

Mr. Finley's feelings

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I'm Tom Finley, I tell the story of a very important day in my life. You're going to hear me talk quite a lot in this picture, but you won't ever see me.

This is where I work. I'm the office manager in the H.R. Burton Factory. Right now, as this big day of mine begins, it's almost 5 and about time to leave. I've been fooling around with a quiz in a newspaper.

Here, take a look over my shoulder.

THOMAS E. FINLEY

“Do I like people? Yes!”

ARE YOU GETTING
THE MOST OUT OF YOUR LIFE?

“Do I feel refreshed and energetic after a good night's sleep? Yes, most of the time.

Would I say I was reasonably healthy? Yeah, I have headaches but then, nearly everybody does.

Am I on good terms with my boss? Yes!

- Oh, Tom, busy this evening?
- Er, no, sir.
- Would you mind very much finishing this report? You can work at it at home, if you'd rather.
- OK, H.R.
- Hate to do this to you. Hope you don't mind.
- It will be on your desk, first thing in the morning, sir.
- I'd appreciate it very much.”

SCORE THREE FOR EACH YES

1. DO YOU MAKE FULL USE OF YOUR ABILITIES?
2. DO YOU LIKE PEOPLE?
3. DO YOU FEEL REFRESHED AND ENERGETIC AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP?
4. WOULD YOU SAY YOU WERE REASONABLY HEALTHY?
5. ARE YOU ON GOOD TERMS WITH YOUR BOSS?
6. DO YOU REMEMBER ALL THE GOOD TIMES WITHOUT REGRET?
7. ARE YOU CRITICAL, YET FIND ENJOYMENT IN A MOVIE?
8. DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR COMPANY SERGEANT AS A STRICT BUT GOOD GUY?

H.R. BURTON

PRIVATE

“Appreciate it... You little Napoleon. Since when did you ever appreciate...

- Hey, Tom! Don't forget poker tonight.
- Count me out, George. H.R. just unloaded an evening's work on me.
- Oh, tough luck! See what you're missing?”

After that, I start through the factory, mad at Burton, mad at missing the poker game.

“9, 16, 24...

- 12, 8...
- 42...
- Er, 96.
- 96.
- 9, 16, 24...
- 12, 12...
- 42...
- 144.
- 144.
- Can't you work somewhere else, Jane? You're bothering Daddy.
- I'm all through, now, Mom.
- 9, 16, 24, 42...
- More coffee, dear?
- Thanks.
- 9, 16, 24...
- I'm taking mine black. Saves about 100 calories.
- 100... Milly, how can I work if you keep on talking to me? Besides, my head is splitting.
- I'm awfully sorry, dear. We'll all be more quiet.
- 9, 16, 24, 42, 88, 107...
- Bang! Bang! Drop that gun, I'll give you till 10. 1, 2, 3,...
- 9, 16, 24, 42...
- 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10! Bang! Right in the tummy.”

WESTERN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES (STERLING)

“I give up! I give up! Other men have helpful families, not me.

- Sorry, Daddy.”

“Nobody gives me the least consideration.”

“I'm sick and tired of letting people push me around.

Oh, I suppose he's gonna give me the worst.”

YOU ARE TOO CLOSE CMTEX 7150861 POLICE

“What's the charge, Mervin?

- Reckless driving!
- I think we can make that stick.”

“George! Milly told me you've been arrested for reckless driving.

- That stupid so-and-so of a cop. Listen, I was driving along carefully, as usual, minding my own...”

POLICE

POLICE

“...and to top it off, that sergeant wouldn't even let me open my mouth!

- He seems like a reasonable guy, Tom.
- So you're gonna believe him instead of me?
- I thought you were going to spend the evening working at home.
- I couldn't get any peace in that madhouse.

My, my headache was driving me crazy.

No peace at home. No peace at the office. Burton, he just loves messing things up for me, standing behind that partition all day long. Spying, spying, spying... Thinks he's Napoleon.

- Maybe it's you who thinks he's Napoleon. Why didn't you tell him you had a date?
- Try telling him anything.
- I think he'd have understood.
- Quit picking on me, George. I'm in enough trouble.
- Tom, I've known you all my life. You're a great guy. But you do fly off the handle, and think people are picking on you when they're not.
- What do you mean by that?
- Well, even back in school... Remember our third grade teacher?
- Gladys Stark, that old battle-ax!”

“Tom Finley!

- Yes, Miss Stark.
- Multiply 5.623.436 by 204.602, quickly!
- Er, er...
- Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up!”

“Wait a minute, Tom! She wasn't like that.”

“George Pierce?

- Yes, Miss Stark?
- Multiply 3 times 7. Take your time.
- Er, 7 times 3, you mean?
- Yes, George.
- Er, er, I don't know, Miss Stark. I've been absent, I missed school.
- Alright, George, it's 21. But let's go over it again, if we may.”

“She couldn't have been more patient.

- OK. OK, maybe I did have the cop and the boss, and even Starky slightly out of focus. But there is one person who always had it in for me. Remember our old top sergeant, that slave driver Driscoll? He sure hated my guts.

- I ran into Driscoll the other day. He asked about you, said you were the best company clerk he'd ever had.
- Did he? For Pete's sake! Have I got everybody mixed up? What's wrong, George? Am I sick or something?
- Maybe you're making yourself sick. Remember what a mess Bill Jones got himself into last year? Took the doc six months to set him straight.
- Think I should see a doctor?
- Well, sure. Why not? Other people can help, too. You know, it's a good idea to talk things out with someone you like and trust.
- George, it was swell of you to come all the way down here. I wish I could see things, people, the way you do. Most of the time, lately, it's as if the whole darn world..."

"Tom, could you do this report?

- More coffee, Tom?
- 12, 144.
- Tom!
- Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
- More coffee?
- 144...
- Bang! Bang! Bang!
- 12...
- Bang! Bang! Bang!
- More coffee, Tom? More coffee, Tom?"

"Don't worry, Tom. I feel like that myself sometimes.

- What do you do, then?
- Oh, I blow my top once in a while, when somebody really does me dirt, but... When I feel mad at everybody, when, er, people all look cockeyed, it's mostly because I'm mad at myself. Maybe I think I've done something wrong, maybe I'm, er, feeling I'm not as good as somebody else. When I get to feeling good about myself, why, then most everybody else looks pretty good, too.
- You make it sound easy.
- It isn't easy, Tom. You've got to keep working at it. But it sure is worth it.
- Hello, there! What? Both of you?
- It's H.R. himself.
- George just came to see me.
- Come on, you won't have to see the judge until next week.
- Everything alright, now? I must run along.
Don't bother coming in tomorrow morning. I'll send for those papers. Bye!
- So he fired me... Now who's cockeyed, George?
- Shh, shh...
- Hey, Tom! Don't forget! Staff meeting, tomorrow at 3!
- Well, I'll be...
- Er, you've got good friends, Mister.
- Come on. I'll see you home. Head still ache?
- What? No. By golly, it's gone!"

Well, as George and I walked out of that jail together, I began to see things a little straighter. I'd learnt one important lesson anyway. I knew then that a guy could get himself into a whale of a lot of trouble if he didn't understand what his feelings could do to him.

I've got plenty more to learn, I know. It's not gonna be simple or easy, but I'm sure gonna try.

Well, now you've seen how things looked to me at the beginning and at the end of this very important day in my life.

Maybe you had a day like this yourself.

Maybe I seem familiar to you...

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