



Scripts.com

# How to Marry a Millionaire

By Nunnally Johnson

New York, New York  
You high and mighty, bright and shiny  
fabulous place, New York  
New York, New York  
You busy, dizzy, razzle-dazzle  
scandalous place, New York  
Guys with easy money  
tryin' to blow it  
Dolls with hidden talent  
dyin' to show it  
Take off for Broadway  
by taxi, by subway  
And land on the town  
A merry-go-round  
New York, New York  
Where millionaires and Cinderellas  
rendezvous at the Stork  
In Central Park romantic babies  
and their fellas rendezvous in the dark  
Crazy city with its hat  
on the steeple  
Noisy city with  
its millions of people  
Doorway to glory  
and fortune and fame  
You'll never get your fill of it  
never forget the thrill of it  
Glorious, glamorous  
wonderland  
New York  
Oh, is Mr. Benton here yet,  
the agent for the apartments?  
Oh, yes. He's in there  
waiting for you now.  
Thank you.  
Oh, good morning, Mrs. Page.  
I do hope I haven't  
kept you waiting too long.  
Not in the least. I'm afraid I have  
a little disappointment for you, though.  
You won't be able to meet Mr. Denmark.  
He flew to Europe this morning.  
Oh, dear, I am disappointed.  
Wasn't that awfully sudden?

Oh very. You know how those income tax people are when you skip a whole year. And the result, of course, is that a longer lease is now possible.

Open, if you don't mind.

Hmm? Oh, oh, certainly.

Certainly.

How long a lease? Not that it matters if he's to insist on a thousand a month.

That's what I wanted to see him about, personally.

Oh, he won't be needing the place for years now.

I hear Mr. Whiskers really blew his top this time.

You mean he can't come back to this country?

It would be I understand the very height of folly.

Oh, I see. Well, it throws an entirely different light.

Where's that lease?

Well, I'm afraid

I haven't got it with me.

Oh, never mind.

You can mail it to me.

This is for two months, the first and the last.

- That's the deal, isn't it?

- That's correct.

How soon would you like to take possession?

Oh, anything wrong with right now?

Nothing at all. It's a little unusual, of course, but, uh...

Thank you so much, Mr. Benton.

You've been awfully kind.

Oh, thank you, Mrs. Page.

It's a genuine pleasure to do business with a woman of such decision.

- We in the real estate game...

- Bye now.

Oh, yes, of course. Well.

Oh, I almost forgot.

How long shall I make the lease for?

Oh, a year will be quite enough.

Thank you.

But don't you think  
you oughta have it...

- Yes?

- Bingo.

I'll be right over.

- To the left.

- Thanks.

All right, put'em on.

No men here yet.

You certainly got here in a hurry.

Did you take a taxi?

No, I didn't have  
enough money for a taxi

I had the Chrysler people demonstrate  
that new showboat for me again.

- The one with the gold trim?

- Was it gold?

I didn't want to put on my specs  
with the driver there, you know.

The one they sent for me  
had gold trim.

Brother!

Smooth, huh?

Creamy. Are we really in?

- Built in.

- 'll call Loco.

Loco who?

You know, that girl

I was telling you about from Jersey.

You didn't tell me

her name was "Loco."

It isn't. That's what the other models  
call her. It means crazy, you know?

That's what I know.

- Hello?

- Bingo!

- Hold that for a minute.

- Just a minute, Loke.

I can't shack up with a dame I haven't  
even met, and she's crazy too.

You don't have to. All I'm going to ask her is to come up here.

If you don't like her, that's the end of it.

- s she class?

- s she. Didn't I tell you?

She's been on the cover of Harper's Bazaar three times already.

And she knows

how to handle it?

- Well, let's see if she does. Loke?

- Yes?

- How much money you got?

- 've got a quarter.

That's wonderful. Stop in on your way up here and pick up lunch for us.

- How many?

- Three.

Okay. Just as soon

as I get something on.

There's a fine contribution to a million dollar proposition, one whole quarter.

Maybe, but she's awful clever with a quarter.

I just don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you enough.

I'm still so embarrassed.

You have no reason to be. Anybody can forget their money. I've done it myself.

I know, but...

Oh, hi, honey.

- Come on in.

- Come in.

This is a gentleman I met at the cold cuts counter.

- What did you say your name was?

- Tom Brookman.

B- R-O-O-K-M-A-N.

Brookman.

Well, this is my friend,

Miss Pola Debevoise.

- How do you do?

- Oh, and this is Miss Page, isn't it?

- Mrs. Page.

- How do you do? t was very funny.  
I was ordering some pastrami  
and potato salad,  
and I heard Miss Dempsey explaining  
she only had a quarter...  
You can just set that down.  
We'll take it from here.  
Oh, wouldn't you like me  
to put them in the kitchen?  
No, I don't think you'd better.  
The cook's not dressed.  
- Oh, really?  
- Thank you very much.  
Some other day.  
Give us a ring next week.  
- don't know your number.  
- That's all right. It's in the book.  
Thank you very much,  
Mr. Brookman.  
- But I don't know your first name.  
- He was really very nice.  
I thought he might  
have lunch with us.  
Look, the first rule of this proposition  
is that gentleman callers  
have got to wear a necktie.  
I don't want to be snobbish,  
but if we begin with characters like that,  
we might just as well  
throw in the towel right now  
Thanks, Mick.  
Keep the change.  
- How do, Mr. Brookman?  
- Hiya, Pete.  
The next thing to remember is  
a gentleman you meet among cold cuts  
is simply not as attractive  
as one that you meet,  
say in the mink department  
at Bergdorf's.  
But he was cute,  
don't you think?  
Sure he was, but then I never met one  
of those gas pump jockeys that wasn't.

- s that what he is?  
- You bet your life.  
I know those guys. I married one once.  
Very very cute fellow.  
- didn't know you were really married.  
- Just got back from Reno.  
Oh, then you must be loaded.  
Mine was one of those divorces you don't  
read about. The wife finished second.  
But that's against the law, isn't it?  
I was absolutely nuts about that guy,  
and you know what he did to me?  
First off, he gives me  
a phony name.  
Second, it turns out  
he was already married yet.  
Third, from the minute  
the preacher said, "Amen,"  
he never did  
another tap of work.  
The next thing I knew he'd stolen my  
television set and given it to a carhop.  
When I ask him how about that,  
he hits me with a chicken.  
- A live chicken?  
- No, a baked chicken, stuffed.  
He sounds incompatible to me.  
Last I saw of him, I stepped out of  
the car for a minute at a gas station.  
I had to walk home.  
Well, I'm surprised  
you'd ever want to get married again.  
Oh, but that's the point  
about this whole setup.  
Of course I want to  
get married again.  
Who doesn't?  
It's the biggest thing  
you can do in life.  
The way most people go about it,  
they use more brains  
picking a horse in the third at Belmont  
than they do picking a husband.  
- Do they really?

- t's your head you've got to use,  
not your heart.

- Oh, I see.

Tell her your idea  
about this apartment.

Well, to put it simply,  
the idea is this.

If you had your choice  
of everybody in the world,  
which would you rather marry,  
a rich guy or a poor one?  
I think I'd rather marry a rich one.

All right. Where would you  
be most likely to meet a rich one,  
in a walk-up on Amsterdam Avenue  
or in a joint like this?

Well...

I should say in a joint like this.

Okay, then, that's it.

We're all working steady,  
so we throw everything  
we make into the kitty,  
and get a little organization  
into this marriage caper.

Class address, class background,  
class characters.

To be specific about it,  
nothing under six figures a year.

I've never heard anything  
so intelligent in my life.

If you want to catch a mouse,  
you set a mousetrap.

So, all right,  
we set a bear trap.

All we've got to do is one of us  
has got to knock off a bear.

- You mean marry him?

- f you don't marry him,  
you haven't caught him,  
he's caught you.

All my life, ever since I was a little  
girl, I've had the same dream,  
to marry a zillionaire.

Do you know who I'd like to marry?



- Who?  
- Rockefeller.  
- Which one?  
- don't care.  
I wouldn't mind marrying  
a Vanderbilt.  
Or a Mr. Cadillac.  
No such person. I checked.  
Is there a Mr. Texaco?  
No. But how about one  
of those rich maharajas?  
How about three of them?  
Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had three  
of them for dinner and they married us?  
Think of all those  
diamonds and rubies.  
And all those crazy elephants.  
This is really living it up, isn't it?  
People that live any other way  
are just crazy.  
I wonder who's going to pay for it.  
- Yeah, how about that?  
- Well, I'll tell you.  
I knew it couldn't last.  
Relax, will you? And somebody  
break open that other bottle.  
Good afternoon. I'm Mr. Bennett  
of the Bennett Music Company.  
- Are you the lady...  
- That's right. Come right in.  
Thank you.  
The reason I called you is,  
what will you give me  
for this piano, cash?  
Well,  
it's a very handsome instrument.  
Really, Pola, I think she's the most  
intelligent person I guess I ever met.  
Well, it's not in first-class condition,  
you understand,  
but, uh, we might be interested  
in paying you, say 2,500?  
We'll take it.  
Well, kids,

where will we eat tonight,  
the Stork or 21?

Hello?

Is this Trafalgar 7-5098?

- Yes?

- Who's this, Miss Page?

- Yes, who is this?

- This is Tom Brookman.

- Oh.

- You remember me.

- Oh, sure, but...

- Well, I kept thinking about you,  
but I didn't realize who you were till I  
picked up an old magazine this morning.

- What do you mean?

- You were Miss Steinbach Beer last year.

Why, yes, I believe I was.

And isn't that you jumping around in  
a girdle in all those ads in magazines?  
I wouldn't exactly call it "jumping around."  
I'm supposed to be dancing.

Reason I called, I was wondering if you  
wouldn't have dinner with me some night.

Whatever night you say.

What about tonight?

- 'm afraid I can't tonight.

- Tomorrow night?

- 'm sorry.

- What about Thursday night?

Mr. Brookman, you're wasting your time  
on this number. Don't call it again.

Hey, kid!

- Pola?

- Yes?

Do you think we'll ever be able  
to get this job off the ground?

- What do you mean?

- Here we are nearly three months,  
and we can't even get ourselves  
engaged, much less married.

- could have got engaged last week.

- To?

- That English fellow.

- What English fellow?

You know, that tall one that  
borrowed five dollars from me.  
That's what I mean. Here we are  
set up strictly for the carriage train,  
and what do we get, you hook a schnook  
who takes you for a fin,  
I get an invitation  
to Hamburger Heaven for dinner,  
and Loco shows up every evening with  
a gentleman she's met in the drugstore,  
with five more shower caps  
and three quarts of aspirin tablets.  
And where do you think  
that's gonna get us?  
I don't think it's us.  
I think it's the men these days.  
They're getting more and more nervous,  
especially the loaded ones.  
Meanwhile, where are  
we gonna sit next week?  
Well, we're both trying, you know.  
It isn't always easy  
to find out right away  
how much they're worth  
or if they're married or not.  
They look at you like you're  
prying into their private affairs.  
Something's got to break soon,  
or we're gonna be out on the sidewalk.  
And all we need, you know,  
is just one.  
That's the beautiful thing  
about a bear trap.  
You don't have to catch  
a whole herd of them,  
all you need is  
one nice, big, fat one.  
Probably Miss Perth Amboy again  
with another load of dollar-day Kleenex.  
Thanks.  
- Oh, hello, Schatze.  
- Hello.  
This is... I'm sorry.  
What did you say your name was?

- Hanley. J.D. Hanley.

- Of course.

This is Schatze Page,  
and this is Pola Debevoise.

- How do you do?

- How do you do, ladies?

I met Mr. Hanley

in the mink department at Bergdorf's.

- Really?

- Yes, the clerk was nice enough to...

You'll have to excuse  
the state of this apartment.

We've just sent everything out  
to be cleaned.

But if you don't mind  
coming into the dining room.

Oh, of course not.

And with the maid off today,  
we're roughing it, you might say.

- Won't you sit down?

- Oh, thank you very much, but I can't stay.

I just came along to help  
Miss Dempsey with her bundle.

Mr. Hanley's from Dallas, Texas.

Oh, really?

In the oil business?

Oh, a little oil, but mostly stock.

- Stocks and bonds?

- No, none of that sort of thing for me.

My stock is  
white-faced Hereford, polled.

- Come again?

- Cattle.

- You know, like cows.

- Oh, I see.

Are you sure you won't sit down  
for just a little while?

Oh, I haven't time right now. But what  
I was talking to Miss Dempsey about,  
there's a little organization that  
I'm a member of, the Oil Institute.

Kind of elder statesmen  
of the business.

We're having a little informal

reception tonight.

If you young ladies would  
honor us with your presence,  
I'm sure you'd make us  
all very happy, indeed.

Do you mean  
nothing but oil men?

Well, not exactly.

Probably a few bankers too.

Well, bankers will be all right.

- Don't you think?

- Naturally.

I realize this is a little sudden  
and unconventional,  
but there will be dancing and  
a few drinks and a few laughs perhaps.

- Sounds just creamy to me.

- like laughs.

- Well, then it's a deal?

- 'd love it.

That's wonderful. I'll pick you up

**around 8:**

Will we meet some of  
the other gentlemen too?

Oh, all of them. And don't worry,  
they're not all old crooks like me.

- What on earth!

- Stop it!

You look just in the prime to me.  
Thank you, ladies. You've already  
made my trip to New York worthwhile.

Bye now.

I think this is it, kids.

A great big room full of nothing  
but rich millionaires  
and us.

This brings us down to 1947.

I think it's a very good idea.

Where should we go?

Well, there's a new place...

Good evening, madame.

Good evening, sir.

- Table for two.

- Certainly, sir.

This way, madame.

- Champagne?

- We might as well.

Oh, a table for two, Philip.

Certainly, madame.

Will you come this way?

- The best, you know.

- Certainly, sir.

The best we have, sir.

- A quart of champagne.

- What kind, sir?

- The best you've got.

- Very good, sir.

- Good evening.

- Good evening. Two, please.

This way, please.

- This way, my dear.

- 'm so sorry.

Oh, I am sorry.

Did you say

you were alone here?

Oh, there's quite a party  
of us up from Texas.

- All men?

- Oh, some wives too.

You met some of them this evening.

The others went to a show.

You know how the women are  
when they get to New York.

I know.

I think Ella has seen five shows  
in the last three days.

- see.

- Ella's my daughter.

- Oh, really?

- Mm.

Is Mrs. Merrill here with you?

There is no Mrs. Merrill,  
and I live in New York.

Does that clear the situation  
a bit for you?

Oh, yes, indeedy,  
it does.

Are you married?  
Married? sometimes think  
I'm the most married man in the U.S.A.  
Do you know how many females were  
at my house when I left there tonight?  
No. I can't say that I do.  
Seven, my wife, her sister,  
who's divorced.  
And I don't blame the guy  
for a second.  
Their mother, who must be 110  
if she's a day.  
An aunt from  
North Attleboro, Massachusetts.  
And three more whose names  
I didn't even catch.  
To tell the truth, I...  
I never really felt the loneliness  
of being a widower  
until the past few years.  
At first, there were children,  
you know, to keep me company.  
But they're grown up now.  
My son's married. Ella's engaged.  
I must confess the house is beginning  
to seem pretty big and empty.  
I can imagine.  
I suppose that's why I've done  
so much travelling lately.  
London, south of France,  
Scotland and so on.  
That's really no good, you know.  
Oh, no, I know.  
No good at all.  
Couple of years ago,  
I chartered a boat.  
Not large, but quite comfortable.  
Took about six months,  
just loafing around the world.  
But it was no use.  
I suppose there's really only  
one cure for loneliness.  
- Yes?  
- Human companionship.

Oh, but you're so right.  
You just don't know how right you are.  
I'm not accustomed really to going out  
publicly with a married man.  
And if I'd had a chance  
to ask you at the party,  
I don't know that I would have  
accompanied you here.  
Well, this is all quite innocent, isn't it?  
If it is, it's the first time I ever  
ran into it under similar circumstances.  
Of course, my first impulse was  
to go directly to Arabia myself  
and take a good look-see  
at the situation.  
I was certain those chaps from Socony  
Standard of New Jersey...  
would have somebody on the spot.  
After all, there's quite  
a tidy little sum involved,  
two or three hundred million.  
- wasn't going to take any chances.  
- Well, naturally.  
Trouble is it looks like I've got a thing  
for guys who work in gas stations.  
I never met one yet  
that didn't send me.  
This one handled a pump  
for Standard Oil.  
You don't own that, do you?  
Oh, no, no. Standard Oil  
is one of the interests  
of a man named,  
I believe, Rockefeller.  
Is he a friend of yours?  
No, no, I'm afraid not.  
Oh, well. But as I was saying...  
When you live in  
a lunatic asylum like that,  
you've got to get out of town  
every now and then.  
- You know what I mean?  
- Perfectly.  
I've got that all fixed now.



I've got me a lodge up in Maine.

I love lodges.

- You do?

- Simply adore them.

You mean, uh,

you'd like to see mine?

Oh, well, I was speaking

more figuratively than relatively.

Because if you would,

I'm going up there Friday afternoon.

Simply adore'em!

If you wanna know

what kind of a guy I've got...

All I can say is

I'm a very happy woman.

Not only is Mr. Hanley a perfect doll,

but he's absolutely unaffiliated.

- You don't think he's a little old?

- Grow up, will you?

Men with that much dough

are never a little old.

Mine's loaded too,

but he's a real yawn.

- He doesn't look single to me either.

- He's not.

- What are you wasting time on him for?

- What else have I got?

Unless you'd like me to lose him

and join you and your friend.

You do, and I'll break your neck

in front of this restaurant.

- Besides, he's invited me to a party.

- Oh, yeah? When?

We're leaving

Friday afternoon.

- Leaving for where?

- His lodge in Maine.

- You out of your mind?

- don't think so. I like lodges.

You can't go.

It's a violation of the whole idea.

Why is it? could meet somebody

else up there, couldn't I?

Who are you going to

meet in Maine, Eskimos?

Did you see this fellow I'm with?

- saw him.

- What's he look like?

- Very nice for a one-eyed man.

- s that all he's got?

What do you think

he's got that patch on for?

I didn't know it was a patch. I thought somebody might have belted him.

Why can't you keep those cheaters on long enough to see who you're with?

I'm not going to

take a chance like that.

You know what they say

about girls who wear glasses.

Maybe somebody shot him

in the eye.

He sounds just wonderful. I was curious to know what he looked like.

- Who is he?

- don't know that either.

But he hasn't mentioned anything under a million dollars yet.

My guy's real class. Never mentions his wealth, just refers to it.

All Mr. Brewster talks about is what a horrible family he's got.

But I'll say this for him, we haven't ordered anything yet under five dollars a portion.

If there's anything leftover, tell the waiter you want it for the dog.

We'd better be getting back before they cool off.

Where's Maine, anyway?

I'll take that and that and that and that.

And that and that.

And that and that

and that and that.

- And charge it.

- Certainly, Mrs. Hanley.

Next stop Arabia, sir.

- s he kidding?

- Not at all.

It's an old custom of the East  
to make the stranger feel welcome.

You can tell him from me

I think he's simply a doll,

and I couldn't be crazier

about these old Eastern customs.

Hello, Fashion House?

Is Mr. Antoine in for Mr. Brookman?

Thank you.

Mr. Antoine?

On the phone.

- Tony? Hiya, boy.

- Yes?

- How are you?

- Fine, fine.

How are you fixed for stuff for Florida,  
beach stuff and all that?

- You mean ultra?

- got an aunt I want to get stuff for.

- How old is she?

- About 25. A very young type aunt.

- 'm sure I could accommodate you.

- Could I see it on them?

- Today?

- That's right. That's the idea.

Tony, you know a model  
named Schatze?

- Who?

- Schatze.

- Oh, Mrs. Page.

- That's the one.

- Oh, nice joint you got here, Tony.

- Thank you, sir.

- Please sit here.

- f you'll excuse me.

Your aunt,

is she blond or brunette?

It depends entirely

on the weather.

The way I'm going to handle it,

I'm not going to stall with Mr. Hanley.

What are you going to do,

mother him?

No, that's all right for kids,  
but I don't think a mother  
is exactly what Mr. Hanley  
has in mind.

Our first we call

"Rainbow Over the Everglades."

It's a pastel plaid, silk organza  
day dress with a voluminous skirt  
for cocktail parties  
and afternoon gatherings.

You know, of course,  
that diamonds are a girl's best friend.  
And this is our proof of it.

You're not really thinking of going  
away with that chowderhead, are you?

Oh, for heaven's sake, no!

- You're on, Loke.

- Oh, goodness!

This one we call

"Looky, Looky, LookyP

It begins as  
a spectator's sports dress.

- Well, get you.

- Hi.

Which converts into  
a one-piece play costume  
of Jersey  
and checked-matching wool.

Our next we call

"Good Afternoon, Sweetheart."

This is an afternoon tea dress, which  
plunges in the back rather than the front.  
Made of imported printed sheer,  
with parasol to match.

You like that, monsieur?

Comme ci, comme a.

That guy's really  
the end of the line.

I still think he's kinda cute.

- Who is he?

- That garage man.

- What garage?

- That fella I got with the cold cuts.

"Trouble in the Afternoon." A beach boy's shirt of pink and white gingham, with a deep rose crushed cummerbund. And a coolie hat of natural straw.

"Hard-Hearted Hannah" is a Palm Beach stroller consisting of mustard crash pants and a shirttail blouse of grey and white silk.

Next we have "Double Frozen Daiquiris." A beach costume of sleek blue pants of fine wool, with a wrap around of Thai silk. You will notice the Egyptian influence in the bizarre raffia hat.

"South of the Border" is Mexican crepe of black cotton twill, a tamale-colored serape and a peon straw hat.

Could I take another look at that pink-and-blue job?

But of course, sir. Miss Schatze.

- Much obliged, Tony.

- Not at all, sir.

Did you see anything

I could put aside for you?

Nope. I don't see anything here that I want. Thanks again, Tony.

All right, girls. Thank you.

- Mr. Antoine?

- Yes?

- know that guy. He's a screw pot.

- A screw pot?

- He's making a chump out of you.

- Miss Schatze.

- Yes?

- Do I tell you how to put on a girdle?

You bet your sweet life you don't.

Then, would you be good enough

not to tell me how to run my business?

Shh!

- Mr. Brewster?

- Yes.

I'll take these.

Aboard!

You're not the regular driver, are you?

No, sir.

Pa's the regular driver.

But he went to a Republican rally last night and didn't get up this morning.

It certainly is a funny place for it.

Funny place for what?

A convention.

- What's this?

- The lodge, naturally.

This house?

It'll look better when I get a fire going.

- But where are the others?

- Other what?

- Members.

- 'm sorry, Miss Dempsey.

I don't know what you're talking about half the time. What members?

- You said it was a lodge, didn't you?

- did and it is.

Then, where are the members.

Like the Elks Lodge.

Mother and I went to an Elks Lodge convention in Philadelphia, and there were thousands of members there.

It was one of the happiest times of our life.

Is that what you really thought this was?

Well, naturally.

What else?

- Where do you want these?

- Back in the car.

What's the matter?

Something wrong?

No, just going back to New York, that's all.

Well, not today, you're not.  
No more trains till tomorrow.  
Oh, I may slit my throat.  
- Would you like a fire?  
- was about to...  
That's all right.  
I'll do it.  
Never saw so much snow  
in my life.  
I'm sorry about all this.  
If you'll just be patient,  
I'll try to get you out of here  
as soon as I possibly can.  
I figured I might have to put on some  
of those skis, but not in all this snow.  
I'll tell you what. I have  
some old Medford rum in the pantry.  
I'll get a drink for you. And meanwhile,  
maybe you'd like a little music.  
Meanwhile, maybe I'd like  
a little poison too.  
You got radio  
all the way up here?  
Oh, sure.  
Radio and houses, everything.  
Here. Maybe you'd better  
take the first one straight.  
Just listen to that music, all the way  
from New York. Good ol' Harry James.  
Is it really?  
How can you tell?  
Oh, I can tell it's Harry James  
because it is Harry James.  
Ladies and gentlemen, you are listening  
to the music of Ziggy Colombo,  
coming to you from the...  
- Turn that liar off.  
Why don't you stop acting like  
a spoiled brat and behave yourself?  
I've never been mixed up  
in a situation like this before.  
As long as I'm in my right mind,  
I never will again.  
But it's not doing either of us any good

to stand here and jaw at each other.  
I feel awful.  
All tingly.  
Well, I wish I did.  
Drink it. Drink it.  
Is this rum?  
Medford Rum.  
It's over 100 years old.  
Then I'm sick. I've got a fever.  
Call a doctor immediately.  
- What are you talking about?  
- 've got a fever, I tell you.  
Whenever rum smells like a carnation,  
I've got a fever.  
We've got to get  
a doctor right away.  
- There's no reason to get hysterical.  
- Don't you hit me!  
I'm not going to hit you.  
I want to feel your forehead.  
- There's a thermometer outside the door.  
- Get it! Get it!  
Will you please call a doctor?  
I know when I've got a fever.  
You do feel  
a little warm.  
Are you going to call  
a doctor or not?  
I can't call a doctor. Everybody knows  
me here. Don't you understand?  
What am I supposed to do, die because  
you got a big name around here?  
- t's a little large, but...  
- Is there a hospital around here?  
- Open your mouth.  
- What's that?  
- want to take your temperature.  
- Not with that flute.  
It's not a flute,  
it's a thermometer. Look.  
That's not for people,  
it's for blizzards.  
Open your mouth, I tell you.  
And don't you try to talk



until I take that out.

If it was my daughter,  
you know what I'd do?

Well, she's not your daughter.

She's not my daughter either,  
if that's what you're driving at.

- How much is it?

- One hundred and two.

- s that bad?

- t's definitely a slight temperature.

Maybe you call it slight

in the city of New York,

but in Maine,

she oughta be in bed.

I'm gonna die. I know it.

I'm gonna die out here

in this jungle!

If you want, I'll call Ma.

She's a practical nurse.

- Oh, what good will that do?

- We can tell her the symptoms.

She'll give us the answers.

All right. But be very careful

what you tell her.

I'll tell her what you

tell me to tell her.

Hazel? Eben.

Ring Ma, will ya?

Brewster's Lodge.

Yeah, he's here with...

- Shh!

- His skis.

If it's mumps, I'll die.

Ma? Say, what's it a sign of

when a girl is shivering and shaking

and has a temperature of 102?

- Her eyes watering?

- Like two faucets.

They're watering.

Look at her tongue.

It looks kind of red.

Tongue's blotchy.

Look behind her ears.

Have you been

scratching yourself?

Of course not.

Models aren't allowed to scratch.

Breaking out behind the ears.

Uh-huh.

I see. Okay, thanks, Ma.

- You got nothing to worry about.

- What is it?

- Measles.

- Measles!

And I've got nothing

to worry about.

"Get her to bed," Ma says.

Keep her quiet and the room dark

so you can avoid complications.

She'll be as good as new

in a week or two.

Oh!

- Keep it.

- Much obliged.

Yes, sir.

- Hi, Mike.

- Well, for goodness sakes.

How are you, Mr. Denmark?

I thought you were in Europe.

I was. Come back here.

You're a friend of mine, aren't you?

- You bet your life, sir.

- Yeah, well,

I'm in a little jam with the income  
tax department, and I need your help.

Anything you want, sir.

I've had a little trouble

with those people myself

from time to time.

- Who's got my apartment now?

- Three young ladies, sir.

- Business women, I believe.

- Yeah, well,

I gotta get in there for a few minutes.

Think you can arrange it?

You can get in there now, sir.

They're both out for the evening.

One of them's with a Texas fellow,

and the other's with the one-eyed man  
- How about the other one?  
- Oh, she's away at an Elks convention.  
- You want me to wait here?  
- Yeah, if you can.  
If I get a buzz, I'll come back.  
That's not them.  
They never get in till 2:00 or 3:00.  
- 'll be right back.  
- Okay if I turn on the lights?  
Sure.  
Pola must have left the lights on.  
- What will you have to drink?  
- Milk, if you don't mind.  
Milk?  
Well, if we've got any.  
Go to the kitchen, will you?  
I'll be there in a minute.  
Is that the best we've got?  
Apparently, but it's all I want.  
Schatze, you've made my visit  
a very pleasant one.  
I'd like to do something  
to show my appreciation.  
Oh, don't be silly, J.D.  
Tell me something. Is this furniture  
really out to be cleaned,  
or is there  
some other explanation?  
You don't have to  
worry about that.  
Did you sell it or hock it?  
Well, we sold it.  
Will they sell it back?  
And now, dear Schatze,  
I'm afraid  
we must say good-bye.  
Good-bye? But I thought  
you were staying until next week.  
I was, but something has happened  
that I would never have dreamed of.  
And I think the wisest thing I can do  
is to get out of here at once.  
What do you mean?

Do you remember the first time I came into this apartment with Loco?

Yes.

I came in here a subtle and aging widower, with a pattern of my life all laid out for the rest of my days.

- Really?

- That isn't the way I went out of here.

You didn't?

Tell me, do you believe in love at first sight?

Oh, absolutely, J.D.

No question in the world about it.

Well, I don't.

Not at my age, anyway.

Stop talking about your age. You'd think you were as old as Methuselah.

Don't you know you're right in the very prime of life?

How old are you?

Forty.

Oh, Schatze, Schatze.

That's probably the sweetest lie you've ever told.

Twenty-five would be a little more like it, wouldn't it?

But look here, J.D. You don't want to go jumping to conclusions, do you?

Look, it's no use, darling.

I'm 56 years old.

Thirty years older than you.

By your standards, anyway, an old man.

- Oh, no.

- We might support this difference for another

four to five years perhaps,

but what happens

when I'm truly old?

But listen, J.D.

I hate young men.

- Thank you very much.

- That's all right.

- Have you got to go already?

- 'm afraid so.  
- Well, nighty-night.  
- Good night.  
I've always liked older men.  
Look at Roosevelt.  
Look at Churchill.  
Look at that old fellow  
what's-his-name in African Queen.  
Absolutely crazy about him.  
- So, you see, J.D...  
- Pardon me.  
- Hello. Come in.  
- Hope I'm not intruding.  
You're entitled to such  
a hope, I believe.  
Don't let her kid you, Pola.  
I've got to be going, anyway.  
- So early?  
- Yes, I'm flying home tomorrow morning.  
- Oh, no.  
- 've got to.  
Good-bye, my dear. It's been  
a great pleasure knowing all you girls.  
Good-bye, J.D.  
Come back, will you?  
I will. Someday, perhaps.  
Good-bye.  
What time  
does your plane leave?  
Don't you believe  
anything I say at all?  
I believe that nothing could have been  
more wonderful for me than marrying you.  
And nothing worse for you.  
- Will you call me before you go?  
- That's too early for you.  
Very well.  
Good night, darling.  
What's the matter?  
I oughta punch you  
right smack in the nose.  
- What did I do?  
- Nothing.  
Nothing but break up a play

at the two-yard line, that's all.

Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Schatze.

Really I am.

Little Miss Bubblehead  
is terribly, terribly sorry, indeed.

I was just so anxious  
to tell you the news.

- What news?

- We're going to be married.

- You and who?

- Me and Stewart.

You mean Blinky?

Yes. And if he doesn't have to  
fly to London this weekend,  
he's going to take me down  
to meet his mother this Saturday.

- Down where?

- Atlantic City.

Oh. What did you say  
this guy did?

Oil, darling.

Simply barrels of it.

- Says he, huh?

- But of course.

You ought to hear him  
talk about it, really.

I think we oughta put  
a check on that one.

Why? don't know

what you mean.

Nobody's mother lives  
in Atlantic City on Saturday.

- Hello?

- Miss Page?

That's right, it's still no.

Oh! Oh!

Oh!

Now who on earth  
ever thought of this?

- Thought of what?

- Skiing on snow.

What else would you ski on?

Why, the natural way,  
like in Florida, on water.

Ski on water? Why you.

Oh, no!

Mrs. Salem!

Here she is now.

How are you feeling?

Never mind how I feel.

Where have you been?

- Sitting on the mountain.

- Who with?

Nobody.

- What's that?

- 'm going to give you a manicure.

- What was his name?

- Eben.

You gotta be careful. You don't want to get mixed up with a fellow like that.

- Don't I?

- Never.

Who do you think I oughta get mixed up with?

Well, I won't always

have measles, you know.

Say, you are getting better.

You just wait till

we get back to New York.

- don't dig you sometimes.

- What do you mean?

- s your wife a spook?

- Of course not.

She's a very wonderful woman and a true credit to her sex.

- Oh, brother!

- mean it.

- Then, Why'd you flip like this?

- Pardon?

What set you off that night?

Oh! Well, for one thing,

you're a very beautiful young woman.

- know.

And for another,

I was a little upset that evening.

My daughter had just

run away and got married.

Well, for goodness sakes,

what's wrong with that?

What was wrong with that

was the fella's no good. He's a gigolo.

Oh, really? Maybe I know him.

What's his name?

- His name's Martinez.

- read about that.

He's a dancer.

"Hooper Weds Heiress."

Well, she isn't one any more.

- What do you mean?

- disinherited her.

Disinherited her?

Well, there's one thing

I'll say for poor people,

they don't go around

disinheriting their children.

Obviously. They've got nothing

to disinherit them with.

Say that again.

Poor families don't have any money to  
pass on from one generation to another.

It doesn't make  
any difference.

My mother, no matter how much money  
she didn't have, she wouldn't disinherit me.

Do you mind if we just  
don't talk for a while?

Not at all.

I like not to talk.

This is what

I wanted you to see.

It's nice.

It's all mine from the crest  
of that second ridge to the north there,  
all the way around  
as far as the eye can see to the west  
and back around that way  
to just beyond old Baldy.

- All yours?

- Yep.

You mean all those trees  
and mountains and everything?

That's it.



Well, for crying out loud.  
Isn't it beautiful?  
Isn't that what they call "timber"?  
Best in the world.  
Well, what do you know  
about that?  
I think it's the most beautiful sight  
in the whole world.  
Well, I certainly  
don't blame you.  
Pure and as clean  
and plenty of room.  
Do you, uh, think  
you could ever come to like it?  
Well, I never thought  
about it before,  
but I imagine I could.  
You should see it at night, with the  
moon and the stars over that mountain.  
Look, show me again  
how much is yours.  
Well, from the crest of  
that second ridge to the north there,  
all the way around  
to the west.  
It's all right this time.  
One went to work,  
one went to look at a bank and  
the other one is still with the Elks.  
If I remember correctly,  
that's what you said the other night.  
I know, but this time I'm positive.  
[Phone Rings 1  
Hello?  
Oh, hello.  
- Hello.  
- Just a moment.  
- She's not back yet.  
- She isn't?  
- You wanna wait?  
- Uh, no thanks. I'd better be going.  
- 'll tell her you were here.  
- Thank you.  
- Bye now.

- Bye.

Sorry, darling. Just one of Schatze's friends just popped in to say hello.

- 'll tell you what I want you to do.

- Yes?

It seems that I've got to nip down to Washington this evening for dinner with a certain party

whose name I'll tell you later.

But that means I'll probably have to stay there overnight.

So, I'm going to ask you to take the plane down to Atlantic City alone, and I'll be over from Washington in time to meet you at the airport.

- s that all right?

- Of course it is, darling.

Then, here's a schedule

I suggest

There's a flight from Atlantic City from La Guardia Airport at 5:00 P.M.

Fasten your seat belts, please.

May I take these, please?

Well, everything's okay.

Well, I'll be darned.

Pardon?

Haven't we met before?

For goodness sakes, you're that friend of Schatze's. What happened to you?

- When?

- Yesterday.

I told Schatze you were coming back, and she waited for you.

Uh, I got tied up.

- Your wife?

- Oh, I'm not married.

That's nice.

- Um, look.

- Yes?

Didn't you bring your glasses?

What glasses?

Don't you wear glasses?

Oh, no. Whatever gives you that idea?

You got the most peculiar

vision I ever saw.

- Why do you say that?

- You're reading that book upside down.

But I'm no such thing.

Not you, the book.

Oh.

Isn't it silly, though?

What is it, astigmatism?

- No, just blind as a bat.

- Me too.

Oh, really?

Then, why aren't you  
wearing glasses?

I am wearing glasses.

Well, there you are.

I used to be like that. For years,  
I went around banging into fireplugs  
and shaking hands with lampposts because  
I didn't want to be called four eyes.  
And then, something happened which  
cured me of that sort of thing forever.

What was that?

One evening, I said hello to three  
different fellows I owed money to.

But it's different with girls,  
don't you think?

How is it?

Well, you know what they say  
about girls who wear glasses.

What are you talking about?

Men aren't attentive  
to girls who wear glasses.

Did you ever try it?

No.

- You brought them with you, didn't you?

- Yes.

Then, why don't you put them on?

Find out for yourself.

With you?

Why not?

Well.

If you're worried about me, I'll tell  
you right now before you put them on,  
I already think

you're quite a strudel.

- Honestly?

- Absolutely.

I've thought so

from the first minute I saw you.

Well, if you really think so.

Go ahead.

Put them on.

- You're crazy.

- No?

- You look better with them on.

- do?

Gives your face a certain, uh, mystery.

No kidding.

And distinction.

A certain kind of distinction.

Well, what do you know  
about that?

You're already a very good-looking girl,  
if you don't mind my saying so.

- No, not at all.

- And the glasses.

That particular type gives your face  
a very interesting,  
uh, difference.

You don't think they make me  
look like an old maid.

I've never seen anybody in my whole life  
who reminded me less of an old maid.

What's your name?

So what happened was this.

I sent this check to this fellow,  
this tax expert.

Instead of paying the tax, he cashed the  
check and put the money in his pocket.

But why didn't you tell that  
to the government?

Well, I did, but you know  
how the government is.

Couldn't be more sympathetic,  
but they still wanted the dough.

Even after you told them  
that fellow was a crook?

What did that mean? As far as they

were concerned, the only crook was me.  
I had to have some proof. That's why  
I had to get back and get this check.  
Well, how do you like that?  
When I found out he'd gone  
to Kansas City, I jumped on a plane.  
He's either going to kick in with the  
money, or I'm going to break his neck.  
Is that where he is, Kansas City?  
So I understand.  
Why are you going  
to Atlantic City?  
Who's going  
to Atlantic City?  
Doesn't this plane  
go to Atlantic City?  
What are you talking about?  
This is the Midland Sky Chief.  
- Are you kidding?  
- Of course not.  
We should be in Kansas City  
in about, uh, 20 minutes.  
Why?  
Oh, nothing.  
Just one of those things.  
Go on.  
Tell me some more.  
Tell me anything.  
Does your family  
live there with you?  
Oh, no, they couldn't do that.  
I see. You mean they have  
a place of their own.  
Oh, sure, over at Dexter Mills.  
I saw a picture  
in Harper's Bazaar once,  
what they call  
a mountain shack.  
It was creamy.  
Well, here we are.  
- Here we are where?  
- The shack. This is it.  
Well, what do you mean?  
This is a shack.

Well, of course.  
What did I tell you?  
It's very comfortable inside.  
Come on.  
Just a minute.  
Is this really on the level?  
- s what on the level?  
- Well, is this really your home?  
Well, it is when I'm on duty.  
What did you expect?  
Well, certainly not this.  
I don't know what you mean, honey.  
It's just a forestry lookout station.  
But they're all pretty much alike.  
But if you're so rich, why couldn't  
you build yourself a bigger one?  
- Like in Harper's Bazaar.  
- Rich? Who's rich?  
- Aren't you?  
- Well, that's a good one.  
Where on earth  
did you get that idea?  
But all these trees.  
Didn't you say they were yours?  
Well, mine to watch, sure.  
That's part of my job.  
I don't even own a bush.  
Oh. But I thought...  
Oh, darling, this is the worst.  
What's the matter, sweetheart?  
I don't get it.  
I'm so crazy about you.  
Well, that's wonderful.  
I'm crazy about you too.  
But I... Oh, honey.  
Oh, I see.  
What you mean is you're not interested  
in a man without trees.  
That's not it at all.  
I'm crazy about you, but I...  
Let's not talk about it.  
Do you mind?  
If only you'd told me.  
I told you. I told you

the first day we went skiing.  
I told you then  
that's what I was, a ranger.  
Is that what you meant?  
What else could I have meant?  
I'm sorry. I just thought  
you meant you came from Texas.  
What's the matter  
with your dad this time?  
He went to another  
Republican rally.  
Maybe he'd better  
join the Democrats.  
Not in Maine.  
Too lonely.  
Can we rent a car  
in Portland?  
I suppose so.  
You mean we're going to  
drive back to New York?  
It'll probably be pretty expensive,  
but I think it's the safest way  
not to be seen by anybody.  
When you got the measles,  
I wouldn't have given ten cents  
for my chances of getting  
out of this jam without being caught.  
- You know what I did?  
- What?  
I got on long distance with a few  
friends around Chicago and St. Louis.  
I had them keep sending telegrams  
to my wife, signed with my name.  
All about this unexpected  
business trip I was on.  
It worked like a charm.  
That sounds very intelligent.  
I don't like to boast, but if I hadn't  
had that little stroke of brilliance,  
there could have been a lot  
of very serious results in my home.  
And business too.  
What are you going to do  
to show you're grateful?

- What do you mean?

- Whenever a person pulls a rock and skins out of it, they oughta do something nice for the injured party, don't you think?

- For instance?

- Well, for one thing, you ought to drop into Cartier's tomorrow morning and get your wife some sort of little bubble for her wrist.

How about some nice flowers?

Is that all the grateful you are, five dollars worth of geraniums?

Look, if I gave Mrs. Brewster a piece of jewelry not on her birthday, she'd have 25 private detectives on my tail within 10 minutes.

Well, if you'll pardon my frankness, I'd be ashamed to admit it.

- 'll send her a nice box of roses.

- She'll love that.

She's not used to expensive gifts.

Anything more than flowers would upset her terribly.

All right, then. How about doing something nice for your daughter?

- What?

- Why don't you inherit her again?

I'm sorry, that's quite out of the question.

But that wouldn't cost you anything until you were dead.

I'd rather not discuss it if you don't mind.

What's the matter with you, anyway?

Everybody loves their children. Even monkeys. It's a well-known law of Mother Nature.

Mother Nature never had to deal with a gigolo.

And what else pray



were you trying to be?  
The differences between the two  
should be quite obvious, even to you.  
And would you be so kindly  
as to specify how?  
If you don't mind, I don't think  
I care to debate the question with you.  
Once you get one foot on the ground,  
you're really quite a jerk, aren't you?  
Where are we now?  
We'll be crossing  
the George Washington Bridge...  
George Washington Bridge?  
What are we doing way over there?  
On the customary routes,  
I could be recognized a dozen times.  
This side of the river  
no one knows me.  
It's just another example of the use  
of intelligence in a situation like this.  
If you've got intelligence,  
you don't need luck.  
If you've got that good old American  
know-how, you don't need anything else.  
Because the simple truth is  
that when the chips are really down,  
man is still the master  
of his own fate.  
The captain of his destiny.  
- What is it?  
- Motorcycle cops.  
Are you sure  
you're not on the lam?  
It's all right.  
Just keep moving.  
I'm awfully sorry  
if I'm going too fast.  
You're all right.  
Just follow me.  
Good afternoon, sir.  
This is George Washington Bridge Week.  
And the city of New York extends  
its heartiest congratulations  
to the happy couple driving the 50

millionth car across our noble edifice.

- Hold it. This way, lady.

- Another smile, lady.

Hold it. Hold it.

I'm sorry I can't give you  
any more, Mrs. Page, but, uh,  
you know what the market  
is these days.

- Gesundheit.

- Thank you again, Mrs. Page.

[Phone Rings 1

- Hello?

- Miss Page?

Oh, it's you again.

- Are you good for seconds?

- Oh, sure.

- Let's order them now.

- Two more, Mac. Well-done.

And slap a little chili on that one.

- You know what the trouble with you is?

- Which one?

Trouble with you is you're a hamburger  
with onions dame and won't admit it.

I wonder how long it took you  
to work that one out.

My guess is that I know you  
better than you know yourself.

Ketchup.

Uh, coleslaw?

If I can get it on here.

I just don't believe that you're the  
kind of girl you pretend to be at all.

I'll say this for you, that's  
quite a line you've got there.

Here. Pickles?

Thanks.

It's all an act. You know as well  
as I do that money isn't everything.

Who told you it wasn't?

Nobody had to.

Did you ever have any?

A little, yes.

Then, how do you know  
it isn't everything?

Do you seriously believe having money automatically brings you happiness?

Well, no, but it doesn't automatically depress me either.

I don't believe you, Schatze.

Look, Tommy, I'm in a jam here

Don't you understand?

I'm in a very bad financial situation.

If those kids don't come back,

I'm on the hook for a year's rent for that apartment.

So, what do you think

I should do now,

fall in love with a character who doesn't even own a necktie?

- Haven't they written to you?

- How can they? They're illiterate.

- Listen, honey...

- t's no use, Tommy boy.

Just as soon as I finish this horse burger, I never want to see you again.

Hello?

How about taking a look at Miss Liberty today?

Well.

If you were solvent, it would be an entirely different matter.

But I had it with a grease monkey like you, and that's all I want of that.

Okay, Miss Cafe Society, take a look out there and give me a rest for a moment.

And the truth of the matter,

I don't care what you say,

is that if you're not loaded,

you've already got two strikes on you.

I already said okay. What else do you want me to say about it?

As soon as we get off this barge,

I never want to see you again.

[Phone Rings 1

- Yes?

- Tonight?

No.

I mean it I tell you.  
Just as soon as we get home,  
I never want to see...  
I'm sorry we can't give you  
any more, Mrs. Page.  
I already laughed at that one.  
Well, anyway, thanks again.  
May I come in?  
May I change my mind?  
Is this on the level?  
From the bottom of my heart.  
Then, hold it  
for just one second.  
Fred? Fred?  
This is Mrs. Page.  
Grab that furniture man and tell him  
to bring that stuff right back up here.  
Do you understand?  
Don't even move.  
Well?  
Yes.  
Is something wrong,  
Mrs. Page?  
I don't know.  
I just feel so lonely.  
- Your friends?  
- Yeah.  
Not one of those two dingbats  
to stand up with me.  
Well, there's still a good hope  
they may come yet.  
If they come now,  
I'll throw them out on their necks.  
- But I thought...  
- wanted them yesterday.  
What time have I got  
to laugh at them now?  
Well, for crying out loud, a party.  
Wait a minute.  
- There's Loco!  
- Well, hi!  
- What is it?  
- Schatze's wedding. Didn't you know?  
- Who to?

- Dallas, Texas.

Wow!

- Pardon me, but my name is Ding Dong.

- How do you do?

- Did you have much trouble?

- What do you mean, trouble?

He's absolutely insane  
about me.

- No kidding.

- Out of his mind.

- Do you know how much he's worth?

- How much?

- Thirty mil.

- He's not.

Give or take a mil.

Oh, isn't

that wonderful?

Oh, and he's a doll.

A perfect doll.

- What a break.

- 'm not kidding. It's a dream marriage.

What about you?

Where have you been all this time?

Oh, I went back  
to Maine.

What do you mean,

you went back to Maine?

Well, to tell you the truth,

I got married up there.

Not to that Shriner.

- Oh, no, he was already married.

- That's what I thought.

Who'd you marry?

Well, he's not anybody  
in particular.

Just a fella

I met up there.

But I'm absolutely  
crazy about him.

How do you like that?

Both of us at the same time.

What does he do?

- He's a ranger.

- Cattle, you mean?

No, he's a forest ranger.  
Well, that's not bad. If you get enough trees, they're really worth something.  
- How'd you meet him?  
- don't mean he owns them, he just watches them.  
You mean, just looks at them?  
He's got a house on top of a mountain. They keep a lookout for fires so all those trees don't burn down.  
How can he make any dough out of that?  
He doesn't, much.  
You mean he's a kind of fireman?  
That's it.  
- Thank you.  
- Mr. Hanley?  
- You have the license, I suppose.  
- Yes, right here.  
Wouldn't you like to meet him?  
Oh, sure.  
Is he here?  
I'll get him.  
Hiya, Schatze.  
Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle.  
Congratulations, honey. We read about it on the plane. I think it's just creamy.  
You know how much he's got?  
- How much?  
- Fifty mil.  
- Brother!  
- Give or take a mil.  
Have you been shopping yet?  
When they open the doors, I fall in.  
- What a break!  
- Where have you been?

- Kansas City.

- For what?

That's where Freddie and I  
got married.

- You mean you married that crowbar?

- Well, yes.

Honest to goodness, Pola,  
you need a governess.

I could have pegged that guy as a phony  
when I was eight years old.

Oh, not Stewart.

I married Freddie.

Freddie? Who he?

Well, it's a little mixed up. You see,  
I got on his plane to Kansas City.

I thought you were going  
to Atlantic City.

I was, but the first stop  
for this plane was Kansas City.

Never mind. I don't want to  
hear any more about it.

Just tell me one thing...

is he holding or not?

Well, yes and no.

Oh, no, no, no.

Not you too.

I mean, he'd be holding  
if he could get his hands on it.

- Say that again.

- Well, he's on the lam.

- A thief?

- No, no, he's not a thief.

As a matter of fact,  
he owns this apartment.

But he gave this guy a check  
for his income tax...

Then, what's  
he on the lam for?

Then, he went up to break this  
guy's neck, but his glasses fell off.

- Whose glasses?

- Freddie's.

And the guy nearly  
broke his neck.

You mean, he's blind too?

Blinder than me.

Here he is.

This is Schatze, darling.

Oh, congratulations,

Mrs. Page.

Thank you. Congratulations to you too.

She's okay.

- think so.

- And this is Pola.

- Glad to meet you.

- Holy Toledo!

- sn't he cute?

- Just a minute.

Two more pounds

and she could be arrested for bigamy.

Pardon me, Mrs. Page. Mr. Hanley would like to know if there's a maid of honor.

- f he can find one.

- Can I be it?

Matron, I believe, is about the best you can hope for.

- Shall I tell him?

- Take him.

- Come on, before Pola gets here.

- Bye.

Bye.

It's just Schatze.

Come on.

- Here he is.

- Hi, Mrs. Page.

- s that going to be permanent?

- No, it's just a brace.

He takes it off

at night.

Don't you worry.

I'm going to get even with him yet.

I just have to lay

a little low for a while.

We're going underground right after the ceremony.

- You don't mind?

- Love it

Well, congratulations



to you too.

I think we'd better get started. Some of the kids are beginning to foam over.

Okay, tell them to blow the whistle.

You're still sure?

Of course.

"Dearly beloved,  
we are gathered together here..."

- Please.

- What's the matter, dear?

My ankle.

Can you take me back?

Why, yes. Of course.

You're just too nice a guy  
to get married to someone  
that doesn't love you all out.

Was that what it was?

What else?

I can think of  
a number of reasons  
why you should never have  
considered me in the first place.

Have I hurt you  
very bad?

You have.

But I'll recover.

You sound as though  
as you already have.

No. No, that's just one of  
the few advantages of age  
Disappointments become  
a normal part of life.

But what do you think  
I should tell the guests?

Oh, just tell them Mrs. Page  
has blown her stack at last.

No one will give you  
an argument on it.

Wouldn't you like to talk it over  
first with Loke and Pola?

- Those bubbleheads.

- Why do you say that?

Did you see what those  
two goofballs turned up with?

Yeah, I saw  
Loke's forest ranger.  
A fireman for trees.  
Seemed like  
a very nice boy.  
- Did you see what Pola brought back?  
- No.  
- A fugitive from justice.  
- No.  
And a blind one at that.  
Young man?  
As far as I could tell,  
in back of that Halloween getup.  
Well, they love them,  
don't they?  
Drooling,  
all four of them.  
And who is  
your young man?  
- What young man?  
- The one you're in love with.  
Who said I was in love  
with a young man?  
I did.  
Well,  
it's a sin and a shame,  
but I guess I've got to admit it.  
I am.  
- Who is he?  
- What does that matter?  
Well, I don't think it's unnatural  
that I should have some curiosity.  
He's nothing.  
Absolutely nothing.  
A character straight  
from Characterville.  
- s that his name?  
- Brookman.  
- Brookman what?  
- Tom Brookman.  
You say he's non-holding?  
One more hamburger  
would break him.  
What does he do?

He won't say, but that's nothing to me.

I already know.

- What?

- He's a gas pump jockey.

How do you know?

How do I know

how I know?

There's something about those guys  
that I can spot every time I see them.

I married one once,  
remember?

Does he  
really love you?

To hear him tell it,  
he does.

Well, what's to stop you  
from marrying him?

Nothing now, but it's scarcely  
what you'd call progress.

- He's here now, you know.

- Where?

- Out there.

- How do you know?

Well, there's a character out there  
who looks like a gas pump jockey to me.

- Has he got on a tie?

- No, no tie.

And at a formal ceremony.

You see what I mean?

Well, you can certainly  
say that again.

And after I told him

I never wanted to see him again, ever.

Who does he think he is, anyway?

Crashing my wedding.

Well, suppose I ask him?

Now just a minute, J.D.

Hiya, Tom.

Okay, I guess.

Congratulations.

- Congratulations to you.

- Don't be funny.

- Still the character, huh?

- Well, why not?

All she talks about is dough,  
dough, dough. Nothing but dough.  
So, if that's all she wants, you can  
have her. I don't want any part of her.  
That's the way she talks, of course,  
but that's not the way she feels.  
I'll bet.

What happened?

It was a delayed decision  
in your favor.

- Are you kidding?
- Not in the least.
- Did you tell her about me?
- Of course not.

So far as she knows,  
you're still hustling a gas pump.

I don't believe this.

- All right. Let's go ask her.
- Wait a minute.

Wait a minute, J.D.

You think I ought to tell her now?

Are you crazy?

She obviously likes gas pump jockeys  
better than millionaires.

What do you want to do,  
disillusion the girl?

Mr. Brookman, darling.

- Well, you've got a crust.
- Just a minute.
- A big wedding and you with no necktie.
- Listen to me.

Everybody else here dressed up in  
striped pants and you show up like a...

- Listen, Schatze!
- never want to see you again.

Hey, hey, hey, what about  
a cheese dog burger this time, huh?

Following the ceremony, the party  
adjourned to a fashionable greasy spoon,  
where perfectly delicious  
dog burgers were served.

What happened with those zillionaires  
everybody was talking about?

Oh, what always happens

to rich zillionaires.  
I've got nothing to worry about.  
What did you tell me you were worth?  
Oh, I should say  
in the neighborhood of 14 dollars,  
give or take a nickel.  
- That's all cash too.  
How about you, Killer?  
How are you fixed?  
To tell you the truth,  
if I can get my hands on it...  
You're fixed but good.  
I can tell.  
Wait a minute. I want to hear  
from Mr. Fill'Er Up.  
Just what you estimate  
your fortune at?  
Oh, about 200 million,  
I should imagine.  
Oh, that's not enough.  
Might that all be in cash?  
I could probably dig up  
a couple million cash if I had to.  
Oh, that's wonderful.  
What might the rest be in, oil?  
- Some oil.  
- Uh-huh.  
- Some airline stock.  
- Good.  
A little steel.  
Some cattle down in Texas.  
Couple of coal mines in Alabama.  
Bit of real estate here and there.  
Some automobile stocks.  
The Brookman Building.  
And, of course,  
Brookman, Pennsylvania.  
A whole city he owns yet. Wouldn't  
you know that would happen to me?  
Give me the check, Mac.  
Keep the change, Mac.  
Gentlemen,  
to our wives.  
English - US - SDH