



Scripts.com

Romance on the High Seas

By Julius J. Epstein

Did you see that? Did you see
the way he looked at that bridesmaid?
Oh, no. He was just looking around
and accidentally there was a bridesmaid.
Why doesn't he look at me?
Oh, he has seen you.
Did you catch that?
-Flirting right up to the last minute.
-Oh, don't be silly.
I'll never be able to trust that girl.
Our first anniversary.
Going to Bermuda.
Trip cancelled. Important merger my eye!
Our second anniversary.
Flying to Canada.
Trip off! Mike's aspirin deal
gives me a headache.
Our third anniversary.
Oh, I won't need you
anymore today, Thompson.
-Good morning, Mrs. Kent.
-Oh, good morning.
We've booked you and Mr. Kent on
the Southern Queen sailing next Tuesday.
Good. Did you get us a stateroom
on the promenade deck?
Naturally. We've also arranged
for your accommodations in Rio...
...at the Hotel Atlantico.
-The presidential suite.
-Of course.
-How do you do?
-Good morning.
Don't worry, in Rio, our man will meet you
at the boat and escort you to the hotel.
Fine.
Here she is again.
You take care of her, Dudley,
in a nice way. I got stuck last time.
Quite a character.
Comes in here every few months.
Loads up on literature,
plans elaborate tours.
-Never goes on one of them.

-Really?
-Why is that?
-Well, she's just a singer in a honky-tonk.
Hasn't got a dime.
I think there are some papers here
for you to sign, Mrs. Kent.
-Oh, how do you do, Miss Garrett?
-Oh, greetings, chum.
My, we haven't seen you, let's see now,
since you didn't go to Switzerland.
I got a big kick out of planning that.
What looks good this time of the year?
How about the Canadian Rockies?
Canadian Rockies? Don't you remember?
I already haven't been there.
Oh, of course, I'm sorry.
What about a cruise through the Canal,
and return home by train from Los Angeles?
The Canal's for schmoes.
Come on, what really looks good?
Well, South America's
getting a heavy play.
We have some literature on it,
if you'll just step right over here.
-Sure.
-Here are the papers.
-Hello, Miss Garrett.
-Hi.
South America,
the seat of ancient cultures.
Museums, missions,
archeological ruins abound.
South America.
You could tell by her manana....
Manana, that fractures me.
What has South America got
besides romantic ruins?
Let's see. It says here there are
approximately four men to every woman--
That's enough.
Doesn't hurt a girl to be outnumbered.
-Pardon me.
-Yes?
-We're set up to take your passport photo.

-Oh, thank you. I'll be right in.
As long as I'm handy,
I might as well have one taken too.
But, Miss Garrett, you've already
had seven passport pictures taken.
But never as a blond.
-Are you going to tell your husband?
-Oh, no, no. Not yet.
I want some time
to prepare him for it. Well....
Before you go,
there's just one more thing.
-Uncle. Uncle.
-Yeah.
-What happened?
-Do you see what I see?
-What do you see?
-Isn't that Elvira down there?
Now, Michael, don't tell me
you are still jealous of her.
-Well, why did they raise the top?
-I don't know.
Maybe they are afraid it will rain.
Let's face it, uncle.
Elvira's a flirt, always has been.
Thought marriage would change her,
it hasn't.
Just the opposite, my boy.
When a woman is married,
she has to flirt twice as hard...
...to prove she's still got it.
Yes?
-Yes what?
-Whom do you wish to see?
Mr. Michael Kent.
Who are you?
Oh, I'm Mr. Kent's secretary.
Oh, since when?

Since 9:

-Who are you?
-Mrs. Michael Kent, since three years ago.
Oh, really?
Why do you say, 'Oh, really'?

Well, I didn't know
Mr. Kent was married.
Well, you've only been here

since 9:

He couldn't have gotten very far
in the story of his life.

Shall I announce you to Mich--?

I mean, Mr. Kent?

Never mind.

I'll just walk in on Mr. Ke--

I mean, Michael.

-Hello.

-Oh, hello, darling.

-Your hat's on crooked.

-it's supposed to be that way.

Oh, is it?

Looks very cute. Very cute.

We'll take care of that a little later.

Who was that you just drove up with?

I was hoping you wouldn't see me.

Well, if you must know,

it was an automobile salesman.

You looked so chummy,

could've sworn he was an old friend.

He was just showing me

how the car worked.

You didn't tell me

you were getting a new car.

You didn't tell me

you were getting a new secretary.

Where did she come from?

Oh, from the Acme Secretarial School,

I suppose.

By the time we're back from South America,
she'll be able to type with all 10 fingers.

Oh, South America.

-What's the matter, dear?

-Nothing, nothing.

Oh, excuse me.

-Mr. Kent, you wanted to see these.

-Fine.

Put them out on the whole chain.

I want everyone to smell good.

Yes, sir.

Michael, every time you say,

'Oh, uh, um' like that...

...I know there's something on your mind
and not in your throat.

-What about our trip?

-Well, darling, this is it.

I'm afraid we're going
to have to postpone it again.

Postpone it? Why?

-Business. Something came up this morning.

-About 9:

Yes, yes, about 9.

Phone call from the West.

Great chance for a merger.

Listen, marriage is a merger too, you know,
and a darned important one.

I know, I know.

If we can grab

the Great Western Drug Company...

...there won't be a hot-water bottle
without our name on it.

That's a comfort.

Tell J.B. to put those
on a national network.

You wanted me to remind you
of your lunch appointment.

Yes, thank you, Miss Medwick.

Bye-bye, dear.

May see you at dinner.

Glad you see it my way.

Come along, bring your notebook.

This is not only lunch, it's business.

-Would you please sign these?

-Oh, yes, yes.

That's a wonderful perfume.

Don't believe we carry that
in our stores.

-Would you mind telling me what it is?

-It's called Tonight or Never.

It's your photo. A messenger brought it
from the Baker Travel Agency.

A lot of good it'll do me now.

-Maybe we'd better put it in stock.
-Oh, yes, sir.
Well, if you don't want it,
I'd be glad to keep it as a souvenir.
You're sweet.
Excuse me.
Would you mind finishing?
-Hello, dear.
-Hello, Uncle Lazlo.
Your hat is on crooked.
It's supposed to be that way.
I guess you heard Michael
cannot go to South America.
Uncle Lazlo, couldn't you handle
this deal yourself?
No, darling, I cannot do anything
without Michael.
I am the president of the company, but
he is my brains in the drugstore business.
When I started in this business
nobody was helping me.
No. I was a soda jerker.
I was such a thin boy,
my boss was such a guy.
One mistake, I got a punch in the nose.
But now it is different.
I am the success,
so he does all the work.
No, no, no, I cannot let Michael go,
not for a day.
He's the great business head.
I didn't marry Mike
for his business head.
He's so attractive,
but he's such a wolf.
Don't you think it's a little strange
that this business deal should pop up...
...the same morning
he hires a beautiful new secretary?
I know what you are insinuating,
but you are 90 percent wrong.
What about the other 10 percent?
Oh, well, I'm not saying that Michael
has not looked at another woman.

Who hasn't?
I have looked at women,
and the few that looked back, I married.
That cured me of looking.
I will tell you what, I still like women,
but I stopped looking.
Well, that isn't me.
Is there a phone number
on the back? Let me see.
-A nice girl.
-I thought you'd stopped looking.
Why, I know who that is.
That's that girl in the agency.
She's quite a character.
Elvira, dear, why not forget about Michael
and take this trip yourself. Why?
And leave him here
with a free hand? Oh, no.
Don't be silly.
Even if you were here...
...if Michael wanted to play around
in a city like New York...
...with a little caution:
If he thought I was away,
he wouldn't bother about being careful.
How I'd love to go to South America
and catch Michael here.
My dear niece, not only is it impossible,
but it cannot be done.
Uncle.
-What?
-I think I have an idea.
What--? What idea?
Get me the Baker Travel Agency,
and I wanna speak to Charles, please.
Uncle, we're going
nightclubbing tonight.
Night-- Nightclubbing?
Hello, Charles. This is Mrs. Kent.
-Uncle. Uncle.
-Yes?
This is the girl.
I hope you know what you are doing.
Waiter, have you a table for two?

Sorry, no formal dress allowed.

Why?

Makes the customers
feel uncomfortable.

Oh, makes them uncomfortable.

And how much makes them comfortable?

You rich guys think
that money can buy anything.

How right you are.

Nobody would ever suspect
you love music.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

That ought to prove I'm not rude.

We now present our singing star,
an Oscar Farrar discovery...

...trained by Oscar Farrar, and appearing
here through the courtesy of Oscar Farrar.

Incidentally, my name is Oscar--

Seems to escape me for the moment.

Miss Georgia Garrett.

Hi, baby.

Although I'm smitten

I've never written

Any poetry at all

Not even the kind

That you usually find

On a schoolhouse wall

The poems that I've composed

I could never win a cup with

After trying and trying

And trying and trying

This is what I came up with

I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love with you

I'm in love, I'm in love

I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love
In love--
So she's in love.
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love with....
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love with you
-What was the name of that song?
-'I'm in Love.'
-Did I do right by you?
-You always do.
But all this is beneath me.
Marry me so I can quit this job.
I'm getting tired of turning you down.
Marry me and get yourself a dependent.
I'm deductible.
Oscar, you're a sweet kid,
but just a little offensive.
I always wanted to marry a girl
who could tune a piano on the side.
Once and for all,
will you marry me?
-Answer yes or no.
-No.
We'll continue this discussion later.
Will you see me home?
Hey, Georgia, a couple
of income-tax evaders...
...want you to have a drink with them.
Table seven.
I'll drink with them,
but autographs are out.
-Okay.

-Captain, did they ask for me too?
No one ever asks for you.
How did a sweet kid like you
ever get into this kind of a racket?
-Hello.
-Hello.
-Hi.
-Miss Garrett, I'm Elvira Kent.
-And this is my uncle, Lazlo Lazlo.
-Hello.
If he isn't your uncle,
is that my business?
You can believe me, she's my niece.
I have experiences in nieces.
-Won't you sit down?
-Don't be surprised if I do.
That's cute.
We ordered champagne
if it is all right with you.
So I'm stuck with it.
Say, haven't I seen you someplace?
Baker Travel Agency.
What's more they sent me
your passport photo by mistake.
The schmoes, they sent me yours.
It's right in my dressing room, you want it?
-There's no hurry.
-You can keep mine. I'm not going anyplace.
Well, neither am I.
Did you run out of money too?
Oh, no, no, no.
My niece cannot run out of money.
I am the owner
of one of the greatest drugstore chains.
When I came in this country
I was a soda jerker.
I was such a thin boy,
my boss was such a guy.
One mistake, I got a punch
in the nose-- No, no.
-Miss Garrett.
-Listening.
How would you like to go
to South America after all?

How would I like to go to--?

-Oh, you mean as a stowaway?

-No.

In a first class cabin, all expenses paid,
and \$ 1 000 spending money.

What radio program do you two represent,
and how did I win it?

Oh, no, nothing to do with radio
or contests or anything like that. No.

What's the catch?

There must be a catch.

There is.

You see, you have to travel
under my name.

-Under your name? You tired of it?

-No.

-You see, I'm married and--

-Oh, ashamed of it.

No.

-Miss Garrett, I don't trust my husband.

-Natch.

If he thought I was in South America,
he'd play around quite openly--

And she would be here to catch him.

Well, why not let him play around?

Keeps them off the streets.

Please. This is a legitimate offer.

Yes, it is.

Do you mean after all these years
of planning and dreaming...

...and never getting

out of Far Rockaway...?

You mean this thing

is just gonna fall right in my lap?

Right in your laps.

Well, what am I asking questions for?

-Lady, have you got yourself a deal.

-Oh, good.

-Let's drink to that.

-Wonderful.

A votre what?

-What does that mean?

-Your health.

Mine's fine, thanks. How's yours?

-Don't pack that. I'll need that in New York.

-Beg pardon?

I mean, I won't be using it in Rio.

You can stop packing, Marie.

-Hello, darling.

-Hello.

I'll finish the merger by the end
of the week, and then I can go with you.

I said I'll be finished in a few days.

Aren't you happy?

Oh, yes, I certainly am.

It's just that it interferes
with all my plans.

Plans? What plans?

What she means is her boat leaves
tomorrow and not in a few days, you know.

But another one leaves Saturday.

That's only 96 hours.

But-- But-- But, darling, you can't
complete a decent merger in 96 hours.

She's right.

If you should mess up this deal...

...you'll never forgive yourself.

-Yes, I will.

Then I'll never forgive you.

-Oh, the phone.

-Now, look, darling, this is--

Hello. Oh, hello, Georgia.

Oh, I can't talk to you now, dear,
I'm in a hurry.

-I'll see you on the boat.

-Who's this you'll see on the boat?

-George who?

-George who?

Oh, George who?

Oh, not George who...

...Georgia. Just a girlfriend of mine.

But no, darling, you stay here
and take care of your affairs.

Well, this seems
very funny to me.

Very funny that you
can't wait till Saturday.

Only four days.

-Don't you think it's funny, uncle?
-No, it isn't funny at all.
Maybe not to you, because
you have no feelings of such matters.
What--? I have no feeling?
You have no feeling.
You are talking, talking,
don't know what about.
She cannot postpone her trip.
It's settled with Georgia.
What's settled?
Say, who is this Georgia?
You see, you haven't
the faintest notion.
Georgia is the girl who has to--
You are driving me crazy.
Elvira, don't you think
you owe me an explanation?
I can't hear a word you're saying,
the shower's making too much noise.
Just what are you up to?
I can't talk to you right now.
I want one reason,
at least one good reason...
...why you have to go off by yourself.
I can't talk to you right now.
If I can't hear you,
at least let me see you.
Now, are you gonna wait for me?
Yes or no?
No.
Private Detective.
-Oh, hello.
-Come in.
-Excuse me, are you Peter Virgil?
-I am.
-Peter Virgil, the detective?
-Yes.
My client suspects
his wife is slowly poisoning him...
...and I was just examining the evidence.
No, there's no poison.
It could stand a little sugar though.
Excuse me. See I....

I figure as long as there's no poison,
why, I might as well drink it.
-Would you join me in a cup of evidence?
-No, thanks.
Well, sit down.
What can I do for you?
Well, you'll excuse me
for being blunt, Mr. Virgil.
Tell me, Mr. Virgil...
-...are you a good detective?
-Naturally.
-Where did you get your training?
-In the Army. Intelligence G-2.
Well, were you good at your job?
We won the war, didn't we?
Before that I was a vaudeville hooper,
wrestler, and a magician's assistant.
So you can see,
I'm a man of wide experience, Mr....
Kent. Michael Kent.
See how I wormed that name
out of you?
Mr. Virgil, I'm here
on a very delicate matter.
-I suppose you're married?
-Yes.
I know what I'm doing
is not quite the right thing--
But what you suspect your wife
is doing is even worse?
The fact of the matter is, Mr. Virgil...
...my wife is leaving day after tomorrow
on a South American cruise...
...and, well, she insists
on going without me.
To a man of your nature, that means
only one thing, another man on the boat.
See, I don't know.
That's what I want you to find out.
Well, you've come to the right man.
I've handled so many of these cases. I--
Excuse me.
Hello.
Oh, yes, how are you?

Well, certainly I shadowed your wife.
I hate to tell you this, but you were right.
She's been two-timing you.
Hello? Hello?
He fainted.
Sometimes there's a shot.
Now, where were we?
Mr. Virgil, I want you to get on the same
boat with my wife and shadow her.
-I'll have to leave all of my business.
-I'll make it up to you.
I can tell you right now without batting
an eyelash, it'll cost you \$ 1 000 a week.
Well, that's a little steep,
isn't it, old boy?
Yes, yes, it is,
but I'll probably get seasick.
Well, all right, all right.
I'll book your passage.
Move your chair closer, will you?
There's a little confidential information
I must have.
Oh, excuse me.
Hello.
Well, what do you know...
...he didn't even wait
for me to tell him.
It still isn't too late.
-Can't you wait two or three weeks?
-Don't be ridiculous.
-Here I am, we're sailing any minute.
-I can get you off the boat in a while.
Will you please not worry about me?
I'll be back in no time.
Yeah, I know,
but I'm gonna miss you so much.
You just have the feeling
that I'm always near you.
I'll try. And, darling,
I want you to remember...
...that wherever you are
I'll be watching over you.
Oh, what a lovely sentiment.
Oh, isn't that the warning whistle?

Well, I didn't hear anything.
Did you, uncle?
The whistle? Yes, sure I heard.
I still hear it.
-Well, goodbye, darling.
-Goodbye.
Have fun.
Come along, uncle.
-Well, goodbye, darling.
-Goodbye. Goodbye.
I didn't lie, just the whistle is a little late.
I understand running away from me,
but not on such an elaborate scale.
It was very sweet of you
to come down. Goodbye.
I'll give you one more chance to explain.
Where did you get the money?
-I told you.
-You didn't tell me.
-That's right, I told you I couldn't tell you.
-You treat me like an empty suit.
-Are you going with somebody?
-Scouts honor, I'm traveling alone.
That's no fun.
Georgia, I won't let you do this.
It's not only walking out
on your job and me...
...once you go, you cut down
my list of friends 100 percent.
-Think of that.
-I have thought about it.
That's the gratitude I get.
I taught you everything you know,
gave you a career.
I picked you up when you were working for
\$45 a week and gave you a job at the club.
At a snappy 40 a week.
You can't expect to start at the top,
although I've often wondered why not.
Oscar, you better go.
I have so many things to do before we sail.
I know when I'm not wanted.
It happens to me constantly.
Oscar.

Aren't you gonna kiss me?
I don't know how. Will you show me?
You don't know how either.
B flat, that's your key.
Don't forget to put your shoes
in front of the cabin every night.
-Be sure to write.
-I will.
-You sure you're not going with somebody?
-Goodbye, Oscar.
-You're sure everything's gonna be all right?
-Don't worry.
I want you to write me
every chance you get.
If what I have
can't go through the mails...
-...I'll phone you.
-All right.
I've had a lot of these.
-I hope what I'm doing is all right.
-You're all right.
-Everything's all right.
-Okay.
-Oh, excuse me.
-Sorry.
Should I wait for you?
No, you'd better go with Michael.
He might get suspicious.
Come in.
-All clear?
-Nobody here but my uncle.
And I am practically gone already.
Have a nice trip, my da--
Oh, pardon me.
You have a-- Oh, excuse me.
-See you later.
-All right.
-Good luck to you.
-Goodbye.
-Goodbye.
-You all right?
Oh, you don't know what a tough time
I had getting rid of my boyfriend.
I'm beat.

Georgia-- I mean, Elvira,
because that's gonna be your name...
...for the next few months.
Please be careful of your speech.
Mrs. Kent may be fatigued,
but she's never beat.
Okay, I'm fatigued, but my feet hurt.
Michael.
Michael. I thought I lost you.
Well, you see, I was just seeing a friend
about some business in South America.
Well, goodbye, Georgia. Best of luck.
I hope you have a wonderful trip.
-Thanks.
-And I almost forgot to tell you, I overtip.
-Okay. It's your money.
-That's right.
Now let me see, checked the passenger list,
nobody knows me.
So far so good.
Now here.
I've written letters to my
husband addressed from various ports.
Please be sure to mail them one by one
at each place you stop.
-That ought to convince him.
-It's a cinch.
Well, goodbye again
and good luck to you.
Oh, I almost forgot
the most important thing.
How do you feel about men?
They're grand.
I mean, they're the most important thing.
With your figure and my name,
the men will be flocking after you.
Say, that's happened to me plenty
under my own name.
Well, just remember,
while your lips are being kissed...
...it's my reputation that's suffering.
-Yeah, I'll make a note of that.
-Good.
Oh, dear, I'm liable

to be trapped on the boat.

-Well, goodbye, Georgia.

-Goodbye.

I hope you make me very proud of me.

I'll try.

Oh, do me a favor,

have a wonderful time...

...but please stay in your cabin as much as possible and as alone as possible.

I'll make a note of that too

and underline it.

Bye.

All ashore that's going ashore.

What's the matter with you?

-What's the matter with you?

-I think I forget.

-Forget what?

-I for--

Nothing at all.

I think I get seasick.

-The ship isn't even moving.

-Why didn't you tell me that?

Late for work, aren't you?

Could you tell me what table

Mrs. Elvira Kent has reserved?

Table 64.

Is that where you're stationed?

-What do you mean?

-Aren't you a new waiter?

Me? Certainly not. I'm a passenger.

I've got one of the most

luxurious cabins on the boat.

-I beg your pardon.

-You should.

If I were not a headwaiter,

I'd be flustered.

-What gave you the idea I work here?

-It was a mistake.

You see, onboard,

no one dresses the first night out.

Well, what's good enough for you

is good enough for me.

Oh, I'm so sorry.

-My dear young lady.

-Yes?

I advise you to go to your cabin
and get out of your clothes.

-Pardon?

-Don't go in there.

-You'll be frightfully embarrassed.

-Embarrassed? Why?

-Nobody dresses the first night out.

-They don't?

Even if it's chilly?

This I gotta see.

-You mean nobody dresses up.

-Of course. Didn't you know that?

Then what are you doing
in that monkey suit?

Confidentially, this is my first trip too.

-Really?

-Yes.

My dear man, I've been on more world
cruises than you could shake a stick at.
It's just that compared to my other gowns,
I don't consider this very formal.

Is that so?

Well, if you don't consider that formal,
I'd like to see the rest of your wardrobe.

-Mrs. Elvira Kent.

-In particular, I have one little item...

...that's backless, strapless...

-Mrs. Kent.

...almost frontless.

-Mrs. Kent.

Mrs. Elvira Kent.

Oh, my goodness.

Mrs. Elvira Kent, that's me.

Hey, boy.

-Are you Mrs. Kent?

-Natch. I mean, naturally.

-Radiogram.

-Oh, thank you.

-Just a moment.

-May I?

No, no, I'll take care of it.

Thank you very much.

Thank you.

-Thank you.
-That's all right.
I'm told I overtip.
Really?
-Would you excuse me, please?
-Yes, certainly.
'Don't dress first night out.'
Now she tells me.
Mrs. Kent, now that I know your name,
perhaps it's fair you should know mine.
-Immaterial.
-It's Peter Virgil.
I was wondering if you're as hungry
as Mr. Virgil.
I could eat a cow.
Well, then our dress notwithstanding,
will you have dinner with me?
If I'm overdressed,
I might as well overeat.
Unless you've some other
dinner engagement?
Oh, no, no, no.
Oh, now, surely you must have
some friends onboard.
I don't mean male friends.
I mean, girlfriends
often go on cruises together.
I don't know a soul on this tub.
Except Mr. Peter Virgil.
Well then, chin up, eyes straight ahead,
and what care we if the peasants stare.
Carry on.
Oh, waiter.
Come here. Table for two, please.
I'm sorry,
the dining room's just been closed.
What do you mean closed?
First you ritz me, then you try to starve
two perfectly good paying customers.
The man is only doing his duty.
-After all, it's our fault that we dawdled.
-Did we dawdle?
Just the same, thanks ever so.
Why don't you try the cocktail lounge?

The pretzels are delicious.

That's an excellent suggestion.

I'm famished.

-More pretzels, please.

-More pretzels. Yes, sir.

Yes, thank you.

Tell me, Mr. Virgil,
what business are you in?

I stick my nose
into other people's business.

-You know how it is when a man's retired.

-Retired? Retired from what?

I made my fortune
in the entertainment business.

Oh, really?

I invented a new system
for clearing audiences out of theaters.

-You're cute. You know something?

-Thank you. What?

-I've always had an ambition to be a singer.

-Is that so?

Most singers have secret ambitions
to be society dames.

I don't see why you're wasting your time
with a married woman...

-...when there's many attractive single girls.

-Oh, yes, yes.

The single girls look for husbands, while
married women run from their husbands.

Frankly, I'd rather be with those that are
running than with those that are looking.

Don't you want to be married?

Well, most husbands I know
speak very poorly of marriage.

-What of your marriage?

-Would you believe it?

-I haven't felt married.

-Yours must be a very unusual marriage.

It certainly is.

I think we had quite enough dinner,
thank you.

What would you like to do now?

I wish I could.

Isn't that lovely?

-Hello.

-Good evening.

-Oh, and you do sing?

-A little.

-You know this song?

-Yes.

-Could you raise it a little, please?

-Sure. B flat, fellas.

It's you or no one for me

I'm sure of this

Each time we kiss

The lady's in love

Now and forever

And when forever's done

You'll find that you are still the one

-Please

-The lady said please

Don't say no to my plea

'Cause if you do

Then I'm all through

There's this about you

My world's an empty world without you

It's you or no one

She don't want no one

It's you or no one for me

Baby, you're the one for me

-I shouldn't have done that.

-I won't report you to the Social Register.

I'm bored with it all, strictly entre nous.

I wish I didn't have to keep up appearances.

Oh, I'm tired of pretending too.

Let's both let our hair down.

Let's follow our impulses wherever

they lead and make this a real vacation.

I think you've got something there.

-May I?

-Of course.

Anything above the third rib

I consider formal.

-Mrs. Kent?

-Yes?

-I mean, Elvira.

-Yes?

May I see you to your cabin?

-Well--

-For you, Mrs. Kent.

Thank you.

Would you tip him, please?

-Yes.

-I overtip.

Oh, yes, of course. That's right.

Well?

No, thank you, Mr. Virgil.

I'll find my way alone.

So nice meeting you. Good night.

-Really?

-Yes.

The tourist trade, the tourist trade

Aye, it's all for the tourist trade

We never sunbathe

Tell you why

It's atmosphere for the passerby

To find us asleep in the shade

It's so very necessary

Aye, the tourist trade

The tourist trade, the tourist trade

Aye, it's all for the tourist trade

Our souvenirs are all foreign bought

They come from some place

Called Terre Haute

We can't sell a thing that we've made

Please, no arguin'

It's a bargain

Aye, the tourist trade

Habana is Havana

They murder the language

But we love 'em

We want more of 'em

The Yankee dollar ain't hay

The tourist trade, the tourist trade

Aye, it's all for the tourist trade

If you're romantic

The Cuban stars

Are made to order for soft guitars

You must fall in love when they're played

They inspire

They're for hire

Aye

Aye, the tourist trade
Habana
That's Havana.
They murder the language
But we love 'em
We want more of 'em
The Yankee dollar ain't hay
The tourist trade, the tourist trade
Aye, it's all for the tourist trade
If you're romantic
The Cuban stars
Made to order for soft guitars
You must fall in love when they're played
They inspire
They're for hire
Aye
Aye, the tourist trade
It's a settin'
Past forgettin'
Once you see it
You'll agree
It's all for the tourist trade
Hey, I love that stuff
Hello, New York?
Havana calling Mr. Michael Kent.
Plaza 43444.
Desires to reverse charges.
Reverse charges?
Just one moment, please.
Havana calling, Mr. Kent.
Wishes to reverse the charges.
Oh, yes. I'll accept it.
Hello.
Yes, yes, I'll accept the charges.
-Hello. Who?
-It's me, Peter Virgil.
We're in Havana.
I thought I'd call and give you the news.
Yes, yes, of course.
Well, what is the news?
-No news.
-What do you mean 'no news'?'
She hasn't looked at another man.
Professionally, I'm very disappointed.

Well, personally, I'm not.
You mean she hasn't spoken
to another man?
Well, she's spoken to me.
What? You two
know each other already?
Well, naturally,
I had to make her acquaintance.
Well, was it difficult?
Tell me, who spoke first?
I did--
Look, don't worry.
The slogan of my firm is
'Never kiss a client's wife.'
Well, don't change slogans
in mid-ocean.
-Hello, is this Mrs. Elvira Kent?
-Yes.
It is? Well, this is
Mrs. Elvira Kent speaking.
Oh, excuse me, this is Georgia,
Georgia Garrett.
I'm taking my work so seriously
I don't know who I am.
Good. Have you been sticking
close to your cabin?
Have I? I've only spoken to one man,
and he's harmless, quite.
I thought I warned you about that.
I figured if I don't speak to any men at all,
it's sure to attract attention to me.
Oh, by the way, Mrs. Kent,
I know it's not my business...
...but have you got anything
on your husband?
I'm afraid his conduct
has been impeccable.
-Caught him with the goods.
-That means he's been behaving himself.
Too bad. Well, maybe he'll do something
unimpeccable before I come back.
Goodbye. And look,
keep in touch with me, will you?
Okay. Goodbye.

I thought you were waiting outside.
Well, I suddenly remembered
I had to call New York.
-Girlfriend, huh?
-No, no, business. And you?
I was calling New York too.
-Boyfriend, huh?
-Better than a boyfriend. My husband.
-You were talking to your husband just now?
-I just hung up.
-Does that surprise you?
-Yes, it certainly does. I--
Poor darling.
He was home waiting for my call.
He's quite a treasure.
I think I'll send him a letter.
Well, don't you have to write it first?
Oh, no, I'm way ahead
on my letter writing.
Bless his heart.
-Look, do you see a doorway over there?
-Sure.
-Do you hear somebody singing?
-Sure.
Well, then I guess I'm not crazy.
Shall we absorb some of the local color?
Let's.
Table for two, please.
Bring us a couple of drinks
of something tall and cool.
Oh, Havana. Isn't it romantic?
You know,
you amaze me.
You made this trip 100 times,
yet you make it sound like it's the first.
You know what my secret is?
-No, what?
-No.
No, come on, tell me.
Well, I keep telling myself
this is my first trip.
Pedro, you must teach me that song.
Oh, you speak Spanish.
Just like a native.

We have so many requests for this song.
And I have some English lyrics.
-Oh, thank you.
-Will be 25 cents, please.
The tourist trade.
Aye, the tourist trade.
You sigh, the song begins
You speak and I hear violins
It's magic
The stars desert the skies
And rush to nestle in your eyes
It's magic
Without a golden wand
Or mystic charms
Fantastic things begin
When I am in your arms
When we walk hand in hand
The world becomes a wonderland
It's magic
How else can I explain those rainbows
When there is no rain?
It's magic
Why do I tell myself
These things that happen
Are all really true?
When in my heart I know the magic
Is my love for you
Gee, now, that's a beautiful song.
It's magic
There's something about the way you sing,
I don't know, it does something to me.
It's magic
Why do I tell myself
These things that happen
Are all really true?
-When in my heart I know
-When in my heart I know
-The magic is my love for you
-The magic is my love for you
Here you are.
-Will you have dinner with me tonight?
-Why not?
We've had it together
every night so far.

-Just a moment, sir.
-I gotta catch that boat.
Your tickets.
Don't you trust me?
Your table or mine?
Say, I've got an idea.
What about table nine?
-Table nine?
-That's in a nice dark corner.
-Georgia.
-What's the matter?
Nothing. If I'm gonna be ready in time,
I'd better start dressing right now.
-Wait a minute. What's the hurry?
-I'll see you later.
Georgia.
May I help you, sir?
Well, you're not exactly my type,
but you can take my bags.
-Good evening, madam.
-Good evening.
-Did you give the message to Mr. Virgil?
-Yes, madam.
I told him that you weren't having dinner
because you were indisposed.
-Thank you.
-Yes, madam.
-Did you bring a little herring?
-Yes, madam. Marinated.
The purse is right over there,
help yourself.
It's all right, I overtip.
Thank you so much, ma'am.
-Who is it?
-It's me, Peter. How do you feel?
Terrible. Just terrible.
Well, we'll fix you right up.
I brought a doctor.
I don't need a doctor.
I just want to be left alone.
But I can't stand in this passageway
all night, young lady.
It's drafty,
and I'm catching cold.

Take two aspirins and go to bed.
Thank you very much.
It sounds like a very good idea. I'll do that.
But first, I'll have to examine you.
It might be something contagious,
you know.
All right, doctor. Just a minute.
Come in.
You better stay outside.
We don't want to start an epidemic.
Now, tell me, where does it hurt?
Everywhere.
Oh, well, then, I suppose
we should start looking someplace.
-Yes, let me see your tongue.
-What's the matter?
Oh, I get dizzy when I bend.
I must be coming down with something.
Oh, thank you very much, yes.
Oh, may I feel your pulse?
Yes.
You might as well feel mine.
If you'd be so kind. Thank you.
Yes, your pulse is normal.
Yours is fast.
I was sure of it.
Well, I suppose
I ought to tap something.
-Here.
-Oh, thank you so much.
Now say, 'Ah.'
-My diagnosis was correct.
-What do you recommend, doctor?
-A sea voyage.
-A sea--
But then we're on one, aren't we?
I'm so sorry. How silly of me.
I'll give you an injection
and put you to sleep.
That shouldn't do you any harm.
Will it hurt, doctor?
Well, it shouldn't,
but I'm a bit clumsy, you know.
-Couldn't I just read myself to sleep?

-No, I'm afraid not. Now just one moment.
I feel faint.
Who got jabbed, me or you?
I seem to smell food odors.
That's always a bad sign.
And herring too.
Why do I smell herring?
I guess there's a school of herring
following the ship.
No, no, not marinated herring.
I don't feel so hot.
I think I better be going.
-Good night, doctor.
-Good night.
-And I hope I sleep well.
-I hope so.
Well, doctor?
Yes, she'll live, but I can't make
any prediction about myself.
-Would you mind helping me to my cabin?
-Not at all. Is something wrong?
Thank you very much.
No, I don't feel too good. I sort of....
-Oh, mess boy.
-I'm the purser. What can I do for you?
There's something wrong with your list.
You haven't got Georgia Garrett listed.
-What was that name?
-Georgia Garrett.
Georgia as in marching through.
Garrett as in starving in.
I'm sorry, if she isn't listed,
she's not onboard.
Don't be coy. I've been
chasing her all over the ship.
Tell me, do you know this tomato?
Why certainly. This toma--
This lady is Mrs. Michael Kent.
Oh, she's Mrs. Kent now.
-And what is Mrs. Kent's stateroom?
-Twenty-three, B deck.
Thank you.
Take the next two weeks off.
Sure-- What?

I haven't eaten all day.

Come in.

Oscar, how'd you get on this boat?

-I lied about my age.

-You chooch.

-You followed me here, huh?

-That's right.

I was sitting alone in a restaurant...

...the waiter put down a check,
and you weren't there to pick it up.

Oscar, please go away.

Incidentally,

I picked up your last two paychecks.

It was barely enough
to pay for my plane ticket.

Didn't even leave me enough
to buy you a present. I feel like a cad.

You crook. You can go to jail for that.

Marry me and you won't
have to testify.

I'm so sleepy.

And you know I don't love you.

I don't know whether to believe
what I'm hearing or what I'm feeling.

Where's the radio room?

-Top deck, sir, next to the lounge.

-Thanks.

I have all the seductive powers
of a sedative.

You chooch.

Start worrying.

Will you please send this radiogram
at once? And send it collect.

Good morning.

Well, good morning.

Good morning.

I use the expression loosely.

-How are you?

-I feel just fine.

You'd be interested to know
that I feel fine too.

-I was sure you would.

-I wanna thank you.

-You left me in good hands last night.

-Yes, yes, I saw as much.

-That doctor sure gets results.

-Of course, sometimes he needs help.

That specialist

that was called in on the case after.

Specialist?

Can you explain to me why that man
was in your cabin kissing you?

-No.

-Well?

Well, can you explain

why you were watching my cabin?

-No.

-Well?

-Well, maybe--

-Maybe what?

Well, maybe

I'm narrow-minded.

But I don't like married women

who play around.

-What if the other man was you?

-That's beside the point.

-It is, is it?

-Yes, it is.

Everything they've said about women like
you on boats like this turned out to be true.

-Or don't you follow me?

-I've wanted to, Peter, anywhere, anytime.

Well, don't.

-Peter, you can't mean that.

-I ca--

I've only one thing to say to you,

Mrs. Kent...

...I would certainly hate to be Mr. Kent.

You chooch.

-Good morning, madam.

-Good morning.

I'd like to get higher than a kite.

Yes, madam. What shall it be?

I don't know, I don't drink.

Well, how about cherry--?

Never mind. I'll get my kicks
my way. Just forget it.

-Hi, fellas.

-Hi.
-Why so glum?
-I don't know. I'm in the mood, I guess.
-Bright or blue?
-You start it, I'll finish it.
You can take the moon
Gather up the stars
And the robins that sing merrily
Put 'em in a box
Tie 'em with a ribbon
And throw 'em in the deep blue sea
You can take the flowers
Down in Lovers' Lane
And that sentimental poetry
Put 'em in a box
Tie 'em with a ribbon
And throw 'em in the deep blue sea
Not for me all that stuff
The dreams that ruin your sleep
Not for me
Had enough
Love is one thing you can keep
You can take the plans
And the wedding bells
And whoever sings
'Oh, Promise Me'
Put 'em in a box
Tie 'em with a ribbon
And throw 'em in the deep blue sea
'Cause love and I we don't agree
The hansoms through the park
The kisses in the dark
All the promises made faithfully
Put 'em in a box
Tie 'em with a ribbon
And throw 'em in the deep blue sea
And you won't go wrong
If you take a song
Sung by Frankie boy or Mr. C
Put 'em in a box
Tie 'em with a ribbon
And throw 'em in the deep blue sea
Not for me all that stuff
The dreams that ruin your sleep

Not for me
Had enough
Love is one thing you can keep
In the icebox
You know what you can do
With good old ''Tea for Two ''
And the girl for you, the boy for me
Put 'em in a box
Tie 'em with a ribbon
Throw 'em in the deep blue sea
-'Cause love and I we don't agree
-At all
-'Cause love
-Love
And I
We don't agree
Thanks, fellas. Excuse me.
That was fun.
So it's you.
I accept that as a greeting.
Very funny.
Oscar, what do you want?
For one thing, I'd like to get
this Mrs. Kent business straight.
-Oh, please, why don't you go home?
-I can't swim.
If you really love me,
you'll pretend not to know me.
Listen, I didn't come all this way and spend
all your money to pretend I don't know you.
Does that instrument interfere
with your work?
-You're in some kind of trouble, aren't you?
-The worst kind of trouble.
Oscar, I'm in love.
-Don't you think you're being forward?
-Not with you.
That was a short romance.
It's all so complicated.
You remember the night when that
classy couple asked me to have a drink?
They turned out to be Mrs. Elvira Kent
and her uncle, head of a drugstore chain.
What a deal they threw my way.

A chance to cash in on all my dreams,
so I accepted.
My first night onboard, I met him.
There must be something about salt air,
he looked so wonderful to me.
By the time we reached Cuba,
I was in love with him.
Head over heels,
if you know what I mean.
Oh, Havana was heaven.
And all the time I had to pretend
that who I was, I wasn't.
Then, this morning, what does he give me?
The gate, hinges and all.
So here I am. He thinks I'm married.
If I kiss him, I lose him.
On the other hand, if I tell him the truth,
who will he hate most, a cheat or a phony?
I know you're phony,
and I don't hate you.
You don't know what it's like
to want someone.
Don't I? Oh, well...
...I guess I'll just have to
bury myself in my work.
-Is that your 'Brooklyn Rhapsody'?'
-Who said anything about Brooklyn?
It's now the 'Caribbean Rhapsody.'
I'm adaptable.
-Have you finished?
-I don't want to.
People will like it,
they'll make a big fuss over me.
I'll be the toast of the town. Then what
happens to that boy you and I love?
Aren't you being modest?
I have confidence in you, Oscar.
Everybody has confidence in me.
That's my trouble.
In high school,
I was voted the boy most likely to succeed.
In college, they said
I had a brilliant future.
I wonder what ever became of me?

It's you
Or no one for me
I'm sure of this
Each time we kiss
Now and forever
And when forever's done
You'll find that you are still
The one
Please don't say no
To my plea
'Cause if you do
Then I'm all through
There's this about you
My world's an empty world
Without you
It's you or no one
For me
It's magic.
You know,
that's a mighty dangerous song.
And this night isn't helping any either.
It's one for the books.
Just like they said in the folder.
They didn't leave anything out tonight.
Breeze, moon, stars.
And all working overtime.
Makes a man feel--
Wants a woman in his arms.
And vice versa.
-If only you weren't married.
-How I wish I could tell you I wasn't.
How easy it would be if you weren't
married, I'd take you in my arms.
-Like how?
-Like this.
-Then what?
-On your lips, I'd-- I'd plant a kiss.
Such as?
But then you have a husband.
And you have principles.
-Elvira.
-Yes, Peter?
Something I've gotta do.
I can't help myself.

Well, if you can't help yourself,
you can't help yourself.
I gotta send a cablegram.
Prepare yourself.
Another radiogram to be sent at once.
Send that one collect too.
You'll let me know how it comes out,
won't you?
Mrs. Kent, a message from Mr. Farrar.
I have a message for you
from Mr. Virgil.
I'm first. Mr. Farrar would like you
to join him at the Flambio for dinner.
That's my message.
Mr. Virgil said he had to
go ashore to make a call...
...and would you meet him
at the Flambio?
-Flambio?
-Flambio.
In Trinidad, in Trinidad
The women are good
But the liquor is bad
In Trinidad, in Trinidad
The women are good
But the liquor is bad
May we sing you
a song, sir?
Not about a good woman.
There's no such thing.
Run when you see a pretty woman.
When you sing calypso, you don't say,
'When you see a pretty woman.'
When you see a pretty woman.
-When you see a pretty woman?
-That's right.
You sing, we'll follow you.
What can I lose
that I haven't already lost?
Run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Love is the common enemy

The moon and the stars are the artillery
When they attack
You'll find there's no retreat
You will lose your heart
Unless you use your feet
Oh, run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
I know a girl whose kiss was warm
I never thought that it could do me harm
There never was a better girl like her
But her husband
Was professional wrestler
Oh, run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Woman say come in out of rain
More better you stay out in the hurricane
You catch a cold
But it is worth the pain
Better off catch cough
Than catch a ball and chain
Oh, run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Tropical heat is very bad
Has played dirty trick
On many nice young lad
The brain go flip
The heart is go flip-flop
Woman blow you kiss
And then you blow your top
Oh, run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Run, run, run
When you see a pretty woman
Run, run, run
When you see....
Oh, I beg your pardon.
I didn't see you coming back there.
-Go in after me.

-After you.

I insist, please.

-All right, fine.

-Thank you.

-You on the same boat?

-Yeah, the Southern Queen.

Good evening.

What is your pleasure?

-A double.

-A double what?

Double anything.

-And you, sir?

-The same.

Women.

I agree with you 100 percent.

They're a bad influence on a man.

Not only that, but they're habit-forming.

You know, I can't think of one single good thing to say about them.

That's a mighty smooth drink.

Another.

Me too.

Only this time, make mine a triple.

A triple, sir. Very good.

Who said you can't live with them and without them?

The same guy who said more truth than poetry...

...and I wouldn't care to meet either of them.

The cause of all human suffering, you know.

To think that we gave up a perfectly good rib.

And not that they appreciate it.

What does yours look like?

Well....

-Funny, mine looks exactly the same.

-Yeah?

-I drink to your woman.

-I drink to yours.

-One more for me.

-I likewise.

-I'm beginning to feel those drinks.

-Me too. Should have had something to eat.
Yeah, that's always a good idea.
Is yours a blond too?
This season. I've loved her as a brunette,
a brownette, and a redhead.
A little peroxide
will never come between us.
Speaking about figures, curves?
Curves?
When you put your arm around her waist
you gotta go into second.
What color are her eyes?
Now, I never could tell.
Every time I look into them,
I get dizzy.
My experience exactly.
Hey, we could be talking about
the same girl.
What's your girl's name?
-Georgia. Georgia Garrett.
-Georgia Garrett.
No, no, that's a different girl.
Mine's gonna be here any minute.
-I want you to meet her.
-Mine will be here too.
I bet they'll like each other at first sight.
While waiting, what do you say
we have another drink?
Just the thing. Yes, sir.
Fill them up again, bartender.
That is a wonderful suggestion.
I came through, didn't I?
Boy, you can say that again.
-I come through.
-Yes, sir.
Of course, the rub is
that mine is married.
How about yours,
is yours a Mrs.?
At the moment.
I don't know about you...
-...but I'm really getting a little high.
-So am I.
I don't know what he puts in those drinks,

but he's really won me over.
Dare we try another?
Second the motion.
Coming right up.
-Oh, waiter.
-Yes, miss.
Do you see those two gentlemen
sitting at the far end of the bar?
-Yes.
-Would you be so kind...
...and give them these messages?
Thank you.
-Here you are.
-Keep the change.
-Thanks.
-I'm not leaving till I get this recipe.
Excuse me. The lady send this.
The lady send this.
What do you know,
she's standing me up.
Yeah? Well, shake hands.
Mine isn't coming down either.
I'll show her. I've got a good mind
to catch a plane to New York.
Maybe I ought to go to New York myself.
I'm certainly not doing any good here.
-You mind if I go with you?
-Have you got two tickets?
Oh, I got better than that.
In that case, be my guest.
Steady, steady, steady.
They'll never let us on that plane
if we're drunk.
You know, these slanting floors
will never be popular.
Peter. Peter.
Good morning, Mr. Virgil, it's 9:15.
Lovely day, temperature normal.
Hey, you, you've had
your beauty rest. Come on, get--
Are you looking for the gentleman?
-Do you know where Mr. Virgil is?
-He didn't return to the ship.
We received a radiogram

from him and Mr. Farrar.

-Mr. Farrar too?

-Yes, madam.

They said they were taking a plane to New York, and would we forward their baggage.

Thank you.

Thank you, madam.

Fasten your safety belts, please.

Fasten your safety belts, please.

Sorry, sir, but will you fasten your safety belt, please?

-Yes, sure.

-We're landing in Rio in a few minutes.

-What? Where did you say?

-Rio.

Hey, Peter, wake up.

-Wake up.

-Wha--?

Hey, one thing I'll say about that Trinidad liquor.

-Not a sign of a hangover.

-Maybe this will bring it on.

-That stewardess says we're landing in Rio.

-Rio?

She's probably just not used to flying.

Would you mind looking out the window?

-Didn't you ask for tickets to New York?

-I certainly did. In my best Spanish too.

But the official language in Trinidad is English.

Do you suppose

that had anything to do with it?

These all from the Southern Queen?

No, there is another car coming.

Cigarette? Be my guest

if it doesn't run into too much dough.

After you.

Thank you.

Hey, we can check right now.

Here's the bulletin board.

Due today, Southern Queen.

We better claim our baggage

before they ship it back to New York.

Yeah. Well, look, you go, will you?

My girl's onboard.

-She'll think I'm running after her.

-My girl's onboard too.

-Let's make them both suffer.

-Calling Mr. Virgil.

-Calling Mr. Virgil.

-Hey, Virgil, that's me.

Pardon, there is a phone call
for you from New York.

-You can take it on the house phone here.

-New York?

New York?

Tell them to transfer
my unemployment insurance down here.

Hello.

Hello. Hello, Virgil?

Well? What's happened?

Well, how have you been?

How's the weather up there?

Listen, I didn't call you 5000 miles
to discuss the weather.

-It's a very nice day here.

-That's funny, it's a nice day here too.

Never mind that.

Why haven't you called me in all this time?

Well, that's-- That's because
I didn't want to give you the bad news.

Bad news? What's the bad news?

Hold on for a minute.

Something new has just developed.

Elvira.

Peter.

Hello? Hello?

-I don't know what to say--

-How silly for you to try to run away.

-Think of the time we've wasted.

-Those few days made me realize...

-...that you don't really love your husband.

-Not another word about my husband.

-Would it be wrong if I said I loved you?

-It would be wrong if you didn't.

Aren't you gonna introduce me?

Darling.

Always thinking of your own

selfish pleasures. I'll try the other shoulder.

Darling, this is my boon

drinking companion, Oscar Farrar.

Oscar, this is Elvira Kent.

How do you do, Mr. Farrar? You can't

imagine my feelings at meeting you.

In that case, try to imagine mine.

Say, Oscar, is she anything like your
girlfriend that you were telling me about?

You mean Georgia?

Oh, no, not at all.

Well, I have to phone down
about the baggage.

-Phone? Oh, excuse me.

-Oh, thanks, Oscar.

Do you feel you're growing away
from me?

-You're a peach. Thank you.

-I'm used to that.

-Hello, Mr. Kent.

-Virgil, what took you so long?

Believe me,

it was in the line of duty.

Listen, Virgil, what's been happening
with my wife?

-Plenty.

-Well....

Well, tell me. I'm a grown man.

How bad is it?

Pretty bad. I'm a grown man too,
and I hope it gets worse.

This connection
must be bad.

I can't understand
what you're babbling about.

But whatever it is,
do something to stop her.

I'm going crazy here.

Mr. Kent, I've been taking your money
under false pretenses.

I'd advise you to give me
my two weeks notice.

Goodbye.

-Yes, Mr. Kent?

-Miss Medwick, get me my broker.
Call Randall. I want to check the changes
in the routine shipping report.
Also get the wire that came yesterday
concerning the Canadian merger.
Anything new, Humphrey?
No, ma'am. It all looks very businesslike
and proper to me.
Let me for a minute. Excuse me.
He's talking to her.
So she's going out of the room
without even looking backward.
You can go to lunch, Humphrey.
After all these weeks,
you'd think he'd give her a pinch or a pat.
On the shoulder, I mean.
You sound disappointed that he hasn't.
I think I'll see what else is happening.
-Wait a minute.
-You know, it's very irritating.
Here I give up a wonderful cruise
to trap my husband and what happens?
Nothing.
Just goes to show
you can't trust men.
And that girl is having
a perfectly wonderful time under my name.
I haven't heard a thing from her.
Who knows what's going on there.
Just goes to show
you can't trust women either.
The best thing you can do, Elvira,
is to get on the first plane to Rio.
What for?
Then you can phone Michael to join you,
and you can take the boat back together.
Half a cruise with a whole husband
is better than no cruise with no husband.
Maybe you're right.
Come on, let's go.
Oh, and this one too.
-You know what to do while I'm gone.
-Yes.
The car is downstairs.

Your bags are in it.

Thank you. I'll be right with you.

Get some displays

pushing hair tonic and triple malts.

-Yes.

-Miss Medwick, you'll pack those too.

If anything comes up,

wire me at the Hotel Atlantico.

-Yes.

-Here's your briefcase.

-Thank you.

-And bon voyage. We'll all miss you.

-Thanks. Where have you been?

-Hello.

I was seeing a lady friend

of mine off at the airport.

-You can see me off too. I'm leaving for Rio.

-For Rio--? When?

I have a chartered plane waiting.

Is that as fast

as going by regular airlines?

Much faster. I want to get there

as soon as possible.

Michael, you have company.

I'm going with you.

Oh, Michael.

Good, good, good.

But I'm not interested.

What can I do with that type

of music in my show?

Mr. Plinio, take my advice,

as one musician to another, you need me.

Mr. Farrar, as one businessman

to another, I can't afford you.

You can't afford me? Why, money's

of the utmost indifference to me.

-All I want is a chance to play.

-That's not the point.

I'm spending a fortune to redecorate

this place so I can reopen for the Carnival.

And to get my investment back,

I need an attraction. A real attraction.

I need someone with a name.

What do you think my mother gave me,

a number?
Let me play it again.
Very generous of you,
but I can't use it.
That's what I admire about you,
you have such an open mind.
Maybe you'd like it better
if I set lyrics to it.
In your eyes
It's magic
I wish those amateurs would stop
interfering with a serious musician.
Say, I know that voice.
Fantastic things begin
When I am in your arms
When we walk hand in hand
She not only sounds good,
she looks good.
Take it from me,
that girl has all sorts of talent.
Do you want to sign her up?
She could be the finest singer,
but if she hasn't got a name....
What do you mean?
Why, that's Mrs. Elvira Kent...
...one of the classiest
society dames in New York.
Mrs. Elvira Kent?
Why, when she came out, she made all the
other debutantes look like social climbers.
-A society singer.
-Right, and very talented.
-That would be something new.
-Want me to talk to her?
Oh, no. You wouldn't know how to handle
an important lady like that.
I'll.... I'll talk to her.
Mrs. Kent,
you will not be angry with me?
Why should I be angry with you?
I was about to offer you a contract
to sing in my Casino Room.
Beg your pardon?
I knew you would be offended,

but it's a good proposition, \$ 1 000 a week.

A thousand bucks--? Dollars. For me?

Of course, it's obviously nothing

for a lady in your position...

-...but if I said a thousand, I can say 2500.

-Are you kidding?

Once you say 2500,

it's not difficult to say 5000.

After you pay your taxes here and in

United States, it will cost you very little.

I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Plinio,

I'll sing for you for 1 000 a week.

-What?

-But not as Elvira Kent.

Well, suppose I took another name.

Any name.

Let's say Georgia Garrett.

What's wrong with that?

Listen, if you use a name like Georgia

Garrett and sang like an angel even...

...I could still shoot llamas in the balcony.

But if I had Mrs. Elvira Kent....

Did I say 5000? I mean seven.

Okay. I'll do it.

Wonderful. Wonderful.

It's no accident that I happen to have

the contract right with me.

-What a coincidence.

-Here.

Senora, I predict that you are going to be

the greatest attraction I ever had.

-I know she will.

-Thank you.

I'm sorry that your husband

will not be here to see you.

Oh, I'm so sorry too,

but he's such a busybody.

Goodbye. See you later.

Goodbye.

-How do you do?

-How do you do, sir?

Where can I find Mr. Peter Virgil?

Mr. Peter Virgil? I believe you'll find him

in the Casino Room.

-Thank you.
-I'll stay here and register, you know.
Where's the house telephone?
-You may use this phone right here.
-Mrs. Michael Kent, please.
-Mrs. Michael--
-Thank you, but what's the number?
Three fourteen.
-Why don't you rest for a while?
-I'm not tired. Just excited and happy.
But by tonight you'll be slaphappy.
You're not used to this.
Take the advice of an old trouper.
While you can,
go upstairs and catch forty winks.
I'll need 80 now.
Pardon me.
Mr. Kent. I didn't know
that you were coming down here.
After that telephone conversation,
where did you expect me to be?
I'm glad you did come down.
I wanna explain the problem I'm facing.
All you need to explain
is the meaning of this.
That just means that your wife
has a wonderful voice.
My wife has a terrible voice
and that's not all.
I didn't pay you
to let her sing in a nightclub.
I was hired to shadow your wife. To stop
her from singing would have been extra.
What about that man? That other man?
Well, I've almost finished
a complete written report, Mr. Kent.
I don't want a written report,
I want my wife. Where is she?
Well, she's around somewhere.
Oh, she's around somewhere.
A fine detective you are.
No, I'm gonna do the decent thing. Your
wife is in her room, Mr. Kent. Go to her.
-What?

-Maybe it was just being away from you.

Maybe she does really still love you.

Maybe it was the tropical skies.

-Maybe it was just--

-Tell me what you're raving about.

-I don't know.

-You what?

Well, I mean, it hurts too much
to talk about it.

Go to her, Mr. Kent.

It's the best thing for everybody.

-Mrs. Michael Kent is not in her room.

-I saw Mrs. Kent step into the elevator.

-Oh, the elevator.

-Yes.

Where you going?

-Nowhere.

-Say, what's the matter with you?

-Mrs. Michael Kent's room, please.

-Is Mrs. Kent expecting you?

Well, what difference does that make?

I'm Mr. Kent.

Room 314.

-Thank you. Come on.

-You're welcome.

-I said, come on.

-Good, good, good.

I was going off duty in 10 minutes,
but I think I'll stay.

Michael, I think it's better you go alone.

I don't want to spoil your nice reunion.

-Going up, sir?

-Yes. All right, uncle.

Hello?

-Yes.

-Darling, I wanted to--

Oh, I beg your pardon.

I must be in the wrong room.

Really? If it was the right room,
that's no way to open the door.

Yes, you're so right. I'm so sorry.

Would you like to play

three-handed gin?

That's all I need.

Come in.
Say, you gave me the wrong room number.
My wife isn't in 31 4.
I'm sorry, but she is, Mr. Kent.
But there's a strange girl up there.
You'd better look it up again.
Three fourteen
is correct, Mr. Kent.
Rio is getting more like Paris every day.
Don't be so excited.
Now let me get this straight.
Mr. Kent is here?
That's right. Your husband.
-If we have a fourth, we can play bridge.
-I've got to think.
You have no time.
You must leave immediately.
-What's the matter?
-Bec-- Shut up, Oscar.
Michael, Michael.
Come, come, come.
Me and my ambition to travel.
Darling.
Darling, it's me, Michael.
Who are you and what do you want?
-Isn't this Room 31 4?
-That it is.
Isn't this Mrs. Michael Kent's room?
Do I look like a Mrs. Michael Kent?
I must be dreaming,
I.... Well--
Wasn't there a woman in this bed
five minutes ago?
-I'm no blabbermouth. Will you get out or--?
-Excuse me, sorry.
It must have been that plane trip I took.
My goodness, it's getting so that a man
isn't safe around here at Carnival time.
-Run along, run along.
-All right, I'm sorry.
It was my mistake.
I didn't mean any trouble by it.
What are we gonna do now?
He's sure to find out.

Put on some decent clothes.
I'll start packing.
That's right.
I will help you, darling, come.
-Mr. Lazlo.
-I take off my glasses. Come, come, come.
What is the number
of Mrs. Kent's room, please?
Three fourteen.
Who, may I ask, is calling?
Mrs. Michael Kent, and I'll be back.
What if there is bloodshed in 31 4?
We're going to do
the whole third floor over anyhow.
I'm checking out.
-Is there something wrong, Mr. Virgil?
-Yeah, everything.
-Listen, Virgil.
-What's the matter?
I'm going crazy. I can't find my wife.
She's disappeared.
She probably couldn't face you.
-For heaven's sake, what's this all about?
-I might as well tell you the truth.
I've fallen in love with your wife.
-What?
-She's fallen in love with me.
-What?
-The only thing I'm ashamed of...
...is it was on your time.
Virgil. Peter Virgil, you're fired.
Your bill, Mr. Virgil.
-Mrs. Kent.
-A fine job you've done for me.
So I'm going
to sing tonight, am I?
Excuse me.
It seems I'm caught between two bags.
Oh, and I see the way
you've taken care of my reputation.
-Uncle Lazlo, you too?
-Yes, me too.
-Well, I am surprised.
-You are not surprised yet.

You will be surprised when I tell you
that Michael is here too.

-What?

-Yes.

-Oh, what am I gonna do?

-I have a wonderful idea.

We will tell him that--

It's not good. No.

I just wanna find out

who's in that bed now, that's all.

-Darling!

-Oh, so you finally made it?

Oh, Michael, I'm so glad you came.

It's been so lonely without you.

That's not the way I heard it.

Oh, I know all about your little escapades.

This Peter Virgil you're in love with

happens to be a private detective.

I hired him to shadow you.

Everything you've done

has been reported to me.

-That's a lie.

-How do you do?

He is not a detective,

and he hasn't met your wife.

You're back. You can't deny

there's something between you and Virgil.

He confessed everything

before he checked out.

Checked out? Oh, I gotta go.

Say, what has she got to do with this?

-Michael, if I--

-Elvira, you'd better tell me. Tell me.

Michael, I can't--

Who are you? What are you doing here?

Don't you think we've been seeing

too much of each other?

Elvira, what's the meaning of this?

Uncle.

Why are you hiding in the closet?

I will-- I will tell you.

It's awful.

There is such a hurly-burly in this Rio.

I was happy to find a quiet place.

Quiet place?
Well, you're not gonna sing
and that's final.
Shout all you want to.
They paid to see Mrs. Kent,
and that's who they'll see.
-Oh, no, they're not.
-But, Michael, it'll be fun.
Why, I sang for the Milk Fund benefit,
didn't I?
Yes, and for two years after that,
everyone was drinking their coffee black.
But, Oscar, the contract is illegal.
I said I was Elvira Kent.
You have Mrs. Kent's permission
to use her name. They can ask her.
Please, let's forget it.
No, you've gotta do it
for the sake of your country.
If Elvira ever gets out there to sing, she'll
set the good-neighbor policy back 20 years.
I suppose if I'm lucky,
they'll take me back at the Club Casa.
Five shows nightly at 40 a week.
I can go back to haunting the travel bureau,
piling up literature on places I'll never see.
If I'm lucky,
I'll meet a man who won't pretend...
...to be in love with me
because it's his job.
Who are you to complain?
If he's a phony that makes two of you.
You two should be very happy together.
He left thinking I was Elvira Kent.
I'll never know how he feels
about Georgia Garrett.
Thank you.
Why, Mr. Virgil,
I thought you went back to the States.
-I was going, but I didn't.
-I beg your pardon, sir.
-Can I help it if I can't help it?
-Yes, sir.
Waiter, table for Mr. Virgil.

And now, it is my great pleasure
to introduce to you the star of our show.
The beautiful New York society lady
who will charm you with her singing...
...Mrs. Elvira Kent.
Just a moment, please.
Ladies and gentlemen, I came here tonight
with every intention of singing for you...
...but first I'd like you to hear
from a very good friend.
She dreamt for years
of visiting your beautiful country...
...and always wanted to sing in a glamorous
place before a distinguished audience.
Will you give her that chance?
Thank you very much.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Miss Georgia Garrett.
You sigh, the song begins
You speak and I hear violins
It's magic
The stars desert the skies
And rush to nestle in your eyes
It's magic
Without a golden wand
Or mystic charms
Fantastic things begin
When I am in your arms
When we walk hand in hand
The world becomes a wonderland
It's magic
How else can I explain those rainbows
When there is no rain?
It's magic
Why do I tell myself
These things that happen
Are all really true?
When in my heart I know
The magic is my love
For you
Oh, it's magic.
It sure is.
A fine detective I turned out to be.
I didn't do so well

as a married woman either.
You need practice.