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# Melvin and Howard

By Bo Goldman

[Chirruping]  
[Engine drones in distance]  
Ya-haa!  
[Laughs]  
[Laughs]  
[Groans]  
[Car radio.  
# Crazy Horse. Gone Dead Train]  
# My engine was pumping steam  
# And I was grinding at you  
hard and fast  
# And I was burnin'down the rails  
To heat the way...  
[static as radio switches stations]  
[# Bob Wills. San Antonio Rose]  
[Static]  
...16 miles an hour, decreasing tonight,  
becoming easterly tomorrow...  
[# Phil Ochs. My Kingdom for a Car]  
#... look how far  
# A car  
A car  
# My kingdom for a car...  
[man]  
...with Kraft's macaroni and cheese...  
[# Eddy Arnold. Tennessee Stud]  
#... a horse like  
the Tennessee Stud...  
[man] Oh, man!  
[Radio switched off]  
[Man] # Santa called his elves together  
to soup up his old sleigh  
# So Rudolph and the other reindeer  
could rest on Christmas Day  
# He's got a million miles to travel  
and he'll do it in one day  
# Oh, that's because ol' Santa Claus  
has a souped-up Santa sleigh #  
[hums song melody]  
[Hums, urinates]  
[Nearby moaning]  
[Mumbling]  
[Incoherent sounds]  
Hey.

What's the matter with you?

Hey.

What are you doing out here?

Come on, get up.

What happened?

Get up.

[Groans]

Come on, old man.

[Coyote howls in the distance]

[Old man shudders]

- I'm gonna get you some help.

- No, no doctor.

Yeah, there's a town  
about three miles up the road.

- No, no.

- I'll get that heater to work.

- No, no, it's OK.

- It ain't OK! It ain't OK!

Here.

Oh, come on, man! You'll be all right.

[Coughs]

Well, we ain't gonna  
get into town none too soon.

No doctors.

They ain't got no doctor in Arden,  
just a public health nurse.

No nurses.

- Don't like nurses either?

- No, I don't.

All right, all right.

I'm not going to Arden!

OK, take it easy.

- Where are you going?

- I'm going to Vegas.

You are, huh?

You know, if you don't beat all.

Strange old, weird old wino,  
layin' out in the middle of the desert,  
everybody drivin' by,  
nobody seein' you.

I pick you up, put you in my truck,  
take you where it's safe.

And what do you do? Give me  
a hard time. Rag me, bug me.

No, no stops, please.

[Old man coughs]

[Radio plays country music, dog barks]

- [Young man] Going home to Gabbs.

- [Old man] What do you do in Gabbs?

[Young man] I work in a plant,  
a magnesium plant, you know.

I've had a lot of jobs but...

...I can't seem to get the right one,  
you know.

When I was a milkman,  
I used to go around,  
and see these wives at home,  
the husbands working night shift,  
I thought, "Maybe I should do that."  
I went around, applied for a job  
at places like McDonnell Douglas,  
Northropp, Hughes...

- What happened there?

- They didn't want me.

What a shame.

How come you keep saying that,  
"What a shame?"

Well, I might have done something.

Like what?

I'm Howard Hughes.

[Thunderclap]

Well...

Well, listen.

I believe anybody can  
call themselves whatever they want.

[Young man] Got stuff  
from my sister for my trailer.

- What did you say your name was?

- Dummar. Melvin, first name.

You're kiddin' me, Melvin.

- Listen, buddy.

- Yeah.

- Wanna do me a favour?

- Depends on what it is.

- You see, I wrote this song and...

- No.

A Christmas song. You'll like it.  
Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh.

Oh, God.

I wrote the words and sent them  
into the Hollywood Music Company.

They make up the music.

Cost 70 bucks, but it's worth it.

- Here's how it goes. Wanna hear it?

- No, I don't.

# Santa called his elves together  
to soup up his old sleigh

# So Rudolph and the other reindeer  
could rest on Christmas Day

# He's got a million miles to travel  
and he'll do it in one day

# And that's why Santa Claus  
has a souped-up Santa sleigh #

- Enough, sir.

- You haven't heard the good part yet.

It's dramatic narration,  
like Red Sovine.

"Hey up there, fat man!

What are you doing on my roof?"

"I don't care if you are Santa..."

- Please, stop.

- What's the matter?

My ear.

I told you we should  
have stopped back there.

- It's the sound.

- What do you mean?

Your song.

Boy, you can be cruel.

Anybody ever tell you that?

You can be real cruel.

I have an aversion to songs.

That's what makes you an old asshole.

Sing along with me, this is the chorus.

# Got a rocket burnin'mighty quick

Turnin'souped-up Santa's Sleigh

# Comes in like a streak of light  
and goes out the same way #

- You got it?

- I don't know.

Listen, man, you sing this or you walk.

OK?

"Got a rocket burnin' mighty quick,  
Turnin' souped-up Santa's sleigh."

[They sing in unison]

You got it! OK, one more time.

[Both sing]

"Hey, now, fat man!

I told you to get off my roof."

"The chimney's too small,  
you're gonna fall!"

"Come on down off that roof!"

This is the last verse.

"When you hear that rocket roar

You know Santa's on his way."

OK? Ready?

[Both sing]

"But he'll be back again next year  
in his souped-up Santa sleigh."

Hey! That's great, man!

You know what?

- What?

- You sounded good.

- Oh, come on.

- You did.

- Didn't anybody tell you you can sing?

- No.

- Come on, let's hear one of yours.

- I don't know any songs.

Oh, come on. You must know one.

How about...

Do anything, do...

Love Me Tender, Don't Be Cruel,

My Woman, My Woman, My Wife...

I don't know any songs.

My father was the singer in the family.

I played the saxophone.

When The Sunset

Turns The Ocean Blue To Gold.

Bill Bailey.

He'd say, "Sonny, you do the verse  
and I'll take the chorus."

And off he'd go.

Well, I mean, do you know any song?

- Bye Bye Blackbird.

- There you go. There you go.

Oh, sorry.

- Lay it on me, old timer.

- Don't be crazy.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
it's been a great show!

And now we have a special attraction.  
An old, old timer with a new, new song.  
He's been playin' all his life  
so let's hear it for the old, old timer  
and Bye Bye Blackbird! Take it!

Come on. Sing it.

[Clears throat]

[Hums faintly]

That's real nice.

But I don't think I heard any words.

Got any words?

# Pack up all my cares and woe

# Here I go, singin'low

# Bye bye blackbird

# Where somebody waits for me

# Sugar sweet, so is she

[both] #Bye bye blackbird

# No-one here can love

# Or understand me

# Oh, what hard luck stories

# They all hand me

# So...

# Make my bed

# And light the light

# I'll be home late tonight

# Blackbird

[Melvin] # Blackbird

[both] # Blackbird bye bye

[thunder rumbles]

Greasewood.

Sage.

Nothing like the smell  
of the desert after the rain.

Greasewood and sage.

[Melvin]

Let you off at the Salvation Army?

- [Howard] No. Let me off over there.

- [Melvin] OK.

[Howard] Stop.

- Here?  
- This is the place.  
What have you got,  
a friend who works in the kitchen?  
Aah... How do you get out of this thing?  
Oh, you just...  
Well, I had a good time, buddy.  
Oh, sorry.  
You'd better take care of that arm.  
Yeah.  
You got any money?  
Oh, boy...  
Well...  
You're somethin' else.  
Well, that's it. That's all I got.  
- Take care of yourself, will you?  
- Thank you, Melvin.  
[Hums softly]  
[Coins clink on the concrete]  
[# Creedence Clearwater Revival:  
Fortunate Son]  
# Some folks are born  
made to wave the flag  
# Ooh, they're red, white and blue  
# And when the band  
plays Hail to the Chief  
#Ooh, they point the cannon at you  
# It ain't me, it ain't me,  
# I ain't no senator's son  
# It ain't me, it ain't me  
# I ain't no fortunate one  
[music stops]  
[Horse whinnies]  
- Going to work now?  
- No, honey...  
I'm workin' nights this week.  
Go to sleep.  
Hey.  
[Melvin snores]  
[Banging, dog barks]  
Oh, no... Repossessed again.  
[Car engine starts]  
Right.  
[Dog barks]



[Yawns]

[Car horn toots]

[Snores]

- Mom.

- Shh!

Shh!

Goodbye, Melvin.

Lynda!

- Mom! What's going on?

- We have to leave.

- [Lynda] Where are we going?

- [Man] Headed to Reno.

- [Girl] Reno?!

- Hey!

- Lynda!

- [Girl] So long, Dad!

- [Lynda] You said no strings attached!

- [Man] You said no strings attached!

[Lynda] Doing me a favour!

- You deserve each other.

- [Girl] How'll we pay for this?

- With a job.

- What job?

Oh, I don't know. I guess...

I don't know.

- Oh... a job.

- I think I wanna go home.

- I can't go home.

- I miss my friends.

- And Daddy?

- Yeah, I miss him.

I'm sorry.

[PA] Making all local connections

bound for Las Vegas,

stopping at Sparks,

Stillwater, Bathertown...

- Did you get it?

- Yeah.

Come on, let's get you something to eat.

- Hey, mister. Got a knife?

- [Man] You bet.

Darcy, go get the knife.

Don't cut yourself with it now, OK?

Can I help you?

- Thank you so much.  
- [Waiter] You're welcome.  
Hand me that plate up there, Darcy.  
Hurry up.  
Go get some mustard.  
Excuse me.  
When you get to Gabbs,  
be sure you get off, all right?  
- All right.  
- Don't get off before then.  
Anybody talks to you, anybody  
suspicious, just don't talk back.  
- Ketchup?  
- Yeah.  
Well, go get it.  
Just go right up and talk to the driver.  
I want you tell Helen Morris hello...  
- Everything OK there?  
- Just fine, thank you very much.  
[PA] Final call for the Las Vegas bus.  
That's you.  
[Woman] Bye, bye!  
Here's your ticket.  
Go sit down.  
Hey, hey!  
- I forgot your apple.  
- Thanks.  
Thanks for the sandwich, Mom.  
Hey, hey, wait, wait, wait.  
How's your mom doing?  
She's fine.  
Good.  
Let's go.  
[Machinery roars]  
- You can't go on like this.  
- What you talkin' about?  
Mopin' around like a baby.  
Lynda'll be back.  
- Yeah?  
- They always come back.  
Huh.  
Take me, I can't stand my wife.  
But I always go back.  
I'm going back this weekend.

Wanna come?

- What, and see your wife?

- I got a sister.

Oh, yeah? What's she like?

Oh, tall, thin, bluish hair.

She takes the tolls

on the Golden Gate Bridge.

- You'll like her.

- Yeah.

You wanna come, Melvin?

I'll tell you what, though.

I'll ride with you to Reno. How's that?

- OK?

- Well...

Yeah.

[Friend] How are you

going to find Lynda?

Darcy told me

where she's been staying.

[Radio. # Daniel Dean Darst:

Love Can't Hold a Ramblin' Man]

Here, you go, Mel.

Oh, man, get rid of that.

Put that away.

You sure are good, Mel.

[# The Rolling Stones:

Satisfaction (Can't Get No)]

[Man whistles]

Oh!

Woo-hee!

[Applause]

[Woman screams]

You wanna sit over there?

Come here!

Hey!

- Here they come...

- There's a guy waving.

- You ready?

- There's a guy there waving at you.

Oh, my God, it's Melvin.

Hi, Melvin!

[Whistling]

What is this? Come down from there.

Come home, come on.

- You go home.  
- Get outta here.  
You're my wife.  
You can't be working here.  
- I get off in ten minutes.  
- [Man] Sit down, buddy.  
I'm not waiting. Come out of here.  
[Woman screams]  
[Woman] What's he doing?  
[Music stops]  
- Come on, let's go!  
- I can't.  
- Why not?  
- I love to dance.  
- OK, you wanna dance. Here.  
- Oh!  
Hey, get off the stage...  
[screaming and shouting]  
- How's Darcy, Melvin?  
- She's all right.  
- [Lynda] I'm sorry, Jerry.  
- I feel for you.  
But this can't happen in my place.  
- I know. I was going to leave anyway.  
- Good. OK, come on.  
Let's go, girls!  
Bye, Chrissy!  
- Bye, Elizabeth! Thanks a lot.  
- [Woman] Take care of yourself.  
[Engine roars]  
[Machinery roars and whines]  
[# Henry Mancini and his Orchestra:  
Windmills of Your Mind]  
How are you doing?  
Excuse me, Lynda,  
there's someone here to see you.  
What's the matter?  
- What do you want, Mel?  
- I don't want to fight or argue.  
I'm complying with the law.  
Notification of an Interlocutory Decree.  
Final in six weeks.  
- Oh...  
- Keep your ring if you want.

Wait a minute, Melvin.

Melvin! You wait!

- What does it say about Darcy?

- I get custody, that's what.

What, you get custody?

You think I want her being  
around a weird place like this?

- Oh, Melvin, Goddamnit!

- [Man] Lynda!

- Now take it easy, pal.

- All right...

Hey, don't hurt him.

Let me go. I'm leaving.

Make sure he doesn't come back.

Look, Lynda, I'm sorry,  
but I can't accept this.

- Oh, never mind. I quit!

- That's great. Thanks, Lynda.

Two-bitjoint. Bye!

Bye, you take care!

[Shouting and whistling]

[Birds sing, dog barks]

# It's a bummer since we parted

# We had so much

we could look forward to

# Like getting drunk and petting

till our necks were blotchy red

# Then watch TV

and pass out at nearly two #

Where's the butter?

There it is.

Put that on, yeah.

[TV] OK, Rocky.

What do you think? \$500, not bad, eh?

- I wanna go for the gate.

- You wanna go for the gate?

You'll have to kiss this little  
chequey-wequey goodbye.

Goodbye, Mr Chequey-Wequey.

Ho, ho, ho...

There he goes. Welcome to Mr Pocket.

OK. Tell me, Rocky. Listen.

Which gate would you like?

Number One?

- Two? Three?
- [Darcy] Number Two!
- Number Two! Two...
- Three, Number Three.
- Three!
- Two!

OK, gorgeous guardians of Easy Street,  
it's Gate Number Three!

Well, hey. I told you, didn't I?

[TV]... provide Rocky with interesting  
subjects for her new Yashica,  
a trip to Hawaii, on United Airlines!

- United, the friendly airline.
- I'm jealous.

What for? Honey, that's great.

They'll go to Hawaii,  
fly the friendly skies, lie in the sun.  
You should be happy for them.

Wally's huggin' her. See her smile?

- Can I go and play?
- Yeah, turn off the TV.

Sure.

[Phone rings]

- Hello?
- Hello, Melvin.
- Hey, Lynda, how's it going?
- How's what going?

Well, you know, anything.

Whatever you got going.

Could Darcy come down and see me?

- Are you drunk?
- No, I'm not drunk.

Are you pregnant?

What do you mean, am I pregnant?

What do you wanna ask me that for?

How pregnant are you, anyway?

Tell you what. For your sake,  
you'd better hope it's a girl.

- What are you talking about.
- I'm telling you, if that's a boy...
- Juice.
- Thanks, Mom.

...and it doesn't look like me,  
you're both in big trouble.

- I just wanna see Darcy.  
- Why don't you come out here?  
- Where?  
- Vegas.  
[Melvin] We'll do it in Vegas.  
I'll marry you there.  
What do you want to marry me for?  
You just divorced me.  
Cos I want to, that's all,  
I just want to. Right?  
- Melvin.  
- Yeah?  
- I'm reading The Magic Of Believing.  
- What's that?  
- It's about you.  
- Oh, all right.  
It says that you can be  
anything that you wanna be,  
but you just have to  
believe in yourself.  
You believe in yourself, it's just that  
the believing has not been enough  
to let you become  
what you believe you can be.  
Well, they didn't burn down Rome  
in one day. You gotta keep pluggin'.  
Yeah. Well, I've been thinking.  
I haven't been very good to you.  
I haven't believed in you  
like you believe in you.  
Well, how about this?  
How does computer programming sound?  
- I've been reading this book about it.  
- Computer programming.  
Real estate, insurance.  
Anything but bagging magnesium.  
Yeah.  
- Do you really wanna marry me again?  
- I've been missing you.  
How about it?  
[Toilet flushes]  
Hurry up, Mom.  
[Toilet flushes]  
- They're waitin', Mom.

- I know.

Something stinks in here.

- It's the disinfectant.

- Oh.

How do I look?

Fat.

- I do, don't I?

- But nice.

- You look real good.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Promise?

- OK.

- I got it.

- Really?

- Yeah, you look real good.

- [Melvin] Dress looks good.

- Really?

You guys are getting married  
just in time.

[Lynda] Shut up, Red!

[Darcy] I can't believe

my parents are getting married again!

Will you guys hurry up?

- [Lynda] The car looks great.

- [Darcy] Come on!

Hi, we're the Dummars.

The Dummar family.

- Not yet you're the Dummars.

- We're getting married again.

- Would you like a veil?

- Oh, yeah. How much are they?

- Five dollars.

- No!

- We'll take one.

- No, Melvin!

Melvin, five dollars...

[inaudible]

Well, we'll have a veil.

But I want a blue one to match my suit.

Good.

- Nice, huh?

- Yeah.

- [Darcy] Wow.



- [Red] Pretty.  
- [Manager] And on the music?  
- What do you have?  
Well, I got inspirational, Because.  
Hawaiian, The War Chant.  
- War Ch...  
- Because.  
- [Darcy] War Chant.  
- [Red] War Chant.  
War Chant.  
Hawaiian War Chant.  
Very good.  
That'll be \$5 on the veil,  
\$5 on the music,  
\$15 on the ceremony,  
\$4 dollars on the licence,  
and \$10 on the witnesses.  
That's \$39 dollars all together.  
"The Dummars."  
Let see...  
Right, that's 39 out of 40.  
Thank you.  
It doesn't leave us much  
for breakfast, does it?  
See, I didn't count on the witnesses.  
- Witnesses...  
- They gotta eat too, know what I mean?  
Right this way.  
- Here we go.  
- Oh, Melvin, I'm palpitating.  
[# Hawaiian War Chant]  
...death do us part.  
Till death do us part.  
Till death do us part.  
Till death do us part.  
Lynda, Melvin,  
I now pronounce you man and wife.  
[# Hawaiian War Chant]  
- Well, this is it, Melvin.  
- Yeah.  
[Manager] Nice. Real nice.  
[Clears throat]  
[Laughter]  
- [Witness] I wish you happiness.

- [Lynda] Thank you.  
[Witness] Oh...! Oh...!  
Are you all right, George?  
Hal!  
Hey, I'm sorry.  
I'd better get him home.  
Hal, we need some help.  
[Groans loudly]  
Hal, pay him off.  
I'm awful sorry.  
Now what am I gonna do?  
I got three couples coming in at 11.  
Maybe we should talk about that.  
[# Hawaiian War Chant]  
Oh, boy.  
[Hubbub of voices and machines]  
- Come on.  
- Come on, baby.  
Gimme a big ten!  
Come on, ten!  
- Ten! Ten!  
- Come on, ten!  
[All] Aww!  
That's all right,  
don't worry about it. It's OK.  
Come on, let's go.  
- Twenty!  
- Come on, twenty!  
[Man] Come on, you guys!  
What is this, a vacation?  
Let's go! You're not gonna  
make no money at that pace.  
[Indistinct voices]  
Hey, Melvin, let's see that  
Milkman of the Month form.  
- Howdy, Melvin.  
- Hey.  
- Mornin', Melvin.  
- Hi, Pete.  
There's 225 this time, Bonnie.  
Really.  
- 225 is right.  
- See? I'm gonna win that TV.  
- I'm gonna be Milkman of the Month.

- You're in the lead.  
Wanna know somethin'?  
I'm rootin' for you.  
- Are you married, Bonnie?  
- Hey, Melvin.  
- Listen, you're doing a real good job.  
- Well, thank you.  
Only thing is, remember that engine  
you blowed up your first week?  
Not now, fellas.  
I talked to Mr Rockwood. The only thing  
we can figure out to do is deduct it.  
- What?! Now, wait a minute.  
- We'll take it real slow, make it easy.  
Few dollars a week,  
you won't even feel it.  
It wasn't my fault. The truck was  
a piece ofjunk when you gave it to me.  
You signed the note, Melvin.  
I'm on the top of the list to win the  
Zenith 190K with triple scope screen.  
Look, Melvin.  
Look, Melvin, what can I tell you?  
We base Milkman of the Month on the net.  
With these deductions,  
I don't see you in the running.  
No, that's my TV, understand.  
For my wife and my kids.  
- I'm gonna be Milkman of...  
- Let go!  
You let go or you don't  
come back here tomorrow.  
Well, what about it, huh?  
Come on, am I  
Milkman of the Month or not?!  
- Yeah, you're Milkman of the Month.  
- I get the TV set, too?  
Yeah, you get the set.  
Well, then, go ahead  
and deduct whatever you want.  
You know it.  
Hey... You hungry?  
[Gurgles]  
He's so cute.

I just love him.  
[Bicycle bell rings]  
[# The Bait Brothers: Shake The Ground]  
# If you got the time  
Come on and jump and shout  
# Come on!  
# If you feel the rhythm  
Come on and beat it out  
# Shake the ground  
Shake the ground  
# Shake the ground  
Shake the ground  
# Shake the ground... #  
Hey, everybody.  
- Hey, Dad.  
- What's that you're drinking?  
Just a little brandy.  
They repossessed the car today.  
Us guys have got to stick together.  
- Did you hear me?  
- Yeah, I heard you.  
Right in the parking lot,  
outside K-Mart.  
Oh, that's all right.  
- Sure.  
- What's for supper tonight?  
Bell peppers.  
Lynda, you know  
I don't like bell peppers.  
- I got bell peppers.  
- [Darcy] Shh!  
It's the Gateway to Easy Street.  
Gate Number Two.  
- [TV] Which gate do you want?  
- [Darcy] It's gonna be two.  
- One. It's gonna be one.  
- Two.  
- Three.  
- Two!  
- [Mom] Two!  
- [Darcy] Come on!  
- Three!  
- One!  
- [Darcy] Two!

- [TV] Number One!

- See?

- [TV] Gate Number One.

Every time.

...smooth skiing pleasure  
for up to four people.  
Powered by Hardin Marine.  
Features moulded fibreglass...  
Wow!  
...horse-power engine.  
Retails for \$12,000!  
\$12,000!

When you get up there to the gateway,  
just keep betting up, OK?  
Come on. Don't settle for nothin'!  
If we're ahead a few hundred dollars?  
Think what we could do.  
Try a few thousand on for size.  
We could be in Hawaii with cash besides.  
Don't worry, just be brave, baby.

- "Baby"?

- Yeah, this is show business.

[Drum roll and fanfare]

And now, ladies and gentlemen,  
the star of Easy Street,  
Wally "Mr Love" Williams!  
Don't stop, keep that love comin' in!  
OK, you know how it works.  
I won't bother you with silly rules.  
Love is what it's about.  
We have acts, you judge 'em.  
If they go back to squalor and  
poverty row, it's your fault not mine.  
If you love 'em,  
they go on maybe to fame and fortune.  
The show is all about love, so without  
further ado, let's get more love.

- Tell us, Freddy, who's our next guest?

- From Anaheim, California...

- Lovely Lynda Dummar!

- [Wally] Lynda Dummar, where are you?!

[Wally] Come on down, Lynda.

[Wally] That is Lynda. Come on,  
a little more love for Lynda, please.

[Whistling and cheering]

Come on, Lynda!

I wish I could reach...

Come on, Lynda. Come on, you princess.

Beautiful aquamarine lady, come up here.

You just look lovely.

- They love you out there.

- Thank you.

I bet you're just as talented  
as you are beautiful.

I don't know.

Candy-box hat. Your hands are cold.

Put them in Uncle Wally's pocket?

No? Smarter than

Uncle Wally, aren't you? OK.

- So tell me where are you from?

- Anaheim, California.

That's where Disneyland is.

Do you have any little ones?

Yes, I have a daughter, Darcy,  
and a son, Farron, who's watching today.

With my mother, also,

I'd like to say hello to them.

- You're divorced, I hope?

- No!

- You're not?

- I'm here with my husband.

- He's right up there.

- What does he do?

- He's a milkman for Rockwood Dairy.

- That's great.

Without milkmen, hey,

how would we get our milk?

- What are you going to do for us?

- I'm gonna do a tap-dance.

OK, Lynda. Lynda Dummar,

I love you, from Anaheim, California.

You are on! Music please!

[# The Rolling Stones.

Satisfaction (Can't Get No)]

# I can't get no

# Satisfaction

# I can't...

[booing]

Go take some lessons!

[Whistling]

# And I try

# And I try

# And I try

# I can't get no

# No, no, no

# Hey, hey, hey

That's what I say

[audience clap in rhythm]

# I can't get no

# Satisfaction

# I can't get no

# Satisfaction

# Cos I try

# And I try

# And I try

# And I try

# I can't get no... #

[cheering]

[Man] All right!

Hold it, hold it! Whoa!

Lynda, come here. That was fantastic.

You know how the game works.

Love or hate? Yay or nay?!

Yeah, they love you!

[Whistling, some booing]

Come here, they just love you,  
they love you.

Carol, our golden girl guide to the gate  
of goodies. How much is that cheque?

- \$500.

- \$500 for Lynda Dummar.

You know how the game works, Lynda.

You can keep that cheque for \$500

or go through Gate One,

Two or Three to Easy Street.

What would you like to do?

Keep the cheque?

[Crowd] Play!

- I'll give you the money.

- She wants to play!

OK, Lynda. Make your selection wisely.

Fame and fortune

could lie behind one of these gates.  
Gate One, Two or Three? What do you say?  
[Crowd yells numbers]  
- Three!  
- Two! Two! Two!  
Three!  
Tick-tock, tick-tock...  
- Two!  
- The young lady's chosen two.  
Lynda Dummar has chosen Gate Number Two.  
Freddy, tell us.  
What's in Gate Number Two?  
Broyhill's Rutherford II Collection,  
American traditional at its best.  
Features solid pine trim,  
deep seating and high backs,  
covered in sturdy 100/% nylon.  
Retail for \$1,307I  
That's a lot of stuffing, Lynda!  
[Drum roll]  
Wait! Rolling thunder,  
timpani swelling!  
The Golden Gate Bonus!  
[Freddy] A Currier pianol  
Currier, the piano with quality,  
for today's student  
and tomorrow's performer.  
I'll learn!  
...resists scratches and stains.  
With a new piano, you'll want  
to have it tuned and take lessons.  
You'll need a tuning fork  
and some sheet music.  
To take care of some of those expenses,  
take a look at the restl  
[alarm bells ring]  
[Screams]  
Lynda Dummar, your Golden Gate total.  
Thirteen thousand and seven dollarsl  
Take the cheque,  
before they take it back.  
Come here, ladies and gentlemen.  
Hold it, please, please.  
Settle down forjust a moment.



Please, tell me, this is very important.

Lynda Dummar, do you know

what you're going to do with that money?

Yeah, I sure do know

what I'm going to do with the money.

OK, which will it be?

The Sentinel or the Landlord?

- The Sentinel.

- Oh, good.

[Lynda] How much are they?

[Agent] The Sentinel's \$59,900

and the Landlord's \$44,000.

- We'll take the Landlord.

- Wait a minute, honey.

I won the goddamn money

and we'll take the goddamn Landlord.

So, it's the Landlord?

Utilities, \$62. Food, \$210.

Entertainment \$35, no \$45.

Doctor bill, \$60.

- If we're very, very careful...

- Do I get the piano lessons?

- I think so.

- Great.

What about the girl scout uniform?

- It'll have to wait till next month.

- Oh, crap, Mom.

Watch your mouth, Darcy.

[Novelty car horn]

Is that Daddy?

- It is Daddy.

- Melvin, Melvin, Melvin...

[Darcy] Wow!

All right!

- Well, what do you think?

- Take it back.

We'll lose our down payment.

Darcy Lee Dummar, get off that ship!

- It's beautiful, huh.

- Take it back, Melvin.

Darcy Lee, get away from that car!

It's got a twilight sentinel,

lights go on if you go into a tunnel.

It's got an eight-track tape-player...

Santa Monica coastguard,  
request weather information.

[Faint voice on radio]

This is Santana calling  
the Santa Monica Coastguard. Come in.  
Come in, Santa Monica Coastguard.

[Car horn toots]

What are you doing?

- I'm leaving you, Melvin.

- I won't ask you back.

I'm never coming back.

I'm never coming back.

And remember, half that house is mine.

- If you leave, you won't get anything.

- Melvin, you're a loser!

- Don't call me that!

- What do you call it?

First time we got a prayer  
of getting ahead,  
you buy a big fancy boat  
and a big fancy car.

That stuff is an investment,  
I told you that.

- An investment?!

- Yeah.

OK, come here.

Listen, I want to tell you something.

Now, see that car?

That's not just a car, you know.

That's our car.

I used to see cars like that  
on the highway from Vegas to Reno  
all the time

when I was working with my Dad.

They went so fast,

you could hardly even see 'em.

I used to want one.

Now I got one, understand?

- We are poor, Melvin. We're poor.

- We're not poor.

Broke maybe, we're not poor.

We won the Golden Gate.

I won the Golden Gate.

Well...

Don't go, I don't want you to go.

- C'est la vie, Melvin.

- What's that?

It's French. I used to dream

I'd be a French interpreter.

- You don't speak French.

- I told you, it was a dream.

- Will I see you again?

- Of course you will.

I love you, Dad.

[Darcy] Bye, Dad!

[Radio]

Santa Monica Coastguard to Santana.

Calling Santana.

Responding to a request

for weather conditions for Southern...

- Is that you, Melvin?

- Yes, Ma'am.

- I thought it was you.

- Hi-line two quarts, cottage cheese

- Ten pound box of laundry compound.

- Sounds right.

- Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?

- I got a whole route ahead of me.

It's cold out, Melvin. Come on.

Don't you want some coffee?

Wait.

- A nice hot cup of coffee.

- Well...

Oh, why not?

- Excuse me, Mrs Worth...

- Oh, Melva.

Melva-Melvin, get it?

Yes, Ma'am.

Melvin! Melvin!

Don't forget tomorrow. A quart of

low-fat and a pound of nippy cheddar.

You had a \$1,500 note, I got it here.

You got \$1,000...

Not now, please!

What you doing, milking that thing?

You got the \$1,000

you still owe on the truck.

I got \$250 dollars on your uniform,

which I'll deduct next week.

[PA] George, line 12.

That's real cute. Merry Christmas.

\$90 a week interest?

How am I supposed to catch up?

I won't do this. I can't.

- All right, it's up to you.

- [PA] George, line 12.

- You want me to get another job?

- Any place you go, you work for us.

- What about this insurance claim?

- No, talk to Bonnie.

- Did you sell that boat?

- Yeah.

- What about the Cadillac?

- They took it.

That's right, they did.

Well, I don't know.

You're gonna have to  
hustle a little more.

Look, we got Ralph over here in Artesia.

He can use a little help.

It's way across the county.

The milk won't even be cold.

- Did it occur to you to get up earlier?

- Hey, I get up at 2.30.

Look, I know it's tough.

You have to organise your time better.

I've told you once,

I told you a thousand times.

Planning is the name of the game.

Just sign it.

[Hawaiian-style music]

[PA] Ladies and gentlemen,

Tiki Restaurant

wishes the employees of Rockwood Dairy  
a Merry Christmas.

Or, as we say on the island...

[Merry Christmas in Hawaiian language]

Now, relax and enjoy the entertainment,  
featuring The Tiki Sextet.

[Man] I told my wife you sing country,  
she's crazy about country.

- Tell her I'm sorry, will you.

- Delgado said you was yellow.

I said, if Melvin don't wanna,  
it's his right.

What'd he say?

Ain't what he says, it's what  
he don't say, know what I mean?

All right, you Rockwood people!

Let's hear a big round of applause  
for The Tiki Santa Claus Sextet.

As part of tonight's entertainment,  
Melvin "Milkman of the Month" Dummar  
was supposed to sing us a song  
but I'm afraid - or am I thrilled? -  
that he's chickened out on us.

- [All] Aww!

- I didn't chicken out...

You want a song?

All right, I got a song.

[Cheering, whistling]

Oh!

Go get 'em, Melvin.

Where's your guitar, Melvin?

Did they repossess it?

- Here, hold this for me, will you?

- Let's hear it for Melvin!

I wrote this song to Six Days  
on the Road. Do you know that?

That's a Dave Dudley song.

OK.

# Well, I pulled out of Rockwood  
Headed down the Santa Ana freeway

# I got my Divco wound up

And I guess it's runnin' OK

# I know it's the middle of the night

But heck, that's all right

# Cos I'm a milkman for Rockwood

And everything's OK

# Well, my truck's kinda old

And it's awful slow

# The temperature's hot

And the oil pressure is low

# If I make it through my route tonight

Everything will be all right

# Ten hours on the road

And I hope I make it home tonight  
# I know Delgado  
will be checkin' my books today  
# There's a big milk bill  
he said I'd have to pay  
# That don't bother me tonight  
Cos I can dodge old Jim all right  
# Twelve hours on the road  
I hope I make it home tonight  
# Well I work like a dog  
Trying to collect my pay  
# All my customers say  
"Can't you come back some other day?"  
# Well I don't know what to say  
But I'd sure like a raise in pay  
# Twenty hours on the road  
I just hope I make it home tonight #  
Are you married, Bonnie?  
No, I'm not, Melvin Dummar,  
and neither are you any more.  
- So what do you say?  
- What do you mean?  
I'll take care of you  
till you get back up on your feet.  
- I got my kids' child support money...  
- Got a kid?  
I got two kids. Now, listen, Melvin,  
My cousin in Utah  
lost his lease on a gas station.  
We run it right,  
we got a thousand a month clear.  
I have been waiting for this moment  
and the moment is now.  
Is that net?  
Don't come swingin' your dick  
around my cashiers office no more.  
- You're Mormon. You talk like that?  
- You bet your ass.  
Well...  
- When do we leave?  
- Tonight.  
[Bell rings]  
[Bonnie] Melvin, come upstairs!  
Mr Rodgers is on the phone.

That's five.  
Gonna get a coronary,  
hurrying around like that.  
It's better than starvin', ain't it?  
[Bonnie] Sorry, Mr Rodgers, I went all  
the way down and he just wasn't there.  
[TV]... the nation's highest  
compliments, a ticker-tape parade...  
Yes, I understand. Yes, of course,  
I'll give him the message.  
OK. Yes, goodbye.  
He's not gonna deliver the gas on Monday  
unless he gets a cheque.  
Well, let's give him one.  
What cheque?  
If he won't give us gas,  
we'll give him a cheque.  
Yeah, but our cheque's no good.  
Yeah, I know, but it's Easter weekend.  
I might be able to pump about 1,000  
gallons and by Monday it'll be good.  
What's that? Howard Hughes died?  
Remember I told you  
I picked that guy up in the desert?  
He told me he was Howard Hughes.  
[TV]... tests of his huge  
Boeing Strat-o-liner.  
- Didn't look like that, though.  
- When are we gonna eat? I'm starvin'.  
[Child] Yeah, when are we gonna eat?  
[TV]... admitted to the test area  
to act as a fire boat...  
- [Melvin] What are we having, anyway?  
- [Bonnie] Bell peppers.  
[TV]... nose off the water with ease, as  
no-one except howard Hughes expected.  
- Hello, Melvin.  
- Hi, how are you doin'?  
- All right.  
- Can I help you?  
Yeah. Some cigarettes.  
- Cigarettes. What kind do you want?  
- Camels.  
Camels, OK. That's a man's cigarette.

Probably walk a mile for these.

Nowadays, they want long ones and filters and... You want some matches?

- Yeah. How much are they?

- Well, the matches are free.

- The cigarettes.

- That's a buck.

- A buck?

- Wait, Camels, 50 cents.

[Car horn]

[Car horn]

To get down to Las Vegas,  
how do I get out of here?

Oh, see that right there, by the lake?

Interstate 15, it'll take you to Vegas.

Talking to this guy, he said if I take  
89 and 60, south and across the line...

- I'll be with you in a minute.

- I guess 15's the best bet.

Yeah.

[Bonnie] Kenny, Sherry, come on!

You gotta do your homework.

[Radio plays country music]

Kids, come on!

I'm standing here, come on, let's go.

[Customer] Let's go.

[Radio. # Sir Douglas Quintet:

She's About A Mover]

Goodnight, Melvin.

Bonnie! Bonnie!

Yeah? What?

I gotta go into town a while,  
take care of everything.

- I'll be back.

- OK.

Bye.

[Phone rings]

Yes, we'll send you an invoice...

And your PO number.

That one's out of stock.

It's on re-order.

Yes... Make the cheque out  
to the Church of Latter Day Saints.

Yes, the main office, Church of



Latter Day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.

...Church of Latter Day Saints.

Wooh! Yahoo!

[Phone rings]

- [Bonnie] Hello?

- [Man] Congratulations, Mrs Dummar.

A document believed to be Howard Hughes' will names 16 beneficiaries.

- One of them is Mr Melvin Dummar.

- Oh, my God!

Oh...! Oh...! Oh, my God!

Oh, my God! Oh!

[Shouting, laughing]

[Screams excitedly]

[Reporter] Melvin? Where's Melvin?

Where can I get a hold of him?

- [Reporter] We need to speak to Melvin.

- He'll be back.

[Traffic cop] Melvin, move them down!

[Reporter] How did you and Melvin meet?

[Bonnie] He was Milkman of the Month.

[Sherry] At least I don't

have to sell carolers any more.

[Reporter] What is the most amount of money you ever saw?

Quite a crowd, here.

How you doin', Pops?

- Dwayne Edwards, my favourite attorney.

- Hi, Fred.

- Where's Melvin?

- Over there.

- Melvin, how are you?

- Hey, how you doing?

Haven't seen you in a couple of years.

Gotta talk to you about some square business, right now.

- I'll be back.

- You always have to leave.

Let's face it. It's gonna be a while before we see any dough.

We gotta capitalise while we're hot.

They want you on Merv Griffin.

But the best dollar offer so far comes from a t-shirt manufacturer.

Let me tell you, this'll wipe you out.

What do you think?

It's kinda cute, isn't it?

Think about it.

- Main thing's the press conference.

- What?

Press conference tomorrow.

[Car horns blare]

[Fred] Ladies and gentlemen,

Mr Melvin Dummar,

his wife and children,

his attorney Dwayne Edwards.

I don't want any litigation questions,

only on the basis of the will.

Understand? No litigation questions.

First question.

[Man] Hughes' company, Summa,  
claims this will is a forgery.

What did I just tell you?

I'll have you thrown out.

[Fred] Leave the premises.

No litigation questions.

[Man] Was the man

you picked up Howard Hughes?

Well, he said he was Howard Hughes.

He looked like an old bum.

- [Man]... Hughes would look?

- Neat, healthy.

This guy was sick.

His hands were all wrinkled up...

[man] Did you think

a dream like this could come true?

Well, when you dream

about something it's no problem, but...

[man] Everybody thinks you're lying.

How does that make you feel?

[Confused babble of voices]

[Melvin] He was hurt.

Maybe he thinks I saved his life.

No, I did not.

I did not forge that will.

I didn't write the will,

I don't know anything about the will.

Uh... I'm really pleased

he's going to inherit that \$156 million,  
is that right?

I hope that when he gets the dough  
he remembers that  
he owes the Rockwood Dairy \$4,500.

[Man] What kind of a guy  
was Melvin to work with?

[Jim] He was a fine man... uh...  
A good worker. Matter of fact,  
he was Milkman of the Month.

- Two bucks.  
- You remember me, Melvin?  
- Huh?  
- I was with you. We were all together.  
You, me and Howard.

But it was me  
that gave him that quarter.

- Oh, you're the one!  
- That's right.

[Gunshot]

[Screams]

Melvin!

Hold him!

Oh, man... Call the police, Bonnie.

[Gunman] You're a liar!

You never saw Howard Hughes.

You never saw him,  
never met him in his life.

You never saw him, Dummar!

Who the hell are you? You're nobody.

You hear me?

- You're nobody either, lady.  
- Get him outta here!  
- Go on!  
- [Gunman] You don't deserve it!

Weirdo!

[Phone rings]

- Hello?

- [Melvin] Lynda?

- Melvin, is that you?

- Yeah, it's me.

- Are you all right?

- Sure, I'm all right.

How are you doing?

How's Farron? How's Darcy?

Oh, wow, Melvin. She is so proud.

Yeah? Hey, that's all right. Listen...

She's not having any trouble  
at school because of this, is she?

No, no, don't worry about it.

Melvin...

- Howard Hughes, huh?

- What do you think about that?

- [Lynda] I think it's amazing.

- Listen, I gotta go.

- Say hi to the kids.

- Goodbye, Melvin.

Goodbye, Lynda.

[Man] Why did you deliver  
the will to the church?

- What were you scared of?

- [Melvin] What might be inside.

Why was that frightening?

I don't know.

Can you give me one reason on earth  
why this strange man would leave  
that will with you, Melvin Dummar?

Well, I don't know. I've been  
trying to figure that out myself.

[Laughter]

- [Lawyer] Did you find an answer?

- No, I didn't.

Isn't it true you can't find an answer  
because it never happened that way?

Please, stand up. Face the judge.

Place your hand on the bible.

Raise your right hand.

Do you swear in the name of God  
that this story about  
how you received this will is true?

I do.

Well, Melvin, if it meant...

...eternal damnation in hell, would  
you still say it happened that way?

It's the truth.

Of course I would say that.

[Courtroom murmurs]

Melvin, turn your chair around

and face me, please.

Yes, sir.

- Melvin, are you lying?

- No, sir.

I want you to know that...

...there is a still, small voice  
that many people are blessed with,  
that tells them  
when the truth is being spoken.

It's been said,

"What doth it profit a man  
if he gain the whole world  
yet lose his soul?"

Now, if you're lying, Melvin,  
which you are in my opinion,  
your soul may be in jeopardy but that's  
not really what I'm concerned with now.

I'm concerned with your hide.

Because if I find that  
you're lying before this court,  
I'll make it a special duty  
to have a piece of your hide.

I'll direct the District Attorney to  
bring a criminal case against you.

And I'll make it my special project  
that if you're convicted,

I will recommend

that you do time in prison.

And I want you to know

Nevada State Prison's no country club,  
like Gabbs local jail  
or wherever it was you served time.

If you're lying, you go straight  
to Nevada State Prison.

All right, Melvin?

You bet.

Your Honour.

[Sighs]

Brother Dummar...

I want the truth.

Where did this so-called will come from?

It... uh... Some man brought it  
by the station where I was working.

He left it there.

Are you gonna persist in giving the answers elicited from you this morning?

Yes, sir.

Do you know who wrote the will?

No, I don't

Did you in any way participate in the preparation of the will?

No, sir.

I've done my best, gentlemen.

[Courtroom murmurs]

Melvin, you did it. On July 6, they determine the validity of the will.

Like he says,

it's the only will we got.

With the testimony

by handwriting experts,

the will's gonna be admitted to

probate. You'll get your inheritance.

- You think so?

- It's gonna be a long road.

But we won the first battle, I can tell.

The T-shirt people called again.

Look, they're worth an easy 15,000.

What do you say?

No, I don't think so, man.

You can use the cash.

What's the matter, you want to get paid?

No... They started paving the freeway down from the gas station.

- In two weeks, you'll be lonely there.

- Don't worry, I'll be all right.

- You won, Mel!

- What are you so worried about?

I just hope you don't

have any illusions.

They'll fight in every court they can, the relatives, Summa...

Meanwhile, the government

will take out taxes, the state...

Lawyers'll take legal fees.

Money's gonna be siphoned off.

Yeah, listen, I've known that

since I first found that will.

What do you mean?

I mean, you think that Melvin Dummar  
is gonna get \$156 million?  
Or anything like it?  
Nah, I'm not gonna see that money.  
That's all right.  
Cos you know what happened?  
Howard Hughes  
sang Melvin Dummar's song.  
That's what happened.  
He sang it.  
He was funny.  
Yeah, he sang it.  
Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh.  
I'll see you.  
[Melvin] Sorry.  
That's OK.  
Gave me a chance to get 'em fed.  
Sure you wanna do this?  
Are you kidding? See my kids,  
up there in the fresh air? Oh, yeah.  
Go on the back seat. I got some  
comic books and a little toy for Farron.  
You're not gonna hassle me when I want  
them back at the end of the summer?  
You got my word.  
- That's what I'm afraid of.  
- Aww, come on.  
Bonnie sure is gonna have  
her hands full this summer.  
- Yeah.  
- Give us a kiss.  
[Darcy] Bye, Mom!  
Don't wake him up.  
I'll try not to.  
How about lettin' me drive?  
- You?  
- I'm a darned good driver.  
You haven't driven  
since they put out the Hudson.  
I'm a darned good driver, I'll bet you.  
All right.  
When we get into Vegas, though,  
I'm gonna run it in.  
Slide over.

# Pack up all my cares and woe  
# Here I go, singin'low  
# Bye bye blackbird  
# Where somebody waits for me  
# Sugar sweet, so is she  
# Bye bye blackbird...  
# So won't you make my bed  
And light the light  
# I'll be home late tonight  
# Blackbird, bye bye #