

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

(Comedy/Drama) (1967)

109minutes

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Major Characters

John Prentice.....Sidney Poitier
An accomplished black doctor who works for the United Nations' World Health Organisation. John falls in love with Joey, his first relationship since his wife and child were killed in an accident eight years earlier.

Joey (Joanna) Drayton.....Katherine Houghton
A young white woman who lives in San Francisco. She meets and falls in love with John while on holiday in Hawaii.

Matt Drayton.....Spencer Tracy
Joey's father. A wealthy, liberal San Francisco newspaper publisher who has spoken in favour of racial equality and civil rights.

Christina Drayton.....Katherine Hepburn
Joey's mother. She owns a small art gallery, and is also a supporter of civil rights

Monsignor Ryan.....Cecil Kellaway
A Catholic priest and family friend of the Draytons

Mr. Prentice.....Roy E. Glenn Sr.
John's father, a retired postman living in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Prentice.....Beah Richards
John's mother.

Tillie.....Isabel Sanford
The Drayton's black housekeeper

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Guess Who's Coming to Dinner is a 1967 American comedy-drama film starring Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier and Katherine Hepburn, and featuring Hepburn's niece Katharine Houghton. The film contains a (then rare) positive representation of interracial marriage, which historically had been illegal in most states of the United States, and was still illegal in 17 states—mostly Southern states—up until 12 June 1967, two days after Tracy died, when anti-miscegenation laws were struck down by the Supreme Court in *Loving v. Virginia*. The film was produced and directed by Stanley Kramer and written by William Rose

The film is notable for being the ninth and final on-screen pairing of Tracy and Hepburn (filming ended just 17 days before Tracy's death). Critics and audiences alike were quick to point out that this film is as much about its stars as it is about the characters the stars are portraying. Hepburn never saw the completed film; she said the memories of Tracy were too painful. The film was released in December 1967, six months after his death..... © Wikipedia

Plot

Joey Drayton brings her fiancé, Dr. John Prentice, home to sunny San Francisco to meet her rich parents. Their liberal persuasions are now put to the test, for although the young man is an ideal choice—he's highly respected in the medical field, and he's impeccably mannered, handsome, well dressed and of a respectable California family—he's black.

Dialogue

Yellow Taxi-San Francisco Airport–Day– 1967

[first lines]

John: You know, I just had a thought. Why don't I go check in a hotel and get some rest, and you go find your folks.

Joey: Oh, John. You wanted to meet them, let's go meet them. The sooner we get it over with, the better. Mom may not even be at the gallery, she'll probably be out to lunch. Dad's at his office. You may not meet them till dinner.

John: You may be wrong about them. You should've called and told them we were coming. You may be in for the biggest shock of your young life.

Joey: After 23 years living in the same house with them, don't you think I know my own mother and father?

The Drayton Home , Pacific Heights, San Francisco

Joey: Tillie, this is Dr. Prentice. John, Miss Matilda Binks.

John: Pleased to meet you, Miss Binks. I've certainly heard a great deal about you.

Tillie: [to Joey] What are you doing home unexpected? Your folks didn't know you was coming. You told them you're back already?

Joey: Yes, I left a message for Mom at the gallery. Oh, it's lovely to see you, Tillie! I missed you.

Tillie: You still ain't told me why you're home early. You want those bags took upstairs?

John: Not my two. I've not come to stay.

Joey: It's personal reasons, Tillie. I'll tell you all about it.

Tillie:[to John-coldly] You eat any lunch yet, or are you expecting it now?

Joey: Oh, could you make us some sandwiches and some coffee? We'll have it out on the terrace. [to John] Do you like the house?

John: It's beautiful.

Joey: Come out and look from the terrace.

John: Hey, I ought to call my folks and get that out of the way.

Joey: Okay, use the phone in the study. Are you gonna introduce me?

John: Not on the phone.

Joey: Won't you tell them about me?

John: I'd rather write to them.

Joey: Well, I'll have to meet them, won't I, before I come to Geneva? Or are we gonna keep our marriage a secret from them?

John: Why didn't I think of that? See, that's a thought.

Joey's Bedroom

Tillie: Well, I've got a right to my own opinions, and you want my opinion? I don't care to see a member of my own race getting above himself.

Joey: Then I don't want your opinion, and if I ever do I'll ask for... [*a beat*] Oh, Tillie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. But you can't mean what you're saying either, and you're so wrong. Look, you're the last person I'd have expected to take such a silly attitude. You know I've always loved you, and you're just as black as he is. How could it possibly be all right for me to love you and wrong for me to love him? Will you just stop and think about that? [*brushing her hair*] Oh, listen, what are we having for dinner tonight? Gotta make it something special.

Tillie: Celery soup and rump steak.

Joey: On, now, come on, Tillie! Turtle soup and tournedos. And one of your best pies? [*car horn honks*] It's Mom! [*she races downstairs to meet her mother*]

Christina: [*coming in*] Joey? Darling?

Joey: Mom!

Christina: Hello, darling, are you all right?

Joey: Oh, Mom, so good to see you! No, nothing's wrong. Everything's fine!

Christina: I rang the gallery right after lunch to tell Hilary that Cazelet had agreed to ask me. She was being mysterious. She said you were back. She thought you might have a surprise for me. What did she mean? [*turning*] Do I hear someone? Is there someone here?

Joey: Oh, Mom, I'm so happy! I've never been so happy in all my life! I'm just...

Christina: Bursting. Yeah, I can see that. And I'm already feeling happy for you. Do I know him?

Joey: No, no, that's just it. I only met him myself ten days ago. And you wouldn't believe what's happened in just ten days!

Christina: Well, I think I might, if you'd pipe down long enough to tell me.

Joey: Mom... Mom, he's so wonderful. Wonderful things have happened in... I've never known anyone like him. Never known anything like this. I fell in love with him in twenty minutes!

Christina: Well! That was quick. [*both laugh*]

Matt's Study

John: [*the phone*] Well, Dad, I wanted to stop on the way back, but time got so short, and I've got to get to work.

Mr. Prentice: Yeah, but I still don't understand why you couldn't spend one day with us.

John: Well, fact is, Dad, I met this girl.

Mr. Prentice: You what? You met a girl? Well, why didn't you say so? [*to his wife*] Mary, he says he met a girl. [*to John*] Why, that's good. That's good news. Does she live up there in San Francisco?

John: Yes. I'm at her house now.

Mr. Prentice: He's at her house now, at the girl's house. Well, that's different, son. Where did you meet her, in Hawaii?

John: Yes, in Hawaii. And I wanted to meet her folks, you see.

Mr. Prentice: That sounds good, son. I mean, serious.

John: Yes. It's serious.

Mr. Prentice: This is quite a surprise.

John: Yes, she's surprising in a lot of ways, Dad.

Mr. Prentice: Your mother says, "Is she pretty?"

John: Yes, she's pretty.

Mr. Prentice: Says she's pretty. Your mother says, "How old is she?" Mary, what the hell difference does that make?

John: Well, she's only twenty-three, Dad.

Mr. Prentice: Twenty-three, well, that's good. You want my opinion? You're thirty-seven, that's just the right difference. Women age faster than men. You reckon to marry the girl, son?

John: Well, we've been talking about it, but, um... [*a beat*] Dad, there's one or two problems, you see, that I'll write to you about on the plane to New York tonight. All right?

Sitting Room

Joey: He's so calm and sure of everything. He doesn't have any tensions in him. He knows what he believes and what he thinks is right, and why, and where he's going. Oh, Mom, there's one thing I must tell you. He was married before, and he had a son. It was so tragic. [*tearfully*] Both his wife and son were killed in a train accident in Belgium eight years ago. And John,....I haven't even told you his name. Mom, it's John Wade Prentice. Isn't that a lovely name?

Christina: John Wade... [*she looks up and sees John enter the room*]

Joey: Joanna Prentice, I'll be. But, there's something else that I must tell you that John's been concerned about, very deeply concerned. He's been worrying for the past week whether you and Dad would be upset if.....[*John clears his throat*] Well, it's about time. I was wondering where you'd been. Mom, this is John.

Christina: [*stunned*] Doc... Doc... Dr. Prentice? I'm so pleased to meet you.

John: I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs. Drayton. I take it Joanna's already busted out with the big news.

Christina: Well, she has told me a good deal, and all very quickly too.

John: Well, she's only known me for ten days, so she can't tell you when I'm blushing. That could be another problem for us. [*with a little concern*] Mrs. Drayton, I'm medically qualified, so I hope you wouldn't think it presumptuous if I say you ought to sit down before you fall down.

Joey: [*directly*] He thinks you're gonna faint because he's a Negro. Well... I, I don't think I'm going to faint. Ahem. But I'll sit down anyway. Can't we all sit down? [*they sit*] Well, I, um... I suppose it would be all right if I said, "My goodness," wouldn't it? Well, my goodness.

Joey: [*to John*] Do we mind her saying "My goodness"?

John: I don't mind.

Joey: Did you tell them about me?

John: Yes.

Joey: What'd they say?

John: They said I sounded serious and asked if you were pretty. I said you were. They said this was a big surprise. I said it was.

Joey: What did they say when you told them I wasn't a coloured girl?

John: Well, I didn't. It felt like too big a shock for the telephone. After all, an awful lot of people are gonna think that we're a very shocking pair. Isn't that right, Mrs. Drayton?

Christina: I know what you mean. [*a short uncomfortable silence*]

Joey: Tillie's made us some sandwiches. Let's go outside.

The Terrace

Christina: Does your father know that you're back?

Joey: Oh, no, I was gonna phone him. Do you think he'd come back early if I...?

Christina: Oh, he'll be early, all right. He's playing golf with Monsignor Ryan.

Joey: [*excitedly*] That's marvellous! Then he can meet John and then we can all talk over dinner. Because, you see, John has to fly to New York tonight to see a friend of his at Columbia University. And then tomorrow night, he's flying to Geneva to do three months' work for the World Health Organisation. And what I intend to do is fly to Geneva next week so that we can be married. And that's the whole situation.

John: In a nutshell.

Joey: Except that he thinks that the fact he's a Negro and I'm not creates a serious problem.

Christina: Does he?

Joey: I've told him ninety-seven times that it wouldn't make the slightest bit of difference to you or to Dad. But he just wouldn't believe me. And so that's why we're here. And that's why he's watching you so closely right now while he's pretending not to watch you at all.

John: She's absolutely right, Mrs. Drayton. I'm sorry. I told her not to spring all this on you so suddenly, but... [*to Joey*] look, if your father's coming home, you could at least say that I'm somebody you met in Hawaii...

Joey: Oh, now, really!

John: But you could give him a half-hour to adjust...

Joey: But what for? He still has to be told, doesn't he? [*car horn honking*]

Christina: Well, you should make up your minds, because I just heard his car.

Main Entrance

Tillie: Mr. Matt?

Matt: Hi, Tillie. How are you?

Tillie: All hell's done broke loose now!

Matt: What's wrong, that waste disposal?

Tillie: No, it ain't that, but you just remember I said all hell's done broke loose!

Matt: What happened? Where's Christina?

Tillie: She's on the terrace with little Joey,

Matt: With Joey?

Tillie: And somebody calls hisself Dr. Prentice.

Matt: Doctor? There's a doc... Well, what's wrong? What's happened? Joey?

The Terrace

Christina: Here he comes.

Joey: Daddy! How are you?

Matt: Well, what's happened? What are you doing here? Tillie said there was a doctor...

Joey: There is, there is. Dr. John Wade Prentice. This is my dad.

John: [*standing*] Pleased to meet you.

Matt: How are you? Nice to know you. What is it? Is something wrong?

Joey: Of course there's nothing wrong. I just decided to come home early. Oh, uh, Dr. Prentice and I met in Hawaii and we flew back on the same plane this morning.

Matt: Oh! Oh, well, well, well. Sit down. I thought something was really wrong. Tillie said...

Joey: Oh, Tillie's behaving very strangely today. Would you like a cup of coffee?

Matt: No, thanks. I have a date to play golf with Monsignor Ryan. [*hugs Christina*] How are you? What's the matter? Are you having a chill?

Christina: No, darling. I'm fine, I...

Matt: Doctor? Where are you practising, in San Francisco? [*to John*] Sit down.

John: No, sir. I am just here for one day.

Matt: Oh, well, where is your practice? Hawaii?

John: No, no...not really, I..I'm not established in any one place. I'm in tropical medicines, mostly in Africa these past few years.

Matt: Oh, well, that sounds interesting.

Joey: Everything about Dr. Prentice is interesting.

Matt: I'm sure it is. Well, I wish I had more time. Will you excuse me?

Joey: Couldn't you be half an hour late and stay and talk with us?

Matt: I'd love to, Joey, but I mustn't keep the monsignor waiting. No, I'm gonna be late as it is. Will I be seeing you later, doctor?

Joey: You certainly will.

Matt: Good. Well, that's good.

Christina: Dr. Prentice will be here for dinner.

Matt: Fine. Then you can tell me...

Joey: And there's a great deal to tell too, isn't there, Mom?

Matt: Well, fine. See you all later. [*he starts to leave but then it suddenly dawns on him*] What the hell is going on here? [*to Christina*] Look, Chris, if you don't explain to me in the next few minutes what you three are playing at...

John: I can explain it, Mr. Drayton.

Matt: You can? Well, let's have it.continued

John: Well, it's my fault. See, we have a sort of a situation here. Joanna and I didn't just meet in Hawaii. We spent a good deal time together. I mean, all the time after we met. And, well, we have this problem. I fell in love with your daughter. And as incredible as it may seem, she fell in love with me. And we flew back to San Francisco to see if you or Mrs. Drayton would have any objections if we got married. Joanna told her mother as soon as she walked in. And I had the stupid idea that maybe there was some way to break this gently.

Joey: Daddy, you're making John and me nervous.

Matt: Am I? Well, I wouldn't want to do that. I wouldn't want to make anybody nervous. How about you, Chris, are you nervous? Sit down, doctor, before you make me nervous.

Christina: Would, um, anybody like a cup of coffee?

Matt: What did she say when Joanna told her? Did she raise any objections?

John: None so far. There hasn't been much time.

Joey: What objections? Dad, I know this is sort of a shock because it's all so sudden and unexpected. And it never occurred to me that I might fall in love with a Negro, but I did, and nothing in the world is gonna change that. Even if you had any objections I wouldn't let him go now, if you were the governor of Alabama. I mean, if Mom were. So tell him, will you? Tell John if you have any objections, and then you can go play golf.

Matt: What is it you expect me to say? If you want me to think about this, you'll have to give me time. The doctor says you have a problem. You certainly have. And if you're expecting any sensible statement from me, you'll have to give me a little time to think about it. Does that sound reasonable?

John: It's reasonable, Mr. Drayton, but not quite practical.

Christina: You see, Matt, there's sort of a special problem.

John: I've got to fly to New York tonight, and on to Switzerland tomorrow night.

Christina: Yes, and what Joey wants, what she proposes, is to go to Geneva herself so that they can be married within the next couple of weeks.

Matt: What the hell is all the rush?

Joey: Well, we know that we want to get married. And unless somebody does have any objections, why should we waste any time? John and I aren't gonna change our minds.

Matt: Are you saying...? Are you telling me that you want an answer today about how your mother and I feel?

Joey: Well, of course we do. We want you and Mom to state absolutely clearly that you have no objections whatever. And that when we do get married, we'll have your blessing. [*silence as Matt stares at Christina*]

Matt's Study

Matt: *[on the phone]* Hello, Edie? Two things, Edie, both of them urgent. Call up Monsignor Ryan, make my apologies and tell him I can't play this afternoon. Tell him something's come up, something personal at home. *[Christina walks over]* Then call the library and see if they've got any dope on a John Wade Prentice. Prentice. A doctor of medicine, fellow of about thirty-five, thirty-six...

Christina: Oh, Matt! *[he ignores her and continues with the call]*

Matt: He's a coloured fella. If they haven't got anything, call up the Medical Association, see what they've got. Get anything you can, will you? Hurry it up and call me back. *[hangs up, removes his tie]*

Christina: Surely there can't be any necessity for that.

Matt: It can't do any harm either.

Christina: But, Matt, for gosh sake. Joey said he was lecturing at the university in Hawaii.

Matt: Tell me something, did this ever occur to you that this might happen?

Christina: No.

Matt: Never occurred to me either. Not once. Well, can you tell me your reaction? How do you feel about it?

Christina: Oh, I don't know. I was shaken at first. I still am, I suppose. But, Matt, they're serious. They mean what they're saying. Both of them. They know what they're doing.

Matt: No, they may mean what they're saying, I accept that, but they don't know what they're doing. I won't accept that. *[a knock on the door]*

John: If I'm not intruding?

Christina: Of course not, John. Please come in.

John: I'd like to have a couple of minutes with the two of you, if I may.

Matt: Sure, sure, doctor. Come on in.

John: There's something you both ought to know. I made a decision. Joanna doesn't know about it, and I don't see any reason why she should.

Matt: What is it, doctor?

John: Joanna thinks she's committed and that our whole future is settled, but there is no real commitment. And up to now, nothing is settled at all.

Matt: I don't understand. Joanna said you were gonna be married no matter what we might think about it.

John: Well, that's not the case. Unless you two approve, and without any reservations at all, there won't be any marriage.

Christina: Well, why, John? Why have you decided that?continued

John: Well, Mrs. Drayton, this thing has happened so quickly I'm just as startled as you must be. Two weeks ago I would have said such a thing was inconceivable. But two weeks ago I had not met Joanna. She's not at all like anyone I've ever known. It's not just that our colour difference doesn't matter to her. It's that she doesn't seem to think there *is* any difference. The trouble is, this thing has come up at a time when I already have all the problems I need. And I feel that I couldn't afford to get married if it meant that I would have to take on any special problems in addition to those we're obviously going to have.

Matt: When you say "special problems," doctor, what do you mean?

John: Well. [*facing Matt*] Your attitude, Mr. Drayton, and yours, Mrs. Drayton. Joanna is very close to both of you. If by marrying me she damaged her relationship with either of you, the pain of it would be too much for her. I wouldn't know how to deal with that kind of situation. In any case, I wouldn't even want to try.

Matt: Well, I'm glad you told us this, doctor.

John: Don't misunderstand me. I love your daughter. There is nothing I wouldn't do to try to keep her as happy as she was the day I met her. But it seems to me without your approval we will make no sense at all. That is why I am asking for the clearest possible statement of what your attitude is going to be.

Matt: I appreciate that, doctor. It's almost in the form of an ultimatum.

John: Not quite, Mr. Drayton. All you have to say is "goodbye." Well, that's where it's at. Thank you for the opportunity to speak my piece. [*John leaves*]

Christina: Well? Still think you ought to have someone check on him?

Matt: No.

Christina: He's right about Joey too. You know that, don't you?

Matt: Yes.

Christina: Thank God he is, Matt. That's the way I feel, thank God he's right. She's twenty-three years old and the way she is, is just exactly the way we brought her up to be. We answered her questions. She listened to our answers. We told her it was wrong to believe that the white people were somehow essentially superior to the black people, or the brown, or the red, or the yellow ones for that matter. People who thought that way were wrong to think that way, sometimes hateful, usually stupid, but always, always wrong. That's what we said. And when we said it, we did not add, "But don't ever fall in love with a coloured man." [*phone rings*]

Joey's Bedroom

Joey: Mom, how long did it take you to fall in love with Dad?

Christina: [*ironing Joey's shirt*] Oh, well, nothing like so long as twenty minutes!

Joey: Is that really true? Oh, Mom! [*they hug*]

Christina: Joey, I wanna ask you something. How deeply are you and John in...in...involved? No, no, I have no right...

Joey: How deeply involved? Do you mean have we been to bed together? I don't mind you asking me that. We haven't. He wouldn't. I don't think he could have been in much doubt about my feelings, but he wouldn't. [*her shirt*] You're burning my shirt. He's been concerned the whole time about my getting hurt somehow. [*looking out the window*] They're still talking. Wouldn't you think they'd have said everything by now?

The Terrace

Matt: Doctor, we've talked about a good many things, but there's one thing we haven't talked about. Have you given any thought to the problems your children are going to have?

John: Yes, and they'll have some. And we'll have the children. Otherwise I don't know what you'd call it, but you couldn't call it a marriage.

Matt: Is that the way Joey feels?

John: She feels that every single one of our children will be president of the United States and they'll all have colourful administrations. [*Matt lowers his eyes*] Well, you made her, Mr. Drayton. I just met her in Hawaii.

Matt: But how do you feel about that problem?

John: Well, frankly, I think your daughter is a bit optimistic. I'd settle for secretary of state. [*Matt maintains a straight face*]

Matt: Would you think it was some kind of cowardice if I told you that, no matter how confident you two are, I'm just a little scared?

John: No, it wouldn't. But you never know. Things are changing.

Matt: I have a feeling they're not changing anywhere else quite as fast as they are in my own back yard. Just tell me this. Don't you think this quick decision about how we feel about this thing is just a little unfair?

John: In a way, I do. But it wasn't my idea that everything be settled so quickly. Your daughter said there's no problem. She said, "My dad is a lifelong fighting liberal who loathes race prejudice and has spent his whole life fighting against discrimination." She said, "My parents, well, they'll welcome you with open arms." And I said, "Oh, I sure wanna meet them."

Matt's Study

Mr. Prentice: [*the phone*] I just had an idea. What would you say to us flying up there to spend the evening? [*Joey walks in*]

John: This evening?

Mr. Prentice: We could be up there at half past six. I thought maybe we could take you and your young lady friend out...

Joey: [*whispering*] Tell them to come to dinner.

John: No, no, no, Dad, see, I'm having dinner with her folks.

Joey: [*whispering*] Don't be silly. They're invited!

Mr. Prentice: Who's that speaking, the young lady?

John: Yes, that's her. Just a minute. [*to Joey*] You haven't asked your mother...

Joey: [*grabs the phone*] Mr. Prentice, won't you come to dinner, you and Mrs. Prentice? John and I will meet your plane.

John: Stop butting in, Joanna. [*takes back the phone*]

Mr. Prentice: Who am I talking to? John?

John: Hi.

Mr. Prentice: Looks like she wants us, even if you don't. And we certainly wanna meet her. So we'll see you at six thirty.

John: Oh, no, no, no.

Mr. Prentice: Your mother says she's pleased. [*to Mary*] Oh, hell, he knows that! All right, son. We'll see you later. [*phone hangs up*]

John: Dad? Dad! Dad! Dad!

Joey: What's the matter with you? [*to her mother*] Mom!

Christina: Yeah? [*coming in*]

Joey: John's father and mother are coming to dinner.

Christina: Oh. [*half-heartedly*] Good. Marvellous.

Joey: We'll meet their plane at half past six.

Christina: Fine. You tell Tillie, won't you? [*Christina leaves*]

Joey: Okay.

John: Joanna!.. My folks, they don't...[*a beat*] They think you're a coloured girl.

Joey: Why didn't you tell them?

John: I was gonna write to them.

Joey: What difference does it make? Do you think they wouldn't come? Call them back and tell them. They're gonna know anyway at six thirty, because I'll go with you to meet them.

The Terrace and Garden

Matt: Did he tell you about this medical plan of his?

Christina: [*pruning red roses*] No. What?

Matt: It's the damnedest thing you ever heard of. They put a whole medical school on about twenty trucks, run into some African country, pick up the brightest native kids, hundreds at a time, and put them through courses.

Christina: Hmm

Matt: Just like the U.S. Army Corpsmen. Only his idea is that they're all specialists, each one trained to do one simple thing. Like sewing up a wound, or delivering a baby, what have you.

Christina: Hmm [*she starts pruning yellow roses*]

Matt: They go into places where people never heard of an aspirin tablet, let alone a doctor. Imagine what that means. [*she places a yellow rose in his lapel*] For every thousand kids they train, they can save a million lives a year. Now, just think of that.

Christina: He seems to have made quite an impression on you, Matt.

Matt: Yeah. I asked him how he got so far. You know, he's only thirty-seven.

Christina: Yeah

Matt: He said he thought he got the best breaks because everybody he met didn't want him to think they were prejudiced against him. [*she laughs*] Yeah, he made an impression. I wouldn't know how to fault him.

Christina: Are you trying to fault him?

Matt: No, of course I'm not. You know his father is a mailman? Retired now, lives in Los Angeles. Now, how do you suppose a coloured mailman produced a son with all the qualities he has?

Christina: You'll find out this evening.

Matt: What?

Christina: Guess who's coming to dinner.

Matt: Who? You mean...

Christina: His parents?

Matt: Now, wait a minute. Whose idea was that? [*the sit on the garden wall*]

Christina: Joey invited them.

Matt: Yeah, Joey, Joey. We're being pressurised. You know that, don't you? First there was no marriage unless we approved. Then we had one day to make up our minds. Now we have to spend hours entertaining somebody we never heard of! What the hell is coming off here? [*removes the yellow rose in anger*]

Sitting Room

Monsignor Ryan: Where's Arnold Palmer?

Joey: Dad and Mom are in the garden.

Monsignor Ryan: Just go on with what you're doing. Fore! [*heads to the terrace*]

Terrace

Christina: You're a remarkable fellow, Mike. You get younger every minute.

Matt: Did you.....?

Monsignor Ryan: Yes! I've just seen him. Handsome fellow, isn't he? Little Joey's nothing less than radiant. It warms me chilly old heart just to look at her.

Matt: Mike, aren't you just a little shocked?

Monsignor Ryan: Shocked? Why should I be shocked? I've known a good many cases of marriages between races in my time. Strangely enough, they usually work out well. I don't know why. Maybe because it requires some special quality of effort. More consideration and compassion than most marriages seem to generate these days. Could that be it?

Christina: Yes, it could. I'm glad you said that. That's a beautiful thought. You do have beautiful thoughts.

Monsignor Ryan: It's my trade, you know. What about laddie over here? You making heavy weather of it? You know, this man is quite a famous fellow in his own right. He's done incredible work in Asia and some awful place in Africa.

Joey: Mom! Hilary's here. She wants to see you.

Christina: Oh. Excuse me. Express some more beautiful thoughts to the lad. [*leaves*]

Sitting Room

Hilary: My dear, Joey tells me that congratulations are in order, and that you didn't even know. [*Christina, smiling, walks slowly towards Hilary*]

Christina: What's the problem, Hilary? What brings you all the way up here?

Hilary: Oh, Mr. Cazelet phoned about the...

Christina: Oh, that. [*to John*] Excuse us, will you? [*to Hilary*] I'll walk out to your car with you.

Hilary: [*to John*] I hope I'll be seeing you shortly.

Christina: Actually, no, Hilary, Dr. Prentice is leaving tonight, and Joey within the next couple of weeks.

Hilary: Then you must permit me to wish you every happiness.

Christina: Come along, Hilary.

Driveway

Hilary: Christina! Oh, my poor dear, what a shock for you. I knew something was up when I came into the gallery, but this? Whatever are you going to do about it? The child is of age...

Christina: Yes, the child is twenty-three. Why didn't you simply ring up with the Cazelet information?

Hilary: I must admit, I was intensely curious. I simply couldn't believe it. It's so unlike Joey to do anything so appallingly stupid.

Christina: Yes, come along, Hilary.

Hilary: But darling, what you must be going through? [*Christina opens the car door*]

Christina: [*Hilary gets in*] You must try not to worry about it. Now, I have some instructions for you. I want you to go straight back to the gallery. Start your motor. [*car engine starts*] When you get to the gallery, tell Jennifer that she'll be looking after things temporarily. She's to give me a ring if there's anything she can't deal with herself. Then go into the office and make out a cheque, for cash, for the sum of five thousand dollars. Then carefully, but carefully Hilary, remove absolutely everything that might subsequently remind me you had ever been there, including that yellow thing with the blue bulbs which you have such an affection for. Then take the cheque for five thousand dollars, which I feel you deserve, and get permanently lost. It's not that I don't want to know you, Hilary, although I don't, it's just that we're not really the sort of people that you can afford to be associated with. [*Hilary tries to say something*] Don't speak, Hilary, just go.

Terrace

Monsignor Ryan: They need all the help you can give them. They're gonna have special difficulties. Of course, they know all that. They're serious people, fine, intelligent people. And if they know what lies in store for them, and they still want each other enough to accept it, then it's as plain as anything that they love each other very much. And you have to agree that any two people who love each other that much deserve all the best luck in the world.

Matt: I don't know. I wish I didn't have the feeling that they'll never make it. That the whole thing's impossible.

Monsignor Ryan: Oh. You feel that way, do you? You're really thrashing about, then. That's very interesting, indeed. And rather amusing, too, to see a broken-down old phoney liberal come face to face with his principles. [*chuckles*] Of course, I always have believed that in that fighting liberal façade, there must be a reactionary bigot trying to get out. [*laughs*]

Matt: Oh, go to hell. You and your crowd are still preaching hell.....*continued*

Monsignor Ryan: Well, I'm off. As much as I'm enjoying your discomfort, I may be able to save a few souls before supper. But I am, as it happens, free for dinner...

Christina: Oh, please come. Seven thirty. The doctor's family are flying up from Los Angeles.

Monsignor Ryan: Oh, well, in that case, you'll actually need me. Otherwise, your side won't even outnumber the blacks. [*to Christina*] Thank you, my dear. Half past seven. [*starts to leave*] Oh! What was that the Beatles sang?

Mel's Drive-In, Ice Cream Parlour–Afternoon

Christina: You know, Matt, I think Mike was right, that Joey is lucky. The work he's doing is so important. She'll be able to help him with it and share it all with him. It's the best break any wife can have. You know, for us it's all been great. But do you know what was the best time of all? Was in the beginning, when everything was a struggle. And you were working too hard and worried, sometimes frightened. And there were times when I felt, when I really knew, that I was a help to you. That was the very best time of all for me.

Waitress: Okay. One black coffee. And one fresh Oregon boysenberry sherbet.

Matt: Thank you.

[*later*]

Matt: Shall we take home a couple quarts for dessert?

Christina: No. Tillie's baked some pies. [*Matt reverses the car straight into another car*]

Black driver: You stupid idiot! You stupid idiot! Why can't you look where you're going?

Matt: Your car's so low, I couldn't see it.

Black driver: Of course you didn't see me! You weren't even looking! Look what you did to my car!

Matt: All right, it's my fault. My insurance...

Who cares about your lousy insurance? I worked over three months on that!

Matt: How much to have it repaired?

Black driver: Look at it! Thirty or bucks. Stupid old man! You ought to be put away someplace, in a home or something.

Matt: There's fifty bucks. Don't bother to have it fixed. Buy a new one! [*Matt drives off*] What the hell is it today? Less than twelve percent of the people in this city are coloured people. I can't even have a dish of Oregon boozenberry without running into one of them!

Joey's Bedroom

Matt: [*getting dressed*] How do you do, Miss Binks?

Tillie: I got something to say to you, boy! Just exactly what are you trying to pull here?

Matt: I'm not trying to pull anything. I was looking to find me a wife.

Tillie: Ain't that just likely? You wanna answer me something? What kind of doctor are you supposed to be anyhow?

Matt: [*joking*] Would you believe horse?

Tillie: Ohh! You make with witticisms and all, huh? Well, let me tell you something. You may think you're fooling Miss Joey and her folks, but you ain't fooling me. You think I don't see you for what you are. You're one of those smooth-talking, smart-ass niggers just out for all you can get, with your Black Power and all that other trouble-making nonsense. Now you listen here. I brought up that child from a baby in her cradle, and ain't nobody gonna harm her none, while I'm here watching. As long as you are any where around this house, I'm right here watching. You read me, boy? You bring trouble, you'll know what "black power" means! [*starting to leave*] And furthermore, you ain't even all that good-looking!

Chinese Restaurant

Judith: To John and Joey.

Joey: John and Joanna. He won't call me anything but Joanna. I'm beginning to like it too.

Peter: To John and Joanna. You know, where you're so lucky is in Joanna's folks, you've only just met them, but take my word for it, Matt Drayton really stands for something in this town.

John: Yes, I know, the Guardian's always been a good paper.

Peter: It's a great paper. And he made it what it is. And there's never been a single public issue on which Matt Drayton didn't take a stand.

Judith: When exactly are you flying over? Sometime next week?

Joey: Just as soon as I can arrange everything.

Judith: Why are you waiting till next week? Why aren't you flying over with John?

Joey: John, why am I not flying over with you? [*again*] John, why am I not flying over with you?

Judith: Need clothes or anything?

Joey: Nothing I couldn't get over there.

Judith: Well! Then it seems crazy for both of you to go all that way alone when you could go together. Why don't you both leave tonight?

Joey: [*to John*] Yes, why not?

The Drayton Home ,Main Entrance–Evening

Christina: Matt, it's six o'clock. In an hour they'll be here for dinner, and the doctor's plane leaves at ten forty-five. No matter what it is or when you say it, you have to tell them how you feel.

Matt: I need more than one day to make a decision like that. It's the silliest thing I ever heard of. But I'll tell you this: I am not gonna try to pretend that I'm happy about it. Because, I'm not. And if the doctor's decision depends upon that, then it's just too bad. And I'm thinking only of Joey's welfare. I have nothing against him personally, but he's a grown man, and he behaved irresponsibly by letting this thing happen. Now he wants me to be happy about a situation when I happen to know that they'll both get their brains knocked out! I'm sorry, but that's the way I feel. And I know how you're reacting. You're so wrapped up in Joey's excitement over the whole thing that you are not behaving in her best interest.

The Drayton Home ,Bathroom

Christina: I couldn't do what you're about to do, so I don't begin to understand how you propose to go about it. You can't break their hearts over a drink and then expect them to sit down to dinner.

Matt: Don't you think I know that? I'll talk to the doctor after dinner. Tell him exactly how I feel.

Christina: Matt, I'm not trying to give you an argument. There's nothing I can say that you don't know anyway. But it's important that you understand just how wrong I think you... I believe you're making the worst mistake you've ever made... I think you'll regret it with more bitterness than you've ever know for as long as you live.

Matt: You're wrong. You're as wrong as you can be. Because I'm thinking of her. Even the doctor's gonna know I'm thinking of her.

Christina: There's something else. I'm surprised it hasn't occurred to you. The doctor will accept whatever you say to him because he's a terribly sensitive man and because he said he would accept it. But Joey won't. The most obvious mistake that you're making is in underestimating your own daughter. She'll fight you and your whole attitude and everything you do and every argument you ever try to give her. And one thing more. Until today I'd never have believed I could say such a thing. But when she fights you, and for what it may be worth, I'm going to be on her side.

Matt: Well, I never would've believed I'd hear you say a thing like that.

Joey's Car, San Francisco Airport

Mrs Prentice: I was gonna ask Miss Drayton how her mother and father reacted to...

Mr Prentice: Yeah, I wanted to ask that too.

Joey: Please call me Joanna. Well, they were shaken alright. I don't think I've ever seen them so surprised. But the thing that really shook them was that I wanted to marry anybody they hadn't even heard about. I can't blame them for being sort of stunned.

Mr Prentice: Then you couldn't blame us if we were a little stunned too. I mean, I wouldn't appear unreasonable if I suggested that you two are behaving like escaped lunatics.

John: Dad, this whole thing happened so quickly. It's like riding a rocket. We didn't plan it that way, it just happened that way. It's hard on Joanna's folks, and it'll be hard on you. We've got one evening to discuss it, and if you have any objections, you'd better raise them in a hurry, because in exactly four hours we're gonna be on that plane and gone.

Mr Prentice: I can't list all my objections in four hours. I think I'd need more like eight hours.

John: You've only got four hours, so you'll just have to talk twice as fast.

Matt's Bedroom

Matt: No, I don't think you're butting into something that doesn't concern you. I understand how you feel, Mike. I understand how everybody feels. But you have to understand something too. They've boxed me into a hell of a corner here. And no matter what Christina says, or what you say, I am not going to behave irresponsibly. I'm not gonna tell them they can't get married. I don't even have the right to do that. But they don't have the right to come in here and expect me to be happy about something that any normal...

Monsignor Ryan: Matt, you're on the point of destroying all the happiness there is in one of the happiest families I've ever known. Have you any appreciation at all for Christina?

Matt: Christina? Have you any appreciation at all of how that woman has behaved today? From the moment they walked in she was all for it, as though there were no problems at all.*continued*

Monsignor Ryan: But there are no problems that Joey and young Prentice don't know about. Christina has more respect for Joey's judgement than you have, Matt.

Matt: Oh, come off it! If Joey came home with some fuzzy-wuzzy and said, "Mom, this is the man for me," Christina would say, "Oh, really! How wonderful! Where will we get enough roses to fill the Rose Bowl?"

Monsignor Ryan: Ha. I'm trying to remember where I've seen you so angry. Oh, yes. When you took nine shots on the seventh green.

Matt: Would you mind getting the hell out of here?

Monsignor Ryan: I think I know why you're angry too. Not with the doctor, whom you obviously respect, not with Joey or Christina, not even with me. You're angry with yourself.

Matt: You pontificating old poop!

Monsignor Ryan: You're angry because all of a sudden, in a single day, you've been thrown. You're the last man in the world I would have expected to behave the way you are. You're not yourself! You're off balance! You don't know who you are, what you are, or what you're doing. That's your trouble. You've gone back on yourself. In your heart, you know it.

Matt: Now, listen. There's a limit to what I'll take, even from you!

Monsignor Ryan: For thirty years, there's been no man I've admired or respected more. You know that, Matt. And for the first time in all those thirty years, I feel sorry for you.

Matt: Damn it, that's enough! Are you really capable of putting yourself in my position? Unless you've got some kids of your own hidden away somewhere, how could you possibly know how a father would feel in a situation like this? You don't know! I happen to believe they won't have a dog's chance, not in this country, not in the whole stinking world!

Monsignor Ryan: They are this country, Matt. They'll change this stinking world.

Matt: Yeah, sure. Fifty years, maybe, or a hundred years. But not in your lifetime, maybe not even in mine.

Monsignor Ryan: My dear friend, I wish with all my heart you could be restrained. If I were ten years younger, to prevent you from going downstairs, I'd make an effort to wrestle you to the floor. [*car horn honks*]

The Terrace–Evening

Christina: Mrs. Prentice, have you had any chance to speak privately with John?

Mrs Prentice: Well, no.

Christina: Because it's important you understand what's happened here, and what I'm terribly afraid is going to happen. May I explain the situation to you, or try to?

Mrs Prentice: Yes, please. I wish you would.

Christina: First I have to ask you... forgive my being so abrupt and so direct... are you shocked by the fact that John, your son, is involved with a white girl?

Mrs Prentice: Yes, surprised. It never happened before. I guess it never occurred to me that such a thing might happen. But it wouldn't be true to say that I'm shocked. Are you, Mrs. Drayton?

Christina: Well, I think I was at first, this afternoon, because it came as a surprise to us too. But now I know how they feel about each other. Joey's still very young, Mrs. Prentice, but she's not a child. And they're deeply in love with each other.

Mrs Prentice: Mrs Drayton, are you about to tell me that you'd approve the marriage, but that your husband won't? Is that it?

Christina: Yes, that's it.

Mrs Prentice: My husband won't either. I wish there were more time, if only so that we could adjust to the situation, but the way things are there just isn't any time. If we're going to accept the thing at all, it seems to me, we'll have to trust the two of them and accept that they know what they're doing. And, Mrs. Drayton, my husband just won't do that.

Matt's Study

Mr Prentice: Mr. Drayton, I don't know you at all, and I certainly wouldn't want to offend you, but are you some kind of a nut? Are you telling me that you approve of what's going on here?

Matt: No, Mr Prentice, I wasn't going to tell you that.

Mr Prentice: Because if you do, you may be a big newspaper publisher, and I'm nothing but a pensioned-off mailman, but you are out of your mind!

The Sitting Room

John: I have a pretty good idea of what my father is saying to him. I wish I knew. [*a beat*] You were talking with him upstairs. Have you any idea what Mr. Drayton is saying to my father?

Monsignor Ryan: [*clears his throat*] Well, I can tell you one thing, doctor. I was very sorry to hear that you intend to withdraw from the situation if you encounter any..... opposition.

Christina: [*coming in*] John, your mother would like to speak to you.

The Terrace

John: I said that if they didn't approve, there'd be no marriage. I set the terms, Mama.

Mrs Prentice: They don't disapprove. Only Mr. Drayton.

John: Are you sure?

Mrs Prentice: She said she'd even drive you to the airport. John, I've lived with your father for almost forty years. God willing, there'll be a lot more. And even though, I've only known about this situation for one hour, I feel the same way Mrs. Drayton does. She says Joanna will never give you up. I guess it depends upon how much you want her.

John: Want her? I want her, Mama. You know what it's been like for me these past eight years? I felt like I never wanted anybody again. But, Mama, these last few days with her, it's like I'm alive again. It's love.

Matt: Excuse me, doctor. Your father wants to talk to you.

John: Does he?

Matt: He's in my study. [*John leaves*] I've been talking to your husband, Mrs. Prentice. He seems pretty much upset by all this.

Mrs Prentice: I know. Your wife says you are too, Mr. Drayton.

Matt: Well, not upset, exactly. It's a very difficult problem.

Mrs Prentice: For whom? For you and my husband? I think you'll solve your problem. All you have to do is tell them you're against them. That's all. And you'll have no problem.

Matt: You're not going to tell me that you're happy about this relationship?

Mrs Prentice: This is not a night for talking about happiness, Mr Drayton. This is an unhappy night.

Matt: You've been talking to Christina. I know how she feels. Can you imagine for one minute that I want to see either one of them hurt?

Mrs Prentice: No. No more than my husband does. But hurt they're going to be, worse than my husband knows. I think worse than you know too, Mr Drayton.

Matt's Study

Mr Prentice: He's as much against this thing as I am, maybe more against it. Son, you've got to listen to me. I'm not telling you how to live your life, but you never made a mistake like this before. You've been nothing but a source of pride for me and your mother your whole life. But you don't know what you're doing! Now, this affair here, it all happened too fast, you said so yourself. But you've got to stop and think! Have you thought what people would say about you? Why in sixteen or seventeen states you'd be breaking the law. You'd be criminals. And say they changed the law, that don't change the way people feel about this thing. You know, for a man who never put a wrong foot anywhere, you're way out of line, boy!

John: That's for me to decide, man. So just shut up and let me...

Mr Prentice: You don't say that to me! You haven't got the right to ever say that to me, not after what I've been to you. You know that and I know that. I know what you made of yourself, but I worked my ass off to buy the chances you had! You know how far I carried that bag in thirty years? Seventy-five thousand miles. And mowing lawns in the dark so you wouldn't be stoking furnaces and could bear down on the books. There were things your mother should have had that she insisted go instead for you. And I don't mean fancy things. I mean a decent coat. A lousy coat! You'll say that means nothing? You'll break your mother's heart?

The Terrace

Mrs Prentice: [to Matt] What happens to men when they grow old? Why do they forget everything? I believe those two young people need each other like they need the air to breathe in. Anybody can see that by just looking at them. But you and my husband, you might as well be blind men. You can only see that they have a problem. But do you really know what's happened to them, how they feel about each other? I believe that men grow old, and when sexual things no longer matter to them, they forget it all, forget what true passion is. If you ever felt what my son feels for your daughter, you've forgotten everything about it. My husband too. You knew once, but that was a long time ago. Now the two of you don't know. And the strange thing for your wife and me is that you don't even remember. If you did, how could you do what you are doing?

Matt's Study

John: *[to his father]* You listen to me. You say you don't want to tell me how to live my life. So what do you think you've been doing? You tell me what rights I've got or haven't got, and what I owe to you for what you've done for me. Let me tell you something. I owe you nothing. If you carried that bag a million miles, you did what you're supposed to do. Because you brought me into this world. And from that day you owed me everything you could ever do for me, like I will owe my son if I ever have another. But you don't own me! You can't tell me when or where I'm out of line, or try to get me to live my life according to your rules. You don't even know what I am, Dad, you don't know who I am. You don't know how I feel, what I think. And if I tried to explain it the rest of your life you will never understand. You are 30 years older than I am. You and your whole lousy generation believes the way it was for you is the way it's got to be. And not until your whole generation has lain down and died will the dead weight of you be off our backs. You understand, you've got to get off my back. Dad... Dad. You're my father. I'm your son. I love you. I always have and I always will. But you think of yourself as a coloured man. I think of myself as a man. Now, I've got a decision to make, hm? And I've got to make it alone, and I gotta make it in a hurry. So would you go out there and see after my mother?

The Sitting Room

Matt: Sit down, everyone.. It was explained by my daughter that she intended to get married, and that her intended was a young man whom I'd never met who happened to be a Negro. Well, I think it's fair to say that I responded to this news in the same manner that any normal father would respond to it, unless, of course, his daughter happened to be a Negro too. In a word, I was flabbergasted. And while I was still being flabbergasted, I was informed by my daughter, a very determined young woman, much like her mother, that the marriage was on no matter what her mother and I might feel about it. Then the next rather startling development occurred, *[to John]* when you said that unless we, her mother and I, approved of the marriage, there would be no marriage.

Joey: *[to John]* You didn't. What a funny thing to do.

Matt: Joey. This may be the last chance I'll ever have to tell you to do anything. So I'm telling you, shut up. *[a beat]* Now, it became clear that we had one single day in which to make up our minds as to how we felt about this whole situation. So, what happened? My wife, typically enough, decided to ignore every practical aspect of the situation and was carried away in some kind of a romantic haze, which made her, in my view, totally inaccessible to anything in the way of reason..*continued*

I have not as yet referred to His Reverence, who began by forcing his way into the situation, and then insulting my intelligence by mouthing three hundred platitudes, and ending just a half-hour ago by coming to my room and challenging me to a wrestling match. [*to John*] What time is your plane?

John: 10:45

Matt: Right. Now, Mr. Prentice, clearly a most reasonable man, says he has no wish to offend me, but wants to know if I'm some kind of a nut. And Mrs. Prentice says that like her husband, I'm a burnt-out old shell of a man who cannot even remember what it's like to love a woman, the way her son loves my daughter. And strange as it seems, that's the first statement made to me all day with which I am prepared to take issue. Because I think you're wrong. You're as wrong as you can be. I admit that I hadn't considered it, hadn't even thought about it, but I know exactly how he feels about her. And there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that your son feels for my daughter that I didn't feel for Christina. Old? Yes. Burnt out? Certainly. But I can tell you the memories are still there. Clear, intact, indestructible. And they'll be there if I live to be 110. Where John made his mistake, I think, was attaching so much importance to what her mother and I might think. Because in the final analysis, it doesn't matter a damn what we think. The only thing that matters is what they feel, and how much they feel... for each other. And if it's half of what we felt, that's everything.

As for you two and the problems you're going to have, they seem almost unimaginable. But you'll have no problem with me. And I think that when Christina and I and your mother have some time to work on him, you'll have no problem with your father, John. But you do know, I'm sure you know, what you're up against. There'll be a hundred million people right here in this country who'll be shocked and offended and appalled at the two of you. And the two of you will just have to ride that out, maybe every day for the rest of your lives. You can try to ignore those people, or even feel sorry for them and for their prejudices and their bigotry and their blind hatreds and stupid fears, but where necessary, you'll just have to cling tight to each other and say, "Screw all those people." Anybody could make a case, and a hell of a good case, against your getting married. The arguments are so obvious that nobody has to make them. But you're two wonderful people who happened to fall in love and happened to have a pigmentation problem. I think that now, no matter what kind of a case some bastard could make against your getting married, there would be only one thing worse. And that would be if, knowing what you two are, knowing what you two have, and knowing what you two feel, you didn't get married. [*a long silence*] Well, Tillie. When the hell are we gonna get some dinner?

presumptuous to intrude a practice to dramatise an ultimatum to startle
an objection a bigot to approve to adjust phoney kinetic art a commission

1. _____ is art, especially sculpture, with parts that move
2. _____ is an amount of money that you earn in your job every time you sell a product or get a new customer
3. _____ is showing too much confidence and not enough respect
4. _____ is to get used to a new situation by changing the way you behave and/or think
5. _____ is a reason why you do not like or are opposed to something; a statement about this
6. _____ is to go or be somewhere where you are not wanted or are not supposed to be
7. _____ is to think that somebody/something is good, acceptable or suitable
8. _____ is to surprise somebody suddenly in a way that slightly shocks or frightens them
9. _____ is a final warning to a person or country that if they do not do what you ask, you will use force or take action against them
10. _____ is not real or true; false, and trying to trick people
11. _____ is to make something seem more exciting or important than it really is
12. _____ is the business of a doctor, lawyer, or other professional person
13. _____ is a person who has very strong, unreasonable beliefs or opinions about race, religion or politics and who will not listen to or accept the opinions of anyone who disagree

to pontificate flabbergasted subsequently prejudiced to budge to pry
reservations abrupt a liberal to pressurise stumped radiant to elope

1. _____ is having an unreasonable dislike of or preference for somebody / something, especially based on their race, religion, sex, etc
2. _____ is showing great happiness, love or health
3. _____ is to try to find out information about other people's private lives in a way that is annoying or rude
4. _____ is to give your opinions in a way that shows you think you are definitely right, especially when this annoys other people
5. _____ is to run away with somebody in order to marry them secretly
6. _____ is sudden and unexpected, often in an unpleasant way
7. _____ is to be unable to answer a question, or say anything at all
8. _____ is a feeling of doubt about a plan or an idea; misgivings
9. _____ is extremely surprised and / or shocked
10. _____ is someone who is willing to understand and respect other people's opinions, especially when they are different from their own
11. _____ is afterwards; later; after something else has happened
12. _____ is to persuade somebody to do something, especially by making them feel that they have to or should do it
13. _____ is to move slightly; to make something / somebody move slightly (*often used in negative*)

Match the following idioms/phrases with their meaning below

1. break something.....*We need to break the news gently to your father*
2. speak your piece*Thank you for the opportunity to speak my piece*
3. be thrown by something*You're angry because suddenly you've been thrown*
4. occur to..... *It never occurred to me that I might fall in love with a white girl*
5. box in*They've boxed me into a hell of a corner here*
6. spring something on someone I..... *told her not to spring all this on you so suddenly*
7. get above yourself.....*I don't care to see a member of my race getting above himself*
8. the final analysis.....*in the final analysis it doesn't matter your parents think*
9. pipe down.....*pipe down you two, I'm trying to talk with your mum*
10. play your cards right..... *play your cards right and she might ask you out*
11. a stand on something.....*where does he stand on the issue of interracial marriage?*
12. come up*Tell him something's come up, something personal at home*
13. pass through*Do you live in San Francisco? – No, I'm just passing through*
14. fall for someone.....*We were a couple, but then he fell for some girl from Pomona*
15. give someone your blessing*We're hoping we'll have your blessing to get married*
16. son of a bitch

- a. to be strongly attracted to somebody; to fall in love with somebody
- b. to come into your mind (to think about an idea or thought)
- c. the most important thing after everything has been discussed, or considered
- d. to have a particular attitude or view about a person or subject
- e. to give permission or support to somebody
- f. to become unsettled, upset or confused by something
- g. to tell someone something that they do not expect
- h. to disclose or reveal information in a nice way
- i. to go through a town, etc, stopping there for a short time but not staying
- j. to tell somebody to stop talking or to be less noisy
- k. an insulting word for someone who you are angry with
- l. to trap someone so that they have no good choices in a difficult situation
- m. make the most of a situation so that you achieve some advantage
- n. to say exactly what you feel or think
- o. to have too high an opinion of yourself
- p. to happen, esp. a problem that needs to be dealt with immediately

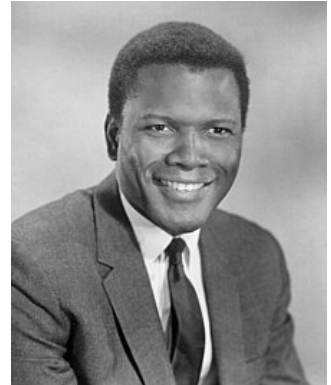
Match the following idioms/phrases with their meaning below

1. not a dog's chance.....*they won't have a dog's chance with this marriage*
2. all hell broke loose.....*I'm glad your home. All hell done broken loose*
3. to lie in store.....*None of us knows what lies in store for us*
4. to pull (a fast one)*Just exactly what are you trying to pull here?*
5. burnt out*I'm just a burnt-out old shell*
6. colourful*they'll all be Presidents and have colourful administrations*
7. to put a foot wrong*when you were a child you never put a foot wrong*
8. in a nutshell.....*in a nutshell, we're leaving tonight*
9. to make heavy weather of*Students make such heavy weather of doing homework*
10. to ride out.....*People will be angry. You two will just have to ride that out*
11. to butt in*Stop butting in, Joanna. Let me finish what I have to say*
12. welcome someone with open arms*My parents will welcome you with open arms*
13. playing at*what are you playing at boy?*
14. come face to face*a liberal finally coming face to face with his principles*
15. to fault somebody / something.....*I wouldn't know how to fault your friend*
16. to stand for something*Matt Drayton really stands for something in this town*

- a. to say or express something in a very clear way, using few words
- b. suddenly there was a lot of noise, arguing, fighting, etc.
- c. used to ask in an angry way about what somebody is doing
- d. interesting, exciting, and sometimes funny
- e. to find a mistake or a weakness in somebody / something
- f. to find something more difficult or complicated than it needs to be
- g. to be going to happen to somebody in the future
- h. a situation in which you are forced to deal directly with a problem
- i. to trick someone
- j. to be a sign or symbol of something, especially a person of principle
- k. no chance at all
- l. to interrupt a conversation rudely
- m. to make a mistake (usually in negative)
- n. come safely through something, esp. a storm or a period of danger or difficulty
- o. feeling as if you have done something for too long and need to have a rest
- p. to be very happy to see someone or to let them stay with you

Sidney Poitier
(February 20, 1927 – January 6, 2022)

Sidney Poitier was a Bahamian-American actor, film director, and diplomat. In 1963, he was the first Black person and first Bahamian to win the Academy Award for Best Actor. He received two competitive Golden Globe Awards, a competitive British Academy of Film and Television Arts (BAFTA), and a Grammy Award for Best Spoken Word Album. Poitier was one of the last major stars from the Golden Age of Hollywood cinema.



Poitier's family lived in the Bahamas, then still a Crown colony, but he was born unexpectedly in Miami, Florida, while they were visiting, which automatically granted him U.S. citizenship. He grew up in the Bahamas, but moved to Miami at age 15, and to New York City when he was 16. He joined the American Negro Theatre, landing his breakthrough film role as a high school student in the film *Blackboard Jungle* (1955). In 1958, Poitier starred with Tony Curtis as chained-together escaped convicts in *The Defiant Ones*, which received nine Academy Award nominations; both actors received nominations for Best Actor, with Poitier's being the first for a Black actor. They both also had Best Actor nominations for the BAFTAs, with Poitier winning. In 1964, he won the Academy Award and the Golden Globe for Best Actor for *Lilies of the Field* (1963), playing a handyman helping a group of German-speaking nuns build a chapel.

Poitier also received acclaim for *Porgy and Bess* (1959), *A Raisin in the Sun* (1961), and *A Patch of Blue* (1965). He continued to break ground in three successful 1967 films which dealt with issues of race and race relations: *To Sir, with Love*; *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, and *In the Heat of the Night*, the latter of which won the Academy Award for Best Picture for that year. He received Golden Globe and BAFTA nominations for his performance in the last film, and in a poll the next year he was voted the US's top box-office star. Beginning in the 1970s, Poitier also directed various comedy films, including *Stir Crazy* (1980), starring Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, among other films. After nearly a decade away from acting, he returned to television and film starring in *Shoot to Kill* (1988) and *Sneakers* (1992).

Poitier was granted a knighthood by Queen Elizabeth II in 1974. In 1982, he received the Golden Globe Cecil B. DeMille Award. In 1995, he received the Kennedy Centre Honour. From 1997 to 2007, he was the Bahamian Ambassador to Japan. In 1999, he ranked 22nd among male actors on the "100 Years...100 Stars" list

by the American Film Institute and received the Screen Actors Guild Life Achievement Award. In 2002, he was given an Honorary Academy Award, in recognition of his "remarkable accomplishments as an artist and as a human being". In 2009, he was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian honour in the United States, by President Barack Obama. In 2016, he was awarded the BAFTA Fellowship for outstanding lifetime achievement in film.

Legacy

Poitier was described as an icon in his obituary by USA Today. Laura Jacobs for Vanity Fair hailed Poitier as the "Martin Luther King Jr. of the movies". Several film historians and journalists have called him Hollywood's first African-American film star. The New York Times noted after his death, that Poitier was instrumental for the diversity of Hollywood and "paved the way for Black actors in film". The Hollywood Reporter wrote that "Poitier was the first actor to star in mainstream Hollywood movies that depicted a Black man in a non-stereotypical fashion, and his influence, especially during the 1950s and '60s as role model and image-maker, was immeasurable."

While presenting Poitier the Honorary Academy Award in 2002, Denzel Washington said of Poitier: "Before Sidney, African American actors had to take supporting roles in major studio films that were easy to cut out in certain parts of the country. But you couldn't cut Sidney Poitier out of a Sidney Poitier picture". He was an influential African-American actor and highly viewed as such as he became the first Black actor to be nominated for an Academy Award and the first Black male actor to win the award. He was also described as the "sole representative" of African-Americans in mainstream cinema during the 1950s and 1960s, especially during the height of the American Civil Rights movement. The New York Times noted that Poitier was "an ambassador to white America and a benign emblem of Black power". For his role in diversifying Hollywood and for his role in paving the way for further Black actors, he was described as one of "the most important figures of 20th century Hollywood".

Death and tributes

On January 6, 2022, Poitier died at his home in Los Angeles, California, at the age of 94. Upon Poitier's death, many released statements honouring him, including President Joe Biden, who wrote in part: "With unflinching grandeur and poise – his singular warmth, depth, and stature on-screen – Sidney helped open the hearts of millions and changed the way America saw itself." . © Wikipedia

Web Links

[Katherine Hepburn Best Actress Award 1967](#)

[Academy Tribute 2004 5 minutes](#)

[Anthony Hopkins tribute 4 minutes](#)

[Sidney Poitier on The Oprah Winfrey Show 2000 2mins](#)

[Sidney Poitier on The Oprah Winfrey Show 2000 2mins](#)

[Sidney Poitier, Academy Class of 2014 2 hrs](#)

[Stanley Kramer: A Man's Search For Truth 4 mins](#)

Click the above link and answer the following questions

1. What did Stanley Kramer say he was looking to do in films? (2:31 mins)
2. How does Beau Bridges describe Stanley Kramer?(2:52 mins)
3. According to Dennis Hopper, what was his relationship like with the studios? (3:14 mins)
4. What does Marshall Schlom say was special about the film *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*? (4:06-4:17 mins)
5. According to Norman Jewison, what is Stanley Kramer's legacy?(5:05-5:15 mins)

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

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