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# No Time for Love

By Robert Lees

Miss Grant, when Mirror Magazine gives you an assignment...  
Very well. I resign.  
Hallelujah! Miss Grant!  
Mr. Christley... Very busy.  
Yes, Christley? Miss Grant has resigned again.  
Christley, Miss Grant never resigns without provocation.  
What have you been doing this time?  
Isn't it within a managing editor's domain...to tell a member of his staff that her work stinks?  
It is, if the accusation is true. But you're well aware...that Miss Grant is among the foremost women photographers in this country.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. But she doesn't make sense. Remember, furthermore, that you're speaking of the woman I hope to marry.  
All right. All right. Now, look...  
I appreciate that we're supposed to be running a class picture magazine. But when there's a legitimate chance...to slip a little leg art into the world today...  
...and she comes back with this, I don't know what to say.  
Yes, well... Well...  
What was her assignment?  
Backstage at the ballet. Not a sign of a dancer in tights. Not a leg. Not even a foot.  
Christley, you have been informed...that Miss Grant may photograph her assignments as she sees fit.  
The point is, her assignment isn't in the pictures.  
Now you're quibbling.  
Please telephone Miss Grant and apologize immediately.  
For what?  
You know we can't afford to lose her...  
...and we would regret losing you.

Sometimes I feel like you must feel.  
Aren't you carrying art a  
little far, even as a hobby?  
Did you ever see an exciting  
photograph of an egg?  
Honey, the only time an egg can  
excite me is when I'm hungry.  
Katherine Grant Studio,  
this is her sister speaking.  
Oh! Just a minute.  
The monster. I'm busy.  
One minute, please.  
Come on, let the man apologize...  
...so you can stop fooling around.  
with a tired egg and get back to work.  
I don't need that job, there are other  
places, where the managing editor.  
won't try to conceal his own  
ignorance by belittling my work.  
Oh, you'll break Henry's  
heart if you don't go back.  
Come on, be a sport.  
Yes.  
Miss Grant, on behalf of my wife.  
...and three children, who must eat...  
I apologize for what I said this morning.  
...and beg you to return to work.  
Are you insinuating you were forced  
to make this call by Mr. Fulton?  
Well, I only know what I know.  
Mr. Christley, I defy you to prove.  
...that I have ever taken advantage  
of my friendship with Mr. Fulton.  
I ask for no soft assignments,  
no special courtesies.  
I see.  
May I take you at your word, Miss Grant?  
Naturally. Why?  
Well, the Interborough Vehicular  
River Tunnel Project is well underway.  
Would you care to crawl into the hole.  
...and point your talented  
camera at what goes on?  
You mean under the river

while they're still digging?  
Mr. Christley, you know that  
that's not my type of photography.  
Perhaps later, when the tunnel's  
finished and there's an opportunity.  
...to achieve some geometric  
patterns with lights and shadows.  
But the point is, my dear young lady...  
...that there wouldn't be any tunnel.  
...if it weren't for the men  
who are risking their lives.  
...in creating it right now. We're  
interested in them, not the walls.  
Of course, if you demand  
some preferred assignment...  
...naturally I'm helpless to...  
All right, all right. I told you  
I'll take whatever I'm assigned...  
...regardless of the childish,  
revengeful spirit behind it.  
You go ahead and make the  
necessary arrangements.  
And don't forget to feed your wife.  
You're in again? "In" is right.  
In a hole, under the East River!  
Photographing all those groundhogs?  
Sandhogs.  
Will you tell me why it's become a crime.  
...to photograph inanimate beauty?  
Why must there be only crossed legs.  
...and rouged faces and grime and sweat?  
Don't look at me, I had a bath this morning.  
Now we're under the river.  
Before we reach the point at  
which the men are working...  
we have to go through the compression tank.  
Some people collapse at that  
point, and others on the way out.  
Do I have my choice?  
We're all subject to the bends.  
Nitrogen bubbles in the blood stream.  
That's from the high  
pressure we have to maintain.  
...to equalize the water pressure around us.

Liberty boat.

Let's get going.

Let me take your things, Miss Grant.

No, thanks. I always pay my own way.

Hurry up. I got a date with an  
angel in a dive on Second Avenue.

Who's that?

Guess they're getting short of men!

Visitor, Mike, take it easy.

Okay, Mike.

Well, I don't feel any difference.

The only place you will  
feel it is in your ears.

If you do, hold your nose and blow like this.

It's like deep sea diving. We  
increase the air pressure in this tank.

...until it equals the pressure under  
which the men are working in the tunnel.

Could I take a picture of this?

Help yourself.

Give me the heading.

Come on, you apes.

Come on, come on, come on.

That's right. Come on.

On the phone.

Yo!

Moran? Stick your ear  
into the phone and listen.

I'm bringing a woman down.

On the company's time?

Stop clowning. She's a  
photographer from Mirror Magazine.

...and is going to shoot some  
pictures of the men working.

So, for the love of mud, have  
them watch their language.

What's the temperature in here? Way over 100.

Quiet down.

Quiet! Quiet! Quiet, up there.

When I say quiet, I want it quiet.

Listen, you fatheads,  
there's a lady coming down...

...so the cussing is out.

If you can't talk without

cussing, then make faces.  
What's the idea of bringing a dame down here?  
Don't they know it's bad luck?  
I'm getting out while I got my health.  
If we had brains, we'd all get out.  
You can suit yourself about  
that, but whatever happens...  
...keep your snouts out of the  
gutter, you muck-covered baboons...  
...or I'll kick you out of  
your hairy hides and throw...  
Moran!  
Mr. Taylor, the men say they won't work.  
while there's a woman in the tunnel.  
It's an old superstition,  
there's nothing I can do about it.  
They're a jinx underground.  
We ain't inviting trouble.  
Well, I'm sorry. I didn't realize.  
You see, they told me that  
this was where I'd find.  
...real, honest-to-goodness  
fearless men.  
Nobody mentioned anything  
about superstitious children.  
Well, you heard what the lady  
said. Come on, back to work.  
Back to work. Come on, come on, come on.  
And mind your language.  
Thank you very much.  
Mr. Morrisey, might I have your  
assistance with this slave bracelet?  
Mr. Hanagan, it's a pleasure to help you.  
And it's my turn to carry the heavy end.  
Thank you, Mr. Hanagan.  
What you expected?  
It's like small-time vaudeville!  
Easy, easy.  
Little over this way.  
Lower. Lower.  
Little more. Little more. That's it.  
Pardon me. What do you do?  
I'm a butterfly presser.  
I mean, what's your title?

No titles down here. We're all democrats.  
What do you want?  
Would you like to pose for me?  
I didn't bring my butterflies.  
Now, look, you needn't be cute.  
I just need a fairly human  
model for some pictures.  
That's out. My mamma done told me.  
Ryan, I suggest you  
cooperate with Miss Grant.  
The president of the  
company seen fit to do so.  
Maybe she's his type.  
Listen, you... Hey, Ryan, get to it now.  
Pardon me, folks. Work.  
Sorry, Miss Grant.  
Oh, that's all right.  
After all, the sun isn't  
shining and he's a groundhog.  
Come on, lean on it, boys.  
Listen, Superman, for two bits.  
I'd slug that big yap  
of yours shut so tight...  
Shut up, both of you.  
Stand back. Take it away.  
Okay!  
Take it easy. That's it.  
That's it.  
Here it comes, Ryan.  
Look what's down there. Hey,  
Jack, Willie, pipe the Jane.  
How about looking up here  
so we can see your kisser?  
What are you doing Thursday night?  
Hiya, babe. How about taking my picture?  
Mr. Taylor, can he lean a little farther out?  
Ryan, lean out a little  
more. Make it look good.  
A little more. Little further, Ryan.  
I can't see her face, but  
she looks kind of cute.  
Hey, watch the plate! What  
are you doing up there?  
Miss Grant, are you hurt?

No. No, I'm all right.  
Fast thinking, miss, but  
now they know you're a jinx.  
All right, men, get him  
into the compression tank.  
Three of you, easy now. He  
may have busted something.  
You'd better go with them. All  
right, get that plate back in place.  
My camera. Come on, come  
on, get back to work.  
Where do you think you are, you baboons?  
Why didn't you watch what you're  
doing? Come on, back to work.  
Okay, punks. Get back  
inside. Come on. Break it up!  
Okay, take it away.  
Get me the clinic.  
Moran speaking. Had an accident.  
Do you think he'll be all right?  
Lady, he's an Irishman. He's  
either all right now or he's dead.  
It was all my fault.  
If it hadn't been for you, that  
nutcracker would have beaned him.  
But you should have stood out of the tunnel.  
Here comes Ryan.  
Come on, quit stalling.  
Shake your head and see what happens.  
Nothing loose.  
Are you still here?  
Is that the thanks she gets  
for saving your no-good life?  
Huh?  
Who do you think rolled you out  
of the way of that powder puff?  
She did? She did.  
A man can't turn his back without... Thanks.  
If you'd quit showing  
off in front of skirts...  
...you wouldn't be taking spills.  
Who was showing off? She asked  
me to lean out, didn't you?  
I didn't mean for you to lean that far.

Pay no attention to him, lady.  
You big, bull-headed goof.  
Trying to blame a woman for  
them mud barges he calls feet.  
One more crack from any of  
you and you get a free lump.  
Jiggers, kids. Superman's getting sore.  
Maybe he thinks the lady's  
gonna save him again.  
Oh, here, gentlemen!  
Oh, no! Help! Help!  
Help! Help! Help! Help!  
Oh, help! Help!  
Now, who was saying what?  
Hiya, Doc.  
Hey, it's the Doc with the checker.  
Clancy. Clancy. It's the Doc  
with the checker. Morrisey.  
Morrisey. Come on, Morrisey.  
The Doc and the checker. Come on, get up.  
Put him on the bench, right there.  
Come on, Morrisey. Come on.  
Come on, sit down.  
What about that one?  
Oh, Pete! Wake up, Pete.  
Pete, come on. Wake up, Pete!  
Come on, Morrisey.  
Let's put him on the bench.  
Breathe deep, that's right.  
The Doc and the checker.  
Let's put him on the bench.  
Hiya, men. Hi.  
You're bleeding.  
Don't tell a soul or I'll get fired.  
Confidentially, I was in a fight.  
Funny, the way the doctor  
got the wrong patient.  
You men are quite loyal  
to each other, aren't you?  
Against outsiders.  
Oh, you can take the chip off your shoulder.  
I'll be out of here in a few  
minutes, and I don't expect to return.  
There's no chip. I still

don't think you're a jinx...  
...but you're just not my  
type of dame, that's all.  
Type of dame?  
You've been on the prowl  
ever since you met me.  
Aren't you old enough to know it?  
What...  
Why, you conceited ape!  
Maybe there's something about  
you I could like, I don't know.  
Right now I'm booked solid,  
so I figured I'd wise you up.  
...that you're wasting  
your time. End of the line.  
You are living proof that men  
can exist without mentality.  
Is it actually within the limits.  
...of your exalted ego to believe.  
...that a woman of education and love.  
...of the finer graces could fall for you?  
I don't get all that.  
Well, may I put it this way?  
At home, in my bedroom, I have  
an inanimate object, a chair...  
...that has 10 times more  
quality and character than you.  
A chair? A chair, Mr. Groundhog. Good day.  
A chair.  
Hey, mush mouth, this belongs to the lady.  
If you run, you can catch her.  
Hey, wait a minute. I'll  
see that she gets it.  
How about a ride back? No,  
dearie, you're too knobby.  
Well, next time...  
Safe to come in? Yes, all right.  
I'm dying to see the ape.  
Can he talk or does he  
just grunt and make signs?  
Wait till you see his picture.  
A mental throwback to the alphabet soup era.  
Maybe we could put him under  
contract and exhibit him.

King Kong! Looks as though  
he would eat his own folks.  
That's a good picture. The  
lighting on the shoulder.  
Yeah, I'll say it is!  
Wait till I call the mob.  
Oh, no, Hoppy!  
Hey, come see what Kate found in a hole.  
A mouse? Oh, where?  
No, the abysmal brute. Come on.  
What? What is it? Come on.  
Ladies and gentlemen, It. Well, what is it?  
It's a tableau representing  
the brotherhood of man.  
It's one sandhog against the world.  
The world being the other  
three sandhogs he knocked out.  
He did all that alone? He's sweet.  
Well, he's the nearest thing to  
primordial man I've ever encountered.  
And the one encounter was more than enough.  
But, Kate, one can't be expected  
to have all those muscles and think.  
Well, dear, Christley wanted you  
to photograph life in the raw...  
...and you've given it to him. With onions.  
Christley is not getting  
that picture for publication.  
Why not?  
Well, Henry, if that were published...  
...those men would lose their jobs.  
I don't want to be responsible for that.  
Excuse me.  
You know, beneath her exalted  
exterior, there actually beats a heart.  
Oh.  
You left this in the tunnel.  
Thanks, I was going to phone.  
And while I'm here, I'd  
like to see that chair.  
What chair? The one that's better than me.  
Oh.  
Well, perhaps I was exaggerating a little.  
I can decide that. Just show me the chair.

All right.  
This? That.  
What do I owe you?  
An apology.  
A chair's supposed to  
be made to sit on. I sat.  
I'm not speaking about the chair.  
You made certain remarks today.  
I'd rather hear about the chair.  
What was it you said?  
That it had 10 times more  
quality and character than me?  
"Had" is right. Will you go now?  
You kind of spoiled my supper tonight.  
When a guy gets a feeling he  
knows a little about women...  
...and then along comes something like you...  
...it puts him right back in short pants.  
How was that chair better than me?  
Well, it had grace and  
quiet dignity, and beauty.  
Oh.  
Naturally you don't understand.  
I think you're talking through your ears.  
Like I said, a chair is  
made to hold people up.  
That one couldn't. I can.  
Put me down this minute.  
If you want to leave a chair,  
you get up and walk away from it.  
Try and get away from me. If you  
don't let me go, I'll scream for help.  
Now you've got something to scream about.  
Oh, you coward. Kissing a woman.  
What am I supposed to kiss?  
Well, I feel better now. I've  
got my long pants on again.  
Wait a minute. What are you insinuating now?  
Why didn't you scream?  
I'm no child.  
I see you're not, but I  
don't think you know it.  
No, I might get interested. So long.  
Superman!

Mr. Ryan, of all the conceited...  
Look, everybody. See what I found.  
Isn't he gorgeous? Superman.  
Mr. Ryan, these are friends of mine.  
This is Mr. Ryan, the sandhog  
you saw in the pictures.  
He just came to return a tripod.  
In the bedroom?  
Well, couldn't he return  
it in the living room?  
Miss McDonnell, Mr. Ryan. Hello.  
And my sister, Miss Grant. How do you do?  
Mr. Fulton, the publisher of Mirror Magazine.  
How're you? Mr. Dunbar, the playwright.  
How do you do? Hello.  
Mr. Kent, the... And Mr.  
Roger Winant, the composer.  
Kate was telling us how  
you destroyed Local 908  
...of your union today. Only three.  
Don't be bashful, man, we know  
there must have been a dozen.  
I said there was three.  
"Were" three, chum.  
Thanks, dollface.  
But you haven't a mark.  
Did you blow them down?  
Oh, leave him alone.  
My dear, do you think we  
could harm this Viking?  
Perhaps Mr. Ryan would like  
to enlarge on the gory details.  
Great idea. Act it out, will you?  
I'll give you some background music.  
That's enough. It's okay, babe.  
Well, if you really want to  
hear it... We're breathless.  
May sound sort of bragging. Oh, naturally.  
Well, as I said, there were three  
of them. Weren't you frightened?  
No, I always remember something  
my father told me years ago.  
He said, "If it's Saturday night  
and a horse steps on your head..."

"get out of the gutter  
because you're drunk. " Get it?  
Frankly, no.  
So, the three of them come charging in.  
Clancy leads with his stomach, like yours.  
So I hook him, like that, only harder.  
Then I grabbed the other two guys.  
And banged their heads together, like that.  
After that we all had a beer and went home.  
What does it say in the  
book about head bandages?  
So long. So long, kid. Thanks for the laughs.  
Darling, I think you owe me an explanation.  
About what?  
About what happened in the other room.  
I haven't the slightest idea.  
Oh, don't say that.  
Which of the new plays interested you?  
I see. No, I missed Abie's Irish Rose.  
Have you read any good books lately?  
Books?  
B-O-O-K-S.  
Well, of course, if you  
have no mind to read...  
...or even if you're of no mind...  
Pardon me, your spoon,  
it's in your coffee cup...  
...and it's likely to be in your eye.  
So, at last, he's driven you crazy.  
Oh, hello.  
Dreams again last night?  
Mmm-hmm.  
Those liver pills didn't help, eh?  
Well, as the brainy half  
of this sister act...  
...it's up to me to pull  
you through the crisis.  
But how the devil do you fight dreams?  
Hoppy, I think I have the answer.  
Honestly? Mmm-hmm.  
I've analyzed the situation  
coldly and without prejudice.  
What is upsetting me to the point.  
where I can no longer

call my emotions my own?  
Not the man himself, but dreams about him.  
Therefore, I've decided to  
have such dreams when I'm awake.  
...and have some control over my mind.  
You've been talking that way  
since you were six years old.  
It must have been something Mother ate.  
You interrupted one of my conscious dreams.  
Mr. Ryan's having breakfast with me.  
I see. It was something Mother ate.  
You will note that Ryan is completely  
without the glamour he assumes at night.  
He's simply a muddy man  
who works in a tunnel.  
His shoes are dirty, his napkin  
is tucked under his chin...  
...he goes blank when I  
mention books and plays...  
...and he's utterly incapable of  
contributing to an intelligent conversation.  
Pardon? Toothpicks? No, I'm sorry.  
No. You have a cavity? Yes, I see.  
Certainly you may use your fork.  
Oh, hello, Hilda. Just  
pretend you're not here.  
Doesn't he pick his teeth gracefully? Duck!  
Aren't you glad I warned you? The  
man's utterly without breeding.  
If he did what I think he did,  
I ought to kick his ears off.  
Hoppy, isn't it marvelous?  
He's becoming revolting.  
Great! Only how do you know  
that's the way he actually is?  
Well, I... Of course, it could be.  
...that you've imagined him  
correctly, down to his last tooth.  
So, if I am correct...  
...a few well-chosen hours with the mug.  
would snap me out of this adolescent daze.  
Hoppy, I'll deliberately see  
him and make these things happen.  
Well, I don't see that it's

necessary to carry things that far.  
What if something went wrong?  
You're likely to find yourself  
living in a tunnel for two.  
I know what I'm doing, and I  
have faith in my own intelligence.  
Well, I haven't. And furthermore, I...  
Oh, answer that, Hoppy, will you?  
I'm going to make a phone call.  
All right, all right, I'm coming.  
Doorbells should ring once and  
then electrocute the ringer.  
Oh.  
Won't you come in?  
Do you know anything about this?  
Go get your sister.  
Ryan. Ryan, Ryan, Ryan...  
Like rabbits.  
I can't find him. Do you  
think he might be listed.  
...in the business directory under "sandhog"?  
He's in the living room under his hat.  
He is?  
Hey, I thought your approach  
was to be strictly scientific.  
What do you suppose he wants?  
Well, I think there's been a mistake.  
A mistake?  
Hello.  
Sweet kid. What's the matter?  
You knew I'd be in a jam the  
minute this picture was printed.  
But to make yourself look good on the job...  
...you're willing to turn it in  
and get me four months' suspension.  
How did they get this?  
Look, if I want acting, I'd go to a show.  
But I swear I had nothing... Hoppy!  
Mr. Ryan, before you make any accusations...  
...you should be ready  
to prove your statements.  
You took the picture, didn't  
you? For that magazine, wasn't it?  
So now, at a time when I

need every cent I can get...  
...along comes this, and  
I get tossed out on my ear.  
Hoppy!  
Coming, sister dear.  
Well?  
Nice, isn't it?  
You knew this particular  
picture was not to be released.  
Now, who got it?  
Henry. But why didn't you tell me?  
After the way this gorilla  
cracked Henry's skull...  
...he had every right to print it.  
Who does he think he is anyway...  
...barging into people's  
apartments uninvited?  
Keeping them awake nights.  
Awake nights? What are you talking about?  
Why, certainly, she hasn't been  
able to... She's hysterical.  
Mr. Ryan, I was not responsible  
for the publication of this picture.  
I want you to believe me.  
Okay. Doesn't help anything,  
but I'll take your word for it.  
Of course, I was involved to the extent of.  
...taking it and not destroying the negative.  
Forget it.  
But you've been suspended at a time.  
when you say you need money badly.  
If it's a question of going hungry...  
Who's going hungry? You angling  
to toss some charity my way?  
No.  
I'd like to offer you a job for  
the duration of your suspension.  
Working for you? Like what?  
Well, I have certain plans.  
I get it. Lady, I told you  
once I don't want to play.  
If you want to buy some muscles,  
go out and get a cheap cut of beef.  
Why, you...

Listen, you big ape. I'm not interested in your nauseating charm. I was offering you a job! What can I do around here? Well, you could carry heavy equipment, couldn't you? With the proper training, you might even learn. ...to turn on a light by snapping a switch. No posing? No, Mr. Ryan. You have my permission to conceal your magnificent figure. ...at all times under an overcoat and three heavy blankets. Man's got to be careful these days. What's the pay? What were you getting? 150 a week. Well, naturally that's... I know. What can you afford? Say, 35? Forty at the most. Well, I wouldn't take the job if I didn't figure you owe me something. I'll start at 35 and find out if I'm worth 40. That's a deal. What do I do first? Take off your hat. Backstage at the Marquis Theatre. Sounds good. A day in the lives of 40 little bleached, arrested mentalities. It's a wonderful assignment. People like to know about them. What people? You, for instance? I already know. Oh, naturally. Ryan, I hope there's no need to warn you about any horseplay. Remember, we're here on business. Yes, teacher. You can do without the humor, especially when it isn't. You wait here while I get the stage manager. Mr. Ryan, Mr. Sweetzer. How do you do?

Hello. Now let's see. Give me the camera.  
Say, that's quite an effect, isn't it?  
Yes, it is.  
Back home we call it a rope.  
Believe it or not, you were  
trying to catch a streetcar.  
If you can spare the time, Mr.  
Ryan, there's some work to be done.  
Visitors, girls!  
Girls, this is Miss Katherine Grant and...  
Hello. Jim Ryan. Hi!  
These people are from the Mirror Magazine...  
...and I want you to give  
them your fullest cooperation.  
Mirror Magazine! Oh, wonderful!  
If you should need me,  
Miss Grant... We won't.  
...I'll be right down the hall.  
Thank you very much.  
Hello, Mr. Ryan. Are you  
going to skip poor little me?  
Not if I can help it.  
Oh.  
You for me.  
Oh, I'm just crazy for Mirror Magazine. Yeah?  
Give me a break, will you, beauty?  
What a job! Sure thing, cushions.  
The name's Darlene.  
Now, how do you want me to pose?  
Strictly legit or ranky-tanky.  
Oh.  
I leave all the picture-taking  
to my assistant over there.  
I can show you how to look good, though.  
Oh, you're awfully nice. But most men are.  
Get up on the table. All right.  
Cross you legs.  
Now turn a little more, so we  
can get a little more of the...  
Yeah, that's...  
Ryan! Huh?  
Be back in a minute. All right.  
I thought you understood this is no time.  
...for personal projects. Now, stand by.

What are you beefing about? I just lined up.  
...the snappiest fruit basket  
in the show for a picture.  
Oh, I suppose that took effort.  
All I know is what men like to see in  
a picture. Why don't you take a look?  
What is she? An old friend as of today?  
Come on, be a good guy. Give the kid a break.  
No. Why not?  
We're interested only in certain types.  
Oh, afraid, huh?  
Afraid I might bag a homer with your  
boyfriend here. I'm wise, sister.  
My boyfriend?  
Looks like her round.  
Well, far be it from me to  
hide a light from a bushel.  
If that's what the great American  
public wants, we'll give it to them.  
All right. Smile, Miss... Darlene.  
Now, try to look intelligent. Huh?  
Thank you. Hey, my face was open.  
I wasn't ready. Oh, you looked great, honey.  
With your picture on the cover,  
we'll sell two million magazines.  
See you later, huh? Uh-huh.  
One at a time, girls. We'll  
get around to all of you.  
Take my word for it.  
Ryan, you're an absolute genius.  
Not only do those girls  
think you're my boss...  
...but they also believe  
you own the magazine.  
Can I help it if I look like an executive?  
And that Darlene.  
Where on earth could she  
find a name like that?  
Sounds like a substitute for butter.  
She's a swell kid.  
I'm well aware of your opinion...  
...but I don't have to share it, do I?  
She can do five shows a day. Can you do that?  
Those simple little dance steps?

I've seen children dance better  
than that, on their hands.  
And if I bleached my hair, I could look just.  
...as cheap and tough as  
Darlene and six friends.  
Maybe you could, at that.  
You better watch yourself.  
You know, you're not a bad egg. Mmm?  
Nothing razzle-dazzle...  
...but you could be a lot of  
woman if you ever got the urge.  
You're talking to your employer, Ryan.  
I like it. You got brains,  
ability, good looks.  
Everything a man admires in a woman.  
Well, thanks.  
Say, are we working tonight?  
No. What are you doing?  
Nothing.  
Then would you be as sweet as  
you look and lend me your car?  
What? Thanks. You're a pal.  
I maneuvered a date with Darlene.  
Oh, that's fine.  
In these times, with my  
tires, you're going joy riding.  
Oh, no, you got me wrong. All  
I want to do is park it out.  
...in front of her apartment for a flash.  
After all, I'm supposed to be a big shot.  
You know, this is wonderful.  
Positively wonderful!  
Exactly as I'd hoped.  
What's wonderful?  
You're proving my point, you ape.  
Look at her. Brazen, bleached,  
not a brain in her head.  
What did she do to you?  
Nothing.  
Only wouldn't you know she'd  
be just the type for Ryan?  
They were attracted to each  
other like syrup to a pancake.  
Can't be this light that's turning you green.

I told you, you can't  
fight fire by eating it.  
I'm doing all right. One more day like this.  
...and I'll be so fed up with the man...  
...it'll be an effort to listen to his name.  
I don't think.  
Who's here besides Roger? Henry.  
Oh, what does he want?  
Don't ask me. He's your boyfriend.  
Hello. Oh, hello, dear.  
I had hopes that you might  
be lonely this evening.  
Lonely? With 200 pounds  
of manhood on her payroll?  
Who told you that? Wasn't I supposed to tell?  
Tell what?  
She hired that big sandhog as an assistant.  
...in a crazy attempt to get fed up with him.  
Silliest idea I ever heard of.  
I don't think it's silly. I  
ate a whole jar of honey once.  
What? Period.  
You hired that ditch digger  
who was here the other night?  
Mmm-hmm. Is there a law against it?  
Well, what does he know about photography?  
Nothing.  
Have you lost your mind, Kate?  
Are you letting yourself be  
completely swayed by emotionalism.  
Oh, no. Exactly the opposite.  
I was attracted to the man.  
Now I'm deliberately proving how  
ridiculous that attraction is.  
But you were attracted.  
Isn't that what she said?  
Katherine, I insist that you  
end this association immediately.  
Go ahead and insist.  
Meanwhile, I'll continue settling  
my own problems in my own way.  
Katherine Grant speaking.  
Hi. This is Ryan. Say, how'd  
that picture of Darlene come out?

Where are you?  
It did, huh? That's great.  
Ryan, you'd better tell  
that girl immediately.  
...that her picture will not be used.  
RYAN... On the cover, huh?  
Hey, that's a break, isn't it?  
Yeah, she'll be glad to  
hear it. Won't you, honey?  
Oh, gee, yeah!  
Listen to me. I don't care what you do...  
...but I demand the  
return of my car right now.  
Do you understand? Right now!  
Oh, sure, I'll explain it takes a  
couple of weeks before publication.  
Well, don't work too hard, kid. Good night.  
Oh, gee, you're wonderful!  
Just keep that in mind.  
Oh, morning.  
Nice to see you, too.  
This should be very interesting.  
Oh, you mean about the car?  
Well, it was so late last  
night when I finished...  
I figured it'd be better  
if I... Finished what?  
Are you kidding?  
Well, I'm not surprised to learn  
why you're in need of money.  
But if you think I'm going to  
let you use your job with me.  
...as a persuasive influence.  
...on the blondenes of Broadway...  
You mean I'm a bad boy?  
You're positively disgusting!  
Fair enough.  
Oh, you owe me one day's  
pay. Are you quitting?  
Wasn't I just fired? No!  
You were being reprimanded.  
Oh, well, let's get to work.  
You know, I was thinking...  
...those girls at the

theater yesterday were okay...  
...but I know a spot that's  
got some that are really choice.  
Want me to show you today?  
No, we're working right  
here. Oh, anything good?  
Special assignment. The Body Beautiful.  
Oh, where is she?  
Who? The... What you said.  
All ready.  
All right? Hmm? Oh, yes. This way, Mr. Brice.  
Will you stand by the pedestal, please?  
Oh, Ryan, at the Annual Convention  
of Physical Culture Directors.  
Mr. Brice was voted to have the  
most beautiful body in America.  
This is my assistant, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Brice.  
Glad to know you. It's a pleasure, Ryan.  
What was the idea of that?  
Sorry, I guess I don't know my own strength.  
Mr. Brice, if you...  
Catching a guy off guard, eh?  
I said I was sorry.  
Come on, introduce us again.  
Come on, shake hands fair  
and square, I dare you.  
Say, what's going on there? Stop that! Here.  
I happen to be paying your salary, Ryan.  
You can play games on your own time.  
Now get down.  
Wise guy.  
Tip that light down a little, will you?  
The one near his right shoulder.  
Sorry, pal.  
What happened? He poked me!  
I did not. I was fixing the  
light and my elbow slipped.  
Ryan, I'll thank you to  
concentrate on your duties.  
Adjust the light above him. I want  
to accentuate those chest muscles.  
Chest muscles.  
Now, take your position, please, Mr. Brice.  
Yes, give me a little more of...

Hmm. Hmm. That's enough.  
Now tip the light a  
little more this way. More.  
There, that's it. Now tighten it there.  
I doed it.  
Ryan!  
I guess I tightened it too loose.  
Oh, are you hurt?  
What are you trying to do? Kill me?  
Not by hitting you on the head.  
No, no, no! Here, here, here, stop it!  
Stop, stop!  
Go on. Let him go. I'll  
toss him out the window.  
Stop it! Mr. Brice, there's  
work to be done. Now let's do it.  
Ryan, clear this mess out of the way.  
You just told me not to touch him.  
You know what I'm talking about. Now do it.  
You, take your position. Goodness.  
All right, Mr. Brice, now let's see.  
Now turn around, let's see the back.  
Fine, that should be good. Get it up, Ryan.  
Ryan! Never mind, I'll  
take care of that. Get back.  
Will you turn around?  
Little higher.  
There, that's all right.  
That's fine. Leave it alone.  
All right, Mr. Brice. Hold it.  
It's a still picture, Mr. Brice.  
Stop rippling those muscles.  
All right. Okay, now I'm going  
to take one more for protection.  
After this, we'll take one with  
the barbell. Get it for him, Ryan.  
There, that's fine. Give  
him the barbell, Ryan.  
Sure. Here you are, pal.  
Ryan! Have you gone mad?  
Oh, Mr. Brice! Ryan! He's  
a strong man, isn't he?  
If I can throw it, he ought  
to be able to catch it.

Get me up. I'll kill him!  
Get out, you! Get out of here.  
You better go take a walk or something.  
You mean so he won't kill me?  
Oh, get out! No, come here and help him.  
No. Why should I help somebody I don't like?  
So long, Atlas.  
Hello, Mr. Brice. Resting?  
That's probably Henry. Will you tell  
him I'll be with him in a minute?  
Yeah.  
Oh, hello, Roger. Hello, Hoppy.  
Come on in.  
It's Roger. Why?  
Why not? Food and drink here are free.  
Hello, Kate. Ready?  
I'm sorry, Roger. I'm dining  
with Henry this evening.  
No need to be sorry. Henry has to work.  
I'm entertaining you tonight at his expense.  
Well, of all the...  
Why didn't he phone?  
There might have been something  
else I'd rather do, you know.  
That's what he's afraid of.  
Go on out with him, Katie.  
Any man as understanding as Roger.  
...deserves the best food Henry can buy.  
Might as well.  
Say, eat a good square meal, will you, Roger?  
Stop raiding our ice box.  
I brought this myself. A nickel.  
Oh, spendthrift.  
Where's your sandhog?  
Probably in his cage for  
the night. Bye, Hoppy.  
Goodbye, kids. Have fun.  
Goodbye, Hoppy.  
How is the campaign coming?  
Has he nauseated you yet?  
Well, confidentially, I'm  
not making much headway.  
Whatever he does, he does well.  
Maybe you've never had

him out of his element.  
As a matter of fact, I  
haven't, except by imagination.  
Well, imagination is all right  
for people with no teeth...  
...but you're young enough to face things.  
You want to prove he's a lout, huh? Hmm.  
Well, do it.  
Take him to a literary tea at Cond's.  
...or the open forum at Carnegie.  
Places where he'd stand  
out like a starched penguin.  
Wouldn't that be a touch on the nasty side?  
Oh, I wouldn't wish the  
treatment on a neighbor's cat...  
...but if you honestly want  
to get fed up with the man...  
As long as I have time  
on my hands this evening.  
What are you going to do?  
Oh, excuse me!  
May I ask? You may.  
We're being honored at dinner, I hope...  
...by the presence of James  
Ryan, Esquire, Local 908.  
Kate, you're not going to...  
You look very nice, dear.  
I love this place.  
You could be thrown into a panic  
by a waiter with squeaky shoes.  
This way, sir.  
Roger, wake up, he's coming.  
Oh.  
Oh, Katie.  
Well, look at you! Oh, hello.  
Ryan, you remember Roger.  
Oh, the little piano  
player. How are you? Hello.  
This is quite a joint. I've got a rich uncle.  
who was buried in one of these.  
Ryan, I'm sorry our assignment  
has fallen through...  
...but the people we were to photograph  
have canceled their reservation.

I don't blame them. Why  
don't we get out of here?  
Oh, Ryan. Miss Grant and I are celebrating.  
Celebrating what?  
Well, Tchaikovsky and I have just composed.  
...a number which looks like being a hit.  
Perhaps, you'd join us for dinner, would you?  
If this is your idea of  
celebrating, I'm game.  
Oh, good.  
Say, Tchaikovsky is dead, isn't he?  
That's right.  
How do you feel?  
What's "soupe du jour"?  
I'll have it. You have it, too.  
I'll have it, too.  
What's this here?  
Monsieur, that is corned beef and cabbage.  
Why don't they put it down?  
I'll have some of that.  
Three bucks for corned beef and cabbage!  
Ryan, not so loud.  
I'll bet you couldn't lift three bucks'  
worth of corned beef and cabbage.  
Monsieur is complaining?  
The name isn't "Monsieur", it's Ryan.  
This is Miss Grant, and that's  
Mr. Roger. Get off your horse.  
Glad to know you. My name  
is O'Conner. How are you?  
Patrick Aloysius.  
Now look, pal. We got roped  
in here on a bum steer.  
What's the word?  
Confidentially, the corned  
beef and cabbage stinks.  
What's good then? Nothing.  
Nothing in the joint is good.  
Now, don't be letting  
on that I wised you up...  
...but did you ever hear of a  
place by the name of Murphy's?  
Did I ever hear of Murphy's?  
Hey, that's an idea.

Come on, let's get out of  
here. I'll show you how to eat.  
Thanks, O'Conner.  
Tell Murphy that I ain't  
been able to be around lately.  
...on the account of me old lady  
is using me for Red Cross bandages.  
Sure, I'll do it. You  
owe for two drinks, bud.  
Adios, butch.  
Now you're talking.  
Here you are, pal.  
Thanks. So long.  
Here you are. What are you doing in here?  
Come on, let's go home. Come on.  
Oh, sit down, you!  
Drinks? Yeah, coffee.  
Coffee. Milk.  
Not bad for four bits, huh?  
I know men with ulcers  
who'd give \$10 for a whiff.  
And whatever else Murphy  
is, he's certainly generous.  
Come on, eat up. You've needed  
something like this for years.  
Just how do you mean that?  
Don't get touchy. I mean you need  
a little ketchup in your life.  
What a thought!  
Ketchup.  
Well, blow my torch, if it ain't Superman.  
How are you, noisy?  
You remember Clancy. Miss Grant.  
Oh, Lady Bad Luck, glad to see you.  
Hiya, Clancy. The name's  
Kate. How's things in the cave?  
The name's Roger. Glad to know you, pal.  
Who you hitting?  
Thought it was the custom.  
The tunnel ain't been the same without  
you. Not a good fight in two days.  
What's happened to Morrisey?  
He'd challenge a dead duck.  
He's in the back room with

the mob, spoiling for a brawl.  
Come on, bring your friend.  
We just came in here for a bite.  
The lady means she's a lady.  
The lady means she didn't want  
Ryan to lose his beautiful teeth.  
Lead on, Clancy.  
Now there's a woman with a head of her own.  
She get like this often? Only  
when annoyed by men named Ryan.  
Hey! Look what I found. Hello.  
Hey, what's the idea? You  
know the rules. No dames.  
Morrisey, your mouth is too loud.  
You know, all I've heard from  
sandhogs are rules against women.  
It would be interesting to  
learn how a sandhog is born.  
That's telling them, Miss Kate. Grab a chair.  
Oh, don't be so formal. Call me "Toots. "  
Hiya, slaves. Oh, Superman.  
The old windbag himself.  
This is Roger. He's a friend of Miss Grant's.  
I guess you remember her from the tunnel.  
I'd give a buck and a  
half if I could forget her.  
She cost you your job. What  
are you hanging around her for?  
Or am I being too commercial?  
I could poke you in the nose for an answer.  
When you grow up, you could.  
Oh, and there's plenty of room to fight here.  
Now, you stay out of this, Peter,  
or I'll join in and choose you.  
You try a punch and I'll be in it. Me, too.  
Which side? Either side.  
Waiter, could I have a check?  
Well, somebody hit somebody  
so we can get going.  
Now wait a minute... Let him alone.  
I wanna see if I can send him  
through the door without opening it.  
Oh, now listen to me, all of you.  
You're acting like a bunch of children.

What good is fighting if you don't  
know what you're fighting for?  
We're gonna see who's head man.  
I've no illusions.  
The head man doesn't get  
there by brute strength.  
He uses a combination of  
qualities. Brains, agility.  
Hey, that sounds like dirty  
fighting to me. Shut up!  
Listen, tell them what you mean,  
so I can understand it better.  
Well, I mean, here you are, ready  
to beat each other's brains out.  
...over a simple argument that  
could be settled without a blow.  
Like how? Like...  
Roger, get over to the piano. Oh, piano.  
Now, the rest of you, move  
this table out of the way.  
Come on. Well, come on!  
Come on, you heard what the lady said.  
Put it over there, will you?  
That Ryan sure picks some  
pips. Now look what he brings.  
I remember as a girl we used this method.  
...to decide who was our natural leader.  
What are you getting at? Musical chairs.  
Musical chairs with these kiddies?  
Well, why not? They want  
to find out who's the boss.  
Why should everybody bleed to death?  
Now let's see. One, two, three...  
...four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!  
Now I want eight chairs. One,  
two, three, four, five, six.  
Now two more. You see? There's  
one less chair than there are men.  
Now you form a circle around  
here. Come on. Right over here.  
And you keep marching so  
long as the music plays.  
The minute it stops, you sit down.  
The one who's left without

a chair is out. See?  
I remember this. This is a game for babies.  
What else do you think you are? Babies.  
Oh, no, come on, boys. Oh, please.  
Now if you'll give me half a chance...  
I'll prove to you the superiority  
of mind over a broken jaw.  
Yeah, let Toots show us how it  
works. Bring back the chairs.  
Thank you, Clancy. Now put that  
down, Roger, and play. Go on.  
Now, all right, march.  
Now remember, grab a  
chair when the music stops.  
Oh, no, no. Don't fight, boys. Just sit down.  
No! Not here. Wait.  
Stop it!  
Oh, my goodness! No, stop.  
Here, here, get over it. No, stop it.  
Who hit me?  
No, no, Clancy. Clancy, you're eliminated.  
Now where are the chairs? Here.  
Here's mine. All right, put them down.  
Put them down. Just like they were.  
That right. That's fine now. Here.  
All right? Now we're ready again.  
Roger.  
Now, boys, don't fight. Use  
your heads. Use your heads.  
All right, you're eliminated.  
Oh, no, boys, you haven't got the  
idea at all. Now play it right.  
Now, now, now. Stop it. Stop it!  
All right.  
He horned in after I sat  
down. That ain't fair.  
What are you talking about?  
I sit while you're trying to  
make up your big, fat mind.  
No, no, no. Morrissey, I'm  
sorry, Pete was here first.  
Yeah? I'm staying where I'm sitting.  
Oh, you are? Boys.  
Making your own rules, huh?

Let go of me now, you goofs.  
Let go of me, you goofs.  
You're right, this is a  
lot better than fighting.  
Well!  
I could have dropped you off at  
your place, the same as Roger.  
After all, the champ deserves the best.  
It'll be simpler to take the subway.  
Good night. Ryan...  
Yeah?  
You don't think much of me, do you?  
What difference does it make?  
I'd like to know why.  
I didn't say I don't like you.  
You looked pretty good  
tonight with your hair down.  
Could have had any sandhog in the place.  
Except you.  
You want me?  
Why should I? Then quit playing.  
I'll see you tomorrow.  
You see what your trouble  
is? Your head's full of hash.  
You could say, "Ryan, I'm nuts about you. "  
You might find out I feel  
the same way about you.  
Instead of that, you play Chinese checkers.  
What on earth gave you the  
idea that I'm nuts about you?  
Well, are you or aren't  
you? Well, of course not.  
Then what do you want from me?  
Why can't I catch the subway?  
Go ahead and catch it.  
Would you mind if I quit my job?  
If you want to. But do  
you mind telling me why?  
Because the longer I'm  
around you, the goofier I get.  
I'm a grown man. I've taken care  
of myself ever since I was a kid.  
By my standards, I'm as  
good as anybody on earth.

And then you come along and I  
start asking myself questions.  
Like maybe one person  
is better than another...  
...and there couldn't be any real  
happiness, just momentary infatuation.  
Yeah. Yeah, how did you know?  
Because I'm nuts about you, Ryan.  
Well, I'm not nuts. Katherine  
Grant, are you drunk?  
Where are your manners?  
Can't you see she's busy?  
Katherine.  
I'll see you inside, Hoppy.  
Ryan, if my own sister hasn't the willpower.  
...to do as she intended, I'll do it.  
If you want to avoid a kick in the pants...  
...you'd better clear  
out of here and stay out.  
What's she talking about?  
I haven't the faintest idea.  
Have you lost your head completely?  
Do you deny that ever  
since you met the man...  
...you've been deliberately  
plotting to make a fool of him?  
Tell me that wasn't your plan.  
Yeah, go ahead, tell her.  
He's got me all mixed up. You see,  
that was my intention, but I...  
Why do you lie to involve yourself?  
You know you've been making  
a game of ridiculing him.  
Pretending to be attracted.  
...so you'd be fed up with  
him as quickly as possible.  
You've even told that to Henry.  
To Henry, huh?  
Hoppy, would you please go  
inside? I want to talk to Ryan.  
No need.  
I know what you'd say.  
That maybe you weren't on the  
level before, but you are now.

That wouldn't be right.  
In the morning, you'd wake up  
cold-blooded with that same old routine.  
...about maybe one person  
is better than another.  
I guessed right the first time, kid.  
You're a phony from heel to heel.  
Sleep good.  
It's a pretty serious proposition.  
If they have to call off the project  
for good, the city will lose millions.  
So you want me to go down and  
photograph a hole that's filled up?  
No, not exactly.  
You see, there's a man who  
says he can save the tunnel...  
...and they're giving him  
a chance to prove it today.  
How's he going to do it?  
Now that I don't know.  
I realize that this is a spot news  
assignment, a bit off your block.  
But it's darned important, and, after  
all, you're familiar with the work.  
Okay. But the idea of one man  
saving an entire tunnel project.  
...sounds like Aunt Minnie's  
pipe dream. What's his name?  
Ryan. James Ryan.  
Ryan? Do you know him?  
Not as well as I thought.  
The facts are these...  
...this tunnel project has been condemned.  
...because of cave-ins  
and escaping pressure.  
...that make it impossible for the men to  
continue working with any degree of safety.  
A few years ago, Ryan  
went to work as a sandhog.  
...to familiarize himself with the  
problems of underwater construction.  
During this time, he's developed a machine.  
which he claims will  
permit resumption of work.

Well, we don't know. But  
if what he claims is true...  
...then Ryan will have  
accomplished something.  
...that's been attempted  
for years without success.  
Can't we go in for pictures?  
Sorry, but we're not risking any more  
lives than is absolutely necessary.  
There will be only the officials  
and the volunteer sandhog group.  
Here's your chance to speak to  
Ryan now and photograph his machine.  
Couldn't you have hired a small  
boy to carry all this junk?  
What's he saying?  
He's still having trouble  
getting the pressure up.  
The air is blowing right into the river.  
Ryan, these people want to ask some  
questions and take a few pictures.  
The press, huh?  
I used to be in the racket myself.  
What about the machine?  
Well, the idea for this machine came to me.  
while I was watching a  
sideshow barker at Coney Island.  
This barker put a chemical powder  
into a glass of water and froze it.  
Of course, the trick was  
supposed to have been magic.  
It took me a couple of months at  
engineering school to find out.  
...that it was simply a well-known  
endothermic chemical reaction.  
How do you spell it? I don't.  
So here we are.  
The chemical in this feedbox here.  
...is forced through these  
pipes and into the drills here...  
...goes from the drills into the muck...  
...freezing any portion of the tunnel end.  
...to prevent cave-ins and pressure escapes.  
Mind looking this way? Any questions?

We'll fire the questions if it works.  
All set, Ryan. The pressure  
is as steady as she'll ever be.  
Okay. Hey, Clancy. Follow me, please.  
Right with you, as soon  
as we finish this hand.  
Now, you knucklehead.  
Coming, Superman.  
Sorry, they won't let you  
photograph the machine in action.  
He's sorry about the nicest things.  
A publicity break like that  
would be a great help right now.  
Good luck. Hope I don't need it.  
Hey, Ryan, am I in charge  
of your water remover?  
Give me those flashbulbs. What goes on?  
Didn't I tell you to take it  
in through the machine lock?  
Yeah, so you did.  
Keep your mouth shut. I'm gonna  
photograph that machine in action.  
But, Kate...  
Didn't I tell you I'd meet  
you inside in the high air?  
Yeah. So what the devil do you wanna know?  
What are you waiting for,  
you brainless baboons?  
Hello, kid, where's your girlfriend?  
She...  
Oh, I forgot. You ain't very bright.  
Well, come on, you lugs, we can't  
keep that air high till doomsday.  
What's your hurry?  
We're working for nothing,  
my high and mighty.  
And it is doomsday.  
Oh, pardon me, dearie, I forgot  
you were a bundle of nerves.  
Gentlemen...  
You can see it from up here.  
Then you'll be able to get back in the tank.  
...in a hurry if anything happens.  
I'll be down with the crew.

Here's hoping.  
I'm not worried.  
All right in there?  
Not enough pressure to  
begin to hold back that pump.  
when they loosen the boards.  
It's as high as we can get it.  
Ryan knows what he's up against...  
...and he still claims he can do it.  
The trouble with me is I keep  
volunteering for things without thinking.  
Some morning I'm gonna wake  
up in the maternity ward.  
Did you expect a ride in the  
tunnel of love? Bring it down easy.  
Keep it coming.  
Come on, easy.  
All right, hold it there.  
Morrisey, get a power hookup for the machine.  
Right.  
I see eight spots ready to give.  
...and bury us in muck in two seconds flat.  
I see six spots where we can  
get sucked into the river bed.  
Those spots you're seeing are from bad booze.  
Come on, give me a hand, get the cover off.  
All set? Give her the juice.  
Throw it out there, you guys.  
Untangle that line.  
You all set? All right.  
Now there can't be any mistakes in this.  
...because your first one will be your last.  
When you yank that boarding  
loose, yank it all the way.  
Get clear or we'll be shoving  
these drills through your backs.  
Got to freeze that muck  
before it can bury us.  
Do you understand?  
Okay. You give us the count.  
All right, one, two, three...  
Here we go!  
We're holding our own.  
Wait. What's happening?

It's working. She's slowing down.  
Why wouldn't it work? This is my baby.  
I'll hang on till it's up  
to my ears, but no longer.  
It's a dame.  
It's that bad-luck dame.  
Get her out of here.  
No, I'm all right. Get back to your drill.  
I got to get you out of here  
and see that you're safe.  
No, please.  
All right, you guys. Hurry up...  
...it's gaining on you. Get in there.  
Mike, get ready to grab that track.  
Here they come, boys.  
We'll get the lowdown now.  
Is everything all right? What happened?  
Did it work or didn't it?  
It didn't.  
Well, we had a little tough luck.  
Everyone accounted for?  
Yeah.  
Well, gentlemen, officially the  
test must be classed as a failure.  
If you have anything to  
add to that, go ahead.  
I guess not.  
Except that the cave-ins can't  
be controlled with one machine.  
If we had six... Thanks for trying.  
Thanks. Thank you, boys.  
You fellas tried hard. I want  
you to know I appreciate it.  
I'll see you above when  
this mob clears out of here.  
Where's Kate?  
What happened to you?  
You look like a mud pie.  
Ryan.  
Why don't you get out of here?  
I had to ask you if there's  
anything in the world I can do.  
...to make up for the trouble I caused.  
No. Anything else?

I wish things had turned  
out differently because.  
I admire you so much, and  
I believe in your ability.  
I was pulling for you with all my heart.  
Look, the farther you step out  
of your stall to square things...  
...the more it smells like charity.  
You don't owe me anything. And  
if you did, I wouldn't collect.  
That's clear, isn't it?  
What's he pouting about?  
Oh, shut up. Yeah, shut up.  
Oh, I see.  
Clancy, we've got to help him.  
I was trying to figure...  
What do you mean "we"?  
You and Roger and I. There's  
something lost in there.  
...that might mean all the difference  
in the world to Ryan's chances.  
Lady, anything that's lost in  
there is going to stay lost.  
I've got to get that camera.  
Have you gone daffy?  
You mean that the three of us  
should traipse right back in there.  
where it took 10 men to get you out?  
But they were caught in the  
mud. We can go along the wall.  
Wait a minute. Apart from  
being afraid of the dark...  
I hate tunnels, even after they are finished.  
Those officials weren't close enough.  
...to see that his machine  
was having any effect.  
If we can get the camera,  
and the film isn't ruined...  
...the pictures will show that the machine.  
was actually stopping the muck.  
Why do you say it that way so I  
feel like I ain't doing all I can?  
You've answered your own  
question. Let's get out of here.

Shut up.

It might be that the muck  
has plugged those leaks.

...so that the pressure has built up again.

We could take a look.

Clancy, you're a darling.

But that ain't saying  
we're going all the way in.

Blow your nose like this.

End of the line.

I wish I knew what it was like up there now.

If it's like I think it is,  
I got no business down here.

Well, the air pressure  
seems to be holding it back.

Come on, let's try it.

Should I roll up my trousers?

I'm all right.

Over there is where I lost the camera.

Here? Now, let's see, I...

I was standing facing the tunnel and...

When it broke, I...

I must have thrown it that way.

You didn't stand there, you were under there.

What am I supposed to do?

There's not even a piano.

Feel for the camera, Roger,  
it's bound to be here.

All right, I've got a grip.

Whoa.

Muck! Roger!

There's the first reason why we  
should have stood out in the tunnel.

Roger, what on earth were you doing?

I don't remember.

Roger! Look!

Come on.

This was taken right after  
they applied the drill.

You remember my flash light  
bulb going off at the time.

And this was taken a minute later.

Now you can see that the machine.

...has cut the flow of

muck to less than half.

If Ryan and the men hadn't  
stopped to rescue me...

I'm certain they would have  
completed the experiment successfully.

Look, you can see here.

...that the cave-in  
which buried the machine.

...is developing at a different point.

You say this picture was  
taken first and this second?

Yes.

How do we know they're not reversed?

Well, among other things, by the  
relative amount of mud on the men.

How could they be cleaner on a later picture?

It's a fact, sir, that the dang thing.  
was on the level doing its stuff.

Apparently it was. Too bad we  
couldn't see more clearly at the time.

But now that you have proof,  
don't you think it worthwhile.

...to finance Ryan in construction.

...of enough of these  
machines to save the tunnel?

Well, that would take some discussion.

Of course, we thank you for  
this very encouraging evidence.

Thank you. If you do give him another  
chance, I must insist on one thing.

Yes?

Don't tell him why you're doing it...

...other than that you think  
he deserves another try.

I mean, don't mention these pictures.

Is there any particular reason?

Well, I prefer that he didn't  
feel indebted to me in any way.

Well, I'm willing to oblige you...

...but I must say I don't understand.

Very few men do understand,  
each other, I mean.

Goodbye. Goodbye.

"Katherine Grant, prominent

magazine photographer...  
"today announced her  
engagement to Henry Fulton...  
"publisher of Mirror Magazine.  
"Date of the wedding is indefinite...  
"but the engagement is  
to be celebrated tonight.  
"by a group of intimate  
friends of the bride-to-be. "  
Well, that's the most sensible news.  
...this paper has printed in years.  
So he finally did it.  
Oh, why waste words on him?  
He put me in my place, and it's  
a darn good place, if you ask me.  
Well, I agree, don't I?  
Romantic marriage went  
out with smelling salts.  
Today it's a common-sense institution...  
...and if you don't have intelligence  
enough to better your position...  
...then you deserve to fall  
in love and starve to death.  
Okay, okay.  
Quit poking your chin out  
at me, I'm on your side.  
What do you want from me?  
An argument, you dope.  
Oh, Kate.  
Oh, sorry.  
Mr. James Ryan? Who wants to see him?  
Roger Winant.  
Come in here. Thank you.  
Sit down.  
According to the river bottom samples...  
we won't have any more trouble  
till we reach this point.  
Start doubling your bracings  
50 feet before you get to it.  
Be sure that Clancy and his  
special crew is standing by.  
There's a Mr. Roger to see you.  
Roger?  
Oh, send him in.

And Miss... Maggis.  
...is getting a little impatient.  
Tell her I'll be out in a couple of minutes.  
Okay.  
You can go in, and, you, wait here.  
Hello, Ryan.  
Quite a busy place you've  
got, if you don't mind mud.  
Dust off a chair for yourself. Thanks.  
Listen, big shot.  
Darlene, this is Roger Winant.  
He's a friend of Miss Grant's.  
I'm very happy.  
Listen, if you invite a lady for  
dinner, you take her to dinner.  
I've been sitting on that  
hard bench so long, my...  
How soon will you be ready?  
I'll be out pretty soon...  
...if Roger doesn't have  
anything important on his mind.  
I wouldn't have bothered you, except  
that my carrier pigeon was sick.  
Okay, panty waist. Wrap it up, will you?  
Yes, ma'am.  
What brought you out in fresh air?  
Have you read this morning's paper?  
Haven't had time.  
There's a picture of you on the  
front page, almost recognizable.  
Never mind me. What brought you here?  
Don't rush me, I'm being diplomatic.  
There's also an announcement  
of Kate's engagement to Henry...  
...right alongside the obituaries.  
Congratulate her for me. He's a nice fellow.  
Are we talking about the same Henry?  
Look, Roger, you're a sweet little  
guy, but what brought you here?  
I think Kate should be  
marrying you instead of Henry.  
What does she think?  
She knows it.  
I see.

What did she say?

Nothing.

But I know for a fact that, from the first...

Kate fell for you like a ton of oats...

...and in trying to prove

you were no good for her...

...she proved just the opposite.

Then why is she marrying Henry?

You ask that with your toes bruised.

...from the kicks you've planted on her?

And if you ever feel like taking any

bows for what you're doing here...

...it might interest you to know that.

Kate's responsible for

the second chance you got.

No. Yes.

We went back into the tunnel with Clancy.

I fell down and came up

loaded with Kate's camera.

Then she presented photographic proof.

...to the officials that

your machine would work.

Why can't that woman let

me alone? I've got pride.

Just once in his life, a guy likes to feel.

...that he's getting somewhere on his own.

What are you trying to

tell me, that I'm a stooge?

Personally, Ryan, I think you're a goof.

Hoppy, you show all the

brilliance of an Italian general.

Sophie, will you be kind enough to

keep your eyes in their own sockets?

Play your hand as you see fit, my dear.

I'm simply outmaneuvering her.

You're getting a little bald, Henry.

Please, dear.

Do they have to make so much noise in there?

We can't concentrate.

May I ask if you've picked

up the nine of clubs?

You may, but I won't tell you.

When you pick up a card, Hoppy...

...you're supposed to lay one down.

I know rules are aggravating,  
dear, but so is the way you play.  
You put things so nicely, Henry.  
All the charm of an  
eight-year-old brat.  
Hello. Yeah.  
Well?  
If you would be so kind as  
to remove your bodyguard.  
I and you could settle  
this thing, man to man.  
All right, Hilda. Settle what?  
Oh, you know what I'm talking  
about. A guy named Ryan.  
Nothing remains to be settled about Ryan...  
...and it's obvious you don't realize.  
...you've intruded into my engagement party.  
Now don't give me that ersatz.  
This is strictly a front.  
You're still just bursting  
your stays trying to get my man.  
Your man?  
Yeah, my man.  
Oh, now, lookie here, fluffy  
face. Don't get me mad.  
Because if I get mad, I'm liable  
to throw you a dirty look...  
...and where I look dirty,  
no grass grows. Ever.  
It so happens that I'm not after  
Ryan, and he's not after me.  
Okay, okay, okay, so he not after  
you, but he ain't forgot you.  
So I'm just warning you to keep  
your chassis out of the way.  
Now is that enlightenment clear enough?  
Or do I gotta make it clearer?  
Apparently Ryan didn't teach you anything.  
You punched me.  
So she did, right on the button.  
Did you think I wasn't going to show up?  
See what I mean?  
Katherine, this is positively fantastic.  
Did you have the audacity to

invite this man here tonight?  
No, that was somebody else's idea.  
Hey, put me down! Pardon me, folks. Come on.  
No, Ryan... Put me down!  
Ryan, put him down. No, look...  
They've locked the door.  
Ryan, just what do you think you're doing?  
You had it fixed, huh?  
You know, once you said this chair  
had more character than I did.  
I think you were moving a little fast there.  
Ryan, if you don't release me  
this instant, I'll call the police.  
Go ahead and call.  
I think you're moving too fast again.  
So I thought we better  
have a little check-up.  
Well, figure it this way.  
The law allows you to have only  
one of us, and we all want you...  
...regardless of what's  
been said on both sides.  
Well... Go ahead, make your pick.  
Katherine, are you going to  
be a party to this nonsense?  
You big ape.  
That makes you an ape's wife.  
Oh, no.  
Goodbye, Henry.  
Ryan. Ryan, here I am.  
Hey, hey, hey. Let her go.  
No, Hop. Somebody open the door for him.  
Thanks, pal. Drop over for dinner sometime.  
Tomorrow night? Oh, no, not tomorrow night.