



Scripts.com

Love Crazy

By William Ludwig

It's delightful to be married

To be, be, be, be married!

There's nothing half as jolly

Good evening, Mr. Ireland.

As a happy married life

Hiya, Jimmy.

- Give me a little lift with this, will you?

- Certainly, sir.

Yes, sir, Jimmy, it's certainly delightful

to be, be, be, be married!

- Don't you think so, Jimmy?

- Well, sometimes.

Oh, always.

There's nothing wrong with anyone's life

that a good marriage can't cure.

Thank you, sir.

It's delightful to be married

To be, be, be, be married

He'd sure sing a different tune

if he lived with my old lady for a while.

Oh, I don't know. I didn't mind it so much.

- Good morning, Mr. Ireland.

- Good evening, Joe.

What happened?

Oh, I don't know, sir.

It's been acting funny all day.

Well, it looks like we're stuck

for good now.

Stuck? I can't be stuck!

I've got the most important date

of the year tonight!

Wait a minute, sir.

You hear that rumbling?

That means the power is still on.

It'll start in a second.

Oh, come on, elevator, nice old elevator.

Get me upstairs and I'll put you out

to pasture in a beautiful, green meadow.

There she goes, sir. She's all right now.

- Good evening, Mr. Ireland.

- Shh!

- Where is she?

- She's in her room.

Well, well! What have we here?

Oh, that's a little surprise.

Tonight's the night!

Oh, as if I didn't know.

Mrs. Ireland's been primping
since breakfast.

- Has she? Everything all set?

- Yes, sir.

- Dinner at midnight?

- Yes.

- A happy anniversary, Mr. Ireland.

- Thanks, Martha.

That's funny.

That wasn't here when I came in.

- Maybe some man just put it there.

- Oh, I don't think so.

It would have to be a man
who knew exactly what I wanted.

Really?

Oh, darling, I've always wanted a portable.

It's the best I could rent for 35 cents a day.

It's pretty cheap

considering it has my initials on it.

Well, well, well! Look at the lovebirds!

And after four years!

Come on, let's get out

of this cross-town traffic!

Now, let's see, where was I?

Oh, yes, I know. I was right there.

Every time you mess up my lip rouge,
it takes me ten minutes longer
to get ready.

I'll take a half hour's worth of that.

Stop it! Stop it! I'm a married woman!

I'll tell my husband!

- I'll tell him when he comes in.

- That does it!

Stevie!

- Darling, I've got some great news for you.

- What?

I've decided to keep you another year.

Maybe you haven't seen the other models.

They haven't got brakes like me.

What brakes have you got?

- Will you do something constructive?

- What?

Will you ask Martha for my walking shoes?

Your walking shoes?

Yes. You don't expect me to walk
four miles in dancing shoes, do you?

And I'll need my heavy gloves for rowing.

Well, look, darling, I...

I was just wondering...

What now?

Do you think we want to go
through all that rigmarole tonight?

- Rigmarole?

- Yeah.

Oh, darling, we swore that every year
we'd do exactly what we did
when we were married.

Yes, I know.

I love that walk to the justice of the peace.

It's four miles.

But he always gives us sherry
when we get there.

One finger.

- And then I row you up the river.

- That takes an hour.

And you read our future in the stars.

That's the part I like best.

- Last year you nearly upset the boat.

- You nearly upset the boat, you beast.

And you weren't stargazing
when you did it!

Yes, but... Look, I've got an idea!

Why don't we do everything
we did last year
and the year before
and the year before that,
only in reverse.

- In reverse?

- Yeah, backwards.

Oh, but that would mean we'd have
to take our four mile walk at midnight,
and backwards at that.

- Yes.

- Oh, yes.

Well, what about the rowing?

I can't row backwards.
Of course, you can.
Backwards is exactly
the way you do row. Yeah.
Only that way, you row this way.
Why, you're perfectly right.
I never realized it.
Well, then, I don't see
why we shouldn't do just as you say.
Don't move a muscle.
Martha!
Martha!
- Oh, Martha. Martha, look.
- Yes, Mr. Ireland?
We've changed our minds
about having dinner at midnight,
and we decided to have it
at the regular time.
- Oh, Mr. Ireland, not really!
- Oh, it'll be all right.
And, Martha,
will you serve the dinner backwards?
- All right, sir... How?
- Backwards.
You know, start with dessert
and finish with soup. See?
Are you sure you want it that way?
Oh, yes, it'll be fine, it'll be fine!
All right, but you won't like it!

Well, 1:

Now, let's see,
what was the first thing I did?
Oh, I turned out the lights.
Wait, you forgot to wind the clock.
Oh, yeah. I forgot to remember.
Yes, I set the alarm for 12:00.
You were going to lunch
with your mother.
The next thing you did
was to crack your ankle on that post.
Oh, yeah. Well, if you don't mind,
I'll just skip that part of the routine.
Then the next...

Oh, darling,
you know, you shouldn't be allowed
to stand in the moonlight like that.
It ought to be against the law,
like other strong drugs.
- I don't remember your saying that before.
- I should have.
Oh, darling! You must be furious!
No, dear, just terribly, terribly hurt!
Sounds like the doorbell.
- Martha will answer it.
Maybe she'll let them in.
Oh, no, I'll take care of that!
Whoever it is, they shall not pass!
Happy anniversary to you
Happy anniversary to you
Happy anniversary, Mr. And Mrs. Ireland
Happy anniversary to you
That will do, boys.
Best love from mother-in-law!
Oh, Mother! Well... Well, that was...
That was very nice.
- Four years ago today. Isn't it wonderful?
- Yes, isn't it?
Steve, you look funny. Are you all right?
Oh, yes, fine.
That is, except for my headache.
I've had a terrible headache.
I was thinking of sitting in the dark
for a while.
Oh. How's my little girl feeling?
Is she all right?
Oh, yes, she's fine, fine.
Steve, you don't seem very glad
to see me.
You haven't even asked me in.
Oh, well,
I wonder what I could mean by that?
Oh, there you are!
Happy anniversary, darling!
Oh, Mother, how are you?
Here, wait until you see this too,
too divine rug that I've brought you.
My dear, isn't it just too matchless?

Don't you wonder
how you ever managed without it?
Oh, it's lovely, Mother,
but I thought you knew
that we had to take up the rug
you gave us last year
because the floor
is just too highly polished.
Oh, I remember very well,
but the dimensions of this rug
are absolutely perfect.
Where's Martha? Martha!
Martha, would you fix me a little dinner?
Nothing heavy, just a bite.
You don't mind, do you, darling?
I know you're not dining till midnight,
so I won't be in your way.
- But, Mother, we're...
- They ain't dining at midnight, ma'am.
They're eating at the regular time.
Oh, how nice. Then we can all have
your anniversary dinner together.
Now, you two don't pay any attention
to me.
- You just go ahead as if I weren't here.
- Go ahead and what?
Oh, I must keep an eye on the time.
Your Aunt Laura is coming
in from California at 8:00.

8:

You know, that's 7:00 our time,
in case you're planning to meet her.
Yes. You mustn't be late at the station.
You know how she hates
- to be kept waiting.
- Yes.
You two are sweet
to worry about Aunt Laura,
but I've checked the time
and there's no hurry.
- I completely forgot!
- What?
Nothing you have to dash out

and attend to, I hope.
You can mail it for me.
It's my insurance premium.
It must be mailed tonight
or my policy lapses.
- I'll give it to the elevator boy.
- Oh, no, don't you dare!
It has a check in it.
I hate to trouble you, but...
Oh, no trouble at all.
Why, what else would I have to do?
Thank you, Stephen.
You won't lose it, will you, dear?
No, no, no. I'll tie it around my neck.
Stephen, you're so amusing.
Always clowning!
Look at him!
- Thanks for the rug.
- Oh, you're welcome.
Good evening, Mrs. Grayson.
Good evening.
Hello, sugar.
Isobel!
Oh, Stevie, darling!
I haven't seen you since you were married.
No. Well, four years to a day.
Don't tell me
you're not back in circulation yet.
No, not me. I'm stuck for life, and I like it.
That doesn't sound like Stevie
the party boy!
- Weren't you married, too?
- A month after you jilted me.
But with me, it was different.
I had to do something
to mend my broken heart.
Oh, your broken heart, my foot!
You were glad to get rid of me!
Anyway,
that's what I told people.
- Oh, Steve, you're looking elegant.
- Oh, really? I wasn't even trying.
- What are you doing here?
- I just moved in. You live here?

- Yeah, 12A.
- 11B! Well, we're neighbors.
Remember that if you ever want
to borrow a cup of sugar, sugar.
Well, this must be my floor.
No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Grayson,
it isn't your floor.
As a matter of fact, it isn't anybody's floor.
The power's off again!
I can think of a lot better places to park.
Hello! Hello, janitor?
Listen, dopey.
I told you that machine was on the blink.
Now it's stuck dead, you sap!
I wouldn't antagonize him right now.
Oh, he says he don't know
what's the matter with it,
and he don't know
how long it'll take to fix.
What are you going to do?
Well, we'll have to go out through the top.
Through the top?
You'd better knock.
The people upstairs might be busy.
- Give me a boost, will you, Mr. Ireland?
- Oh, yeah, sure.
There you are.
Well, I guess you're next.
Alley-oop!
- How is your acrobatic work?
- It hasn't changed much.
Now, just...
Here, you put your foot on my shoulder.
I better take these off.
I don't want to stab you to death.
Oh, thanks.
I guess I wouldn't look so well
in footprints.
Oh, Punkins.
- Come on, Punkins.
- Oh, yes, Punkins, huh?
Say, whatever happened
to that wirehair I gave you?
He disappeared about the same time

you did, you thief!

Me?

I'm sorry I ran into you, Stevie.

You bring back that old feeling!

Oh, you mean that old feeling

that threw a flowerpot at me

the last time you saw me?

I'll never forgive myself for that.

The geraniums died!

What's the matter?

Is my face tickling your foot?

The last thing you said to me

four years ago

was that you were not going

to let me walk all over you!

Oh, yes,

it seems to come back to me now.

Hey, can you give me a hand there, Joe?

Of course, this elevator would never stick

when my mother...

My mother-in-law was in it.

Yeah, probably ran like a clock.

- Nice place they have here.

- Yeah.

A lovely view.

Wonder what would happen

if we went on up to the roof?

Jelly.

Oh, well, here we are.

Now, let's see... Oh, yes.

Punkins, out you go.

Now... Well, I guess perhaps

I'd better crawl out first.

Here, Joe, hold those doors, will you?

Stephen, play like it's a transom

you're climbing over.

Where you going?

Oh, quick, do something! Steve!

Hurry! Hurry!

Oh, for heaven's sakes, hurry!

Hang on, Steve, we'll be right back!

Hurry!

Get away!

No! No, no, no, no.

No!
Just another second. I'm gonna
be right there. Come on, Joe, step on it.
All right, take it easy, take it easy.
A little further now.
Stop! Hold it, hold it, that's enough!
You're going to go too far! Hold it!
No, no, that's all right. Stop.
Quick! I mean slow! Slow. There, that's...
Stop!
Go down. Down.
Hey! Down!
Steve, are you hurt?
Oh, you need a drink!
Gee... Gee, you scared me to death!
Come on, Steve, sit right over here.
There, sit down.
You're going to be all right.
You looked like a fly on a flagpole.
I thought you were gonna fall any minute.
Here. This ought to help you.
Now do you feel better?
Oh, we have to do better than that.
Here, take some more.
How's that?
I still feel as if I'm choking.
Oh, my goodness, you are!
Here, let me fix it.
- There, is that better?
- Oh, oh, yeah.
- It's all right now.
- Take another sip.
Just relax and take it easy! Sit back.
You'll be all right in just a minute.
You're lucky you can even swallow.
Yeah, if I couldn't swallow,
I wouldn't want to live.
Same old Stevie!
Oh, boy! Was that close!
- This is like old times, isn't it?
- Yes, isn't it?
Yes, a little too much like old times.
I'm married now.
Well, so am I.

What's that got to do with it?
Can't I give an old pal a little first aid?
Oh, well, I remember your first aid, Isobel.
You... You don't stick to the rules.
Oh, you couldn't have gotten
that stuffy in just four years.
Let's see if marriage
has taken all the laughter out of you!
You...
No... Isobel!
You... Don't... Now, let me up!
Isobel, stop!
- Now, no... Don't...
- I thought so! You are alive.
Yeah, but I wouldn't be long
if your husband came in.
- Oh, Pinky. Don't worry about him.
- I'll worry about him if I want to.
I wanna tickle you.
You look so cute when you're shocked.
Don't. Please, Isobel.
I've had a very trying day...
- Oh, well, who's that?
- That's Eloise. Pinky uses her for a model.
Say, where is this Pinky of yours?
He's in his studio up on the roof
painting some old guy's portrait.
He won't be down for days!
Oh, Stevie, I'm bored!
- You know what?
- Yes, I do know what!
- What?
- I... I'm gonna leave.
That's not as good as my what!
Let's duck down to Tony's
and bend an elbow with the old gang!
You see, I... I've got to go to dinner.
Telephone your wife
you're stuck at the office.
- Let's play hooky.
- No. My... My hooky days are over.
I got to run.
You weren't married, you were embalmed!
Steve Ireland,

where have you been?
Why, you're all dirty!
What on earth happened?
- Darling, what's wrong?
- The thing... The elevator, it broke down.
Dear me, it didn't take you all this time
to walk up just 12 flights of stairs!
Well, I did waste a little time
trying to avoid being killed.
Oh, darling, was there an accident?
Are you sure you're not hurt?
Oh, no, no, I'm fine now, but...
Oh, boy, it was a close escape!
- Oh, darling!
- ngel!
Oh, your hat. Steve, you've lost your hat.
Oh, I guess I must have left it
in the elevator when I climbed out.
You see, honey...
Shall I telephone for them to send it up?
Oh, no, no. I'll... I'll get it later.
I guess I'll have to change.
Just come in here with me, dear, will you?
Hello? Hello?
Will you ask the elevator boy
for Mr. Ireland's hat, please?
Thank you.
How do you like my new neck, dear?
You know, it must have stretched a foot
while I was hanging there waiting
for the elevator to get back up again.
Susan, is this the only course
we're going to have for dinner?
No, dear...
Oh, I forgot. It's a little mistake.
It was Steve's idea
to have dinner backwards.
Dinner backwards?
Yeah, on account of our anniversary.
Oh, I see. Yes.
Martha, we'll have it the regular way.
I told you, you wouldn't like it that way.
The elevator boy found your hat.
It was in Mrs. Grayson's apartment.

Mrs. Grayson? Who's that?
Oh, yes, gee,
I forgot to tell you about that, dear.
Isobel Kimble,
that is, Isobel Grayson she is now.
Well, they live right underneath us here,
she and her husband, Pinky.
She was in the elevator
when it broke down,
so I went in with her for a minute,
and I guess that's where I left my hat.
Isobel Kimble.
That's the girl who gave you a black eye
when you told her
you were going to marry me.
Yes, but she's married now
and got a husband.
Really? Whose husband has she got?
Susan, now don't let Stephen think
that you don't trust him.
Stephen knows very well
how I feel about Isobel Kimble.
- Don't you, dear?
- Now, honey-pot!
What did Mr. Pinky Grayson think
when he saw you walking in with his wife?
Oh, he wasn't...
Well, what do you think he thought?
He thought, "There's Steve Ireland
walking in with my wife."
It's the elevator boy again.
He says Mrs. Grayson wants her shoes.
Oh, well, I guess
they must be in my other coat.
Well!
That's how Steve dresses me, you know.
He steals a pair of shoes here,
a dress there.
All I have to buy are my underthings,
thank heaven.
Stephen, tell us your story
of how you got Mrs. Grayson's shoes.
She took them off
to stand on my shoulders.

Sounds like fun.

Well, it wasn't fun.

Excuse me. Mrs. Grayson wants to know
if you took her Punkins.

Mmm-hmm?

Punkins is her dog!

Oh!

- Too bad you have to eat and run, Mother.

- Thank you, Stephen.

I do hope you children have enjoyed
the evening as much as I have.

Oh, I must write down

that new recipe for hollandaise.

Oh, you haven't time, Mother.

It's nearly 8:

- You'll miss Aunt Laura.

- Oh, I mustn't do that.

Still, if I don't do it now,
it means making another trip.

Not really, Mother.

There's a new invention
called the telephone.

- They tell me it works like a charm.

- That's what I'll do, I'll telephone.

- Good night, darling.

- Good night, dear.

- Good night, Stephen.

- Good night, Mother.

Happy anniversary, children.

- Oh, Mother! Are you all right?

- No. It's my ankle. I've sprained it again.

Oh, I'm so sorry. I'll call a doctor.

Yes... No, don't you think it'd be better
if she went to a hospital?

No, I'd rather stay here.

Help me onto a couch, Stephen.

I'll show you how to bind it, Stephen.

Have you got a bandage?

I hope not. I mean, I don't think so.

- Does it hurt?

- Of course, it hurts, dear.

Oh, that's right.

Oh, what on earth are we going to do

about Aunt Laura?

Susan, you'll have to meet her.

Well, can't Martha go?

- Oh, I'm sorry, darling. Martha's gone.

- Gone?

Say, what does she do

after dinner, evaporate?

Well, I suppose I'll have to go.

How can you meet her, Stephen?

You don't even know her.

- Oh, no, well...

- Run along, Susan.

Oh, I hate to go, darling, but I have to.

- You only have to drive her to Westvale.

- Westvale?

Why, that'll take half the night.

Look, Susan!

Look, honey-darling.

It's our one night of the year.

- I know.

- Well, can't we get out of it somehow?

- Well, what would you suggest?

- Oh, shove Aunt Laura under a truck.

I'll see what I can do. Goodbye, dear.

- Hurry, Susan.

- Yes, Mother.

- And don't worry about me, dear.

- No, Mother.

Susan, I'm so dreadfully afraid
that you're going to miss that train, dear.

Goodbye, baby.

Stephen!

Happy anniversary, honey-pot.

Stephen!

Stephen, I do think that you should
have warned me about that rug.

I'm doing it better. I think I'll soon be able
to beat any of the girls.

All right, Stephen. Stephen?

- May I have the cards again, please?

- Oh, yes.

And do stop mooning about Susan.

She'll be back in a couple of hours.

Oh, yes, sure.

I don't mind picking up cards
for a couple of hours.
They hardly weigh a thing.
Well, Stephen, it certainly
will help take down your waistline.
Won't it.
Look, if you don't mind,
I think I'll have a little breath of fresh air.
All right, but don't stay long.
I'll want you again in a few minutes.
- Will 20 seconds be all right?
- Of course.
Hey, Gargantua! Where's your keeper?
Hello!
Don't tell me you haven't gone to bed

by 9:

If you must know,
I'm spending a quiet evening alone
with my mother-in-law.
And I'm thinking of jumping off the roof.
Then jump right down here,
my beamish boy.
- Aunt Isobel will take you places.
- Oh, I couldn't do that.
Come on, it's a wonderful night
for falling down on a dance floor.
No, I can't.
Stephen!
Will you come pick them up, please?
Why can't I? Hey, maybe I could.
Stephen!
Look! I'll tell you what I'll do.
You call me up on the telephone
right away and let me do the talking.
Okay, sugar. It's on the fire.
Well, shot the whole deck already, huh?
And how many did you get in this time?
Oh, quite a few.
I'm getting better all the time.
Yes. Well, you know, practice does it.
It looks like a beautiful night outside.
Is the moon shining?
Oh, yes. Oh, the moon?

Oh, excuse me, Mother.
Hello? This is Steve Ireland.
Who?
J.B.! Well, you old rascal!
Yes, J.B. Oh, is that so?
Well, look, J.B., I'll dash right over.
It'll only take me a minute.
Yes, J.B. Okay, J.B.
Oh, dear! That's...
That's very unfortunate. It's...
Hello, this is Mr. Ireland.
Would you call me a taxi, please,
right away? Yes, thanks.
I'm so sorry, Mother. You know,
I wouldn't do this for everybody,
but I hate to lose an account like J.B.'s.
Oh, that's quite all right, Stephen,
if you really think you should go.
Yes, yes. Well, I... I... I do.
I'll see you later, Mother.
And... And don't think
that it hasn't been fun because it hasn't.
- Hello, Mother.
- Hello, dear.
Well, I finally got Aunt Laura
bedded down.
That's good.
An infantry division
would have been easier.
- How's your ankle?
- Oh, my ankle isn't troubling me anymore.
That's good. Stevie!
I'll be very much surprised
if you find him in there.
Really?
- Where is he?
- I'm sure I couldn't say.
Mother, there's that smile again.
What are you trying to tell me?
I heard Stephen talking
to that Grayson woman.
Isobel Grayson?
Yes, he told her to call him here,
and he'd arrange to get away.

- Are you sure?

- Yes, I'm sure.

She called here and pretended
she was a business friend, a J.B.

He ordered a taxicab,
and they've been gone for three hours.
Steve said they lived directly below us,
didn't he?

Susan, tell me, what are you going to do?

Mother, I think you'd better
run along now.

- Yes, of course, but I should think you...

- Please, Mother.

Well!

Goodnight, dear.

But if you take my advice, you'll...

- Mother, I'll handle this.

- Very well.

Hello? Connect me
with the Grayson apartment, please.

Mr. Grayson's apartment?

Yes, that's right, Grayson.

- Yes?

- Hello. Is Mr. Ireland there?

Mr. Ireland? No. Certainly not!

Well, is Mrs. Grayson there?

Mrs. Grayson? No, she's not.

There's nobody here, and I'm busy.

Well, I'm sorry to bother you,
but when do you expect them back?

Well, I don't expect them back...

Say, wait a minute.

You mean that my wife's out
with Steve Ireland?

Well, yes, she is, but, of course,
I don't mean that there's anything wrong.

- Who is this?

- This is Mrs. Ireland.

Well, you may not think
there's anything wrong,
but if your husband's starting
to fool around with Isobel again,
I'll break his back.

Oh, no.

No, I'm sure that won't be necessary.
No? Well, then just what do you think
I should do about it?
Well, tell me, Mr. Grayson,
are you good looking?
Am I good...
Hey, are you kidding me?
What's on your mind?
If Steve were to walk in and find me,
say, kissing you,
I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have
any more trouble with him.
I get it.
Give them a taste
of their own medicine, huh?
It's a great idea.
All right, wait for me.
I'll be there in a few minutes.
Say, wait a minute. What do you look like?
Look, I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll bring some pictures.
- Hello.
- Hello.
- Say, you are good looking.
- What?
- That makes everything perfect.
- Well, thanks very much...
I think we better turn out
some of these lights.
It'll make it look more romantic.
Pardon me. I can't for the moment
remember where we met.
I don't think we ever did.
I've seen you in the elevator now and then.
Oh, so that was it.
I know what would help.
Let's have something to drink.
Oh, pardon me, of course, of course.
Well, now let's see, what'll you have?
I don't suppose you care for whiskey.
Why not? Perfect. But perfect.
Yeah? Well, how will you have it,
highball or straight?
Oh, just spread it around the room.

All right, if that's the way you want it.

What are you... Oh, that's a good idea.

- It'll smell like an orgy.

- I never did this before.

Say, wouldn't you care
to drink a little of it?

A little on the breath would help.

Tell me, dear,

how did you ever happen to think of this?

Well, when I thought about my husband
being out with another woman,

- I decided to teach him a lesson.

- Oh, I see.

Well, we'll teach him a good lesson,
won't we?

We certainly will.

- I think I'll put some lip rouge on you now.

- And why not?

Oh, come, come,

we can do better than that, can't we?

- Please! Please!

- Well, what's the matter?

- Well, there's no particular hurry about it.

- All right, have it your way.

- What's all this?

- I shoot a little.

Can you hit anything with it?

Once in a while.

I just happen to be the world's champion.

Not really.

- Shall I put an apple on my head?

- You'd be perfectly safe.

- Here, I'll show you.

- Shh!

Oh, I thought... What are you doing?

I can't shoot unless my torso's free,
if you'll pardon the expression.

You know,

it's the same thing with Indians.

You put a coat on them,

and they can't hit their hats.

I didn't know Indians wore hats.

- There you are.

- Oh, quick! Hold me. Grab me.

No, no. No, not here. No, over here.

Swell. Kiss me.

Oh, you're beautiful.

What have I ever done to deserve this?

- It must have been somebody else.

- Who?

I don't know. Whoever it was.

You know, you're not
the easiest girl in the world to understand.

Why not?

Well, you do seem to, sort of,
blow hot and cold.

- How do you mean?

- You're moody.

Sometimes you're abandoned and gay
and then suddenly you become reserved,
cautious, afraid of life.

You're a little peculiar yourself.

Oh, I'm not really,
not when you get to know me.

Oh, now, now, quick! Kiss me!

Stop it! Let go! It wasn't they.

- There you go again. Who wasn't who?

- My husband. I thought I heard his voice.

- Oh, so that's your game, eh?

- What game?

Your husband was gonna come in here
and find you with me.

- That was your plan, wasn't it?

- Why, yes, that was our plan. That's right.

And he was gonna hold me up for
a nice piece of change to forget about it.

So that's your racket, eh?

- Oh, don't be silly. Steve...

- Shut up!

Now, you wanted a scene
for your husband to walk in on.

Well, you're going to get one, a beaut!

And if he squawks,

I'll turn you both over to the police.

Now, come on, lady. Come on.

- Oh, my! Keep away from me.

- Take it easy.

- Help! Help!

- Hey, wait! Baby, wait a minute!
Please! Please, listen to me!
You're misunderstanding the whole thing.
I swear there's nothing more
to the situation
than what I told you on the telephone.
Please, believe me, Mr. Grayson.
What did you call me?
- Oh, don't you...
- Well, wait...
- Steve! Steve!
- Hey! Wait a minute! Wait! Wait!
Let go of me, Mr. Grayson,
or I'll scream like an eagle.
- Wait a minute. I'm not Mr. Grayson.
- You're not?
No, that's Grayson's apartment
across the hall.
Oh, but... Then who...
Well, then you thought that I...
How dared you!
Hey, take it easy!
Oh, I'm terribly sorry.
Well, I guess I can't blame you very much.
What a stupid mistake.
Oh, there's no harm done,
not unless your hair's turned white.
- Has it?
- No.
But I bet you won't forget this experience
in a hurry.
I'll never forget it as long as I live.
- Susan, what... What are you doing here?
- Well, well, the breadwinner.
How's business?
Who's this?
Don't tell me that's Aunt Laura!
Oh, my name's Willoughby,
Ward Willoughby.
He's Aunt Laura if that's J.B.
Oh, don't go, J.B.
I hear you're an expert
in holding corporations.
Are you talking to me?

Look, I don't want to be tiresome,
but who is this?
The name's Willoughby, Ward Willoughby.
Aren't you cold like that?
Mrs. Grayson's always so worried
about men being cold.
At the moment, you're hardly in a position
to criticize anyone's behavior.
Oh, now, look, Isobel.
That's not a nice thing to say.
Shut up! If you were half a man,
you'd beat his head off.
Look, I'm Ward Willoughby...
- Well, is that called for?
- Well, what do you think?
Well, if that's what's expected of me.
Oh, now, stop it! Stop it!
This gentleman's a friend of mine.
This is my husband, Steve Ireland.
- I'm Ward Willoughby. How do you do.
- How do you do.
Well, what the devil do I mean,
"How do you do"?
What are you doing with my wife
dressed like that?
I'm not dressed like that.
Look, I was in my apartment,
minding my own...
Oh, don't bother to explain.
First, I want to know what you were doing
out with the chamber of commerce, here?
Well, I think I'd better tell him what...
I came down here...
Everything that's happened is your fault,
Steve Ireland!
- Well, what's going on here?
- Hello, darling.
- Did you finish your picture?
- You keep quiet. I'll attend to you later.
Well, now,
Mrs. Ireland, if you'll pardon me...
Oh, are you Mrs. Ireland?
Well, I've been waiting for you
up in my studio for the last 20 minutes.

Another one?

What were you doing, dear,
canvassing the building?

- Well, I must say.

- Will you keep quiet?

You mean you were upstairs?

You weren't in there?

- You know where I was. You phoned me.

- Oh, you phoned him?

Oh, if you'll excuse me,

I think I'll go to my own apartment.

And there I was sitting in my studio
waiting for you.

Look, I know what!

Let's all room together, all through school.

- Oh, excuse me.

- You come with me!

Susan!

- Did you say something, dear?

- No, I didn't say anything.

Oh, I thought you did.

Steve.

Am I what you'd call a jealous type?

Jealous? You?

Why, you haven't an atom
of jealousy in you, not a bit.

That's one of your great virtues.

Then why do I want to chop your head off?

Well, I don't know.

Maybe you think I'd look better without it.

Maybe I would.

Maybe I'd like to keep it
from telling me what happened tonight.

Oh, now, honey, it's not that bad.

Look, you wouldn't mind
hearing about it at all.

Don't tell me, Steve, not if it's a lie.

I couldn't forgive you that.

I know what you must be thinking.

- You see, I've got to tell you.

- Something tells me you'd better not.

Honey-pot, all that happened
was that Isobel called,
then I called a cab

and slipped downstairs to meet her.
Please! Please, don't!
But, honey,
it's all as innocent as Christmas.
We went out for a drink,
sat and chewed the fat for a while,
and then came home.
Now, you know all the rest.
All right, don't say any more.
- I believe you.
- Well, of course. Now, that's my girl.
I know whatever else happened,
you wouldn't lie to me.
Well, not on our anniversary.
Next year,
we're gonna have to walk eight miles.
And besides,
I'll have to row you for two hours.
There's only five minutes
of this anniversary left.
Don't you worry, honey-face,
we're gonna have a million anniversaries.
Honey?
- Yes, darling?
Just one little question.
What was that guy doing
in his undershirt?
He has to have his torso free
when he shoots his bow and arrow.
What kind of an answer's that?
He's the world's
champion bow-and-arrower.
Okay. You believed me. I'll believe you.
I'll get it.
Hello? No, this is Mrs. Ireland.
What taxicab?
Well, who ordered it?
What time?
Now, lookie here, lady.
Mr. Ireland ordered a cab at 8:30,
and he ain't come out of the building.
Does he still want me to wait?
No, but I do.
That's right. Wait.

What was it?
The end of the world.
Why, what do you mean? Who was it?
A taxi driver.
A taxi driver?
What was he doing, drumming up trade?
So you were down in Isobel's apartment
all evening?
Oh, Susan, darling.
Lawyers ought to be on call
in emergencies, like doctors.
- Oh, please don't cry, dear.
- I'm not crying.
And if I am crying,
it's because I think that 12:00 at night
is a pretty rotten time
to start my life over again.
Honey, dear. Honey, darling.
Oh, honey, listen.
Now whom are you going to believe,
me or some taxi driver
that you've never even seen?
They told me Mrs. Ireland was here.
Yes, Mr. Ireland.
She's with Mr. Renny now.
Susan.
Susan, where did you go?
I've looked all over town for you.
- I haven't wept a slink.
- Really?
- Was it anything important?
- Important? I just told you I couldn't sleep.
Oh, I'm so sorry, Steve.
You should've taken a pill.
Oh, Susan, I realize that things look bad.
I mean, it must look to you as though I...
Say, wait a minute,
what are you doing here?
I'm arranging with George
to get a divorce.
Well, yes, but George is my lawyer.
My personal lawyer
and my business lawyer.
Now, look here, George,

if you help Susan divorce me,
you'll lose my business
and my business' business.

As a matter of fact, Steve,
I was just about to tell Susan
I think she's being a little hasty.
Well, then what are you waiting for?
Go ahead and tell her.

- Susan, I think you're being a little hasty.

- Hastier than you think.

I want you to file the papers
and get going on things today.

Today? Isn't that a little soon?

Unless you happen to think
it's four years too late.

Well, I don't know quite what to say.

Say? Why, there's everything in the world
to say.

Say that a divorce is something
that you never stop regretting.

Let her know

how many lives are wrecked by it.

Tell her that marriage

is too important a thing

to be broken up by a trifle.

Susan, marriage is too important a thing
to be broken up by a trifle.

Have you any idea where I might find
a lawyer with a mind of his own?

Oh, Susan, darling, be reasonable.

Why do you come to a lawyer

if you don't want to take his advice?

I usually shop around

until I find exactly the brand of advice
I'm looking for.

Where shall I look next, George?

Well, you might try Mulvaney,

Mulvaney, Mulvaney and DeWest.

- DeWest is very clever.

- Thank you.

Oh, Susan, stop.

Oh, but, Susan, Susan, please don't go,

I've got to talk to you.

All right, go ahead and talk.

Well, Susan, all I want to say
is that circumstantial evidence,
that's it, circumstantial evidence,
that's what you're convicting me on.
Possibly. But it was quite conclusive.
Yes, but darling,
circumstantial evidence is unfair.
It... It doesn't take everything
into account.
Oh, Susan, I don't love anyone in the world
but you.
I'm sorry, Steve, but I'll never again
believe anything you say.
Tough luck, Steve.
You should have been more careful.
George.
I can't let her divorce me.
We've got to find some way to stop her.
No can do, if she takes it to court.
Then my only chance
is to talk her out of it.
And I could do it, too,
if I just had a little time.
You didn't seem to make much headway
just now.
No, but Susan never stays angry long.
Couldn't we keep her out of court
just long enough for her to cool down?
Well, won't two months be long enough?
For that's how long it'll take to get
this case on the calendar.
Oh, well, why didn't you say so?
Two months!
Oh, say, in two months
I can talk Susan into anything. Yes, sir.
In two months from now,
we'll be looking back on this episode
and laughing ourselves sick.
Sure.
Phew!
- Say, you haven't a little snifter, have you?
- Can do.
Pardon me, sir.
Senator Monroe is here

to discuss the Morton contract.
You know,
a person can't just disappear like smoke.
Shall I show the senator in?
She's got to be somewhere.
Look, I'll be back in an hour.
But your appointments, Mr. Ireland.
What'll I tell them?
Now, don't worry anymore, Mr. Ireland.
We'll find her, wherever she is.
We have operators in every city.
Yes, but what if she's left the country?
She may be on a boat.
We'll still find her.
She'll have to land sometime,
and our connections extend
all over the world.
Put in calls to all our branch offices.
This is Jenifer in Miami. No sign of her yet.
Lake Placid office.
Nothing doing on Mrs. Ireland.
San Francisco office. Nothing yet.
We've checked all boats,
planes and hotels.
No reservations in that name.
- Not in Cleveland.
- Not in Detroit.
- Not in Cincinnati.
- Not in Philadelphia.
- Not in Tijuana.
- Not in Palm Springs.
- Not in Sun Valley.
- Not in Reno.
Hello?
Oh, hello, George.
What are you doing?
Oh, just sitting here, stewing.
Haven't heard a word.
Say, look, do you think she's really going
to show up in court tomorrow morning?
She got back in town today.
She's here now at the Bristols' party.
She's here? At the Bristols'?
Well, hurry up! No, I mean, hang up!

I mean I... I'll be right over!
Yes, sir. Who shall I announce?
Oh, yes, please.
Steve Ireland!
Oh, good evening, Mrs. Bristol.
Lovely party.
I suppose you know
I wasn't expecting you.
Oh, I hope you'll forgive
my barging in this way, but...
I'm sorry. It's most untimely.
After all, poor Susan
has suffered enough humiliation.
I only wanted to see her for a moment.
Just long enough...
Under the circumstances,
I think it's most unwise.
- Hello, Steve!
- Oh, hello, George. Good old George.
I was just telling Mr. Ireland that I...
- Mrs. Bristol, this is our dance.
- Our dance?
Yes, don't you remember?
I've looked all over for you on the terrace.
I'm not quite divorced and besides...
Hello, Susan.
Hello, Steve.
Oh, I... I didn't mean to interrupt,
but could I speak to you alone
for a minute?
Of course.
- Will you pardon me?
Certainly.
- Of course.
- Of course.
...while the novice is inclined
to use the wrong side of the bow.
Excuse me.
May I see you a moment, Ward?
- Mrs. Cooper, our dance!
- But... But Ward...
I've been looking everywhere
for you. Goodbye.
Well!

Isn't it unlucky for the groom to see
the bride the night before the divorce?
For two months I've been planning
what I'd say to you,
and now all I can think of is, I feel awful.
Do you, Steve? I rather hoped you would.
Well, you got your hope and a dividend.
I don't think even your mother
would want me to feel this way.
That's interesting. Go on, dear.
Tell me exactly how you feel.
Well, I can't sleep,
and when I try to eat, I can't,
because I've got a great,
big, cold cannonball right here
in the pit of my stomach.
And isn't your chest, sort of, full of sighs
that you hope you can use up
but find that you can't
because there's always another one?
Yes. That's it.

- That's good.

- What's good about it?

Oh, Susan,
why do you want me to be this miserable?
Because I don't want to be the only one.
Susan!

It's only natural.

- I expected to feel badly for a while.

- Oh, but not that badly, honey-cake.

- That's love.

- Yes, I suppose it is.

- Well, then, let's go home.

- I can't.

There's no such word, dear.

There's no such thing
as marriage based on deceit.

Steve, I begged you not to lie to me.

But I didn't lie to you.

Oh, Susan, please come back to me.

Darling, how can I come back to you
when I don't even trust you?

Steve, if you'd only be honest
and admit that you lied,

there's nothing I wouldn't forgive you,
if you'd just give me a chance.
Darling, let's start over now
with the truth.
All right, darling, if that's the way
you feel about it, I'll confess.
I lied. I was guilty.
You mean
you were in Isobel's apartment that night?
- Yes, that's right.
- And on our anniversary, too!
Yes, but we're starting
all over again, honey.
That's all past now.
I suppose it's perfectly all right
because it's past.
What a despicable cheat you are!
But honey-cake, I only said I was guilty
because you said you'd forgive me if I...
I don't care what I said.
I'll hate you for that for the rest of my life!
Hello, what's the trouble here?
Anything wrong, Susan?
Oh, excuse us, but...
Oh, it's you again.
I didn't recognize you
with your clothes on.
Ward, take me home, please.
- I ought to sock him in the nose.
- Yeah? You and who else?
Hey, Steve!
Well, she's gone home
with that bow-and-arrow guy.
Does he get into my hair.
For two months he's been in Arizona
with Susan and Mrs. Cooper.
Recommended the place
and followed right along.
He's doing all right.
Well, I'm not worried about him.
Now, look, George. You've got
to have this divorce case postponed.
Too late for that, Steve.
But Susan still loves me. She told me.

She's bound to forgive me in a few days.

- If you can only have the case postponed.

- No can do.

Oh, of course you can.

Call up her attorney

and offer him a bribe. Anything.

- What about getting to the judge?

- Oh, no can do.

And will you please stop saying that?

You're driving me crazy.

Well, look, Steve...

Say, that would do it.

What?

If you... If you went crazy,

Susan couldn't divorce you

for five years at least.

She couldn't?

Why, even if you suggested symptoms

of insanity,

why, it would require the postponement

of at least 30 days

before they could find out

if you were crazy or not.

Look. I'm a teapot.

Yeah, but you've got to be a crackpot

to do you any good, and have witnesses.

I'm boiling over.

Where did you leave your parachute?

- I beg your pardon?

- Never mind.

You'll pry no information out of me,

General Electric Whiskers!

Oh, it's my English. I get the joke so slow.

You must...

My friend, you have lost your shoes?

Not at all.

My feet were prisoners, locked up

in these dungeons without food or water.

The enemy locked them up

to keep them from talking,

but they never said a word.

They were loyal.

So I set them free.

See how happy they are?

Oh, happy little feet. Happy little feet.

Shh!

The enemy.

Fly away, feet. Fly away.

Fly away, little feet.

Fly away, fly away, feet. Fly away, feet.

Green is my favorite color.

Excuse me, sir, but them hats belong here.

My friend, I set you free.

Henceforward, you are a free man.

- You can't free me, sir. I was free now.

- Don't be silly.

If I can't free you,

then why am I Abraham Lincoln?

Oh, excuse me, sir.

Red sails in the sunset.

Spread your pretty wings, and sail
the Southern Seas. You are free! Free!

Hey, Steve, that's my hat.

Look! You see, the silk ones are happy
because they are free.

But the felt ones are dead. They sink.

I was too late to save them.

- That's my \$30 topper!

- There's mine over there, too.

- I'll get a rake or something.

- Boy, boy, are you having fun.

My hat, please.

I'm so sorry

you couldn't stay longer, Dave.

- It was so nice of you to come.

- Thank you.

The gentleman's hat, Robert.

All the hats from one

to 25 is gone, ma'am.

- Gone? Where?

- That man took them.

- What man?

- He said he was Abraham Lincoln.

- That must be the same man!

- He took them out to the garden.

But Robert, why didn't you stop him?

But ma'am, I don't know

he wasn't Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, Robert!

Hurry, hurry. Please, get them out.

Stop that, Steve Ireland. How dare you!

- Really, if this is your idea of a joke!

- But they were prisoners.

- I had to set them free.

- You're drunk. Henry!

I never drink while emancipating!

They're free! Free!

Man, man, he's high as a kite!

I suppose you did this

to show off for Susan.

Well, you've made a fool

of yourself for nothing

because she's gone home

with that nice Ward Willoughby.

- I hear voices.

- Voices!

Oh, stop that folderol, Stephen.

You haven't a chance to get Susan back.

What a disgrace!

- Yes, I do hear voices.

- What are they telling you?

They are telling me...

Telling me to free her, too!

I can't understand

you doing a thing like this.

Why, it's positively disgraceful.

Save me!

I crown you king of the hat freers.

Where is he? Where is he?

How long will it take to get those back?

Oh, I'll have these dry in 20 minutes, sir.

That's fine.

Bring me a big highball, will you?

Are you sure you want

another one, Mr. Lincoln?

See that? He thinks I'm drunk.

That's what they all think.

- They don't believe I'm crazy.

- It's about 50-50.

No. There's only one guy I think I've sold.

- Who's that?

- Oh, I don't know.

Some old goat
I met out there in the garden.
- He looks like General Electric Whiskers.
- Well, keep working.
I'll go down and start spreading
some subtle propaganda.
You've got 20 minutes
to think up a really good topper.
No, it's no use.
Hey! Hey! Hey, no. No.
Hey, that's no cracker, that's my watch.
Pretty Polly. Come on.
That's a pretty Polly.
Cracker!
No, it's not a cracker. It's a watch.
No, listen to me. Here.
Look, my wife gave me that watch, Polly.
Come on, let me have it. Let me have it.
Come on.
Easy now. That's not a cracker.
Pretty Polly. Come on, give it to me.
Hey!
Hey. Come here. Polly!
Come on, Polly. Pretty Polly.
Come here, Polly.
Now, Mrs. Bristol,
will you please tell the court
exactly what happened then?
At that point, I'm afraid I fainted.
- I can't tell you any more.
- Thank you, Mrs. Bristol. Your witness.
No cross-examination.
- Thank you.
I don't know what he expects to gain
by acting like an idiot.
- Isn't he always like that?
- Not exactly.
Your Honor, my client is suffering
from a nervous breakdown brought on
by overwork and worry and aggravated
by his misunderstanding with the plaintiff.
I submit that he is not responsible
for his actions at the moment.
He needs rest and quiet, and I therefore

request an adjournment for 30 days.

If there's no objection

from opposing counsel,

the court orders

an adjournment for 30 days.

There is an objection, Your Honor.

We have some testimony

to offer on the subject.

Yes, Your Honor.

This is really a lot of nonsense.

If you have anything to say, Mrs. Ireland,

you'll have to take the stand.

Do you solemnly swear

the testimony you are about to give

in the cause now pending before this court

shall be the truth,

the whole truth and nothing

but the truth, so help you God?

- I do.

- Sit down, please.

Now, please state to the court

in your own language

your reasons for doubting

that your husband is really ill.

Well, I just don't see anything unusual

in the way he behaved last night.

It doesn't prove

he's having a nervous breakdown.

He was just having a good time.

Do you mean that such behavior

is usual with him?

Now, look here, George,

you know he's behaved that way often.

I told you about the time six months ago

when we went to a party at Miami

and Steve chewed up

a phonograph record.

It was the hostess' favorite rumba.

- Well, possibly he did it on a bet or a dare.

- Not at all.

He said he was going to learn

to do the rumba

by taking it internally

and he rumbaed all the way home.

May I suggest, Mrs. Ireland,
that possibly marked the beginning
- of his nervous breakdown?
- George, you know very well that...
Your Honor, I assure you,
he's having no nervous breakdown.
Why, once on our honeymoon
he put on a pair of overalls
and dug a hole in the middle
of Fifth Avenue.
Did he say why?
He said he'd always been wanting
to dig a hole in the middle of Fifth Avenue.
Then you're saying, Mrs. Ireland,
that your husband is periodically
subject to these attacks?
But they weren't attacks!
They were just fun!
You mean you were quite happy
with your husband behaving this way?
Well, why shouldn't I be happy
with my husband behaving that way?
- Then why do you wish a divorce?
- Because I wasn't happy!
I mean, because I wasn't happy.
It had nothing to do with Steve's attacks.
- Then they were attacks?
- No.
They were just sort of private jokes.
Like on our last wedding anniversary when
he wanted to have dinner backwards.
Dinner back...
Pardon me, Your Honor.
Well, what's wrong with that?
Didn't you ever eat dinner backwards?
- I lived a whole week backwards once.
- Shh!
Why did he want
to have his dinner backwards?
For a perfectly normal reason.
He didn't want to walk four miles
and row on the river before dinner.
And was he afraid
someone might make him do that?

Oh, you don't understand.
That's the wedding ceremony
of the Baffinland Eskimos.
Steve used to always say
if we ever moved to Baffinland,
we'd be properly married.
It's a joke, don't you see?
He said a man can't be too careful.
Court orders this case adjourned
for 30 days.
But why? You mustn't!
I'm sorry, Mrs. Ireland,
but I'm afraid your husband
is in a doubtful mental condition.
Nothing serious, probably, but I want
to investigate quietly for 30 days.
Your Honor, I swear
this is just a trick to delay my divorce.
You mustn't let Steve make a fool of you.
Young lady, I can take care of myself.
But I want you to take care of me, too.
What happens to my divorce
if you still don't like Steve's mind
at the end of 30 days?
Why, we might postpone
for another short time.
Your Honor, it seems to me that I've heard
of something called a Lunacy Commission.
- Couldn't they help us?
- Yes, they could.
- But you wouldn't want that.
- If I did want it, could I have it?
Oh, yes, you have the right to refer
the matter to the Commission.
But think of the publicity.
I'm not worried about the publicity,
because, you see,
I don't have to appear
before the Lunacy Commission.
But Steve does. First thing in the morning.
Thank you, Your Honor.
- Lunacy Commission?
- Lunacy, schmoonacy!
What's the difference?

You've got your 30 days.
You've got nothing to fear
from the Lunacy Commission.
Then why am I afraid?
Look, the Lunacy Board is composed
of competent alienists
who know all about insanity.
They're doctors.
Suppose you broke your leg.
A doctor could tell you
if it was broken or not.
Yeah, that's right, isn't it?
Well, then everything's all right.
It's perfect!
Good morning, Gentlemen.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Mr. Ireland?
- Oh, this is Mr. Ireland. I'm his attorney.
Attorney?
Sorry, but we don't allow
legal representation at these hearings.
However, you may sit at the back
if you don't take part in the proceedings.
Thank you.
Well, gentlemen, now I realize
that I'm here to be examined,
but that's merely because
I am the victim of circumstances.
There's nothing the matter with me at all,
so let's get this over with quickly,
shall we?
Well, it would save
a lot of time for all of us.
Yes.
- Over here, please.
Oh. Oh, yes, yes.
Well, now, gentlemen,
what would you like to know?
Now, Mr. Ireland,
if you'll please put those pegs
in the appropriate holes.
Oh, I see.
Square peg in square hole.

Round peg in round hole.
Square peg in square hole. Round peg in...
Well, a man would certainly be an idiot
if he couldn't do this, wouldn't he?
Oh, I suppose that's the point.
Well, there seem to be two missing.
- That shouldn't be.
- Here they are.
Good morning, gentlemen.
Good morning, Dr. Klugle.
Good morning, Dr. Klugle.
There we are.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Oh, haven't we met somewhere before?
- We have.
Yes. Yes. It was at...
Holy Ike!
You mustn't be upset
at finding yourself here, Mr. Ireland.
We are your friends.
Oh, I'm not upset at all.
I... I just hope you won't
be prejudiced about me.
Oh, my boy, my boy, not at all.
Now we are... How do you say? Old pals.
- I see you were doing the peg game.
- Yes. Yes.
Oh, you can do better than that, huh?
Oh, yes, that was just a slip of the tongue.
I mean of the hand. The... The...
A rather awkward mess, eh?
But don't you worry, my son
always mixes them up just like that.
Oh, your son a doctor, Doctor?
No, not yet, my friend. He's only three.
- George, do something! That man's...
- Here, here, Mr. Ireland,
we've told you that you're not allowed
to speak to your lawyer.
I advise you not to do it again.
Mr. Ireland is the gentleman
I told you about yesterday.
The one who set the hats free.

Uh-uh.

Do you remember

the testimony at the trial,

having dinner backwards?

He certainly seems

to have a split personality.

- I think it's schizophrenia.

- Probably, probably.

I think you're right, and I'll show you

why I think you're right.

Will you stand, my boy?

I want to show the gentlemen

your medulla oblongata.

Turn around, please. Profile.

You see, here and here

and especially this development here.

- Thank you.

- But... But... But just a moment.

Gentlemen, if you'd only give me half
a chance, I could clear up everything.

Of course, Mr. Ireland.

There's a perfectly logical explanation
for everything I've done.

I've been pretending to be insane
to keep my wife from divorcing me.

The whole thing was just an act
to get my wife back.

Of course, Mr. Ireland.

You gentlemen have read the record
of the divorce case.

The Eskimo marriage ceremony,
eating the phonograph record...

All that was before

he and his wife separated,

so it certainly wasn't to get his wife back.

And then there was

that nasty episode in the garden.

What about your jumping off

the balcony au naturel, as it were?

Oh! Well, I was trying

to get my watch back.

- Trying to get your watch back?

- Yes, the... The thing flew up into a tree.

- It was roosting there.

- Roosting in the tree?

Certainly! It sat there talking its face off.

- Schizophrenia!

- Schizophrenia, yourself!

We did have a long conversation.

Ask the parrot! He...

Gentlemen, is there anyone
who disagrees with the verdict?

Verdict? What verdict?

Just a minute, Doctor,
you can't declare this man insane.

- I demand another hearing.

- Look here, I'll go to the Mayor!

I'll go to the Governor! The President!

I'll get your job for this,
you old beaver-puss!

If there is any change
in Mr. Ireland's condition,
you can have a new hearing in six months.

- Six months?

- Six months?

- Have Mrs. Ireland come in, please.

- Now, look here!

He will be placed in the custody
of Mrs. Ireland,
and it will be up to her...

Mrs... Mrs... I'll be placed in the...

I'll be with my wife?

Yes.

And sometimes he seems almost sane.

Come in.

Mrs. Ireland,

I have some very tragic news for you.

Your husband

has just been declared insane.

Declared insane?

Steve, you fool!

Oh, Susan, I tried to tell them
that I'm all right.

Stop it! Stop that acting, you lunatic!

Steve, act sensibly and show them

you're sane. You've got to!

You can't ruin your life this way.

I know this must be

a terrible shock to you.

- Won't you sit down?

- Do you really call yourself a doctor?

How can you let him fool you like this?

My dear young lady,

no one has been fooled.

- Steve, don't you realize that...

- Susan!

No one has been fooled but you.

That man is a friend of Stephen's.

- Which man?

- Him.

I saw them together at the Bristol party.

They were thick as thieves.

- Are you sure?

- Positive.

I bet Stephen was bribing him at the time.

That must be it.

I never thought he'd go that far.

Mrs. Ireland,

would you come this way, please?

- It is necessary that you sign this paper.

- What is it?

Your consent to take your husband
into your custody.

- Into my custody?

- Yes, that's the law, Mrs. Ireland.

You see, your divorce is now postponed
for at least five years.

But...

I see.

Doctor.

Is it the law that I have to keep him
with me all the time?

Yes, unless you wish to put him in
a sanitarium, or some such institution.

Could you recommend some institution?

Dr. Wuthering has a lovely place
in the country.

But you would probably both be happier
if you kept him home with you.

Yes.

That's the second time you've been wrong
this morning, Doctor.

- Stephen, darling.

- Yes?

How would you like to go to the country?

Oh, I'd just love to go

to the country, Susan.

That would be wonderful!

Here we are, Mr. Ireland. Come on.

Say... Say, wait a minute.

Do you fellows want to make \$100 apiece?

Just get me to a telephone.

Mr. Ireland, I had a man in here a month ago was going to give me a billion dollars just because I was so pretty.

Do you know I never got a dime of it?

Hey, Doc. This is Mr. Ireland, Doctor.

- How do you do, Mr. Ireland.

- How do you do.

Dr. Wuthering is waiting for you.

Will you step this way, please?

This is the new patient, sir,

Mr. Stephen Ireland.

How do you do, Mr. Ireland.

Please sit down and talk awhile.

Oh, I'll talk all right.

I'm just busting to talk.

- What about?

- Oh, anything that comes into your mind.

Things you like,

dreams you've had, anything at all.

Now, look, Doctor.

Of course, I realize that you've got

your mind made up about me,

but I'm going to make just one more try.

Now, you're not a quack,

you're a real doctor.

You know a nut when you see one.

All right!

Give me a test. Give me any test,

and if you still think that I'm insane,

well, you'll be right,

because that would drive me nuts.

This is most interesting.

Give me Weber, Volume 3.

Well, aren't you going

to give me a chance?

We are going to give you every chance,
Mr. Ireland.

We are going to find the root
of your trouble and eradicate it.

No, not this one. Case 116.

The one who threatened to sue
because his outboard motor wouldn't run
on Thousand Island dressing.

May I come in? Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor.

I didn't know you were in consultation.

- I'll see you in 10 minutes, Miss Landis.

- Thank you, Doctor.

I promise you, Mr. Ireland,
we are going to rehabilitate you here.

You will suffer, yes.

But ultimately you will find yourself
and emerge recreated, cured.

Look, Doctor.

Don't you think it's just possible
that a mistake may have been made
in my case?

Stand up, my boy.

- Turn around, profile.

- I won't!

See, I was right.

Weber says they never turn around.

Well, that's all, Mr. Ireland.

Please wait outside in the garden,
and I'll have the houseman
show you to your room.

- If he can find me.

- He'll find you all right.

How do you do. I'm Cecilia Landis.

- How do you do.

- You'll be in my charge while you're here.

- Well, that's swell.

- I hope we'll make you very happy.

- Is there anything we can do for you?

- No.

And, Miss Landis, please don't humor me.

This whole thing is a farce. I...

Now, look!

I'm no more insane than you are.

Believe me!

I've got to get out of here.

I'll give you \$1,000 if you'll help me.

In cash?

Well, I'll have to give you a check,
but you can trust me.

All right, I will trust you.

And just to prove that you can trust me,
I'll give you my collection to sleep with.

Everything that's not nailed down
belongs to me.

- Congress passed a law in 1935.

- Yeah, but...

I just got these today.

Careful! They belong to him.

Say, Mister! I'm Jerry the houseman.

If you just follow me,

I'll show you where you sleep.

Hey!

- Say, you!

- Well!

What are you doing in my car?

Is Susan here? Where is she?

She has an appointment with the doctor,
but she doesn't want to talk to you,
so run back to your sand pile.

Hey, Ireland.

Dr. Wuthering,

please don't get excited.

Unfortunately, it does excite me
to be asked to abandon 32 years
of medical experience for witchcraft.

Doctor, all I'm saying

is I know Steve hates cold baths.

If you put him

in a cold bath for 20 minutes,
suddenly you'll see how sane he can be.

- Madam, your husband is not sane.

- Nonsense! Of course he is.

Well, perhaps you know better than I,
you, a society woman

who wants a change of husbands so badly
that she's become an authority
on mental disorders.

Doctor, it's just that I know
what's behind all this.
I'm very sorry, madam,
but I assure you your husband is,
medically speaking,
as nutty as a fruitcake.
For one thing,
he is definitely a kleptomaniac.
Oh, that's impossible.
Well, every night we find
his dresser drawers
filled with other people's possessions
that he's stolen.
I'm afraid he's getting progressively
worse, depressed and melancholic.
It may even lead
to self-destruction, suicide!
Oh, Doctor, if that were the truth,
I wouldn't leave him here another minute.
I'd take him home
and nurse him night and day.
You see, you have me entirely wrong.
I would never have given up his custody
if I thought he'd really
had a nervous breakdown.
And if anything ever convinced me of that,
I'd take him right back in my custody.
Well, Mrs. Ireland, it might be
better for him if you did take him home.
Hello, Susan.
- Mr. Ireland, where did you get that fish?
- It's mine. I always had it.
Don't you realize you're not supposed
to take other people's property?
I tell you it's mine. I... I caught it.
It's a present for Susan.
- I don't want it.
- Please don't talk like that.
We never antagonize our friends here.
She likes your little present very much.
- Then why doesn't she take it?
- She's going to. Aren't you, Mrs. Ireland?
All right.
- Remind me to send you a bird in return.

- Yes, I will.
- Darling, could I have a kiss?
- Certainly you may.
- Not you, her.
- That's what I meant.

No. That's where I put my foot down.

Is this such an unusual request
for a husband to ask of his wife?

- Really now, Mrs. Ireland!

- Well, if you think it...

Oh, darling, that makes my head
feel so much better.

- Could I have another?

- No!

Mrs. Ireland, I wish you would cooperate.

We never frustrate our patients here.

But I didn't frustrate him once.

Why do I have to not frustrate him again?

Darling!

I'm going to get out of here.

The rules are too one-sided.

Mrs. Ireland, please, come back here.

There's a crazy man in this room,
all right, and it isn't Steve.

Hey, Ireland!

You shouldn't have walked
under that ladder.

Don't you know it's unlucky?

Come here.

I've got a message for you from Susan.

Susan just wanted me to tell you
that she's leaving for Arizona tomorrow
unless you arrange
for a new hearing right away.

How can I?

Well, you bribed Klugle once.

Bribe him again.

- But I didn't...

- Oh, now listen, Ireland.

I know that you wouldn't have got
yourself into a mess like this
unless you could get out
anytime you wanted to.

What's more, Susan agrees with me.

Listen, you fake Hiawatha,
one of these days
I'm going to spread you around
like warm butter.
It's all right with me if you want
to be stubborn. Personally, I like Arizona.
- What?
- Yeah.
Hey, wait a minute! Wait a minute.
Let me think this over.
I'll give you five minutes.
Holler when you've made up your mind.
I'll get in a few archery exercises.
- Why can't I play Indians any more?
- But you can.
- You can play Indians all you want.
- No, I can't.
Hiawatha ran away,
the gardener left the gate open.
- What's that?
- Yes, there's Hiawatha. He sneaked out.
Eddie, Sam, come on, quick!
Come along, buddy.
We're going back inside.
Hey, what's the idea? Let go of my arm.
Wait a minute, wait a minute!
Wait! Wait a minute.
You fellows are making a terrible mistake.
- Do you know who I am?
- I know. You're Hiawatha.
- You framed me.
- Now, wait a minute.
Oh, out of my way! I'm getting out of here.
Now, take it easy,
or we'll have to give you a shot.
Who's running this place?
I want to talk to him.
Just a moment, sonny.
You were sent out in this yard to rest.
Now, unless you do it,
we're gonna have to put you in solitary.
Somebody's gonna suffer for this.
Let me go, just for a second,
will you, fellows?

- Hiawatha, where are we going?
- Keep quiet!
- If you make a sound, I'll...
- Don't be foolish.
- This is just what I've been looking for.
- Oh, no. Nothing doing.
- You're staying here.
- Okay.
- All right, all right. All right.
- Well, that's different.

Now, let's see how we can work this out.

Look, you stand on the net
and hold it taut while I climb up,
and then I'll pull you up.

- What do you mean? Like this?
 - No, no, not that way, it'll slip.
- Put your foot through the hole.
- Like that?
 - Yeah. Now wrap the net around it.
 - Oh, I get you. Like that, huh?
 - That's fine. That's swell. Look here.
 - Now grab this.
 - All right, hold it. Now, here we go!
 - Come on! Come on! Speed it up, will you?
 - Just a sec!

Who's that?

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! I'm caught!

Hey, my foot! Hey! Wait! Hey!

You wait, you...

You dirty double-crosser!

Hey, Jim! Come on.

This guy's trying to hang himself.

Oh, I'm choking.

I'm sorry, Mr. Ireland, but from now on

I have to confine you to your room.

After all, you did try to kill yourself.

Doctor, I didn't try to kill myself.

I was just trying to keep
a man from escaping.

What man?

Well, I don't know who he was.

See! No one ever escaped from here.

That's impossible.

- Take him to his room.

- Look! No, no, just a minute. Look, Doctor.
Will you come with me?
Let me show you exactly what he did.
All right. Come along.
Be back in a few minutes
if someone should call.
Yes, sir.
Yeah, and then he...
He climbed up, just like this.
- I see, just like that.
- Yes.
And then the next thing he did...
- Are your feet still in the holes, Doctor?
- Yes, yes. I haven't moved yet.
Well, Doctor, he...
He leaned down like this and...
- Oh, who's that, Doctor?
- Yes?
Oh! Help! Hey!
Doctor, did you ever see anything like this
in all your 32 years of medical experience?
Help! Hey! Come here!
- Hello, Mr. Ireland.
- Hello, Joe.
- The police are after someone.
- Yeah. Well, let's go, Joe.
- Yes, sir.
- I'm in a hurry.
Doctor, when you find Steve,
will you bring him to me?
I'm not going to send him back
to the rest home.
Sorry, Mrs. Ireland, he must come back.
- But why? He's in my custody.
- Not anymore.
- You see, he tried to kill Dr. Wuthering.
- He what?
We now regard him
as definitely homicidal.
- Homicidal?
- Unfortunately.
And it's against the law
to allow private custody in such cases.
Much too dangerous.

That's why the police are coming.
Pardon me. That should be the police now.
Hello.
Hello, Doctor, this is Sergeant Payson.
Ireland got in about two minutes ago.
I posted men at all the exits.
We're ready to start searching now.
Very well, Sergeant.
We'll leave you in charge.
We're going back to the sanatorium.
He's in the building, Mrs. Ireland.
But don't worry, the police are here.
They have every exit covered.
- They'll catch him soon.
- Goodbye, Mrs. Ireland.
- Come, Doctor.
- Goodbye, Mrs. Ireland.
- Good evening, Mr. Ireland.
- Good evening, Tom.
Oh, isn't Mr. Willoughby home?
- It doesn't seem so, sir.
- Oh, let me take that in for you.
- I just came down to borrow some ice.
- Oh, thank you, sir.
Why, you...
- Steve.
- Isobel.
Could you hide me someplace?
The cops are after me.
I got the clippings
on my Chicago exhibit.
I can't.
- Pinky's here. He's in the shower.
They stank to high heaven.
If he finds you here, he'll kill you.
Oh, that's lovely, dear.
- Oh, here he comes.
What do you mean, lovely?
- I'm a dead duck.
- But I said, "Not so lovely," dear.
Hey, Mrs. Grayson,
did Steve Ireland come in here?
- Why, of course not.
- I'm sorry.

Hey, officer, he's down
on this terrace. I just saw him.

- Hey, what goes on here?

- Nothing, dear.

Well, who were you talking to?

I just heard a man's voice in here.

Oh, that was somebody at the window.

It was about a man they were looking for.

Well, why would they be looking
for a man in your apartment?

You there!

What are you doing on my terrace?

We're looking
for a homicidal maniac.

A homicidal maniac,
why, that's silly!

There is nothing silly
about a homicidal maniac.

Oh, wait, dear. Where are you going?

- I'm going to take my shower.

- But you just took your shower.

Didn't start yet. Just washed my hair.

I've got to get this soap out.

Oh, but don't leave me. I... I'm afraid.

- Well, come on in with me, then.

- Let's go in my bathroom.

I'll get all the soap out with my spray.

It's much better for your scalp.

Now, look, for 40 years
I've washed my head under a shower.

It works, and I like it.

- But Pinky, I... Wait! Wait!

- What?

I... I guess I'm just nervous.

What's the matter?

Oh, Pinky, I...

I'm sure I heard something out there.

You'd better go and look
and see what it is.

Well, I didn't hear anything.

You're just jumpy, that's all.

Yes, I am.

You'd think these apartments
would give you hot water when you... Ow!

There it goes! All of a sudden.
Pinky! Pinky, wait. That's much too hot.
There, that's better. It's nice and tepid.
But I don't want it nice and tepid.
I want it hot.
I'm tired and I want a red-hot shower.
Do you mind?
No, I don't mind, Pinky,
but it isn't good for you.
Will you please go outside
and let me take my shower?
Hey! Oh, get me a towel.
Get me... Isobel, get me a towel.
The soap's in my eyes. Help!
Oh, thank you, darling.
- Steamed pudding.
- They said you were a maniac.
- What have you been up to?
- Had an argument with my wife.
- Steve, did you kill her?
- Kill her? Of course not!
I'll... I'll tell you about it later.
- Hello, Officer. Have you found him yet?
- Not yet, ma'am.
We're searching all the apartments.
Get to yours in a little while.
Good.
Come on! You'll have to hide in my room.
Isobel, will you bring me
some dry towels?
Go on! I'll find some way to get you out!
Yes, dear.
I wouldn't stand out there, sir.
If that nut is above you,
he might drop something
- down on top of you.
He might at that.
Say, officer, be sure and let Mrs. Ireland
know as soon as you find him.
Will do that, sir.
Nothing yet, but they're bound
to glom onto him any minute.
Ward, do you think Steve
has a chance to get to me?

Not a prayer, so don't worry about it.

- I'm not worried. I want him to come here.

- What?

Don't tell me you fell for
that homicidal maniac stuff.

No, but those doctors have, and I don't
understand why. I want to talk to him.

Don't do it, Susan.

He cooked up this party,
let him stew in his own juice.

Ward, don't argue. Help me.

Get the police off his track.

Take them

to the wrong apartment, anything.

Give Steve a chance to get to me.

Please, Ward.

- Yeah, but I...

- Please!

Oh, all right, Susan. I'll see what I can do.

Pinky, do you mind

if I don't go with you tonight?

Of course I mind. What's the matter?

Are you sore

because I asked you to tie my tie?

Oh, Pinky.

Say, what's the matter with you tonight?

Acting like a cat on hot bricks!

The police are ready to search
your apartment now, Mr. Grayson.

Well, what for?

They were in here a half an hour ago.

- No one's come in here since.

- Sorry, sir.

- But we can't take any chances.

- Well, we're going out very soon.

Why don't you search
somewhere else first?

- What about that apartment over there?

- Well, that's mine.

He ran out of there a half an hour ago.

Then I'll bet you a hat

that's where he is now.

They always double on their tracks.

They're very clever, you know.

- Maybe she's right.
- Come on, we'll have a look.
- Come on, Pinky, let's watch the fun.
- What fun? Go on and get your coat.
- We're late now.
- Oh, Pinky. I want to see him captured.
Oh, all right. Maybe they'll shoot.
All right, folks.
Back to your apartments now, please.
Isn't it terrible!
A couple of you boys better search
the bedroom and the terrace.
All right, boys.
Somebody's been here.
- Anything?
- No.
- See anything back there, boys?
- Nobody here.
He's not here. Come on across the hall.
I better lock the back door. We don't
want him doubling back here later.
All right. Come on, men.
Well.
- Oh, miss, have they found him?
- No, not yet.
Do you think they will find him?
Yes, they'll find him,
if he doesn't get out of here.
Yes, how true.
Yes, madam.
The Ireland apartment's on the 12th floor.
- Oh, yes, thank you.
- Madam, if you'll excuse me,
I don't think Mrs. Ireland
is receiving any visitors.
Oh, but I'm not a visitor.
I'm a member of the family.
Oh, sure, I see the resemblance.
I'll bet you're his mother, aren't you?
I beg your pardon. I'm his sister.
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean
to make such a dumb remark.
- Quite all right, quite all right.
- My name's Willoughby, Ward Willoughby.

- How do you do.
- Look, Ward, let's help them find Steve.
- I'd like to show her up to 12A.
- No, no, no, no. I know the way.
That is, I can find it. The 12th, please.
Oh, it's no trouble at all.
You know, you look awfully familiar.
Haven't we met somewhere?
No, no, I was never there.
Going up! Going up!
She's very nervous.
She wants to be alone.
The least I can do
is show her to the apartment.
- Yes, but...
- Up, boy! Up!
That's the screwiest old dame I ever saw.
Maybe Steve is nuts.
- Oh, you can't go in there, lady.
- Oh, it's all right, officer.
- I'm the unfortunate man's sister.
- Okay, ma'am.
Yes? Is there something you wanted?
- Susan.
- Steve!
- Susan.
- Oh, wait!
- What in the world are you doing in that?
- Susan, I'm in a terrible jam.
Well, I know,
but what are you trying to prove?
But they're... They're after me with guns.
Look, I'm a homicidal maniac.
- So I hear but I don't believe it, personally.
- No, of course not.
But they believe it, and if they catch me,
well, I'll be sitting in a padded cell
in a straitjacket from now on.
Steve, you might have known
something like this would happen.
I still can't understand why you...
Susan, are you going
to quarrel with me now?
I've had the most terrible time

just trying to get to you.
I've been chased, scalded, drowned...
Look, I even had
to shave off my mustache.
- Doesn't that prove I love you?
- Perhaps, but it...
It doesn't prove why you didn't use
that taxicab the night of our anniversary.
But that... Darling, I forgot about it.
I told you that all we did was to walk over
to a little bar and have a drink.
I spent the whole evening
talking about you.
Honest, darling, I completely forgot
that we had a taxi waiting.
- I wish I could believe that.
- Well, then, why don't you believe it?
Oh, look, honey cake,
you hide me somewhere
until the cops leave the building,
and then tomorrow morning
we'll hop on a plane and fly to Canada.
George can pull some wires
and straighten out this lunacy business
while we're having a second honeymoon,
Susan, a wonderful second honeymoon.
- All right, I'll do it.
- Oh, darling.
No, no. I mean, I'll hide you.
- You'll go to Canada alone.
- But, Susan...
That's his voice.
You better... You better go in there.
And be very quiet.
Where is he, Susan? Where is he, in there?
- Where's who?
- Steve. We heard his voice.
He is here, isn't he?
I seem to recall asking you
not to look for him.
Now, Susan, I'm not going to let Steve put
this over on you, no matter what you say.
- Later on you'll thank me for it.
- Come on, officer.

Officer, stay right where you are
unless you have a search warrant.

Oh, now Susan, be reasonable.

Susan! Dear me. I've been so frightened.

I've just heard Steve escaped.

- Are you all right?

- Of course I'm all right. Why wouldn't I be?

Oh, I... I beg your pardon, madam.

- Oh, dear. How you frightened me.

- I'm sorry.

Oh, it's... It's... It's quite all right, Officer.

I realize that you were...

You were just doing your duty.

- We were looking for a maniac.

- Oh, yes, yes,

but it might be a very good idea
if you got into the habit of knocking
when coming into a room.

It might have been a very embarrassing
incident for both of us.

- Excuse me, please.

- That's quite all right.

Susan, you didn't tell me
that you had company.

Well, I was trying to keep them
from disturbing you.

- Oh, but...

- I... I'd like to introduce...

Oh, it's no disturbance at all.

I'm always happy to meet friends
of my brother, Stephen's.

My mother and Mr. Willoughby.

- How do you do.

- Oh, yes, we've met.

- Yes, how do you do.

- Yes.

So you're Susan's mother.

I'm just ever so... Well, just...

Just ever so...

Stephen's sister?

Oh, yes, I remember, from Saskatchewan.

Yes, that's right. From Saskatchewan.

Madam, do you mind if we search
the rest of the apartment?

Yes, I do mind.

Now will you stop snooping around
and get out of here?

Well, okay, lady, but if that nut shows up
around here and kills you,
don't blame the police department.

Come on, Dick.

Kills you? Whatever's going on here?

Susan won't tell us where Steve is hiding.

- But you don't know, do you, dear?

- She sure does.

We heard his voice in here
not five minutes ago.

Will you give me one good reason
why this is any business of yours?

It's anybody's business who likes you
to keep you from making a fool of yourself.

Really? I still think
it's none of your business.

- Suppose I want to make a fool of myself?

- Now, now, dear.

It's only natural that you should
have a weakness for Stephen,
but you'll never be happy
until you've fought it and conquered it.

Your mother's
absolutely right, Susan.

Steve double-crossed you once and
he'll do it again if you give him the chance.

- Your garter!

- What?

Oh, nothing.

I was just asking Miss Ireland
to pardon you.

You're being very rude talking like this
in front of Steve's sister.

Gee, I'm sorry, I...

I didn't mean to be rude, Susan, honest.

But if a thing's true,
I just go ahead and say it.

You're perfectly right.

You can't make an omelet
without breaking eggs.

That's right.

I'm sorry if I offended you, miss,
but it's not my fault if Steve's a stinker.

A stinker?

- Now, see here, Mr...

- Willoughby. Ward Willoughby.

Mr. Willoughby.

I've heard just about enough from...

What's the matter?

Are you feeling ill?

- What is it?

- Well, I... I don't know.

I don't feel any pain,

but I can't straighten up.

Lumbago! That's exactly the way
it gets you.

Now come on inside,

and I'll take off your clothes.

- Oh, no! I wouldn't do that.

- Oh, no!

Oh, but you'll be so much
more comfortable.

Oh, no! I'm quite comfortable, thank you.

I'm sure that I'll be all right.

Holy Moses! What was that?

Oh, I guess it was just my spine.

- Are you all right?

- Oh, yes, yes, I... I feel fine now. I think.

Say, I just thought...

Miss Ireland's been in here all the time.

You must know where Steve is, too!

- Well, suppose I do?

- Well, you better spill it.

Well, indeed!

You want me to call the cops?

They'll make you talk.

How dare you threaten me!

- Take it easy!

- Oh, dear. I'm so sorry.

- Pardon my hot temper.

- Well...

You can't blame Miss Ireland
for trying to defend her own brother.

Well, it's my duty. After all,

Stephen is my own flesh and blood.

He certainly is.
I'll tell you what Steve really is,
if you want to know.
Never mind, Ward,
I'm not interested in your opinion.
Oh, but I am, dear.
Go on, sir, tell me about Steve.
He's a fake, and a cheat and a bad sport.
- Hey!
- Oh, oh, dear. How embarrassing.
I'm so impulsive.
- I got a good mind to let you have...
- Ward! What are you thinking of?
Well, what ever it was,
I'm still thinking of it.
My dear Miss Ireland,
you do have a hasty temper.
Oh, dear. All our family are like that.
You know, Stephen once nearly killed
three men with his bare hands.
- How horrible.
- What were they, pygmies?
- You mean you doubt my word?
- I mean somebody's a liar,
maybe it's Steve, maybe it's you.
I don't know.
Why, if I were a man,
I'd knock you down for that.
- Oh, dear! There I go again!
- Oh, my goodness.
Oh, I'm so ashamed.
But I was never so insulted, really,
flying 2,000 miles
to be called a liar right to my face.
Oh, Miss Ireland.
Please don't be upset.
We're... We're all so... So excited,
we hardly know what we're doing.
Why, Susan, what...
- Her slip was showing.
- Oh, thank you, dear.
You know, Miss Ireland is really crying.
- Gracious, but she's easily hurt.
- She's easily hurt! Say!

- Look here, Miss Ireland...

- Ward!

Apologize, or leave
this apartment immediately.

- Apologize?

- Yes!

Well, all right, I apologize, Miss Ireland.

I take my hat off, too.

I'll bet you can lick any dame in the world!

- Susan, come here and sit down.

- Yes, Mother.

I want you to be honest with your mother.

Did you hide Stephen?

She sure did! I tell you, I heard his voice!

Oh, I know what

you must have heard, Mr...

The name's Willoughby, Ward Willoughby.

Then, Mr. Willoughby,

it was the phonograph.

- No, there wasn't any music.

Oh, yes, yes, there was.

It just doesn't carry as well as the voice.

No, no, that isn't what I heard.

It was Steve's voice, I tell you.

Ward, would you like

to search the apartment?

I certainly would.

- Go ahead.

- All right, I will.

Really, Susan, protecting Stephen

after all he's done to you!

I'm surprised that you have no more pride.

But, Mrs. Cooper,

I really think Susan is perfectly right

to protect Stephen if she loves him.

I don't love him.

I'm glad to hear that.

I just don't want Stephen hunted
and hounded like a common criminal
when all he's done is... Is...

Is tried to prevent you from divorcing him,
any crazy way he could,

just because he loves you too much
to let you go.

I don't know where he could have got to.
Miss Ireland,
I don't think that you realize...
Mother, I don't like to be rude,
but I wish you and Ward would leave.
I don't want to discuss this
any more tonight.
I'm afraid Miss Ireland
is a dangerous influence.
She's so prejudiced in Stephen's behalf.
Mrs. Cooper, correct me if I'm wrong,
but you're not really very fond of Steve,
are you?
Frankly, no!
I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't admit it.
Oh, Mother,
you don't really mean that.
I certainly do!
I've told you many times
how I feel about him.
Miss Ireland, if you'd been watching
this marriage night after night
as I have, you'd know what was wrong.
Oh, indeed?
Well, perhaps that's the root
of all the trouble.
And just what
do you mean by that?
You have more influence with Susan
than you realize, Mrs. Cooper.
Perhaps even more than she realizes.
Oh, look, that's enough!
I have a mind of my own, and I'm
perfectly capable of running my own life!
Excuse me. I'll be right back.
Everybody stay right where you are.
Sorry. I'll be right back.
Good heavens.
What a stupid place for a rug.
Sergeant, come on, quick!
I know where he is!
- You do?
- He's up in his apartment.
Wait a minute. The guards from

the rest home are here. We'll get them.

- How'd you happen to find him?

- Hey, take a look.

Over here, boys, and step on it.

This guy's got him located.

What? Wait a minute.

You know who that guy is?

Only that he's been helping us.

Well, he could help you out a lot more,
because that's him.

- What?

- Sure. He climbed over the fence
this afternoon.

Eddie and me hauled him back ourselves.

- You sure of that?

- I'm sure.

I should have guessed it.

All right, boys, split up.

Hurry up, fellows, before he gets away.

- Hey! Hey, what's the idea?

- Pretty smart, huh, fella?

Wait a minute!

My name's Willoughby, Ward Willoughby!

Well, there's only one thing
that's important to me, Mrs. Cooper.

And may I know
what that is?

Yes, Susan and Stephen
belong to each other.

Up to two months ago, they were happy.

I'm certain of that.

I see. You're certain.

Well, if you'll pardon me for saying so,
you seem so exasperatingly
certain of everything.

The more I hear of your opinions,
the more you sound like Stephen.

I can't understand how you can
come down here for the first time
and be so full of convictions
about things you've never seen.

Oh, it isn't a matter of opinions,
Mrs. Cooper, it's...

It's a woman's intuition.

- You either feel it, or you don't.
- Oh, bosh!
I feel it. I feel it right here.
Do you?
Well, I... I did.
You feel this and you feel that.
Anyone to hear you talk
would think you were
the only woman in the world with feelings.
Well, if you'll excuse me.
I... I think I'll retire now.
I don't quite feel up to form.
- Good night.
- Good night.
No, no. Not in there. That's my room.
Your room is down there, Miss Ireland.
The guest room.
Oh, dear. I was hoping to sleep in there.
For some reason I feel drawn to that room.
I do so love a southern exposure.
Well, if you go in my room,
you'll get another kind of exposure.
- Well, I wouldn't want that.
- I thought not.
I hope you'll be comfortable in here,
Miss Ireland.
Susan, dear,
if you get lonely during the night,
I do hope you'll feel free to come to me.
I'll leave the door unlocked.
You'll find I can be
just as comforting as Stephen.
Come here, Susan.
You know, I don't like her any more
than I do Stephen.
No, I'm not going to leave you
under that woman's influence.
- I'm spending the night here.
- Oh, but, Mother, you...
No, you'll have to go back
to your apartment.
- There won't be room for you.
- Nonsense. You go to bed, dear.
- I'll bunk in with your guest.

- Oh, no, Mother!
No, you two would just fight all night.
I've made up my mind
to sleep in this house.
I'm going in there,
so please don't try to stop me.
Really, Mother! I ought to let you.
Of course you ought to let me.
Imagine the nerve of that woman
defending Stephen to us.
I'd like to hear her explain
what Steve was doing that night
he was out with Mrs. Grayson.
I don't think you'll ever
convince Miss Ireland
- there was anything wrong in that.
- I'll convince her.
After all, I saw them
with my own two eyes.
- You what?
- As I was leaving the building,
I saw them walking along
the street as bold as you please.
You saw them walking along the street?
- Along the street?
- Yes.
Well, well, then he...
He wasn't in her apartment!
You saw them walking along the street,
and you never told me?
Why should I? You knew he was with her.
Why, why, yes, of course I did.
Of course I did!
Look, Mother,
you sleep in my room tonight.
Believe me, it'll be much better.
And... And, Mother...
Mother, look,
I'm going to take Miss Ireland
back to Saskatchewan in the morning.
Back to... Honestly, Susan,
you're so confused tonight.
Mother, go to bed, and don't worry.
I'm not confused any longer.

Well, all right, but I hope
you get a good night's sleep.

Yes?

Oh, come right in, Susan.

All right, hold your horses. Just a minute.

Hello. Oh, hello, Ward.

Hello, Susan.

Listen, the nuthouse people picked me up.

They think I'm Steve.

Would you send somebody down to...

Hey! Who is this?

What are you doing there?

English - SDH