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The Bells of St. Mary's

By Dudley Nichols

Father O'Malley? Welcome to St Mary's.

Thank you.

- I suppose you're tired after travelling.

- It's pretty tiresome.

I'll take you to your room.

There's nothing to do but go to bed.

- Is Father Fogarty still here?

- No.

They took him away this morning.

Poor man.

Poor man? Why?

You'll find out.

You'll find everything you want here.

- Sure I couldn't get you a cup of tea?

- No, thanks.

I don't understand what you mean
about Father Fogarty. I'll find out what?

What Father Fogarty found out.

- The poor man.

- There you go again. What happened?

They took him away

mumbling to himself. In a wheelchair.

They took him away? Where?

Shady Rest.

He prayed that your stay here
might be enjoyable, though he doubted it.

He had very definite ideas about
running the school, and so have they.

- They?

- The sisters.

Father Fogarty said

they wanted their way in everything.

After he was confined to a wheelchair,
they had it.

Maybe he was just getting old.

He looked all right when he got here.

That's strange.

I don't anticipate any trouble.

You don't, eh?

- You've never been pastor of a school?

- No, it's my first experience.

Well, I can see you don't know what
it means to be up to your neck in nuns.

No.

- Goodnight, Father.
- Goodnight.
Sleep well tonight.
Good morning. I'm Father O'Malley.
Good morning, Father.
This is our school bell.
We ring it when the children are here.
I see. Could I see Sister Superior?
Is she up yet?
- I'm sure she is. Will you come with me?
- Yes.
- Good morning, Sam.
- Good morning.
Sam.
Sister Benedict
is very eager to meet you.
- Sit down. I'll tell her you're here.
- Thank you.
I'm sorry. Our cat had kittens
and they're all over the place.
The father's a member of the parish,
I presume?
Excuse me, Father.
I'll tell Sister you're here.
- Good morning, Father.
- Won't you sit down?
- Good morning, Father.
- Sit down, please.
Good morning, Father.
- Good morning, Father.
- Good morning, Father.
- Good morning, Father.
- Good morning, Father.
Good morning, Father.
Good morning, Father.
- It has been my...
- Father, this is Sister Superior.
Father O'Malley, Sister Benedict.
- How do you do, Sister?
- How do you do, Father?
- This is Father O'Malley.
- How do you do?
He is here as a substitute
for Father Fogarty,

who has departed
for a much needed rest.
- We hope your stay will be pleasant.
- Thank you.

We are looking forward
to your views as an educator.
I'm sure that Father wishes
to say a few words to us.
Well, yes, I...
St Mary's has been here
a great many years.
It has seen the labours of a good number
of the sisters of your order.
I know the work hasn't been easy.
In the eyes of the world,
very few take notice of it.
But earthly honours and rewards
are not for you.
You've sent forth pupils who have been
a credit to the teachings here.
St Mary's has grown old doing good.
As for myself, I'm happy
I've been selected as pastor of St Mary's.
Working in a parish where there's
a parish school will be a new experience,
and I'm sure a very interesting one.
Yes, I see what you mean.
However, as in all things, we assume the
tasks assigned to us without complaint
and with a hopeful view to the future.
Yes.
The Epistle of St Peter, where he says,
"Be sober and watch."
What's the matter? Was it St Paul?
Now, just to get serious for a moment,
it...
In conclusion, may I say
that I'm happy I've come to...
I'm sorry, that's the first bell
and the sisters have to go to classes.
Would you like
to say a few words to the pupils?
- You may prefer speaking to children.
- I'd be more at ease.

I want to speak to you, too.
I pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America
and to the republic for which it stands,
one nation indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all.
Children, our new pastor,
Father O'Malley, wishes to speak to you.
I'm sure you'll be glad to greet him and
that he has something important to say.
Children, you're going to see a lot of me.
I'll be around here a great deal.
This is the shortest speech ever heard.
This is a holiday. Take the day off.
Pretty effective speech?
I had to get my self-confidence back.
As kids, we lived for holidays.
We shouldn't forget our childhood.
Do you realise what you've done?
They could get into mischief.
- The responsibility is yours.
- It seemed a good idea.
You can't call a holiday just like that.
You have to have the superintendent's
permission. What will we tell him?
I'll call him. He really needs a holiday.
I'll give him the day off.
My school wasn't like this.
I could look out the window
and see fields and the swimming hole.
Hang your clothes up and last one out
finds them tied up in knots.
- Where?
- Missouri.
I came from Ireland.
- An dtuigeann t Gaeilge?
- I used to.
Where are you from?
- I was born in Sweden, but I came to...
- Don't tell me. Minnesota.
That's right, Father.
I love the winter. I used to ski to school.
There was one big hill...
And then carry them home afterwards!

You wouldn't guess it,
but she was a tomboy.
She played baseball and football
with the boys.

- How good were you?
- I hit over 300.
That was in the wheat belt.
I guess we had it better than these kids.
They have nowhere to play.

- That used to be our playground.
- Over there where that is?
Yes. We had to sell the ground.
We needed money to fix our building.
They were going to condemn it.
Where did you put the money?
You'd be surprised.
We put in sprinklers, fire escapes.
The foundation had to be reinforced.
It hardly seems worth it.
We think so, Father.
Yes, yes, of course.
What are the other classrooms like?
What's going on up there?

- We're repairing the roof. It leaks.
- A trifle.
- Very overcrowded here too, aren't you?
- Yes.
A trifle.
Looks like St Mary's is in a bad way.
A trifle.
We're relying on you to help us, Father.
Too bad you don't have a building like
that. It'd be your answer to everything.
That's where we intended
to build our new St Mary's.
A building very much like that.
There it is...
...only we don't own it.
That's what we've been praying for.
Praying for what?
That the owner will wake up one morning
and give it to us.
Who would wake up and give you what?

- Mr Bogardus. The owner.

- That's what we pray for.
Woman, great is thy faith.
- If faith can move mountains...
- You figured you could move in, huh?
You've got to be practical.
- Does the owner know about this?
- We've just prayed.
- That's where you could help us.
- What do I do when he says no?
Hey, you kids! Get down out of there!
Why aren't you in school? You hear me?
They shouldn't be doing that.
After all, it's a holiday.
Who's this coming here?
That's Mr Bogardus.
I think we'd better go now. You can
tell him why the children aren't in school.
Want me to say anything
about the building?
Some other time.
Hey, you. Here.
What's going on here?
You see that fence?
You see what those children...?
- Who are you?
- The new pastor.
You are? I want you to see to it
that those brats are punished.
I'll take care of it, Mr Bogardus.
I will censure them.
- So you know who I am?
- Yes, I do.
I have to do business with you?
I have to make recommendations.
I've looked over the school.
You have? Well, there you are.
What do you think of it?
- Looks pretty tired.
- Tired? Tired's no name for it.
- If you don't sell... You got my offer?
- It's here.
- What do you say?
- It's difficult. I can't jump at it.
If you don't sell it to me,

it'll be condemned.

- By whom?

- City council.

- How do you know?

- I'm chairman.

- You are, huh?

- Darned right, I am.

When they order you to tear it down,
you've got to pay.

- You look like a practical man, Father.

- I do?

There's not a mother or father
in the parish
that wouldn't want their children
at St Victor's.

Fine, modern building.

Sunlight, good heating.

I wouldn't send my children
into that fire trap.

- You have any children?

- No.

- That's a long story.

- Skip it.

How far do the children have to go
to get to St Victor's?

- As far as I had to go as a child...

- Let's walk over.

Well, why not take my car?

Can't walk too much. I got a bad ticker.

- Let's ride out to St Victor's.

- Now you're talking.

Close this school

and send the children to St Victor's.

- Sell the property to you?

- Right. You can always find me here.

I won't make a move without
talking to you. But I'm pretty slow.

You don't look it to me. No, sir.

Goodbye.

Father?

How do you do?

Are you in charge of the school here?

That's a question. I have some authority.

You look like you could understand

my language.

Let's find out. Start talking.

I'd like very much

to put my daughter in school here.

You see, I think it'd be better

if she was away from me for a while.

Could she board?

- It might be arranged. Why...

- Does she need references?

Do you have to know much

about her background?

Oh, yes. That is customary.

Well, it's like this.

I ran away from home

when I was very young to get married.

Stop me if you've heard this, Father.

He left me a long time ago, in Syracuse.

- 13 years.

- Did you get married?

Yes. After a little argument.

I think he was a little afraid

of settling down.

He was a piano player.

He had a wonderful smile, Father.

- I'll bet he had.

- Very like yours.

He had a little band.

Kind of a non-recording orchestra.

- Ever hear of Gallagher's Gamboleers?

- No. Did anyone else?

I doubt it.

Anyway, the band got an offer

to play in Cincinnati.

He promised, as soon as he got

a few dollars ahead, he'd send for me.

- You were left alone in Syracuse?

- Till the baby came.

You've been supporting her all this time?

I suppose you're wondering as to how?

So is she.

She's getting to be a big girl now, Father.

She's beginning to think I'm no good.

I want to put her in your care

before she finds out she's right.

I feel anyone as concerned about
their daughter as you isn't doing badly.
If there was anything really wrong
with you, you wouldn't give a darn.

Joe was the only man

I was ever really in love with, but...

If you care that much for Joe,
why didn't you look him up?

I wouldn't know where to start.

Besides, he ran out on me, Father.

Oh, that's it.

I'll do my best.

Send your daughter to me.

- What's her name?

- Patricia.

Patricia.

I'll make a deal with you.

I take care of your daughter,
you take care of yourself.

Thank you, Father. Father...

- O'Malley.

- O'Malley.

- Goodbye, Mrs Gallagher.

- Goodbye.

Father, there's a young lady to see you.

Oh, yes. Send her in.

- Miss Gallagher?

- Yes.

I've made arrangements

for you to board with Mrs Breen.

- That would be just... lovely.

- My boy will take your bags.

Eddie, put the bags in the back bedroom.

OK, Ma.

Well, Patricia.

The sisters were expecting
someone younger and so was I.

I was trying to look older, Father.

I've been looking for work.

I thought I could quit school.

I was answering ads.

I'm perfectly able to take care of myself.

Patsy, I think

you're gonna be happy here.

You'll enjoy every minute of it.
Life can be very beautiful here.
Look at the character that came off.
Let me take a look at you.
Oh, that's fine.
Give us a chance and we'll fix you up.
What have we got here?
What are you smuggling?
- What's this here? What's this?
- It's a rat, Father.
You'll find here
that you can't even wear a small mouse.
Things are brightening up already.
Goodness! Holy Toledo! Look at this!
- You sent for me, Sister.
- Yes, Patricia.
I wanted to talk to you.
You're falling behind in your studies.
If the work is too hard for you,
I'll be glad to help.
That isn't it, Sister.
I guess I'm just a feather-head.
Don't you like school?
You're holding back on me, Patsy.
What's troubling you?
Nothing, Sister.
If you'll only work a little harder,
you'll get good marks.
We want to send your mother
a nice report.
You want her to be proud of you,
don't you?
That's all, Patsy. You may go.
Thank you, Sister.
- Hiya, Pat.
- Hi.
- How's she doing?
- Not very well.
No? I'm sorry to hear that.
We accepted her
on your recommendation.
We know little about her parents.
What was her home life like?
The usual...

- You met her mother?

- Yes, I have.

Do you know Mrs Gallagher well?

Yes, I know her quite well.

- Did you meet her father?

- No.

- What is his occupation?

- He's a musician.

They tell me

he has a charming personality, too.

I like people who like music. Don't you?

- Are they separated?

- Yes.

Is there anything that I should know
that would help?

- No, that's all that I...

...care to tell?

Well, yes.

Did anyone ever tell you
that you have a dishonest face?

For a priest, I mean.

Break it up

or I'll knock your heads together.

The winner! You're pretty shifty.

Let's see how you operate here.

Look at your shoe.

You've got to watch all the time.

Eddie, come over here.

- Go inside and wash your face.

- Why didn't you fight back?

- You're handy. What's your name?

- Tommy Smith.

Keep your head up.

- He's all right.

- You'd better speak to Tommy.

- I'm afraid he's a troublemaker.

- He's a good fighter.

We don't tolerate fighting. Speak to him.

If he continues,

we may have to send him away.

Aren't we supposed to be educators,

Sister?

Instead of sending him away,

let's try and correct him.

I observed very little correction
in your attitude.
In fact, I detected a slight note of pride.
I like to see a lad
who can take care of himself.
- On the outside, it's a man's world.
- How are they doing?
They're not doing too good.
Sometimes a man
has to fight his way through.
Wouldn't it be better
to think your way through?
That's pure conjecture
from someone on the inside.
That's very well put.
Don't you think in raising boys
a woman's influence can go too far?
- You mean they may become sissies?
- Yes, that's right.
Well, you look after Tommy
and I'll look after Eddie,
who lost the fight
because he listened to me.
Eddie?
- Yes, Sister?
- Come here and I'll fix you.
Let me look at that.
How did all this happen?
I was going along minding
my own business when Tommy trips me.
Although I was very mad,
I controlled myself, Sister,
just like you said.
I said to him, "Why did you do that?"
- What did he say?
- Nothing. He just hit me right here.
Fine thing.
- Then what did you do?
- I remembered what you said.
I turned the other cheek.
Then he really let me have it.
You're a very good boy, Eddie.
I turned away to ignore him
and then he kicked me.

I'm very proud of you.

- I don't feel so hot.

- No, Eddie.

But you really won a victory over Tommy.

- Did I, Sister?

- Yes. You were really the better man.

- You and I know that.

- Nobody else knows it.

To tell you the truth, I don't know it.

Nobody was proud of me.

Even Father O'Malley. Don't you think
he thought Tommy was the best man?

Better man.

I was thinking, Sister.

Since I've taken such a beating
and been through so much,
maybe I wouldn't
have to go to school today.

Maybe.

But if you think I should go,
I'll go, no matter how bad I feel.

Maybe I'll declare a holiday.

Just for you, Eddie.

Thanks, Sister.

- Are you interested in baseball?

- Yes.

Have you any textbooks on self-defence?

- I beg your pardon?

- She means pugilistics.

- Boxing.

- Boxing?

Yes. Yes, of course.

They're right over here.

Here's a book

endorsed by James J Corbett.

He won ten straight fights. Nobody beat
him till Fitzsimmons knocked him out.

Did Mr Fitzsimmons write a book?

- Did Mr Fitzsimmons write a book?

- No.

There's a very scholarly book here
by Mr Tunney.

- We'll take that.

- That'll be one dollar.

Thank you. Thank...

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon, Father.

- Good afternoon, Sister.

...so we get a little more room.

That's fine.

- It's nice of you to come.

- It's worth it.

I read this last night. It's what we need.

Your homework, Sister?

Now, the four most valuable punches,
it says here, are...

Now, let me show you. A straight left.

A right cross. A left hook.

And a right uppercut.

See? Now, let me see how you stand.

- Well... Like that?

- Yes.

How do you fight?

Oh, no. It's nothing like it.

We have to start from the beginning.

Put this foot back a bit. See how I stand?

Like this. Bend your knees a little bit.

Your toe should be here. That's right.

And your hands up like that.

That looks good.

Your head should be down.

That's fine.

Just like that.

Let me see. What do we do next?

We start to move around a little bit.

Like that.

And keep shooting your left. That's right.

That's good. Now, Eddie,

keep your chin down. Like this.

Get your shoulder up.

I can't do it so well in this collar.

You protect your chin that way.

And you have to be weaving. That's right.

And bobbing.

A moving target is harder to hit.

If I try to hit you on this cheek,

you move to the other side.

I'm sorry. See what I mean?
You should be weaving.
Like that. And up.
That's right. Now faster.
That's better than turning the other
cheek! It's more fun if they miss!
Well, I'll admit it's easier on your face.
You said it, Sister.
Where were we? Let me see.
Although they say this
is the most valuable punch, the left jab,
it seems this is the pay-off.
Now we'll try both hands.
One... Eddie, keep your mouth closed.
That's very important.
The man devoted two pages to that.
He meant that if you don't,
you'll be sorry. Keep it closed.
Now you've got that...
If I try to hit you here,
you block it with this hand.
That's right. You block it there.
And again. That's right.
But be careful. Look out for the pay-off!
There are a lot of things.
Lefts, rights, bobbing, weaving.
Let's try them all now.
Move round. Here we go.
Look me right in the eye.
Try to anticipate my blows.
Look out, now. That was very good!
Splendid, Eddie. Yes, you learn fast.
That's right.
Now, let's go again. Come on.
All right.
You're so clumsy. You have to be
on your toes. Move round quickly.
It's my fault.
I forgot to tell you about footwork.
It says footwork is almost a lost art.
It's important. We have to learn it.
It's fun and you're going to like it.
Sometimes it gets very fancy.
Well, maybe that's too much

for the first lesson.
Yes. We have enough to think about.
Come on.
Let's just try... You try to hit me.
That's right. Come on.
That's right.
You just can't hit me, can you?
- Go ahead, Eddie.
- I don't wanna hit you.
Don't worry.
Come on. I won't be there. Come on.
See what I mean? You just have to...
- I'm sorry, Sister.
- That's all right.
- It's enough for a first lesson.
- You forgot your footwork.
You forgot something, didn't you?
Something? I forgot everything!
I forgot to bob, I forgot to weave.
I had my mouth open.
I ran right into the pay-off!
Good evening, Father. Patsy's in here.
- Hello, Father.
- Eddie.
- Will you stop that and get off to bed.
- Stay up and you'll get a draw.
I don't know what's wrong with him.
I think he's been in the sun.
Not during school hours, I hope.
- Good evening, Patsy.
- Good evening, Father.
You're up late.
What's the matter? Are you in trouble?
Don't you think I ought to quit school
and take a job?
What can you do?
You have to know something
to do anything.
You shouldn't be discouraged. I've seen
your marks. They're getting better.
Father, you're just being nice.
Every time I think I know one thing,
they ask me something else.
I'm just a perfect blank.

- I haven't got what it takes.
- Don't think you're dumb.
All right, Father.
Let's just say I'm not very bright.
What's the problem?
Why are you up so late?
It's an essay, Father.
"The Five Senses". That's interesting.
- What have you discovered?
- Nothing. See what I mean?
What are the five senses?
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell...
to feel.
Right. Who's the essay for?
- Sister Benedict.
- We'll have to take dead aim on this one.
See if we can get you an A.
You don't want to be like the rest
and come up with stereotyped answers.
We wanna be different.
We'll write Sister an essay
on another sense.
Let's see. Man is endowed with certain
powers which we call the five senses.
If he has common sense, he'll be happy
by using these powers within reason.
- You're happy you came to St Mary's?
- Yes, Father.
To be glad you're alive.
To be grateful
because people are kind to you.
To be able to see nature's great wonders.
Flowers budding in spring
and leaves changing in autumn.
To be able to appreciate beautiful music.
To be conscious of the beauty
of tasting and feeling
only the things that are good for you.
To be aware of why you're here.
- I can go on and on.
- Why don't you, Father?
I think I will.
Every time you're near a rose
Aren't you glad you've got a nose?

And if the dawn is fresh with dew
Aren't you glad you're you?
When a meadowlark appears
Aren't you glad you've got two ears?
And if your heart is singing, too
Aren't you glad you're you?
You can see a summer sky
Or touch a friendly hand
Or taste an apple pie
Pardon the grammar,
but ain't life grand?
And when you wake up each morn
Aren't you glad that you were born?
Think what you've got
the whole day through
Aren't you glad you're you?
Patsy, I'll leave you with those thoughts.
What do you make of them?
Well, if you can't appreciate your five
senses, your life isn't worth five cents.
That's good. Hope you do well tomorrow.
Thank you, Father. I feel much better.
I feel pretty good myself.
Now, children!
It seems I can't leave you for a minute.
"Dear class, it's a holiday."
Now, who did this?
I must ask you again. Who did this?
Children, I am putting you
on your honour. Who did this?
It is your duty to tell me.
We're honoured with your visit.
Be seated, children.
Won't you take my chair?
We'll take this matter up later.
Read what you've written,
so Father O'Malley may hear it.
- Luther.
- Luther? How did he get in here?
We never knew.
"The Five Senses". I like to see
a good movie with Roy Rogers.
I like the taste of ice cream,
especially strawberry.

I like to listen to the Lone Ranger.
Hi-ho, Silver!
I like the smell of hot dogs.
I like to feel... good.
Don't laugh, children. Luther means
he wants to be a good boy.
You want to feel good in here.
No, Sister. What I meant
is like when the bell rings at three
or when it's Easter vacation, better still.
Well, it has
both honesty and imagination.
You can sit down.
And now Patricia.
- "The Six Senses".
- The subject was "The Five Senses".
I chose for my subject six senses.
Go on, Patricia.

The six senses:

to taste, to smell, to feel... to be.
The most important is the last.
The sixth sense is to be able
to enjoy the five senses properly.
To be. That's what really matters.
It's up to us what we make of it.
We see others, hear others,
know others with our five senses.
But how do we know ourselves?
Through common sense.
Common sense is an internal sense
whose function is to differentiate
between the senses' reports
or to reduce these reports
to the unity of a common perception.

Two great words:

Other words grow out of them.
I am, you are, he is, we are, they are.
That takes in everybody.
As Shakespeare said,
"To thine own self be true
"And it shall follow, as the night the day,
"Thou canst not then

be false to any man."

- And he was so right, Sister.

- Yes.

He was just talking
about the sixth sense.

To put it in my own words:

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Very good, Patricia. Very good.

And one more thing, Sister.

Saved by the bell.

In the name of the Father
and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

You may go now, children.

I really learned something.

- She shows a lot of promise.

- Definitely.

- What are you gonna give her, a B?

- No, I think an A.

- Good. That's fine.

- I think it should be A-plus. Don't you?

- That might be overdoing it.

- It had a plus quality to it.

A girl like Patsy needs encouragement.

She has such a fine mind.

Remarkable. In fact,
she has the mentality of a man your age.

- There's another sense.

- Don't say.

Sense enough to know when to leave.

- Hey!

- Morning, Sister.

Little Bobby wants to play with you.

Fight!

Sorry I had to do that to you.

If you're a good sport,
we'll shake hands and be friends.

- I'll even buy you an ice cream.

- Two scoops?

- Eddie, how did you learn to fight?

- That's a secret.

Sister.

You missed some excitement here.

- I did?

- Yes, you did...

Yes, you did. There was quite a fight.

- Little Eddie... That is Eddie, isn't it?
- Yes, that's Eddie.
- The boy in that fight a few weeks back?
- Yes.

Quite a change. It's incredible.
He's an improved man.
I wonder.
Does it mean anything, Father?
Does it prove anything
to beat up your fellow man?
Somehow don't you think
it's what we are in here that matters?
I mean... I mean to be.
You're so right.
How do you account
for such a sudden change?
We try to do our best
to raise masculine little men
with our limited knowledge of the world.

- Yes, Sister?
- You're disturbing us.
- Disturbing who?
- We're rehearsing a play.

They're easily distracted.
You mean
we're making too much noise?
To use your own words, yes.
We heard about your play
and prepared a surprise for you.
You can't have a play
without Adeste Fideles.

- Oh, yes.
- There's no room in your play for...
- Not in our play.
- What? I'd like to see a play like that.
- Would you like to see a rehearsal?
- Yes. You kids stay and practise.
- What will you use for music?
- Come and you'll find out.

Bobby?

- Here he is.
- I know Bobby. He's an old pal of mine.
- Are you in the play?

- I made it up.
- I bet you got a good part.
- Yes, it's beautiful.
- Can we see the play now?
- It's a little bit not good.
We're just practising it.
It'll be better at Christmas.
- We won't mind a few mistakes.
- What's it about?
- That's what I tell you at the beginning.
- Why don't we begin? You ready?
The children did this all by themselves.
Every time the dialogue is different.
Every line is a surprise to me.
Heaven knows what it'll be at Christmas.
They'll probably forget everything!
This is Mary and I'm Joseph
and we're going to Bethlehem
to see if we can find someplace to stay.
That's all you have to know, really.
- Knock, knock.
- Hello.
This is Mary and I'm Joseph. We came
to Bethlehem to find a place to stay.
- Do you have any money?
- No.
- You can't stay here tonight.
- That's too bad for us.
We can't stay there
because we don't have any money.
I'll be all right as long as I'm with you.
Well, I think we ought to find a house
because it might rain or snow.
It's winter, you know.
- Why don't you try next door?
- Good idea.
Knock, knock.
- Can't stay here. You've got no money.
- I didn't ask you yet. Start again.
- Knock, knock.
- Hello.
This is Mary and I'm Joseph,
and could we...
...could we stay here for the night,

please?

- Do you have money?
- No, but Mary's tired.
- Could you think it over?
- OK.

What did he say, Joseph?

- He said he'd think it over.
- When will he know?
- I don't know.
- Hey, Joseph.

I thought it over.

You can stay in the stable.

- Well, glory be! Did you hear that?
- Yes, Joseph.

The next scene will be
the Lord Jesus's birthday.

No, Jimmy. Go back.

You're in the play. Don't come here.

He's her baby brother.

Here we all are in the stables.

We're very happy here in Bethlehem.

And there's our star.

Here's our angel.

There are the shepherds.

Here are the Wise Men.

There, there and there.

And the neighbours are coming in
bringing presents

because it's his birthday.

Thank you.

You make Mary and I very happy.

Do you sing Holy Night, perhaps?

- No, Father. We have another song.
- How does it go?

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, dear Jesus

Happy birthday to you

- Well, Father?
- Their simplicity is beautiful.
- I wouldn't change a word of it.
- They will.

You won't need be needing my talents
at Christmas.

Maybe at Easter
I could stage an egg hunt?
Look, Sister. There's Father O'Malley.
I hope he finds him
in a favourable mood.
He could be. It's spring, you know.
- We're not getting anywhere, Father...
- It's a difficult decision to make.
To decide
that there will be no more St Mary's.
If you ask me, it's not much now.
It is to the sisters.
To you, it's just a piece of property,
but to them it's everything.
It's not the idea of selling you
the property, but of selling them out.
- You're getting a little sentimental.
- I've found out how they feel.
- And when it's condemned?
- They're expecting a miracle.
What kind of miracle
will get them out of trouble?
You'd be surprised.
Delphine!
- You're not doing it right.
- Show me, Sister.
You don't hold it right.
This is the way to hold it. And straight.
You chop it. Don't chop like that.
Keep your hands together
and step into it.
- You see?
- Come on, Sister!
No, I don't think so. You do it.
Those kids! There they go again!
They're coming to apologise.
Ask them if they're willing to sell.
- Then it's all right with you?
- Definitely. I'll recommend it.
You'll have to see the bishop.
He has the final word.
What kind of a man is he
to do business with?
You'll want to come back to me.

I'll give you a letter so you can see him.
But I can't until you've seen the sisters.
Here they come now. Good luck.
I'll never get this deal closed.

- Is he very angry?
- You'll find him quite forgiving.

You mean for giving?

- It would be a good time to ask him?
- It'll never be any better.
- We are so sorry...
- It's nothing, Sister. It's all right.
- We'll pay for it.
- Don't think of it.

It's a little hard to get glass, but I'll get it.

- It is a magnificent building.
- Thank you.

I know how you feel
when I see that tumbledown school.
I have one problem
before my dream is complete.
It's a parking problem.
The Bogardus Corporation will have
several hundred employees, all with cars.
Parking's becoming more of a problem
every day.
Here's where my desk will be.
Here are the blueprints.
It will take us years to raise the money
to build a building like this.
You could never do it.
You'd be surprised what it's cost me.
Would you like to see
the rest of my building?
Yes, by all means.
You just follow me.
Shall we ask him now?

- Ever seen anything like this?
- It's tremendous!

15,000 square feet without a column.
The balcony seats 400.
We can hold dances here,
conventions, everything.
It certainly is ideal. It's perfect.

- The Lord must have been the architect.

- I wish.
I had Butler and Dean.
Robbed me right and left.
It cost 30% over the estimate.
But you must be very happy.
Just one thing could make me happier,
and you know that.
I believe we're thinking
about the same thing.
It isn't what we acquire in life, is it?
It's what we give.
And this is a monument to you.
I can see the cornerstone, reading,
"Donated to St Mary's
"through the generosity and benevolence
of Horace P Bogardus."
You're a very fortunate man,
Mr Bogardus.
I am?
You know it's more blessed
to give than to receive.
This will live long after you're dust.
That is real happiness.
Can't you just picture that?
Would you mind saying that again?
Picture what?
When I'm dust?
You don't have to
make up your mind now. Sleep on it.
I can't sleep now.
You shouldn't be surprised.
Sometimes we don't know
why we do things.
You didn't know
why you built this building.
- I didn't? I thought I did.
- No.
You built it in answer to our prayers.
We've been praying for this.
And we're still praying.
- Do you mean to say...
- We'll leave you now.
With this thought:
"Donated to St Mary's

"through the generosity and
benevolence of Horace P Bogardus."

Generosity?

Benevolence?

And dust.

I'm sure that nice man
will give us his building.

We must keep on praying until...

- God's will be done.
- And may God's will be our will.
- What if our prayers aren't answered?
- Thou of little faith!

We know that more things are wrought
by prayer than this world dreams of.

Let thy voice rise like a fountain.

What's the excitement?

Notre Dame win another one?

- No. I asked him.
- And?

He didn't say no.

So you finally got here.

Been waiting for you fellas since six.

Will you stop flying off the handle?

You're working too hard.

You ought to be in bed.

This building should have been ready
three months ago. I'm losing money.

Why don't you see your banker?

I'm your doctor. You can't go on like this.

It took me three weeks to get that glass.

There you are, brother. Sign this.

- What's all this?
- What's all what? Sign it.
- I want to know what I'm signing.
- We get time and a half after six.

You should have been here before six.

I was here.

Listen, we'll take that glass back
and it'll take six weeks to put it in again.

Sign it.

See what I'm up against?

Calm down.

You mustn't let anything upset you.

- I know.

- You're too big a man for that.
Go home and get a good night's rest.
Nothing can beat a good night's sleep.
Rest. Tranquillity.
Relax. A man in your position
hasn't got a worry in the world.
- Keep saying to yourself...
- I can say it but I won't feel it.
Now what's the matter?
You don't know what they're doing to me.
I'll stop that!
What's the matter with you?
First you're out of patience
and now you're out of glass.
And now you want me to sleep.
What's new? I heard the crash.
I wondered if anybody got hurt.
Father O'Malley,
Dr McKay, my physician.
- How do you do?
- I'm glad to know you.
That's too bad.
Isn't glass hard to get these days?
Hard to get? I'll say it is.
- Can't you get them to stop that?
- I think it's beautiful.
- His nerves are all shot.
- It's hardly noticeable.
- Isn't that O Sanctissima?
- That's right, Doctor.
Beautiful. I've heard it many times.
How do the words go?
Do you know it, too?
- I wanna go home.
- Now you're making sense.
He's had a big day, Father.
- Come in.
- Hello, Mrs Gallagher.
- How are you?
- Just fine.
Father, what was so important
you couldn't tell me over the telephone?
- I don't know how to go about...
- Is it about Patsy?

- Yes.

- What's happened?

- What's she done?

- It's not bad news.

In fact, this could be good news.

I'm so glad.

She's been getting along so well.

- If anything should happen...

- Nothing has happened.

- You said it was to do with Patsy.

- It is. I found her father.

- Joe?

- I think so.

I told him the story as you told me.

I described you...

- How on earth did you run him down?

- Once a pianist, always a pianist.

I got him through the Musicians' Union.

I went right to the top. Petrillo.

- I don't know what to say.

- Neither do I.

Well... Is he in town?

- In town? He's out in the hall.

- Oh, no.

- Shall I bring him in?

- No. That is...

Wait just a minute, will you?

I... You know.

She'll be a few minutes. She's fixing her hair and powdering her nose.

You know how it is.

This is kind of a big moment for me.

It's 13 years.

I was a little bit younger then.

He hasn't exactly been on ice, you know.

Well, shall we...

Hello.

Hello.

Goodbye.

- Don't go yet.

- Please stay a little while.

Joe, sit down.

- You, too, Father.

- Thank you.

You haven't changed a bit.

Neither have you, Joe.

- Do me a favour.

- What?

Play the piano. Please.

I want Father to hear. I've told him
about you. Don't let me down.

Listen to this, Father. He's really good.

What was that song

we used to love so much?

You mean By The Sea?

No, Joe.

No, it... It had a bit of The Rosary in it.

But that wasn't the melody.

Joe, don't you remember?

We said that no matter what happened,
that song would always see us through.

And then

we pressed the rosebud in the book.

- What happened?

- Yeah.

Where's the book?

- What's... Do you know it?

- Sure.

That's an old song

called In The Land Of Beginning Again.

- Why didn't you say?

- You never asked.

- Come on over and get in this.

- You'll be sorry.

There's a land of beginning again

Where skies are always blue

Though we've made mistakes

That's true

Let's forget the past and start life anew

Though we've wandered

By a river of tears

Where sunshine won't come through

Let's find that paradise

Where sorrow can't live

And learn the teachings

Of forget and forgive

In the land of beginning again

Where broken dreams come true

- The girls are all excited.

- Yes.

Reminds me of when I graduated.

It's a big moment in their lives.

Incidentally, it's the first time
they're wearing high heels.

- Look, Sister.

- That's really nice, Patsy.

Push your sleeve up.

I think it's a little long.

- It's supposed to be.

- Only on one side.

- You don't want to stumble on it.

- Patsy's getting all the attention.

- No, that isn't right.

- Patsy's teacher's pet.

- Jealous.

- You gave her the prettiest dress.

- It would look better on me.

- Girls, that's enough.

- You'd better take your dresses off.

- I got a funny idea.

Suppose, after all this, I flunk.

That would be horrible.

Sister, you wouldn't do that to us.

It would be a great idea

to cut out the finals entirely.

You can't get around me that way.

Run along. Take the dresses off.

Sister, could I take this dress over
and show it to my mother?

- Yes. I think it would make her happy.

- Thank you. I know it will.

- I'll get the tickets for Syracuse.

- Goodbye, Joe.

Hold it.

Would you like a stick of gum?

I answered this one two ways.

Yes and no.

- All right, Luther.

- Thanks.

I'm sorry, Patsy. Time is up.

May I come in?

Don't get up. I'm just the pastor here.

- Grading the papers?
- Yes.
- They're a wonderful bunch.
- Yes.
- You should be proud of them.
- We are.

I ran into some of the girls. They're dying with curiosity about their marks. I'm supposed to come in and, without your knowing, see how they turned out.

I presume you opened your heart and passed them all?

All but one, Father.

Patsy?

Oh, no.

This is only one subject.

The others are even worse.

Her average is below 60.

She got the date right and spelled her name right.

Couldn't you give her something on that and maybe pass her?

Don't you think the honour of the school means anything?

What about Patsy? St Mary's isn't being very much help to her.

Shouldn't we help a child like that?

She's beginning to believe in herself. A blow like this... she may never get over it.

Do you believe in just passing everybody, Father?

Maybe. Maybe I do.

- I can't believe you mean it.

- It's easier for some children.

They don't have to study.

Some get the best marks in school and never made a mark afterwards.

I knew a character once.

A fellow named Elmer Hathaway.

We went through school together.

Or rather I went through school.

Elmer just stood still.

He was three years in eighth grade.

Quite a boy. The teacher wondered

how he found his way to school.
Sometimes he didn't.
The kids used to make fun of him.
He was sort of a dreamer.
Sometimes he'd forget what day it was
and come to school on Saturday.
They asked him who Plato was one day
and he said, "Plato who?"
But he was good with his hands.
He built a sailboat.
One time he disappeared
for two or three days.
When he came back they asked where
he'd been and he said, "Just sailing."
He got to be a foot taller
than anybody else in the class
and they felt sorry for him
and passed him.
I think they needed the desk.
He never knew, and from then on
he developed assurance.
- You've heard of Hathaway Shipyards?
- Yes.
That's Elmer. To this day
he takes care of his less fortunate pals.
The ones that used to get 99 and 100.
If any of them are broke or out of a job,
they can always work for Hathaway.
He's a good man.
By the way,
just what is passing, anyhow?
- 75. You know.
- Yes, I know that, but who started it?
Our school is based on it.
Without standards...
- Yes?
- But...
- You're not serious?
- I am.
Should we give the children
a helping hand or measure their brains?
Why do they have to have 75 to pass?
- You would pass them at 65?
- Why not?

Why not at 55? Why any grades at all?

- Why don't we close the school?
- Better than breaking their hearts.

That's unfair, Father.

My heart aches for Patsy. When
you infer it doesn't, you're being unjust.
I have done everything possible to help,
but I must uphold our standards.
If you order me to pass her, I shall do so.
But her mark remains the same.

- Come in, Patsy.
- Yes, Sister.
- Hello, Father.
- Patsy.
- I failed, didn't I, Sister?
- Yes, you did, Patsy.
- I thought so.
- I'm sorry.

That's all right. It wasn't your fault.
I was just thinking that...
I won't be needing this now,
and Delphine liked it so much.
I was just thinking that...
I was just thinking
that maybe I'll do better next year, Sister.
We have had differences of opinion
but they haven't been important.
This is serious.
I'm not going to order you to do anything.
It's up to you, but...
But she failed.

Hooray! Luther made one!

Give him a hand!

Here. On your toes.

Good shot!

I'll be right back.

I'll go with Sister.

- What's happened?
- Sister Benedict fainted.
- Did you call a doctor?
- She doesn't want one.

Come in.

The doctor's on his way.

- Who sent for a doctor?

- She did.
He's an informer.
- How are you feeling?
- All right.
Won't you sit down? I want to talk to you.
Excuse us.
- What have I done now?
- You've been writing.
Writing to Mother General.
Going over my head.
I received that letter from her.
I just wrote
expressing my own opinion, Sister.
- I hope that hasn't brought this on.
- No.
I'm just tired.
But you actually considered
tearing down St Mary's
and sending our children to St Victor's?
Yes. I thought about it quite a bit.
We have to face facts, Sister.
Yes.
Yes, I know what you mean, Father.
We've tried so hard not to face facts.
But there must always be a St Mary's.
Of course, Sister.
Now just relax. Take it easy.
- The doctor's...
- Come in, Doctor.
- Hello.
- This is Dr McKay.
- How do you do?
- He's Mr Bogardus's doctor, you know.
Oh, yes?
Are you his personal physician?
Yes. I have other patients, possibly
100 or so, and Horace P Bogardus.
Lately he's been a full-time job.
Rings me at all hours.
- We pray for him all the time.
- That's very nice. He could use it. Why?
They're praying for Mr Bogardus
to give them his building.
Give? Bogardus?

- Pardon me.
- I have a sense of humour.
Maybe your prayers are working.
He can't sleep.
I give him sleeping tablets.
Prayers are a wonderful thing,
but if Bogardus
ever gives you that building, I'll...
Nothing spectacular, Doctor.
OK.
I can't do much here.
Come to the office for a check-up.
- There's nothing wrong. I'm just tired.
- I know.
Let me be the judge of that.
I want to find out the cause.
She'll be there, Doctor.
Keep praying, but not tonight.
You need a good night's rest.
- So does Bogardus.
- Yes, that's right.
You heard what the man said.
You take it easy.
You'll see that she gets down
to the office tomorrow?
She has a mind of her own.
I'll get her down there.
- Is this serious?
- She's running a temperature.
- She's had these attacks before?
- That's what I heard.
- She's a remarkable woman.
- She certainly is.
I could tell the minute I walked in.
Does she believe
Bogardus will give that building?
Yes.
I've never
come across such things before.
Not since I wished for
what I wanted for Christmas and got it.
- It's sort of the same thing.
- When we grow up, we get practical.
- She's not very practical, is she?

- She thinks she is.
- What'll she do when she doesn't get it?
- She's got you worried!
She has. I hate to see her disillusioned.
Not to change the subject much,
but Bogardus has a bad heart, hasn't he?
- Yes.
- What are you giving him? Pills?
Have you got a better prescription?
I knew a fellow once...
He had a very bad heart.
They gave him six months to live.
He spent that six months
doing so much good, he lived to be 90.
Is that so? You mean doing good
for others is good for a bad heart?
- You spend your life doing for others.
- Yes, yes.
- How's your heart?
- Fine.
- Are you tampering with medicine?
- We have a lot in common.
- We're interested in the good heart.
- I should change my prescription?
- You're the doctor.
- I'm not so sure, O'Malley.
- Good day.
- Good day.
Mr Bogardus!
- Father O'Malley.
- Oh, yes. I didn't see you.
- You seemed to be looking past me.
- My mind was miles away.
- You don't seem to be yourself today.
- I'm not.
I've just come from my doctor's.
You know, Father, if I had to live my life
over again, there'd be a lot of changes.
- Yeah?
- Yeah, a lot of changes.
You know, there's great beauty in this
world, if you have the eyes to see it.
- Isn't there, Father?
- Naturally.

Thank you.

- Yes, life can be very beautiful.

- That's right.

You've spent your life
doing things for people.

- Oh, well...

- Yes, you have.

- Come to think of it, how's your heart?

- Great.

That's what I mean.

Would it be all right if I go in the church?

You're welcome.

Here's a thought that might help you.

It's meant a lot to me.

I shall pass this way but once.

If there is any good I can do for anyone,
let me do it now and not put it off,
for I shall not pass this way again.

Thank you, Father. God bless you.

- Thank you.

- Goodbye.

Wait up!

Wait!

That's a good dog.

Wait! Wait!

Allow me, lady.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

- It's a beautiful world.

- You nearly left it!

I nearly did. I'm gonna get off to church.

- Oh, Mr Bogardus.

- I'm sorry about this.

I didn't realise he followed me
into church. Sweet little fellow, isn't he?

It's all right. Bring him any time.

It doesn't matter.

- I see that animals love you.

- Yes, but people don't.

You must be wrong. I'm sure when
people get to know you they love you.

No, that's when they don't.

- You see...

- Yes, Mr Bogardus?

I've never had any children of my own,
and I've never even liked children.
And they don't like me.
Why don't people like you?
Well, I've been very selfish.
Lately I've been giving it a lot of thought.
Come to any conclusion?
Yes.
This is going to surprise you.
And I do want people to like me,
so I was wondering...
...if you would accept my building.
What's the matter?
- It's a bit of a shock to you.
- Yes, it is.
You can have it. You can have it.
I'll have my lawyer make out the deed.
Thank you. St Mary's will never forget it.
- The children will love you.
- Yes?
I'll have the necessary papers made out
right away.
Come on, doggy. Come on.
All right. Back it away.
What's the big idea?
- Mr Bogardus, how are you?
- I'm all right.
- And your legs?
- OK.
Father O'Malley!
Lovely. What is it called?
It means..."It's spring."
- Sing something else.
- What do we know?
You know Birmingham Bertha?
How about the school song?
Sister has a new version with effects.
She's proud of it.
- Sing it.
- Won't you sing the melody?
You talked me into it.
Ding-dong, ding-dong
Ding-dong, ding
Oh, bells of St Mary's

We always will love you
With your inspiration
We never will fail
Your chimes will for ever
Bring sweet memories of you
So proudly ring out
While we sing out
Hail! Hail! Hail!
So proudly ring out
While we sing out
Hail! Hail! Hail!
Ding-dong ding
Won't you ring them bells?
I haven't had a chance like that in years!
I had to try it!
- Father, the doctor's here.
- Good.
- How are you?
- Hello.
- Sister Benedict came in.
- She's in great spirits. So happy.
Isn't faith wonderful?
Everyone's so happy,
I hate to be the bearer of bad news.
I examined her.
Can she be sent away for a while?
- Why? Where?
- Someplace like Arizona, for instance.
- See this area?
- What is it?
That's the right lung. And here...
I never could make anything
out of those things.
- What is it, Doctor? TB?
- Yes.
A very early stage.
It's not that bad. We're lucky to catch it.
That's what I meant
about a drier climate.
An infirmary or a home for old people.
Someplace where she could
have light duties. Not a school.
If it has to be done,
I guess it can be done.

- Not to be with children?
- Not until this condition has cleared up.
- Does she know?
- Not yet. It's important she doesn't.
She has a wonderful vitality, a natural
optimism, and that's the best medicine.
If that spirit is dampened,
it would delay her recovery.
She'll have to know.
We can't send her away without...
Don't you people more or less
go where you're told without question?
Yes. We're supposed
to have the stamina to take it.
She has plenty of that.
You don't quite understand, Doctor.
Sister and I haven't always agreed
on how to run a school.
Had one
rather serious difference of opinion.
Now if she's sent away without
any explanation, she's bound to think...
Up to here we were discussing
her health. What's best for her.
And now we're discussing your feelings.
- That's a heck of a way to put it.
- I only want to see her get well.
I guess I can see to it
that she's transferred.
But not to tell her why...
Send her away without any explanation.
You would put it that way.
Her opinion of me or her health.
Right down here, men. There.
Right. See that it's straight. There.
Yes, that's right. Thank you.
Up there...
There.
Leave room for their knees.
You know how they go. You remember.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Look out, Father. You're in the way.
- Let me help with that.

There. Put it down there.
That'll do for now.
- I'm glad you came over.
- I want to talk to you.
When you bring the desk,
will you put it over here?
Let's go where there's less noise.
We can tear down our old school
and that can be our playground.
I'm tired. I'll sit down.
You're working too hard.
You shouldn't be lifting things.
Now, about commencement.
Did you ask Mr Bogardus?
- Yes, and the doctor.
- He's a nice man.
He telephoned
and told me I had nothing to worry about.
He said there's nothing wrong with me.
I'm perfect.
- That is good news.
- Yes, isn't it?
- Shall I thank Bogardus publicly?
- Yes, by all means.
Convey our sincere gratitude
for his generosity.
- Don't make a long speech.
- I'm the soul of brevity.
- The children will be restless.
- Yes.
But you'll impress upon them
that they must never give up learning,
and at all times carry uppermost
in their minds the ideals of St Mary's.
I think that'll take care of everything.
If you think I'm gonna be long-winded,
why don't you write the speech?
I have, Father. I have it here.
And I have one more wish.
That next year
will be joyous and successful.
And that we will never have
any more serious misunderstandings.
I know how you feel about Patsy.

You still disagree with me, don't you?
Father, sometimes we have to do things
that aren't easy.
No matter how much they hurt,
we have to do what we believe is right.
I have something to tell you
that isn't going to be easy.
What is that, Father?
You'll be notified shortly
that Sister Michael is going to be
in charge here next year.
She'll be so happy.
And I?
Will I be her assistant?
It's only fair to tell you, Sister,
that you're being transferred.
It's going to be difficult
to leave St Mary's,
but we shouldn't become too attached
to any one place.
Any other school
may seem strange at first,
but as long as I am around children,
I'll be happy.
How do you know all this?
Have you been
writing Mother General again?
- Will I be here for graduation?
- Yes, Sister, of course.
Is this the desk that goes in your office,
Sister?
Yes. Yes.
Was there anything else you had to say?
- That was all?
- Yes.
I'll go with you.
- Sorry you couldn't be with us, Pat.
- Thanks, Del.
- What happened to my dress?
- It didn't fit me.
- Too many milkshakes!
- Yeah.
Better luck next year.
I'll be rooting for you.

Thanks.

Where is she? Which one's Patsy?

Why, I don't see her.

I'll look for her, Joe.

You go find Father O'Malley.

Who is that?

My mother, Sister.

Is she here for the exercises?

I guess so.

You didn't tell her you're not graduating?

No, Sister.

My dear child, why not?

She's been out of town.

It's embarrassing, I know.

But you mustn't feel so bad
about not graduating.

If we don't fail sometimes,
our successes won't mean anything.

You must have courage. Don't give up.

I'll explain to your mother.

I know you love each other. Where
there's love, there's understanding.

If you ask me,
nobody understands anything.

You don't,

Father O'Malley doesn't, my mama...

Sister, I'm sorry.

- What is troubling you, Patsy?

- Sister, help me.

- Please help me.

- Yes, of course.

- Of course I want to help you.

- I want to be a nun, Sister.

How can I become a nun like you?

- Something is troubling you.

- No.

I just want to be a nun.

You don't say it that way, my dear.

"I want to be a nun."

You don't become a nun

to run away from life, Patsy.

It's not because you've lost something.

It's because you've found something.

You're still a little girl.

- You don't know yet.
- But I do.
I just want to be like you.
You don't know
what the years at high school will bring.
You'll always treasure them.
New companions, new interests,
lots of fun as well as study.
Going to parties, football games.
Your first prom.
Your first party dress. Your first waltz.
You can't give up these things
if you know nothing about them.
Not until you have known
all this and more...
...can you say
with complete understanding,
"I want to be a nun."
But I can. I know them all now.
There's another thing.
Your marks aren't good enough.
You have to pass your exams.
But I could have. I could have passed.
I didn't want to.
You mean you failed on purpose?
I thought I could stay here another year.
Everything's so nice here.
You don't know.
Everything's so clean and so good.
Even if I am in the same grade,
I don't care.
I'd be with you.
Oh, Patsy.
I'm beginning to see what's wrong.
- Did Father O'Malley know about this?
- Nobody knew.
- Nobody but me.
- I.
You're wrong. "But" can be used as a
preposition and takes the objective case.
Dear me! That was in the examination,
wasn't it?
Uh-huh, and I missed it.
I'm brighter than you think.

Ask me some more questions.
I wouldn't be a dumb nun.
Oh, Patsy.
This is Mr and Mrs Joe Gallagher,
Patsy's mother and father.
How do you do?
Patsy, your father.
Hello, Patsy.
Don't look at me like that.
Give me time. I may grow on you.
Darling, don't cry.
Everything's going to be different
from now on.
Mommy and Daddy are going to see
that you have a real home.
You'll have a room all your own
and you can have children over
as often as you like.
You...
Well, you won't be lonely any more.
Oh, Mama! Oh, Mommy!
Is this my real daddy?
Yes, darling.
- Yes.
- We came to see you graduate, Patsy.
Isn't it time you were getting ready?
We were just about to get ready,
weren't we, Patsy?
Yes, Sister.
How were her marks, Father?
I didn't see her report card.
Her marks? Exceptional.
There wasn't a child anywhere near her.
This is a great day for St Mary's.
I might call it the first birthday
of the new St Mary's.
There's the old and here's the new.
We owe it all to the generosity
and benevolence of one man,
a man whose name will be graven
in our hearts for many years to come.
Speaking of hearts, a great heart beats
in the bosom of Mr Horace P Bogardus.
Mr Bogardus is a very modest man.

But when you have a heart that thinks
only of others and does so much good,
then, my friends, you have a heart
that can laugh at the years.

Mr Bogardus is a fine example
of the joy of giving.

To him, every day is Christmas.

Indeed, he has holly in his heart.

Thank you.

St Mary's is founded on faith, hope and
charity. The greatest of these is charity.

- A gift to the Church is deductible.

- We thank him for his generous gift.

Now I'd like to say a few words
to our graduating class.

I'm going to make it very brief.

Today is joyous

because you're graduating.

It's also sad

because you're leaving St Mary's.

I can't sum up

what you've learned here in eight years,

and what you're taking

is not just what was in books.

It's important, but it isn't everything.

What you're taking

is what you have to give to others,

what the good sisters have taught you.

If any of you are ever in trouble,

no matter what,

just dial O for O'Malley.

- Did you order the cab?

- It'll be outside.

Sister Benedict in chapel?

Dear Lord...

Dear Lord,

remove all bitterness from my heart.

Please help me to see thy holy will

in all things.

Help me.

Please... Please help me.

- Are you going with me, Sister Angela?

- Yes, Sister.

- Goodbye, Sister.

- Goodbye, Sister.

- Goodbye, Sister.

- Goodbye, Sister.

You know that wherever I am,
my heart will always be with St Mary's.

- Goodbye, Sister Benedict.

- Goodbye, Sister Michael.

- Father.

- We know your heart will be here.

We'll always remember you
in our prayers.

Thank you.

- Goodbye, Father.

- Goodbye.

Sister!

Sister Benedict!

Sister, I can't let you go like this.

You know when Dr McKay
said you were perfect?

He was right,
for that's what you are.

But he didn't mean physically.

Because, Sister,
you have a touch of tuberculosis.

Dr McKay felt that
you shouldn't know about this, but I've...

Thank you, Father.

Thank you. You've made me very happy.

- I'll get well quickly now.

- Of course you will, Sister.

If you ever need anything,
no matter where you are...

Yes. I know.

I just dial 0 for O'Malley.

Right.