



Scripts.com

# Mr . Deeds

By Tim Herlihy

Hello, folks at home.  
I'm 100 yards from the top of Mt. Everest.  
Yet there's a part of me  
that can't wait to end this silly vacation...  
...and get back to work,  
where the real challenges await.  
Shouldn't you take your age  
into consideration, sir?  
After all, you're 82 years old.  
Am I 82?  
These numbers mean nothing to me.  
My journey through life has just begun.  
Sir! Sir!  
- Oota tells me the storm's getting worse.  
- Very, very bad.  
We must abandon our ascent and  
go down the mountain immediately.  
We're so very close to the top,  
Mr. Puffy Jacket Man.  
I'm heading down now, sir.  
I advise you to do the same.  
All right, so be it.  
See you at the staff meeting on Monday.  
And I'll bring the Krispy Kremes!  
There, once again, the sad footage  
we've been watching all day.  
A beloved visionary who turned a single  
radio station into a global media empire...  
... Preston Blake, dead at 82. More after this.  
You're watching  
the Blake Broadcasting Network.  
The stock of Blake Media,  
the parent company of this network...  
... plunged this morning  
on the news of Blake's death...  
... but bounced back after a statement by  
Blake's long-time number 2, Chuck Cedar.  
All the king's horses  
and all the king's men...  
... couldn't save Preston Blake  
from becoming a human Popsicle.  
And sources indicate that Blake, who was  
single and had no children, left no will.  
So who inherits Blake's 49 percent stake

in the company's stock...  
... valued at \$40 billion?  
We'll discuss that with people close  
to Blake, including his long-time barber...  
... on tomorrow's Inside Access.  
Until then, I'm Mac McGrath.  
- Are we clear?  
- Clear!  
Babe? Where's Babe?  
- I'll come over and choke you to death.  
- Babe!  
I got to go.  
Freaking barber!  
That's the best you could get me?  
People tell everything to their barbers.  
He's been his closest confidant  
for more than 20 years.  
I'm not putting this guy on the air.  
Get me something better and get it quick.  
Or it's your ass.  
Did we find this heir yet?  
We should be getting that information  
via fax any minute now.  
I have lawyers  
looking through birth records...  
...in all 50 states, Puerto Rico and Guam.  
In fact, we have a little pool going.  
Guam's paying off at 1000-1.  
Is this a joke to you?  
Some genetic lottery winner  
now controls the fate of this company.  
No, I agree. It's troubling.  
Troubling? Your beard is troubling.  
Your pipe is troubling.  
Your yellow teeth are really troubling.  
But if I lose control of this company,  
it'll be catastrophic.  
Does anyone know a Dr. Mendlesohn?  
Congratulations, you have a spastic colon.  
That would explain a lot.  
"Longfellow Deeds."  
Chuck, I think we're there.  
My God, it's all green.  
Look at that thing.

Fighter pilot on your left.  
Got that sucker!  
You guys lost?  
We're looking for somebody:  
Longfellow Deeds.  
Is that Deeds' first name?  
If the Deeds you're referring to  
is Longfellow Deeds...  
...then yes, that is Deeds' first name.  
I don't know Deeds' first name.  
Maybe it's Greg.  
- Maybe it's Longfellow.  
- Maybe.  
But I don't know. I know another guy  
named Greg. You want me to call him?  
No! Thank you.  
Please, just tell us where Deeds lives.  
All right, don't get all hyperactive.  
I'll take you straight to him.  
Step right in, fellows.  
- He lives at a pizzeria?  
- You can't live in a pizzeria.  
He lives upstairs. He owns it.  
Excuse me. Is Mr. Deeds around?  
No, I'm sorry, he's out making deliveries.  
The regular delivery guy called in sick.  
- But you don't look too sick, Murph.  
- I forgot I was faking sick today.  
- You two tricked me into coming here.  
- Put on an apron and give me a hand.  
You guys played me like a fiddle. Touch!  
Is Mrs. Deeds around?  
Mrs. Deeds?  
I don't think that poor boy ever had a date.  
- Do you know when he'll be back?  
- Before lunch is out. Today's Card Day.  
- Card Day?  
- Deeds writes greeting cards.  
Every Monday, he tries out a few  
and then he chooses one...  
...and sends it  
to one of the big card companies.  
Now, he hasn't sold any yet, but...  
...he will.

You guys need anything else here?

"To my sweetheart

"I love you completely, with all my soul

"Without you I'm nothing, a butterless roll"

That's good.

Like that, gentlemen?

Hallmark said it showed potential,  
which is pretty cool.

- Longfellow Deeds?

- Just call me Deeds, pal.

Easy with that Longfellow stuff.

Chuck Cedar, CEO.

Cecil Anderson,

General Counsel of Blake Media.

Handshakes are for strangers.

We hug around here, buddy.

What's up? Welcome to town.

Come on, don't be shy.

I like that beard. Abe Lincoln-style.

Have a seat, boys.

- Murph!

- Deeds?

- I thought you were sick today.

- That was a lie, pal.

You fooled me.

- I did?

- Yeah.

- Mr. Deeds?

- Just Deeds.

You sounded so sick on the phone.

You're good. Do that sick voice again.

Deeds, I can't come to work today.

I think I got strep throat.

That's unbelievable.

You could be a radio actor or something.

- Thanks, buddy.

- Sure.

Hey, Deeds. Read a card already.

I got to get back on duty.

I'd better get up there.

Good meeting you, gentlemen.

Mr. Deeds, does the name Preston Blake  
mean anything to you?

Mom's maiden name was Blake.

Only one this week, but I got a feeling  
it'll end my losing streak with Hallmark.  
Preston Blake was your mother's uncle.  
You're kidding me, I got an uncle?  
Awesome. How's he doing?  
He's dead.  
Oh, no. If there's anything I can do...  
Deeds! Deeds!  
I'll be right with you guys.  
When Mr. Blake died,  
he left an enormous fortune.  
\$40 billion. He left it all...  
...to you, Deeds.  
Wait a minute.  
What are you talking about, you got  
to get back on duty? You're not a cop.  
You're right.  
I got this down at the costume shop.  
But it can't hurt to pretend.  
What a wisenheimer!  
Okay, everybody, it's show time.  
I call this "50th Anniversary Card."  
Which is quite a feat nowadays.  
"Fifty years have passed by  
with laughter and tears  
"Do you remember when we went to the zoo  
"and that time we drank all the beers?"  
Beers!  
"I promise to love you for 50 years more  
"Even when your bosoms  
sag down to the floor"  
That was awesome! How's he do it?  
It looks like you won't have  
to deliver pizza anymore, Deeds.  
You're a very rich man.  
What's that got to do with delivering pizzas?  
Ladies! The top one is yours.  
- Thank you, Deeds.  
- Of course.  
- Yummy!  
- So, Deeds, what's new?  
I found out I have an uncle, but he died.  
That's too bad.  
- He gave me \$40 billion, though.

- Well, that's nice.

Oh, yeah!

Don't you go and spend it all  
on some fancy record player.

I won't.

Who are your friends, Deeds?

I'm sorry.

Chuck, Cecil, this is Jane, Kitty and Sue.

- Pleasure to meet you, Cecil.

- Pleasure's all mine, Kitty.

Or should I just say, "Meow"?

Keep it in your pants, Anderson.

- Now, why am I inheriting this money?

- You're Mr. Blake's closest living relative.

- Really? He had nobody else?

- Nope, that's it.

Gosh, I never even met the guy.

Would you hold this for a second?

Mr. Wetherley. How you doing, pal?

Very well, Deeds.

Just going to the pharmacy.

Well, let me get you there a little quicker.

- How's your wife?

- She's fine.

- Terrific. Say hi for me.

- I will.

Okay. Here you go.

- Thanks for the lift, Deeds.

- You got it.

We need you to come back to New York  
with us. Just for a few days.

We're drawing up some papers  
you'll need to sign.

What kind of papers?

Technically, you've inherited

Chuck and I, along with

some of the partners, will buy that stock...

...for \$40 billion,

which we've had to borrow from various...

Who cares about

the financial mumbo jumbo?

We need a little time

to dot the t's and cross the i's.

And while we're doing that,

we need you to stay away from the press.  
The media frenzy will die down  
in a couple weeks but until then...  
You don't want reporters crawling  
all over this lovely little town, do you?  
Oh, no!  
- Crazy Eyes!  
- What?  
How you doing, pal?  
I got your pizza, just the way you like it.  
Oh, yes!  
French fries and Oreos.  
You know me all too well, Deeds.  
What are you in for?  
I'm doing a one-nighter  
for biting Ed the mailman.  
The guy was trying to cast a spell on me,  
like a wizard.  
- Are you sure about that?  
- I don't know. Maybe he was just waving.  
- Who are your friends?  
- This is Chuck and Cecil from New York.  
I don't like them.  
Okay. Nice seeing you.  
I've never been to New York before.  
I suppose I could check out the sights.  
- Give me an hour to pack, okay?  
- You got it.  
I'll be the first guy to leave here since  
Jimmy McNally went to Disney World.  
See you later, everybody!  
Tomorrow is "Kids Eat For Free" Day.  
Don't forget to clean the highchairs.  
Don't worry, I'll take care of everything.  
- Go, have a good time!  
- I'll miss you.  
'Bye, Jan. Smell you later, Murph.  
- Give us a card!  
- Yeah!  
"On my way to the big city  
for a business trip  
"Never, ever left Mandrake Falls before  
Ain't that a pip?  
"But while I'm gone



I know I'll miss you all a lot"  
"So bring your rich butt back here  
and buy us all a shot"  
You got it, pal!  
Take it easy.  
The biggest story of the year  
and we've got nothing?  
Do you want to be tabloid journalists?  
Because I don't think so.  
You've got to be ruthless.  
When I started out...  
...I slept in Tom and Roseanne's dumpster  
for two days...  
...disguised as a giant carton of ice cream.  
- I got it!  
My source at Blake says  
the company helicopter...  
...took off from there this afternoon  
with two male passengers aboard...  
...headed for Mandrake Falls.  
- Where?  
Some little hick-ass town in New Hampshire.  
But now they're on their way back  
with three male passengers.  
- That's one more!  
- Duh!  
That third guy's our heir. Nice work, Marty.  
They were supposed to arrive  
at Blake Media at 5:00.  
But they made an unscheduled stop  
in Connecticut.  
I'm so happy I got the Big Bacon Classic.  
Thanks for stopping. This is unbelievable.  
- Happy to do it.  
- How's that Frosty treating you, Cecil?  
You got some on your beard.  
I'm just kidding.  
I got him big time, man.  
I'm going on the air in two hours' time.  
And I want that guy's life story by then.  
I'm talking to you, Jim.  
And I'm also talking to you, Babe. Babe?  
Where the hell's Babe?  
You missed another staff meeting.

Mac's pissed.

He won't be pissed

when I crack this Blake story.

- What do you got?

- Nothing. Do you have anything?

I'll have a lot more in a few hours.

You got to be a pal.

I need this story.

I'm flat broke and Mac is going to fire me.

How're you flat broke?

You make more money than anyone here.

- What did you blow it on?

- Shoes.

I'll tell you everything I know

over lunch tomorrow...

...as long as your club promoter boyfriend...

...doesn't try to run me over

with his motorcycle again.

You're safe there.

Ken and I are kind of taking a break.

Really? So he moved out?

Babe, what are you staying here for?

I have a spare bedroom.

We tried that once, remember?

I woke up and you were standing

over my bed, breathing heavily.

I was having an asthma attack.

I couldn't find my puffer.

Easy, fellows.

The Biggie Fries are making a comeback.

You guys football fans? The Pats

could take the conference this year.

The Dolphins are overrated

and the Jets are choke artists.

I wouldn't say that, Mr. Deeds.

- Just Deeds. Why is that, though?

- You own the Jets, Deeds.

I do?

That sucks.

I hope they don't play the Pats

in the playoffs or I'll have to kill myself.

I'm still very worried about this.

What do you got in that pipe, hashish?

You're paranoid.

- This guy's perfect for us.  
- What if he won't sell us his shares?  
If I got Blake to trust me with his company...  
...I can get this moron to do the same.  
Look at him.  
...I can get this moron to do the same.  
Look at him.  
That's right, Anderson.  
Enough!  
Party pooper.  
Holy cow!  
What's up, New York?  
It's an honour to come  
to the greatest city in the world!  
Congratulations, Deeds, you're now  
the most eligible bachelor in New York.  
I don't want to meet a girl  
just because I'm wicked rich.  
That's nice, but let's see  
how you stick to your guns...  
...once you've paid a visit to one  
of our many fine gentlemen's clubs.  
What?  
My father saved my mother.  
She was figure skating  
and fell through the ice.  
I always thought I'd meet  
a girl the same way. Bullshit like that.  
Then I'll just keep a lookout  
for ladies in distress, as it were.  
- That'd be nice.  
- Hey, Mandrake Falls!  
Security, stop that guy!  
Stop! Come back!  
He'll get \$100,000 for the picture.  
It'll be on the news in an hour.  
He deserves it with those  
James Bond moves he just pulled.  
No, he deserves to get his throat cut,  
the filthy spy. Come on, let's go.  
So this is where my uncle lived?  
Yes, sir. For the last 35 years  
of his astonishing life.  
- You kind of snuck up on me there.

- I am very, very sneaky, sir.  
I see that. My name is Deeds.  
I am Emilio, sir. I am your servant.  
Servant? I don't want a servant,  
but if you want to be my friend, I'll take that.  
Friends.  
Yes, good friends.  
Would you like to go to your apartment?  
I'm sure it's been an exhausting day.  
- That okay with you, Chuck?  
- You'll be safe there.  
It'll take us a couple days  
to draw up the papers for you to sign.  
- Go make yourself at home.  
- Terrific.  
- Later.  
- I will be with you shortly, sir.  
You got it. Nice to meet you. I'm Deeds.  
- I'm Reuben, sir.  
- This is a wicked nice elevator.  
Keep an eye on him, Emilio.  
Or it's your ass.  
It's nice to see you too, sir.  
So how's the elevator business  
treating you, Reuben?  
It has its ups and downs.  
All right! All right!  
That was good.  
Jeesum crow,  
how'd you get down here so fast?  
Sneaky-sneaky, sir. Right this way.  
Wow.  
Wow.  
Is something the matter, sir?  
- That's an echo, sir.  
- Yeah, you try it.  
- Me, sir?  
- It's a lot of fun.  
Come on, you can do it louder than that.  
- Serious.  
- Thank you, sir.  
Hey, buddy, how you doing?  
You want to give it a shot?  
Nice.

You guys want to join us?  
Make a weird noise.  
That was a great time. Well, I'm tired.  
I'd like to go to sleep.  
- This way.  
- Thank you very much. Good night.  
Good night.  
You just going to lie there  
and let the Post take your story?  
What's up, New York?  
He had a water fountain in his room.  
I love it.  
He had a water fountain in his room.  
I love it.  
That's Hawaiian Punch.  
He adored...  
...Hawaiian Punch.  
Wow! You kind of just snuck up on me.  
I fear you're underestimating  
the sneakiness.  
I guess I was.  
What are you doing down there?  
I am assisting you with your sock change.  
You'd change my socks for me?  
You don't got to do that. Stand up.  
Thank you.  
Besides, you don't want  
to have to touch my right foot.  
I got wicked bad frostbite when I was  
in the Scouts. Check it out.  
Pretty messed up, huh?  
The hideousness of that foot  
will haunt my dreams forever.  
Yeah, I've heard that before.  
But the weird thing is  
I got no feeling left in it.  
So you could jump on it  
and it wouldn't hurt me.  
- Go ahead, jump on it.  
- I'd really rather not, sir.  
Please jump on my foot.  
I didn't feel that.  
What else you got? Get that  
fireplace poker and whack my foot.

- Do I absolutely have to?  
- It's going to be fun. Just grab it.  
All my friends do this when they're wasted.  
Come on.  
Go ahead, give it a whack.  
- Nothing.  
- Really?  
Isn't that sick?  
Didn't feel that. Isn't that awesome?  
Go ahead.  
Nothing.  
You're starting to like it, aren't you?  
Chop that wood!  
That's it!  
You're sick! You're sick!  
Why would you do that?  
I'm just kidding you, pal.  
- You had me going there.  
- I saw your face, you were like...  
I got to find out from Cedar and Anderson  
what I'm supposed to do today.  
So could you take that out of my foot?  
I'm nailed to the ground.  
There you go.  
I must insist on absolute secrecy  
regarding this discussion...  
...till I've officially acquired  
Mr. Blake's shares.  
If that's acceptable,  
then as far as I'm concerned...  
...you've just bought 2,000 radio stations.  
Good morning.  
Deeds.  
What's up?  
Doing a little business.  
This room's an echo room, too.  
I'm sure you guys already knew that.  
May I help you?  
I just wanted to see  
if there's anything I should do today.  
I think we've got everything under control.  
There's got to be something. Until I sign  
those papers I own this place, right?  
What?

Ladies and gentlemen,  
pardon me a moment, please.

Of course.

What's up, buddy? I was dreaming  
about Frosties all last night. You?  
I tried to make my own at home,  
but it wasn't the same.

Deeds.

Every stockholder, large and small,  
has a say in the operation of this company.

They have this say  
at the annual stockholders' meeting.  
The other 364 days of the year,  
the officers of the company, like me...  
...run the show.

- You mean now that my uncle's gone.  
Yeah, and it's not all fun and games.  
This company is a player on so many levels  
and in so many areas...

...that running it is literally  
a 24-hour-a-day job.

I only got three hours of sleep last night.  
Then it's actually a 21-hour-a-day job, huh?  
Move it, lady.

I don't give a damn about no meeting.

Mr. Cedar, I am sorry...

I passed for 3,500 yards last season  
and I ain't gonna touch a football...  
...until you get off your fat, rich asses  
and renegotiate my bullshit contract.

Easy with the language, buddy.

There are ladies present.

Shut the hell up, rich boy!

I want more money,  
or you all can just suck my...

I warned you.

You went down like a sack of potatoes,  
I'll tell you that much. Come on.

Come on, big man. Upsy-daisy.

Ladies and gentlemen, football!

What's the problem with your contract?

I figured if I played well,  
I'd renegotiate and get more money.

If you didn't play well,

could we renegotiate and pay you less?

Shit, no!

I mean, no.

Doesn't seem fair to me.

- He led the League in touchdown passes.

- That's okay, Chuck. I got this one.

Listen, fellows, I want more money...

...or I ain't even gonna play another down.

Well, we'll have to let you go then.

- Let me go?

- Yeah, you're fired.

So can I sign with another team?

You can do anything.

I suggest you change your attitude...

...or nobody will want to work with you.

'Bye.

Deeds.

Kevin won the Heisman Trophy

two years ago. He is our best player.

- Don't worry, he'll be back.

- Biggest mistake of your lives!

This thing is cool.

Why don't you get out and enjoy the city?

Everything's fine here. Take that with you.

I'll leave it here. That's all right.

But call me if you need me.

- Absolutely.

- Thanks. Love you, Anderson.

All you guys, I noticed you were French.

The opposite of bonjour to you.

You look so hot as a blond.

It's not too streaky?

I feel like he did it really streaky.

I love it, but let me go undercover.

This could get dangerous.

He said he likes ladies in distress,  
not men who wear too much cologne.

- There he is.

- Thanks for the tour.

- You're welcome.

- Hidden cameras on, ready? Molest me.

- Molest me!

- You got it!

- God, help!



- Give it to me.  
- Help, I'm being mugged!  
- All right!  
Help! Help! I'm being mugged!  
- Stop it!  
- Good luck. See you at the office.  
- Don't worry, I'll get him.  
- Oh, shit!  
Stop right there.  
Come on!  
What's your problem, pal?  
Come up here.  
Got your pocketbook. Get a job, pal.  
Miss! Miss!  
- Are you okay?  
- What happened?  
Let me help you up.  
All right, now. All right.  
Ma'am, you were just the victim  
of a New York City mugger.  
As I suspected,  
he was a coward and a weakling.  
And also wore more cologne  
than any man should wear.  
- I got this back for you, though.  
- Thank you.  
- Can I take you to the hospital?  
- No, no.  
I'll be all right.  
I just feel a little dizzy and violated.  
I'm fine.  
Please, let me take you  
to the emergency room.  
I'm sure I'll be all right. I just need to...  
...perhaps walk it off or...  
- Could you?  
- Sure.  
Thank you.  
Thank you so much.  
My name is Pam. Pam Dawson.  
My name is Deeds. I'm not from here.  
I'm just visiting.  
Where do you hail from?  
Mandrake Falls, New Hampshire.

Just a little town nobody's ever heard of.

I'm from a little town like that.

- In Iowa.

- Is that right? What part?

Winchestertonfieldville.

Yes, the small town

of Winchestertonfieldville, Iowa.

I'm sorry.

- What are you doing in New York?

- I'm a school nurse.

- There's no way you're a school nurse.

- Why, don't you believe me?

You're too nice to be a school nurse.

My school nurse was so mean,

every time I'd tell her I had a tummy ache...

...she'd send me back to my class

and say, "Stop whining."

- But that's awful!

- Well, I said it every day.

I missed my mother.

That's sweet.

Miss Dawson?

How would you like to maybe go out...

...and have a New York City dinner with me?

Golly.

That sounds wonderful.

- It does?

- Yeah.

- Let's do it, then.

- Okay.

Damn you, Old Spice.

So you run this pizza place

and you have your poetry.

What brings you to the big city?

Actually, I just inherited \$40 billion.

Well, that's nice, but I think anything  
over \$30 billion is just gravy.

I like that.

Your hair is very blond and pretty.

I'm of Swedish ancestry.

- Really?

- Yes.

My grandfather was in ABBA.

ABBA, the band?

Excuse me,  
do you get any famous people in here?  
Famous, rich, powerful.  
Really? We don't get  
any famous people in Mandrake Falls.  
Stephen King stopped by  
our gas station one time...  
...but everyone was too scared  
to talk to him.  
I'd imagine he'd be very spooky.  
Jake, the gas station attendant,  
made eye contact with him.  
That night he lost 200 pounds.  
Wow.  
Your chicken parmesan  
should be ready soon.  
Okay, buddy. I saw a couple over there.  
It's their anniversary.  
Give them this.  
Don't say it's from us, though.  
This is like \$20,000.  
Tell them it was a restaurant giveaway  
or something. Thanks, buddy.  
That's an awfully nice way  
to start spending your money.  
- Is that who I think it is?  
- Who?  
Preston Blake's nephew,  
the \$40-billion man.  
We have to meet him. Dave?  
Gosh, I hope that mugger got home okay.  
- Mr. Deeds.  
- Yeah.  
Mr. Simonds would like  
to invite you to join his party.  
Why is that?  
Just to enjoy the pleasure of your company.  
Wow, that's pretty cool of him.  
That was a very nice hug, Deeds.  
It's wicked nice of you to invite us over.  
This is awesome.  
- Have we met?  
- Not unless you have a sick kid.  
You're a very important man

in this town now, Mr. Deeds.  
I don't know about that.  
I sing at the Metropolitan Opera...  
...and Blake Media contributes  
So, on behalf of the opera:  
"Thank you"  
That was awesome!  
You shouldn't thank me, though.  
You should thank my great-uncle.  
He was an interesting man.  
I served on the board  
of the Guggenheim with him.  
Really? I'm not sure what that is,  
but good luck with it.  
I'd love to write a piece on you  
for The New Yorker.  
What's The New Yorker?  
It's a magazine.  
With essays, witty cartoons.  
I read the Mandrake Falls Gazette  
and they got some cartoons in there also.  
You know who's a riot?  
That Beetle Bailey guy.  
He's always wearing his hat  
and doing his thing.  
But it is an honour to meet  
a real writer like you, George.  
I've been trying  
to get my stuff published for years...  
...but Hallmark is one tough cookie to crack.  
- Hallmark?  
- He writes greeting cards.  
- I try.  
- You must share one with us.  
- I don't know about that, Mr. French.  
- Who's Mr. French?  
- Doesn't he look like Mr. French?  
- I've never heard of him.  
Come on.  
All right, I'll give you one.  
This is a Mother's Day card  
I've been working on.  
"Mom, you are the one  
who brought me to planet Earth

"You are the one who suffered  
through my 14-hour birth  
"You're the one who made lemonade for me  
after I'd come back from play  
"I love you, Mom,  
so have a wicked nice Mother's Day"  
Something like that.  
- An instant classic!  
- "Genius, genius, genius"  
Do you write your poems with a crayon?  
It's amazing!  
I see why you brought me here.  
To goof on me, huh?  
- Don't be silly, Deeds.  
- Pipe down, George.  
I may seem funny to you,  
but if you came to Mandrake Falls...  
...you might seem funny to us.  
Only nobody would laugh at you...  
...and make you feel stupid,  
that wouldn't be good manners.  
Maybe my poems aren't that great,  
but I know some people who like them.  
Anyways, it's the best I can do.  
We're going to get going.  
Sorry about that, Pam.  
I hope I didn't embarrass you.  
And if it wasn't for Miss Dawson being here,  
I'd knock your heads in.  
I don't mind.  
Okay.  
"No!"  
I think I just shat myself.  
How would you like to see the sights now?  
I just need to powder my nose.  
That would be great. I'll get your coat.  
Hey, buddy, this will pay for everything  
I damaged. Sorry about that.  
- Good to meet you guys.  
- Thank you.  
God, that was good stuff.  
I want a raise, Mac.  
Hey, man! What's up?  
Holy cannoli, you're John McEnroe!

I saw what you did to those guys  
making fun of you. Nice work.  
You know what it's like to get riled up  
don't you, Johnny Mac?

- That I do.

- I'm Deeds, by the way.  
Deeds, nice to meet you.  
You got to let me buy you a drink.  
Miss Dawson, this is John McEnroe.

- Miss Dawson, nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you, too.

I promised Miss Dawson  
I'd take her sightseeing.  
The sights are great.  
I've seen the sights. I love the sights.  
Let me show you a New York  
most people will never see.

- That okay with you, Miss Dawson?

- Sounds like fun!  
Here's to a big night on the town.  
What happened?

Here are some aspirins, Mr. Deeds.  
They make your head seem smaller.

- How did I get in these pyjamas?

- I changed you.  
I was very gentle, sir.  
I think I drank all the alcohol in Manhattan  
last night.  
And you nearly succeeded,  
according to Miss Dawson.  
Miss Dawson! I don't even remember  
taking her home. Is she okay?  
I took the liberty of sending her off  
in the company limousine.  
She was a lady in distress and I helped her.  
Dreamt about her last night.  
Usually, when you get blackout drunk  
you don't dream.  
So I read.  
What's up, Chuck?  
America's newest billionaire...  
...stupid and drunk.

- What's this?  
It was quite a night for Longfellow Deeds.

They'll know my name is Longfellow.  
After punching out some society types...  
... Deeds joined forces with the original  
bad boy of tennis, John McEnroe.  
And stupidity won in straight sets.  
How'd they get that footage?  
Watch out, Johnny!  
What kind of driving is that?  
You're a fucking disgrace!  
No, sir. You're a disgrace.  
- We did it, man!  
- Johnny McEnroe!  
Look at Deedsy hanging out with McEnroe!  
That's awesome!  
I love the Beach Boys.  
Here I go, here I go.  
This is not the kind of attention  
we need right now.  
What do you mean?  
For the moment  
you're the largest stockholder...  
...and people might think  
any instability you show...  
...may equal instability in the company.  
My bad.  
My bad. My bad.  
Okay. Okay.  
- My bad.  
- Okay.  
Shall I call your car, Mr. Cedar,  
to take you to the funeral?  
What funeral?  
Your great-uncle's funeral.  
- His funeral's today?  
- Today, yes.  
I'll go get my suit on.  
- Cute, bigmouth.  
- Sir?  
As soon as that moron goes back  
to Cowpie Falls...  
...you are out of here  
on your fat Puerto Rican ass.  
I hail from Spain, sir.  
Ol.

Now, Brother Preston is soaring  
with eagles high above.  
Because he lived a life of love.  
Yes, he's flying way up high...  
... because he was a super cool guy.  
He's gone away, too soon, it seems...  
... leaving behind his unfinished dreams.  
This guy could make a fortune  
writing greeting cards.  
Yes, we remember Preston Blake...  
... a man with faith no man could shake.  
A strength no man could break.  
A character no man could fake.  
For goodness sake, let's eat some cake.  
Amen.

Excuse me, Reverend,  
that was a grand slam.  
That part with soaring with the eagles  
gave me goose bumps.

- Thank you, my brother.
- My friend got me a mug for my birthday.

It says, "It's hard to soar with the eagles  
when you're surrounded by turkeys."  
But what you said was better.  
It's all good.  
Rest in peace, Preston.  
That concludes today's service.  
I actually thought I would say something.  
Deedsy was always  
the best speaker in school.  
Deedsy?

That's some job, by the way, Your Majesty.  
I thought we were watching Scooby-Doo.  
Hi, my name is Deeds.  
I was Preston Blake's great-nephew.  
I wrote a poem for him  
on my way over here, in my head.  
And I'm going to recite it for you.  
I didn't realize I'd be following  
the rhyme-master Reverend Sharpton.  
But here we go anyways.  
"You climbed mountains  
and built skyscrapers  
"You made TVshows



and put out newspapers  
"You were wicked good at doing stocks  
"You liked it  
when Emilio would change your socks  
"We never hung out and that makes me sad  
"All the good times we could've had"  
Nice rhyme.  
"But when I die, Uncle Preston,  
you better say, 'Cheers! '  
"'Cause me and you are hanging  
at the pearly gates  
"I'll bring the beers, I'll bring the beers"  
He's good.  
Amen.  
I know this is supposed to be  
a closed casket, but where I come from...  
... we feel it's good to see the body  
for the grieving process, so...  
Sorry about that!  
I'll keep this sucker closed.  
He's still pretty frozen.  
Almost there.  
I'll keep an eye on the company for you.  
Love you.  
Nice meeting you.  
Thanks for the apartment.  
That was freaky.  
Everybody drive home safe.  
Man, this guy is in way over his head.  
- Take care.  
- You'll see him tonight?  
Yes, I'm calling around 4:00.  
That's when I get off work.  
Remember, I'm Pam Dawson,  
virgin school nurse...  
...from Winchestertonfieldville, Iowa.  
That's priceless.  
You, a virgin.  
- All right, thank you.  
- Excuse me, sir.  
- I told him he could have that.  
- Thanks.  
Right on. Nice seeing you.  
You need to use our bathroom,

come back and use it, okay?

Will do, Deeds!

How do you think I did at the funeral today?

You spoke beautifully, sir.

I still feel bad.

I snapped my uncle's hand off  
when I put him back in the casket.

Lucky for him, he was dead, sir.

Even though his face was frozen that way...

...it looked to me like he was a happy guy.

Am I right?

- He truly was.

- Come on, sit down, please.

And I got to hang out with him,  
just like this...

...almost every day for 30 years.

What did you guys talk about?

We spoke of life, love, art, wine, business.

I learned much from him.

- I bet you miss him, too.

- I do.

He was like a parent to me.

You see, I never knew my father,  
and Mama...

...she passed while giving the birth to me.

- You want some Cocoa Pebbles?

- No, thanks.

I have much work to do.

- Thanks. You don't have to do that.

- Enjoy your Pebbles.

One more thing.

Your great-uncle did not let me  
change his socks for him, either.

I like feet.

I do not know why.

Hello.

Hi, Deeds? It's Pam. Pam Dawson.

I'm so happy you called.

I'm wicked sorry about last night.

I don't drink very often.

I thought you held your liquor very well.

Unfortunately, I couldn't hold it for too long.

That's okay.

I didn't really like that skirt anyway.

I'm getting a call on the other line.

Can you hang on for a second?

- Sure.

- Thank you.

Hello.

Mr. Deeds, this is Kevin Ward,  
the quarterback you punched.

What's up, buddy?

I wanted to say that I was thinking it over  
and I'd like to live up to my word.

And I'd like to win you a Super Bowl.

- That's terrific, pal.

- And my daddy wants to speak to you.

Deeds. Buddy Ward here, Kevin's daddy.

How you doing, Mr. Ward?

I just want to thank you  
for teaching my boy a lesson.

He's a good kid. He just has to watch  
his language in front of the ladies.

I'll remind Kevin where he comes from.

That sounds terrific.

You used foul language in front of a lady?

No, Daddy, no!

Pam.

Still here.

How's it going? You at work?

- Yep, here in the nurse's office.

- Any customers?

Customers? Oh, sick kids.

Well, little Billy Barty's here.

- You're not feeling too good, Billy?

- Miss Dawson, my tummy hurts.

Why don't you just lay back and relax?

That was nice. Good job.

I've got too much doo-doo  
in my underpants.

Make the stinky go away.

Well, you sound like  
you got your hands full, so...

...I'll just come out with it.

How would you like  
to do something with me tonight?

I'd love to do something with you.

Great.

We can't go out drinking.  
I got our company in trouble.  
That's okay.  
I was brought up never to drink alcohol.  
Not even rum raisin ice cream.  
I like that. I'll think of something good.  
See you tonight.  
Okay. 'Bye.  
I got to try this.  
Was that awesome?  
Am I out or safe?  
I'm with you.  
What is this?  
My great-uncle's personal journal.  
- Should I read it?  
- Family.  
Family, safe, good.  
All right, have a good night. My back hurts!  
- Nice doing business with you.  
- Thank you.  
Thanks for the bikes.  
What are you gonna do with your \$20,000?  
Buy a giraffe.  
What are you gonna do with your \$20,000?  
Quit school.  
Good idea, school is for fools. Look at me!  
The park is beautiful.  
These trees, they remind you  
of Winchestertonfieldville at all?  
Oh, yes. Very much so.  
What was it like growing up there?  
It was great.  
I remember walking down  
to the corner drugstore...  
...and getting malted milkshakes.  
What was your house like?  
We had this big Victorian.  
Right off Main Street.  
- Blue shutters and a big red door.  
- All right.  
- And a tire swing in the front yard.  
- I love it.  
And I remember the time I fell out of  
old Boo Radley's apple tree...

...and broke my arm.  
And my father, before he passed away...  
...from the disease of the lepers...  
...he came and he scooped me up  
and he ran me all the way to Dr. Pepper's.  
Dr. Pepper.  
Yeah.  
I'm glad that guy was around.  
- Want to sit down?  
- Sure.  
- Thank you.  
- My pleasure.  
I was reading my great-uncle's journal  
on my way over to you.  
And, when he was age 9...  
...he wrote that he had the only family  
on the block with a radio...  
...and he was dreaming  
of becoming a disc jockey someday.  
A disc jockey?  
You know, when I was a kid,  
I wanted to be a news reporter.  
I used to go around interviewing everyone...  
...and writing notes  
in my little Holly Hobby notebook.  
People didn't like that. I got beat up a lot.  
- Do you remember their names?  
- No, it was a long time ago.  
But my grandma said to me:  
"One day you'll grow up  
and work for 60 Minutes...  
"...and make a difference in the world."  
You do make a difference in the world,  
every day. You're a school nurse.  
Anyways, this is what happened  
to my uncle.  
Later on in his life, he'd go  
to this radio station that he owned...

**...at 3:**

That's great.  
So, don't give up hope.  
You'll be a reporter someday.  
If you really want to.

That would be nice.

- Jeesum Crow, a fire!
- A fire?
- We should help.
- We should?
- Let's get going.
- To the fire?
- Fifi, get over here right now.
- Come on, we'll catch you.

Go away! I can't leave without my kitties.

They're all I got.

Crazy lady!

- Oh, babies, where are you?
- Up there now, get going!

Longfellow Deeds, Mandrake Falls

volunteer fire chief. I'll be up there in a jiff.

- He's crazy!
- He's going up there right now, though.
- Look at him.
- Where's he going?

Watch it, man!

- Sully, who's that guy up there?
- I don't know.

He says he's from  
the Mandrake Falls Fire Department.

- How's he climb like that?
- He must have monkey blood in him.

It's an honour to work  
with New York's bravest, guys.

Be careful!

- I'll get you.
- Babies, where are you?
- Ma'am!
- Lord, it's hot in here.
- Kitties, come to Mommy.
- Calm down. Everything will be all right.

Okay, but I'm not leaving without my kitties.

- How many do you got?
- Seven.

Holy shit! Let's get cracking.

- I apologize for the language.
- Apology accepted.
- Fire excites me.
- Knock yourself out.

- Come here.  
- That's Freddy.  
- Here we go!  
- Oh, my children!  
- Nice catch, Pam!  
- Good throw, Deeds!  
- That's Frobo. Thank you, darling.  
- Coming at you, boys.  
I'll take that.  
- There's a lot more.  
- Okay, okay.  
Holy shit, it's a cat!  
Full snap. I got you, kitty.  
Nice grab!  
One more to go.  
Fifi, where are you?  
- I think I found Fifi.  
- Oh, good!  
Hang in there, buddy!  
I got it!  
Okay, let's do this together.  
Be careful!  
All right, they do it all the time. Here we go.  
Oh, shit!  
Deeds.  
I'm okay.  
Are you okay?  
Yes, I am. Thanks to you!  
You're hurting me!  
Longfellow Deeds is at it again.  
His latest victim, Coretta Keeling...  
... whose only crime  
was loving her cats too much.  
And letting Deeds find out about it.  
- I'll get you!  
- Go away!  
- I love it.  
- Here comes two!  
- Cat killer!  
- After he finished with her cats...  
... he turned his sights  
on Miss Keeling herself.  
My God!  
That's not what I shot.

Has Longfellow Deeds been locked up?

Of course not.

While the rest of us obey the law,  
rich playboys like himself get to laugh at it.  
Longfellow Deeds. Our jackass of the week.

What the hell? Who edited that?

I did. Your first cut was great,  
but I needed to spice it up a bit.

The truth was a great story.

He saved that woman and her seven cats.

- He was heroic!

- Heroic is nice.

- Depraved and insane is better.

- Hell, yeah!

This footage you're getting, gorgeous.

Keep it coming!

God, how can we do this

to such a sweet guy?

Sweet? Sweet?

Look at me!

Was he sweet when he gave me  
the most savage beating of my life?

- You were mugging me!

- Babe!

No one is as good  
as this guy's pretending to be.

Don't be a sucker.

He doesn't deserve this.

He doesn't deserve you.

My neck!

I feel like an idiot.

They made me look like a fool, Jan.

I was thinking of going down  
to that Inside Access place...

... and giving Mac McGrath  
the beating of a lifetime.

That sounds like fun,

but don't stoop to their level.

You're better than that, Deedsy.

So hang in there.

And know that we are always here for you.

Thanks, Jan.

My uncle really built an amazing company.  
Because of him, 50,000 people have jobs.



And he always tried to do the right thing.  
Well, he does sound amazing.  
But don't forget, he was related to you.  
Enough about that.  
Tell me more about this girl.  
She's nice, a small-town kid, like me.  
Deedsy, you sick ass mo' fo'...  
You got to tap that  
before she starts boning other guys, kid.  
Boo-Yah!  
He thinks it's you! He thinks it's you!  
- Let's go, Cedar. Put some steam on it, kid.  
- Here it comes.  
He's trying to kill me. You're good at this.  
When you asked me to play,  
I thought you'd done this before.  
No, Johnny McEnroe said  
it was wicked easy.  
Plus, it was my uncle's  
favourite game, right?  
- How'd you know that?  
- I read it in his diary.  
Really?  
I didn't know he kept a diary.  
Sorry about that, dude.  
It's okay. He's a new member.  
Ball boy.  
Ball boy!  
All right, baby, I'm ready for you.  
You okay?  
- Not a problem.  
- Anderson, you liked that, didn't you?  
I did.  
Listen, Deeds, I got some good news.  
Those papers will be ready  
to sign tomorrow.  
So you can relax knowing  
your uncle's company'll be in good hands...  
...and you can go home \$40 billion richer.  
I was thinking about  
maybe sticking around here...  
...and going to some meetings with you.  
- What?  
Fault!

I figured I could learn, like this tennis thing.

I swear to God, I'm not trying to do that.

I don't got to sell my shares right away,  
do I?

Plus, I met this girl, Cedar.

I swear to God, I think she's the one.

That's wonderful for you.

That got you right in the throat, huh?

Got to ask you, though, if it hits you,  
is it my point or yours?

- Yours.

- I'm winning then, I guess.

"Deeds info, meet in shower"?

Sweet Jesus!

Who are you?

And what do you want to tell me?

I'm a junior producer at Inside Access.

I have information that will help you  
get Deeds out of town. Interested?

Very. Provided the information is good  
and you stop soaping your ass.

- You know Deeds' girlfriend?

- The school nurse.

Not quite.

Lucy, bring me the overnights.

J.D. Will tell you where they are.

Hey. What the hell are you doing  
in my chair?

Chuck Cedar.

I think you and I could help each other out.

- You excited about this trip?

- I'm so excited.

- Where are you taking me?

- I told you, that's a surprise.

Well?

"Winchestertonfieldville, Iowa."

You got to be shitting me.

I never heard you curse before.

I'm that excited!

All you Winchestertonfieldvillians,  
recognize this little girl?

I'll give you a hint.

"I fell out of Boo Radley's apple tree...

"...and my arm is killing me!"

Come on, it's little Pammy Dawson!

Hello.

You related to Bill Dawson?

Yes, he's my relative.

I think I remember you.

Did you used to have a hump on your back?

- Yes, that was me. I had a slight hump.

- Really?

This was no slight hump.

The girl I'm thinking of looked like she had a damn beach ball on her back.

Okay, it was a huge hump and I'm a little sensitive about it.

Look, Martha, it's Quasimodo, all growed up.

How wonderful! I thought you died.

She actually became a school nurse.

- You're a nurse?

- Yes.

What should I do about this?

- I would call Dr. Pepper.

- Who?

It was so great seeing everybody again.

We're going to leave now.

'Bye.

- Hi, mailman.

- 'Morning.

How you doing?

Oh, my God, there it is.

Blue shutters, red door, tire swing.

That's your house, isn't it?

Wouldn't you know it?

Come on.

How you guys doing?

You know who she is?

She used to live in this house when she was a little girl.

It's true.

You live here and she used to live here.

You're practically cousins.

So many memories.

Where to begin?

This is our fireplace...

...where my dad would build fires...

...out of wood.  
And this is the dining room,  
where we would have our meals...  
...made of food.  
And this was my brother's room.  
My parents hated my brother.  
My daddy built this house  
with his bare hands six years ago.  
Your daddy is a liar.  
How come you...  
He's choking. We should go.  
- Help.  
- What are you talking about?  
- You're the nurse, help him.  
- Save him!  
- Stand back, kids.  
- He's gonna die!  
- Take him to the hospital!  
- Smack it out!  
- Save him!  
- Get it out of him!  
Save him, please!  
- That was amazing.  
- Thank you.  
I saved his life.  
You're my hero, Nurse Dawson.  
Thank you, thank you.  
- Good parking job, buddy.  
- Thanks, Deeds.  
Testing, testing.  
I had such a wonderful time.  
Thank you for such a great day.  
- Thanks for showing me your town.  
- I hope sometime to see your hometown.  
Maybe someday this will be  
my new hometown.  
Deeds.  
- There's something I have to tell you.  
- What's the matter?  
What?  
Go back to New Hampshire  
and enjoy being rich.  
Just...  
...don't let anyone hurt you anymore, okay?

Sucker.

Pam.

I made a card for you.

It's kind of dumb.

I never worked on anything harder, though,  
so don't laugh at me.

Remember we went to the restaurant  
that first night...

...and you ordered chicken parmesan?

So I drew you a plate.

There's the chicken and the cheese...

...and the linguini. That took me  
a long time with the squiggles.

It's beautiful.

There's a poem inside for you.

"Hard to breathe, feels like floating

"So full of love my heart's exploding

"Mouth is dry, hands are shaking

"My heart is yours for the taking

"Acting weird, not myself

"Dancing around like the Keebler elf"

That was funny.

"Finally time for this poor schlub

"To know how it feels to fall in lub"

I couldn't think of anything else

that rhymes with "schlub."

"Rub" and "tub" didn't work.

I'm sorry, Deeds.

- I'm really sorry.

- Don't be sorry, that was unbelievable.

Hi, Mrs. Finch... Atticus.

Sleep well.

- AI, I'm gonna walk home.

- Okay, Deeds.

I love New York!

Nobody cares!

I'm in love with him.

I'm going to see him tonight

and tell him everything.

- He'll probably punch you in the face.

- I kind of hope he does.

Come on, Babe, snap out of it.

You really want to throw all this away  
for a dipshit like that?

He's not a dipshit. He's a good-hearted guy who we think is a weirdo...

...because he doesn't share our sense of ironic detachment.

- All this hip, snide, smart-alecky...

- Bullshit?

Yes, bullshit.

Well, in a few moments,

I'll put on my Versace overcoat...

...get into my Mercedes,

drive to my Fifth Avenue apartment...

...and squeeze my girlfriend's

big, fake boobs.

And that bullshit you're talking about paid for all of it.

Good for you, Mac. But I'm still telling him.

Well...

Babe Bennett falls in love.

I'm happy for you. I am.

Gonna miss you, Babe.

Something fierce.

You think she'll like this?

All right.

Chicken parmesan? Terrific, thank you.

Let's hear it.

- She gonna like that, Mr. Deeds.

- Okay.

- Emilio, it looks beautiful.

- Thank you.

These roses might be a little too high.

I won't be able to see her.

- Do we have anything smaller?

- Yes, sir.

Okay.

Byron?

That's terrific.

- Would you mind sitting for a second?

- Yes, sir.

Say something to me. Pretend you're her.

- Me, sir?

- Please.

Well...

...it's nice of you to have invited me to dine with you this evening.

It's my pleasure.  
Actually, you're too tall.  
Can you slink down?  
- Like this?  
- That's good.  
This is one of the best dates  
I've ever been on.  
You make me feel very special.  
You make me feel very special, too.  
That's why I got this for you.  
Okay, lean forward.  
- I really like you a lot.  
- I like you, too.  
- I can't stop thinking about you.  
- I can't stop thinking about you.  
Please let me touch your feet.  
Okay, this is getting weird.  
You can stand up now.  
- Deeds!  
- Fellows!  
We wanted to come and wish you  
the best on your big night.  
Thanks a lot. I'm so nervous.  
I never asked anybody to marry me before.

**It's 7:**

We're not in for any more  
nasty surprises, are we?  
I don't think so. I haven't done  
anything stupid all day. I've been here.  
Let's see what lame show they put on  
when they don't have Deeds to pick on.  
Excuse me!  
- Could you put on Channel 8, please?  
- You got it.  
Welcome to Inside Access.  
I'm Mac McGrath.  
All of us here at I.A. take pride  
in our ability to handle...  
... every story with sensitivity and empathy...  
Okay, pal.  
... while maintaining  
an appropriate journalistic distance.  
But what happens when a reporter

becomes part of what she's reporting?  
What happens when a journalist  
falls in love with an idiot?  
That's Longfellow Deeds with Pam Dawson.  
- I can't believe they involved her in this.  
- A school nurse...  
... who recently moved to New York City  
from Winchestertonfieldville, Iowa.  
But wait. Doesn't Pam Dawson  
bear a striking resemblance to...  
... Babe Bennett,  
a producer here at Inside Access?  
In fact, the two are one and the same.  
We'll wire your apartment  
with state-of-the-art surveillance video.  
Sounds good.  
Deeds.  
I came here to try to explain.  
I'm the biggest sucker in the world.  
This town can be brutal.  
I don't belong here.  
I can't run the company,  
I can't even run my own life.  
Sure you can.  
The good news is the papers are ready.  
Once you sign them, we'll get our stock  
and you'll get your \$40 billion.  
I don't want that money.  
Just give it to a charity.  
- What's a good charity?  
- The United Negro College Fund?  
Okay, give it to those guys.  
Can we give you a ride to the airport?  
The company chopper will take you home.  
Thanks, anyway. I'll be all right on my own.  
- Nice meeting you all.  
- Nice meeting you, Deeds.  
Goodbye!  
Goodbye.  
It's not right.  
It's not right.  
You must be Jan. My name is...  
I know who you are. Wham-bam Dawson.  
A.k.a. Little Miss Slut-Slut.



Okay, I deserve that.  
Do you have any idea  
how much you hurt him?  
You're not getting anywhere near that boy.  
I have to find him and there's nothing  
you can do to stop me.  
- There's a lot I can do to stop you.  
- He needs to know how bad I feel.  
And that I would go to the end of the earth...  
...I would do anything  
to take back what I did to him.  
I'm sorry, all I heard was,  
"Blah, blah, I'm a dirty tramp."  
Tell you what. You get by me...  
...I'll tell you where he is.  
Feeling crazy!  
Come to Mama.  
I was a rodeo clown for six years.  
You'll have to step it up a notch, shorty.  
You mean like this?  
Where were you kicking?  
I ain't got no balls, dummy!  
Get up!  
- Put me down!  
- You got it!  
- Just tell me where Deeds is.  
- Bring your bony ass over here.  
I want to cut you into  
eight slices of bitch-eroni.  
Are you all right?  
Good kick, honey. Good kick.  
Crazy Eyes!  
- All right.  
- Here you go.  
Peanut butter and gumballs. Nice combo.  
Don't worry about what happened.  
Time heals all things.  
Except these crazy eyes.  
It's good to be home. I know that much.  
I wasn't talking to you, Deeds.  
I was talking to that squirrel over there.  
Although it's a shame  
about that Cedar fellow...  
...tearing apart your uncle's company

and firing all those nice people.  
Where'd you hear that?  
I watch the stock market channel  
all the time.  
I watch because I suspect that anchorman  
of being an evil leprechaun.  
He can bullshit everybody else,  
but he ain't fooling me.  
He can bullshit everybody else,  
but he ain't fooling me.  
There it is.  
Someone!  
Help!  
Deeds! Help!  
Deeds! Help!  
Oh, God! Deeds!  
Oh, my God!  
Where do you got the camera hidden,  
in the woods?  
No camera.  
I'm so cold. Please!  
You gonna get mugged in there, too?  
I'm so...  
...sorry.  
I really love you.  
Bullshit!  
I'm coming!  
Go down! Go down!  
Here comes the black foot.  
No!  
I know it's gross, but grab it.  
I got you. I got you.  
- Oh, God, your foot is disgusting!  
- I know, I know. Come here.  
Come on, you okay? You okay?  
I think so.  
You didn't really fall out of an apple tree,  
did you?  
No.  
But I really love you.  
I don't even know who you are.  
I'm sorry.  
I am so sorry.  
A company in tatters. Preston Blake's

great legacy gone to the highest bidder.  
The shocking announcement from Chuck  
Cedar today confirmed that Blake Media...  
... will be stripped down  
and sold off piece by piece.  
The only man who could stand up  
to Mr. Cedar and save the company...  
... Longfellow Deeds, has apparently  
given up his voting rights and left the city.  
The sale's expected to pass  
with unanimous consent...  
... at the annual stockholders' meeting  
here in New York tomorrow afternoon.  
Sources indicate that virtually  
all of Blake's 50,000 employees...  
... are likely to lose their jobs.  
Wait a minute. I'm a Blake employee.  
Holy shit! This sucks.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
the bottom line is that this divestiture...  
... will result in every shareholder,  
all of you and myself included...  
... getting a substantial premium  
for our shares.  
But before we vote, the company bylaws  
require me to open the floor...  
... to shareholders for statements  
either for or against this buyout plan.  
Does anyone wish to make a statement?  
Dismantling this company  
would be an insult to a great man.  
You scared me.  
It is an unspeakable outrage  
and it cannot be allowed to happen.  
Excuse me. I got a statement.  
Longfellow Deeds.  
Unfortunately, since you sold me  
your 300 million shares...  
...you've no right to speak at this meeting.  
- Unfortunately for you...  
...I bought one share of Blake Media  
this morning.  
You told me every stockholder  
has a say in this company.

Even the little guy.  
You have two minutes, but remember,  
I control 49 percent of this company.  
You're gonna have to persuade  
just about everyone else...  
... to start hating money.  
Hello, everybody. I'm Deeds.  
For a little while,  
I was a big part of this company.  
I was wicked rich and powerful.  
Now being rich and powerful  
isn't a bad thing.  
It looks like the Monopoly guy over there  
is pretty darned psyched about it.  
But the problem is  
what can happen when you decide...  
... that you would do absolutely anything  
to become rich and powerful.  
I don't know who licked the red off  
your lollipop today...  
...but you are preaching to the wrong choir.  
All I'm saying is, when you were kids...  
... did you dream  
about becoming a savvy investor one day...  
... who would think with his wallet  
instead of his heart?  
Come on, I know I didn't.  
I wanted to be a fireman.  
I wanted to be the guy everybody called on  
if they were in trouble.  
I wanted to help people...  
... and yeah, I wanted to slide down  
those wicked awesome poles.  
But money,  
that was the last thing I thought about.  
What about you, sir?  
Did you want to be a fireman?  
No, I did not.  
Truth be told, I wanted to be a veterinarian.  
Cool. Why would you want to do that?  
- I wanted to help sick animals.  
- And what do you do now?  
I own a chain of slaughterhouses.  
You kind of went the other way

on that one, didn't you?

Okay.

In the back. Come on.

Tell me what you wanted to be.

I wanted to be a magician.

- And what do you do now?

- I operate a pornographic website.

That makes people happy also, I guess.

But kind of in a grosser way.

- Who else?

- I wanted to be a senator.

- I wanted to be a florist.

- International House Pancake.

I wanted to be a man.

That explains a lot.

I wanted to be a Ping-Pong champion.

But you're not those things

you wanted to be, are you?

Everybody made a compromise,

then another compromise, and now...

... you're about to put 50,000 people out

of work to make a quick buck? Come on.

I bet if we ran into the 6th-grade versions

of ourselves right now...

... they would kick our asses

and put Bubble Yum in our hair...

... for even thinking about doing this.

He's right.

I would've beat my greedy ass red.

I would've thrown myself

off the merry-go-round.

I would've tied myself naked to a chair

and burned myself with lit cigarettes.

Did anyone here dream

of becoming a psychiatrist?

Just kidding, pal.

There's still hope

for the kids inside of all of us.

Please don't break up my uncle's company.

I always wanted to do that.

Well...

... that was very touching, Deeds.

... that was very touching, Deeds.

It appears this divestiture

has been defeated.  
Unless I'm forgetting something.  
My 300 million votes...  
... plus the 5 million votes I control  
as proxy for the foreign investors.  
So which way should I vote my 51 percent?  
I vote aye.  
305 million times.  
The ayes have it.  
And Blake Media is no more.  
Not so fast, Chuck.  
Too bad for you, when I was a kid,  
I wanted to be a good reporter.  
Miss Bennett,  
I wasn't aware you were a stockholder.  
There's a couple things you're not aware of.  
How to tweeze your eyebrows, for instance.  
Also, when Deeds gave away his fortune,  
he gave away something that wasn't his.  
- What are you talking about?  
- I have here the diary of Preston Blake.  
I stole it and read it.  
Please don't be mad at me.  
I did it for good reasons, I promise.  
I would like to read a passage  
from Mr. Blake's diary...  
... dated April 12, 1957.  
"I am a volcano of lust.  
"I've gotten this far in business  
by following my heart.  
"And I must follow it now...  
"...in love.  
"If she just gives me a sign, an opening."  
Want me to wipe the leaves  
on your ficus tree, Mr. Blake?  
You can call me Preston.  
Want me to wipe the leaves  
on your ficus tree, Preston?  
Yes.  
Yes.  
Yes!  
Who was this mystery woman?  
I have here the Blake Media ledger  
sign-in book from April, 1957.

On the night of the 12th, there was  
only one woman working on Blake's floor.  
Sadly, nine months later, she died,  
giving birth to a son.  
A son born...  
... January 23, 1958.  
That is my birthday.  
To Miss Consuela Lopez.  
That is my mother.  
And the rightful heir to \$40 billion!  
That is my money?  
A simple DNA test will show...  
... that Emilio Lopez is  
the majority stockholder to Blake Media.  
- It is my money!  
- That's your money!  
That is my money!  
Way to go, Emilio!  
I will do good things for everyone.  
Free flamenco lessons for all.  
People, people! Please!  
- That is my money.  
- Don't be misled. These are all lies.  
Mr. Cedar...  
... you are fired.  
You can't fire me!  
I'm in control!  
Get your hands off me! I'm Chuck Cedar!  
At the lake, when you saved my life...  
...which I never got a chance  
to properly thank you for...  
- You're welcome.  
- You said you didn't know who I was.  
And it made me realize  
I don't know who I am.  
So I started working on it  
and here's what I got so far.  
My name is Babe Bennett.  
I grew up in Syossett, Long Island.  
I have brown eyes and I don't know  
what my natural hair colour is anymore.  
When I was in 5th grade,  
I got a crush on Walter Cronkite.  
I really did have that Holly Hobby notebook

I was telling you about.  
I love Bruce Springsteen, Almond Roca  
and Abbott and Costello movies.  
I don't like liquorice or my ankles.  
More importantly,  
I know that I messed up real bad.  
And I'd be willing to spend  
the rest of my life...  
...begging you to give me another chance...  
...because I am so deeply in love with you...  
...and I know it's definitely  
that forever kind of love...  
You're crazy.  
You have beautiful ankles.  
Let's go home.  
You're fired! You! You!  
Oh, you, sir. You are definitely fired.  
I'd like to stay. I think I can really do  
some good if I just got another chance.  
Not fired. But tomorrow morning,  
you let me change your socks.  
Okay.  
And you, Long-Long-Longfellow...  
... you are the one  
who made all this possible...  
... with your beautiful words  
and your beautiful spirit.  
And Miss Bennett,  
with her beautiful research.  
How can I thank you?  
All I want is your friendship, Emilio.  
You're a good man.  
I'll miss you.  
Deeds!  
- How about \$1 billion?  
- All right.  
Done.  
Holy Jeez!  
I can't believe it!  
- What's that?  
- A letter from Hallmark.  
They're actually going to buy  
one of my cards.  
- My gosh! Which one?



- The one I wrote for you, remember it?

Do I remember?

"Hard to breathe, feels like floating

"So full of love my heart's exploding

"Mouth is dry, hands are shaking

"My heart is yours for the taking

"Acting weird, not myself

"Dancing around like the Keebler elf

"Finally time for this poor schlub

"To know how it feels to fall in lub"

I'm so proud of you!

Can you believe Deeds bought us all these?

Damn, these things are fast!

I'm okay!

I'm okay!