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Love Before Breakfast

By Herbert Fields

Yes, Mr. Miller.

5,000 Amalgamated at 24 even.

Turner and Baldwin have agreed to your terms, Mr. Miller. Is that offer still open?

Mr. Miller can't see you

before 4:

Yes, sir. Call Miss Kay Colby.

Ask her to lunch with me today.

Here are those contracts

on Amalgamated Oil.

Those reporters are still waiting

for a story on the Japanese deal, sir.

I can't see any reporters now. I'm too

busy. You better cable Hendricks in Japan.

Tell him we bought Amalgamated, and we expect him to look after our interests until we get a man out there.

And see if Mason's back

with that report yet.

Yes.

Miss Colby's lunching

with Mr. Wadsworth.

Ask her if she can dine with me tonight. Tell her my favorite opera's on at the Met. What opera shall I say?

I don't know.

Look it up in the paper.

What about that report? I'm sorry, sir, but I haven't quite finished.

I've been getting the information you asked for on William Wadsworth. Oh. Well, let's have it.

He's been working for Amalgamated here. Two years as field assistant.

He's supposed to be engaged

to Miss Kay Colby,

but I find that he's also rather involved with a, uh, lady on 78th Street.

Oh, I see.

Yes.

Miss Colby's dining with Mr. Wadsworth.

Well, ask her for lunch tomorrow.

If she can't make that, try dinner tomorrow night.

Or lunch or dinner the first day she has open.

Did he impress you as being very much in love with Miss Colby?

Well, I really couldn't tell. You see, he was with the other woman when I talked to him. His chief concern was about his job. He's, uh, very anxious to stay on with the company. All right. Thanks.

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir? Ted, is that assistant manager's job in Japan still open?

I believe so, sir. Come in here.

I want to talk to you a minute.

Snap it up, Jerry. We're late.

Yes, sir. Giddap, Bessie.

Where's your ticket?

I've got it.

What about your passport? It's right here. I've got everything.

I bet you forgot those headache tablets. No, I haven't.

What's the matter with you, Kay?

You'd think I was a baby or something.

I just wanted to be sure. I thought maybe you couldn't get things like that in Japan.

Come on, Jerry.

You can do better than this.

We're doing the best we can, Mr. Wadsworth.

You needn't look so glum. You're acting as if the world was coming to an end.

It is for me. Oh, now, Kay, stop it. Haven't I got enough to worry-

I can't help it. What did you expect me to do? Pass up an opportunity of a lifetime? I'll miss that boat sure.

Suppose you did?

You're a great help.

I don't see why you have to go all the way to Japan for a job. You were doing fine right here.

Listen, honey. If a man wants to get ahead in the oil business, he has to be ready to go anyplace, anytime. There isn't any money in oil anyway. Rockefeller took it all out. Well, he left enough for me.

I'll never get that boat. That's what I get for taking this busted-down old hack. Of all the crazy ideas. You proposed to me in this hack.

It's still a crazy idea.
Hey!
Hey! Somebody grab that horse!
They must be drunk, sir.
Come on, boys.
Grab these bags.
Did we do any damage?
Well, you didn't do any g-
Why, Kay. Hello.
So it's your car.
Every splinter. Oh, I'm terribly sorry,
Scott, but our horse is a little high-strung.
Look out for the black one. It's not locked. Bill,
you know Scott Miller. My fianc, Bill Wadsworth.
How are you? How are
you? Congratulations.
Thanks, old man. Sorry about the car. Forget
it. The joke's on the insurance company.
Thanks. Well-
You're not sailing.
No. Bill is. He's being sent
toJapan. By Amalgamated Oil.
You don't say. Good outfit.
Nice opportunity.
I hope so.
Scott!
Oh. Oh, Scott. I've lost one of the
dogs. She ran after an old Airedale.
How plebeian. May I present
the Contessa Campanella?
Miss Kay Colby.
How do you do?
Oh, the Miss Colby I've heard so much
about from Scott. Really? How nice of Scott.
And Mr. George Wadsworth.
William Wadsworth.
Sorry. Contessa Campanella.
How do you do?
How do you do? Are you
sailing with us, Miss Colby?
No. I wish I were. Oh, dear. What a
pity. It's divine this time of year.
The dogs adore it.
Don't you, baby?

Excuse us, please. We have some last-minute talking to do. Good-bye. Bon voyage.

Naturally. Good-bye.

Good-bye.

Very charming, your Miss Colby. She's not my Miss Colby. She's Wadsworth's.

Hadn't you better be getting aboard?

Not rushing me, are you?

Of course not, dear.

All ashore who's going ashore!

All ashore who's going ashore!

All ashore who's going ashore!

Oh, Bill. Come on. Be a sport. This is our last chance. Get off the boat with me.

Please, honey. This is my big break. Oh,

I know, but you'll be away two whole years.

Well, that's all right. What's two years? Anything's liable to happen to us in that length of time.

We may change- both of us.

Why take chances?

Oh, Kay.

Don't start that all over again.

We'll get along.

We don't need much.

Oh, no. None of this cottage stuff for me. I want more than that. I've got my future to think about.

Bill, I thought it was gonna be our future.

Well, sure. Sure.

That's what I meant.

Naturally I mean both of us. But I've gotta look out for myself too.

All ashore who's going ashore!

Come on, honey. You better get started. Oh, Bill.

All ashore who's going ashore!

Last call.

Bye!

Good-bye! Bon voyage!

Wave good-bye, babies.

Wave good-bye.

Bye!

Bye, honey.

Take care of yourself.

Good-bye.

Bye.

Say, when you cry, you don't
fool around, do you? You give.
Don't I? Oh! Give me a hanky
quick. I got mascara in my eye.
Oh. Oh, I can't stand good-byes.

I can't even bear to
see anybody off at the subway.

You never do that for me.

I'm afraid I ruined your hanky.

I'll have it framed.

How's it now?

Oh. My eye's all right, but I still
have an awful lump in my throat.

How'd you like to wash it down with some nice hot
coffee? Coffee. It's practically an inspiration.

Swell. We'll stop by Dubin's.

All right.

Coffee, black and strong.

Make it two.

Yes, sir. Anything else?

No.

I'll have the special sandwich.

Just the turkey and ham

without the magoo. Yes, sir.

Come on, now. Do your grieving on your own
time. You know, the countess is gone too.

I think she's very charming, Scott.

I admire your taste. Thank you.

Except for those stupid little pekes she drapes herself
with. Incidentally, what's happened to the count? Where is he?

Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Where the woodbine twineth.

That's where the count is.

Kay, have you really got it as bad as
you think you have? I don't think so.

What does a lady do when she wishes
to change the subject abruptly?

Give me a cigarette.

What does a gentleman do when he wants to find
out if he has a chance, now that your Bill is gone?

You never give up, do you? You know me.

Miller of the Northwest Royal Mounted.

It's a funny world, isn't it?

What's funny about it?

Well, the countess wants to marry me.

You're afraid?

You want to marry Bill,
and I want to marry you.

Quite a problem, isn't it?

Yes. Isn't it?

You know, I had quite some difficulty
getting the countess off to Honolulu.

Oh, she isn't going to Japan?

I thought Honolulu
was far enough for her.

But my, uh, real problem was Bill.

Bill?

Yes. You see, I just couldn't walk up and convince Bill that
he was getting circles under his eyes and needed a vacation.

So when I found out he was working for Amalgamated Oil, I
- Wait a minute.

Are you trying to tell me you had
something to do with sending Bill to Japan?

Oh, buying Amalgamated wasn't a bad investment. It's a
nice little company. I've had my eye on it for some time.

Are you serious?

You bought an oil company just to-

Well, I had to get rid of him somehow.

He had me stymied.

So you sent him away just to
have a clear field. Is that it?

Mm-hmm.

Isn't that marvelous?

You're loaded with money, so you think you
can push buttons and move heaven and earth.

I wouldn't put it as crudely as that. You're the most
contemptible, egotistical person I've ever met in my life.

Listen, Kay. I didn't realize he meant so much to
you. Let me tell you something, Little Napoleon.

This is one time your button-pushing
isn't gonna do you any good.

Bill is gonna be closer to me in Japan than
you can ever hope to be here in New York.

Kay, I-

Oh, go away.

Get me a cab.

Follow that cab,
and step on it!
Good evening, sir.
Hello.
Your hat, sir. Your hat.
Well, well.
This is a small world.
Fancy running into the very person
I had hoped to see.
Did I catch a glimpse of you going into
a telegraph office? You certainly did.
And Bill will be back
on the first boat.
Thank you.
I wish you hadn't done that.
Mmm! Mmm!
Is that beautiful!
Here's where I go to work.
Don't you wish you could?
How much says I can't?
Make it easy on yourself.
Ten bucks.
It's a bet.
You'd better pin back your ears.
This is gonna be good.
It's an easy 10.
Um-
Uh, it's- it's stuck.
Thanks.
How about a little drink
for the old alma mater?
Oh. Students? I should say
not. We're football players.
That looks poisonous. Let me buy you a real
drink. I like this one, if you don't mind.
Oh, come on, toots.
Have a drink with me.
I crave companionship.
You should join a sorority.
Let me fix it for ya.
Have you ever been hit
with a slot machine?
I- I bet the fellows 10 bucks
you'd have a drink with me.

Come on. Be a good-
Is this youngster annoying you?
Not at all. Be a good Scout, sonny,
and toddle back to your table.
I wish you'd stop interfering
with my affairs.
Oh. I didn't know
this was an affair.
Well, whatever it is,
I can do without you nicely.
Madam, is this old gentleman
annoying you?
Yes. Very decidedly.
So maybe you'd better
totter back to your table.
Don't try to be funny.
Uh, somebody, uh,
looking for trouble?
Yes. And somebody's going to get it. Now get back to your table
- all of you.
Wait a minute. Who do you
think you're- Why, you-
Old gray mare
She ain't what she used to be
She ain't what she used to be
She ain't what she used to be
The old gray mare
She ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago I thought
it was pretty good as fights go.
Your tactics are a trifle dirty.
I picked them up in the oil fields.
But I must give you credit
for a good left hook. Thanks.
I never felt anything like it.
The old gray mare
She ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago
Oh.
Kay?
Hmm?
Kay.
Yes, Mother.
Here's a cablegram for you, dear.

Oh, darling. Read it to me, will you?
What on earth are you doing to that
hat? Covering my eye. What do you think?
It looks dreadful. What does
he say? When is he coming back?
Who? Bill. Will you
read that cable to me?
Oh. Of course.
Just love cables.
Well, if it's for me, I'd like to know
what's in it. You'll be crazy about it, dear.
"Can't believe stuff about Scott.
Intend to make good at job anyway.
"Absurd to come back now.
Take care of yourself.
Love, Bill. "
That's about the most
ardent cable I ever saw.
He must be simply crazy about you.
What did you expect him to do? Jump off
the boat and swim back? Oh, no, dear.
I thought that's what
you expected.
I think his going to Australia
is the nicest thing he ever did.
It isn't Australia. It's Japan. What's the
difference? He's gone. That's what I like about him.
I suppose you like Scott Miller for sending
him away too. I've always liked Scott.
Might a mother ask where you're going? I'm going down
to the beauty parlor to have something done to this eye.
Charles will fix it.
Charles is wonderful.
And, darling, don't you brood over Bill's cable. Even
if he is cooling off, there are other fish in the sea.
Well, one of them is not Scott Miller.
Bonjour, mademoiselle.
Hello, Charles.
And how is Miss Colby today?
Look at this.
Mademoiselle!
Where'd you get this blue eye?
I got the blue one from my mother's side of the family. The
black one is a present from a gentleman who's crazy about me.

Ah. C'est l'amour.

Mmm.

What can you do about it?

We fix it perfect.

Oh, good.

If Mademoiselle will sit, please.

Yeah.

Oh. First of all, we
put on the cold towel.

Some astringent maybe.

Mmm.

Then some raw beef.

Just a small piece.

Put the whole cow on if it'll
help any. Yes, mademoiselle.

Now, if you will kindly
close your eyes.

Too cold?

Uh, it's all right. Now, be sure you keep
your eyes closed. I'll come right away back.

Okay.

Hey, Charles!

I'm getting a little bored with this.

Come on with the meat course.

Tout de suite, mademoiselle.

Well, come on now.

Hello.

What are you doing here?

I'm the butcher boy.

How did you get in?

The magic power of gold. Oh! Did your
company take over this beauty parlor too?

No, no. Just a temporary deal
with Charles.

How do I look?

Like a street cleaner.

Come, come, come now.

You can't win me with flattery.

You get out of here, or I'll
call a policeman. Go ahead.

I'll buy up the police force too.

Honestly, don't you like me better
than you did last night? Why should I?

Oh, I know I'm not

handsome, but I'm cute. Oh.
And I'll always be by your side.
Charles.
Don't strain your vocal cords.
Charles! Charles stepped
out for a minute, Miss Colby.
And he won't be back
till I call him.
I wish you wouldn't go.
I wanted to take you to the dog show.
They're showing the cutest
little animals you ever saw.
A Pekingese you'd be mad about.
Oh, you don't like Pekingese.
That's right. I remember now.
You're definitely not
the Pekingese type.
You know, the first time I saw you, I said to
myself, now there's a girl who's definitely-
Not the Pekingese type.
Bulldog, maybe,
but not Pekingese.
Good heavens, Yuki!
What's that?
I not know, Miss Kay.
Just come.
What's it supposed to be?
Where's the thing?
What thing, Miss Kay?
The card, Yuki.
Oh. Here it is.
Morning, my lamb.
Why, what's that?
Flowers, darling.
Flowers.
What a queer basket.
Was that a bark?
Kay, look at the little angel.
You come to me,
you itsy-bitsy tiny thing.
Who sent the little darling?
Aren't you going to see?
I know who sent it.
Get away from me.

Go away. Go.

"Introducing Junior and his own doghouse,
so you'll let me out of mine. Scott. "

Isn't that cute?

Yes. Yuki.

What are you going to do?

Send him back, of course.

You'll do nothing of the kind.

Dumb thing. Sit up!

Look at that smart, little precious.

I won't have you send him back.

I'll keep him myself.

You come to Mother.

Yes, I will. I'll just take
care of you, my darling.

I think you ought to call Scott up
right away and thank him.

Which reminds me. Couldn't possibly have been you who
told Scott Miller I was going to the beauty parlor?

Me? Why, darling, certainly not. Don't
tell me he turned up at the beauty parlor.

Whatever for?

Hello. Oh, hello,

Kay. How are you today?

Miss "Kruby" no come on phone now.

Miss "Kruby" very busy
drowning nasty "riddle" dog.

And incidentally, how did he
get our new telephone number?

Why, I-

Why, isn't that the strangest thing?

Yes. Isn't it?

Going out alone today,

Miss Colby? I hope so.

Whoa, Diamond.

Diamond.

There we are.

Oh, Dickson.

Should a gentlemen come here asking for me-
a big chap in a town car with a mustache-
be on your guard.

On my guard, Miss Colby?

He's not quite right in the head.

No?

No. He'll probably want a horse,
so give him Daisy.
Oh, but, Miss Colby,
we don't send Daisy out anymore.
You never know
when she's going to act up.
That's the whole idea.
But if the gentleman's balmy-
Don't you see, Dickson? The doctor
thinks maybe if he falls on his head-
Oh, I see.
But he's not violent, miss?
Oh, no. Not if you humor him. Just agree
to everything he says. Thank you, Dickson.
Come on, Diamond.
Boss, she mean that?
A crazy man's coming in here?
And we gotta be very cautious.
Yes, sir.
What's the matter, boys?
Careful. Don't excite him.
I won't.
Where's the boss?
Hey.
Where'd everybody go? Uh-
What kind of a place is this?
Would you mind telling me
what's going on here?
Just the boys having
a bit of fun, sir. Oh.
Is, uh, Miss Colby on
the bridle path? Yes, sir.
Oh, yes, sir. Yes indeed, sir.
Then get me a horse quickly.
Uh, yes, sir. We've got just the
horse for you, sir. Get Daisy.
Is, uh, Daisy all right?
I mean, uh, a little tired of it all?
You see, I haven't ridden in years.
I understand, sir. Uh,
she'll fix you up, sir. Easy.
Whoa. Whoa. Haven't you got
something a little nearer the ground?
Oh, you'll like this one, sir.

Give me a hand, son.
What's the matter with you fellas?
You all crazy?
Yes, sir.
No, sir.
No, sir.
Come on.
Well, he who is about to die
salutes you.
Whoa. Whoa.
Quiet down. Quiet down.
Come on. Come on.
Whoa. Oh, now. Whoa!
Oh, now. Whoa! Whoa!
Hello there.
What a charming coincidence.
Yes. Isn't it? As a matter of fact, the past three
weeks have been one charming coincidence after another.
Are you actually smiling?
No. I'm only giving my face a rest.
How's Junior?
Junior? I haven't the vaguest idea.
Mother doesn't allow him in my room
on account of I set mousetraps for him.
That's sweet of you.
He loves mice.
Speaking of Junior, how is
the countess? "Campy Nella. "
Wonderful, wonderful. I hope she
and all the little pekes are well.
Very well.
They're wonderful.
What do you hear from George?
George? Oh.
We call George Bill for short.
He's wonderful too.
Isn't that wonderful? Yes. We're
all wonderful. Just wonderful.
Whoa!
Oh.
Whoa.
Scott, are you hurt?
Scott.
Sorry to disappoint you,

but I'm afraid I'm all right.
That's too bad.
Nice horse.
Might have broken my neck.
That was the idea.
Fine thing.
I'm so glad you didn't break your leg,
because there's two miles back to the
stables, but it's a lovely day for a walk.
I'll get a hitch. I'm sure you will
with that winning smile of yours.
Oh, do let me help you mount.
Oh, thank you.
You're so very kind.
Scott Miller,
don't you get on that horse!
You hear me? Get off my horse!
Sorry, lady. This is now our horse.
Providing you care to hop
up behind me. No, thank you.
It's a long way back.
I'll get a lift.
Oh, I'm sure you will
with that winning smile of yours.
You better hop up.
Get off that horse!
Abyssinia!
Scott Miller!
Scott, you-
Oh! Oh!
Oh!
What's the matter, little girl?
Are you lost?
Well, well. Bless my soul.
If it isn't Miss Colby.
Fancy seeing you here. Hop
aboard and I'll give you a lift.
No? Just trying to be accommodating.
Don't waste your time.
Don't look now, but there's
a snake following you.
Oh! Not so fast!
Hello!
For heaven's sake, Kay, light somewhere. It's

like being in the room with a restless peacock.
Why do men always have to be
late? It's fashionable to be late.
I hate being fashionable. You really like
this? It's a good means of identification.
Do you mean you think it's too-
You could use another spangle or two.
What kind of a costume
is Stuart wearing?
I don't know. He said something
about going as a fudge sundae.
How appealing.
There he is now.
I'll get it, Theodore.
Very good, miss.
Good evening.
Now what?
I've come to take you to the ball.
Oh, you have?
I hope you can bear up on it, but I'm going
with Stuart Farnum. Sorry. You're going with me.
I told you I was going with Stu.
Stu? How vulgar.
Is that a name or a condition?
That's his name.
Strange. It's also his condition. He's
gonna take me if he has to go on a stretcher.
I guess that's the way
it'll have to be.
Stu!
Hmm? Another scotch and-
You see?
He's temporarily indisposed.
Did I hear a-
What's that?
Just my escort. You did this. You deliberately
got him drunk so he couldn't take me.
Kay, please don't say that. I ran across him at the club
- Accidentally, of course.
Of course. He was nervous about his costume, so I
suggested he have a couple of drinks to bolster up.
After he'd had about 12,
I discovered he couldn't hold his liquor.
I can understand that.

So, naturally, the only thing I could do was offer to take you to the party. Stu! Stu, get up! Mother, help me, or do something. I'm afraid he's past help. Tsk, tsk, tsk. Scott, don't you think this is going a little too far? I know. I don't know what I'm going to do with me. I'm not going. What? And waste that lovely costume? If I go, I'm going alone. May I offer you my car? That's sweet of you, Scott. I'll get your wrap. Do you mind if I, uh, sit with the chauffeur? I'll appreciate it. I'll just take you there and bring you back. I promise not to spoil your evening. See, I'm not in costume. Really? I thought you were masquerading as a gentleman. Now, children. Have a good time. Good-bye. Good night. Oh, Kay, wait! What are you going to do with this? The question is, darling, what are you gonna do with it? I don't believe it. It's too marvelous. May I? Johnny. Hello, Johnny. Hello. You've been very busy this evening, haven't you? Yeah. Busy trying to duck that Southern belle. Oh. Amy's houseguest? Mm-hmm. Johnny, she's the most adorable thing I ever saw in my whole life. Oh, adorable, my eye. She talks my ear off. Uh-oh. Here she comes. Oh, Johnny, she's very pretty. Pretty,

yeah, but she's a phonograph record.
Don't let her see me. Hide behind the plume,
dear. At least it's good for something.
Uh, Johnny, would you like me
to get her a boyfriend for the evening?
Would I?
Come on. I'll save you.
What are you gonna do? Keep your eyes
and ears open and your mouth shut.
Ooh, yonder's Johnny looking
for me now. Pardon me.
Why, Johnny,
where did you disappear to?
Just looking for you, Mary Lee.
You've met Kay Colby.
Well, I should say I have. I've just
been admiring you all evening, Miss Colby.
I think that costume's
the smartest thing.
Thank you, honey. Would you
like to do me a big favor?
I certainly would. I'd like to have you
dance with a friend of mine, Scott Miller.
He's terribly attractive and rich and
dying to meet you. Well, I declare. Really?
He'd ask you himself,
only he's too bashful.
Oh. Well, now, isn't that
the cutest thing? Where is he?
Wait right here with Johnny.
I'll bring him to you.
Oh, incidentally, he's a little hard of hearing,
so you'll have to yell, but you don't mind.
Oh, of course not. The poor man. Yes.
Tsk, tsk, tsk.
Isn't that a shame?
Oh, Scott.
Pardon me.
How would you like to be a
Good Samaritan? At your service.
There's a little girl visiting
from the South. She's awfully sweet,
but she doesn't seem
to be having a very good time.

Be nice and dance with her,
will you? Anything for you.
Oh, thank you. I think you'll like
her. She's got an awfully cute accent.
But there's just one thing.
Uh-oh.
Oh, a little thing. She's slightly deaf, and you'll
have to shout. Oh, is that all? Shouting's easy.
Miss Jackson, this is Mr. Miller,
the gentleman I told you about.
How do you do?
I'm very happy to know you.
Excuse us.
Would you like to dance?
Oh, thanks.
Uh, thanks. I'd love to.
How do you like New York?
Oh, I simply adore it.
Well, I've never seen so many
tall buildings in all my life.
I've been up and down
in elevators until, oh, I'm dizzy.
Shh! Johnny,
they'll hear us. Stop it.
How long do you expect to stay?
Well, you don't have to yell at me, you
know. There's nothin' wrong with my hearing.
What's that?
You're the one. I'm not deaf.
I can't stop!
I gotta get out of here!
Lady, we've been victimized.
You reckon?
I reckon.
Oh!
That was a low-down dirty trick!
Oh!
"How did you like New Yo-"
You're having a lot of fun
with me, aren't you?
Every time I think of you
- You know, you'd make a marvelous train announcer.
The worst of it is,
you're probably right.

With the blue uniform and brass
buttons. It might be very becoming.
Might add that, uh, romantic
something that I seem to lack, huh?
Big businessmen shouldn't
try to be romantic.
Oh.
Maybe.
Oh.
That's all I mean to you, isn't it?
Just a big businessman.
But I do take a neat fall from a horse.
Beautiful.
Took a neat fall for a girl too.
If you're trying to get serious, please
don't. I'm having much too much fun.
Maybe I can amuse you with a funny story. You
like funny stories? It all depends on the story.
I've got one about a button
pusher and a bulldog. Bulldog?
Well, definitely not a Pekingese.
Oh. You see, this button
pusher was a fella...
who was smug and accustomed
to having his own way...
until along came a little bulldog.
Now, he chased
this little bulldog for a long time,
but he didn't seem to be getting anyplace
because she didn't like his methods.
But he couldn't change because he was
an old button pusher and set in his ways.
And the bulldog was stubborn too.
That's it. Seems you know the story.
Well, parts of it. But you seem to forget that
the bulldog was interested in someone else.
And still is?
And still is.
Well? Isn't there
something more to your story?
No. I guess not. There's nothing for the button
pusher to do but pick up his marbles and go home.
Good-bye, Kay.
I'll leave the car for you.

You finishing the
tea, please? Yes, Yuki.
Thank you, Miss Kay.
Give me the trouble department.
Hello. Trouble department?
My telephone's out of order. People
can't get me. The phone doesn't ring.
I have. I know it doesn't ring.
All right. You try it.
Yes. It did that time. Well, how is it
people can't get me on the telephone?
I'm sorry, madam.
There's nothing we can do about that.
What do you see, Yuki?
Oh, you going to party.
Big party. Lots of people.
Who takes me?
Who am I with?
Lots of people. Many people.
Yes. But who's next to me?
Lady. Maybe fat lady.
But what gentleman? No
gentlemen. All ladies.
Card party.
Oh, you lose money.
Isn't there one man in that cup?
Man? No. No see no man.
Oh, you get present.
Yes. From whom?
Lovely present.
Jewelry present.
Who gives it to me? What is he like?
Is he a big man? I not can say for sure.
All the same I think-
Yes, I sure.
Present come from your mother.
Yuki, you tell the dullest fortunes.
But no see Mr. Miller in cup.
Mr. Miller?
Whatever made you think of him?
I think maybe you marry
Mr. Miller sometime.
Me marry Mr. Miller? Huh!
Yes. I think you loving Mr. Miller.

You think too much.
Thank you, Miss Kay.
All the same, when Japanese
girl love Japanese man,
she go to him and she say,
"I love you, Mr. Miller. "
Then everything right away fine.
Yes. Then everything right away great. The little Japanese
girl gets shoved around the rest of her life.
Japanese girls liking
to be shoved round.
Not this Japanese girl.
Even if I did marry him, I
wouldn't let him know I loved him.
My soul wouldn't be my own.
Besides, who said I did love him?
Yes, Miss Kay.
Take these things away, Yuki.
Thank you.
Hello, darling.
Hello, dear.
What are you doing with my dog?
Just scratching his stomach.
Mm-hmm. Oh, is there any mail for me?
Nothing for you, darling,
as usual.
I should think Bill would let you hear from
him once in a while. Well, maybe he's busy.
I don't see how you can consider yourself
engaged to a man who doesn't even write to you.
My sweet.
Didn't you go out for lunch?
No. I didn't feel like it.
Oh, darling, you were lucky.
Colony was simply packed. And to make it
worse, your Aunt Emma was gabbier than usual.
Her main topic today was
Scott Miller and that countess.
She's just back from Honolulu.
Your Aunt Emma tells me that she heard for a positive
fact that this time they're going to be married.
I don't care what Aunt Emma heard.
Darling, if you don't care,
I'm sure I don't.

But naturally I hate to see you lose
the finest man you ever knew.
I'm going to lie down
for a little while, dear.
Hello. Oh, hello, Scott.
Oh, I'm fine. I never felt
so well in all my life.
Oh. Yes, I have been busy. You know
how it is during the horse show week.
Well, uh, what about lunch
with me tomorrow?
Tomorrow?
Oh, I'm terribly sorry.
I wish I could, but I haven't
a free moment. Honestly.
Oh, that's too bad.
Well, I'll see you around sometime.
But- Oh.
Oh.
Not at all. Not at all.
I tell you, gentlemen.
If we lower the price of gasoline
even one cent, we're headed for ruin.
Mr. Brinkerhoff,
will you please stick to the point?
What's the good of having a board of directors
if nobody will listen? We are listening!
Gentlemen! Gentlemen!
Now, I've never overridden this board,
and I'm not going to start now.
Anything I do will be
with your unanimous approval.
But you're going to approve if I have
to sit here until a week from Tuesday.
Now take your time, because I've got all
today, all tomorrow and all the next day.
In fact,
I can sit here for weeks.
She's here?
Boys, I've, uh,
been thinking this thing over.
I don't know a more levelheaded bunch
of men in the country than you fellas.
Now, I've decided that whatever you decide

is all right with me. Good-bye. Good-bye.

What's the matter?

Is he sick?

Well, this is a surprise.

I, uh, hope I didn't disturb you.

Not at all. I wasn't doing anything.

Just fooling around with the boys.

We never do any work.

I thought you told me you
were going to be so busy today.

Oh, I am. As a matter of fact, I'm
practically at four other places right now,
trying to get rid of
these milk fund tickets.

Is that all that brought you
here? Is that all? I have 200 left.

How much are they?

Only \$10 apiece.

Yes, sir? Make out a check
for \$2,000, and mail it to, uh-
Metropolitan Charities.

Did you hear that?

Yes, sir. Your calling last
night was an inspiration.

I don't know why I didn't think of you
before. That's very sweet of you, Scott.

Leaves me the rest of the day
with nothing to do.

Fine. Would you, uh, be interested in
seeing how big business is conducted?

How Little Napolon works?

Uh-huh.

I'd love it.

Private office?

Monsieur.

So, uh, this is where you do
your serious thinking? Right.

Now I understand your success.

What'll it be?

A small glass of sherry.

That's very cute.

Is that dry? Oui, madame. Very dry.

Here's to you
and the countess.

Thanks, but, uh,
why the countess?
Well, isn't it impending?
Nobody consulted me.
I've heard rumors.
Uh-uh.
You'll be sorry to hear
my feelings haven't changed.
I'm still going to marry you.
You better be careful. One of these
days I might take you up on that.
Couldn't make it today, could you? If
I did, it would only be for your money.
I never look a gift horse in the mouth.
You want me anyway?
Definitely.
All right. But this isn't going to
be any Taming of the Shrew, you know.
I'm not gonna come crawling
after you've broken my spirit.
I'll take my chance.
It's a long one.
I like 'em that way.
Well, guess that settles it.
Oh, no. There should be a
kiss to seal the bargain.
Is that necessary?
It's, uh, pretty standard.
All right.
Can you spare it?
I think so.
Well, good-bye. Oh, no.
There's one more detail.
What happens now?
Come on. I'll show you.
I warn you. I won't sign
anything without a lawyer.
Oh, you won't have to sign a thing.
Just one minute.
What's this?
The customary engagement ring.
Oh, you were all prepared.
Oh, yes. Yes indeed.
Well prepared.

When did you get these?
The day after you turned me down.
Sure of yourself, weren't you?
Just a gambler.
A gambler who knew he'd win.
The fact that I don't love you
doesn't spoil your victory.
Well, I'm glad we understand each other. Which one of
these little knickknacks would you like to have me wear?
They're all for you. I thought
you might like to change off.
How romantic.
Now that, uh, we're engaged, I hope
we'll see each other occasionally.
Whatever is customary, Mr. Miller.
Hmm. Let me see.
Oh. Careful, Mother.
Now be careful.
Do be quiet. How can I do this if you talk? Scott! Hurry
up with the cocktails! I need something to steady my hand.
Coming right up. Oh, hurry up,
Mother. I only have one match left.
So have I. We'll split the pot. Shut up.
Easy. Easy.
Oh!
Brinkie! It's the gardenias, my dear.
They always bring on my hay fever.
Oh, I see a swell place.
Kay, your tongue.
You'll bite it off.
Shut up. Shut up.
Ah! I win. I win.
Not yet. I can still tie you.
Oh, Brinkie, don't you put
that match on. I want to win.
Hold your hats, kids.
Hold your hats.
Oh. Oh, no. No.
Oh.
Fooled ya!
Oh!
Brinkie! I win all the money. I win
all the money. Goody, goody, goody.
Who won?

Brinkie's hay fever.
That'll teach you to gamble with women.
Wasn't fair. She only won
by a nose. What's that?
A Bronx- and a good one.
A Bronx? Take it away.
Last time I drank one of those things, they had
to send me to Carlsbad to have my liver overhauled.
How do you like this fellow? After
mixing them myself. Ungrateful I calls it.
Don't touch it, Kay.
It'll poison you.
Let me mix you one of
my famous "packeroos. "
What's a packeroo? Shh. It's a
secret formula I picked up in Cuba.
From a horse doctor.
Yes. From a horse d- No!
The man never did
appreciate my artistry.
Brinkie, I trust you.
I'll try one.
I promise you, you'll never forget
it. That's what I'm afraid of.
How about you, Mrs. Colby?
I'll try one too.
One is all you need. Come on, you
old rebel. I'll show you the stuff.
Be back in a moment, ladies. We'll
whip this evening into something yet.
By the way, uh,
what is a packeroo?
I don't know. I never heard the word before,
but I'll mix up something potent. Mm-hmm.
May as well cancel dinner now.
Heaven's sake, Kay. Aren't you ever
going to stop playing that stupid game?
Shh! I'm busy. A pure waste
of time. That's what it is.
How about one here? No, no, no.
Go away. I'm trying something new.
You know too much about it now.
Poor Scott.
You beat him every night.

I'm the champion.

Well, anyway, you're being pleasant to him lately. That's something.

That's because he's stopped trying to rule the roost.

Anything settled yet?

About what?

The wedding. Oh, Scott wants to hold off till he hears about that Russian deal.

Russian deal? What Russian deal? He's working on a contract with Russia, and if the deal is made, we'll go there on our honeymoon.

Good heavens. You have to wait for the Russians to get married?

Well, Brinkie's off on one of his short stories again. Probably last an hour.

He doesn't even know I left him.

Still talking. That's cruel, Scott.

He doesn't care. The other day while he was spinning his favorite yarn at the club his audience changed three times.

He never knew the difference. You stay here. I'll take care of him.

Oh, I wish you hadn't taught me this silly game. I never worked so hard in my life.

It was probably started by the match industry. Ooh! I'm all worn out.

Oh, I meant to ask you. How is that Russian deal getting along? So-so.

I guess you must be terribly anxious to get it settled. Not particularly.

Bad business rushing that sort of thing.

Heard anything from Bill lately?

Hmm?

Bill. Any news?

Why, no. Nothing unusual.

I finally got that letter off to him though. What letter?

Oh, I've been trying to write him for days, telling him about us. Oh.

I wrote and rewrote it a dozen times. It was the most difficult thing I ever had to do.

You think he'll take it badly? Well, naturally,

getting a letter like that isn't very pleasant.
I feel horrible about it.
Well, you needn't.
Bill's not going to
get that letter, Kay.
He's on his way home. He's on
his way home? He's coming back?
Yes. I sent for him. I've wanted to
talk to you about it for several days.
What happened?
Bill hasn't done anything, has he?
No. As a matter of fact, he's going to work
for us here. Well, why bring him home now?
I'm giving him back to you, Kay.
Strange, isn't it? Particularly
after the battle I put up.
It's amazing how little a man
really knows about himself.
I wanted you so badly that I thought the
fact you didn't love me wouldn't matter.
But I was wrong. It does matter.
What are you driving at, Scott?
I once had an idea
I was a pretty tough hombre.
Ride roughshod over anything
or anybody to get what I wanted.
Well, I got it, but it's no go.
I discovered I was, well,
just plain human.
My vanity's been hurt, Kay,
and it's screaming its head off.
I don't want to marry a woman
who's in love with someone else.
There's something wrong here, Scott.
I can't believe you're just
handing me back to Bill.
You're not given to gestures like that.
You're right. I'm not. Just
gambling again. Gambling on what?
That in time you'll get Bill
out of your system. Oh, I see.
I may be wrong, but I've always had a notion
that you're not really in love with Bill.
That it was just an idea

you were clinging to.

So I thought that if I brought him back

- I'd get tired of him. Is that it?

I'd realize I'm a stupid brat who

doesn't know her own mind. Kay, don't-

Meet Kay Colby, the human

guinea pig. That's silly.

Still pushing buttons, aren't you?

Still running the world.

It never occurred to you to consult me, did it? You

toy around with a man's career as if he were a puppet.

But I haven't hurt him.

Now you're doing the same to me.

That's a big mistake, Scott, because

I refuse to be a puppet in your show.

I'll see Bill. I'll see plenty of him.

Thank you for sending him back to me.

Wait a minute, Kay.

Will you listen to me?

Kay. Kay!

Kay! What's happened, Scott?

Come in, Brinkie.

You want to see me, Scott? Brinkie, do you think

you could run this office for a month or so?

Why, certainly. Anyone could run this

- I mean, yes, of course. Why?

Oh, I think I'll get away for a while.

Europe. The Orient. Anywhere.

You can't get her off your mind by running

away. Look. I'll tell you what to do.

You've already told me what to do. I

brought Wadsworth back at your suggestion.

I still think it's a good idea. Yeah. Swell. He

arrived this morning, and look. Right back in my lap.

And now she's right back in his, eh?

Exactly.

Perfect feminine psychology. She'll fight you

every step of the way. She's that kind of a girl.

And now that we're on the subject, you're that kind

of a fellow. Neither one of you will give an inch.

Well, we've certainly made a fine mess

of things. Not at all. You're goin' great.

Now all you got to do

is follow up.

I tell you. The girl loves you. Mm-hmm.
You don't think she cares anything
about this Wadsworth, do you?
Now the smart thing to do
is just what she doesn't expect.
Instead of being sore about him,
uh, take the opposite tack.
Make him your pal. Build him
up. Give him a better job.
Take every obstacle out of their way, so she
can't have the slightest excuse not to marry him.
And then watch her squirm.
How do you know
so much about women?
I'm a bachelor.
Oh, this is all too complicated, Bill.
Let's just have scotch and soda.
Cordon Rouge, 1926.
You can't celebrate the return of the prodigal
with scotch and soda. It's gotta be champagne.
All right, Prodigal.
Mr. Prodigal to you.
You are glad I'm back,
aren't you, honey?
Of course I'm glad. You remember
me. I'm the gal you left behind.
Well, then let's celebrate right.
All right.
Oh, I forgot to tell you. They doubled
my salary today. Doubled your salary?
Oh, that's marvel
- What do you mean they doubled your salary? For what?
Don't you think I'm worth it or
something? When did this happen?
They told me about it this afternoon. Oh, he
did, did he? You didn't accept it, of course.
Accept it?
Say, what's the matter with you?
Do you mean to tell me you'd
take anything from Scott Miller?
Why not? He's my boss, isn't he?
Just because you got tight one night and promised to marry him
- I wasn't tight.
Well, it's all over anyway. There's no reason

why I shouldn't accept the raise from him.
Come on. Let's dance.
Gosh, honey. I thought you were gonna
be tickled to death I got a raise.
Now we can plan on getting married
right away. Yes. I suppose we can,
but I still wish you were
working for somebody else.
Why are you so sore at Scott Miller?
He's been swell to me.
Oh, Bill, you're mad!
You're such a glorious maniac!
Oh, there's Scott Miller and
the countess. Really? Where?
Hello.
Hello there. Kay, how are you?
Fine.
You remember the contessa.
Yes. Of course. Hello. And
Billy, lamb. How are you, darling?
Swell, Janey. I'm glad to see you
again. Isn't it fun here tonight?
Yes. Isn't it?
Let's have a drink together.
We'd love to.
Fine. See you later.
All right.
"Billy, lamb. " You do all
right on boats, don't you?
Okay. You can't play deck tennis
all the time. You've gotta mix.
Well, then maybe you better
stay off the water.
All right, honey. Anything you say. From
now on, I'm off water. Nothing but champagne.
To us, darling.
My joys will be your joys.
And your troubles
will be my troubles.
Oh, but I haven't any troubles.
Wait till you marry me.
Oh, waiter. Another bottle.
Right away, sir. Come on, honey.
Drink up. Let's get under way.

Yes. Way under.

What's the matter, honey? We're out to be happy and laugh and enjoy ourselves.

Yes. I know. Well, then let's do it. This is our reunion.

We don't seem to be having as much fun as we used to. I am. I'm having a lot of fun.

And I got a swell idea for the weekend too.

Bob Metcalf wants us to go out on his boat. I don't like boats.

But you know the Metcalfs. They're a million laughs. I still don't like boats.

Ye-

With Mr. Miller's compliments.

Well! Is that so? Well, you can send it back to Mr. Miller with our compliments.

No, wait. We can't do that, Kay.

He's my boss. Well, he's not my boss.

We're not gonna get anywhere by insulting him. So I found out over a period of months.

Uh, what'll I do, sir?

Leave it. We'll open it later.

Waiter, will you see if they can stop this thingamajig from going around? I'm getting dizzy.

Yes, miss. I think that was darn nice of Scott Miller.

Oh, there they are. Thanks a lot. That was swell.

Oh, not at all.

It was a great pleasure.

Bill really is a dear. He kept me amused the whole trip.

It was all I could do to keep him from getting off the boat with me at Honolulu. Too bad he didn't.

It is wiser to be friendly to him.

After all, he is my-

If you tell me he's your boss again, I'll scream.

Well, we should. Ought to be nice to both of them. They're gonna be married.

Yes. And I suppose nice to all their children too.

I'm glad this thing stopped.

Get the check. I want to go home.
Go home? What for? It's early. Besides,
we gotta knock off this bottle first.
You've had enough, and I want to go.
Don't be silly. We haven't even started.
Hey. What's this?
You're not goin' home, are you?
It's a shame. We promised the
Larrimores we'd drop in on their party.
But we were waiting for you to join
us before we opened your bottle.
We'll make it another time.
Soon, I hope.
Why don't you ask them up to the country for
the weekend? We're having some divine people.
I'd love to, if I thought they'd come.
Of course we'll come.
But you're forgetting about the Metcalfs.
We promised to go out on their boat.
Honey, but
- But it's this weekend, dear. Don't you remember?
I'm terribly sorry, Scott,
but you will ask us another time.
Maybe next week. Good
night. Mm-hmm. Good night.
Good night.
Good night, Billy.
Good night, Janey. You're certainly
hasty about accepting invitations.
Yes, but, honey-
Yes. I know he's your boss.
But you said you didn't like boats. I don't,
but rather than spend a weekend with them,
I'd even take
the comical Metcalfs.
Well, it's all too much for me. Maybe
you're right. We'd better go home.
Go home? What for?
It's early.
Wha- But I thought-
I'm gonna get drunk. Then maybe I'll
know what's goin' on around here.
You're not planning on
coming with me, by any chance?

Certainly not. I have better ways
to spend my declining weekends, dear.

Where are you going? To Scott's?

Why should that interest you?

Doesn't.

You can send my bag down
now, Yuki. Yes, Mrs. Colby.

How you can spend a weekend with
those dull Metcalfs is beyond me.

But of course

Bill will be a big help.

I don't know why I have to consult you
about my friends. I'm free, white and 21.

At least Scott's party will be amusing.

I hope you enjoy it.

Hello, dear.

What are you doing here? I thought
you were going to Scott Miller's.

I didn't say so. From the way you spoke,
I naturally assumed you were going there.

Can't help what you assume, darling.

Whose boat are you going on?

Friends, dear. Friends.

What friends?

I don't see why I have to tell you everything.

I'm free, white and, uh, in my early 40s.

Well, if I'd only known,
we could have saved a taxi fare.

What yacht, madam?

I'm Mrs. Colby.

Oh, yes indeed, Mrs. Colby.

Right this way.

And I'm Miss Colby. I'm looking for
the Gargantuan, the Metcalf boat.

I believe there is a young man
waiting for you down by the float.

Be careful of your footing, Mrs. Colby.

Thank you so much, young man.

This is the tender for
you, Mrs. Colby. Thank you.

Think you were royalty or
something. Good-bye, dear.

Kay, come on.

Hurry up!

So that's the Gargantuan.
Did you bring your seasick remedy?
I don't get seasick. It's cunning,
Kay. Do you get into it or put it on?
Well, good-bye, dear. Have a good
time. I'm sure you will in that.
Don't fall overboard.
Kay, where have you been?
I've been waiting here for an hour.
Will you please tell me what you're
doing in this thing? Don't you like it?
Like it? Where are the Metcalfs? Bob can't get away

till 6:

Pick is up where? Over in the cove.
Thanks, son. I'll take the bags.
Holy smoke! What have
you got in these bags?
Where do you think we're going?
Well, I didn't know
we were going canoeing.
What are you talkin' about?
This is a sweet little job. Get in.
I hope you know something about
running this sweet little job.
Running it? That's all I did when
I was a kid. Untie the bow line.
Why can't we wait for the Metcalfs
and go on their regular boat?
'Cause we'll have a lot of fun sailing around
this afternoon. Go below. See how cute it is.
Well.
Oh.
Cozy, isn't it? Compact.
That's what I like about it.
Say, what are you doing
to those eggs?
Well, they started to scramble
themselves, so I finished it.
I don't want to be rude, honey,
but they don't look very appetizing.
They're all I can find. They'll have
to hold you till the Metcalfs get here.
Aren't you gonna have any? I'm just gonna

have coffee. I'm not gonna spoil my appetite.
Be kind of fun if they
didn't show up, wouldn't it?
Then we could be alone sort of.
What do you mean "sort of"?
Well, you know. We're engaged,
aren't we? Come on. Sit down.
Wait till I pour my coffee.
Float ahoy!
There they are now.
It's about time.
Mr. Miller's compliments, Miss Colby. And will
you and your party join him aboard for dinner?
Mr. Miller? Is he in this cove?
Just ahead, madam. We're
laying off your starboard bow.
Tell Mr. Miller we'd be delighted.
We'd be nothing of the sort.
Yoo-hoo! Billy!
Hurry up!
We're holding dinner for you.
Come as you are. Don't wait
to change. Scott won't mind.
What shall I say to Mr. Miller?
That we'll be over.
That we will not be over. Mr. Miller
anticipated a little disagreement on the matter.
So Mr. Miller hopes you'll accept this
hamper with Mr. Miller's compliments.
Well, we certainly
- Miss Colby's compliments to Mr. Miller.
And Miss Colby says that Mr. Miller can take his
hamper and his invitation and his yacht and go-
I will without fail, madam. No need
to be insulting, Kay. I'll take that.
No, Kay.
You-You leave that.
Any other message, miss?
Yes.
Tell Mr. Miller we're having a perfectly fine
time and do not wish to be annoyed. I will indeed.
Oh. We're expecting a bit of a blow. Mr. Miller
suggests you make sure of your ground tackle.
Tell him to make sure of his own.

Yes, miss.

Cast off!

All speed ahead.

Well, thanks just the same.

Oh, don't mention it.

Well, she's not coming over.

Don't weaken.

Give her time.

And be plenty tough with her.

Is that the way you handled the women
you couldn't get? Certainly. Whenever-

Let that pass, will you, please?

Start this boat.

I want to get out of this cove.

What are you talking about? We gotta wait for the
Metcalfs. If we're not here, they'll look around for us.

Are you so crazy about that guy you can't stand being
in the same cove with him? I'm not crazy about him.

I hate the sight of him.

Yes, you do. You fall all over yourself every
time his name is mentioned. Don't be a fool.

I don't intend to be.

I've been a sap long enough.

What do you think I am? Blind? You're not
fooling me. You're just using me to burn him up.

And after several more rude remarks, she
threw the hamper at me. She didn't miss either.

No, sir. Was it because the
others objected to their leaving?

There were no others, madam.

Just the two.

Weren't the Metcalfs with them?

No, madam.

That'll do.

Scott, did you hear that?

Yes. I heard. What about it? I've got to get over
there. We can't leave them unchaperoned all night.

Why not? That's what she
wants, isn't it? Don't you care?

Not a bit. She can do whatever
she likes as far as I'm concerned.

Well, not as far as I'm concerned.

Get me a boat. I'm going over.

You'll do nothing of the kind. It was your idea to change

my party to the yacht, and you're going to stay here.
But if there's a storm coming up-
Let her sit in it. It'll do her good.
Bill, will you stop drinking that wine and get this boat
started. We can't stay here with the storm coming up.
Oh, but we are. We're staying right here
where you can be near the man you love so much.
I'm giving you both a break.
After all, he is my boss.
I've gotta be nice to him.
Fine romance. I come all the way from Japan,
sacrifice my whole future, just for you.
Oh, you came back only because of me.
Certainly I did.
What'd you think I came back for?
I don't know. I had an idea
your boss sent for you.
Well, whatever it was,
I was crazy.
Float ahoy!
Hey, Bob. Come on in.
Beg pardon, miss. Mr. Miller instructed
me to tell you not to be idiots.
The storm is going to be
very heavy.
You can tell Mr. Miller that the idiots can
take care of themselves, storm or no storm.
Tell the old boy to come on over and have a
drink. His girl's crying her eyes out about him.
You won't come, miss?
No, I won't, and get out of here!
Bill, please get up from there. Let's get out of
this cove. I'm afraid the boat's gonna turn over.
That suits me fine.
Bill, I'm scared!
Scott, you've got to do something. They're
in danger. You can't leave her over there.
I offered to help her. That's
all I can do. You're cruel.
I'll see the captain myself.
Afraid it won't do you any good.
Oh, Bill, come on.
We can't stay in here. We'll drown.
No.

Oh, help me, please.

Come on.

We don't want any help!

Go on. Grab the gentleman.

Don't you get on this boat! I don't want you to get on this boat! Do you hear?

Take your hands off me!

We don't want any trouble.

I'm not gonna get on that boat!

Come on! Get her aboard.

No! I don't want-

Keep your foot in there.

It's a wonder

you weren't drowned.

It's too hot!

That's the way it should be.

I'm going down to get you a hot toddy.

If you see Scott Miller, you better warn him to stay away from me.

I doubt if he'll have any time to see you. He's in a big bridge game.

Keep your feet in there till I get back. Why, hello, Scott. Come in.

I'm just going down to get something to ward off her cold. I'll be right back.

You all right? A lot you care. What do you mean by sending those thugs over to manhandle me?

You didn't expect me to leave my guests just to rush over and pick up a couple of water-soaked half-wits?

Certainly not. How could I? Besides, think of the duchess or countess, or whatever she is.

Shouldn't you be getting back to her?

As a matter of fact, I should.

Well, don't let me detain you. And I'm getting off this boat as soon as possible.

You're getting into that bed as soon as you get out of that mustard bath.

Who do you think you're talking to?

You heard what I said. You get into that bed and stay there. I don't want any more annoyance from you.

Oh?

I'll show him.

Where's the thing?

Well, who do you think
you're looking at?
Oh, I'm dying.
Oh.
Oh, poor darling.
This'll fix you up.
Oh, Janey, my head is killing me.
Yes, I know. Now you drink this rock and rye.
It's the best thing in the world for a cold.
Drink it all.
Oh, that's strong. No, it isn't.
Poor lamb. I know it hurts.
Oh! Be careful, honey.
You'll take my cold.
I'll take anything from you, darling.
My mother used to say, "You'll
never get poor from taking. "
Oh. Oh.
There, there.
Ah, but that was nothing to
what happened to me in Calcutta.
I had the fiercest battle
with two polar bears.
They were quarreling over a seal.
Hello, everybody.
Hi, Kay.
How are you feeling, honey?
Never felt better in my-
Brinkie, darling, is this
gonna be our dance? Uh-huh!
Oh, good. Isn't it marvelous
when everybody's so gay?
How do you like my
new coiffure? Parfait.
I thought I told you
to get into bed.
I'll do whatever I please. You will,
huh? We'll see about that, young lady.
Scott! Put me down!
Put me down, you big walrus!
Walrus! That reminds me.
Once I was chasing a flock of "walri. "
Put me down!
I'll put you down.

Now stay there. When I give an order
on this boat, it's usually carried out.
Get out of here! If you were a
man, I'd poke you right in the nose.
Wouldn't that be repeating yourself?
I should have hit you harder.
You have a disposition like a
- You're a schizophreniac. That's what you are.
A what? A schizophreniac! And if you don't
know what it means, you can look it up.
I know the meaning of any
word you can think up. Oh!
Kay, put your feet right back into that
mustard. You want to catch pneumonia?
I don't care what I catch!
Do I have to tie you in this tub?
Put you feet in there.
Now, where's Junior? Junior.
Junior. I bet he's with
that countess's dogs again.
Junior. Junior.
"Schizo-" "Schizo-"
"Schizophreniac. "
"Delusions of grandeur predominate.
Most insane killers are of this class. "
And on top of everything else,
you're a hyperthyroid!
If you don't stop following me around, I'll put
you in irons. That's a job for a full-grown man.
That's a laugh. You talk about full-grown men with
that case of arrested development you're engaged with.
You'll never be half the man Bill is.
I hope not.
You two should be very happy. You're
equally intelligent. You deserve each other.
And we adore each other.
What do you think of that?
That's great. You can spend
the rest of your lives sinking boats,
falling off cliffs or anything else your
feeble minds can concoct! Stop yelling at me,
you button pusher!
You bet I'm a button pusher,
and I'm gonna keep on being a button pusher until

I die, and what's more, you're going to like it!
I'm getting sick of this. Who do you
think you're gonna push around now?
I'm pushing for the captain.
He's going to marry us.
Marry us? I wouldn't marry you
if you were the last man alive.
That's fine.
Oh, do you think he heard you?
For richer, for poorer.
In sickness and in health.
And do you promise to love,
honor and obey this man until-
Just a minute. There's going to be no
obeying in my life. Oh, yes, there is.
There's going to be a lot of obeying. There's going
to be nothing but obeying. But do you take this woman-
If you think you're gonna-
Yes, I do.
And do you take this man to be your
- Yes!
Then with the power
vested in me...
as the master of this ship,
I now pronounce you
man and wife.
And may I wish you
a happy,
peaceful married life.