?
Tomorrow.
It's nice, isn't it?
Perfect.
This is the first time
I've been in Virginia in April.
April, April, with her girlish laughter
That's a poem.
April is the cruelest month
- That's another poem.
- What's the rest of it?
April is the cruelest month
Breeding lilacs out of the dead land
Mixing memory and desire
Mixing memory and desire.
Who wrote that?
T.S. Eliot. The Waste Land.
What comes
after mixing memory and desire?
Stirring dull roots with spring rain
I was a dull root.
Now you're stirring.
Mixing memory and desire
Tell me something. Why haven't
you ever asked me about Lila Vine?
You knew that I knew her.
Possibly because I wasn't interested.

Most unusual, unless...

Unless what?

Never in my life

will I understand American marriages.

Will you have lunch in town with me

next week, the usual place?

If I'm in town.

Would you prefer that I ask Pat

this time?

- What's funny?

- You, and your primness.

I'm glad you can laugh.

Well, I do lots. Why shouldn't I?

Because all at once, I think

I understand a very curious fact...

...of a lovely girl

who doesn't love her husband.

Who doesn't love...?

Well, what are you talking about?

And who doubtless never has,

nor he you, possibly.

Amidst all this plenty, starvation.

- I never heard such...

- Never angry at him.

Never malicious. The perfect marriage.

And now your calm, dispassionate

lack of interest in a girl...

...he was in love with,

possibly still is.

- Possibly?

- Now that proves it. You don't love him.

Well, suppose Pat and I

happen to believe...

...that two people can help each other

more if they aren't in love.

Very perverse. Very interesting though.

If we aren't happier than any number

of people who married for love...

- I'll tell you it works.

- Sweet girl.

- And if it does, what's the difference?

- None, except to me.

- We'll talk about it in town.

- Well, I don't think we will.

My primness, did you say?
Well, how foolish of me.
We'll talk about it in town.
That's the last time
you'll do that though.
If you prefer.
I prefer.
What you said just now
about Pat and me, it isn't true.
We're very much in love in every way.
I've already forgotten
that the subject came up.
Pat, hey!
Pat.
- Where is Mr. Jamieson?
- He's gone back to Washington.
To Washington?
- Where's Miss Kitty?
- Out front.
I'll send a wire about clothes
if I catch the Chicago train.
- Anything else, colonel?
- No, nothing else, except some sleep.
Oh, does that door lock on the outside?
- Why, no, sir.
- Thank you.
- Why did you ask that, Mr. Jamieson?
- I'll tell you later.
Hope you didn't mind my ordering
the berths made up.
I need sleep badly.
There was a dog barking
outside my window all last night.
- You don't like dogs?
- In their proper place.
Did I say something funny?
No, no, no.
Hope you don't mind my taking
the lower.
No, no, no, sir.
I don't mind anything.
I just hope you've brought
some sleeping pills with you.
Never use drugs.

Hey, what's that?

Oh, this is a little invention of mine.

Hello, Diz.

It works on exactly the same principle as the other mask.

Of course,

not for the lower temperatures.

Now, the oxygen container you see is carried on the back...

Mr. Jamieson.

And the little valve works automatically.

- Mr. Jamieson.

- Yeah, and I have... Yes?

I have been assigned

by General Stevenson to assist you...

...to conduct a serious scientific...

- Who is it?

- I'm looking for a Mr. Patrick Jamieson.

- Jamie?

- Hey, Pat.

- I made it.

- Good.

Hello, Diz. Boy, was it close.

I didn't even have time to pack a bag.

- Colonel Braden, this is Mrs. Jamieson.

- Isn't this lucky?

I hope I'll be able

to find a berth somewhere.

Mrs. Jamieson, that's up to me now.

Oh, no, no, colonel. I'll find an upper somewhere.

- What?

- Well, what I mean...

Maybe we ought to draw lots.

Hardly. I'll find something.

Sorry to be... Wait a minute.

- Sorry to be such a bother.

- I assure you, it's a great pleasure.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Good night. Good night there, colonel.

- Well...

- Hello.

- Oh, Pat, I had to come.

- I'm glad you did.

- Really?

- Yes. Only...

Have you got a pair of pajamas? Extra?

I think so, yes. I hope so.

Excuse me, colonel. But what time
did you and the other gentleman...

...wish to be called?

- An hour before we get in.

Thank you, colonel.

Yes, sir.

The colonel's sleeping in the washroom.

Only, he's not sleeping.

Poor colonel.

Say, would you like to tie this for me?

I'm afraid if I tie it myself, I'll
remember how to untie my own knot.

They still look like fish eyes.

What does?

- Want to trade?

- Oh, no, no.

Thanks very much, but no thanks.

Would you like something to read?

I got some books in the station.

You're a funny girl, aren't you?

You didn't remember to bring
any pajamas, but books, yes.

Books are more important than pajamas.

Only in some states.

The Supreme Court

hasn't decided that yet.

Say, would you toss up

those magazines...

...that are in my bag, darling?

Thanks.

Did you read Steiner's article
on the stratosphere...

...in the new Technical Review?

It's not very good. Don't bother with it.

Oh, I'd forgotten this one completely.

This one what?

Ah, love let us be true to one another

For this world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams

Which issue of the Technical Review
is that in?

Matthew Arnold.

It was my father's favorite poem.

What's yours?

Favorite poem?

Men seldom make passes

At girls who wear glasses

I like Dorothy Parker too.

Here's Edna Millay.

Oh, come again to Astolat!

I will not ask you to be kind

And you may go when you will go

And I will stay behind

All right so far.

Pat, do you remember anything
about a poem that goes:

April is the cruelest month

Breeding lilacs out of the dead land

Mixing memory and desire

Stirring dull roots with spring rain

Mixing memory and desire?

Where'd you get that one?

Paul Carrell, this afternoon.

Carrell?

He certainly doesn't mix any desire
with memory. He takes it straight.

I'm ashamed of myself, Pat.

I lied to him this afternoon.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

I told him you and I loved each other
very much in every way.

Well, how did that particular subject
happen to come up?

He kissed me.

Good old Paul.

Temperature?

Temperature normal.

Oxygen intake?

Oxygen intake perfect.

Vision?

Vision clear.

Check.

Check.

Good night.

Good night, Pat.

Mr. Jamieson. Mr. Patrick Jamieson.

Mr. Jamieson.

- I'm crazy about this music.
- Remind me to dance with you.
- You won't do anything else.
- Don't start.
- This is no place to eat.
- Twelfth floor.

Say, do you know

where I could buy some flowers?

Cleopatra Roof.

You want something, sir?

Yes, I want a lot of them.

It's April on the Cleopatra Roof.

Well, those are very beautiful.

Five dollars.

Well, don't let it get you down.

I've got five dollars.

These should make my wife very happy,
and that should make you very happy.

I am happy.

Flowers give me hay fever. Excuse me.

Patrick Jamieson.

- Yes, yes. Yeah.
- Mr. Jamieson?
- Telephone.
- Oh, thank you.

You can take it over there,

Mr. Jamieson.

Thank you. I may make
a reservation later.

Trs bien, monsieur.

Yes, I'll make it in French.

Yes, thank you.

Thank you.

- Thank you, sir.
- Thank you. Thank you.

Do you have a call for Mr. Jamieson?

Yes.

Hello.

Hello, Lila.

Yes, yes, I remember you.
What is the... What is...
Well...
Well, that's unfortunate,
but I don't...
How?
Well, how would seeing me
help you any, Lila? I...
Oh, don't say that.
Yes, yes, yes, all right.
All right. I'll call tomorrow.
Tomorrow. I'll call you there tomorrow.
Yeah. Yes, yes.
This isn't my birthday.
I know it. It's mine.
I'm gonna get my wish.
Maybe.
How about letting a fellow in on this?
Well, you see, it...
It really isn't my birthday
until next week.
But I thought we ought to have
some reason to celebrate...
...our first night together in a hotel.
Here's to you, Pat.
To you, Jamie.
It's good, isn't it?
I haven't had any
for an awfully long time.
Do you like my new dress?
I like it. Dizzy likes it.
I thought perhaps if you weren't
too tired, we might go out dancing.
Well, of course, if you don't want to,
we can celebrate right here.
Have some more wine, Pat.
There's a place downstairs
called the Cleopatra Room.
- Cleopatra's on the roof.
- Oh, is she?
Well, that's even better for us.
As high as possible, 50,000 feet.
We might even go 60,000 feet
if we drink enough champagne.

Grinza said...

- But that's another story.

- Grinza said what?

I had a long talk with him
on the telephone.

He loves you very much.

I think he likes me too.

He wants us to be happy.

He didn't think I should go home
until you do.

Home?

Well, you see,

I'm not much real use to anyone...

...now that the Army has taken over.

Poor Pat. You're tired, aren't you?

And the Cleopatra Room
will probably be horribly crowded.

And besides, Cleopatra
was bitten by a snake...

...and we wouldn't want that
to happen to us, would we?

Here's to us, Pat.

To us, Jamie.

You can get Cleopatra's music
right here in your own room.

Isn't science wonderful?

We don't have to go upstairs
or downstairs.

We can dance right here
in my lady's chamber.

This is my dance,

I believe, Mr. Jamieson.

You are listening to dance music
from the Cleopatra Roof.

I'll open the other bottle of wine.

Come on, it's your turn.

Flat.

It's very flat.

Yes.

Too bad. Dizzy, get off that couch.

I said, get off the couch.

Dizzy, get off the couch.

Thank you.

I'm sorry I spoke so crossly.

Here, maybe I can fix that.
Thank you.
Why don't you marry her?
She's getting a divorce.
Why don't you go
to Washington and see her?
Why don't you send for her?
- I came here to do a job.
- But you do wanna see her.
Then for pity's sake, why don't you
and get it over with?
You're free. Send for her.
I'm sorry, Pat.
So am I.
Get down, Diz.
Do you realize you're objecting not to
my seeing too much of a girl...
...but to my wish not to see her at all?
- That's much worse.
- How do you figure?
If you're afraid to see her,
it must mean you still love her.
- You're not making any sense.
- I am and you know it.
Why in heaven's name
can't you understand...?
I'm going for a walk.
I won't be here when you get back.
That's up to you.
Well, my boy, this is the big day.
Now, let me see.
Pulse, respiration, blood pressure.
It's too bad Mrs. Uptake Outtake
won't be here to witness your triumph.
Yeah.
Well, say, tell me honestly, Patrick,
would you care to postpone this test?
- Why?
- Maybe until your wife returns?
She's not returning. Let's go.
So...
Well, Patrick, you are about to try out...
...your Jamieson superduper
oxygen mask...

...under actual flying conditions.
I hope it works as well up in the air
as it did down in the cellar.
All right. There you are.
Now put this on.
Like that.
Now, Patrick, keep those lights parallel.
If they become unsteady,
I'll know you are in trouble.
Okay? Good luck to you.
Now, boys, canopy.
Better start the oxygen now,
Mr. Jamieson.
- What's the altitude?
- Altitude, 9000. Temperature, 61 above.
Wiggle the stick, Patrick.
Hold her steady now.
- Altitude, 29,000.
- Up you go, Patrick.
Altitude, 29,000.
Temperature, 21 below.
Twenty-one at 29.
- Everything okay, Thompson?
- Yes, sir.
Pulse, 67.
Respiration, 11.
Blood pressure, 129 over 83.
Nothing wrong yet, doctor.
RPM, 41.
Altitude, 41,000.
Temperature, 61 below.
Peripheral vision slightly off at 45,000.
Blood pressure, 113 over 70.
Respiration down to seven.
- How's the pulse?
- Eighty-five.
Good.
Pulse up to 92.
Fifty thousand.
He's done it. He's done it.
- Altitude, 52,800.
- Ten miles.
That's 7000 feet higher
than we hoped for.

Respiration down to six.
Pulse up to 101.
Bring him down
the minute he blacks out.
Jamie.
Jamie.
We made it.
Dizzy, come here. Come here.
Come here, Dizzy.
Now, you be quiet. Come here.
Quiet.
Hi, you, Dizzy.
What are you doing home?
Well, it's about time.
Did you get my wire?
- Should I have?
- Yes, frankly.
You haven't seen the body of Quentin
Ladd around anywhere, have you?
- What's all that?
- Well, that's a surprise for Jamie.
Oh, well, the surprise is on you.
I just left Jamie in the arms
of Paul Carrell.
What are you talking about?
A dance, Einstein.
Nothing more yet, I hope.
Good old Paul.
He gets around, doesn't he?
Say, what happened in Chicago?
Since Jamie came back...
...she's been giving a good imitation
of a powder keg.
Well, Paul left his matches behind.
Well, he also carries a lighter
and it works.
He's no amateur bombardier, mister.
Kitty, had personal experiences
along those lines?
Oh, just once-over lightly.
He thinks he's on the target now, huh?
Do you know what I think about men?
I think they're the most stupid,
the most ignorant, the most conceited...

...present company included, of course.

- Present company included.

- And Quent's right up there with you.

He hasn't called me in three days.

I don't even know where he is.

I saw his beloved Edwina

at the party tonight though.

What a gang.

All the evening's entertainment

needs is a playgirl...

...from Chicago I met yesterday

named Lila Vine.

- Where?

- Oh, one of those cocktail things.

Say, she really takes over a party,

that Lila and her piano.

And her cute little curls

and that long cigarette holder.

Did you ever see that?

It's so long she can smoke

in two rooms at the same time.

- I take it you didn't like her.

- Oh, I loved her.

So did Jamie.

- Was Jamie there?

- With Mr. Carrell.

Lila sang her some

of your favorite French songs.

Where'd you say Jamie was now?

At the Whitestone,

Maggie Lorrington's apartment.

- Do I have to dress?

- You're going? That's more like it.

If Quentin's there, you can tell him

for me that I'm through with him.

He's like smoking.

It's easier to cut it out all together.

On second thought, I think

I'll go with you and tell him myself.

Let's get out of here.

What's the occasion?

British or Russian,

one of them things, you know.

Thank you.

Hi, Contacts.

Well, what do you think? They took me.

- My boy, I'm proud of you.

- Thank you.

Well, what's the matter?

Don't you wanna win the war?

Oh, terribly sorry.

- If you don't mind.

- Oh, not at all. Not at all, sir.

- Not at all. Go right in.

- Thank you.

Oh, they're splendid chaps.

High-ho and a bottle of rum.

Oh, come on, I'm thirsty.

I have something to say to you.

Sailor, beware. Breakers ahead.

Telegram for Mrs. Jamieson.

Maybe she's gone home.

Well, here we are, folks.

Hot, fresh, barbequed bourbon.

Do nobody any good.

Well, it's the kind of good

I like done me.

I think I'll see if they left any trace.

Step right this way, Miss Trimble,

if you please.

Now, then,

what did you wanna say to me?

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye?

- Is that what you wanted to say to me?

- Yes.

Well, now that's over, have a drink
because I wanna say something to you.

- What?

- Hello.

Hello, Kitty, how are you?

Gee, it's good to see you back.

I'm not coming back ever.

I've stood it as long as I can.

You're unreliable, untrustworthy
and unappreciative.

Well, you're doing fine.

Here, try this one.

I haven't finished. Except with you.
Absolutely, completely and forever.
This may be the last time
we see each other, you know.
You mean, you're really
going someplace?
One never knows in the Navy.
Tomorrow maybe?
I just thought at least
you'd give me a goodbye kiss.
Just as a patriotic gesture, of course.
Well, I'll let you know
when I finish this drink.
- Contacts, I'm gonna miss you.
- Oh, no, you're not.
- Looks fine on you though.
- It does?
Well, then,
why don't you finish that drink?
Just tilt your head back,
I'll be right with you.
This is your last kiss.
On my honor as a sailor.
Goodbye, sailor.
Goodbye, lieutenant.
That's the quickest commission
a sailor ever got.
Oh, there's a submarine
off the starboard bow.
Clear for action.
I beg your pardon, Miss Trimble,
have you seen Quentin?
He was here a minute ago.
Quentin.
- So you had to do it, didn't you?
- Yes, Edwina.
I told you father was trying
to get you a commission.
I already have my commission.
- As what?
- As an admiral.
Very funny. I'm going home now,
I want you to come with me.
I'm afraid I can't, Edwina.

Navy regulations.
Article XI, section 3.
An admiral answers only
to one person...
...his wife.
Congratulations,
I'm sure you'll be very happy.
- Edwina, have you seen...?
- Yes.
- When did she leave?
- She? I thought you meant Quentin.
I meant Jamie.
You've been away, haven't you,
professor?
Look. If you don't know
when Jamie went home...
Home? Why should she go home?
She was having a whirl.
Has the great lover gone too?
- If you mean Carrell...?
- If I mean Carrell.
If you mean Carrell,
he left the party alone.
That makes everything all right,
doesn't it?
Jamie is probably on her way home...
...and Paul is probably in his apartment
downstairs reading a book.
What's the matter, brain?
You look worried.
I am worried.
I'm terribly worried about you.
Why don't you try
having your mind lifted?
- Who is it?
- Pat Jamieson.
- Who?
- Pat Jamieson.
Well, Patrick,
I thought you were in Chicago.
- No, I'm in Washington.
- So I see.
Thought I'd drop in for a drink.
I can see that too.

Well, almost looks as though
you might have been expecting me.
I don't like to drink alone.
That's friendly. I like that.
- Cigarette?
- No, no, no, thanks.
I don't like them rouge-tipped.
Some wine?
- How did you find Jamie?
- How did I find her?
Here you are, Patrick.
Not what we used to drink in Paris,
but very pleasant.
You left a little rouge on the glass too.
Can you imagine that?
Terrible service in this hotel.
Tell me how you found Jamie.
I'll tell you when I see her.
I thought she might be
at the party upstairs.
- She was.
- She was?
Looking radiant too.
Her trip to Chicago
must have done her a world of good.
Here's to the new Jamie.
Is there something seriously wrong
with the old one?
Evidently not.
The perfect wife
and the perfect husband.
No faults, no jealousies.
Marriage without pain.
You think I think that's her scarf,
don't you?
- Why should you think that?
- Because I know you.
But I also know Jamie...
...and that's how I know
it's not her scarf.
That doesn't mean anything either.
I thought you weren't
supposed to be jealous.
Not of you, my friend. Never of you.

- Lila Vine once said that...
- That isn't what we're talking about.
- Jamie isn't Lila, is that it?
- That's it.

For instance,

Lila might hide behind that door.

- Jamie never would.
- Your faith is admirable, Patrick.

But as a scientist, I think I'll back up my faith with a little investigation.

- I wouldn't do that.
- Why not?

Because I don't want you to.

- I want the key.
- What good will it do?

Prove that I'm right.

- Do you need proof?
- No, but you do.

If I don't get the key and go into that room...

...you'll make up quite a story about all this.

All right, give me the key or I'll kick it in.

All right.

- Well, scientist, are you satisfied?
- I always have been. How about you? Perfectly. Now, let's have some wine. Yeah.

Cheer up, Patrick.

What are you worried about now?

I'm worried about a heel.

- Me?
- No, me.

You'd better save that for your friend.

They're rationed.

- When did she go to bed?
- When she got home.

Did you leave that cake and stuff in there?

- Yes, yes. Did she see that?
- Yes.

Did she say anything?

She said she didn't want

to be disturbed.
Well, what time did she get home?
I couldn't tell you, I'm sure.
Since you tinkered with the kitchen
clock, it's never run right.
See that, Diz?
That's a medal.
It's a medal they gave me
for that oxygen mask.
And no matter what you think
of her personally...
...she deserves it more than I do.
Quiet now. Mustn't wake her up.
Mustn't we?
No! No, no, now.
Now, now, look, Diz!
Diz, take it easy. Now, look. Hey, Diz!
Now, look, Diz, this is okay.
I'm awake, see?
Now, watch. Now, watch.
Now, now, now, look. Diz! Diz!
Now, now, look, take it easy.
Take it easy.
Now, don't be a cluck, Diz.
This is not on the level. Now, look.
Here, this is a gag.
Now, sit. Now, watch me.
Now, watch. Now, watch.
Look. Look. Now, look.
Pat, darling.
You're back. How ever are you?
What, darling? How am I?
Oh, I'm simply supreme.
I gained four pounds
and lost them again.
I'm full of all sorts
and descriptions of mischief.
- Isn't this fun?
- Say, what are you...?
Your poor frazzled self.
You've been working too hard again.
The north wind doth blow,
and we shall have snow...
...and what will poor Patrick do then,

poor thing?

Hey, hey.

Hey. Hey. Hey.

Do come down, dear, and I'll run
you up some sharps and flats.

- What, darling?

- I didn't say anything.

- What, sweet?

- I said I didn't say anything.

Still the same old Pat.

Comes right back at a girl.

Well, how do I look to you?

You look slightly over lit.

I couldn't be more thrilled
at seeing you home.

Come and kiss me, sweet and twenty.

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Have you been knocking
a few over or something?

What, darling? Oh, no, just sheer,
wonderful animal spirit.

I love animals, don't you?

I love their spirits.

How she loved the chiffon nightie.

Wear it with the fur-side outside.

Wear it with the skin-side inside.

Come and kiss me, laughing water.

But on second thought,
no, I spent hours on my makeup.

Like my flowers, sweet?

Paul is so thoughtful. I must remember
to put them back in the icebox.

Put Paul back in the icebox too.

Smell them.

Paul, dear Paul.

He's quite mad about me, you know.

- What are you supposed to be?

- Me? Me, Jamie Co-co.

Me, French gal.

I brush up on my music un petit peu.

Want to hear?

Stop it!

But, darling, Lila told me
you simply adored cette chanson.

Come here, my little sleeping beauty.
Why, whatever is the matter, sweet?
You're going to find out
what's the matter.
- But I thought you liked girls like that.
- No.
Toujours young. Toujours gay.
Toujours on their heels.
No, I don't like anything about it.
I don't like your dress,
I don't like your flowers...
...and I don't like that!
By gum.
Not even your own.
They are too mine.
They were in a box in my father's desk.
What do you think you're doing?
I've been giving you a little finger wave.
Five curls.
So you saw Lila.
Yes, I did.
- So did I in Chicago.
- And?
So your little imitation was
unnecessary, if that's why you did it.
If you still love her, the quicker
you get a divorce, the better.
That's right.
Now, with your beautiful freedom
back again...
...I wonder what you'll be doing with it?
Remembering your shining face, I expect.
That's sweet, Pat. That's very sweet.
I think I'll settle for that.
- Will you get the divorce or shall I?
- You get it.
- I haven't any grounds.
- Pat, I've got to tell you something.
I'm not sure that I wanna hear it.
As a matter of fact, I'm certain of it.
It doesn't matter.
You mean I have no authority
even in your own house?
- I nearly did, Pat.

- Nearly did what?

- Fall.

- For Paul? Ridiculous.

- I know. But it's true.

- Oh, nonsense.

You're not the falling type.

You're like the Tower of Pisa.

You may have certain leanings
but you always remain upright.

- You don't think I'm serious.

- All right, you're serious.

Are you going to Reno or shall I go?

Or we could go together, Pat.

It might be fun.

Mighty pretty, this western country.

Mighty.

Feel the altitude?

I thought it was my heart.

Oh, here we are coming into town.

Made that in nothing flat.

That must be the Metropole.

Right nice hotel, they tell me.

I hope they have rooms for us.

Is there somebody still at the desk?

- Yes, right here.

- Good evening, whatever your name is.

- Good evening, miss.

- Missus, if you don't mind.

I don't mind. Don't mind a bit.

Have you two rooms reserved

in the name of Jamieson?

How long do you expect to be here?

The usual time, six weeks.

- Divorce, you're after.

- It's a divorce he's after.

Don't be silly.

He's obviously mad about you.

What makes you think so?

His heart.

I can't see it.

You're standing in the wrong light.

His every thought overflows with you,
waking, sleeping and sleepwalking.

- Go on.

- Now, don't rush me. Just take it easy.
He flew to Washington with
a cake on his lap for your birthday.
Your real birthday,
and he hates birthdays.
Have you reservations for us
or have you not?
Well, we might have
with certain reservations.
Can't you possibly rid yourself of them?
We understood it was to be for a single.
Who's the person with you?
- My husband.
- Oh, that's what you say.
All right, he's my gentleman friend.
We may have something
on the second floor.
A little old-fashioned, do you mind?
No, I don't mind.
So you will send the luggage up
in a little while?
In a very little while, madam.
And in the meantime,
here's the key to your room.
Oh, Pat.
- Thank you so very much.
- Not at all.
We're looking forward
to having you with us.