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# Love Happy

By Frank Tashlin

Don't anyone leave this theatre.  
The Royal Romanov diamonds are missing.  
I am Sam Grunion, private eye,  
at your service.  
Secrecy is my motto - I never tell.  
You will notice even my business card  
has nothing on it.  
I am the same Sam Grunion who solved  
the international uranium mining swindle.  
Scotland Yard was baffled,  
the FBI was baffled.  
They sent for me  
and the case was solved.  
I confessed.  
The Romanov diamonds still missing  
are valued at one million dollars.  
For eleven years I trailed them, through  
the Khyber Pass, over the Pyrenees,  
round the Cape of Good Hope  
and into Gimbel's basement.  
From Gimbel's basement, the trail led me  
to a group of struggling young actors  
trying to put on a show.  
Did the diamonds bring them luck? Money?  
Hardly. Once again was repeated  
the same pattern,  
a story of danger, cruelty, black violence,  
mystery, murder!  
By the way, what do you suppose  
the story was called?  
Love Happy.  
# I'm love happy  
# It's wonderful to know  
the meaning of happy  
# And if I do  
# It's all because of you  
# Heart happy, I'm kiss happy  
# Whoever would believe  
that I'd be this happy?  
# Why are skies blue?  
# It's all because of you  
# Oh, my darling, my daisy, I may be crazy  
# But haven't you found  
# That we're doing what we like

and, gee whizz, we feel like  
# Kids on a merry-go-round  
# Night happy and day happy  
# I see a future where I'm gonna stay happy  
# And I know why  
# All my dreams come true  
# Cos you're love happy too  
# Doo-doo-doo #

That's Mike Johnson.

Interesting dance, isn't it? He  
learned it fighting off bill collectors.

That's Maggie Phillips.

She's in love with Mike.

She's a dancer too, but it's hard to tell  
when she's sitting down.

This is Maggie's best friend, Bunny Dolan.

She invested her last \$300 in the show.

It looks like a cold winter ahead so  
she's knitting herself an electric blanket.

These love happy kids who were struggling  
for success had two things in common -  
they were underfinanced  
and undernourished.

Today they had already missed breakfast  
and their hopes for lunch

are pinned on one man,

Harpo, the strolling delicatessen.

Here he is, shopping!

Looks like a classy store, doesn't it?

Well, in the front they specialise  
in hot delicacies,

but in the back they specialise  
in hot diamonds.

Bless you, my man, bless you.

Thank you.

Thank you very much.

Quietly, please, darling.

Madame Egelichi, you are just in time.

The sardines have arrived.

Relax. And wipe that smirk off your face,  
there are policemen around.

- Yes, madame.

- We shall wait in your office.

Yes, madame.

Thank you.

It's all right, boys, just leave them there.

OK, sign here.

Thank you, boys, thank you.

At last. At last.

You little darling. You're here.

- Is the pelican jelly in yet?

- Arriving Wednesday on the Queen Mary.

- I have it, I have it!

- Quiet, Lefty.

- It's in the third crate.

- I said quiet.

I want to enjoy this moment.

I have gone through a great deal.

How many commissars did I marry,

Alphonse?

- Five, Madame Egelichi.

- There were three more, no?

Yes, the Grand Duke

and the two ambassadors.

Eight weddings in three months

before I could track down

the Royal Romanov necklace

on its trail from bridegroom to bridegroom.

And now the jewels

are finally in my possession.

If you please, Lefty.

The Royal Romanov necklace.

One million dollars in matchless diamonds.

I have outdone even myself.

- There is something wrong, Lefty.

- Wrong? Oh, no, impossible.

- This is not the right can.

- I beg to differ, madame.

- Where is the can with the Maltese cross?

- You've got it.

This has no Maltese cross

on the top or on the bottom.

It can't be. The Maltese cross was on it,

I kissed it. It must have rubbed off.

It was put on with special adhesive paint.

A generation of rubbing

could not have removed it.

Mr Throckmorton,

may I present the Zoto brothers.  
They take care of people I do not like.  
Oh, no, let me open it.  
The diamonds are in here.  
Those hardly look like  
the Royal Romanov diamonds.  
- You may proceed, gentlemen.  
- Oh!  
Ooh!  
Arrgh!  
Eight marriages wasted.  
The other leg, Hannibal.  
I am afraid you have to stop, I cannot  
concentrate. You are wasting your time.  
Mr Throckmorton is too feeble  
to try to deceive me.  
Revive him.  
I can't understand it.  
I can't understand.  
- I can't understand.  
- Quiet.  
Who was present when you found the tin?  
No one, not a soul. The door was locked.  
I put it in my pocket, I...  
Wait. Yes, there was someone.  
A strange-looking creature,  
looked more like a tramp than a truckman.  
You will call the police.  
Inform them that a bushy-haired shoplifter  
has been at work at Herbert & Herbert's.  
Give them a full description.  
Offer a reward of \$1, 000 for his capture.  
Have all the suspects brought  
to my apartment, one at a time.  
Police headquarters, please.  
Say kids, take five minutes.  
Excuse-a me. You Mike Johnson?  
- What do you want?  
- I'm-a look-a for a job.  
- Wrong number, I'm all cast.  
- Hey, just a minute.  
You're missing a big band. Somebody told  
me you're putting on a show with unknowns.  
You're hiring-a people

who's-a never been-a heard of.

I'm the most unheard of actor

who's never been on Broadway.

- What's your name?

- Faustino the Great.

- You never heard of me, huh?

- No.

- What did I tell you?

- What are you unknown for?

I no like-a to brag, but the thing

I'm-a most unknown for is mind reading.

I give you demonstration.

- You are thinking of something...

- Right so far.

You are thinking of a nice juicy steak

with-a French-fried-a potatoes.

- The exit's over there.

- You don't want a mind reader? What else?

- Maybe you need a juggler.

- No juggler.

An usher? I bring-a my own flashlight.

- Hello, Lyons.

- Mr Lyons. So glad to see you.

- You're looking wonderful.

- Yeah, you sure are.

Mr Yorkman supposed to be here at ten.

**It's 11:**

Don't worry, partner, he'll show.

Don't tell me to don't worry,

and please don't call me partner.

I am removing all my costumes and scenery  
as of now.

He's mad, pulling out of the biggest

Broadway smash since Show Boat.

Don't tell me about smashes. Mr Yorkman  
was going to underwrite the show. Check?

- I told you exactly what he told me.

- Well, he ain't here. Check?

Now the next step.

The situation is, either Mr Yorkman,  
or \$1100, or I move the stuff off the stage.

- As of now.

- Hey, wait a minute.

Excuse me. You Mr Lyons?

- That's right.

- It's-a lucky I meet you.

I was just talking to Max Yorkman  
in his office.

- Are you a friend of Mr Yorkman?

- Friend? Max and I are just-a like that.

- Two heads on the same neck.

- Well, I'm glad to meet you.

You know, Max said to me,

"Faustino, you want a job?

"Go see Mike Johnson. I'm backing  
that show, he'll give you a job. "

- That's what he said, Mr Johnson.

- That's good enough for me.

He's backing the show?

Use-a your common sense.

Would I be here if he wasn't?

I've been trying to call Mr Yorkman  
to find out.

You don't have to bother

with-a Max no more, just talk-a to me.

OK. Maybe I was a little hasty  
about removing the stuff.

That's only natural.

You can't trust-a nobody in show business.

Maybe he really knows Mr Yorkman.

It's a buggy ride,

this whole show is a buggy ride.

- Am I hired?

- Yes, sir.

Thanks, thanks. How much-a you pay me?

- That kind of talk's gonna get you nowhere.

- Nobody gets paid.

- Not till we open and click.

- That's all right, I was thinking out loud.

I'm-a no ham.

Ham.

Ham! Something's happened.

It's lunchtime and he isn't here.

- Who isn't here?

- Harpo.

Hey, Jim.

Have you see any funny-faced tramps

with bushy hair?  
There's a \$1, 000 reward.  
Harpo, everybody's waiting,  
you're late with the food!  
Now we eat!  
Hello, Harpo. You got-a something for me?  
You want I should read your mind again?  
All right, start thinking.  
You're thinking the same thing you thought  
about yesterday. And the day before.  
That's the only thought-a you got, huh?  
You're in love.  
A beautiful girl is-a going to smile at you.  
That's the only thing you want,  
that this beautiful should smile at you.  
All right, stop thinking.  
What have you got for me?  
I no want-a sardines.  
You promised me something special.  
Mmm, ice cream.  
Tutsi frutsi ice-a cream.  
A royal feast.  
My Robin Hood has struck again.  
I'll have these tomorrow.  
Bunny Dolan, next number.  
Rehearsal!  
# Gather round me, my children  
# Lift up your curly blonde heads  
# Cos Mommy's got something to ask you  
# Before you crawl into your nice warm beds  
# Mama wants to know, who stole that jam?  
# Who's been in her nice clean kitchen,  
who stole that jam?  
# Was it little Tom or Sue or Mabel  
# Who snucked it off the table,  
even ate the label?  
# Mama wants to know,  
who made this mess?  
# Mama's gonna kick some teeth in  
if you don't confess  
# Mama wasn't lookin'  
when that stuff was took-en  
# None o' you had better scam  
Who stole that jam?



# Mama's not the type that gets excited  
# She slugged those groceries home  
without a squawk  
# But mama's gotta find that guilty party  
# One o' you kids has to talk!  
# Mama wants to know, who stole that jam?  
# Who's been rifling all those goodies,  
ate her leg of lamb?  
# Seems to me you're acting  
kind of flustered  
# Bet you ate that custard  
and topped it off with mustard  
# Mama wants to know,  
she don't wanna guess  
# Mama's gonna kick some teeth in  
if you don't confess  
# You're that little el-ef,  
what snucked it off the shel-ef  
# I don't want that lollipop  
# Mama's gonna blow her top  
# You stole that jam #  
I'm sorry, Officer, but this creature's  
not the man. Good day.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Better luck next time.  
Wrong one again.  
We must increase the reward.  
Answer it.  
If ever I lay my hands on that thief,  
he'll regret he was ever born.  
I picked him up, thought you might  
wanna see if he's your man.  
- Bushy hair and funny face, they told me.  
- Yes.  
Excuse me, Officer.  
Hang on to him, I'll be back in a minute.  
- That's the one.  
- Are you certain?  
He's our man, I tell you. What do we do?  
- So nice of you to take this trouble.  
- No trouble, ma'am.  
- Is this the fella?  
- No, but there is a superficial resemblance.  
- OK, beat it.

- No, just a second.

Don't send him away. The poor man looks miserable and lost and without a friend. And he looks so intelligent.

I would like to do something for him.

- Would you mind leaving him here?

- I'd be careful, if I were you, ma'am.

- You can't trust characters like these.

- But he looks so harmless and hungry.

- Please, Officer.

- OK, ma'am. We'll keep up the search.

Thank you, Officer, goodbye.

- You grubby little warthog!

- Mr Throckmorton!

I must ask you to leave.

Yes, madame.

Puh!

She's giving him the whammy.

I am Madame Egelichi.

I have been looking for you for a long time.

Because I think

you may have something for me.

Alphonse, Hannibal, search him.

Alphonse, Hannibal!

You will wait in the other room.

I think we'll be more comfortable alone.

Don't you?

I like you.

I like you very much.

I don't want you to be lonesome and miserable.

I want to ask you a few questions.

A few personal questions.

But you mustn't lie to me.

I do not like it when people lie to me.

I get offended.

Alphonse, Hannibal!

This creature won't talk.

- There are ways of making him talk.

- I give the orders here!

- Wind of the devil...

- Stop that!

What did you do with the sardine cans?

Answer me.

Oh, take him away.  
Give him everything.  
But she was doomed to failure.  
For right now the sardines are on a table  
in Maggie's dressing room.  
For three days  
Maggie ate Harpo's presents -  
smoked chicken, canned turkey, tuna fish.  
If only she'd developed a taste for  
sardines. The show would've been saved.  
Meanwhile the cast went on with dress  
rehearsal, unaware of the troubles ahead.  
All right, let's get set  
for the Sadie Thompson number.  
Hey, bobo. Toodle-a-bop-bop...  
That was fine, Maggie.  
Now go change into your ballet costume.  
Madame Egelichi, wearing  
the pants of the dreaded cat woman,  
was desperately trying to make Harpo talk.  
First came the Hungarian rope torture.  
For six hours, Harpo sat in the chair  
smoking rope.  
And four hours on the hideous rack.  
An original from the workshop of  
Ferdinand von Krackowitz of Monte Carlo.  
Place your bets, place your bets!  
When Harpo wouldn't talk, Madame  
Egelichitook things into her own hands.  
That meant only one thing,  
her own specialty -  
the insidious food and water torture.  
- Has he spoken yet?  
- Not a word.  
- Has he slept? Eaten?  
- Not a wink, not a bite.  
Three days without breaking.  
It's rather unusual.  
After I've finished eating, bring him in,  
and we shall give him the apple test.  
You have refused to speak.  
We shall keep on firing until you tell me  
about a certain can of Portuguese sardines.  
Fire.

Put that apple back on your head!

Ooh!

Nothing must happen to him. He is the only person who can lead us to the sardine can.

- The gun isn't loaded, is it, Alphonse?

- No, madame, it's empty.

- There were only four bullets in it?

- That's right.

Grab him. The gun is empty.

We have been fooled. He can speak.

- I'll stop him.

- No, no, let him talk.

I'll listen in.

You, you got-a no heart.

They wanna sing and dance, but what do you say? You say no, stop-a the music.

Who's-a you? Toscanini?

Harpo!

Some sort of code.

Mr Lyons, stop-a the noise, stop-a the moving, it's Harpo.

Where is he?

Shh! I'm-a reading his mind.

Clear your head, you talk-a too fast.

Clear your head.

That's-a better.

He's-a havin' a party.

Everybody's-a hittin' him with apples.

That's-a lots of fun, huh?

Hey, what do you think? A beautiful woman is in love with him for his sardines.

What? You don't say!

This beautiful woman wants to marry him.

How much-a money she's got?

Tell her to come to the Windsor Theatre.

We got lots of sardines here.

Lefty, they are at the Windsor Theatre.

He says she's a rich woman.

Stop-a thinking and listen.

We're in-a trouble. Bring her to the theatre right away in half an hour. Hurry up! Quick!

Alphonse, Hannibal!

Everything is-a fine. Harpo save the show.

He's bringing his bride with lots of money.

- I ain't fall for any more stalls.  
- It's-a no stall.  
- It's-a love. She's-a bringing the money.  
- Boys, keep moving the stuff out.  
Hey, are you a musician?  
- Well, I used to play.  
- I knew it the first minute I look on you.  
I say to myself, "This Mr Lyons,  
he's not tough like he looks. " Ha-ha.  
"He's got something inside.  
"Something that comes from the heart. "  
What kind of music you like?  
Uh, I like Gypsy music.  
Gypsy music! That's magnifico.  
I like-a Gypsy music.  
Stop the moving, stop the noise,  
everybody stop.  
Mr Lyons, he's going to play. Here.  
Uh, do you know Play Gypsy Play?  
- No, I don't know that.  
- Oh. You know Gypsy Serenade?  
- No.  
- What do you know?  
- I know Gypsy Love Song.  
- Gypsy Love Song.  
- I only know the chorus.  
- That's all right. I play the verse, you follow.  
- You play and I'll noodle around.  
- What do you mean by noodling?  
- Like this...  
- That's-a good.  
You noodle on that, I macaroni on this.  
Now, look, Mr Lyons, I know you want  
to make a good impression,  
but please don't play better than me.  
Are we playing the same thing?  
Ha-ha, one too much!  
Ha-ha, that's very good.  
Now we try the chorus,  
but the chorus we play pianissimo.  
- You know what pianissimo is?  
- No.  
- How long you study music?  
- 15 years.

you could've been a plumber.  
All right, never mind the pianissimo,  
I'm going to make it very simple for you.  
We play it allegro pizzicato.  
That's what-a you call  
high-class Carnegie Hall stuff.  
- You know allegro pizzicato?  
- No.  
You know Jimmy Pizzicato?  
- No.  
- None of the Pizzicatos, huh?  
- No.  
- What do you know?  
Er, I know pistachio.  
Pistachio? We'll play it!  
Two, three, four, five, six, seven.  
Very good. Very good.  
Now we play one more chorus. Come on.  
Well, boys and girls,  
I've got a little sad news for you.  
Our show isn't opening.  
We're closing tonight,  
without a shot at Broadway.  
Mr Lyons, a man of small faith,  
is removing the scenery and costumes  
from the production.  
Mr Johnson, may I suggest that we do  
what all actors have always done  
since before the days of  
Thespis and Shakespeare -  
perform without scenery or costumes  
or salary.  
Sorry, I can't go on  
with that kind of a show.  
Curtain's down, school's out.  
Better luck next time.  
Oh, I'm sorry, Mr Johnson,  
but Mr Lyons said to take everything.  
Uh-huh.  
Well, go ahead, say it.  
- I wasn't going to say anything.  
- Well, it's sticking out of your eyes.  
I'm yellow, no guts.  
- No, Mike, you're just what you are.

- And what's that?

A nice, sweet young man  
who doesn't belong in show business.  
You'd look stunning in an apron  
surrounded by nice yellow oranges.

- Here, have some sardines.

- I don't want any sardines.

I'm not throwing a bare turkey on the stage.  
I'm quitting, Maggie,  
and don't tell me the show must go on.

- Relax, it's over.

- No, it isn't over.

We're going to open without scenery,  
without costumes,  
just with talent and people.  
We're going to open and knock 'em dead.

- Hallelujah.

- Let's go and celebrate.

- What's to celebrate?

- Your birthday.

Don't change the subject.

We've got a good show. If you tried...  
What do you think life is? A fairy tale?  
Yes, it is.

Fairy tales, sardines...

What do you want?

Could you tell me, please,  
where I can find Mr Michael Johnson?

- You're speaking to the gentleman.

- Wonderful. You are really Mr Johnson?

- What can I do for you?

- Oh, Mr Johnson, so much.

- You mean in the show?

- You have a place for me, I'm sure.

- Too bad, Miss...

- Madame Egelichi.

- Mr Johnson, you must have a place for me.

- Not any more.

- But why?

- Because of a bankroll we haven't got.

What I'm trying to say, without breaking  
into unmanly tears, is that we're folding,  
calling it a day.

- Better luck next time, Madame Egelichi.

- Oh.

Er, you mean the show will not open  
and the actors are going away?

Oh, no.

- How much money do you need?

- A loan from Congress would help.

Mr Johnson, I am serious.

I will supply the money.

This is over my head, Mike.

What's going on?

It's simple.

Didn't you say life was a fairy tale?

Well, here's our fairy godmother  
with a wand!

And what a wand!

Madame Egelichi, I need \$1100 to raise  
the curtain. You're not kidding, are you?

- Shall we go to your office, Mr Johnson?

- Let's go.

You are going to make me so happy.

So happy.

He's taking a long time for a business deal.

- He'll be back.

- Oh, don't be a fool, let's go.

Sorry, Bunny, I promised...

I said never to eat your dinner in this room.

Cheer up, honey. Maybe he's breaking your  
heart to make a better actress out of you.

Well, baby, we're opening.

Lyons is bringing back everything.

- That's wonderful.

- Yes, she was.

She's mad about the theatre and she liked  
all my ideas. She's a real show woman.

- You can tell me all about it at dinner.

- Oh, you'd better do without me tonight.

Rita and I still have a lot to discuss  
and I promised her I would...

But, baby, I know it's your birthday  
but this is important.

Now be a trouper.

Cheer up, everything looks wonderful.

It would look better

if you'd wipe that rouge off.



Don't get any ideas. I was so excited when  
I saw the money I had to kiss somebody.  
I've got to run. See you tomorrow.  
Happy birthday.

- Do you want all these cans open?

- Yes.

But these open cans will attract attention.

- Then put them in the alley.

- The alley? Done.

- You like-a sardines?

- Yes.

- Why, have you got any?

- No, but I got something better.

I got something that's worth  
a million dollars to you.

- Really? What is it?

- Love!

It come to me like a flash.

The first minute I see you, it's, what  
do you call 'em, love at first look.

It's the kind of love  
that's never going to die.

- Would you do something for me?

- Anything.

I climb the highest mountain,  
down and up, up and down.

I put my arm in the fire  
up to the hilt for you.

Er, go and get me all the sardine cans  
you can find in this theatre.

Sardines? Ha! That's nothing.

I'm going to cover you with sardines.

That's how much I love you.

Watch-a my smoke.

Darling!

My favourite animals, cats. I collect them.

Darling. Darling!

Madame Egelichi, our search is over.

- Here is the can.

- Oh!

- Where is the necklace?

- In here!

- Really, Throckmorton.

- I'm sure of it.

He was eating sardines and swallowed it.

- That is impossible.

- I'll have him examined.

I no get-a sardines, I  
got-a something better.

- What?

- Anchovies!

- I have no use for them.

- Maybe you like kippered herring?

Smelts? Smoked whitebait?

I get you any kind of fish you like!

I love you!

Go away!

Go away! I'm sure your new partner's  
more important than I am.

Oh, Harpo, I thought it was...

This is where you live, isn't it, Harpo?

It must be wonderful to be like you, Harpo.

You live alone.

That is... you don't need other people.

You don't depend on them.

You never get hurt.

Oh, Harpo, you're wonderful.

Harpo, I've got an idea.

I've been a fool,

letting my heart stand in my way.

But it's not too late.

He'll still give me the part,

tomorrow morning,

Mr Hammerstein.

Can you imagine me

in a Broadway production?

A star. A real star.

And I'll work.

No more nickel Romeos for me.

I'll work, and keep going, and get famous.

And we'll be rich together.

And, Harpo, you'll be with me.

Because you've always loved me.

I haven't anyone except you.

And, from now on,

you'll be my manager too.

We'll be famous together. We'll scale

the heights of Broadway together.

A star and her manager.  
We'll be important people. Harpo.  
You'll be the most influential manager  
on the Great White Way.  
You'll have a whole suite of offices  
and a great, big, shiny mahogany desk.  
You'll be just as famous as me, Harpo.  
Everyone will come to your office  
and call you on the phone,  
all the great stars  
and writers and producers,  
to beg you to help them.  
You'll audition  
all the great singers and dancers.  
They'll want advice about new plays,  
begging to work in your productions,  
our productions.  
You'll be rich and important, Harpo.  
You and I both.  
We'll have everything we ever dreamed of.  
Everything!  
I'm sorry, Harpo.  
I'm afraid everything isn't very much  
without that rotten, horrible Mike Johnson.  
And on my birthday too.  
He had to do it on my birthday.  
Yes, and he knew it was.  
I hope I never...  
never have another birthday!  
Oh...  
Harpo.  
Oh, Harpo.  
Oh, what would I do without you?  
You've made this the nicest birthday  
I've ever had.  
At last the show was opening.  
When Mackinaw reported that Madame  
Egelichihad put money in the show,  
I knew a crisis was at hand.  
Now I was close to what I had  
been trailing all these years -  
Madame Egelichi.  
I, er... I mean the diamonds.  
Immediately, I started for the theatre.

Incognito, of course.

Mackinaw, I have a full record of the case  
and tonight at the opening,  
you may have the solution.

For Madame Egelichi will be in the front box,  
and next to her will be Count Bouillabaisse.  
But, if you take away his silk hat,  
his opera cloak and his suit,  
you'll have me, shivering in my underwear.

- How jolly!

- Come along, Mackinaw.

We will be just in time  
to be fashionably late.

- Good evening.

- I am Ivan.

Don't fret about it. You can always change  
it to Tom, Dick or Harry. Come, Mackinaw.

Hey, that's not my suit you're pulling.

Give me the diamond necklace.

We've only just met

and already he's asking for things.

I am from the Romanovs. To recover  
the diamonds, we paid you 100, 000 zlotys.  
Zlotys. Did you ever try to spend a zloty  
in this country?

The diamonds.

Or in one hour you die.

Mackinaw, allow me to introduce  
the man who's going to kill me.

At the next musical note,  
the end of my life will be brought to you  
by the Bulova sand company.

Is your watch fast? I'll  
drop some sand in it.

A few more grains of sand to fall  
and you will die.

I think I am ready.

Come in.

Is there anything I can do for you?

What a ridiculous statement.

Mr Grunion, I want you to help me.

I have a little sand left,  
what seems to be the trouble?

Some men are following me.

Really? I can't understand why.

- I advise you to leave.

- I'll take you to the bus station.

If I'm not back tonight, go ahead without me.

That's been the history of all my romances.

Curtain time five minutes.

- All right, I'm a heel.

- That's not news.

Could you love a heel that's been repaired?

I came back last night to get you,

ten minutes after you'd left.

- You did?

- Uh-huh. With a clean face.

- What's all that?

- Harpo gave them to me.

- I thought it might improve the costume.

- Uh-uh, too phoney.

Tomorrow, if we're not stoned to death

by the mob,

I'll get you a real gem

for the proper finger.

Mike...

- Faustino, get ready, you're on soon.

- I'll be ready, I'll be ready.

We want the diamonds!

Diamonds?

You had them on.

Where are they?

- I don't know.

- She's not going to talk.

- She'll talk to Madame Egelichi.

- Or there'll be murder.

Let go of me, let me go!

Here, Bill.

Where'd you hide 'em?

Maggie...

What's going on here? You let go of her!

Let's search the place

before we take her away.

You want I should read your mind?

I'm-a too busy now,

the show's going to start.

You're too excited, I can't read your mind.

All right, I read-a your mind.

What's on your mind?  
Yeah, it's a dame.  
All the time you got a dame on your mind.  
It's-a no dame, it's a nice gal.  
Yeah, what about a nice gal?  
Ha-ha, that's what you call a nice gal?  
You crazy - that's a dog.  
A dog? What about a dog?  
A big dog? A police dog?  
A big, big dog?  
Saint Bernardo! Even bigger?  
Great Dane!  
What about a Great Dane?  
Great Dane got a dimple? Whiskers?  
That's my jaw. Great Dane, jaw.  
Great Dane, jaw. Great Dane, jaw.  
Great Dane jaw, Great Dane jaw...  
Great danger!  
Who's the girl in great danger?  
I can't read-a your hand,  
I can only read-a your mind.  
Ha, that's a billy goat.  
That's-a Jolson. You sing-a mammy,  
mammy goat. Mammy!  
Mammy. Mammy.  
Mammy. Ma...  
Ma. Ma?  
Ma? Ma? Ma what?  
Ma what? Ma what?  
You open the door... with a key.  
Ma, key.  
Ma, key. Ma, key. Ma, key. Ma, key. Ma, k...  
Maggie! Maggie!  
Oh, Maggie's in great danger.  
Oh, smart, huh? Oh, I catch on quick.  
Maggie's in-a great danger.  
Who's after her?  
That's a bird. A seagull?  
A bigger bird? A turkey bird?  
A big, big bird? A stool pigeon!  
Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle bird!  
That's the flag.  
On top of the flag. It's-a eagle! Eagle!  
Eagle. What about an eagle?

Eagle scratch? Eagle tickle?  
Eagle got fleas? Eagle nervous?  
Ah, stop, you making me itchy.  
Itchy? Eagle, itchy. Eagle, itchy.  
Eagle, itchy. Eagle, itchy.  
Egelichi! Egelichi!  
Oh, Egelichi.  
What Egelichi gonna do to Maggie?  
A horse. A horse run away with Maggie?  
Fall down on Maggie?  
Hammer and nail.  
No hammer. A nail.  
A big nail. A little nail.  
Little bitsy nail. Little bitsy...  
Tack. A tack. Tack.  
Wet tack.  
Wet tack. Wet tack.  
Horse, wet tack. Horse, wet tack.  
Horse, wet track.  
Horse, wet track. Horse, wet track.  
Mudder! Mudder!  
Mudder. Mudder. Mudder.  
Mudder. Mudder...  
A mudder? A mudder?  
A mudder? A mudder?  
A mudder? A mudder?  
A murder? A murder? A murder?  
Murder! Murder!  
Egelichi's gonna murder Maggie!  
Oh! Come on, let's go.  
- Good luck, Bunny.  
- Thanks, Jim.  
Give us the diamonds  
or we'll murder you!  
They want-a diamonds!  
Who's got-a diamonds?  
- What are we gonna do?  
- All right, come on, girls!  
This is opening night, let's hear those  
lines. And put a little heart into it!  
Perfumes from Hindustan.  
Oils from Arabia.  
Diamonds from Africa.  
- We'll take her to the hotel.

- But there's a show on!  
We'll keep her till she tells us  
where she hid the diamonds.  
Don't take her away!  
I confess, I got-a the diamonds.  
- Where are they?  
- Here, but I no give them to you.  
Don't let them escape!  
Harpo, this way!  
Help me hold the door.  
We gotta keep 'em chasing us.  
If they find out we no got the diamonds,  
they stop-a the show, kill Maggie!  
Now I gotta get back. Hurry, you go!  
That way, Hannibal!  
Aha, there he is!  
Hurry up, hurry up!  
Grab him!  
- He was right here.  
- Where did he go?  
What are you doing, you idiots? Grab him!  
Oh!  
There he is!  
That's where I saw him.  
You idiots!  
Head him off at the other roof.  
Beautiful, beautiful! Go take your bow!  
I gotta no time. I gotta give 'em  
the diamonds, the real ones!  
- Who's got diamonds?  
- Me! Look!  
I save-a Harpo, I save-a the show!  
I'm-a the hero, nobody else!  
Hey! Hey! I got 'em!  
Hey! Hey! Leave Harpo alone!  
Here's the real diamonds. Look! Look!  
I got him.  
Ooh! Oh!  
The odds were stacked against me,  
but here I was, back on the trail.  
At the risk of death, I fearlessly  
scrutinised every possible hiding place.  
Ah, Madame Egelichi.  
Don't you remember me?



Yes, I do.

- No, I mean before that.

- Grunion, I am warning you.

This time I am going to get the diamonds,  
and nobody's going to stop me.

No, I'm not gonna follow you and get shot.

If I was half-shot, I'd follow you.

I'll take those.

- Give me those diamonds, you fool.

- You want-a the diamonds? Here.

Now, what are you going to give me?

- That's not what I want.

- Where are the real ones?

Those are the real ones.

Harpo's got the fakes.

He's up there!

There he is again!

- Where is he?

- He was standing right there.

- That's where I saw him.

- You idiots.

There he is. After him!

Where is he?

- Right there.

- Alphonse!

Where is he?

There he is!

I'll get him.

No!

Good work, my man,

I was just about to enter the battle.

From now on I'll take care of you.

You've got the axe, of course?

I'm in complete command of the situation.

I didn't see a thing,

the window shades were down.

Search him.

Oh, no, I'm not going to get into that.

If this were a French picture I could do it.

- I'll search him myself.

- No.

The diamonds kept us apart too long.

I'll tackle him single-handed.

I'd kill anyone

who's got those diamonds.  
Grunion, darling.  
Careful, you're singeing my coat.  
I don't care about the diamonds.  
All I really want is you.  
So you finally fell for me, eh?  
Yes. This is the sweetest moment of my life.  
Come, my darling.  
Goodbye, old man. It was nice knowing you.  
- You're tickling my change pocket!  
- Let's get away together, just you and I.  
What fun we'll have.  
We'll stop at Monte Carlo, Rio de Janeiro.  
First we'll stop at the unemployment  
office and get my cheque.  
And that's how it ended,  
with the diamonds in the pocket  
of a happy-go-lucky clown  
who disappeared with them,  
never realising their true value.  
That was six cases ago. I'm now on  
the trail of the Calcutta Cut-throats.  
I have tracked them down  
to a good-humour plant in Istanbul.  
Answer that, my man.  
I'm busy.  
Gin, huh?  
A fine assistant.  
There goes-a my coat.  
Yes?  
Yes, dear. Yes, I'll be home, dear.  
No, I won't be late, dear.  
Six o'clock on the dot.  
Yes, dear. Goodbye, dear.  
My wife.  
Formerly Madame Egelichi.  
# Love happy, I'm love happy  
# It's wonderful  
to know the meaning of happy  
# And I know why  
# All my dreams come true  
# Cos you're love happy too #