



Scripts.com

Going My Way

By Frank Butler

[Sweeping instrumental music]
But, Father Fitzgibbon,
why do you want a new furnace?
Because, Mr. Haines, last winter,
in the month of November alone...
four of me parishioners
took to the bed with pneumonia.
That's too bad.
It's only by a miracle
that I meself pulled through.
It'll only cost \$632.50...
complete with an automatic damper.
But, Father, I didn't come here
to put in new furnaces.
I think you ought to give him
his furnace, Dad.
It would warm people's hearts,
and maybe his collections would be bigger.
No, Son. Improvements are out.
Now, Father...
That was good.
What he said, that was good.
Well, he's new to our business.
Now, Father...
- No furnace?
- No furnace.
Now, Father, here's my business.
You owe the Knickerbocker Savings
and Loan Company...
five payments on this mortgage.
If they're not taken care of...
I'm afraid the Knickerbocker Savings
and Loan Company...
will have to take the necessary action.
Why don't you make it
the subject of your sermon next Sunday?
Tell it to your people.
"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."
Oh, I can imagine meself
saying that in Mass next Sunday.
What a sermon that would be, Mr. Haines.
"The text of me sermon this morning...
"is taken from the mortgage...
"according to Mr. Haines...

"from the 1st to the 23rd clause."

- Very dull, you know.

- But that's your business. Keep it bright.

But seriously, Father,

we've made a bad loan...

and we want our money back.

- Well, you'll get it somehow.

- That's all I wanted to know.

Good day, Father. Come on, Son.

Dad.

You can't foreclose.

Why, it just isn't being done.

I read up on it. There's never been

a Catholic church foreclosure...

- in the history of New York.

- There's always a first time, isn't there?

Don't you think you're being

a little harsh with him?

You've got to be.

Son, never loan money to a church.

As soon as you start to close in on them,

everybody thinks you're a heel.

- Well, aren't you?

- Yes.

Good morning. Could you tell me

where I'd find Saint Dominic's Church?

[Exclaims questioningly]

O'MALLEY:

for St. Dominic's Church.

Why?

- I'm gonna work there.

- The new assistant?

And you can't even find the church.

Well, all I can say is, young man,

you're off to a mighty bad start.

What's your name?

Father O'Malley.

Charles Francis Patrick O'Malley.

O'MALLEY:

WOMAN:

Hattie Quimp!

You'll see a lot of her, you will.
At St. Dominic's,
she's a regular two-a-dayer.
Very religious, burns candles.
I could tell you plenty about them, too.
And if I did, they'd have
to leave the neighbourhood.
If you're looking for St. Dominic's, Father,
it's a block up and then to your left.
Thank you.

- Hello.
- Hello.
- How's things going?
- Terrible. They never hit one to me.

Watch right field for me a minute,
will you, Father?

- Sure.
- I got to run in the house.

O'MALLEY:

BOY 1:

the Father's gonna take my place.

BOY 2:

O'MALLEY:

BOYS:

Thanks.

- What do you think you're doing?
- I'm the substitute right fielder.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself...
playing around with kids,
smashing people's windows.

MAN:

HATTIE:

- Hello.
- Still looking for St. Dominic's.

You just wait till I tell Father Fitzgibbon.
Look, you keep out of this, will you? Go on.
This is between him and me.

O'MALLEY:

about the window.

Yeah, but being sorry don't fix it.

O'MALLEY:

MAN:

Priests never have any money.

- That window...

- Now wait a minute, my good man...

I said I'd pay for it. I told you I'm sorry.

What else can I say after I say I'm sorry?

That ain't the idea.

It's the principle of the thing.

A priest shouldn't go around

breaking people's windows.

It sets a bad example for the children.

You got me stymied there. I'm contrite

and I'm penitent. I've told you I'm sorry.

- You told me that twice. But that don't...

- That doesn't fix the broken window, I know.

I think you're just playing hard

to get along with.

Maybe a little security might help?

These were given to me.

Why don't you keep them until I've made

good? Maybe they'll make you feel better.

They're mother of pearl, you see?

If that'll satisfy you, I'll run along.

Hey, you, here, I got no use for this.

First place, I don't believe in it.

As a matter of fact,

I don't believe in anything.

- I can believe that.

- I'm an atheist. Besides, I'm superstitious.

All right, then, I'm sorry about the window.

I'll have it fixed.

Can I have the ball back?

You even throw like an atheist.

Mrs. Carmody,

did the young priest come yet?

He's here, but he insisted on

changing his clothes before seeing you.

That's nice. Tidy himself up a bit.
Hello, Father.
I'm your new curate, Father.
If you'll excuse my appearance.
No, it's not possible.
The Bishop may have a grudge against me.
He may think I've a mouthful of clover
and can't preach...
but even the Bishop
wouldn't do a thing like this to me.
I see what you mean.
Young man, may I ask...
is that the official garb
of the priests in St. Louis?
No, I...
Something happened to me on the way over.
I guess this just isn't my day, Father.
- Do you mind if I...
- No.
[Exclaims admonishingly]
Young man, as a matter of curiosity...
what made you become a priest?
Why, I...
[Telephone rings]
Hello?
Well, you don't say.
You don't say.
Oh, yes, I can well believe it, yeah.
Mrs. Quimp?
[Clears throat]
Yes, indeed, Mrs. Quimp.
I appreciate your good intentions.
Yes. Goodbye.
- I guess she told you about me?
- Yeah, the garrulous old biddy.
Young man, I'm afraid
you're off to a very bad start.
That's what she said. I'm sorry, Father, I...
Smashing people's windows. Such conduct.
Oh, yes, that reminds me.
I wanted to ask you something.
Listen now. Tell me, young man,
how did you happen to become a priest?
[Laughing] Well, I...

[Telephone rings]

Yeah.

Chuck? Chuck who?

- Father Chuck?

- That's me.

Here, I'll take it over here.

Hello? Timmy!

Well, how are you, Timmy? I just got in.

Well, what do you know?

That's Father O'Dowd, an old friend of mine.

We used to go to school together.

[Singing] Hail Alma Mater

Thy time-honoured halls

Shall echo with our praise till we die

And 'round our hearts

are the ivy-covered walls

Of East St. Louis

High

Good, Chuck. Can't you talk?

[Humming hesitantly]

Well, no.

All right, then, I'll do the talking.

How does your new pastor impress you?

You're a big help. It's a little early to say.

Time will tell, though.

[Exclaims negatively]

No, I think it would be better

if I told you when I saw you.

Yes, it would be much better.

All right, Timmy, make it soon, huh?

So long.

- He's a great little man.

- Yeah.

What were we talking about?

Yes, I was going to ask...

You were going to ask me

if I want to see the church.

- Yes, that's right.

- Yes.

[Church bell chiming]

- I like this. It's beautiful.

- Thank you.

- How long you been here, Father?

- Forty-five years.

- And the...
- Forty-six in October.
- The church?
- Same. I built it.
I can only hope someday I can say
I built as much.
- This is nice.
- Yeah, the birds like it.
They're good company. Listen.
[Imitates bird chirping]
[O'Malley clears throat]
I've taken a great deal of pleasure
in me garden.
It's been hard work, but it's been worth it.
I think you'll find this a very pleasant place
in which to meditate.
- You do meditate, don't you?
- Oh, yes, sure.

FITZGIBBON:

FITZGIBBON:

is a loudspeaker system.
For a minute I thought I found
a four-leaf clover. Guess it just isn't my day.
Would you like to see the church?

O'MALLEY:

[Organ playing]
[Organ playing continues]
Mrs. Carmody, just a minute.
Just a minute.

FITZGIBBON:

MRS. CARMODY:

The young man doesn't sleep
as late as you do, you know.
- What's this?
- His luggage. It just arrived.
Golf, tennis. And where, may I ask,
is his fish pole?
It's here.
[Harrumphs]

- Good morning, Father.

- Been to market?

Mrs. Carmody could attend to that.

You should have been making parish calls.

I have. Mrs. McGonigle, the one
with the big house and rheumatism.

- She sent you a present.

- She did?

Very generous of her, I must say.

A fine Christian woman, Mrs. McGonigle.

Wonder what it is.

Something to eat, I dare say.

Jam. No, pickled pig's feet.

Possibly some brandied peaches.

If there's one thing I'm partial to,
it's a nice big jar of brandied peaches.

- A nice basket, too.

- Yes. She wants it back.

[Puppies whimpering]

They're too young. Much too young
to be separated from their mother.

That's what she said. So here's the mother.

- Isn't she cute?

- The joy of giving is indeed a pleasure.
Especially when you get rid
of something you don't want.

Mrs. McGonigle is famous for these tricks.

When her husband died,
she sent me his umbrella...
his long flannel underwear,
and his moustache cup.

[Singing] Hail Alma Mater

Thy time-honoured halls
Shall echo with our praise till we die
And 'round our hearts
are the ivy-covered walls
Of East St. Louis High

O'MALLEY:

O'DOWD:

O'DOWD:

since we've seen each other?

O'MALLEY:

- Five, anyway.

- Has it been that long?

Pardon me. Father Fitzgibbon,

this is my old friend, Father O'Dowd.

How are you, Father Fitzgibbon?

We've been friends

since we were knee-high to a niblick.

He was our local Huckleberry Finn.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,"
he'd say.

Cry, and you cry all by yourself.

How are you, Father?

I just dropped by to see if Father O'Malley
could play a little golf this afternoon.

- You did? Where's your parish?

- Right over here, St. Francis.

Well, now, about your golf.

Of course, I can't answer for you...

but at St. Dominic's we've very little time
for games of golf and such like.

If you were working for me, all I can say
is that you wouldn't have time for it, either.
It's lucky for me then that I'm at St. Francis.
It's my hope St. Francis can say the same.

- He's got you there, Timmy.

- Good, Father, very good.

Father, why don't you come with us?

It's a grand game.

Sure, we'll teach you.

A man is never too old to learn.

O'DOWD:

O'MALLEY:

No, a golf course is nothing

but a poolroom moved outdoors.

You mind if I use that one sometime,
Father?

Young man, would you mind...

- How did he ever become a priest?

- Well, I don't...

- Father Fitzgibbon.

- Excuse me.

FITZGIBBON:

MRS. CARMODY:

[Mumbling]

- Does he know?

- Does he know what?

- That you're in charge.

- How'd you know?

I didn't. I gathered as much
when I heard you were here.

Everybody knows
that St. Dominic's is in a bad way.
Father Fitzgibbon
is getting to be an old man.

- This needs a young fellow...

- Timmy, look.

- Don't mention it to anybody.

- No.

When I had my talk with the Bishop,
it was our understanding...

that Father Fitzgibbon
was to remain here as pastor...
and I was to try and straighten out
St. Dominic's without hurting his feelings.

I see. You're in charge, but you're not.
I don't think I'd like an assignment like that.

But the Bishop couldn't very well
put him out to pasture, could he?

"Pasture"?

What's this I hear about a pasture?

I was just saying to him, Father...
the next time I come past your church

I'm going to drop in and see you.

Good day, Father. So long, Chuck.

[O'Malley clears throat]

I was going to ask you something.

Oh, yes, the telephone.

Mrs. Quimp just telephoned.

Her landlord is throwing her out again.

She wants somebody to go and see her.

You better go.

I'll go right along, Father.

Would you mind the puppies?

Thank you.

I'll bet you're the new assistant...

the one who's going to get St. Dominic's
out of all its trouble.

And I'll bet you're all the trouble.

I'll wager you're the man with the mortgage.

- You've heard about the mortgage?

- All churches have mortgages.

It isn't respectable

for a church not to have one.

- My name's O'Malley.

- Mine's Haines.

Nice meeting you. We may have to

touch you for a little more a little later on.

We're gonna need

a new paint job here soon.

I must run along. You look like a man

it'll be a pleasure to do business with.

Yes.

HATTIE:

I'll pay you me rent when I get it!

HATTIE:

O'MALLEY:

Hello, Father.

Mrs. Quimp and I were just discussing you.

- You were?

- As you know, I represent...

the Knickerbocker Savings

and Loan Company.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Quimp

declines to pay her rent...

the Knickerbocker Savings

and Loan Company...

- refuses to offer her any further hospitality.

- Is she very far in arrears?

TED:

for six months.

O'MALLEY:

to show her leniency.
Supposing the poor old woman
has no place to go?
The Knickerbocker Savings and Loan
Company is not a charitable institution...
like St. Dominic's.
With us, it's just a matter
of cold-blooded business.
With you it's different. You haven't got
anything and you don't want anything.
That's your business
and people respect you for it.
But I'm not in your business, see?
If I haven't got anything
and don't want anything, I'm a bum.
Surely there must be something
we can do about it.
I don't know what you'll do about it, but
I'm going to throw her right out on her ear.
Give her a break.
Give her a month to make good in.
- St. Dominic's will guarantee it.
- St. Dominic's?
I can see you haven't been around long.
Why, St. Dominic's is in worse shape
than Mrs. Quimp.
- My old man happens to own the mortgage...
- Your father holds the mortgage?
You're darn right he does.
Confidentially,
he'd like to find a way to foreclose.
He wants to tear down the church
and make a parking lot of it.
Can you imagine it?
He's a very disliked man.
- I'm sort of following in his footsteps.
- Junior?
[Turkeys gobbling]

HERMAN:

TONY:

[Turkey gobbles]

FITZGIBBON:

BOYS:

That's a fine fat bird you have there.

We was sort of bringing it over for you.

- It's sort of a present. Ain't it, Herman?

- Yeah.

That's very generous of you.

Such a fine bird and all.

Now, where may I ask did you get it?

- We got...

- We won it in a raffle over at the theatre.

- We were lucky.

- Isn't that great?

- But, surely, your mother...

- Except on Christmas, Ma don't like turkey.

- She don't?

- Honest.

That's most fortunate for me.

There's nothing I'm more partial to
than a nice tom turkey.

Roasted, all with dressing.

I appreciate your kindness, boys.

It ain't nothing, Father.

FITZGIBBON:

I appreciate the thought behind it.

Small luxuries, like small sacrifices,
are oftentimes the most godly.

Bless you both. Thank you.

Take it inside the kitchen
to the housekeeper.

HERMAN:

FITZGIBBON:

Mrs. Quimp's rent?

O'MALLEY:

FITZGIBBON:

I expected you to counsel Mrs. Quimp,
not to adopt her.

[Exclaims contentedly]

- Hot turkey.

- Hot? Of course it's hot.

That's what I say.

"Bless us, O Lord, for these Thy gifts
which we are about to receive. Amen."

Amen.

Say, Father, you know a youngster
around here named Tony Scaponi?

FITZGIBBON:

O'MALLEY:

Tony belongs to
a fine upstanding Catholic family.
Eleven children. Sure, I know Tony.
As fine a lad as there is in the parish.
Police don't think so.

- They don't?

- No.

If something isn't done
about Tony and his pals...
they're gonna wind up in a reform school.

- Who told you that?

- The police.

You've been listening
to Patrick McCarthy, no doubt.
Let me tell you that that man
hasn't been to Mass in the last 10 years.
That may be, but I think
McCarthy's right about those kids.
They're terrorising
the whole neighbourhood.
No use talking like that.
To hear the police talk, you'd think
that every lad in the parish was a criminal.
I'll have you know
that the very food there before us...
is brought to us by two of those very lads
the police are so maliciously slandering.
Is that so?

Tony Scaponi was one of them.

I gave them both my blessing.

O'MALLEY:

FITZGIBBON:

[O'Malley laughs heartily]

[Doorbell buzzing]

I'll get it.

O'MALLEY:

MCCARTHY:

Well, I brung them.

Tony Scaponi, Herman Langerhanke.

O'MALLEY:

I don't think you have to wait, McCarthy.

Okay, Father.

O'MALLEY:

you fellows like baseball pretty well.

TONY:

O'MALLEY:

the Yanks are playing the St. Louis Browns,
a doubleheader.

Would you like to go out

and see the games with me?

St. Louis is my old hometown, you know.

I'll get all the passes I want.

- What do you say?

- Well, I guess so.

Yeah, sure, I guess

the fellas would like that.

It's a date then.

I'll meet you here Saturday at noon?

That'd be good.

You run along and have your dinner.

I'll go finish my turkey.

Let me see now, where was I?

Oh, yeah, I know.

I was going to ask you something.

- What made me become a priest?

- No.

About young Tony.

What was it the police accused him of?

Stealing.

- Stealing what?

- Turkeys.

Seems the boys hijacked a poultry truck
down the street here.

There was quite a bit of excitement.

The driver reported them to the police.

Did the poor man get his turkeys back?

All but one, Father.

[O'Malley clears throat]

Thank you.

[Playing sombre music]

O'MALLEY:

Good morning, Father.

You open for business?

Always open for business, McCarthy.

Come on in.

MCCARTHY:

Come right in, Pat.

- I got a problem, Father.

- Yeah?

Seems like it's more yours than mine.

It's her. Well, Father, it's this way.

Last night I'm walking me beat, see?

Who do you think I runs into?

- Her?

- Mrs. Quimp.

[Imitating Hattie] "Officer McCarthy,"
she says.

- You know how the old stool pigeon talks.

- Yes, I do.

"If you'll go around the corner,
you'll find a girl.

"I've been watching her
and she ain't up to no good."

Well, Father, I goes around the corner
and there, like the Quimp says, I finds her.

MCCARTHY:

O'MALLEY:

Well, I looks at her and sizes her up.

One of those things, I think.
I'm just about to say to her:
"Look, sister, not on my beat."
When she turns,
and right away I sees I'm out of line.
- You follow me, Father?
- Yeah.
To get down to it, Father,
I find she's broke and run away from home.
Doesn't know a soul in town.
So, instead of booking her,
I takes her home.
It's all right with the missus for one night,
but if she stays any longer...
I guess Mrs. McCarthy,
good woman that she is...
is no different from any other woman.
- You follow me, Father?
- I follow you.
So, anyway, she tells us
that she's run away from home...
on account of
her folks don't understand her.
We tried arguing with her, Father,
but she's a tough one.
She thinks "Honour thy father
and thy mother" is a belly laugh.
Well, Father, guess I'll let you
pick it up from here.

MCCARTHY:

O'MALLEY:

MCCARTHY:

O'MALLEY:

MCCARTHY:

Come right in.
Won't you sit down over here?
Carol, suppose you give us
your version of it?
I guess it's just about like he said.

- You don't get along with your parents?
- No.
- So you're going to leave home?
- I've left.
How are you fixed for funds?
I haven't any.
That's how I met Officer McCarthy.
But I'll get by.
- Why don't you go back home?
- I tell you, at home my life is intolerable.

O'MALLEY:

CAROL:

Don't like the way I do my hair,
my eyebrows, too much lipstick.
Too something or other, too long, too short.
Do you think it's too short?
Well, I don't know.
They even object to my boyfriends.
If they do let me go out, they say,
"Where are you going? Come home early."
- "Come right home after the show."
- "No drive-in."
No matter how early I get in, it's too late.
And if I say we ran out of gas,
they say I'm lying.
- Are you?
- Sometimes.
Did you ever think of maybe
having the boyfriends over to the house?
[Sighing] Now you talk like they do.
I can't have them over to the house
because Grandma sleeps in the living room.
She does?

By 9:

She needs it for a bed. Can you imagine?
Of course, you know,
there might be two sides to it.
- Maybe you're being a little unreasonable.
- I'm 18.
Eighteen? As old as that?
[Whistles]

When I was 18,
I thought my father was pretty dumb.
After a while, when I got to be 21...
I was amazed to find out
how much he'd learned in three years.
Now that you're in New York,
what do you propose to do?
- I'm going to get a job. I'm a singer.
- A singer? You any good?
- Of course I'm good.
- What makes you think so?
Well, I...
I'm just good, that's all.
Would you sing something for me?
Maybe I can help you.

O'MALLEY:

a pretty good judge.
You wouldn't know the kind of songs
I know.
How do you know?
[Exclaims in surprise]
- Do you happen to know Day After Forever?
- What key?
Do you mind dropping it just a little?
[Singing] All day tomorrow
I'll be whispering your name
And the day after forever
I know I'll do the same
Maytime or winter
I won't let you out of sight
And the day after forever
We'll talk about tonight
Your laughter is a melody
That I'll remember long
It plays upon my heartstrings
It's my favourite song
All through a lifetime
I'll be loving you and then
On the day after forever
I'll just begin again
What do you think?
You got a pretty nice voice,
but instead of so much of this...

you ought to think about putting
a little feeling into the words.
For instance, Father?
[Playing romantic music]
[Singing] All day tomorrow
I'll be whispering your name
And the day after forever
I know I'll do the same
Maytime or winter
I won't let you out of sight
And the day
After forever
We'll talk about tonight
I see what you mean, Father.
Supposing you try it then?
Just speak the words.
Your laughter is a melody...
- that I'll remember long.
- That's it.
- It plays upon my heartstrings.
- Now sing it.
[Singing] It's my favourite song
All through a lifetime
I'll be loving you

BOTH:

On the day after forever

CAROL:

again
What's that "again"?
- I was imitating you, Father.
- Did I do that?

CAROL:

O'MALLEY:

[Imitating Carol] And the day after forever
You're my favourite song
There's no thought behind that at all.
We'll talk about
What has that got to do with the song?
Hello, Father.
This young lady came to us for some help.

[Fitzgibbon exclaims inquisitively]

FITZGIBBON:

CAROL:

- I think maybe I could place you.
- You can?

What would you think
of a little general housework?
Mrs. Scaponi, with all those children,
11, no, 12, in October.

FITZGIBBON:

maybe she could use you.
No. I'm not looking for that kind of work.
I don't think you understand, Father.
She's a singer.
[Humming]
Aren't you?

FITZGIBBON:

FITZGIBBON:

are you expecting to find employment?

FITZGIBBON:

airy nightclub, I suppose.

FITZGIBBON:

CAROL:

And you're willing to starve
rather than push a broom?
- You have a home, I presume?
- No, she just left it, Father.

FITZGIBBON:

A fine little girl like you
singing someplace like that...
Blue Goose or something.
But you've got to start someplace, Father.
Nonsense. Being a good wife and mother
is a good enough start for you.
Like your own mother.

[Sighing]

- Goodbye, Father.

- Goodbye.

FITZGIBBON:

stay home till the right man comes around.

The right man will never come

near our house.

But don't worry. I'll get by.

Carol!

Wait just a minute. Father.

- Do you think you could let me have 10?

- Of what?

\$10. She's all alone. She hasn't a thing.

Open up our hearts. \$10.

[Whispering] Just a minute.

- How about \$5?

- No, \$10.

Carol, I didn't like the way you said,

"I'll get by."

O'MALLEY:

to tide you over.

But, Father...

It's all right. It's not charity. It's a loan.

Thanks. I can use it.

I appreciate it.

I guess there's a lot of things

I should have said to you...

advice and one thing or another.

But you wouldn't have paid any attention.

After all, you are 18, aren't you?

CAROL:

O'MALLEY:

- I'll get by.

- Don't say that.

O'MALLEY:

CAROL:

CAROL:

O'MALLEY:

[Church bell chiming]

[Boys chattering]

Hey, fellas.

What are we doing

hanging around here for?

[All exclaiming] Yeah!

- 'Cause I promised O'Malley, that's what for.

- Why?

- 'Cause I said so, see?

- Hey, fellas, look.

HERMAN:

ALL:

First thing you know,

he'll be charming us into these things.

BOY 1:

Hold it. First guy up, I kick his teeth in, see?

Look, you, O'Malley's a right guy, see?

Pick him up.

Look, you, O'Malley's a right guy, see?

He didn't rat on us about the turkeys,
did he?

ALL:

TONY:

ALL:

TONY:

ALL:

TONY:

ain't he?

How do we know?

- Hello, Father. Say hello to the Father.

- Hello, Father.

Hi, fellas.

TONY:

O'MALLEY:

I used to work out with them.
They thought I brought them luck.
- When I left, they gave it to me.
- That's the outfit to wear in a cellar.
Oh, you, knocking my team.
I guess you fellas wonder
why I asked you down here.
Father, I want to talk to you a minute.
- Wanna see me?
- Just a minute.
Pardon me, boys.
Tony, what's on your mind?
Well, Father, so you won't have no beef
coming, I'm laying it on the line, okay?
Okay. They're here. Like I promised.
Only, you should have heard them squawk.
Worse than that turkey.
- They did?
- Yeah, they figured being a priest...
you were gonna slip them the old routine.
Personally, I'm for giving you a break.
What I say goes.
- Swell of you, Tony.
- It ain't nothing, Father.
Only, the way it is now,
I'm on the hook for you, see?
- I'm responsible for you. Get me?
- I won't let you down.
Maybe you won't,
but you step out of line once...
me and the gang will drop you
like you were a hot potato.
- Okay. Can I talk to them now?
- Sure, go ahead.
Boys, I'm not gonna do much talking.
Like Tony says,
I'm gonna lay it right on the line.
I asked you down here to do me a favour.
St. Dominic's needs a choir,
and I want to start one.
[Murmuring in dissent]

I know what you're thinking,
but it's not gonna be that way at all.
It's gonna be fun. Believe me,
I like fun as much as anybody.
If it doesn't turn out that way...
if you think I'm trying
to slip something over on you...
like Tony says, you can drop me
"like a hot potato."
What do you say?
You gonna give me a break?
Father, that depends. What is it?
How many of you here know
Three Blind Mice?

BOY 2:

O'MALLEY:

- Come on, you all know it.
- Everybody knows it?
- Sure.
- Fine.

O'MALLEY:

TONY:

Hey, Herman!
- He's got a good bass voice. You want him?
- Certainly, Tony.
You've got him, Father.
Now, let's see,
we got to divide this up somehow.
Hey, Herman, wait a minute.
- The Father wants to see you.
- I don't wanna see the Father...

TONY:

Don't hit me on the head.
You make me dopey!
You are dopey. Now keep quiet. Come here.
- Look, he wants a bass singer.
- I ain't a bass singer!
- You are a bass singer.
- Why am I a bass singer?

- That burns me up!
- My head!
- [Whispering] He wants a bass singer.
- I don't know how to sing...
Will you go down? Now, keep quiet, okay?

TONY:

HERMAN:

[Boys singing] Three blind mice
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife
Who cut off their tails
With a carving knife
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice
Three blind mice
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife
Who cut off their tails
With a carving knife
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice

MRS. CARMODY:

but sometimes...
the things you do in haste
are the things we most regret.
Think it over a while. Then if you really feel
you must see the Bishop...
That I do.
But the boys are better off here
than running the streets.
- I'm sure that was Father O'Malley's idea.
- I'm a tolerant man, Mrs. Carmody.
But there are some things
that get under my skin...
and Three Blind Mice is one of them.
But he's young, Father.
I'll admit, maybe a wee bit impulsive.
But I know he means well.
After all, it was the Bishop himself
did put him here.
And the Bishop himself

will put him someplace else.
I'm going to ask
to have Father O'Malley transferred.

FITZGIBBON:

It's not a bad report I'll be making.
I'll just tell the Bishop
that this young man and I differ.
We don't see eye to eye.
I'd be happier
if he were sent some other place.
It's a long, hard road you've come, Father.
Forty-five years, and most of the time
carrying other people's burdens.
The time has come
when you should rest on your oars.
Take things a mite easier. Enjoy your life.
Let somebody else carry the load for you.
Sure, and Father O'Malley's got
a strong pair of shoulders.
[Boys singing] Three blind mice
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife
See what I mean?
No, I've got to see the Bishop.

O'MALLEY:

I'll give each section a note.

O'MALLEY:

and have a chord.
Take this section first. Here's your note.
[Vocalising]
Got that? Let me hear it now.
[One boy harmonizing]
I thought we had singers here.
Let's hear everybody in this section.
Big, now, let me hear it.
[Boys vocalising]

O'MALLEY:

Second section, here's your note.
[Vocalising]
You got that? Let me hear it.

[Boys vocalising]
We got a cruller in there somewhere?
Who is that? You?

O'MALLEY:

ELMER:

Elmer, your voice is changing, isn't it?

ELMER:

Have to drop you down a bracket.
Get here in the third section.
Elmer is a switch hitter, it seems.
Let me hear that second section again.
[Boys vocalising]
That's great.
Now the third section. Here's your note.
Got that?

[Boys vocalising]
Elmer, you sing like
you're made for this section.
Now we're gonna drop way down
in the basement. Watch. It's tricky.
Everybody take a toehold.
[Vocalising]
That's your note. Let me hear it.
[Boys vocalising]

O'MALLEY:

TONY:

What did you sing?
[Tony's voice cracks]
[All laughing]
[O'Malley clears throat]
Sit down, Tony. Okay.
Everybody together now.
You got your notes?
We hit them all together
and we got a nice chord. Ready?
Everybody take a deep breath now.
Let's hear it.
[All vocalising in harmony]

O'MALLEY:

chord number two, chord number three.

O'MALLEY:

and we can sing a song.

I'll hold up the fingers, they'll be
your signals. Watch the signals.

Make out I'm the catcher.

I'm giving you the signals. One, two, three.

Ready? Here's your note now.

[O'Malley singing note]

[O'Malley Singing] Silent night

[Boys humming]

Holy night

All is calm

All is bright

Round yon Virgin Mother and Child

Holy Infant so tender and mild

Sleep in heavenly peace

Sleep in heavenly peace

That's fine, boys. Thanks very much.

Want to call it a day? There's still
enough light outside for some baseball.

BOY 3:

BOY 4:

BOY 5:

BOY 6:

[All agreeing]

[Solemn instrumental music]

- You saw the Bishop, Father?

- Yeah.

Would you ask Father O'Malley

if he'd mind stepping into me study?

[Solemn instrumental music continues]

O'MALLEY:

FITZGIBBON:

Sit down.

Father O'Malley, I've been to see the Bishop.

Oh, you have?
And I want to be frank with you.
I must admit that my purpose
in going to see the Bishop...
was to have you transferred.
I'm sorry you don't like me, Father.
I don't dislike anyone.
It's just that I disagree with you.
What did the Bishop say?
After a little talk, he congratulated me...
on me 45 years at St. Dominic's.
He has a remarkable memory.
He said it was a monument...
to the fact that I had built it.
Coming from the Bishop,
that's certainly a fine compliment.
Then I told him
I had come to talk about you.
That seemed to disturb him.
Then he started telling me
about what a fine young man you are.
Capable, progressive,
how much confidence he had in you.
He even told me that...
he had a nice talk with you
before you reported to me.
Of course, he didn't tell me
what you two talked about.
He didn't have to.
I could see it in the good man's eyes.
When you get to my age,
you can do that, you know. Oh, yes.
Then, after a little more telling me
how progressive you were...
he asked me why I'd come.
And knowing what was on his mind
and to save him the embarrassment...
of having to tell me...
The Bishop.
The Bishop wouldn't hurt anyone.
I put him at his ease.
"Bishop," I said...
"the very thing that's on your mind
is on mine.

"It's the very thing
I've come to see you about.
"I want you to put young Father O'Malley...
"in charge of St. Dominic's."
The Bishop seemed much relieved.
He congratulated me on my ability to see...
so clearly at my age...
on my ability to face the inevitable.
Then what happened?
[Sniffs]
That was all.

O'MALLEY:

just as we have been?
No. You're in charge now.
Sit down.
No, Father.
Sit down. I'll familiarise you with...

O'MALLEY:

We can do that anytime, Father.
Is there anything you'd like me to do.
I mean, now?

O'MALLEY:

Well, then...
if you don't mind,
I'll lie down a while before dinner.

O'MALLEY:

When you and the Bishop
had your little talk...
it was more or less
along those lines, wasn't it?

O'MALLEY:

[Solemn instrumental music continues]
I think you better start without him.
Looks like he's not coming down for dinner.
He said he wanted to take a little nap.
He didn't look well, did he,
when he came in this evening?
Go see if he's awake.
If he's coming down, I'll wait for him.

MRS. CARMODY:

Father O'Malley!

Father! He's gone.

He's packed his things, everything.

He's gone.

- Where would he go?

- I can't imagine.

Okay, sure, but keep at it, will you?

No, you can't miss him. A little guy. Old.

Got a grip and an umbrella.

Okay.

Nothing yet, Father. They're gonna check
the subways, the hospitals.

Look, Father, take it easy, will you?

You better go home.

No use the two of us getting drowned.

Call me the minute you hear anything.

- I don't care what time it is.

- I will.

[Clock ticking]

MRS. CARMODY:

[Exclaims questioningly]

No, thank you.

Come on. Now what's the matter?

If you don't mind it,

I'd rather go in by myself.

If you don't mind, I found you
and I'll deliver you personally.

That's not necessary.

There's no reward, you know.

It's going to be a little difficult...

and I'd rather explain to Father O'Malley
in me own way.

And I can do that better
when you're not around.

Okay. But if you want my advice...

you just tell him you've been a bad boy,
you ran away from home and you're sorry.

And if you want my advice,
you'll go to church on Sunday...

and say you haven't been to Mass
in 10 years and that you're sorry.

[Chuckles]

[Clock ticking]

[Door opening]

Hello.

If you don't mind, I've come back,
but only temporarily.

Until me plans are more formulated...
maybe you wouldn't mind letting me stay.
I'll be no bother to you.

Here, Father. Let's get out of these
wet clothes and get you up to bed.

But I don't expect me old room.

That's yours now.

- I haven't moved in there yet.

- I insist. That's your room.

I'll sleep on a cot anywhere.

FITZGIBBON:

for me food. I'll eat out.

We'll talk later.

Mrs. Carmody will bring you something.

- No. I'm not a bit hungry. I'll...

- Come on now, Father, just a wee snack.

I've been keeping it for you on the stove.

Nice juicy cut of roast beef,

Yorkshire pudding...

and there were some creamed onions, too.

And some asparagus

with buttered breadcrumbs.

And golden brown potatoes

and a nice cup of coffee.

Well, if you insist...

just a small portion of everything.

I hope it wasn't too much trouble for you,

Mrs. Carmody.

- No trouble at all, Father.

- I feel I ought to help with the dishes.

Don't worry about the dishes.

It isn't much washing they'll be needing.

You're still a little cold, Father.

You were drenched to the skin.

You ought to take a little something
to warm you up.

Do you have a wee drop

of the "creature" about?
Matter of fact, I might have a little one
with you. I was out myself tonight.
I went out for a paper.
Well, in that case...
- I'll ask Mrs. Carmody where she keeps it.
- No. Look yonder in the bookcase.
No, the other side. Now down.
You'll find it behind
The Life of General Grant.
[Music box playing Irish lullaby]
A bit of old Ireland?
Yes. Every Christmas since I left,
my old mother sends me one of these.
With a degree of abstinence,
it becomes me calendar.
I get a little behind during Lent,
but it comes out even at Christmas.
That's me mother.

O'MALLEY:

Of course that was taken some time ago.
She's 90 now.
Let's drink to your mother.
Hope you'll be seeing her soon, Father.
What about your mother?
I don't remember much about her.
She died when I was quite young.
Let's drink to the two of them, anyway.
Thank you, Father.
You know, Father O'Malley...
I always planned
that as soon as I got a few dollars ahead...
I'd go back to the old country
and see my mother.
Now, would you believe it,
that was 45 years ago...
and every time I get a few dollars ahead...
There's always somebody
that seems to need it more than you do.
You'd like her. She'd like you, too.
She always had a song in her heart.
I can almost hear her now.
[Music box playing]

Me boy, do you know Too Ra Loo Ra Loo?
[Singing] Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
Hush now, don't you cry
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
That's an Irish lullaby
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
[Humming tune]

FITZGIBBON:

[Laughs softly]
Take it easy, boys.
Here, Tony, here's the fare.

O'MALLEY:

and to bed. Get a lot of rest.
I'm responsible for you. Don't forget
we got a rehearsal in the morning.
- Aren't you coming with us?
- No, I think I'll walk home.
I want to think about my sermon for Sunday.
- It'll be extra special for your parents.
- Oh, good.
On how to bring up children.
Father! Good luck to you!
[Children's voices harmonizing]
Chuck.
- Jenny!
- Chuck, it's good to see you.
It's good to see you, too.
- Where were you going, Jenny?
- To work, and I'm late. Come along.
[Musical instruments being tuned]

MAN:

What are you doing here?
This is the Metropolitan.
- This is where I work.
- Wait a minute. Isn't that Carmen?
[Laughs heartily]
What do you play,

one of the spectators at the bullfight?
Believe it or not, I'm Carmen.

O'MALLEY:

I've changed that. It's Genevieve Linden.
I was singing Carmen in Rio
and they heard me and said:
"Would you sing it here?"
Here. Can you imagine?
- Jenny Tuffle at the Metropolitan.
- Imagine that.
Well, Chuck, make yourself comfortable.
I have to be getting on with it.
It's good to see you, Chuck.
[Soft instrumental music]
Come on, Effie, I'm terribly late.
I don't know why I'm even talking to you.

O'MALLEY:

JENNY:

- I did write.
- I know you did, but why did you stop?

O'MALLEY:

JENNY:

Jenny? Please, I want to ask you
just a small favour.
Hello, Tommy. What is it?
Tonight, would you be so good
as to glance occasionally at my baton?
Tonight, let's not race.
Let's try just for once to finish together?
[Jenny laughs]

JENNY:

I promise. And, Tommy, do me a favour.
Meet Chuck O'Malley.
He's a very old friend of mine.
Chuck, Signor Tommaso Bozanni.
Father. "Chuck"?
She always calls me that.
You haven't told me yet, Chuck.

Why did you stop writing?
I did tell you in my last letter.
Which letter was that?
I guess that must have been
the letter you didn't get.
You wrote to me in Rome, in Florence...
Naples, Vienna, Budapest.
Then I went to Switzerland, and I found
your letter waiting for me in Lucerne.
You should have been there, Chuck.
It was a week before Christmas
and there was a quaint little post office.
I walked up to it in the snow.
The moon was so bright
that I read your letter on the way home.
And I answered it that night.
But that letter in Lucerne
was the last one I got.
From there I went to South America.
But there were no more letters.
What happened, Chuck?
[Soft instrumental music continues]
Chuck, what...
Father Chuck.
It'll take me a little while to get used to that.
Where's your parish, Father?
I'm over here at St. Dominic's,
about 10 blocks from here.

O'MALLEY:

Tim O'Dowd? Yes, of course, I do.
He's at St. Francis now. He's a priest, too.
Dear old Timmy. Can you imagine that?
Well, I'll have to be running along.
Please don't go.
Tommy, he can stand in the wings, can't he?

TOMMY:

JENNY:

You know, Tommy...
Father O'Malley was the first one
to tell me I could sing.
Maybe one day I'll tell her the same thing.

If she listens to you,
maybe you could persuade her...
to listen just once to me.
Watch the baton.
Good luck, Miss Tuffle.
[Singing opera song]
[Chorus singing]
[Audience applauding]
- You wanted to see me, Father?
- Yeah.
Mrs. Quimp here, good woman that she is...
has come here
with a bit of disturbing information.
I think it should more properly
be brought to your attention.
Nice work, Mrs. Quimp. What is it?
Suppose you tell Father O'Malley
in your own words.
You'd better tell him, Father.
Your little songbird
who was without funds...
but not a bit interested
in general housework...
is feathering her nest in her own manner.
And if Mrs. Quimp's observations
are correct, a very fine manner it is.
It seems, Father O'Malley,
that the young lady in question...
has an apartment directly across the street.
Opposite Mrs. Quimp's bedroom.
According to Mrs. Quimp, young Ted Haines
comes early and stays so late that...
Mrs. Quimp is losing a lot of sleep.
It's queer, isn't it, Father?
Young Haines was ready to throw me out
without so much as a "How do you do?"
But when it comes to this young lady...
and mark you, there are other words
I could call her...
he acts quite different.
Don't you think it's strange?
That's a question.
People do funny things, you know.
Fine goings-on, Father O'Malley.

It's as plain as the nose on your face.
The nose on whose face, Father?
It doesn't matter whose face it's on.
You and I have got to face it.
Excuse us.
This is very serious business,
Father O'Malley.
As you're more familiar with the case,
I think you should handle it.
I'll handle the little sins.
[Singing] All through a lifetime
I'll be loving you and then
On the day after forever
I'll just begin
again
[Knocking on door]
Come in.

CAROL:

O'MALLEY:

- Hi, Father.
- Hello.
- I heard you. That's more like it.
- Thank you, Father.
Maybe it's because I'm putting
more meaning into the words.

O'MALLEY:

Very nice.
- Before you go any further...
- You mean it's all in my mind?
That's right.
Yes, I'm sure Father is just dying
to hear more of the details.
- Yes.
- Won't you sit down?
I was going down the street,
minding my own business, too...
when who do you think just happened by,
purely by accident, of course...
and pulled up alongside of the curb?
- Ted Haines, Jr.
- Right.

And what do you think his approach was?

You tell him.

- I prefer not to remember.

- Well, being a woman, I do.

His exact words were,

"Hey, good-looking, what's cooking?"

Now wait a minute.

What I really said was,

"Who do you know that I know?"

You know, that's worse.

Well, that was that.

And with practically no more of a build up than that, he asked me to lunch.

Who knows? It might have worked.

It's been known to.

So after I'd cooled him off, I came back here.

No job, no money,

expecting to be thrown out any minute.

There was a knock on the door. I said to myself, "The landlord. Here it comes."

- And who do you think was there?

- Junior?

- Right. I was so surprised.

- So was I.

Well, up to here, we're all surprised.

Naturally, before throwing me out, he had to know a little about me.

So in a few well-chosen sentences, I gave him the details.

Sort of like I told you.

And you found a landlord with a heart of gold.

Well, not exactly a heart of gold, Father, but...

Well, we had the apartment vacant, and it seemed a shame to throw her out.

- Anyway, what's wrong with that?

- Nothing that I know of, up to here.

As I was saying,

it was a shame to throw her out.

Like Mrs. Quimp?

Yeah. No! Well, that's different.

I can see that, obviously.

She told me about coming to see you

and that you wanted to help her.
You don't have a corner on helping people,
do you?
And besides, I've practically
got her lined up in a job.
Yes, and as soon as I get it,
I'm going to pay him back.
Every nickel of it. You too, Father.
No hurry about me.
Rather a nice-looking piano you have here.
Well, she needs one, doesn't she?
- She's got to practice. She's a singer.
- It was very thoughtful.
Of course, pianos are a little expensive
these days.
I asked her first
if she couldn't play a ukulele.
- Well, then naturally...
- Yeah, naturally.
Carol tells me you can play, Father.
How about trying it out
to see if I got a good buy?
Yes, play something for us, Father.
[Playing soft music]
Would you mind us asking you
a few questions, Father?
- No.
- Where'd you get that wicked left hand?
Well, I've always been interested in music.
Used to write a bit of it at school.
I had a little band.
We used to play for the school dances.
O'Malley's Orioles.
[Playing upbeat music]
You know, at one time
I had quite a decision to make:
Whether to write the nation's songs
or go my way.
- Any regrets, Father?
- Regrets? No.
I get a great happiness
out of helping people realise that...
religion doesn't have to be this.
[Playing sombre music]

Taking all the fun out of everything.
It can be bright.
Bring you closer to happiness.
Do you go to church, Ted?
Or would you rather I change the subject?
If I could just express musically
what I have in my mind...
it would be much more eloquent.
It would sound simpler,
and you'd remember it.
Sometimes the spoken word
can be pretty dull.
You mean, sing your sermons, Father?
Yeah, sort of.

CAROL:

had anything published?
No.
Will you play us
one of your unpublished ones?
[Singing] This road leads to Rainbowville
going my way?
Up ahead is Bluebird Hill
going my way?
Just pack a basket full of wishes
and off you start
With Sunday morning
in your heart
Round the bend you'll see a sign
"Dreamer's Highway"
Happiness is down the line
going my way?
The smiles you gather
will look well
on you
Oh, I hope you're
going my way
too
I think I'll leave you on that.
Goodbye, Carol. Goodbye, Ted.

TED:

[Door opens]
[Door shuts]

Nice thought.
Going My Way.
Isn't it?
He's quite a fellow.

O'DOWD:

I'd like to present Miss Genevieve Linden.

- Jenny, this is Father Fitzgibbon.

- Good morning, Father.

- How do you do?

- She's a singer.

[Exclaims inquiringly]

- Looking for work?

- No, Father.

She sings at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Well, it's a great privilege to meet you,
Miss Linden.

You've come quite a ways in the world.

- Travelled extensively?

- Yes, quite a bit.

- Where's your home?

- I just bought a home in Long Island.

- A nice home?

- Very lovely.

In that case, you'd be interested
in a crazy quilt. We're raffling it off.

Again?

[Clicking tongue]

We're trying to raise a little money,
Father O'Dowd.

I see.

- How many?

- I'll take them all. How much are they?

Be \$10.

- Thank you, and I hope you win it.

- Thank you.

And I hope you win it, too, Jenny.

Then perhaps you'll donate it to our church.

O'DOWD:

all over again.

I'd hate to see that crazy quilt
leaving the parish.

O'DOWD:

and his merry men?

Down in the basement.

Thank you, Father. Come, Jenny.

- Goodbye, Father.

- Goodbye. Thank you.

Congratulations on selling all your tickets.

[All singing]

Like some more?

You're our first audience, you know.

Ready, boys?

[All singing]

- That's the best.

- Of course, we have our more serious side.

Would you like to hear something nice,
something with more beauty?

Yes, very much.

[Playing solemn music]

[All singing hymn]

- Very well done, boys. That's all.

- Thank you so much.

O'MALLEY:

They're angels.

They've got something you lose
when you get older.

- What's the matter, Timmy?

- Nothing.

That was beautiful, Chuck. Beautiful.

Of course, we don't get Genevieve Linden
of the Metropolitan every day.

- Nor Deems O'Dowd either.

- Now wait a minute.

I'm glad to see you've kept up
your interest in music, Father.

Are you writing anything anymore?

Yes. I have a little song here
that Timmy's going to take to a publisher.
A very good friend of his.

If he likes it, that might be the answer
to all our troubles.

I have bad news. I've been to the publisher.
He wasn't interested.

Wouldn't even look at it.

Said they were loaded up.

May I see it?

- So you're still in trouble.
- Wouldn't even look at it?
- He glanced at it.
- What'd he have to say?
- "Schmaltz isn't selling this season."
- What are they buying?
- "Barfola."
- No, I think they call it "Voffala."

Yeah, Voffala.

Boy, I heard some of their song hits.

It Was Hut-Sut Time On The Rilla-Rye.

And then there was another one.

I couldn't understand the words.

This fella lost his girl in Salt Lake City.

Then he goes on to say

the altitude is 5,400 feet.

The average temperature, 73.

The section is noted for gold, silver,
copper, grain.

But that doesn't make

any difference to this fella...

because he's lost his sugar.

- Voffala.
- Well, I know what Voffala is. It's...

[Playing upbeat jazzy tune]

- What's the matter with that?
- Not from me.

Can you imagine Beat Me Eight To The Bar
by Daddy O'Malley?

- I like this.
- She's buying schmaltz.

Going My Way.

Will you autograph it for me?

All right.

Thank you.

I have to go now.

JENNY:

O'DOWD:

O'MALLEY:

Thank you.

O'MALLEY:

JENNY:

O'MALLEY:

- My pen, Father.

- Yes.

- Good day.

- Good day.

[Haines exclaims sheepishly]

Yes?

[Exclaims inquisitively]

[Exclaims knowingly]

Well, who are you?

I want to have a talk with you.

That's who I am.

[Exclaims in delight]

You must be his father.

- How old are you?

- I'm 18.

Well, that's good.

CAROL:

TED:

[Humming]

TED:

[Laughing] Hello, Dad.

Where have you been

for the past two weeks?

Well, Dad...

I've been in a blue heaven

dancing on a pink cloud.

- She came in on a moonbeam.

- That's a lie. I had you followed.

That wasn't cricket. When you were my age,

I didn't follow you around.

Everything I say kills her.

It kills me, too. Do you realise

this is one of my apartments?

Yes. I had it redecorated.

- And that's one of my robes.
- Yes, I had it altered.
I'm going to like him.
Do you know I could have you
thrown out of town?
Maybe I know something about her
you don't know.
She was picked up on the street
by the police.
I know that.
Maybe we know something
that you don't know. We're married.
Married?
I'll have that annulled.
You can only get them annulled
when they aren't right in the first place.
Ours was right.
We said something about,
"'Till death do us part." Remember?

HAINES:

TED:

O'Malley! A secret marriage?
Well, he's put his foot in it this time.
It wasn't a secret marriage.
It was in all the papers.

HAINES:

You never get past the financial column.
Don't be impertinent!
Young woman, do you know
how he's planned to support you?
You know he's quit his job?
That's all right. I'll support him.
Sure, she's working.
You'd live off your wife?
Mother was a big help to you, wasn't she,
until you got on your feet?
That was entirely different.
I made something of myself.
Yes, Dad, you certainly have.
Look, Son. My boy.
Have you no family pride?

[Exclaims negatively]

HAINES:

TED:

You've certainly slipped, my boy.

You've lost everything.

I don't think so, Dad.

I think I've found something.

[Exclaims affirmatively]

Well, darling, I guess I'd better get dressed.

I think I'm a failure as a father.

I don't think so.

TED:

I'll get it.

[Soft instrumental music]

You'll have to forgive the way

we've been acting today, Dad.

We were a little hysterical.

I guess we were both a little, well, mad.

Well, I'm mad, too.

Quitting his job like that.

Running off and getting married.

I don't know. This younger generation

doesn't seem to have any sense.

So long, sweet.

God bless you.

Goodbye, Dad.

That plane you gave me did the trick.

When they found out about my 600 hours

in the air, they said, "Bud, we want you in."

Be nice to her, Dad. She'll grow on you.

[Whispering] Goodbye, boy.

[Carol sobs]

He's gone, Dad.

Max, you have to do this for me

and I don't want any arguments about it.

I'm afraid we got all the songs we need.

Our catalogue is full.

Now wait a minute.

I've been to a lot of trouble to arrange this.

So grab your hat and a taxi

and get right over here.

Yes, now. This very minute.
If you don't, I'll put the Irish curse on you.
Goodbye, Father.
That's Father O'Dowd, a friend of mine.
- What did he want? A donation?
- No.
Pal of his has got a song,
and he's plugging it. And what a plug.
He's grabbed off the Metropolitan
Opera House with the full orchestra...
conducted by this fellow Tommaso...
whatever his name is. The star,
Genevieve Linden and a choir of 30 voices.
All this fuss to put over a song
written by a pal of his.
And they're waiting right now
for us at the Met.

MAN:

MAX:

[Orchestra playing]
[Singing] This road leads to Rainbowville
going my way?
Up ahead is Bluebird Hill
going my way?
Just pack a basket full of wishes
and off you start
With Sunday morning
in your heart
Round the bend you'll see a sign
"Dreamer's Highway"
Happiness is down the line
going my way?
The smiles you gather
will look well
on you
Oh, I hope you're
going my way
too
[Boys singing] Round the bend
you'll see a sign
"Dreamer's Highway"
Happiness is down the line

going my way?
The smiles you gather
will look well
on you
Oh, I hope you're
going my way
too
That's very good. Wonderful.

MAX:

JENNY:

- That's a pretty good song you got there.
- Thank you.
- I guess you ought to know.
- You bet he does.
They say he's the sharpest little man
in town.
- I'm embarrassed.
- You mean to talk business? The money?
Don't let that embarrass you. We love it.
What I wanted to say is that,
although it's great...
it's just as I told you, Father.
It's too good for us. It's way over our head.
You see, it's not just the type of song
that a guy would...
Pardon me, Father, that a gentleman...
would croon to his babe,
if you know what I mean.
It doesn't say enough. It hasn't got that...
Well, it's just not for me.
I think you ought to try it out on someone
who publishes higher class stuff.
Thanks.
Well, I guess we'd better
get back to the office.
You know, Father, I could be wrong.
- I hope I am. Goodbye.
- Goodbye.
- I'm sorry.
- Well, we tried.
You sang it beautifully, Jenny.
Boys, you did fine.

O'MALLEY:

BOYS:

If that isn't good,
I'll go into the real estate business.
I was going to ask you
and the boys to sing a little more...
but maybe you don't feel like it now.
They sing divinely,
and they look like Botticelli's angels.
Maybe a little something?
- What do you think they'd like to hear?
- The Mule.
- The Mule.
- The Mule?
- Yeah.
- Is that all right with you?

[All singing]

[Singing] Would you like to swing on a star
Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are
Or would you rather be a mule
A mule is an animal with long funny ears
He kicks up at anything he hears
His back is brawny but his brain is weak
He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak
And by the way, if you hate to go to school
You may grow up to be a mule

[Boys singing] Or would you like to
swing on a star

Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are
Or would you rather be a pig
A pig is an animal with dirt on his face
His shoes are a terrible disgrace
He has no manners when he eats his food
He's fat and lazy and extremely rude
But if you don't care a feather or a fig
You may grow up to be a pig
Or would you like to swing on a star
Carry moonbeams home in a jar
And be better off than you are
Or would you rather be a fish

A fish won't do anything,
but swim in a brook
He can't write his name or read a book
To fool the people is his only thought
Yeah, but even though he's slippery,
he still gets caught
But then if that sort of life is what you wish
You may grow up to be a fish
And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo
Every day you meet quite a few
So you see it's all up to you
You can be better than you are
You could be swingin' on a star
- Is that your song, Father?
- Yes.
Well, we'll take a flier on that.
Did you hear that, Timmy?
[Laughing excitedly]

O'DOWD:

I knew your name wasn't Dolan for nothing.
Fellas, if you'll come to St. Dominic's...
- tomorrow morning at 10:30.
- Church?
Max, a day in church
isn't gonna hurt you that much.
Be there, and bring the cash with you.
Father O'Malley will tell you
how he wants it paid.
An old man, dear friend of Father O'Malley's
is involved in this: Father Fitzgibbon.
It would make Father O'Malley very happy
if you fellas would just do this his way.
- Church?
- Church.

FITZGIBBON:

I've been here for 45 years.
Forty-six in October.
And during that time...
I've always asked you to be generous,
which you have.
And now I have to ask you again.
You all know how I feel about St. Dominic's.

Well, we're in dire financial stress.
So give what you can.
And I know that whatever you give...
whether it's large or small,
the good Lord will bless you for it.
In the name of the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Ghost. Amen.
[Choir singing]
Very gratifying.
And the Bishop thought I couldn't preach.
Thought I had a mouthful of clover.
I wish he'd been here.
Father, now that you're practically
wallowing in wealth...
do you suppose I could have a half a dollar?
What for?
Father O'Dowd and I thought, with
your permission, we'd play golf tomorrow.
I need a new golf ball.
If I lose it, I'll swear off. I'll quit.
Take 50 cents. No.
Take it out of the ladies' sodality.
They never keep any books.
You suppose I could buy
Father O'Dowd one, too?
- Must we?
- I can get two nice repaints for 50 cents.
Give him 50 cents.
- You ought to come along with us.
- You don't have to play.
Just go around.
- The fresh air will do you good.
- You can be our kibitzer.
- Your what?
- Kibitzer.
- What's a kibitzer?
- A sort of over-the-shoulder quarterback.
- Will you come?
- A little fresh air might do me good.
- We'll get a ball for you, too.
- Of course.

FITZGIBBON:

around here.

FITZGIBBON:

O'MALLEY:

FITZGIBBON:

If you get the ball in the hole...
- in less hits than Father O'Dowd...
- I win.

FITZGIBBON:

the number of blows?
That's right, Father. Step aside.
He's gonna play now. Careful.
How many did you have? Three?

FITZGIBBON:

That's remarkable.
- Can you do that every time?
- I've been known to miss, Father.
A strong crosswind or something.
- Here, give me a holt of that.
- You wanna try it?
Wait, I'll throw a ball in there for you.
There you are.
Keep your head down now, Father.
Watch your language.
Father, you holed out.
Not bad for a beginner.
- You've played before.
- No, believe me.
That's the first time
I ever had a caddy in me hand.
Well, you better play and I'll watch then.
[O 'Dowd humming]
[Fitzgibbon humming]
[O'Malley humming]
I guess I better be going.
Let that be a lesson to you, Father.
Don't trust anyone.
[Laughs]
- What an extraordinary person.
- Isn't he?

FITZGIBBON:

tonight, anyway.
Think it must be that golf.
Shades of me childhood.
You know, I feel 10 years younger.
You know, I was thinking, Father.
Now that everything is going so right...
before something goes wrong,
you ought to take a little time off.
To do what, for instance?
Well, like, for instance, take a trip home
and see your mother.
The interest is all paid up to date.
Unless something goes wrong, I have plans
that'll take care of the next payment.
You really think it would be all right?
I mean, that you'll take...
Father Fitzgibbon! Chuck!
The church is afire!
[Fire engine alarm ringing]
Don't worry, Father. We'll build again.

O'MALLEY:

FITZGIBBON:

It's for the birds.
[Solemn instrumental music]
They're used to coming here.
- I don't want them to go away.
- No.
You see, Father? They're not leaving.
Nobody's leaving you.
And when your church is rebuilt,
they'll all be back. Everyone will be back.
In the meantime, you can send
your congregation over to my parish.
I'll split the collection with you. 50-50.
Take it, Father.
Now what makes you all so hopeful
that the church will ever be rebuilt?
[Ominous instrumental music]
- You're supposed to take this.
- No, I can't.
- Come on, please. Take it.

- No.

I'll tell you what, if you'll take it,
I'll take some, too.

- There, now that wasn't so bad.

- [Exclaiming] Don't you try it.

Doctors. Medicine.

- What I need is to be up and about.

- Being up and about is what got you down.

Tramping all over the parish to raise funds.

How much did you collect?

There's no need for you to rub it in.

- \$35.85.

- Yeah.

- How much is the doctor's bill?

- \$40.

Says here to take two.

We wanna get our money's worth.

Listen. There's nothing in that bottle
that's going to do me any good.

Now you're not gonna lose hope, are you?

Hope?

Chuck, when you're young, it's easy to keep
the fires of hope burning bright.

But at my age, you're lucky if the pilot light
doesn't go out.

I know, Father, 45 years
of your efforts in ashes.

Here, take this.

That'll keep the pilot light burning.

Yes, it ought to.

Tastes like it had kerosene in it.

[Chuckles]

- Well, did you make your parish calls?

- Yes.

Mrs. McGonigle's rheumatism
is kicking up again.

I told her to bury a potato in the backyard.

- That's for warts.

- That's what she said.

And I heard Mrs. Quimp's new gossip.

- What else?

- Then I went to see Carol and Mr. Haines.

- Did they hear from young Ted?

- Young Ted has been wounded in Africa.

- Too bad.
- They're shipping him home.
Fine, upstanding young fella.
- Maybe they'll decorate him.
- No, I doubt it.
Some friend of his ran over him in a jeep.
But I've got some good news.
- I have a letter from Miss Linden.
- That's very nice. Where is she?
She's in St. Louis.
And here it comes. I gave you that medicine
to quiet your nerves.
Tony and the boys are with her.
They're on a concert tour.
- They're on a what?
- Now I had their parents' consent...
- and they'll be back in time for school.
- But you...
Besides, travel's a great education.
If they make enough money,
it's gonna build you a new church.
Not much of one, maybe,
but something to go on with.
Miss Linden sent you a cheque
with her love.
\$3,500.

O'MALLEY:

burning now?
It's burning brighter, Chuck.
It's a long road back, but we've started.
You know, I've a feeling
that St. Dominic's may rise again.
Sure it'll rise again.
- You know, I think I'll get up meself.
- You better stay there and get some rest.
- I feel better.
- No, you don't feel near that good.
Here now, boys. Go on home.
Your dinner's ready. Go on home.

BOY 1:

BOY 2:

ALL:

FITZGIBBON:

Very thoughtful. Very generous.
Let's close this up. Keep the sawdust out.
That will lend beauty to the dedication.
And at Christmas,
you and the choir will be able to...
Father, I won't be here at Christmas.
I was with the Bishop this afternoon,
and he's transferring me to another parish.
[Exclaiming in disappointment]
You're leaving me.
It never occurred to me
that someday you might.
But, me boy,
what am I going to do without you?
- You didn't ask to?
- No. I asked to stay with you.
But the Bishop asked me to help him out,
and I...
- St. Dominic's. What's going to happen?
- Well, you'll be all right, Father.
I wish you could've heard some
of the things the Bishop said about you.
Says you're looking 10 years younger.
He has all the confidence
in the world in you.
Don't worry. You'll have a new assistant.
I want to wish you all the success
in the world, which I know you'll have.
Is it a parish of your own?
Not exactly, Father.
You see this church, St. Charles, it's...
Well, the pastor's getting along in years
and things aren't...
You mean they're in trouble.
Yes. And I'm supposed to go in there
and try and help...
You mean without the old fella knowing.
Well, that's a difficult assignment.
But it'll work out.
You may have trouble

with the old man at first.

He may be running off to the Bishop every few minutes, but don't let that bother you.

You'll bring him around to your way of thinking.

[Bell ringing]

Well, there's dinner.

You know how to manage these old fussbudgets.

Take him out on the golf course.

Bring him out in the fresh air.

- We'll get along. Just so he...

- He knows enough to come out of the rain.

That's it, Father. That's it exactly.

[Church bell chiming]

[Knock at door]

Come in, Tony.

- Hi, Father. So you're really leaving us?

- Yes, I've got my orders, Tony.

I guess when the Bishop says you gotta go, you gotta go.

- That's right, Tony.

- Sometimes I think I don't like bishops.

Tony, bishops are like umpires.

You have to have them

to call the close decisions.

- Really?

- I got a little Christmas present here for you.

I want you to take my place with the choir.

From now on, you're in charge.

That's swell of you, Father.

It's a great present.

- I always had my eye on it.

- I thought you did.

When you gonna give

Father Fitzgibbon his surprise?

Not so loud. Later on in the church.

- Those boys haven't told anybody?

- Not a word. If they did, I'd kick the...

I mean, I'd be disappointed in them.

I guess I'll get going.

I know you wanted to tell me

about taking your place with the gang...

but I'll make it easy for you.

I'll be everything you want me to be.
Just as if you were here checking on me.
If you don't, I'm gonna drop you
like you was a hot potato.
- It's a deal. Good luck to you.
- Good luck to you. So long.
[Music box playing Irish lullaby]
Pretty near Christmas.
I'm sure that the way to say what I'd like
to say will occur to me after you've gone.
We're separated by many years,
Father O'Malley...
which could be the reason why we haven't
seen eye to eye in many instances.
But though we've had many differences,
we never differed in fundamentals.
- It was only in method.
- But never in our hearts.
- Good stuff, huh?
- Yes.
- Goodbye, Ted.
- Goodbye, Father.
Bye, Carol. Right man did come along?
Yes, but not past our house.
Stubborn?
- Goodbye, Mr. Haines.
- Father.
Pardon me, Mr. Haines.
I've just left the Bishop.
He told me to report to Father Fitzgibbon.
I'm taking your place. I'm the new curate!
You've little time. They're waiting
at the church to say goodbye.
All right. I've been doing you
a lot of good here.
You're gonna have a new church
after the war.
Yes, but we didn't raise enough money.
Mr. Haines is gonna give us a mortgage
to take care of the difference.
He convinced me I have a heart.
It wouldn't be a church without a mortgage.
- That's right.
- He's a wonder.

I don't know what I'm going to do
without him.

Don't know who the Bishop
is going to send in his place...

- but whoever he is...

- Father.

Congratulations to you, Father.

- The Bishop wouldn't do that to me again.

- Yes, he's done it.

Mr. Haines. Nice of you to give
that mortgage to the church.

HAINES:

Can't tell you how much we appreciate it.

As you know...

we're all going to miss Father O'Malley.

He was a fine man.

This is Father O'Malley,
the man who sent for you.

How do you do, Mrs. Fitzgibbon?

I've heard so much about you.

Now it's good to see you.

FITZGIBBON:

we're all a little better for having known him.

He was always thinking of others.

And that, you know,

can make life very beautiful.

Believe me, it's what we do for others that...

[Boys singing Irish lullaby]

[Singing continues]

[Dramatic instrumental music]