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# The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer

By Sidney Sheldon

Miss Susan.

Miss Susan.

Miss Susan?

-Just five more minutes, Bessie.

-No, ma'am. Now!

But, Bessie, I feel absolutely sklonklish.

You sklonklish yourself

down to breakfast.

I'm getting the judge

up right now.

I'm up.

Sklonklish. When I went to school

they taught us to speak English.

Judge Turner?

Judge Turner.

Judge Turner.

-Five more minutes.

-Breakfast is ready, Your Honor.

-What time is it?

-It's a few minutes past 8.

-Is my sister up?

-Yes, Miss Margaret.

She was feeling a little sklonklish today,

but I got her up.

Next time she tells you she feels sklonklish,

you tell her not to be a clunk.

Thanks, Your Honor. I dig you.

-Good morning.

-Good morning.

Good morning, dear.

Hello?

Hi, Jerry.

No, we have to listen to a speech

this afternoon. Good deal, Neil.

Susan, your breakfast

is on the table.

Hang on a second.

Sorry I'm late, sis.

-Did you sleep well?

-Oh, sklonklish.

Don't be a clunk, Miss Susan.

-You've been coaching her.

-Someone has to protect her.

You know the case you were trying?

The man who ran away  
with a 16-year-old girl?  
-What did you give him?  
-Three years.  
That'll cost me \$3.  
I always bet you won't sentence people.  
That's ridiculous.  
How have you been doing?  
You've cost me a fortune.  
If you're interested in a more exact  
science, spend time on geometry.  
I don't consider geometry  
a part of life.  
Mr. Roberts does.  
You're his first student to define a triangle  
as two women crazy about one man.  
-Mr. Roberts is definitely decadent.  
-Is he?  
-Margaret.  
-How much?  
Only \$3. Just as an advance  
on my allowance.  
You're already working on 1949.  
But no more betting.  
Thank you very much.  
I wonder why you're so good to me.  
You know I'd die for you,  
only sometimes it's hard living with you.  
The call of the wild.  
I've got to go.  
-You haven't eaten breakfast.  
-Thanks. Bye.  
I can't talk now.  
-Bessie.  
-Yes, ma'am?  
Have you been following the case  
about the man who ran away with the girl?  
Yes, ma'am, I have.  
As a matter of curiosity, do you think  
my sentence was too severe?  
No, I would have given him 10 years.  
-Would you?  
-I certainly would.  
Thank you, Bessie.

I was just curious.  
That must be the judges.  
Yes, I mustn't keep them waiting.  
Oh, thank you.  
Your Honor.  
-Goodbye, Bessie.  
-Goodbye, Miss Margaret.  
Exit woman, enter judge.  
More's the pity.  
Uncle Matt, I take exception  
to your innuendo.  
I'm no problem to you.  
You should concern yourself with Susan.  
Nothing wrong that the firm hand  
of a man in the house wouldn't cure.  
If you'd listen to me,  
you wouldn't have this problem.  
And I've been telling you  
I will not put up...  
...with your constant attempts  
to get me married.  
Come in.  
Good morning, good morning.  
-Good morning, Margaret and Herr Doctor.  
-Good morning, Chamberlain.  
Margaret, I found a copy of the rare old  
English writ of exigi facias.  
Thank you, Tommy.  
If that's the night-blooming exigi facias,  
you can put it in a vase and water it.  
You seem a little truculent this morning.  
Physician, heal thyself.  
See you later, Margaret.  
I'm not as much interested  
in the woman getting married...  
...as I am in making sure  
that she marries the right man.  
I don't think he likes me. It's a sixth sense  
one acquires in the district attorney's office.  
Uncle Matt has a personal life  
beyond his job as court psychiatrist...  
...and occasionally  
they become confused.  
Yes, I guess so.

Speaking of combining work and pleasure...  
...I understand you're reviewing  
the Richard Nugent case. I have an interest--  
You know I don't like that.  
If your gift is in the nature of bribe--  
Oh, put it out of your head.  
But this man has given us great difficulty--  
You'd better go where you were going,  
and I'll go where I was going.  
Very well.  
But remember, absit invidia.  
-We're ready, Your Honor.  
-All right, Mac.  
Raise your right hand.  
Do you swear the evidence you'll give...  
...in this matter of The State vs. Richard  
Nugent shall be the truth, so help you God?  
-Yes.  
-Step up to the bench.  
-Go ahead.  
-We picked up Richard Nugent...  
...in the Vampire Club on a riot call.  
When we got there, there was a free-for-all,  
and Nugent was at the bottom of it.  
Which of you is Nugent?  
Mr. Nugent isn't here.  
I'm representing him.  
-Is he in the hospital?  
-No, Your Honor. He's out on bail.  
Does he know the hearing was for 9 a.m.?  
Yes, I'm sure he'll be here. He must have  
been unavoidably detained somewhere.  
If he's not here in a few minutes...  
...I'll issue a bench warrant  
and forfeit his bail.  
-But--  
-I'll hear the complaining witnesses.  
-May I have your name?  
-My name is Anthony Herman.  
I work at the Vampire Club.  
-In what capacity?  
-To maintain order.  
I throw people out  
that raise a disturbance.

-What happened last night?

-I got back from the front of the house...  
...where I had to maintain order  
on a gentleman who said our music stunk.  
When I returned to my usual post, I became  
aware of loud activities and screams.  
As I rush over to maintain order,  
a straight left catches me, as you can see.  
A short time later,  
I'm informed that the disturbance is over.  
There's one thing I remember. Mr. Nugent  
was the center of the disturbance.

-But you didn't actually see him fighting?

-He was fighting. If I get my hands--

-The whole thing was your fault.

-Shut up.

Quiet in the courtroom. Quiet.

-Your name?

-Miss Agnes Prescott.

Go on.

I'm also employed at the Vampire Club  
as an entertainer.

A modern singer of modern songs.

I've known Mr. Nugent for some time.

I posed for him. In costume.

I posed for Mr. Nugent too.

In costume.

-Shall I continue, Your Honor?

-By all means.

Last night, Mr. Nugent dropped in  
to renew our acquaintance.

While we were having words at his table...

...we were accosted by this lady,  
which I resented.

Harsh words were exchanged,  
and Mr. Nugent came to my defense.

-That's a lie. I knew him first.

-Don't call me a liar.

-Please, please. Everybody's listening!

-Just a moment.

Your client Mr. Nugent  
has exactly 60 seconds.

Mr. Nugent's lack of punctuality is no  
surprise to the district attorney's office.

-Indeed?

-Chamberlain has an interest in this case.

This is the third occasion Nugent has been involved in a public disturbance.

I object to these remarks.

They're intended to prejudice the court.

I think only the facts in this case should be considered.

Your Honor, I feel it's important--

It's important I consider only the evidence presented in this matter.

-Very well, Your Honor.

-Don't sulk about it.

I'll move over, lady.

Good morning.

-Good morning, Walters.

-Morning.

-Good morning.

-Good morning.

Morning.

May I assume that this is Mr. Nugent, the defendant?

I'm frankly and honestly delighted, Your Honor.

-Is it all right for us to go ahead?

-Well, I'm sorry, but--

-I hope we haven't inconvenienced you.

-Oh, no. It's just--

I know. Your watch is slow.

Stopped. Forgot to wind it.

I don't know if you work on schedule, but this court does. 9:00 means 9:00.

Yes, sir. I mean, yes, Your Honor.

Let's get on with this.

-Did you go to the Vampire Club last night?

-Yes.

I'm doing a series of paintings on Americana...

...and I'm including a nightclub scene.

Creating a nightclub scene would seem more appropriate.

However, there's some doubt as to how the fight actually started.

Well....

Agnes had finished her spot.  
That's a theatrical term.  
-It means her routine, her performance.  
-Thank you.  
Well, we were having a drink  
when Florence...  
-We've met.  
-...appeared.  
She.... On a couple occasions,  
Florence has posed for me.  
I merely stopped by his table  
to say hello...  
...and this cut-rate canary apparently  
resented my appearance.  
-I prefer to hear Mr. Nugent's version.  
-Thank you.  
Florence's escort appeared.  
I suppose you met him too.  
He objected to Florence coming to my table.  
Florence insisted on not being disturbed.  
One thing led to another.  
Tony slapped Florence, and I slapped Tony.  
He was only defending  
American womanhood.  
Get that.  
Florence attempted to stop the fight.  
Agnes scratched Florence. Florence....  
Anyone who remembers a fight  
punch for punch is lying. I don't remember.  
Your Honor, Mr. Nugent's been  
in escapades before...  
...but never through any fault of his own.  
The fact that he's a painter  
of contemporary American life...  
...often places him in circumstances  
that may seem unusual.  
This court should not give Mr. Nugent  
privileges just because he's an artist.  
I wasn't suggesting that, Your Honor.  
The DA's office would like him held for trial.  
Based on the evidence, I see no reason.  
Everyone participated in this fight.  
Everyone's equally guilty,  
and everyone's equally innocent.



I suggest you all go home, nurse your wounds and be less emotional in the future.

Thank you, Your Honor.

May I go?

You just got here.

Don't you like our court?

Sure, I like it fine,

only I'm due to give a lecture today.

Really? What are you lecturing on?

America as I see it.

Should be very interesting.

Mr. Nugent, I've met your type before.

In fact, I sentence them every day in the week.

If you're brought here again,

you won't be dealt with so leniently.

In future, I suggest that you confine your painting to still life.

Case dismissed.

-Next case.

-Don't press your luck.

I wish we didn't have to have this thing today. I hate lectures.

Look, if your coach told you to get plenty of exercise....

She's a lap-happy chick compared to that square from Delaware you run around with.

Is it okay for Saturday night, Susie?

You promised.

Promises are the hollow shells of undone deeds.

Well, for gosh sakes,

what's that supposed to mean?

You're a nice boy, Jerry, but you're callow.

I'm not too callow to buy you sodas when your allowance runs out.

Don't create a scene.

I'm not good enough because you're looking for a knight in shining armor.

-I'm competing with something medieval.

-Don't be a stupe.

Students, members of the faculty, our high school is honored...

...in having as guest lecturer  
a man who will speak to us...  
...about the classical tradition of painting.  
He's well-qualified to speak  
to us about painting...  
...because, in my opinion...  
...he is one of America's foremost  
exponents of painting.  
Students, I know you will express your  
enthusiasm for his appearance here today.  
And so, with no more ado,  
I present Mr. Richard Nugent.  
And, as we know, many people think  
of art as something pretty stuffy.  
Don't let them kid you.  
True art has something for everyone.  
Great art unites the masses  
in every age in every country.  
He's handsome.  
I suppose so, for an older man.  
If you think art isn't functional,  
think in terms of history.  
Each age, each era becomes visual  
to us when the artist...  
...recreates it in stone, bronze  
or on canvas.  
The essence of art is simplicity. If I wanted  
to capture the feeling of America...  
...it wouldn't be necessary to go looking  
for mountains or fields of grain.  
I'd try to put America on canvas  
in a picture of one of you.  
In your denims with the cuffs rolled up  
and the shirt open at the neck.  
You'd be young, eager and proud  
because of what's ahead of you.  
You're the kids who, in a few years, will run  
our factories, our farms, our businesses.  
You'll be voting to make this country  
a place where there's good will...  
-...freedom, opportunity and tolerance.  
-You feeling all right?  
So if I were going to do a portrait of you,  
I'd try to convey all that. Thank you.

Mr. Nugent. Mr. Nugent.

My name is Susan Turner.

I'm a student here.

-No!

-Yes.

I loved your speech.

-Thank you.

-Goodbye, Mr. Nugent.

Well, nice to have met you.

But you don't understand.

I have to interview you.

-You what?

-For the school paper. I'm editor in chief.

-Shall we go somewhere private?

-I'd like to, but--

It isn't every day that we have  
a famous artist here.

-I bet you've had a terribly interesting life.

-Not very.

Could we do this later? I have a date.

-Then you're not married.

-No.

I knew you weren't.

You just couldn't be.

Oh, I've had some offers.

It's this way.

-We can talk in here.

-Yes, but don't you see? l--

Please?

-Have you ever been married?

-No.

-Have you ever been in love?

-Yes, I have.

Tell me, what kind of paper  
does this school run?

-All the students read it.

-I'll bet they do.

You probably have no idea  
what an unusual person you are.

I can see it.

I'm really much older than I look.

These are merely the vestments I don...

...as a concession to our outworn  
educational anachronism.

But I know what the artistic soul is like  
and how keenly it can suffer.

Did you have many ordeals  
before you became a success?

-No, I--

-You can talk to me.

I want you to think of me  
not as a newspaperwoman...

...but as a friend.

Well, in that case, I'll tell you.

I did suffer.

When I was 10, my parents  
had a double-suicide pact.

They made it.

I was sent to an orphanage.

Some days they didn't beat me.

Then one night I escaped.

I ran away to New York.

-I used to steal.

-What did you steal?

-Beg your pardon?

-What did you steal?

Crusts of bread and things.

One time I stole a valise.

There were paints and paintbrushes inside.

So I began to paint.

Then they got me.

I was sent to a reform school,  
but I escaped again.

-Go on.

-Back to New York.

A wealthy society lady saw my work,  
fell in love with me...

...and sent me to art school.

The rest is history.

How wonderful.

How terribly wonderful.

Well, now, if you'll excuse me,  
I must rest.

Of course.

Goodbye, Miss Kilgallen.

Turner. Susan Turner.

By the way, remember what you said  
about painting one of us?

-America and the waving grain?  
-Yes, I do.  
Well, do you think I'd make  
a good model?  
You're not quitting the newspaper game?  
That's merely a stopgap.  
My family wants me to study law...  
-...but I don't wanna be a Portia.  
-Portia?  
Your family can straighten that out.  
Well, my attitude is that one female judge  
in the family is enough.  
-Did you say your name was Turner?  
-Right. My sister is Judge Margaret Turner.  
-Nice to have met the family.  
-What about my posing for you?  
-What about young America?  
-Fine.  
-Then you think I'm ideal?  
-You'd make a good model some time.  
-Well, thanks for the interview. Bye.  
-Not goodbye, au revoir.  
Au revoir.  
-Something wrong?  
-That picture. It's hideous.  
-It's a very nice picture.  
-It has absolutely no simplicity.  
It's so, so busy.  
True art should unite the masses  
in every age in every country.  
Who lectured at school today?  
-What does that have to do with it?  
-Last month you wanted to be a designer.  
Then a naturalist gave a lecture...  
...and you wanted to be the first  
female deep-sea diver.  
Last week, you wanted to be a psychiatrist.  
Now our painting's offensive.  
-What does this artist look like?  
-He's wonderful. I interviewed him.  
-I've never seen anyone in armor before.  
-Very few people have, Susan.  
But you don't know how wonderful he is.  
He's had to lie and cheat and steal

to get somewhere in life.  
That makes everything just dandy.  
What's the name of this shining knight?  
-Richard Nugent.  
-Richard Nugent.  
-Richard Nugent?  
-Have you heard of him?  
Heard of him? We have a permanent  
courtroom set aside for him.  
How dare they allow him to lecture  
in a public school!  
What are you so excited about?  
All he did was talk about art,  
and he was very good.  
I suppose there's nothing wrong with his  
lecturing if it's sponsored by the school.  
Have you ever thought of me as a model?  
I can't honestly say that I have. Why?  
-Dickie wants me to pose for him.  
-Oh, isn't that nice?  
Dickie?  
Now, don't be unreasonable.  
He's a fine man. You don't know him at all.  
I know enough to advise you  
to go back to deep-sea diving.  
-I don't need your advice.  
-I'm your sister and your guardian.  
-I'm acting in your best interests.  
-I'll be an old maid.  
Only until you're 18. When a suitable man  
comes along, I'll happily see you married.  
And you'll probably make him pass  
a lie-detector test first.  
-You forget about Mr. Nugent.  
-Well, that's easy for you to say.  
Why don't you write out a court order?  
-Good evening, Mr. Chamberlain.  
-Is the lady of the house in?  
-The lady of the house is practically out.  
-Hello, Your Honor.  
Only a moment, Tommy.  
-Are you all right?  
-Oh, I'm fine. Just fine.  
I'm sorry about our--

It's all right. It was really nothing.  
I'm just fine.  
I'll be home early. Be a good girl.  
See you in the morning.  
Goodbye. Have a good time.  
-Do I detect an air of trouble?  
-I never enjoy quarreling with Susan.  
She's entitled to growing pains,  
isn't she?  
Yes, but Susan's growing pains  
are rapidly becoming a major disease.  
-Can I be of any assistance?  
-What apartment is Mr. Nugent in?  
He isn't in any apartment.  
-Doesn't he live here?  
-Sure, but he isn't home.  
Anything I can do for you?  
-Thank you. I'll wait.  
-He expecting you?  
I'm going to pose for him.  
Do you want to wait upstairs?  
-Do you think it would be all right?  
-Sure. I'll take you up.  
-You're new around here.  
-Yes.  
-I'm 15.  
-I'm 17.  
That's okay. I like older women.  
Mademoiselle.  
Here we are.  
Some layout, huh?  
This is where he lives.  
I'd like to hang around, but I got  
work to do. Make yourself at home.  
-When did you first discover she was gone?  
-About dinnertime I went to call her.  
-What time was that?  
-Quarter past 7.  
-She leave a note?  
-I didn't find any.  
-Any signs of a struggle?  
-Oh, no!  
Stop conducting this like an investigation.  
-Bessie, you may go.

-Thank you, ma'am.  
You're the assistant DA.  
Do something.  
I gotta have some clues.  
We only have a description.  
-Have you checked the hospitals?  
-Hospitals, airports, bus terminals.  
-You call her friends?  
-Hours ago.  
She had a date with a boy, Jerry White.  
When he got here, she'd already gone.  
Hello? It's for you.  
Hello. Yes, Chamberlain speaking.  
No, she was alone. Yes, keep a man there.  
And, Keighly, check the morgue.  
Right.  
I'm sorry. It's just routine. I remember  
an important murder case. The body--  
If anything's happened,  
I won't forgive myself.  
-I shouldn't have quarreled.  
-What about?  
It was nothing. I told her she couldn't  
pose for Richard Nugent.  
She said she didn't need my advice,  
that she was....  
--aggravated by the imponderables  
of international currency fluctuations--  
Hello, Mr. Nugent.  
Dickie, hello.  
Come on, let us in!  
And now we bring you Del Minelli.  
And that sensational swoon tune  
"Fast Ride in a Patrol Wagon. "  
Tell me exactly what happened.  
If I knew exactly what happened,  
I wouldn't be here.  
Give me a rough idea.  
Where were you when they finally let  
me use the phone here last night?  
I had not anticipated your winding up in jail.  
I have a life of my own, you know?  
I'm sorry.  
I hope I haven't inconvenienced you.



-Oh, not at all.

-Sleep well? A good breakfast?

-Let's have the facts.

-Sit down.

Get a load of this.

I got home to my apartment last night.

That much I know.

And this girl was there.

At least I think she was there.

I guess she was. I don't know.

-Judge Turner's sister?

-Yes, that's the girl.

-Young girl?

-What did you say?

-Young girl?

-Too young.

Nugent, why don't you tell me the truth?

I am telling you the truth.

Now, would you be quiet for a moment?

That's what happened last night. Nobody listened to me. I couldn't explain. Please.

All right. I got home to my apartment last night.

I went up to my bedroom, took off my dinner coat.

Wanted to be comfortable, put on a robe.

Came downstairs, turned on the radio, got a nice highball...

...opened a book, sat down to read the book...

...when up popped this little girl.

Now, the little girl popped up.

There's a banging at the door, everybody yelling. Somebody busts in.

Everybody starts talking. Don't listen to an explanation. They're mad!

Did the girl explain why she was there?

Yes. Well, she tried to explain, but they wouldn't really let her explain.

She kept trying to say she'd come up there to be a model or something.

Did you or did you not invite her up there to be a model?

Well, yes, in a roundabout way,  
I guess I did. I guess I did.  
She said that I told her I was gonna  
paint her as young America.  
-Did you tell her that?  
-Oh, I told that to 500 little girls.  
Well, let's not go into that.  
You're charged with hitting  
the district attorney.  
Did you or did you not hit him?  
I hit him. That's right.  
But at the time I hit him, I did not know  
he was the assistant district attorney.  
If I had known he was  
the assistant district attorney...  
...I would have hit him. He said some  
bad things, some very bad things.  
Wouldn't let me explain. Kept pulling  
my arm. Wouldn't let the girl explain.  
And that sister of hers,  
that's a mountain of ice...  
...a gallon of poison.  
Jumping to conclusions!  
Control yourself, now. Control yourself,  
Nugent. I'll see what I can do for you.  
Worse comes to worse,  
maybe I can get your sentence reduced.  
But you have got to remember, coherently,  
exactly what happened.  
-Sure.  
-If you talk like this in front of a court...  
...you'd get 20 years.  
-Oh, my....  
-Officer, I'm ready to go now.  
Coherently, exactly.  
Coherently, exactly.  
See you later. You'll know me.  
I'll be dressed like a lawyer.  
High school. High school. Little girl.  
Model. I....  
Mr. Nugent, you got a visitor.  
This is Dr. Beemish.  
-Mr. Nugent?  
-Just a second. Just a second.

-Now, let me see.

-I am the court psychiatrist.

-Come back in an hour. I'll be crazy by then.

-I'm here to help you.

The only thing you're suffering from  
is a case of being an innocent bystander.

-Sit down, doctor.

-Thank you.

-May I offer you a drink?

-No, than--

-Cigar?

-No, no. I'm fine, thanks.

-This cell comfortable?

-Well, I don't know.

I haven't anything to compare it with.

This is my first time.

Well, on the whole, I think you'll find our  
Western penology system is quite modern.

Well, that's a load off my mind.

Tell me, what can they do to me  
if I kill a judge?

I understand how you feel. I'm aware  
that Judge Turner appears to be...

...a very dominant woman.

But her dominance is actually a retreat.

We call it a manifestation of the Oedipus  
complex. As Menninger points out...

...traumatic events seem to....

The only traumatic event she needs  
is a good smack in the jaw.

She's my niece.

But you're absolutely right.

-Judge Turner's ready for you, doctor.

-Oh, thank you.

You just leave things in my hands,  
Mr. Nugent.

I daresay you'll be surprised at the results.

Daresay.

I have a plan.

Just had a talk with Nugent.

He seems to be quite a nice fellow.

-Were you talking to the right man?

-Why, certainly.

About 6 feet, broad shoulders, blue eyes.

-He has brown eyes.

-Oh, has he?

-Have you made definite plans about him?

-It isn't my case.

Judge Treadwell is reviewing the evidence,  
and whatever he does is all right with me.  
Well, I hope Treadwell doesn't go too far.  
I won't be responsible for Susan.

You were saying?

Susan thinks she's in love with this man.

If things take their normal course...

...this will be no more than an adolescent  
attachment for an older man.

She'll soon forget him.

But if they send him to prison,  
it will martyr him in her eyes.

This will turn into a tragedy  
she'll never get over.

Oh, nonsense.

You don't understand Susan.

She's not like other children.

She's old for her age and levelheaded.

She's above that sort of silliness.

I'm sorry to bother you,

but this lady came to visit Mr. Nugent.

She claims to be your sister  
and his mother.

-Susan.

-I just wanted to talk to him, Margaret.

About the steel business.

She baked this.

Thank you, Melvin.

What's happening to you?

I'm in love with him.

Don't you realize that?

If I lose him, life has no meaning.

I love him.

How about a reversal?

You win.

Come in.

Here's Mr. Nugent.

Hello, Richard. Well, you don't look  
any of the worse for wear.

Prison agrees with me.

Mr. Nugent, I have good news.  
You're going to hang me.  
I'm afraid I'm the one  
who ought to be hanged.  
-Won't I sit down?  
-Please do.  
-I believe you know Dr. Beemish.  
-Yes.  
-This is Judge Treadwell.  
-How do you do?  
How do you do?  
-You know Assistant DA Chamberlain.  
-Yes, nice to see you again.  
-Sorry about that misunderstanding.  
-Forget it. Just a bit of temper.  
-That's very generous of you.  
-Not at all, Nugent.  
I'm afraid I lost my temper too.  
I hope you'll pardon me.  
Oh, that's all right.  
I hope you'll pardon me.  
I wanna thank you for holding  
this preliminary hearing in camera.  
Perfectly all right, Chester.  
In view of Mr. Nugent's reputation...  
...I see no reason for exposing him  
to any unnecessary publicity.  
I think this little incident  
can be straightened out...  
...if the assistant DA doesn't wish  
to press charges.  
I wouldn't want to see a man  
of Mr. Nugent's talents in jail.  
Well, thank you.  
I guess I'm free to go then. Thank you.  
Just a moment.  
I believe Judge Turner has a suggestion.  
-Anything.  
-Yes, it isn't really much.  
-You see, I'm a little worried about Susan.  
-Oh, yeah.  
She's become quite enamored of you,  
Mr. Nugent.  
Well, it's....

And we were wondering if you'd mind helping us by taking her out.

Oh, I'd be glad to....

-Doing what?

-Being her beau.

Just until she gets over you.

You see, Dr. Beemish says she mustn't feel you're being martyred.

He does, does he? Well, let Dr. Beemish take her out. Let her get over him.

I'll bet there's no law that says

I have to go out with children.

No one's forcing you, Nugent.

We were hoping you'd want to cooperate.

-Why should I?

-Because your attitude will have...

...a decided bearing on the other charges against you...

...if the assistant DA chooses to press them.

Press what?

I only punched him in the nose.

Mr. Walters, if you were a judge and a man had enticed a 17-year-old girl...

...to his apartment to paint her portrait, and when her family protested...

...brutally assaulted the assistant DA, what would you do to this man?

-I'd give him 20 years.

-Exactly what I'd do.

-Which side are you on?

-You haven't proved it.

-You haven't proved it.

-We will.

That's up to the jury.

Mr. Walters, if you were a judge...

...and this man realized this young girl was unfortunately in love with him...

...and agreed to help her get over him...

...wouldn't you be inclined to be lenient?

-I would.

-I think I'd drop the charges.

-Exactly what I'd do.

What do I have to do?

You'll see Susan as often  
as we deem proper.  
As soon as your fatal fascination  
wears off, you're free to go on your way.  
-And what if it doesn't wear off?  
-It will.  
Mr. Nugent, don't have  
any illusions about this matter.  
I'm doing this against my better judgment.  
I would just as soon my sister  
were going out with an actor.  
Judge Turner doesn't exactly mean that.  
-Just wondering.  
-She means as head psychiatrist...  
...that I've recommended you  
as a vital therapy measure.  
That's great.  
Recommended for children.  
Get him.  
This row's reserved for the faculty and  
important members of the student body.  
-I hope you like basketball.  
-Crazy about it.  
Good evening, Susan.  
-Geometry getting straightened out?  
-Yes, Mr. Mittwick.  
-Your handkerchief, Mr. Mittwick.  
-Thank-- Oh, you must be a new boy.  
-We'll be running into each other.  
-I gave a lecture here on art.  
Oh, yes, yes, yes.  
You're in Miss Hallop's class.  
Excellent teacher, excellent.  
There they go!  
S-S-S-U-N...  
...S-S-S-E-T.  
S-U-N-S-E-T.  
Sunset, Sunset, Sunset!  
We had a much better team last season,  
but our star center graduated.  
Too bad.  
-Our new center needs more experience.  
-Oh, at least.  
He used to be sort of

a boyfriend of mine.

-What?

-Oh, until I met you.

You mean that fine-looking young man  
who smiled at you? Number 7?

Yes, that's the one.

He's just a child.

-Is he in love with you?

-Oh, I suppose so.

But you needn't be jealous, Richard.

He's really terribly unsophisticated.

-Christoff in for White.

-White out.

Sit it out for a while and get your mind  
back on the game.

Yes, fine figure of a man.

I'd like to meet him.

That can be arranged.

That's a great game you're playing,

Mr....

-Jerry White. Richard Nugent.

-How do you do?

Usually my game is much better, but it's  
off lately. You know, personal troubles.

It's too bad that when schools depend  
on their athletes, certain athletes...

...are concerned with their own problems,  
instead of beating Peebe High.

I don't know, Susan. Why don't we

all get together, talk it over?

Why not join us for a drink--?

I mean, a soda after the game?

-You mean that?

-Certainly.

Well, gee, I'd love to.

Thanks, Mr. Nugent.

I'm better now, coach.

Sure would like to get back in the game.

-All right, go in for Barthman.

-Thanks.

Team! Team!

Fight, fight, fight!

-White for Barthman.

-Barthman out.



One for Sunset!

What a player!

Thank you.

-You know, I feel sorry for Jerry.

-You do? Why?

I used to play a lot of basketball when I was a kid.

-I'll bet you were wonderful.

-Not nearly as good as Jerry.

And I know a champ when I see one.

He's off his game because of you.

-You think so?

-I know so.

It's awful what a woman can do to a man.

-Look at history. Caesar and Cleopatra.

-Napoleon and Josephine.

All of them. Behind every defeated man, there's a frustrated love.

-You're right.

-You bet I'm right.

And I promise, all my life, never to hurt you.

-It was a tough game.

-Oh, hello, Jerry.

-But we won.

-Certainly, through no help from you.

You're wrong, Susan, I thought he played a splendid game.

-No, he didn't.

-He did.

No, I didn't.

-What will you have?

-I'm not very hungry.

I'll just have a double Sweetheart Flip.

-Aren't you supposed to be in training?

-Sometimes a man just doesn't care.

You see? I know how you feel.

You do? Well, I may as well level with you, Mr. Nugent.

When Susan told me about you and her, I was sore. Can you blame me?

-Well, no--

-When I saw you tonight...

...I wanted to take a poke at you--  
Let me finish.  
I thought about it. Then I said to myself,  
"Let's be civilized.  
This is life. If Susan feels that way,  
it's all right with me."  
That's big of you, Jerry,  
and very generous.  
-We can still be friends.  
-Of course we can.  
-No matter what happens.  
-That's how I feel.  
Dick and I will treasure your friendship.  
If I can do anything for either of you,  
all you have to do is call.  
If we can do anything for you,  
all you have to do is ask.  
-Yeah. Get in touch, you know. Call up.  
-Well, I guess it's goodbye, Jerry.  
-I guess it is.  
-Guess it is.  
-Oh, and Susan?  
-Yes, dear?  
It isn't becoming for you to call  
me "dear" and "darling" and all that.  
-Why, darling?  
-Now, stop that.  
Listen, the basketball game  
was fun tonight, but it can't go on.  
Yes, I know.  
The season's over next week.  
No, no, no, Susan.  
Wait a minute.  
I mean, the whole thing can't go on.  
You got me into all this trouble.  
You came to my apartment.  
-You told your sister I asked you to pose.  
-Well, that's true in a way.  
That isn't so, and you know it.  
Now, let's not argue about it.  
The point is, everyone has the crazy idea  
that you're in love with me.  
I am.  
Look at me.

Susan, I wouldn't say this to many people,  
but I'm old enough to be your father.  
You're so right, dear.  
Honey, you've got to realize  
that this isn't proper for either of us.  
You're so right, dear.  
-Well, it's not only--  
-Step.  
Thanks. It's only gonna embarrass me,  
but it's gonna embarrass you too.  
You're so right, dear.  
Susan, you're not paying  
any attention to me.  
You're so right, dear.  
Well, good evening, Susan.  
Good evening, Nugent.  
Glad to see you kids home early.  
We're not home yet. We will be.  
Did you have a good time?  
Was the game fun?  
How would you like a cigarette?  
-I'm not allowed to smoke yet.  
-Sorry I haven't any bubble gum.  
Good night, Tommy.  
By the way, we're having  
a little birthday party for my niece.  
We'd love to have you come.  
She'll be 6.  
-How's your jaw?  
-Fine, why?  
Because the worst I can get is 90 days.  
-Temper, temper.  
-Dickie, please.  
Well....  
Toodle-oo, kids.  
Hello, Margaret.  
Hello, Susan.  
Good evening, Mr. Nugent.  
-Good evening.  
-That's the new dress.  
-Yes. Like it?  
-Oh, it's beautiful.  
It's too bad you had to go  
to that dreary dinner for some lawyer.

It was a very nice party.  
-Did you enjoy yourself?  
-We had a simply sensational time.  
Better turn in now. School tomorrow.  
-You have to get up early.  
-Yes, of course.  
Good night, Dickie.  
Good night, Susan.  
-Good night, Margaret.  
-Good night, dear.  
Good night, Dickie.  
Good night, Susan.  
Well, good night.  
Good night.  
You know, that is a beautiful dress,  
and you look wonderful in it.  
Thank you.  
You said that gracefully.  
Perhaps the result of practice.  
You said that ungraciously.  
Perhaps the result of practice.  
I had that coming.  
Got a moment?  
Yes.  
That's right.  
My mother was quite a remarkable woman.  
She taught piano.  
Funnily enough, children liked  
to take lessons from her.  
Well, anyway....  
I read books she didn't want me to read  
and didn't read books she wanted me to.  
I'd say that was a perfectly healthy,  
normal attitude.  
One day, downstairs, I found  
a book that had a very racy title.  
So I sneaked it up to my room,  
started to read it.  
I kept reading for a long time.  
It was awful dull.  
I kept on with it.  
Then suddenly I discovered...  
...mother had stuck a philosophy book...  
...underneath that paper cover

with the racy title.  
Anyway, I waded through the thing,  
hoping for the best.  
Although I never did come across  
anything exciting...  
...I learned a lot about philosophy.  
I suppose that's one way of learning.  
Yeah, isn't it? Well, I learned  
something else, simple but true.  
Never judge a book by its cover.  
All is not gold that glitters.  
Things may not be what they appear to be.  
That's very interesting, Mr. Nugent.  
My father was a judge.  
When he gave me a book about law,  
I knew it was going to be about law.  
Yes, yes. And when you meet a man  
who's labeled "artist" ...  
...you know he's going to be  
all you think an artist is supposed to be.  
Concerning you, I sat  
in judgment on a series of facts...  
...not on your character or biography.  
I just took the long way to say that  
when I said that was a beautiful dress...  
...and you look wonderful in it...  
...I sincerely meant it.  
I'm sorry.  
I've never been subjected  
to so much charm before.  
Well, I'm afraid we're wasting  
a perfectly beautiful moon...  
...and I'm keeping you up.  
Good night.  
We'll see you Saturday.  
You're taking Susan to the picnic.  
Yes, yes, yes, I'll be here. Don't worry.  
With my very best Saturday picnic charm.  
Good night, Your Honor.  
Good night.  
-Hi, Jerry.  
-Hi, Mr. Nugent.  
What are you doing here?  
You know, it's hard to get Susan

out of your system.

Yeah, I know how it is.

-Why don't you go on inside?

-I'm not welcome inside.

Don't be silly. She probably  
doesn't know you're here.

She put me here.

I'm a square in Susan's social circle.

It's not her fault, I guess.

It's her uncle, Judge Thaddeus.

-Have you met him yet?

-No.

He's something fierce.

I walked in and said,

"Mellow greetings, ukie-dukie."

-He almost blew a fuse.

-What's wrong with that?

Guess he's been around lawyers so long,  
he's forgotten how people talk.

Sure. "Mellow greetings, ukie...."

-You going to the picnic?

-Well, I was, but--

How'd you like to use my car?

-You're kidding.

-No. I'd like to borrow yours.

-Does it run?

-Oh, sure.

-Where are the keys?

-You don't need a key.

-Well, here are mine.

-Jiminy. Thanks, Mr. Nugent.

See you at the picnic.

Boy, she sure is a honey.

Just a later model.

-That must be Richard Nugent.

-And who the devil is Richard Nugent?

He's older. He's come to take Susan  
to the picnic.

-I think you'll like him.

-How do you know?

I haven't seen him yet!

-Hi! Mellow greetings, ukie-dukie.

-Dickie!

Ready, voot? Let's scoot!

You remind me of a man.  
-What man?  
-The man with power.  
-What power?  
-The power of hoodoo.  
-Hoodoo?  
-You do.  
-Do what?  
-Remind me of a man.  
-What man?  
-The man with power.  
-Good morning!  
-Power of hoo-- Greetings.  
-Are you out of your mind?  
-What?  
-What are you doing?  
-I don't dig you.  
-What are you whispering about?  
-Hi, Uncle Matt! How's the light operator?  
-May I present my great-uncle, Judge Turner.  
-How do you do, judge?  
-This isn't a pump handle.  
-He's sharp.  
-You remind me of a man.  
-What man?  
-The man with the power.  
-What power?  
-The power of hoodoo.  
-Hoodoo?  
-You do.  
-Do what?  
-Remind me of a man.  
-Remind you--  
He is an associate justice  
of the state supreme court.  
Good for you.  
Better than working for a living.  
-Aren't we going to be late for the picnic?  
-Yes, we are.  
I'm your little pepper shaker.  
The hot rod's outside.  
Come on, Thaddeus.  
-You remind me of a man.  
-Hoodoo.

-No, I'm supposed to say that!  
-All right, go ahead.  
-But that's Jerry's car.  
-Just looks like it.  
-What's this?  
-Friend made it. A voot-eight.  
Eight more payments and it's mine!  
You expect me to ride in that?  
-Throw your frame in!  
-I want to talk to you.  
-No, there's no time--  
-I'd rather stay home.  
There's no time for talk now.  
Come on, come on.  
-Here's the basket, here.  
-Thank you.  
Hot vooterenie!  
-Nice car you got here, Richard.  
-Thank you.  
I just hope you come up  
before me sometime.  
Must run in your family.  
-Hello, Tommy.  
-I've been waiting for you.  
-I'm sorry. We were delayed.  
-Look out for your thumb.  
It's the junior set.  
Hello, Uncle Thaddeus.  
How do you--? My back.  
-Can I get something for you?  
-Yes. Get me a seat that doesn't bounce.  
We can eat lunch over there.  
Come on.  
I'm as hungry as a bear.  
Let's join the ants.  
Ladies and gentlemen!  
The first events of the afternoon  
are the novelty races.  
Open to adults, parents and friends.  
-Come on, everybody, win....  
-I used to be good at these as a kid.  
Well, why not get in?  
It's open to parents.  
-I'm not a parent.



-Too old, Chamberlain?  
-Of course not.  
-Of course not.  
All right, then, I will.  
-How about you?  
-Don't be silly.  
Dickie, you must.  
I want a medal.  
-Get her a medal.  
-Oh, too old?  
To run in a sack race?  
Nothing to it.  
Then go in there  
and show them, Dickie.  
All right, I will.  
-Hold that.  
-Hold this.  
Snap it up, boys.  
Give the man his sack.  
Let's go to the finish line.  
I want to see Dickie come in first.  
-Coming, Uncle Matt?  
-No. You go ahead. I'll wait here.  
Two more lanes open!  
Who'll step up?  
Thank you, gentlemen! Step right up  
and get yourself a sack.  
Okay, Jack, you all set?  
All right, steady now.  
Ready, gentlemen?  
On your marks, get set....  
All right, ladies and gentlemen,  
we're set for the start...  
...of the spectacular three-legged race...  
...one of the most hilarious events  
of the program.  
Now, come on, you folks down the sidelines,  
pick out your favorite...  
...and cheer him down to the finish line!  
All right, Jack.  
On your marks, get set....  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Hold up, hold up. Not so fast.  
All right, everybody, we're all set

for the spoon and potato race.  
On your marks, get set....  
Disqualified! You've got to cross  
the line on your feet.  
On your marks, get set....  
-Come on, Dickie.  
-Come on, Dickie!  
Come on.  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is it!  
This is the main event of the afternoon.  
You are about to witness  
the spectacular obstacle race.  
A supreme test of skill,  
stamina and endurance.  
Come on, Dickie, stand up.  
I can't pin it when you're sitting down.  
-Haven't you had enough?  
-Not for me.  
-We've just begun to fight.  
-Just begun to fight.  
Hold these medals, Uncle Thad.  
I don't want any excess weight.  
Everybody get ready!  
All contestants report to the starting line.  
Come on, Dickie,  
I know you can win this time.  
-Sure. Sure.  
-This is the last call!  
-Hi, Mr. Nugent.  
-Where have you been?  
I've been trying out your super jalopy.  
Hi, Susan.  
Hi, Jerry. Now remember, Dickie,  
you've got to win me that cup. Good luck.  
-You going in the race?  
-Yep.  
-May the best man win.  
-He will.  
-I'm beginning to worry about him.  
-Why?  
He's got courage. A man's man.  
-I hope he wins.  
-Come on, now. Everybody ready.  
-For Susan's sake.

-Of course.  
-Everybody line up.  
-Let's go down to the finish line.  
--in the obstacle race.  
All right, all you contestants,  
take your places on the starting line.  
And remember, anyone who fails  
to take a single obstacle...  
...is disqualified.  
On your marks, get set....  
Keep going, Mr. Nugent.  
Keep going, Mr. Nugent,  
keep going.  
Keep going.  
Excuse me, I slipped.  
You pushed me.  
-Oh, it was nothing. Just a race.  
-Congratulations, Mr. Nugent.  
Everybody over to the bandstand  
for the grand award!  
-You were wonderful, Dickie.  
-The grand award, that's you.  
Oh, sure. Grand reward.  
-Thanks a lot, Jerry, for letting Dickie win.  
-That's okay.  
Pay the boys Saturday.  
Seventy-five cents a piece.  
-Anyone else, they'd charge a buck.  
-I'll pay you too.  
I don't want your money.  
Some things just can't be bought.  
You know, Jerry, at times  
you're really very nice.  
Quiet, please. Quiet, everyone.  
It gives me great pleasure to present  
this beautiful trophy and medal...  
...to that great athlete  
and winner of the feature event...  
...Mr. Richard Nugent.  
I don't know how this happened to me.  
But I guess I owe it all  
to clean living, proper outlook...  
...and the help of my friend.  
What a wonderful day.

What a wonderful picnic.  
Oh, I feel wonderful.  
Uncle Thaddeus, let's dance.  
No. No.  
Susan, your youthful exuberance  
is very tiring.  
Margaret, I'm going upstairs  
to take a hot bath.  
Life.  
You'd better rest for a while.  
You've had a busy day...  
-...and you're going to a dance tonight.  
-Quite right.  
But I would like this day to never end.  
I'd like everything to stay suspended,  
beautiful.  
Well, you can leave everything suspended  
after I sit down.  
-I'll take it, Margaret.  
-No, I think you'd better go up.  
All right, sis.  
-What's wrong?  
-Nothing's wrong.  
A very odd thing happened to me today,  
Uncle Matt.  
I think it's very simple to explain.  
Optical illusions have been known to....  
Or the power of suggestion  
through Susan....  
These things have been....  
Well....  
What happened to me  
was a combination of the heat...  
-...a hurried lunch and the excitement.  
-Of course.  
It was a question of me  
thinking I saw him. Understand?  
Sure. That's perfectly clear.  
The same--  
-In view of this, it occurred to me that...  
-Mr. Nugent.  
...Mr. Nugent's been sweet about Susan.  
We shouldn't embarrass him further.  
-What if Susan--

-Susan's romance is adolescent.  
I think she'll get over it,  
and I think we owe it to Mr. Nugent--  
-Well, I'd like to talk this over with him.  
-I think that's quite--  
I don't think it would be a good idea  
to have him here.  
With Susan in the house,  
we couldn't talk freely here.  
-Naturally--  
-It wouldn't be proper...  
-...to invite myself to his apartment.  
-Oh, no--  
So the obvious thing to do  
is arrange a convenient meeting place.  
Something public, sophisticated and....  
Well, we can talk things over.  
Yes.  
-I'd have to give that--  
-Thank you for talking to me.  
-You've cleared things up.  
-It's all right. I appreciate your confidence.  
It's extraordinary how simple problems  
are when you don't let emotions run away.  
-True, true.  
-Where's the telephone?  
Hello?  
Yeah.  
Oh, anything wrong with Susan?  
Oh, can't go, huh? Sorry to hear that.  
Will you tell her? Yeah.  
With you?  
Yeah, I'd be delighted.  
Do you want me to come over there?  
Oh, I see. Yeah.  
You wouldn't want to come here,  
would you?  
Oh, naturally.  
We can meet any place you say.  
Yeah, we can celebrate my triumph.  
Well....  
No, I'm not too tired to dance.  
Do you dance? I mean--  
Well, okay, anything you say.

Well, let's see now.  
I know the headwaiter  
at the Tick-Tock Club. How about that?  
Fine. Sure, okay.  
Come in.  
-Hello.  
-Hello, Nugent.  
Come on in.  
Last time I saw you, you were underwater.  
You all right? You didn't get hurt?  
I keep myself in excellent physical  
condition at all times.  
-How do you feel?  
-Splendid.  
To the victors belong the spoils.  
You made a good race of it, Chamberlain.  
I don't think I like it there.  
Nugent, the reason I'm here is that  
I want to let you off the hook.  
Here, hold that a moment. What hook?  
I know taking Susan out was a nuisance.  
It wasn't good for Susan,  
and it was a strain on Margaret.  
Which one are you concerned about?  
If I had to indicate my preference,  
I'd choose Margaret.  
Who's your tailor?  
The coach was kind enough  
to furnish them to me.  
Oh, I had it there, didn't I?  
Nugent...  
...I have something important  
to tell you.  
-I've decided to drop charges against you.  
-Let me see this.  
I say, I've decided to drop  
the charges against you.  
Dropped my medal. Dropped it.  
-Help me look for it.  
-Yes, yes.  
We can forget the whole thing.  
You won't have to come around.  
You look silly in that coat.  
Doesn't go with the clothes.

Let's stick to the subject.  
You're a free man now.  
You're free. It's possible we won't see  
any more of each other.  
Found it. What did you say?  
It's possible we won't see  
any more of each other.  
Chamberlain, you've put me in a position  
where I'm forced to make a confession.  
About Margaret?  
No. No, about Susan.  
-I'm madly in love with her.  
-You're what?  
I don't know how it happened.  
Perhaps it was something she said...  
...or how she looked  
or something she wore.  
All I know is that I'm happy  
when I'm near her, that l--  
Well, you're a man.  
You must have felt what I feel.  
-It's love. Love!  
-It's preposterous.  
-The child's only 17.  
-Yes, but she'll be 18 soon.  
We'll wait for our chance at life.  
-Spring and autumn.  
-Stop it. You're complicating the issue.  
I forbid it.  
This is something no court of law can stop.  
It's bigger than you, than me.  
You're just what I always thought you were.  
You're irresponsible.  
L'amour, my friend, l'amour.  
We'll see about  
"l'amour, my friend, l'amour."  
Of course, it's not the kind of wine  
we got before the war...  
...but I think that she  
would rather like it.  
Anyway, it's the best  
we can get nowadays.  
Thank you, Alex.  
I just wanted to make sure.

-Is that the mademoiselle?  
-No, no, no.  
-Hey, that isn't--  
-I'm awfully sorry.  
I'm awfully sorry, but the polish,  
the best we can get nowadays.  
-Oh, that's all right.  
-Oh, perhaps that's mademoiselle?  
No, no, no.  
I wish we had blue flowers.  
She would like them.  
We can get blue flowers,  
but it will take time.  
Well, I'll try to fix these.  
Alex, that's the best you can get any day.  
-Hello.  
-Hello. Hello.  
I didn't know.  
I should have checked.  
-I'm sorry, no black tie.  
-That's all right.  
That's a beautiful suit,  
and you look wonderful in it.  
They're lovely. Thank you.  
-Yellow's my favorite color.  
-I thought so.  
Now, isn't that sweet?  
I can't tell you how glad I am  
that you--  
-That we're here.  
-Our relationship's been such an odd one...  
...I thought it might be fun for us  
to try a new background.  
-Would you like to give your order now?  
-Later.  
How about a drink in the meantime?  
-Champagne?  
-Yes.  
The time is now, Alex.  
-Shall we dance?  
-Love to.  
-Now, my father was a bachelor.  
-Really?  
Wait a minute. Wait till....



Wait until I finish.

He was a bachelor until way into his 30s.

He always said he'd know who he was going to marry the moment he met her.

Then he met my mother.

He put his arm around her,  
and that was it.

Just the way she felt in his arms  
did the trick.

They were married three days later.

That's a very romantic story.

They were happy all their lives,  
apparently had nothing in common.

I told you, she was a piano teacher,  
and he was a flag decorator.

-A what?

-Flag decorator.

He was a good one, until he fell off  
Newark City Hall, broke his leg.

Your family sounds like fun.

You must have come from a nice family.

It shows in your face.

Well, my family weren't quite  
that impulsive.

Father courted Mother through  
high school, college and law school.

Fourteen years after they met,  
they got married.

They had a lot in common.

They were both attorneys.

You feel nice in my arms.

I imagine if Mother and Father  
hadn't had much in common...

...they needn't have waited 14 years.

It could have happened suddenly,  
romantically.

Dickie!

-Oh, hello, Agnes.

-You didn't congratulate me.

-Should I?

-It's my birthday.

Congratulations.

Nugent, what do you say

we let bygones be bygones, huh?

-Hey, don't I know you?  
-Yes, we've met.  
Where did I meet you?  
Was it Dickie's apartment?  
-No, you remember Judge Turner.  
-Oh, well, of course.  
Well, yes.  
Well, you got to be friends, huh?  
Leave it to Dickie.  
He knows all the angles.  
If it's too crowded,  
we'll go to the table.  
It's too crowded.  
-Happy birthday.  
-Goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
Now, there's a guy who never goes out  
of a girl's mind.  
He just stays there like a heavy meal.  
-What am I like?  
-Orange juice.  
-I'm terribly sorry about that.  
-It's nothing.  
I'm sure you didn't know she'd be here.  
Are you sure you're sure  
I didn't know she'd be here?  
-Yes, why?  
-Well, I was just wondering.  
-I've given up jumping at conclusions.  
-Good.  
-Hello, Dickie.  
-Hello, Jolly.  
-Cigarettes?  
-No, thanks.  
All right.  
Cute kid.  
I did a magazine cover of her.  
-She's nice.  
-Miss, you can't walk in like this.  
-It's absolutely forbidden.  
-Susan!  
I don't intend to create a scene.  
You should be ashamed of yourselves.  
I'm too young to be deceived by treachery.

-Have a drink?  
-Lemonade.  
-Sit down.  
-I don't intend to stay.  
And some chocolate ice cream.  
Wonder how I found out where you were?  
-What's on your mind?  
-You know what's going on.  
You told me Dickie was sick,  
exhausted from the picnic.  
I went to Dickie's apartment.  
They told me where he was.  
And here I am, and here you are.  
-I demand an explanation from both of you.  
-Aren't you being childish?  
-I'll be anything I want.  
-Joey will buy you and the judge a drink.  
-At the moment--  
-I owe it to you for being so nice to us.  
We'll be here time enough  
to drink one down.  
Oh, garon!  
This party's on me. Bring chairs.  
-I don't believe we've been acquainted.  
-Susan Turner--  
Agnes and Joey.  
This your daughter, judge?  
No, it's her sister. Her older sister--  
I mean, Margaret's sister.  
-Got plenty of room, sweetheart?  
-Sure.  
-You look like mother and daughter.  
-Sisters look alike too.  
I hate my sister.  
Oh, I just love birthdays.  
Birthdays are the best.  
Maybe Mr. Rosenheimer  
can come over here.  
No matter what you say,  
I intend to wait here.  
Nobody said anything to you.  
Cute hat you got on.  
-I don't intend to take it off.  
-I didn't ask you to take it off.

Bring another round of the same.  
Put it on my check.  
-Very good.  
-Take these. We're not eating.  
-Just drinks.  
-Oh, yeah--  
-Hello. Glad to see you.  
-I doubt if anyone's glad to see me.  
-You weren't invited, Mr. White.  
-Meet Agnes and Joey.  
-Hello.  
-I love kids with floppy hair. It's so casual.  
-Suppose you're wondering how I got here.  
-If she isn't, I am.  
It's getting to be quite a party.  
-All is not gold that glitters.  
-You said a mouthful. Remember--  
Just a minute. Just a minute!  
I haven't got much time left.  
I went to see you, Susan,  
because I got word I'm being drafted.  
I went to the house. You were gone.  
Then I went to Mr. Nugent's--  
-Yes, we know the rest of it.  
-I just want to say goodbye. That's all.  
You don't have to make a big thing about it.  
The war's over.  
I know, but guns go off by accident.  
A fellow could trip on a bayonet.  
I know. Going away, perhaps not seeing  
your loved ones for years.  
You're a fine boy, Jerry,  
and a good friend.  
Possibly Mr. Nugent doesn't know  
how good.  
-You don't have to tell me about Jerry.  
-Maybe I could tell you things.  
How loyal he is, and how he made sure  
you won that race this afternoon.  
Race?  
Where were you this afternoon?  
-It doesn't concern you.  
-What are you talking about?  
-You shouldn't say that.

-A woman scorned is a fury!  
-What are you drinking, bub?  
-I'll have eggnog.  
Just a second. Jerry--  
Bring an eggnog.  
-What do you have to do with my winning?  
-Two eggs!  
What did you have to do  
with my winning--?  
Me? Joey, you shouldn't have done it.  
Joey's the cutest thing.  
Oh, thank you.  
Did you frame it  
so I could win that race?  
He only did it because he knew  
how I loved you.  
-I forbid this kind of talk.  
-Life's complicated.  
-Too complicated.  
-Good evening.  
Sit down.  
You're in time for cake.  
Thanks. I will.  
Wondering how I got here?  
-I went to your house--  
-You went to her house, found her gone.  
You were suspicious  
and went to my apartment.  
You'd make a good detective.  
-I don't like him.  
-Nor do I.  
-The name is Chamberlain.  
-Hello.  
-How do you do?  
-Get him. "How do you do?"  
-Know what you're doing?  
-Of course.  
-It might interest you--  
-Know what you are?  
-You're a regular Blackbeard.  
-Bluebeard, dear.  
-A rose by any color.  
-Everybody's excited.  
Nobody's excited!

I want you to know.  
Only this afternoon, he told me  
he's madly in love with Susan.  
-Oh, Dickie, did you, darling?  
-I did, yes. But I was only kidding.  
-Don't kid Susan for any reason.  
-You stay out of this.  
Everybody's so unhappy.  
Why don't we have a drink or some cake?  
-I don't feel like eating.  
-Chamberlain, you know--  
-It's too public to continue this discussion.  
-Mister, you have my chair.  
-There are other chairs.  
-I realize that. I suggest you occupy one.  
-Do you love me?  
-I want my chair.  
-You're a cute child--  
-I'm busy.  
-I can't say I love you.  
-I want my chair.  
She spent \$4.50 to make sure  
you won that race.  
That's too bad.  
You can have the cup!  
That victory of Nugent's was a frame-up?  
For the last time, I want my chair!  
Happy anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Overholtz.  
Look at this. It's their anniversary.  
-Congratulations.  
-It's your anniversary, my birthday--  
I don't want any trouble.  
I just want my chair back.  
-Oh, stand up.  
-And for that matter--  
Please sit down.  
You can have the medal.  
What happened?  
Always saying the wrong thing.  
-Shall we fight this out?  
-No. We're too excited.  
-Sit.  
-Right.  
-I'm getting out of here.

-So am I.  
-Now, now. Wait a minute.  
-I've had enough of this and you.  
-You attract trouble.  
-There you go, jumping again.  
Shut up!  
Thank you for a lovely evening.  
Well, thank you. Thank you!  
If I was so disposed,  
I could make trouble for you.  
You may be a regular guy,  
but I don't know.  
I hope this fixes your kettle of fish.  
I came to buy you a birthday drink,  
and you ruined my birthday. You ruined it!  
Joey got me a birthday cake  
and you ruined everything!  
Come on, Joey.  
Let him pay for the drinks.  
I'd punch you right in the nose  
if I wasn't afraid you'd break my jaw.  
Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Nugent.  
Will there be anything else?  
For instance?  
Well? It's your move.  
Been your move for several minutes.  
I was just a little concerned  
about Margaret and Susan.  
They're old enough  
to take care of themselves.  
And you just made a stupid move.  
Susan.  
Susan!  
-Why does she do that?  
-I should find out what's wrong.  
Your queen's in danger.  
-Margaret.  
-You and your psychology!  
I will not stand for this excitement!  
Your queen's still in danger.  
-What's wrong?  
-A great deal. I'm talking to Margaret.  
That's impossible...  
-...unless you break her door down.

-This is a conspiracy!  
Do you intend to finish this game?  
Now, Thaddeus....  
-I can't stand it. I've got to talk to Susan!  
-It's late. Come back in the morning.  
This is a fine way to treat a veteran!  
Thaddeus, you're old enough  
to control yourself.  
-Margaret, I want to talk to you.  
-You keep out of this!  
If you're leaving home, you might take  
something more practical than a doll.  
-I hate you.  
-Susan, you can't mean that.  
I do. My own sister,  
stealing the man I love.  
-You're not being fair.  
-The other woman.  
It's not like that at all.  
Why not send me to prison,  
get me out of the way?  
I'm old enough to fight for my own  
happiness. Anyway, I saw him first!  
I couldn't help overhearing.  
I had my ear to the door.  
This is your fault.  
You created this situation.  
-You told Susan to come to that nightclub.  
-Calm down. Be sensible.  
Did I or did I not  
send you to find Margaret?  
-You did not. It was my own idea.  
-That's beside the point.  
I didn't send Tommy, I didn't send Jerry,  
and you're both hysterical.  
Margaret, will you go to your room?  
Let me talk to Susan.  
I have nothing to say to anyone.  
I will not make a statement of any kind  
at this time.  
Unpack those clothes and hang them up.  
I'm strong enough to take you over my knee  
and give you the spanking you deserve.  
You wouldn't dare.



I have no intention, however, of doing so if you'll be sensible. Now, sit down.

Sit down!

I think your infatuation for Mr. Nugent is a childish one...

...and you've been unfair to Mr. Nugent, Margaret and to Jerry.

You're going to get sensible about the matter.

-I am.

-You are?

You're going to listen to me.

And you're going to do just as I tell you.

-Margaret?

-Come in, dear.

I've just had a long talk with Uncle Matt.

-Yes.

-And I see things much more clearly.

After all, Richard is too old for me.

When I'm 42, he'll be 60.

Jerry's going to look handsome in his uniform, don't you think?

-I think.

-I've decided to renounce Richard for Jerry.

That's very sensible of you.

Now that you have a clear field with Richard

I think you ought to patch things up.

I've acted very childishly, and I'm sorry, really sorry.

If I had a million sisters,

I'd want them all to be exactly like you.

-You're saying that because I'm sklonkish.

-Because you're smart.

-Good night.

-Good night, dear.

You know, in many ways...

...I think this has made a bigger woman of me.

I'm not interested in any more of your psychological mumbo jumbo.

But you're being too cold about this.

-Look at it from the emotional point of view.

-I don't deal in emotions, but in facts.

And the conclusions I draw are depressing.  
Well, depressing or not,  
you're in love with Richard Nugent.  
I'm quite weary,  
and I want to go to sleep.  
I'll discuss this with you in the morning.  
Good night.  
Very well.  
I thank you for one thing,  
straightening Susan out.  
It's perfectly all right.  
-Good night.  
-Good night.  
Hi.  
-How did you get in?  
-Door was closed. I opened it and came in.  
-Open it. Go out.  
-You and Margaret are having trouble.  
-None of your business.  
-In a way, it is.  
-Don't forget, I started this whole thing.  
-I won't.  
-Where are you going?  
-Africa.  
-That's far away, isn't it?  
-It all depends.  
If you're in Arabia, which is where I'll be  
before going to Africa, you're pretty close.  
All right. But you're making a mistake.  
You can't run away from yourself.  
The trouble is you're in love with Margaret.  
-Don't be ridiculous.  
-Look at the facts. First--  
Facts. I'm an artist. I deal in emotions.  
My emotions say get out of here.  
What do your emotions tell you?  
-Fine.  
-All right.  
But I've got a plan.  
I've had enough of your plans  
and your family.  
I was carefree before I met all of you.  
I've been in trouble ever since.  
I'm going to be carefree again.

-Now, buzz off.

-All right.

If you run across Professor Smedley  
in Johannesburg...

...give him my regards.

He's a cousin of ours. Just a fifth cousin.

Beautiful morning, simply beautiful.

-Isn't it?

-Yes.

Wonderful weather for flying.

-Isn't it?

-Yes.

Thing is, it'll give you a chance  
to relax for a few days.

Uncle Matt, I think I'd better--

You better take me home.

Oh, well, that's ridiculous.

I think it's ridiculous I'm packing  
up for three days, running away...

...because of a very silly man.

Well, darling,

let bygones be bygones.

And if by chance your paths  
should ever happen to cross...

-...well, that's another thing.

-They better not cross.

For the time being, you just  
do what Uncle Matt tells you.

Last few weeks,

you haven't been doing so good.

This morning,

I talked you into taking a plane trip.

You could talk the devil  
into going to church.

-Keys, please.

-Be right with you.

Go ahead, dear, I'll take care  
of the baggage and the tickets.

Attention, please. Porter wanted  
at the main information booth.

I'm sorry, but I'm sure we can  
get you on the next flight.

-Thanks.

-Judge Turner's reservation, please.

All right, sir.

Thank Mr. Martin for arranging this.

It was an emergency. I do appreciate it.

Thank you.

-Beemish, where's Margaret?

-I don't know. I'm looking for her now.

-You know she's leaving?

-Oh, yes.

It's Nugent's fault. I see him, he'll get 10 years. I got a warrant for his arrest.

-Now, if you take my advice--

-I don't want your advice.

-Now, where's Margaret?

-Well, I don't know. She should be here.

You watch that entrance,  
and I'll watch here.

-Let me know the instant she arrives.

-Sure, sure.

So long, Jebby. Thanks.

Have fun. Stay out of jail.

Well, here you are, darling.

Maybe I ought to have second  
thoughts about this.

Don't start that again.

You just go away and have a good time.

I'm sorry I can't wait to see you off,  
but I have to get back to the office.

Thanks, Uncle Matt.

I don't know what for, but thanks.

You're welcome. Happy landing.

Bye.

TWA 's Constellation, flight 60, Super Sky  
Chief is ready for immediate departure.

Passengers will board the flight to....

I'm Dr. Matthew Beemish.

I'm the city psychiatrist.

I'm glad to know you.

-I'm observing a patient. I need your help.

-Who is he?

That blond fellow with  
the brown suit and hat.

-Oh, yeah.

-He's harmless, but he might create a scene.  
What's his trouble?

He thinks he's  
the assistant district attorney.  
He goes around arresting people.  
Oh, poor guy.  
You'd think he'd at least  
want to be a desk sergeant.  
I'll try to handle him.  
I wanted you to know, in case.  
I'll be around.  
-Have you seen Margaret?  
-No, I haven't yet.  
-I want to tell you a story.  
-I don't want to hear any story.  
-Nugent! Let's get him!  
-Wait. You're making a mistake.  
-I'm not.  
-You're sure about this?  
Positive. It will give me pleasure  
to put him where he belongs. Officer.  
-I want you to arrest someone.  
-You don't want to arrest people.  
-What?  
-Why not be a good boy and go on home?  
-I'm the assistant district attorney.  
-Sure you are.  
-Tell him who I am.  
-He is the assistant district attorney.  
-Now, ain't that nice?  
-You blockhead. I'll do it myself.  
-You don't want to bother anybody.  
-Having trouble?  
-I'm the assistant district attorney.  
-Sure he is. Now, just take it easy. Relax.  
We'll make you district attorney in charge  
of the assistant district attorneys.  
-I'll report you. Get their numbers.  
-I'll get a pencil, be back.  
-Come on.  
-I'm the assistant district attorney!  
Wait! Where you taking me?  
Leave me alone.  
-Thank you, sir.  
-Margaret Turner.  
-Nugent, Richard.

-Thank you, sir.  
You remind me of a man.  
-What man?  
-A man with the power.  
-What power?  
-The power of hoodoo.  
-Hoodoo?  
-You do.  
-Do what?  
-Remind me of a man.  
-What man?  
-A man with the power.  
What power?  
Give up?  
Give up. Let's go.