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# You'll Like My Mother

By Jo Heims

1

Hey.

Come on up front.

The heater's warmer.

Yeah, it's my uncle's bus.

I just drive it when I'm broke.

It gives me a chance to figure out  
what I really wanna do in life,  
you know?

Uncle Sam, the army,  
has a way of leaving you  
in that type of confusion.

Yeah, I know.

My husband was in the army.

- He didn't like it much either.

- Yeah? Is he out now?

He's dead.

He was killed seven months ago  
in a plane crash.

- I'm sorry.

- Me too.

Well, you're certainly not dressed  
for a Minnesota winter.

I keep forgetting how cold it gets  
every place but Los Angeles.

L.A.?

Well, I tell you what.

If you're gonna stick around here  
very long,

you're gonna need  
some warmer clothes.

Both of you.

Well, I'm not really expecting  
to stay very long.

I don't know. I may even go back  
on the bus tonight.

Tonight?

That hardly seems  
worth the trip up here.

What, are you visiting,  
some people up here or something?

My husband's mother.

Yeah? What's her name?

Maybe I know her.

Maria Kinsolving.

Kinsolving?

Yeah.

Yeah, I know the Kingsolvings.

Everybody around here

knows the Kingsolvings.

They've lived over in Rosemont

since anyone can remember.

Sure, the Kingsolving estate.

I've been on busses

so long, nothing helps.

You look fine.

- What damn glow?

- What's that?

Pregnant women

are supposed to glow.

Hey, that snow storm's

moving in pretty fast.

You got someone meeting you?

No.

Well, how the hell are you gonna get

to the Kinsolving place?

I'll be right with you, folks.

Thank you.

- Where's Pete?

- He don't work here no more.

I'm with this young lady.

She has to get out

to the Kinsolving place.

Do you know anybody

going that way?

Well, not right off, no.

That's okay. I can get a cab.

No, ma'am, there ain't none.

It's about five or six miles

off the highway.

The bread man's due here

in about 20 minutes.

He can probably take you

as far as their private road.

Terrific.

All right. Damn it, I got to go.

You make sure she gets that ride,

yeah?

- Sure.

- Thanks for everything...?

- Red.

- Red. Thanks again.

You bet.

It's just part of the service, ma'am.

Besides, you're just so damn little.

This way. See you tonight maybe.

- Tonight?

- Yeah.

If you take that bus back to Duluth,  
like you think you might, it's my run.

Yeah, right.

Bye.

Did you know Mrs. Kinsolving's son?

It's gonna be a long walk

up their private road

if the bread man won't take you

all the way to the house.

Well, could I leave

my suitcase here, then?

I'll pick it up tonight

one way or the other.

Sure.

I'll just put it right here

behind the counter.

Thanks.

No, no. This'll do fine.

Thank you very much.

Just stay on the road.

You can't miss it.

- Okay. Thanks again.

- You're welcome.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Mrs. Kinsolving?

Yes.

Kathleen, please.

I'm Francesca.

Yes.

You've come at a bad time, I'm afraid.

It was necessary

to drown some kittens,

and poor Kathleen

is quite upset about it.  
She'd hidden one of the litter.  
I followed the mother cat.  
Kathleen.  
Kathleen. Darling.  
Look at this child.  
Would you believe she starts the day  
with every hair in place?  
Hello.  
- Is she -?  
- Feeble minded?  
Yes.  
Or do you mean, "Who is she?"  
She's Matthew's sister, of course.  
You've made it just in time.  
I'm afraid it's beginning  
to snow quite heavily.  
It's really beautiful.  
Only to look at, I'm afraid.  
Far too dangerous for walking.  
However did you manage it?  
The bus. Then I caught a lift.  
Then you've asked and received  
all the family background  
from the locals.  
- No. I just about...  
- Do you want a cigarette?  
Perhaps not in your condition.  
Well, do sit down.  
Thank you.  
May I offer you a cup of coffee?  
No, thank you.  
I prefer lemonade myself.  
Lemons, you know, are supposed  
to be good for arthritis.  
It's probably an old wives' tale.  
Would you like some hot tea?  
Kathleen could get it for us.  
I'm sorry, what?  
I asked, would you like Kathleen  
to get us some tea?  
Anything simple  
Kathleen does quite well.  
Has she always been that way?

Yes.

Matthew never mentioned her.

If she were your sister,  
would you be overly anxious  
to make her  
the topic of conversation?

Why did you feel  
you had to come here?

Well, you're Matthew's mother.

I wanted to meet you.

I must confess, I was astonished  
to see you here today.

I never dreamed  
you'd come here uninvited.

Well, I saw snow again.

I-I beg your pardon?

Mrs. Kinsolving,

I came a long way to see you  
because I loved your son,  
and he loved you.

I guess I felt I just had to meet  
this very wonderful lady.

I wrote you when Matthew died,  
and I wrote you again  
when I was four months pregnant.

You never answered me.

Why, Mrs. Kinsolving?

I received a letter  
from a total stranger  
who called herself my son's wife.  
Of course, all ties were broken  
when my son was killed.

Why should I have answered?

Then another letter came.

It seemed now she was going to be  
the mother of my son's child.

Since I didn't acknowledge her  
the first time as Matthew's wife,  
I saw no reason to applaud  
the progress she'd made.

But I wasn't a total stranger to you.

Matthew wired you

the day we were married.

He... he sent you a night telegram

from the hotel we were staying at.

I received no such wire.

Well, he sent it.

And you were standing right there beside him, of course.

- No, as a matter of fact, I...

- Don't you see?

Well, that really doesn't matter.

The fact remains I had no wish to share my grief with you then, I have no wish to share it now.

Well, I thought perhaps we might share the love of Matthew's baby.

Yes, of course. The baby.

I don't imagine

you're too financially secure.

No, I'm not.

Then, there's obviously only one solution.

- What's that?

- Adoption, of course.

Let someone else have the burden.

The burden?

Forgive me, Mrs. Kinsolving,

but, I want that burden.

That's very foolish.

There are other things to consider.

No, there's nothing else to consider.

Look, you can put your mind at rest.

I'm not gonna take a dime from you.

That's not what I came up here for.

I didn't even know about your house, or your money, or anything else.

I don't have any family of my own.

That's the only reason I came.

I thought that if there were any love or warmth here for Matthew's baby that I'd know it in five minutes.

You haven't got a damn thing I want.

And it didn't even take five minutes.

Good-bye, Mrs. Kinsolving.

I must ask you not to turn away from me when you're speaking.

What?

I've been growing deaf  
for quite some years now.  
It makes it necessary for me  
to read your lips  
when I'm not wearing  
that ridiculous hearing aid.  
I'm sorry.  
Matthew never told me.  
Apparently there was quite a lot  
Matthew never told you.  
What time is your bus?

**8:**

back at the store.  
I seem to have a better rapport  
with strangers today.  
I will not hear of it, of course.  
Among strangers?  
You must be tired,  
and in your condition,  
you shouldn't overdo.  
I'm a registered nurse.  
Really, I must insist.  
I'm not staying, Mrs. Kinsolving.  
I'm afraid you have no choice.  
It's snowing much too heavily now  
for you to walk.  
You'll rest in my room.  
It's just down the hall.  
The upstairs rooms  
are all closed off.  
They're never used  
now that Kathleen and I  
are the only ones in the house.  
Look, all I want to do  
is get back where I belong.  
We'll have dinner at 6:00?  
I'll drive you to the bus myself.  
I have no intentions whatsoever  
of letting you miss that bus,  
I assure you.  
Aw, she's looking for her kittens.  
Aw.  
She has a marvelous pedigree.



But the naughty girl forgot herself  
and mated with an alley cat.  
The kittens were no good, of course.  
Come along.  
I've laid out some towels for you.  
Anything else you need, I'm sure  
you'll find in the medicine cabinet.  
Thank you.  
Who is that?  
My nephew, Kenneth.  
Kenny.  
- He looks so sweet and innocent.  
- What did you say?  
So that's Matthew's cousin.  
When they were children,  
Kenny pulled the shell off  
Matthew's turtle, and it died.  
I'm afraid my imaginative son  
had a tendency to exaggerate.  
Kenny did turn out to be  
something of a problem, though.  
Of course, I haven't seen  
or heard of him in years.  
Get some rest now.  
I'll call you at dinner.  
Kathleen?  
Do you want to come in?  
It's okay.  
Come on.  
Do you know who I am?  
I'm Matthew's wife.  
Your brother's wife?  
That's right.  
Kathleen, come here, please.  
It's all right.  
It's all right.  
Look, it's... it's just some glass  
and it's just some perfume.  
Look, I'll tell her I did it, okay?  
It'll be our secret.  
Kathleen, I am calling you!  
You'd better go.  
I did it and I'll clean it up.  
Go on.

This is really more of a museum  
than anything else.  
Full of the relics  
of the great Kinsolving past.  
There are sleighs and carriages  
in the coach house  
that date back  
to the turn of the century.  
The house is 67 years old.  
Matthew's grandfather built it  
when there was still a family fortune.  
The house is just about  
all that's left.  
And it's not of much value anymore,  
on the edge of a dying town.  
You don't have to give me  
a financial report, Mrs. Kinsolving.  
I'm not interested  
in Matthew's estate.  
Matthew had no estate.  
Whatever there is is mine.  
Look, it's getting late.  
Don't you think  
we should get started?  
Are you sure you've had enough?  
More than enough.  
Good.  
Kathleen, get our guest's things,  
please, dear.  
And bring my furs.  
And now I shall tell you  
why you will not come here  
ever again, Francesca.  
You met and married my son  
in less than a month's time.  
Well, you wrote me that yourself.  
And you spent that last leave  
with him,  
the last two weeks of his life  
that he might have spent with me,  
would have spent with me,  
as he did every leave,  
every furlough, every moment off.  
You robbed me of what was

the rest of his life,  
and I'll never forgive you for that.  
I'll never acknowledge you  
as Matthew's wife,  
and I'll never accept your child  
as his.

If indeed it is.

I have only your word for that.  
You know, in those last two weeks,  
Matthew must've told me  
a hundred times,  
"You'll like my mother."

But I realize now  
he never did tell me why.

Excuse me.

Kathleen, mother's going to take  
our guest to the bus now.  
Do try and clear the table  
with as little breakage as possible,  
will you, dear?

I'll go out and warm up the car.  
You stay inside till I honk the horn.  
No sense both of us  
freezing to death.

Kathleen.

Thank you.

She probably sweeps  
under the rug, too.  
This desk was piled a foot high  
this afternoon.

It won't start.

Couldn't we call a garage  
and get someone over here to fix it?  
No, the phone's been disconnected.

I scarcely hear even  
with this contraption,  
and with just Kathleen and myself  
in the house,  
the phone becomes  
a foolish expense.

- Then, I'll walk.

- Don't be stupid.

Look, Mrs. Kinsolving,  
I've spent three very long days

on busses to get here,  
and I don't relish the idea  
of spending three more  
to get back home,  
but I'm gonna be on that bus tonight  
if it's the last thing I do.  
It will be. Even someone who knows  
the area wouldn't attempt it.  
You'd walk in circles all night long,  
and they'd find you both dead  
in the morning.  
Or had you forgotten the baby?  
Spend the night here.  
In the morning  
I'll go into town myself  
and bring back a mechanic.  
There's no way  
I can leave here tonight?  
Unfortunately, none.  
Then...  
May I please sleep  
in Matthew's room?  
I'm sorry, that's not convenient.  
His room's on the third floor.  
We don't use the upstairs anymore.  
I want to sleep there.  
The room hasn't been cleaned,  
there are no linens on the bed,  
and, frankly, the stairs have become  
a painful chore to me.  
That's why I moved downstairs.  
Look, I don't care what condition  
the room is in.  
Just give me some linens,  
and I'll make the bed myself.  
Very well. Stay where you are.  
Kathleen?  
Is that it? Nobody else?  
Is there supposed to be  
somebody else?  
Yeah, a young girl,  
slightly pregnant.  
Pretty, about - about this tall.  
Well, I haven't seen her,

and I've been on for two hours.  
Maybe the weather  
changed her mind.  
Yeah.  
Well, see you on the way back.  
If you get back.  
This is gonna be a bad one.  
You can come up now.  
Kathleen, put the dust covers down  
the laundry chute, will you, dear?  
Thank you, Kathleen.  
Kathleen has cleaned the bathroom,  
more or less.  
You'll find soap, towels,  
whatever you need.  
Matthew's pajamas are  
in the middle drawer of the bureau.  
I'm sure you can find something  
that can make do.  
Anything else you need,  
I'll send Kathleen up.  
I shall not attempt  
these stairs again tonight.  
Damn it,  
Matthew with his beach combing,  
picking up bits and pieces of...  
Good night.  
" Thought you'd like  
to know, got married today."  
Wonderful girl.  
Better dust off family Bible

**and enter:**

" 'Francesca, wife of Matthew." ' .  
Why did she lie?  
Kathleen?  
How thoughtful.  
Here, I'll take it.  
I haven't had cocoa  
since I was a little girl.  
Kuh.  
- Kuh.  
- What?  
Kuh".Ee.

Kitty?

Yes, I know about the kittens,  
Kathleen. I'm very sorry.

"The coroner's report confirmed"  
that Miss Thompson's body  
had been so savagely defiled  
in that Labor Day killing,  
"that death must have come  
as a blessing."

"Hope Aunt Katherine isn't  
inflicting her two problems on you.  
I'm enough for you to worry about.  
I love you. Matthew."  
She lied about Kenny, too.

**2:**

Of course, it's not unusual  
for this time of year.  
The hardest hit  
are the outlying areas.  
Hundreds of homes are snowed-in,  
but the inconvenience  
hopefully will be short-lived.  
There's no immediate emergency  
of any kind,  
nor is there any likelihood of one  
unless the blizzard continues  
for another day or two.  
However, the weather bureau has  
indicated a lessening of the snow  
tonight and tomorrow.  
So far no wires reported down,  
and according to the mayor,  
the street crews will begin clearing  
the main highway thoroughfares  
at the first sign  
of the storm slackening.  
With any luck,  
all roads should be open to traffic  
by late tomorrow afternoon.  
Tomorrow?  
Not till tomorrow?  
Now, then, since we both know  
how unwise it is for you

to run up and down stairs  
like an athlete,  
I suggest you go to your room  
and stay there  
till tomorrow afternoon.  
Kathleen will bring you your meals  
on a tray.  
You'll find books to read.  
I'm sure there's enough  
in Matthew's room to keep you there.  
Kathleen!  
She bruises as easily  
as a five-year-old.  
Tripped over something or other,  
hit the side of her face.  
Didn't you, Kathleen?  
Why don't you go back  
to your room now?  
I'll send Kathleen up in a little  
while with your lunch.  
I prefer the breakfast  
I slept through.  
Bacon and eggs and light toast.  
And I take cream and sugar  
in my coffee, nothing else.  
I realize that you're a nurse  
and that I was quite upset yesterday,  
but I'd appreciate it if you didn't  
drop any more goodies in my drinks.  
If I feel the need  
for a sleeping pill, I'll ask for one.  
Kathleen.  
I got to get out of here.  
HOW?  
I heard the phone ringing last night.  
Was I dreaming?  
Maybe that one in the library.  
Got to find out, call for help.  
Later, when they're all asleep.  
She's been lying all along.  
Why couldn't Kathleen be a lie, too?  
I'd know the baby was safe, then.  
Safe from whatever's wrong  
with Kathleen.

Did you mean it, Matthew?  
Is there really a family Bible  
with all the names written down?  
That could be in the library,  
where the phone is.  
Matthew, your mother  
died 11 days after you did,  
and there's a woman downstairs  
who wants me out of here  
before I find out.  
Kathleen. Kathleen, please.  
Go get your mother  
and bring her up here.  
I resent being put upon like this.  
Then take me to a hospital  
while there's still time.  
Out of the question.  
Why?  
Because the car won't start.  
Listen. Someone's coming.  
What?  
A truck or something.  
Everything okay?  
You people all right in there?  
Please.  
Please let him take me to the hospital  
while there's still time.  
Please.  
Kathleen, there's a man downstairs.  
You get him  
and bring him up here, please.  
Hurry!  
Anyway, I met  
your daughter-in-law the other day  
when I drove her in on the bus,  
and, well, with the weather  
as rotten as it is,  
I thought I'd better maybe stop by  
and see if everything was okay.  
That was  
very thoughtful of you, Mr. Cooper.  
- Everything's fine.  
- Well, great.  
Now, if you'll



excuse me, it's a bit chilly.  
Well, listen,  
as long as I'm here,  
do you mind if I just maybe stop in  
and say hello to...?  
You mean, you don't even  
know her name?  
No, I guess not. She...  
She never mentioned it.  
Perhaps she chose not to,  
Mr. Copper.  
Anyway, she's gone. Good day.  
No.  
No!  
What did she give me?  
Am I asleep or not?  
Am I talking out loud?  
I mustn't...  
I mustn't let on that I know.  
I know who Kathleen is.  
She's Kenny's sister.  
Kenny's sister.  
And they're your two problems,  
Aunt Katherine.  
Aunt Katherine!  
Francesca.  
Did I say that out loud?  
Or did I just think it?  
Hold on to the bed posts.  
Push down when I tell you.  
Breathe deeply.  
Breathe from the abdomen.  
Keep breathing.  
Push down. With your abdomen.  
Good, Francesca.  
Kathleen.  
Kathleen, is that you?  
Kathleen,  
put those towels down here.  
Push down.  
Relax now.  
Breathe deeply.  
Breathe from the abdomen.  
Now relax a minute.

Maria.

Maria.

Maria.

Maria.

Maria.

Now, hold on to your breath.

Push down.

Push down.

Kathleen,

give me those scissors, please.

Didn't cry.

Isn't it supposed to cry?

What a good baby.

It doesn't even cry.

It's dead. Bury it.

Have you finished?

What? The baby died?

There's a medical term

you wouldn't remember if I told you.

She just didn't breathe.

She.

I had a girl.

My legs are beginning to pain me.

I would hope not to climb

these stairs again today.

Kathleen will bring you your dinner.

If you need to use the bathroom,

she'll help you.

- Please.

- Now, listen, my girl.

There has to be something,

a death certificate, something.

You can't just bury her.

It could be days before the snow

lets up and they dig us out of here,

so don't talk nonsense

about death certificates and funerals.

Kathleen was able to clear away

some of the snow

and make a grave for her.

She was buried decently.

What is it?

Kuh...

No, Kathleen.

Kuh.  
What is it, Kathleen?  
Do you want me to hide?  
I don't understand.  
Phone.  
That's what you want to show me.  
Does it work?  
Kuh.Kuh.Kuh.Kuh.  
Kuh.  
Yes, you kept it nice and warm  
for the baby.  
And she just started to move?  
Just like that?  
She moved her fingers?  
And your mother really did believe  
she was dead.  
Dead.  
I'm gonna take her down  
to my room now.  
Nnn! Nnn!  
It's okay.  
Don't worry, please.  
No matter what I think of your mother,  
she wouldn't hurt a little baby.  
Kathleen, did you fall down?  
Is that how you hurt your face?  
Kuh..  
Not kitty, baby.  
Baby.  
Baby.  
Kuh. Ee.  
Kittens?  
Bro... ther.  
Kenny?  
Here?  
In this house, the whole time?  
Kathleen, you have to go back  
to your room now.  
I. I.  
The baby!  
I know you wanna stay with the baby,  
but please try to understand.  
If they go to your room  
and you're not in there,

they'll come looking for you.

And they'll find baby.

Kenny will find the baby.

It won't happen if you just go  
to your room right now, please.

Yes. Very quietly.

Okay.

Kathleen, do you need this  
to get back to your room?

Can I have the flashlight?

I have to come back  
and feed the baby or she'll cry.

Thank you.

Mommy has  
to find something to clean you up.

Please don't cry.

Kenneth?

Kenneth?

Kenneth, where are you?

Kenneth, I've told you,  
you're to stay in your room.

Kenneth?

My lovely.

Put on a shirt.

Put on a shirt.

Yeah. Put on a shirt.

There we go.

Okay.

How pretty.

Just as soon as I finish here,  
I'll start your breakfast,  
get you some coffee.

- How many eggs would you like?

- Two.

Christ, every morning  
you ask me that.

Don't speak to me like that, Kenneth.

I'm goin' buggy creeping around here.

Talking in whispers,  
hiding in the laundry room  
of my own house.

It's not my fault

you're snowed in here, Kenneth.

Nor is it my fault you have

to hide here in the first place.  
Well, I'll tell you  
what is your fault, Katherine.  
That smart ass idea you had  
for having that girl stay to dinner.  
I could scarcely let her go back  
to the store, sitting there for hours,  
talking her fool head off,  
getting answers to questions  
she wouldn't even have to ask.  
Tell Kenny the truth.  
Was it really natural causes,  
or did you do your sister-in-law in?  
Maria died of a heart attack after  
Matthew's death, and you know it.  
I nursed her.  
I did everything I could for her.  
Then grabbed the estate  
the minute she died.  
Yes, and a lot of good it does me!  
I can't even have servants  
because of you.  
But, Katherine, you still have  
the house, the car, the money.  
Wouldn't it be a shame  
if you'd have to give it all back?  
I mean, you only got it by default  
because nobody knew about her.  
And nobody will know.  
Once she leaves here, that'll be  
the end of it. She won't be back.  
But in the meantime,  
what if she finds out about me?  
She won't.  
Do you understand that?  
The snow's letting up.  
Did you notice?  
According to the radio,  
road should be cleared by tomorrow.  
Well, that's all I want, you know,  
is just to be able to get out of here  
and go home.  
What I don't want is that shot.  
Now, now, now.

Roll up your sleeve.  
Please, I don't want  
to be put to sleep again.  
Don't talk nonsense.  
You need your rest.  
That's all I do is rest. Please.  
It's for your own good.  
Now, stop this...  
No!  
No!  
Mrs. Kinsolving,  
please don't lock me in here!  
Please!  
My God.  
Kathleen?  
Come on.  
Try another one!  
Kathleen, the keys.  
Come on.  
Kathleen, the keys. Come on.  
Come on.  
You're an angel.  
God.  
Kathleen, you have to put  
these other keys back.  
Do you understand?  
Put these keys  
back where you found them.  
Put it back.  
Okay.  
No, no, no, no. Downstairs.  
Down.  
Hey!  
What the hell  
are you doing up there?  
What are you prowling around for?  
Come on, now.  
You can tell your brother.  
What do you want up here?  
The damn cat.  
Well, that figures.  
Come on, get it out of here  
before I drown it, too.  
Operator.

Hello, this is the operator.  
Can I help you?  
And the weatherman  
assures us that tomorrow  
and for the next few days at least  
the weather will be  
bright and sunny.  
The digging-out process  
will begin early in the morning,  
and the main highway  
should be open to traffic  
by late tomorrow night.  
Stay tuned to this station  
for all weather developments.  
Now back to our local  
music programming.  
See? Only one more day and night,  
and she'll be gone.  
You'll be safe then.  
Were you on the phone  
a minute ago?  
No.  
Is Kathleen asleep?  
Yes. Why?  
Someone was using the phone,  
because I picked it up  
and the operator was on.  
The wires could be crossed  
somewhere.  
It's been quite a storm.  
It's a matter of hours now.  
We'll be able to get you  
out of the country.  
Don't do anything  
to jeopardize that, Kenneth.  
What if it's necessary?  
It won't be.  
If you're a good boy.  
She is locked in, you know.  
Let's find out for sure.  
There's no harm in that, is there?  
You see?  
And there's no phone in this room.  
The only one up here

is in the attic sewing room.  
Well, did you find the phone?  
You know, it really seems a shame  
that my cousin will be leaving,  
and I never got a good look at her.  
See that it stays that way, Kenneth.  
No, I mean, really,  
what does she look like?  
I mean, is she pretty? Sexy?  
You may as well stop.  
I'm not going  
to play this game with you.  
Why, Mother, I think you're jealous.  
You know how I feel about you.  
You bitch.  
What is it?  
Well, there's supposed to be  
two keys on each hook, right?  
- Yes.  
- Okay.  
Kathleen was probably  
playing with them.  
She often plays with them.  
She plays with telephones, too.  
Not last night, Katherine.  
She was asleep, remember?  
Well, what do you know?  
Let's see, now, you have one,  
and who's got the other one?  
- Give me the key.  
- What key?  
The key to this room that you've had  
this silly child get for you.  
I don't know  
what you're talking about.  
Enough coming and going  
as you please,  
having you browsing  
around this house!  
You're a fool, a stupid little fool!  
I know you've hidden it!  
Tell me where it is!  
I demand to know!  
I don't have a key!



I don't know why you insist on locking me in here in the first place.

- Must I get it from her?

- You wouldn't hurt her.

No? What about this?

You suspect that I did that, didn't you?

Yes, but I know better now.

You didn't hit her.

What do you mean,

I didn't hit her?

I mean, she must have fallen down and hit her face, like you said.

Did you get it?

No.

I'm not at all sure she has a key.

You brainless little brat.

You gave it to her?

Didn't you?

You damn little moron!

- You gave it to her, didn't you?

- Let go of her!

You will not hit her again.

She is my cross to bear,  
just as you are, God help me,  
and I'll do anything necessary  
to protect you both.

But what is necessary  
for you right now  
is to go to your room and stay there  
until that girl is gone  
tomorrow morning.

Stop trying to make things happen.

Go now, Kenneth. Right now.

- She knows about me, Katherine.

- There's no proof of that.

Or that's she's been prowling  
and prying around this house.

I think you just want it to be true!  
God.

They're clearing it.

Kathleen?

Yes, I'll cut your hair.

I can't do it tonight, though.

I will cut it.  
I promise, I'll cut your hair  
before we leave.  
Let's go downstairs now.  
She does have a key.  
I don't know if she knows you're here,  
but she knows Maria's dead.  
I went upstairs just as she was  
coming down from the attic.  
Probably hoping  
to use the phone again.  
Hey! Wait a minute, please!  
Good. You're up.  
Do close the window  
before you catch pneumonia.  
Well, don't dilly dally.  
Your bus leaves in 45 minutes.  
- Yes, I'll hurry.  
- Good.  
I thought you might enjoy having  
breakfast downstairs this morning.  
Don't be long.  
Look, I'm not very hungry.  
Couldn't we just go?  
Eat what you can.  
It's good for you.  
The car's all right, isn't it?  
Yeah. I had one of the men  
from the road crew  
send back the mechanic  
from the garage.  
He's just gotten it started.  
He'll drive you into town and keep  
the car and give it a good going over,  
tune-up, whatever they call it.  
You're not going?  
No, Kathleen isn't too well  
this morning.  
I think there's someone  
at the door.  
It's probably the mechanic.  
I asked him in for coffee  
before you leave.  
Hello there.

Please, come in.

Awfully nice of you to do this,  
George.

I do so hate to leave my daughter  
when she isn't feeling well.

Francesca, this is George,  
the nice young man I told you about  
who'll drive you to the bus.

- Hello.

- Hello.

I'll get you some coffee, George.

Thanks. I could sure use that.

Well, did you have a nice visit?

- Very nice.

- Good.

It's a shame you have to leave  
so soon, though.

It's awful pretty up here  
this time of year,  
everything all white and clean.  
I don't know, I think snow makes  
just about anything  
look pure and clean, don't you?

Sit down, George.

I tell you,  
there is absolutely nothing  
like a nice hot cup of coffee  
on a cold day. Hits the spot.

I'm sorry about Kathleen,  
Mrs. Kinsolving.

I hope it's nothing serious.

No. It's just a cold, I'm sure.

How long will you keep the car,  
George?

It's such an inconvenience  
without it.

Don't worry, it...

I'll have it back here  
by this afternoon.

Shouldn't take long.

That'll be fine.

I seem to have forgotten  
my gloves.

I'll just run upstairs and get them.

You'd better hurry.  
You don't have too much time.  
Yes, I will.  
Would you like  
another cup of coffee, George?  
Might as well.  
I wonder what's keeping her.  
Francesca! Better hurry, dear!  
I've got to get moving,  
Mrs. Kinsolving.  
Maybe you'd better go up  
and get her.  
Francesca!  
Francesca?  
Francesca.  
Kenny!  
No!  
- Mrs. Kinsolving.  
- Yes.  
This is your daughter-in-law's.  
Little girl.  
Little lady.  
You dig playing games, right?  
No!  
No!  
Help!  
Help!  
No!  
But you understand, she...  
She couldn't see anyone just now.  
Surely.  
Thank you so very much, though.  
Thank you.  
I'm afraid my son's had an accident.  
Won't you come into my house  
and have some coffee?  
Perhaps some tea?  
Kathleen can get it for us.  
Anything simple  
Kathleen does quite well.  
Remarkable girl, really.