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On the Avenue

By Gene Markey

- What are you studying?

- Psychology.

- And you, dear?

- Philosophy.

Well, don't take it too seriously,

- because I know a professor of great renown.

- Yes?

And he is the loneliest man in town

Really?

He's as smart as a man can be

But he never has company

Why is he the loneliest man in town?

Huh?

- # He ain't got rhythm

- Oh.

Every night he sits in the house alone

- # Cos he ain't got rhythm

- Too bad.

Every night he sits there and wears a frown

He attracted some attention

When he found the fourth dimension

But he ain't got rhythm

so no one's with him

The loneliest man in town

A lonely man is he

- # Bending over his books

- He would.

His wife and family

Keep giving him dirty looks

Cos he ain't got rhythm

When they call him up,

it's to call him down

In the month of January

He compiles his dictionary

But he ain't got rhythm

so no one's with him

The loneliest man in town

He's lonely, he's lonesome

and he's all by his own-some

The loneliest man in town

I know every planet up in the sky

I've measured them all with my naked eye

And I've seen everything up in Mars

I know all about falling stars

But still I'm a very unhappy guy
I wonder why
You ain't got rhythm
I can read the tea leaves in my cup
But you ain't got rhythm
And I just found out how high is up
But you ain't got rhythm
I discovered once while sober
Where the flies go in October
For what I found out about the fly
I got the Nobel prize
But you can't do the Charleston
And you don't know
how to do the Black Bottom, the new rhythm
Heaven, I see heaven
Through my telescope while gazing
from Mount Wilson's highest peak
I'll explain it all in Latin or in Greek
But you're not so hot
while dancing cheek to cheek
I've mastered relativity
But when they ask it's liberty
- # They never think of asking me
- # Don't you wonder why?
Cos you don't know how to do the rumba
That's the reason you're a lonely guy
Ah, love
Venus is lovely tonight
And so is Jupiter
Jupiter's skipping from planet to planet
Jumping Jupiter
But you couldn't be stupider,
cos you ain't got rhythm
Why, I discovered liquid air
- # But you ain't got rhythm
- # And I've a cure for falling hair
- # But you can't get hot
- What?
- # No, you can't get hot
- What?
I'm a scientist to my fingertips
But you can't do nothing with your hips
That's the thing we miss
- You mean this?

- Yes!
He's got it, he's got it,
he's got it, he's got it
The man's got rhythm
These first nights bore me.
Hello. Yes, Commodore.
Your father calling, Miss Mimi.
Yes, Father.
H- h-hello, Mimi?
Your explorer friend is late for dinner.
Where is he?
He's at the Flatbush Women's Club
lecturing on love life among the Eskimos.
Daddy dear,
I need a little pin money to go shopping.
Could you let me have about 50 or 60,000?
What did you do with the 73,000
I gave you last week?
- Oh, Daddy, if you're going to be like that.
- Shh!
Mr Sims, the famous Arctic explorer.
- Frederick, that's you.
- Me?
- Greetings, Commodore.
- Hello, commie.
Well, tell me, is everybody happy?
Where's Freda? Freda!
Two years in the Arctic and they
make me an object of ridicule!
Besides, seals never followed me.
Commodore, I want you to meet
Dr Cotzopole, who discovered the tadpole.
In this corner at 125, I want you to meet
Dr Matzopole, who discovered the maypole.
- Hi, Commodore. Hi. I'm fine.
- Wait a minute.
Gentlemen, may I present my daughter Mimi?
I have been thinking, and I have decided to
finance your next expedition to the Arctic.
- Well, that's fine. I'll go to the South Pole.
- Oh. But, darling,
the South Pole has been discovered.
Been discovered?
Well, well, then I'll rediscover it.

What will you give me
if I name a mountain after you in the north?

- One million dollars.
- Take nothing less than 100,000.
- Or be gypped, eh?
- And... and my daughter's hand.
- Swell, I'll take this one.
- Let it go, let it go.
- Commodore, how old is your daughter?
- She's 16 years old today.

16?!

- 16!
- Well, well, well.

I'd like to congratulate you, Commodore.

16. And one for a good measure.

Tell me, Commodore...

Father, let's go.

- Where's the manager?
- Standing over there, sir.

Are you the manager of this show?

Yes. I hope you enjoyed the show.

How dare you permit

such an impertinent exhibition!

Is there anything funny about my expeditions
to the Arctic or about the North Pole?

- Now, now, it's all in fun.
- Fun, indeed!

My attorneys will show you
how much fun it is!

The whole thing is an outrage.

A blasted outrage!

A man of my reputation! Three voyages to
the pole to be made an object of ridicule.

- I won't stand for it, you hear?
- I'm going to bring suit against this show.

And I shall see the mayor, the governor,
and if necessary, I shall go to Washington.

- You wish to see someone?
- Yes, I want to see Mr Blake. Mr Gary Blake.

I'm sorry, Miss, but you can't see Mr Blake
while the performance is on.

I'm Miss Caraway. Now may I see him?

I think it can be arranged, Miss Caraway.

I'll tell Mr Blake you're here.

- No, I'll go in alone. I want to surprise him.

- Oh, I see.

- Where's Mr Blake's dressing room?

- Right there where the star is.

But I wouldn't advise no further than the door on account of he's changing costumes.

- Changing...

- Come in.

Lady must know Mr Blake.

I'll leave them alone.

Oh, how do you do?

That's what I think of you.

Now, wait a minute. Wait a minute.

As much as I'd like to spar,

I'm a little short of time.

- Well, I'm not short of words!

- Sorry, I've got to change my trousers.

You're ignorant and stupid!

Nevertheless, I still

have to change my trousers.

You not only made my father look ridiculous, but you made a fantastic fool out of me!

I'm sorry if the sketch offended you.

No harm was intended.

- How dare you make fun of my private life!

- You have none. You're like a goldfish.

- What?!

- Everybody knows about Mimi Caraway.

Does that give you permission

to make fun of me? My life's my own!

You're a public character,

like Mae West or Max Schmeling.

- When you powder your nose it's news.

- I'm not interested in your opinions.

I order you to take the sketch out of the show. Immediately! Do you hear me?

- Listen, I'm only an actor.

- A what?

- I make faces for a living.

- And very bad ones, if you ask me.

Something tells me you didn't like the performance. I'll get your money back.

You impudent upstart!

I'll tell you what you are. You're the poorest

sport I ever had the misfortune to bump into.
I haven't begun to say what I think of you.
For two cents, I'd slap your face.
You've already done that.
- Goodbye, Miss Caraway. Such a lovely girl.
- Hey! Put me down! Put me down!
Joe! I got something for you.
Put this back in its penthouse.
You've got to be quiet.
There's a show going on out there.
- I'm going to stop your show.
- Please be quiet. The audience will hear you.
I will not! If you don't take that
sketch off, I'll yell my head off.
- Quiet!
- Don't you dare tell me to be quiet!
- Out in the alley, Joe.
- Will you? Agh! Put me down!
Put me down! I'll have you all
arrested for this, you beasts!
Let me in! Let me in! Let me in!
If I ever see that gal again,
show me the nearest exit.
- She had a nerve slapping your face.
- She let me have it.
I don't like the idea
of any woman hitting you.
Except me.
Excuse me.
Get down! Get down, I tell you! Get down!
Go on out of here.
Get down! Down!
Get down! Down, I tell you! Get down!
All right! Down! Down!
- Morning, Father.
- Good morning, Miss Caraway.
I love to see you
having a good romp with the dogs.
How often must I ask you
to get rid of those elephants?
- How's your indigestion?
- All right.
Well, here's something in Winchell's column
that ought to cheer you up.

"Mimi Caraway was so burned up over Blake's burlesque of horror on her father and Frederick Sims, the publicity-loving explorer, that she rushed backstage last night and slapped his face. "

"The sketch, which is very funny, is the hit of the show, and if the Caraways aren't laughing, everyone else in town is. "

There you are. All New York is laughing at us.

Yes. And 13 of my friends called me up this morning, so I'd be sure not to miss it. You're a lawyer. Do something.

Well, are we going to sue the theatre?

- I don't believe we have...
- We're going to sue.
- We're going to sue everybody.
- Mr Sims.

Good morning. Good morning, everyone.

And how is everyone this morning?

- If you're going to be cheerful, I can't bear it.
- The whole town is laughing at us.
- I've thought over that trifling little affair.
- Trifling little affair?
- I've decided to rise above it.
- You're going to rise above it?

A man of my reputation should not be disturbed by such nonsense.

- Is the polar bear disturbed by the house fly?
- We can't all be polar bears.

That's what I want to talk to you about.

Mrs Peters.

Ta-da!

What in heaven's name are you doing in that fantastic costume?

- I've gone Russian.
- You've gone crazy.

A while ago you made a spectacle of yourself with jujitsu and tap dancing, now it's Russian.

I have to keep myself occupied. Some women get married again. Others get rheumatism.

I'm studying Russian ballet. Keeps my mind

off my relatives. Not you, Mimi.

- Oh, thank you, Aunt Fritz.

- Well, I got your SOS.

What are you having hysterics about now?

- Have you seen this?

- Oh, is that all?

All? Do you realise

that our family honour has been outraged?

Family honour? Popcorn and peanuts.

Your grandfather was a horse thief.

Oh, Dad, that's where

I get my love of horses.

Well, my dear sister,

if you are not concerned about this, I am.

People in the public eye

must expect to be caricatured.

That is the price of fame.

I want you to bring a suit against that show.

I've thought the matter over. I can find

no ground on which to base a suit.

Oh, ridiculous. Why, that fellow in the sketch had a chinpiece exactly like mine.

Take the case of Finnegan

versus Society Scandals maga...

I don't want to hear

about Finnegans or magazines!

Father, Father, your nerves.

The trouble with you

is you don't get enough exercise.

How can I cope with this situation with

you leaping around like a blasted gazelle?

If you had a sense of humour,

you'd laugh at that sketch and forget it.

Now, what was that fourth position? Oh, yes.

Well, I refuse to laugh at it

and I refuse to forget it. I'm going to sue!

- My dear Commodore, you...

- I'm not your dear commodore!

- I'm not anybody's dear commodore!

- Commodore, this has just arrived.

Ohh!

Isn't she a little daisy?

Oh, I can just see you

sitting in your bathtub

sailing that pretty little boat
in a rough sea of soap suds.
This is a model of the Cup Defender,
with which I expect to race against England.
It looks like you might
win the race with that boat.
Are you still here? I thought I told you
to sue that theatre. Well, do it!
You have no grounds for a suit.
I've been trying to convince you of that.
I'm going to bring suit
if it's the last thing I ever do.
- Now, you go and tell 'em I'm bringing suit.
- All right.

Mr Trivet.

Mr Trivet, are you sure
we don't stand a chance suing them?
If we take this to court, the newspapers
will make a farce of the whole thing.
If your father calms down,
tell him I suggest he forget the matter.
- He called me a poor sport.
- Who called you that?

Gary Blake.

A poor sport, am I?
I'll show him.
Some fellows see the girl
that they love in a dream
Some fellows see their love
in a rippling stream
I saw the girl that I can't forget
On the cover of a police gazette
If I could find her
Life would be peaches and cream
Oh, my search will never cease
For the girl on the police gazette
For the pretty young brunette
On the pink police gazette
And above my mantelpiece
There's a page of the police gazette
With the pretty young brunette
On the pink police gazette
- # I love to stop
- # La, la, la, la

- # At my favourite barber shop
- # La, la, la, I a
Just to take another look at
The girl that I haven't met yet
And my longing will increase
For the girl on the police gazette
For the pretty young brunette
Young brunette
On the pink police gazette
La, la, la, la
Where's that pretty young brunette
On the pink police gazette?
And above the mantelpiece
there's a page of the police gazette
Where's that pretty young brunette
On the pink police gazette?
- # I love to stop
- # He likes to stop, likes to stop
- # At my favourite barber shop
- # Barber shop, barber shop
Just to take another look at
The girl that I haven't met yet
There's that pretty young brunette
On the pink police gazette
And above my mantelpiece there's
a page of the police gazette
With a pretty young brunette
On the pink police gazette
Gosh, you're beautiful.
Oh, it's so sweet of you to say that.
Could I have a picture of you?
- Why, surely.
- Thanks.
Thanks.
Gee! You ain't got one in tights, have you?
And my longing will increase
For the girl on the police gazette
For the pretty young brunette
On the pink police gazette
- There's a note from a lady, Mr Blake.
- More fan mail.
Hey, listen to this.
"Dear Mr Blake, when you called me
a poor sport, I was too angry to argue,

but now I've had a chance to cool off and
I'd like to prove to you that you are wrong. "

"How about supper tonight?"

Signed Mimi Caraway. What do you think?

- She wants something.

- I'll tell you something.

Whether they got a million dollars or work
in a store, that dame is after publicity.

Oh, I don't think so.

She probably wants to say she's sorry.

But the lady is still waiting,
wanting an answer, Mr Blake.

- The lady wants an answer?

- Yeah, she's here.

- Now, what will we tell the lady?

- She's got a big car.

Tell the lady "Why not?"

Why not how, Mr Blake?

Tell the lady "Why not?"

Why not? Why not.

You're letting yourself in for another slap.

Don't worry. This time I'll duck. I hope.

- Hey, there.

- Oh, hello, Mona.

Say, you're kind of gotten up.

Well, I just got a little date for supper.

Oh.

Well, I was kind of hoping we'd go to Tony's
and have spaghetti together.

But white tie, top hat - kind of looks
like you've changed your appetite.

Now, look, you know how I feel about
society. I can take it or leave it.

Well, good night.

Don't forget to use the right fork.

Right, and I won't shake hands
with the head waiter.

See you tomorrow.

- Good night, Frank.

- Good night, Gary.

- Whose car is that?

- Mimi.

Mimi Caraway's car.

Looks like Gary's stepping out

in society tonight.

About last night. I'm sorry.

- Forget it. About that sketch in our show...

- Forget it.

All right.

Shall we forget everything

and make a fresh start?

- As if we'd never met before.

- A couple of strangers alone in the big city.

You don't know me and I don't know you.

- We've never even heard of each other.

- Exactly.

- I think we make a very handsome couple.

- I was just thinking that myself.

- I'm sorry.

- Hello, Mimi.

- Hello.

- Mimi, dear, how are you?

- When did you get back?

- About a week ago.

I called you up three times last week.

Oh, I want you to meet Mr...

- By the way, what is your name?

- Hasenpfeffer.

Oh, yes. Hasenpfeffer.

Mr Hasenpfeffer, Mr and Mrs Warren.

- How do you do?

- Awfully happy to know you.

- Thank you.

- I beg your pardon.

- Well, Gary. How have you been?

- Hello, Jack.

- Fine. Mary, how are you?

- Fine.

- May I present Miss... What is your name?

- Hasenpfeffer.

- Miss Hasenpfeffer, Mr and Mrs Jackson.

- How do you do?

She is of the old, old, old Hasenpfeffers.

- Oh, of Philadelphia?

- And Boston.

- Well, we'll see you later for a cup of tea?

- All right, Gary. Goodbye.

Let's go bowling.

Don't go away, folks.

- This the place?

- This is the joint. All right, Binns, open up.

Presto.

Careful.

- Wait for us, Binns.

- Very good, sir.

Smells good in here.

Nice and cosy, huh? Let's sit here, shall we?

What are you gonna have?

We got hamburgers, ham and eggs,
bacon and eggs, lamb chops, fried potatoes.

For pie, we got apple, peach,
apricot, coconut, custard,
lemon meringue and punk.

Say what?

We got apple, peach, lemon...

How's about some soup, kids?

- What kind of soup have you got?

- Vegetable, creamed tomatoes,
asparagus, split pea and oxtail.

- We'll take coffee.

- And doughnuts.

Coffee and 'nuts coming up.

Hey, buddy, throw us
the salt and pepper, will ya?

Sure.

Thanks.

Hey, mister, pitch us the ketchup, will ya?

Coming up.

Thanks.

Hey, toots.

Hey, toots, throw us the sugar, will ya?

Coming up.

Thanks.

Two doughnuts, two coffees. Anything else?

- A spoon.

- Catch.

Catch.

- Well, here's how.

- Here's how.

- I wonder what the holes are for?

- Ventilation.

Oh, the flies in here are terrible.

Pick out the ones you don't like, toots,
and I'll kill 'em for ya.

Thanks, buddy.

- Hey, toots, throw us the sugar, will ya?

- Sure.

- Thanks.

- Think nothing of it.

- Hey, captain, how much?

- Two coffees, four doughnuts, 30 cents.

Here's one we didn't use.

- No bites?

- And no bruises.

- All right, 25 cents.

- How much is that in francs?

- Francs don't work here no more.

- How much in roubles?

- Roubles? That's Russian!

- Russian!

The Winter Palace, the Tsar,
the snow, the sleigh bells, the wolves.

- Oh, it takes me back to Moscow.

- Mishka, take me to Moscow with you.

Before you go, I want 25 cents.

You got a one-track mind. Give him 25 cents.

All right, all right.

There you are. 25 cents.

I shot my last ten bucks at the shooting
gallery. You'll have to lend me some.

Help yourself.

Oh, we've only got 13 cents between us.

I don't know from nothing. I want 25 cents.

Now, look. You can trust me.

Haven't I an honest face?

I can't buy more doughnuts with your face.

I want 25 cents.

- Maybe we'll tell him who we are.

- I'm Gary Blake.

That's not my fault.

That's how famous you are.

I'll tell him who I am. Mimi Caraway.

That's fine. I'm Joe Papaloupas. So what?

- How do you do?

- Hello.

- Gary, I want you to meet Mr Pap...

- Papaloupas.
- How do you do, Mr Papaloupas?
- Hello. What is this? I gotta make more pies.
- What kind of pies?
- Apple, peach, coconut, custard...
- Let's go. This is where we came in.
- You don't go till I get 25 cents!
- He wants 25 cents.
- I want 25 cents.

Listen, Mr Papaloupas...

Or may I call you Joe?

You can call me anything for 25 cents.

- I've got a proposition to make.
- I got pies to make.

We owe you 25 cents, we haven't got 25 cents.

My hat's worth 25 dollars.

I'll give it to you.

I don't want any hats! I got a hat! Look!

Oh, but not like this one. Look.

- Try it on. Look.
- I don't like it!

I don't want to look. I don't want to look.

I...

It's not bad. How does she look in the back?

- Beautiful. Mrs Papaloupas would love it.
- You think so?

All right, it's a deal.

I hope I don't get stuck.

- Goodbye, Mr Papaloupas.
- Bye, and remember me to Mrs Papaloupas.
- And the little Papaloupases.
- Hope they like the hat. Goodbye.

Pretty snappy guy, me.

- Look, a radio in here. Imagine that.
- Turn it on.

Ah, that's nice, huh?

- This old boy really has an eye for business.
- He certainly has.
- Having fun?
- I was just thinking how nice it's been.

Four hours of being Miss Hasenpfeffer
and Mr Hasenpfeffer.

- No one reminding you how rich you are.
- Nobody reminding...

Now, now, now. Let's not fight.

- Hey, Binns, where are we?

- Still in Central Park, sir.

You can stay in the cab
and listen to the music, sir.

Or you can go over to that second bench
on the left, sir. It's very popular.

They say there's a good view
of the moon from there, sir.

- Thanks for the tip, Binns.

- All right.

Miss Hasenpfeffer, I
believe this is my dance.

Quite right, sir.

Well, here's the bench and there's the moon,
so this must be the place.

Even if it isn't,
it's nice being here with you alone.

Oh, Mr Hasenpfeffer,
you're not getting romantic, are you?

Why not?

I love you, which is easy to see
But I have to keep guessing
how you feel about me
You listen to the words that I speak
But I feel that you listen
With your tongue in your cheek
You're laughing at me
I can't be sentimental
for you're laughing at me
I know
I want to be romantic
But I haven't a chance
You've got a sense of humour
And humour is death to romance
You're laughing at me
Why do you think it's funny
When I say that I love you so?
You've got me worried and I'm all at sea
For while I'm crying for you
You're laughing at me
I can't be sentimental
for you're laughing at me
I know

I want to be romantic
But I haven't a chance
You've got a sense of humour
And humour is death to romance
You're laughing at me
Why do you think it's funny
When I say that I love you so?
You've got me worried and I'm all at sea
For while I'm crying for you
You're laughing at me

Come in.

Good morning, sir. We are home, I believe.

Thank you.

- What is this? The Grand Central Station?

- This is where I live.

Thank you for a delightful evening. You
and your horse have been swell company.

Thank you very, very much, sir.

- What's the bad news?

- Well, now, let me see, sir.

Two and two is four.

- Four and four is...

- Eight.

Thank you, sir. Oh, I'll
leave it to you, sir.

- He's leaving it to you.

- He is. I know.

- Look, it's my turn now.

- No, no, no. It's still on me.

- Here you are, Binns. That's the best I can do.

- I couldn't take your overcoat.

- Oh, no, no. Keep it, keep it.

- Thank you, sir, very much.

- And here's a little tip for you.

- Thank you very, very much.

- Good morning, Binns.

- Good morning, sir.

- Must you go in?

- My dear, it's morning.

Do you realise we've been out all night?

At the North Pole,

the nights are six months long,

Let's not talk about the North Pole.

Oh, I get it. The explorer.

- Look, about that sketch...

- It doesn't matter now.

But it does. I'll do something about it.

I'll have them take it out of the show.

You know, I started out
this evening hating you.

And here I am ending up
liking you an awful lot.

Well, when two people can laugh
their way into love, they're lucky.

You know, back there in the park...

I wasn't kidding.

Nor was I.

These are also from Mr Blake, madam.

Aren't they lovely?

But where shall I put them?

- Oh, here, put them here.

- Yes, madam.

- Take these to the library.

- The library's already filled.

Well, then, put them by the window.

And be careful.

- Good morning, darling.

- Good morning, Aunt Fritz.

- Heavens, where did you get the flowers?

- Aunt Fritz, he's wonderful, he's divine.

- Who's wonderful? Who's divine?

- Gary Blake.

- What is he? A florist?

- No, darling. You'll adore him.

That's him now!

- Hello, this is Mr Hasenpfeffer speaking.

- Hello, darling.

I have some bad news for you. They refused
to take that sketch out of the show.

Oh.

I had a row with the producer and told him
if it stayed as it was, I'd walk out.

Gary, you mustn't. I won't let you. The
show's a big success and it means a lot to you.

I know it does.

- I've done the next best thing.

- What's that?

I've been working on it

and I've changed it in such a way
I know it won't be offensive,
I promise you that.
Oh, that's nice of you. You're a darling.
Am I going to see you tonight?
Hmm. You won't be able to avoid me.
I have it. We'll all come
and see the show, the whole family.
You've got to meet Father sometime anyway.
You're going to love Aunt Fritz.
I'm a cinch if she's related to you.
What's she like?
Aunt Fritz? Oh, she's just a sweet old lady.
Lace cap, rocking chair, knitting.
Practically Whistler's Mother.
Fine talk!

- Supper afterwards, maybe?
- Supper afterwards, positively.

The only trouble about tonight
is it's too far off.

Goodbye, darling.

Aunt Fritz, I'm in love,
I'm in love, I'm in love.

This year's crop of kisses
Don't seem as sweet to me
This year's crop just misses
What kisses used to be
This year's new romance
Doesn't seem to have a chance
Even helped by Mr Moon above
This year's crop of kisses
Is not for me
For I'm still wearing last year's love
This year's crop of kisses
Don't seem as sweet to me
This year's crop just misses
What kisses used to be
This year's new romance
Doesn't seem to have a chance
Even helped by Mr Moon above
This year's crop of kisses
Is not for me
For I'm still wearing
Last year's love

Oh, help yourself.

Want some potato chips? Want some?

I've been doing work on the Caraway sketch.

Rewrote it, part of it.

- Wasn't it good enough?

- No, it's just the hit of the show, that's all.

I know it's the hit of the show.

I think we can get the same results,
without making Miss Caraway look silly.

It's practically the same thing,
just toned down a little.

When you enter, I don't think it's necessary
to smoke with that long cigarette holder,

- or wear all that phoney jewellery.

- That will improve it a lot.

Certainly it will. Here's the idea.

We make the same entrance without the dogs.

- It's not fair to mock anyone that loves dogs.

- You're right.

I'll play the old man
with a little more dignity.

You play Mimi...

Well, make her a little more ladylike.

The idea is just not to make
Miss Caraway look ridiculous.

Of course not. We mustn't make
Miss Caraway look ridiculous.

Mr Blake, there's a lady
named Miss Mimi Caraway
wanna see you on the telephone, please.

OK, Step. Excuse me.

Miss Caraway, huh?

Well, if he thinks I'm gonna play stooge
to that human cash register, he's crazy.

I understand the sketch has been rewritten.

There's nothing in it embarrassing to us.

That's right, darling. Gary gave me his word.

- John, that's you.

- Shh. Quiet.

Hello. Yes, Commodore.

Your father calling, Miss Mimi.

- Yes, Papa dear.

- Oh, Mimi.

What is it you want, you old, fat walrus?

Shh!

My dear, if we're going to the opera,
you'd better hurry.

Oh, but, Papa dear,

I don't want to go to the opera.

I'm going to stay home and give the pigs a
bath. And I want you and Auntie to help me.

- John, that's me.

- Keep quiet!

Shh!

Come on, let's get out of here.

- Call my car.

- Yes, sir, Mr Caraway.

Without a doubt, that is the most
disgraceful exhibition I've ever seen.

The sketch is even worse than it ever was.

I know it is, Father. I never thought
Gary would do a thing like that.

What are you laughing at?

What's so funny about it?

I haven't laughed this much

since the night you kicked the butler
and broke your big toe.

- Gary! Gary!

- What's up?

- Where's Gary? He's on next. Get him!

- Gary Blake!

- What's the matter?

- Find Gary, he's on next.

Mr Blake! Mr Blake!

- Good evening, sir.

- Good evening, James.

- Rather chilly, sir.

- Chilly?

- Yes, sir. The snow is snowing.

- Really?

- The wind is blowing.

- Ah, but, James...

I can weather the storm

What do I care how much it may storm?

I've got my love to keep me warm

A little bit of all right, sir.

I can't remember a worse December

Just watch those icicles form

What do I care if icicles form?
I've got my love to keep me warm
Rather.
Off with my overcoat
Off with my gloves
I need no overcoat
I'm burning with love
My heart's on fire
The flame grows higher
So I will weather the storm
What do I care how much it may storm?
I've got my love to keep me warm
What do I care how much it may storm?
I've got my love to keep me warm
I can't remember a worse December
Just watch those icicles form
What do I care if icicles form?
I've got my love to keep me warm
I'm surprised.
Off with my overcoat
Off with my gloves
I need no overcoat
I'm burning with love
- # My heart's on fire
- How could you do it?
The flame grows higher
- What a nasty thing.
- # Though I will weather the storm
What do I care how much it may storm?
Ouch!
I've got my love to keep me warm
- Very good.
- That's easy, no?
- No.
- Are you ready for your first lesson?
Ready, Professor!
- Don't hurry me. I've just
had my breakfast. - Alley-oop!
Alley-oop!
- Ouch! My operation.
- Oh, that's nothing.
- Nothing.
- Madam, swing forth and back like that.
Eins, zwei.

- Oh, stop tickling me.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

Eins, zwei.

- How am I doing?

- Oh, wunderbar.

- Madam singt himmlisch.

- Himmlisch?

Wenn es dann so schn schaukelt.

Eins, zwei.

Oh, hello, Mimi, darling. Come in.

Aunt Fritz, what on earth are you doing?

After seeing myself in that sketch,

I'm off everything Russian.

I've taken up something new.

Mimi, this is Herr Hanfstangel,

of the Five Flying Hanfstangels.

- For 16 years with Ringling Brothers.

- How do you do?

The greatest aerial artist in America.

Oh, no. In the world.

- Aunt Fritz, may I speak to you alone?

- Of course.

- Will you excuse us, Herr Professor?

- Certainly.

Mimi, you must have gotten up

before breakfast this morning. How come?

Aunt Fritz, I didn't sleep a wink last night.

Why didn't you take a sleeping powder?

I've never been so upset in all my life.

The more I think of what Gary Blake

did to me, the madder I get.

Gary telephoned me this morning.

- Telephoned you?

- Yes, he's on his way here now.

- What's he coming over here for?

- I don't know.

Perhaps he wants to talk about you.

- He's got a nerve, wanting to talk to you.

- Any message I can give him?

Yes. Tell him I think he's the lowest thing

I've ever had the misfortune to meet.

- Anything else?

- Yes.

If he thinks he made me look ridiculous,

wait till I finish with him.

There's no use crying over spilt gin.

- The damage is done. Forget it.

- I'll never forget it.

Now, see here, don't you do anything that you'll be sorry for.

- Let's talk this over.

- I don't want talk! I want action.

- What can you do about it?

- Do about it? You'll see.

Mimi.

Mimi, let me explain.

I've tried to reach you.

I'm not interested.

- Young man?

- Hello.

Come up here. I want to talk to you.

I'll be right up.

Hello. I'm sorry, but Mr Dibble is in conference. Will you call later?

Hello, boys.

Well, this is a cheerful little gathering.

What's all the excitement about?

- Read that.

- Every paper in town carried that story.

After what happened last night, the Caraways might make trouble.

Well, you're a lawyer, that's your racket.

What do you think?

Well, the first sketch was OK,

but after the way it was acted last night, the Caraways can sue you for damages and take your pants.

And winter coming on. Do you think so?

They've got a great case.

Of course, they may not want the publicity.

- Everybody wants publicity.

- All you can do is sit tight,

- and hope it'll blow over.

- Blow over? You mean blow up.

And blow me up with it. Just my luck.

Don't let it get to you.

Maybe they won't sue.

Say, when people are that rich,

they'll do anything for money.

- Psst, Mr Dibble.

- Well, what do you want? What? What?

Miss Caraway is here.

- Mimi Caraway?

- In person.

- What did I tell you?

- She's gonna sue you.

Don't get excited. Control yourselves.

Don't let your nerves run away with you.

For heaven's sake, there's no occasion
to be excited. As a favour to me, quiet.

Quiet, please.

And you too! Let me see.

Bless my sister's cat's suspenders. Now,
will you please be calm and don't get excited?

I'll handle the situation.

Quiet, now, will you?

As a favour.

I know what I'll do.

I'll tell her I'm not in.

But you are in.

Mr Dibble, I want to talk to you.

- I think we can come to some arrangement.

- That's why I'm here.

- Miss Caraway.

- Sit down.

I...

Well, how have you been?

That's good. Huh? Oh.

Of course, Miss Caraway, I realise this
has been sort of a mistake and I apologise.

I don't want your apologies.

I want to buy your show.

Yeah... What?

The lady wants to buy your show.

She wants to buy the show.

Say, lady, are you kidding me?

I want to buy your show

and you're going to sell it.

She says I'm going to sell it.

I can't sell this show. It's a colossal
success, and I expect to make a fortune with it.

Now, look. I've been to see my lawyers

and I know exactly where I stand.
I can close your show
and put you out of business.
So let's stop beating around the bush.
Yes, I guess we'd better stop that.
Wouldn't you know it? First hit show I've
had in five years and now this has to happen.
How much?
How much? Well, let me see,
that would require a little figuring.
Now, let me see, there is first
the producer's salary. That's me.
The general cost of production. That'll run
into money. The scenery and the scenic artist.
Then there's the libretto
and the lyrics, the music.
Let's see, the costumes. That's the tights
for the girls and all stuff like that.
Spangles and so forth.
Let me see... There's the orchestra.
And the overhead out in front of the house
and the stage hands.
And, let me see, what else is there?
There must be something else.
Oh. Oh, yes. The actors' salaries.
- Mr Dibble, here's your cheque.
- Thanks. Kelly, look. Get away.
Now, I don't want anyone to know that I've
bought this show until after tomorrow night.
If news gets out, the
deal is off. Understand?
Absolutely. A deal's a deal. Good luck.
Come on, Kelly, slide.
- From now on, you are working for me.
- Yes, ma'am.
Get me Walter Winchell.
And you, Eddie, I want you to get me
400 extra people for tonight.
Scatter them around the theatre.
I'll give them instructions later.
I want you to see that whatever disturbance
happens in the theatre, the ushers do nothing.
- Listen, Miss Caraway, what is this mystery?
- If I told you, there'd be no mystery.

Hello? Mr Winchell?

I've got a tip for you. Be sure that you're at Gary Blake's show tonight. Something very exciting's going to happen. What? Never mind who I am, but if you want a great story for your paper, be there. Goodbye.

Eddie, I want you to get hold of all the other columnists and make sure they come tonight.

Yes, ma'am.

- Did you send for the Ritz Brothers?

- Yes.

They're here.

Wait a minute. I'm sure that's all very interesting, but I'm afraid my time is limited.

- Well, how do you do?

- I understand you are supposed to be funny.

Why, do you wanna make something out of it?

I'm going to give you a chance to be really funny.

- Here's what I want you to do.

- What?

Put on your slumming clothes and get your car

Let's go sightseeing where the high-toned people are

Come on, there's lots of fun in store for you

See how the other half lives

On Park Avenue

Let's go slumming

Take me slumming

Let's go slumming on Park Avenue

Let us hide behind a pair of fancy glasses

And make faces

when a member of the classes passes

Let's go smelling

Where they're dwelling

Sniffing everything the way they do

Let us go to it, they do it

Why can't we do it too?

Let's go slumming, nose-thumbing

At Park Avenue

Let us go to it, they do it
Why can't we do it too?
Let's go slumming, nose-thumbing
At Park Avenue
Let us go to it, they do it
Why can't we do it too?
Let's go smelling
Where they're dwelling
Sniffing everything the way they do
Let us go to it, they do it
Why can't we do it too?
Let's go slumming, nose-thumbing
At Park Avenue
Let's go slumming
Take me slumming
Let's go...
- # Let us hide behind a pair of fancy glasses
- Hiya, babe.
And make faces
when a member of the classes passes
Let's go smelling
Let's...
- Hey, you look gorgeous!
- That's what he said to me.
This boy wants to dance with you.
Let us go to it, they do it
- # Why can't we do it too?
- Let's go!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey!
- Hey! Hey!
- Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey!
Eddie, I don't know
what's going to happen tonight,
but should I faint,
have me carried to my car.
Yeah? Suppose I faint first?
I love you, which is easy to see
But I have to keep guessing
How you feel about me

You listen to the words that I speak
But I feel that you listen
With your tongue in your cheek
You're laughing at me
I can't be sentimental
for you're laughing at me
I know
- # I want to be romantic
- This is murder.
But I haven't a chance
You've got a sense of humour
And humour is death to romance
Figaro, Figaro, Figaro!
- Hiya, Fig.
- Hiya, boys.
Eek! Ooh!
Congratulations on your performance
tonight. You were never more magnetic.
My contract.
At least I don't have to work for you.
- But you can't...
- When I said you were the poorest sport,
I must have been tongue-tied.
You're a spoiled brat!
You used your money to do a cheap,
cowardly trick. I hope it makes you happy.
This year's new romance
Doesn't seem to have a chance
Even helped by Mr Moon above
This year's crop of kisses
Is not for me
For I'm still wearing
Last year's love
- Hello, Helena.
- Hello, Gary.
Big doings here tonight, huh?
Well, hello, honey child. Mind if I join you?
- If you want to.
- Certainly I want to.
- Luigi, how about a little service over here?
- Yes, Mr Blake.
Food for a starving man
and wine for a beautiful lady.
None of that red ink

you've been serving round here.

Champagne, Luigi. I'm celebrating tonight.

You're gonna have a bottle of the finest champagne I got in the house.

- The finest will be none too good.

- Yes, Mr Blake.

I knew I'd find you here.

We haven't been here

for a long time, have we?

Nope.

Well, I don't mind saying

I'm glad to see you.

I'm glad you're glad.

Well, it's a small world, I always say.

What do you always say?

I always say, "Where's that champagne?"

Right. Luigi, where's that champagne?

Coming, Mr Blake.

Let's go slumming, nose-thumbing

At Park Avenue

Funny thing about that song. That's just what I've been doing

- slumming on Park Avenue.

Anyway, it didn't work.

I guess I was on the wrong street.

Sure.

A boy from across the tracks

is taken for a ride.

At least I don't have to see

that lady any more. And am I glad.

Here's to you, honey.

You know, I never did think

you were a good actor. Now I know it.

- What?

- Oh, nothing. Just thinking out loud.

- Bottoms up.

- Bottoms up.

- Marie. Get me a drink.

- It's almost time for the ceremony to start.

- Get me a drink, and I don't mean a little one!

- Yes, Miss.

It's no use, Miss. Just a moment, please.

I tell you Miss Caraway can't see anyone.

Well, she'll see me!

Come back here!

You can't go in there.

- You can't come in here.

- Well, I'm in.

I'm sorry, but I must ask you to leave.

I'm not leaving here

till I speak to Miss Caraway.

Well?

I tried to reach you by telephone,

but you refused to talk to me.

- So I thought I'd use this method.

- Go on.

I just want to talk to you for one minute -

and it's a very important minute for you.

Very well.

- Alone.

- Wait outside, please.

This is the nearest I'll get

to smelling orange blossom.

- What do you want?

- All right. I won't take up much of your time.

I didn't come here because I wanted to

or because I'm crazy about you.

I came to square something for Gary Blake.

I'm not interested

in anything concerning him.

Say, that don't make me mad.

I hope you're not.

But I want you to know

it wasn't his fault about the sketch.

- He didn't do it. I did.

- What do you mean?

Well, Gary changed the sketch to take the
sting out of it and make it all pretty for you.

I put in those cracks.

He didn't know about it until he heard them.

Why did you do a thing like that?

Why do women do

any of the crazy things they do?

I liked him and I thought he liked you,

so I tried to break it up.

Then it was a terrible thing

that I did to him, wasn't it?

Well, I wouldn't call it sweet.

I wonder... Where is he now?

He just left his hotel with a taxi full of luggage. Nobody knew where he was going.

Then I guess it's too late.

Well, I just wanted you to know that it wasn't his fault.

- You had courage to come and tell me this.

- More courage than sense. Good luck.

Thank you.

Marie. Marie!

- Yes, Miss.

- Where's Aunt Fritz?

She called and said she wouldn't be here.

- Wouldn't be here?

- I didn't quite understand it myself.

She said she knew you'd have a headache, and one headache at a wedding was enough.

That's all.

- Fred, aren't you a little bit nervous?

- No. I've had a certain amount of experience.

Will you really honeymoon at the North Pole?

Why not? I only wish we might

have held the marriage there too.

- I would have liked you boys to have seen it.

- Mr Sims, the ceremony is about to start.

Well, here we go, gentlemen.

All right, boys. Play, and play loud!

Come here.

Mimi! Mimi! Mimi!

Mimi! Mimi! Mimi!

Mimi! Mimi! Mimi!

Get down!

Get down! Down, I tell you! Get down!

Quick, there's a taxi waiting. Now, get in it.

The city hall, and don't spare the horses!

Get down, I said!

Who locked me in that room

with that pack of wolves?

Get down! Get down!

- Where's Mimi?

- I don't know, but your tie's crooked.

Father, why are we going to the city hall?

To get a marriage licence,

so you can become Mrs Hasenpfeffer.

Why, Mr Hasenpfeffer!

Darling, I think coffee and doughnuts
would make a lovely wedding breakfast.

Special for today,

we have pig's foot and sauerkraut.

For soup, we got vegetable soup, creamed
tomato, asparagus, split pea and oxtail.

For pies, we got strawberry, apricots,
coconut, gooseberries, banana cream,

- or lemon meringue.

- What? No pumpkin?!

- No punk.

- No punk?

- No punk.

- No punk.

- All right, make it coffee and doughnuts.

- For two.

Two coffees, two 'nuts, coming up.

Let's go slumming

Take me slumming

Let's go slumming on Park Avenue

Let us hide behind a pair of fancy glasses

And make faces

when a member of the classes passes

Let's go smelling

Where they're dwelling

Sniffing everything the way they do

Let us go to it, they do it

Why can't we do it too?

Plaza 35097.

Let's go slumming, nose-thumbing

At Park Avenue