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Save the Tiger

By Steve Shagan

... ten years of combat and more than
1,000 holes from enemy fire...
Patches, the ancient C-123...
used for spraying chemical defoliants
in Vietnam is being retired.
Patches will leave Saigon
and is destined for exhibition...
at the Air Force Museum at Wright-
Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio.
The plane's last pilot,
Captain Orin Smith stated:
"We'll miss her. She was a tough old bird."
Preliminary reports on last night's tragedy...
at Glendale Boulevard indicate
a 16-foot section of the main gas line...
had been damaged in the recent tremor.
The structural weakening
in the three foot wide pipe...
had evidently escaped detection.
Eight bodies have been recovered

as of 2:

On the local weather scene...
we can expect temperatures
in the low to mid 70s.
The Los Angeles County Air Pollution
District reports heavy smog...
in the Basin today
with light eye irritation predicted.
Carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxide
will be .30 parts per million.
The APCD again cautions against
strenuous activity for school children.
Now, let me show you something
for man's best friend.
Any dog will lick his chops
for Granny's Grenadine Beef.
- Why, it'll make your dog sit up and...
- Shit.
- You don't want any toast?
- Nada, nothing.
When's the funeral?
Thursday.
Sorry about the airport thing.

Hard to believe Uncle Bernie's dead.
God, what a bastard.
Screwed everybody.
How long are you gonna be gone?
A week, 10 days.
Do we have to?
You screamed in your sleep.
That's the second time this week.
Yeah.
See Dr. Frankfurter.
He'd tell me it's repressed sex.
Maybe it is.
- It's Willie.
- Who?
Willie. The guy downtown
that parks my car is Willie.
- Kamu died.
- He died a long time ago.
No, not him. Kamu the whale.
Been swimming against the current
for three years.
- What current?
- And it damaged...
The current in the tank at Pacific World
and the friction damaged his dorsal fin.
It's a shame,
a beautiful animal like that dead.
I took Audrey to see him once
on her birthday, remember?
I don't know how old she was,
Harry, you insulted Dr. Sorrel last night.
Insulted? What insult?
Drinking my booze
and climbing all over my wife.
- It's insecurity. He's insecure.
- Insecure.
He's got everything up front
except trumpets.
He happens to be a very fine doctor.
A lot of people are using him.
A lot of people are using him.
I still like Doc Fisher.
Fisher still uses leeches. He's an old man.
Yeah, old and smart. He can diagnose

hemorrhoids through a suit of armor.
Those things look worse than ever.
Wouldn't hurt to have them checked again.
Yeah. That nine year old kid, Judy Miller...
they're gonna let her play baseball
with the boys. How'd you like that.
Father had to go to court but they're
gonna let her play, I think it's terrific.
Who the hell notices at that age?
If the kid's a good ball player,
what's the difference if she's a girl?
Father must be a hell of a guy,
he took it all the way to court, huh?
You used to love baseball. Why don't
you go to a game once in a while?
They play but they don't play
on dirt anymore, they play on plastic.
Ballplayers are a bunch of antiseptic kids.
They don't chew tobacco.
Don't use their spikes. In the old days
they'd slide in high, man...
those spikes'd take your face right off.
The pitchers don't wind up any more.
My God, they used to wind up.
Johnny Vander Meer, remember that
crazy mad Dutchman?
Oh, my God, was that pitching!
Course he was a southpaw. Casey!
Jesus, Hugh Casey. Lumbering out from
that bullpen, chewing on his tobacco.
Cool.
He'd get out there under pressure...
he'd throw a sinker
that would just fall right off a cliff.
Ran out of his stuff, he'd throw
his balls up to the plate.
God damn, they were something!
They were really something.
Harry?
What?
See Dr. Frankfurter.
Frankfurter couldn't throw a strike
from two feet.
- Hypnosis, hypnosis is the thing.

- Bullshit.

They can tell a lot from dreams.

- You're worried.

- Cuban Pete never worries.

- You're worried.

- I don't know why.

It only costs me \$200

a day to get out of bed.

- \$200 a day?

- That's what the accountant tells me...

with everything, \$200 a day.

There's the taxes, insurance...

automobiles and a gardener

and a pool man...

and a tree surgeon, for Christ's sake.

And Carmela, and house payments

and a Swiss school...

\$200 a day.

And downtown, that's another story.

Got to finance the new line

and money's tight.

Textile mills to pay, payroll to meet.

And we may be audited.

- Audited for what?

- Last year, we...

did a little ballet with the books.

- What does Phil say?

- He's worried.

He's always worried.

Listen, when you get back from New York...

why don't we fly over to Geneva

and see the kid?

Harry, she's better off over there.

Europe is civilized.

Things are too crazy in this country.

A man came out of Mario's Restaurant...

someone walked up and shot him to death.

They didn't even know each other.

That's just a few blocks away.

Maybe we could get a brigade of

Cambodians to patrol Beverly Hills.

Mexican maids could cook their rice.

- She's better off in Switzerland.

- I miss her, I miss the kid.

Keep hearing that song from Babar...
The Elephant's Song.
Harry, they are shooting horse
in the toilets at the high school!
Cuban Pete's daughter doesn't shoot horse.
It's funny, every time one of us leaves,
I wish we'd made it.
I'm not going to Mars.
Yeah, I know that but you know,
all these hijackings.
Those monster jets, I don't know how
the hell they get up and down.
In the old days you could see
the propellers spinning...
out there on the wings,
you knew what kept it up.
That's a happy thought.
I really need that before I...
I just meant that I wish
we'd made it last night.
You left me with the company. By the
time I got to bed you were out cold.
We still should've.
You could've woke me up,
what would I have missed? A nightmare.
Every time one of us goes to the airport
you start getting romantic.
Promise me you'll see Dr. Frankfurter.
Harry?
- I'm serious about Frankfurter.
- Yeah.
I should've been a ballplayer.
With my arm, I could've made Brooklyn.
Chicago, anyway.

First base:

Second base:

Durocher at short, Cookie Lavagetto at third.
God, that was something, really something.
... Soviet poet has been re-committed...
to the state mental institution in Leningrad...
Children learning American history...
only a few feet from a mortuary.

Strange? Perhaps.

But Pleasant Heaven believes
in life as well as death.

Take your...

Oh, yeah.

Come on.

- Thanks a lot, mister.

- Okay.

- Where are you going?

- Nowhere.

What does that mean?

I stay on the Strip. I ride back and forth.

- All day?

- All day.

I didn't know people still did that.

Well, I'm just an old-fashioned girl.

- How old are you?

- Twenty.

Nobody's 20.

- I get off at Crescent Heights, all right?

- Yeah, it's okay, wherever.

Right.

- Sounds like an old recording.

- It is.

- How old are you?

- 33.

- That's a groovy suit.

- Thank you.

You want to ball?

It's awfully nice of you to offer...

- but I'm running a little behind schedule.

- Okay.

Sure you don't wanna ball?

I'm afraid I'll have to pass,

but thank you very much.

- Thank you.

- Okay.

- My name is Myra, I'm here all the time.

- Go ahead, Myra.

- Bye.

- Bye bye. Have a nice day.

- Nice day?

- Yeah, you know...

rapping with your friends

or whatever you... Have a nice day.

- Okay, I will.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- Hi ya, Willie.

- What time you going out?

- That's hard to say.

- Hard to say?

Well, I wouldn't want to make it hard for you, no, nothing like that.

Hello, Al.

What?

Yeah, okay. Either slow down or speak American, Al.

- My name is not Al, it's Alfonso.

- Alfonso.

Listen, I got 16 illegal wetbacks working here, have I ever said a word?

- You're a real revolucionario, Harry.

- Yeah, thank you.

Listen, how're we doing?

Are you gonna make it?

I'll have everything at the hotel by 1:00.

You're not worried about me, seor?

- Never worry about you, Al.

- Los otros, Meyer and Rico.

Hello, love.

- Hi, Rosanna.

- It's a super collection, Mr. Stoner.

- I just hope it sells.

- It will, it will.

"It will, it will." It better.

Damn the costs! The plaid must match.

- You're losing the grain on the jerseys!

- Listen to me, you pansy!

I was making patterns

before you sucked milk!

You get your hands off me!

I will not have my designs

butchered by a no-talent Cossack!

- All right, that's enough!

- Enough, yeah, that's right.

- I'm through, Harry.

- Good!

I can go across the street to Beckman.

- I know Beckman...

- I don't need this aggravation...

after 50 years in the business

from a fresh pansy!

- You God damn peasant!

- Please.

You can be replaced by a laser beam!

- Meyer, why do you do this to me?

- To you?

Who can do anything to you?

You're a playback.

You tell everyone what they want to hear.

We can't stand here and have

a philosophical discussion. Not today.

The show is this afternoon. Everything's...

- Harry, we must talk!

- We will talk later!

- Harry, we must talk!

- We will talk later!

Look at your fingers. Orange.

So they're orange. 50 years I'm smoking.

And if I die you know what they'll do?

They'll bury me because if they don't,

I'll stink.

- Meyer.

- Harry.

- I want to talk to you.

- Meyer, we will talk. But later.

All right? Later, I promise you.

- You all right, Rico?

- Me? I'm fine. I'm super.

It's that God damn Russian,

he's ruining my designs.

He's the finest cutter in this business.

You know, you ought to take

a long look at it before it's gone.

- What are you talking about?

- Craft.

The kind that old man has.

- Stunning, isn't it?

- Yeah.

Thanks, dear. Gorgeous.

You know, Harry, I'm getting very bored with all this nonsense.

Yeah?

Yeah. You're gonna have to make a choice. Because I cannot be restricted.

Rico, we do have a contract.

You just try to get a design out of a contract!

Don't you get cute with me, Rico, it's the wrong day.

My God, you've got a short memory!

Have you forgotten? I knew you when your name was Sol.

You were running packages and going to a drawing school. Don't interrupt me!

Who paid for that drawing school, Rico?

Who took you by the hand, led you across this country?

Who introduced you to his friends, the buyers, and they showed you...

all about the minis, the midis, the maxis and the fabrics, silks, satins...

- But I delivered, didn't I?

- Delivered?

- Half your creations are copies!

- Everybody copies!

You're right. So don't come on like a half-assed genius.

- Harry, we're gonna have to have a talk.

- Not today we don't. Tomorrow.

You know something?

I used to like Solly. He was a good kid.

I wonder what ever happened to him.

Put a belt on that stunning jacket.

- Good morning, Mr. Stoner.

- Hi ya.

- Here's your mail.

- What?

Gloria's out sick today.

- My, that's a beautiful suit.

- Passatti, Italian silk.

- Mr. Greene's been asking for you.

- Yeah.

- Hi, Mr. Stoner.

- Hi, honey.
- Nice-looking suit.
- Passatti, Italian silk.
I appreciate your problem.
I told you I can't meet a 30 day note.
Well, we've been doing business
with you for 15 years...
and maybe that's been a mistake.
All right, what do you want?
You wanna foreclose?
Okay, I'll see you in court in five years.
Yes, right. All right, Sam.
Good afternoon.
Where the hell have you been?
- What happened at the bank?
- What the hell do you think happened?
Just like I told you.
- The best is 50 cents on every dollar.
- Not enough.
- What?
- Not enough.
It's a God damn shame.
We've got a hell of a line.
Rico did a brilliant job.
I went over all the patterns
with the old man.
Everything figures: Materials, labor,
fittings, accessories, packaging...
shipping, sales commissions,
everything, it's all there.
If the country doesn't go in the crapper,
we'll have a great season.
- We'll make some money for a change.
- How many dollars do we need?
Dollars!
If you can write \$300,000 this afternoon...
- Christ, I'll write \$300,000...
- All right, if you can write...
\$300,000 this afternoon, discounted
at the bank, we get \$150,000.
- And?
- We'll need another \$142,000...
in less than 60 days.
The mills are on our back; we owe them

a bundle from last year.

All right, what about
the Long Beach factory?

- What about it?

- What are we using that for?

I don't know. We're turning out
three numbers down there. Pantsuits.

- Policies all paid up?

- Of course they are.

Okay.

What the hell is that?

Charlie Robbins. What's the policy worth?

Charlie Robbins?

- What's the policy worth?

- Forget it, Harry!

We can ask the unions,
the mills to carry us.

After all these years, those bastards owe us!

We tried that last year
and they told us to take a walk.

How much is the floater worth?

I'm not gonna get involved with Robbins.

There's a line I will not cross!

God damn it, one simple question:

How much is the floater worth?

- Forget the fucking floater.

- Do I have to go ask Marvin?

Now how much is it worth, Phil?

- \$100,000.

- That's enough to squeeze through.

We cut a lot of sharp corners together
but this is insanity!

You must be kidding.

Christ, if we were flat on our ass...

and we made missiles, Congress
would send us a certified check.

- We happen to make dresses.

- That's bullshit.

You can't rationalize a thing like this.

I won't permit it, I...

Phil! Charlie Robbins is the very best.

There's never gonna be any questions.

Will you wake up?

There are always questions!

How the hell do you think
that Beckman pulled out?
Now, do you think his fire
was spontaneous combustion?
I don't give a good God damn
about Beckman!
I give a good God damn!
We almost went on our ass last year...
and this is our only chance to bail out!
- Then we'll file for bankruptcy.
- We file for bankruptcy, we get audited.
Would you like Linda to visit you in Chino?
Arson, Harry, arson!
This is a major felony.
You're talking about 20 years.
Look, arson or fraud,
it is the same accommodations.
It's out of the question.
I won't do it. I am not gonna get involved
with Robbins and that's it!
Son of a bitch.
Think I enjoy doing this, Phil?
What the hell else am I gonna do?
Just tell me.
We invented a new kind
of arithmetic last year.
But we survived.
We kept our people working.
Seventy-one girls, 14 salesmen,
secretaries, all making a living.
Phil.
The government has another word
for survival and it's called fraud.
You, me, fraud!
Christ, you haven't been out
on that street for 38 years.
You wanna start looking for a job now?
Well, neither do I.
Hello?
Get Charlie Robbins, please.
Harry Stoner is calling.
Sorry, he's sleeping.
- Would you wake him up? It's important.
- Just a moment.

Hello?

Charlie, Harry. I'm sorry to wake you up.

That's okay, Harry.

You played Fairview lately?

No. As a matter of fact I haven't played since we played last week.

- Played yesterday.

- Really?

- Shot a 68.

- On that course?

Sixty-eight, that's marvelous.

Putting like a demon?

Some days everything's on the green.

Listen, Charlie, you remember

that last week I mentioned...

that we had this plumbing problem in one of our factories?

Yes, I recall you mentioning something like that.

The God damn water's all over the place and has to be fixed right away.

I see. How about this afternoon? Say 3:30?

That's a little early.

Could you make it about 4:30?

I'll move something around.

We'll meet at the Mayan Theatre on Hill Street. Right side of the balcony.

- Right.

- Details as discussed, Harry.

- Fine. Okay.

- See you at the movies.

- Gotcha, Charlie.

- Bye, Harry.

at the Mayan Theatre on Hill Street.

Right hand side of the balcony.

He...

gets a \$2,500 retainer and 15% of the final settlement.

Draw the cash and put it in an envelope...

with the key to the Long Beach factory.

With the key to the Long Beach factory.

- What do you want?

- Fred Mirrell is here.

- God!

- Freddy Mirrell?
- Tell Gloria to bring him into my office.
- Gloria's out sick today.
- What is he doing here?
- Leave the switchboard.
- Get him in, bring him into my office.
- All right.

What's Freddy doing here? He knows

the show's at 3:

- He wants to get laid.
- Here?

Yeah, right on your desk!

I wonder what would happen
if once, just once...

you sold the son of a bitch the line
on its merits.

We'd lose the account! Get Margo
on the phone and set it up for Freddy.

Have we still got the same suite
at the Belgrave?

Yes. The show, the girls, all under
the same roof. The whole mess.

- It's business, Phil! Give me the key!
- Business?

Business for what?

To become a pimp?

To commit a major felony?

To become a pimp?

To commit a major felony?

So you can go fishing. Now get Margo
on the phone and fix it up for 1:30.

Freddy, baby, how the hell are you,
fella? How was the trip?

Good to see you.

My, by damn, you look good.

What is it here? A little weight,
you're losing a little weight.

I haven't been feeling too well.

The doctor tells me high cholesterol.

That's a national disease.

Sit down, I'll get you a drink.

- Thanks. A little scotch on the rocks.
- Okay.

- I got the scotch, I haven't got the rocks.

- Any way at all, Harry.

Hey, Fred, I gotta tell you.

We have a terrific line this year.

Shoot, you don't have to sell me.

I'm here to buy. That's what I'm here for.

No, I really mean it.

You want a little water?

- Yeah, please.

- No, I mean it.

I think it's the finest line

that we've ever had, Fred.

As a matter of fact it's so good...

that I been thinking

about giving a bonus to our designer.

- She says she can't do it.

- She's got to do it!

- What, Fred?

- I said I took the train.

I didn't know the trains still ran
from Cleveland.

Well, you have to change in Chicago.

Here you go, old boy.

Would you like a cigar?

- I'd love to but no, thank you.

- Okay.

- Cheers, Harry.

- Cheers.

- Good luck this afternoon.

- Thanks, baby; good to see you.

I can't fly anymore. How do you like that?

- No shit?

- That train ride, Jesus Christ...

I mean, I've been sitting
in that compartment for 39 hours...

eating that God damn food. Boy,

I'm tense, I'm really on edge, I tell you.

Yeah, I'm a little nervous myself. I gotta
write a lot of business this afternoon.

I'm sure the line is solid.

Say, look, how about that, Fred?

Why don't you just give me

an open end order...

and I'll fill it personally and then

you won't have to come to the show?
I told you I just got off a train.
I don't know, I can't think
about business. I gotta relax.
All right.
Say, Harry...
is that girl still around?
What girl?
That... What's her name? Margo.
Come on, you remember, from last year.
Oh, Margo! Yeah. Well, I guess
she's still at the old stand.
Harry, I mean, Christ!
She's really sensational,
I mean, that girl, Harry, is a magician.
Come on, what're we jerking
each other off for?
Get her on the phone, set it up.
Me call Margo today?
With all of the buyers in town?
- There's not a chance.
- Wait a minute. Hold on.
What're you giving me this shit for?
This is me, Freddy Mirrell, remember?
Why, we do \$80,000 a year, the past
six years that's almost half a million.
Harry, have I ever asked you
for a Christmas card?
No, Fred, you've always been
perfectly straight.
You're God damn right.
That's the way I play the game,
everybody knows that.
I'm just trying to tell you it's not that easy.
That's a very popular lady.
Why didn't you call me from Cleveland?
Harry, I don't make calls like that
from Cleveland.
Harry, I don't want to argue with you.
You and me,
we go back a hell of a long ways.
I spent 5,362 nights...
with a sick woman. Wait a minute.
Don't misunderstand me, Harry, I...

Edna's no bitch.
You know Edna, she's a good wife.
She's a hell of a cook, Harry.
It's just, well...
it's all those God damn operations.
The woman is all scarred up, Harry.
Now after 15 years,
I need these little diversions.
You know what I mean?
Yeah, I know what you mean.
Say, it's only 11:30.
Come on, Harry, call the girl.
I'll try. I mean, for you...
I'll try but like I said,
it's not easy, you know and...
God, she's gonna have
to break appointments...
you're talking about a lot of money.
Why, you rotten son of a bitch.
Harry, I just threw my heart
across your desk.
And you're giving me cost?
The whole God damn thing is a write off!
The government pays for the goose!
You know that!
- Fred, take it easy.
- Hello, Fred.
- Glad to see you again. How are you?
- Fine, Phil, thank you.
That matter in Chicago,
you'll have to handle it yourself.
Okay.
Fred.
A little problem came up. How about...
Phil, take Fred through the factory.
- He'll give you a preview of the new line.
- I'll show you around.
I'll see if I can get that design
that you're interested in.
- Okay, Harry.
- How's Edna?
Good, Phil, good. She's out of the hospital.
Thank God. Glad to hear that.
Yeah, we were all a little worried about her.

Margo, it's Harry Stoner. How are you, love?
Forget it, Harry, I'm sorry.
Like I told Phil, I'm booked.
Baby, you have got to get
un-booked, 'cause this is vital.
I understand all that but it's the last minute.
You know all the buyers are in town.
Who is it anyway?
An old buddy. Fred. You know, Fred Mirrell?
I think he's in love with you.
That freak!
He'll want Dusty and me to do the act.
The olive oil, camphor ice, vibrator,
finger paints...
you know, the whole God damn megilla.
No, you got the wrong guy.
That's Jackson from Pittsburgh.
No, Fred is... Come in.
Fred's a straight ahead fella.
Hang on, honey. Yeah, that's fine.
I'll talk to you later.
- That's just terrific.
- I don't have the wrong guy.
Listen, love, believe me, you have
got Fred confused with Jackson.
Look, honey, I need this favor.
Margo, they're in a wringer.
- And if you want to tell me...
- No, it's not bad.
Look at the back; it's not too high,
it hangs on the back...
- Fred, you have an appointment.
- It's very nice, Rico, thank you.
- I might see you later, dear.

- 1:

You're beautiful!
Your friend is in Room 9227
at the Belgrave.
- It's really gorgeous, Harry!
- Any problems, we'll be down in the bar.
It's so gorgeous, Harry.
Beautiful. I hate to put you in a spot.
- How could you put us in a spot?

- I hate to be a pain in the ass.

I know the pressure

you boys are under, Jesus.

- No.

- I hate to be a pain in the ass.

Now go on, enjoy yourself.

You're only young once.

Thank you, boys.

The top buyer of one of the most
reputable stores in the country...

- and he's a pervert.

- That's Jackson from Pittsburgh.

Thank God for Margo, she's a real pro.

Yes, we're rich with professionals:

Margo and Charlie.

One starts the fires,

the other one puts them out.

All right, let's go to lunch.

All right, let's go to lunch.

- I'm going to the can.

- I'll meet you at the elevator.

Would you call a cab?

We're gonna go to lunch

and then go to the hotel.

- Any calls for me?

- Your wife called. Excuse me.

Capri Casuals.

Who's calling, please? One moment, please.

It's Mr. Norris.

I'm sorry; he's gone to lunch.

Can he call you back? Thank you.

- My wife?

- Your wife called from the airport.

She'll call you tonight from New York.

She said not to forget

to take your Vitamin E.

Thanks, Ida.

Second base:

Durocher at short. Cookie Lavagetto at third.

Catcher:

Maybe it was Mickey Owen?

Pitcher:

"Hot Potato" Hamlin.

Vito Tamulis.

Take an hour for that change of pace
to get up to the plate, man...

Flutterball.

How about a little Chinese for a change?

- I feel like pastrami.

- Pastrami? That stuff will kill you.

They fly it all the way in from New York.

Let's go down to the Hong Kong
and we'll have the \$3 special.

- Sweet and Sour Pork.

- I feel like pastrami.

Come on, Phil. That place
is a madhouse, that delicatessen.

I'll take you down to the Hong Kong,
and we'll have a nice quiet lunch. Yeah.

- Where we going?

- Chinatown, the Hong Kong Restaurant.

Phil, will you relax?

We haven't done anything so far...
and they can't lock you up
for just thinking about something.

Not yet, anyway.

How's Linda? Has she gotten over
her fishing phobia yet?

- No, but she enjoys the boat.

- Not doing any fishing, though.

Nope. I'm still the only fisherman.

I guess it's nice out there on a Sunday.

Peaceful, quiet.

Yeah. You ought to try it sometime, Harry.

I'll bet you've forgotten
what the ocean smells like.

I remember when I was a kid, I hitched
a ride on a trolley car to Coney Island.

Saw the ocean for the first time.

God, nothing could make me forget it.

Just blue and green.

You ought to come out on the boat, Harry.

Yeah, I guess I should.

Keep it.

You're a very generous citizen.

Take a good look at us,
we're a vanishing breed.
Do you see this, Mac? You know what it is?
It's a portable bathroom.
I can't take five minutes off for a piss.
- So don't make jokes with me, mister!
- All right, I'm sorry.
- I didn't mean anything. Here, take this.
- Stick it up your ass!
It's the pollution, Harry.
It makes everybody crazy.
- Do you have any drops with you?
- No.
My eyes are burning.
I tell you, Phil, there's one
wonderful thing about Los Angeles.
- What's that?
- It's not Buffalo.
You son of a bitch. You know
how many times that I've fallen for that?
Did you see in the paper this morning
where we lost 3,000 helicopters?
You know how much money that is?
Hell, I don't want to hear about that,
drop it.
What's the matter?
I mean, the waste, the money.
- The men.
- Men?
Yeah, the men.
What do you want me to say about that?
Hell, I just don't want to talk about it.
Screw the helicopters.
For God's sake, Harry,
what are you getting upset...
- Phil, please!
- I just meant the waste...
- Phil!
- The money.
Remember when I went to Milan last year?
- Cotton mills?
- Yeah, that's right.
Covered the cotton mills.
Then I flew to Rome

and I drove down to Anzio.
There's a ridge there and the sand
is all piled up like a dune...
you know; it runs about 200 feet.
In 1944 that sand was muddy with blood.
And last year it was covered with bikinis.
Bikinis, you know, cute little buckets...
sweating into the same sand
that held all that blood.
Hell, I don't want to talk about war.
It's the final joke.
It shouldn't surprise you. Battlefields
have a way of turning into resorts.
Wait a minute.
Yeah! Air Mail Special.
Only that's not Charlie Christian,
he was the original.
Oh, Jesus, that was Big Band showtime.
One time... I'm just a kid, see?
And I'm playing drums,
we're in this divey joint...
it's up in the mountains. We had a vocalist.
Everybody in the band
is banging her except me...
and I got a crush on her. God.
These Foolish Things.
She could sing These Foolish Things,
put you right in Paris.
Blonde, blue-eyed...
perfume, the whole whiff of her was just...
Before a number she'd come over...
she'd lean down and she'd whisper
to me, "Easy on the brushes, kid...
"easy on the brushes."
She was gonna be vocalist
with Tommy Dorsey.
I was gonna play the drums
with Benny Goodman.
The difference is, when we were kids
all the choices were simple.
- Life was simple. Everything added up.
- No more.
This morning I gave a ride,
this kid was hitching.

She just goes up and down the Strip.
She wanted to ball me, she said.
No words, just...
She was hardly older than my daughter...
makes you wonder
what the hell's going on out there.
Who knows?
Rats are crawling around babies...
they're taking pictures of Mars...
and we're in the balcony
talking to Charlie Robbins.
Stoner.
How are you? Good to see you again.
- Who was that?
- That's Anderson, the Toledo plant.
- We should check the ballroom.
- Hell, Rico's taking care of it.
It's his great and glorious moment.
Leave him alone.
- What'll it be, gents?
- Two White Label on the rocks.
You've gotta solve this thing
between Rico and Meyer.
What?
When are you gonna learn Spanish?
When you learn to fish.
I wonder how Freddy's doing.
Freddy doesn't have to do anything.
Margo's doing all the work.
Margo the Machine.
The working man's friend.
Ernie Koy. Indian Ernie, center-field
for the '39 Dodgers.
I damn near had it fleshed out.
Now wait a minute.
We had Camilli, Pete Coscarart,
Durocher's at short.
Lavagetto's at third, Babe Phelps
is catching...
left field is either Moore or Medwick
and center, Ernie Koy in center.
Call for Mr. Stoner. Call for Harry Stoner.
- Christ. All right, yeah. Right field...
- Hi, Mr. Stoner.

- I have a call for you.
- I'll be right back. Thank you.
- You have a big show today.
- Yes, we've got a big show today.

Here. Hello, Mr. Stoner,
you got a call for me?

Right field. Damn.

Hello.

Listen, don't you call anybody,
you stay right there, we'll be right up!

- He's alive.
- What?
- Making sounds.
- Fred?
- I got him breathing.
- Oh, my God!

What the hell did you...

You call the desk, get Johnny,
and tell him to get the house doctor.

A friend of mine, a buyer, collapsed.

Get an ambulance.

Fred, can you hear me?

It's me, Harry. Fred.

He kept pleading with us to prolong it.

Prolong it?

Why, for Christ's sake, you're a pro!

You're supposed to know the limits.

You know how far to go!

For God's sake!

The doctor's on the way! Get out of here!

Shut up and get out,

both of you, right now!

Room 9227.

It looks like it might be a heart attack.

We need the doctor right away, hurry.

I said get out of here!

- I'm sorry, Harry.
- Yes, so am I.

Ambulance and doctor on the way.

Damn it! We should have
gotten the order up front.

Order? Thank God he's alive!

We're responsible, we set this thing up.

We're to blame here. The man may die.

So he dies!

Then he won't get horny any more.

- You're talking about a man, Harry.

- He's not a man, he's a casualty.

Stay with him and tell the doctor to
give him the best and send us the bill.

I got to get down to the show.

- Jackie, where the hell is he?

- I haven't the slightest idea.

- They're all sitting down!

- Relax, Rico.

I'm gonna cue the musicians.

We're going to start without him.

Alfie, did you get the rest of the 238's?

Everything's been here,
for the last half hour.

Your timing is exquisite.

We were just going on.

Are you all right, Mr. Stoner?

- I'm fine.

- You're sure?

Yes, I'm fine.

Welcome to Los Angeles.

Before we begin our show, this afternoon...

I should like to present our president,
the president of Capri Casuals...

the man who made all this possible,
Mr. Harry Stoner.

Thank you. Thank you, Jackie.

First I would like to...

welcome all of you,

thank you for being present...

of course, I don't know all of you
personally, but our field men do.

And through our...

field men...

our professional ties with some of you...

go back 15 years.

There are some faces missing.

But the spirit of the company...

Charlie Company.

I sincerely hope that you like...

what we're going to present, this afternoon.

Our field men, of course, will...

remain after the show,
to take your orders...
and answer the questions,
on delivery dates...
and trajectory and costs.
That's...
Capri has a very special significance
for me...
because I was recuperating there, you see?
It was a sanctuary for the living...
it was beautiful,
Roman columns and it was quiet...
and it was filled with men,
brave men that stuck together...
because they believed in something.
It had a very special significance...
- What Mr. Stoner means...
- Capri...
Is that Capri was not an accident,
but rather an inspiration.
Now, how about a nice round
of applause for Mr. Stoner?
Ladies and gentlemen...
we begin our show and our theme,
this afternoon is, Isle of Capri.
We designed this line for the chic woman...
Now as usual, you've all been given
your description list...
of the line so you can check off
your favorite numbers.
So let's start the show this afternoon,
with Number 235...
White, uncrushable linen pantsuit,
marvelous red wallpaper printed shirt...
tied together, with its own matching belt.
Available in two other color combinations.
- Are you all right?
- Fine, yeah.
Something wrong? What the hell is wrong?
Nothing is wrong.
Number 236.
- Harry, that war was 30 years ago.
- I know that.
... worn as a beach cover-up or as is...

You're smoking again.

How's Freddy?

- Coronary occlusion.

- How bad?

He's in Intensive Care.

He's got the best. Cedars.

- Yes?

- A Dr. Kellen, a specialist.

- Doctor says he has a chance.

- Thank God.

... the color coordinated skirt.

Each one is a winner.

Mr. Stoner?

There's a Ms. Duka in the bar for you.

This is Number 239,

worn by Sheila. A khaki safari...

Okay, dear, that's fine.

Is he all right?

Yes, he's fine.

Number 240...

and it features our new Gondola look,
that's so important in our theme today.

And it features our new Gondola look,
that's so important in our theme today.

- How's the Dragon Lady?

- I sent Dusty to cover my appointments.

I just wanted to tell you Harry, I'm sorry.

Everybody misses.

Not professionals.

Yeah, professionals, too.

Quarterbacks get knocked down...

nurses get knocked up,

somebody invented the Edsel.

Everybody misses.

Everybody misses.

- Would you care for something to drink?

- No. Just the check.

Okay.

Must've scared the hell out of you.

Look, some night let's have dinner.

What are we going to talk about?

Business.

- Yours or mine?

- We both sell the same thing.

- What's that?

- Imagination.

Yeah, that's what they buy.

Trick or treat?

It's always Halloween, isn't it?

Every day.

Well, I just wanted to tell you, Harry,
that I'm sorry.

Let's have dinner some night.

Sure.

- Some night we'll have dinner.

- I mean that.

Okay.

And the first color shocker combines...

a side-wrap pleated skirt

with an updated classic shirt...

which you will see throughout this line.

That's Number 242.

And Number 243...

Hey, who let you out?

A packable, washable, banaline...

designed to hold and flatter the figure.

It has an elasticized bodice, a bare back...

This is the look that has made our line
so popular in the past.

Hell of a line, Phil.

- How are you, Sid?

- I'm good, Phil, like always.

I was watching those garments,
they'll walk out of the stores.

- Congratulations.

- Thanks.

- Phil, you got the gelt?

- Some.

Big line, you'll get big orders,
you'll need big money.

- I suppose we will.

- Suppose?

That ain't exactly a bar mitzvah
you're financing.

- Got any ideas?

- One or two.

Hello, Sidney, how are they hanging?

They're hanging good, Harry, like always.

How much you boys
selling money for these days?
He has to ask me what the terms are.
first of the month and then it graduates.
Graduates? I understand,
it levels off about 200%?
- Well, another account...
- We'll let you know later?
Listen, you guys are in the middle.
The banks, they ain't gonna give you shit.
You make everything run,
they don't grease you.
Look around in there, you see any banks?
But we'll throw dice with you.
Yeah, but we got a movie,
we gotta see. Come on, Phil.
Movie? They haven't made
a good movie in 30 years.
- What do you say, fellas?
- We'll keep in touch, okay?
Goodbye, Sidney.
What's that rot you're smoking?
You'll kill yourself smoking that crap.
Here, Havana. Smell the ocean, enjoy.
- We'll talk to you later. Come on, Phil.
- So long, Sid.
Say, that's a nice suit, you're wearing,
Harry. Passatti?
- Yeah.
- Sid, thanks for the cigar.
Nothing.
That's a good sign.
If the Mob sent Sid, the word
must be out we have a hot line.
The Mob has money for us
and the banks don't.
It's a great system.
Well, I guess the bank figures
if they don't give it to us the Mob will.
The Mob would give it to us all right.
Can you imagine living
with their hooks into you?
- No worse than arson.
- It's worse.

Remember what happened to
Georgie Kramer, a couple of years ago?
A 400 pound Turk walks in his office...
hangs him out a 13 story window
by his ankles...
and says, "Next time I let go."
You know, Harry,
I've never seen one of these things.
- What things?
- A blue movie.
- Just life in a close-up.
- Do they actually show everything?
What's to show? A couple of naked
bodies crawling all over each other...
some guy holding a camera hollering,
"Not yet, not yet."
Yes, so what was he doing, in a gay bar?
You're putting me on!
So listen, how did you make out?
- Two, please.
- \$10.
What?
- \$10.
- You're kidding.
\$5 a head. You want a pair or not?
What are you giving away?
The name of our attraction
is Denmark Speaks.
Been here for 18 weeks.
Famous smorgasbord scene. Just a minute.
You can have a private booth for \$15.
- Do you qualify for Medicare?
- Yeah? How about that.
If you don't mind, ma'am, please,
two tickets?
Let's go.
The Danes have come a long way
from wooden shoes.
That's Holland.
I remember years ago I saw Quo Vadis
here and now they're playing this crap.
It's still the same thing.
They just took their togas off.
... but total joy in the

penultimate seconds of orgasm.
The young people in
a totally liberated society...
demonstrate in this scene
the magnificence of fallatio or oral sex.
See how these young people
are made happy...
by the slow feeling of one another...

- Nice suit.

- Thanks.

- Silk?

- Yeah.

- Hong Kong?

- Rome.

Nice.

Thank you. Give it to me.

Phil, give it to me.

Here's the down payment,
the key, and the address.

Don't look at me. Watch the screen.

What time is it vacant?

After 6:

What else is there?

Well, there's a shirt company
on the ground floor...

- we're on the second floor, that's all.

- Watch the screen, Harry.

We're not exactly
passing state secrets, Charlie.

You don't pump gasoline
with a cigarette in your mouth...
just watch the screen.

How old is the building?

Thirty-five?

Thirty-seven.

I'll check it out tonight.

Meet me here tomorrow, 10:00 a.m.

- Right.

- We don't want anyone hurt.

You want to forget it, say so.

We just don't want anyone hurt, understand?

Look at the screen, Phil.

Please, let's not confuse morality

with technology.
You're not talking to some pyromaniac.
I've set 15 major industrial fires across
the country in the last three years.
I've had two firemen overcome
by smoke inhalation.
They both recovered, received citations.
If they'd issue the new C-15 masks...
smoke wouldn't be a problem
anymore anyway.
They use them in France, you know.
This is a science, gentlemen,
an exact science.
Whether or not to set the fire
is a moral question.
- That's up to you.
- It's in your hands, Professor.
Enjoy the picture.
Nice suit, Harry.
... as you now witness...
You got to respect Charlie, all business.
Phil, it is the only way out.
... helps demonstrate explicitly
the amount of precision...
Let's go!
Harry, that man is a lunatic!
Sits there with his hands on his
stomach and a glazed look in his eye.
- He's the best, Phil.
- I think we ought to go back to Sid...
- talk to him and make a deal!
- Phil, will you forget about Sid?
Behind that Havana cigar is a killer.
Yes, but Sid's money can keep us going!
I am not gonna donate a year
of my life paying 200% to any Mob!
Now, do you understand that? I'm sorry.
Go back to the office, will you?
Get together with Meyer and line out
the orders. I'm gonna take a walk.
I'll see you at the office.
Hey, Mister. Wanna help us save the tiger?
Only takes a signature.
Only 556 of them left.

Think we ought to keep them around,
don't you?

Yeah.

- How's Cuban Pete?

- Cuban Pete?

He took a walk, he feels great.

How much did we write?

- A little over three. They ate it up.

- What did I tell you?

I'm going home.

You want to have dinner with us?

I don't think so.

Can I borrow one of your shirts?

Help yourself. That's two you owe me.

Salesmen are happy? What'd they say?

The usual, "Can we deliver?"

Meyer's going over the orders.

He wants to see you.

Well, with what we wrote
discounted at the bank...

and Charlie, we're gonna squeeze through.

I checked Swissair, they got a flight
to Geneva, stops in New York.

Good idea. You can see your daughter
before we go to jail.

You wanna go fishing, right, Phil?

And we got to get out of bed
every morning.

At least I don't get out of bed
in Beverly Hills.

Well, how I lead my life doesn't have
anything to do with our business.

Just takes a little pressure off
when your nut isn't sky high.

It's my pressure, Phil, my nut.

Except when it spills off.

Like this afternoon at the show.

It's a criminal act, Harry!

What criminal act, Phil?

To keep people working?

That's what you yourself said
this morning, isn't it?

Is it a criminal act to try to hang on
to 15 years of hard work?

What the hell was our dream?
To meet a payroll and not a pay check.
Wasn't that the dream?
That was the big slice of the pie.
Everybody in this whole God damn
country dances around the law, Phil.
- Now what's a criminal act? You tell me.
- So the end justifies the means.
Well, that's what they got
up on the scoreboard, baby.
- That's the way they play it.
- Who's "they?" We're "they."
- And there are rules.
- Wrong.
Used to be.
No more rules, just referees.
And no room out there for losers,
believe me.
You and me out on that street again?
Why, Christ! What would we do?
Where would we go?
We're obsolete. You want logic, Phil.
And there is no Ministry of Logic,
in this country.
Performance used to count, right?
For 15 years we've met our obligations
with the same unions...
the same mills, the same bank, but today...
all they care about is the bottom line
on a passbook...
and then some God damn machine
gives you a bum credit rating.
So history doesn't count anymore.
It's our place, Phil, we don't get down
on our knees to anybody.
You expect me to buy that crap?
For Christ's sakes, Harry,
don't you understand?
It's people like us, people in
the middle, that made this country work.
And when people like ourselves
get into this kind of thing...
it takes it all down.
That's what's ripping the country apart!

Son of a bitch,
don't you sell America, to me!
I've got friends over there sitting under
the sand with bikinis on their heads!
I used to get goose bumps
every time I looked at that flag.
When I was a kid, sitting alone
in the room playing the radio...
if they ever played the national anthem,
I stood up all alone in the room.
I stood up at attention.
Don't sell me America!
Now they're making
jock straps out of the flag.
Maybe it's terrific.
Maybe it's healthy, I don't know.
But I do know there are no more rules.
That stinks, Harry.
Hello, Boss.
- Don't call me Boss.
- But you are.
You built the business,
you got the accounts, you made it work.
Don't call me Boss.
How's everything looking?
I don't want to talk about the line.
Meyer, I need Rico and I need you,
now what do you want me to say?
Harry, I'm old.
I can't be in a playpen with fairies.
Even talented fairies.
You have a job here till you die.
But you need Rico. Tell me to get out.
I don't want you out, Meyer.
What do you want? Come on, tell me.
I'm listening. I'm an old stone.
Tell me, what do you want?
Another season.
That's all? Another season?
Just survival? No dreams? No hope?
Hope?
Better ask the little old lady in Vegas
with the Dixie cup full of nickels...
if she still has hope.

She's still looking for the three cherries.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you.
You're sorry for me?
You've spent most of your life
running from pogroms, Nazis.
Bent over a machine.
What the hell have you got?
I have my craft. My work. And a woman.
Old, but still lovely.
I like to look at her, to listen to her talk.
So sweet. And it's every day.
That's good.
Yeah, that's good. Now get out of here.
Let me work. I'll deal with the fairy.
We've had our talk. Go to your mansion.
Go to your Mexican cook.
Go and speak Spanish to your Mexican cook.
- For Christ's sake, Meyer.
- Go home, Harry. Get some sleep.
Yeah, okay.
Good night, Harry.
Good night, Meyer.
- Hello?
- Babe? Hi, how was the flight?
I don't know. I took some pills,
I slept through it. I was going to call you.
I don't know. I took some pills,
I slept through it. I was going to call you.
- How'd the show go?
- Just fine.
- That's marvelous.
- Yeah, it was just fine.
You sound tired. Why don't you go home?
Carmela has something prepared.
Janet, how would you like
to make it with me right now?
A couple of old veterans like us
can do it with words.
- Are you all right?
- Yes, I'm all right.
Remember that time,
in the South of France?
That room over the little French restaurant?
In Saint-Tropez?

God, we made love like a couple of kids.
Up, down, sideways, every way.
Candlelight, it was beautiful.
Who was that singer, remember?
We could hear her voice
through the shutters.
God, I can't remember her name,
what was her name?
Franoise Hardy.
Franoise Hardy, that's it, yeah.
You remember. God, that was a sweet time.
That was six years ago, Harry.
For God's sake, get out
of the God damn office. Go home.
Carmela has something prepared.
I'll call you tomorrow. Goodbye, Harry.

- Man in the silk suit.
- Yep.
- You put in a long day, mister.
- Every day.
- Where are you going?
- Nowhere.
- Really?
- Yeah, really.

Well, listen, I'm house sitting out
at the beach. Want to take me?
Jesus, why not?
Mobile R-X 1-3-1-1-1 calling.
Good evening, could you get me
No me esperes.

- Knocks me out.
- What?

A car phone, it's far out.
You must be rich.
Sometimes.
Your wife Spanish?
The maid.
How come you speak Spanish?
Well, my father had a store...
in the first Puerto Rican neighborhood
in New York. When I was a kid...
after school I used to work there.

- What kind of store?
- Pharmacy.

- You mean a drugstore?

- Yeah, a drugstore.

- Did you turn on?

- Turn on?

Hell, we didn't know uppers, downers,
or any of the...

If you were lucky then you got an enema.

Enema.

It's a long ride to the beach.

It's all right, I want to see the ocean again.

Get out of that zoo for a change.

I really hate zoos.

Those animals are so miserable.

I saw this National Geographic
about lions and tigers...

how they always return

to a place of remembered beauty.

That's how they catch them.

If your fairy godmother showed up
and you had three wishes...

what would you wish for?

Peace, and harmony...

and to make it with Mick Jagger.

Jesus!

Well, I guess there's nothing wrong
with that.

I just happen to have
some really great grass.

God. Why did you want
to ball me this morning?

I don't know.

You looked nice, you smelled nice.

You still do.

I was a little stoned,
just sort of popped out.

I'm really 21.

I kind of figured that, yeah.

You dig grass?

Do I... grass? Christ, I haven't had
any of that for years.

We used to call it gage.

- Gage?

- Yeah.

So when I was a kid I was a drummer.

And musicians have their own...

lingo, you know, we called it gage.

Gage.

- Got those in Italy.

- In a fight?

- In a war.

- In Italy?

- In Italy.

- We never fought a war with Italy.

You'd be amazed what we did in Italy.

- Well...

- You're older than 33.

Yeah. You got another joint?

- Tell me.

- What?

Tell me how old you are.

And there was Kamu,
swimming against the tides.

Swimming against the tide.

Swimming against the tide.

I'm standing, I'm looking over the River
Jordan with Moses and Albert Speer.

And Moses says,

"Tell me, Al, did you really know..."

"did you know?"

And Speer starts screaming:

"Me? I never asked Keitel,

I never asked Himmler...

"I never asked Goebbels.

"No, those death camps were outside
the perimeter of my activities."

You want a wet washcloth, or something?

First class, on the Enola Gay...

me, and Ruby, and Sirhan, and Ray...

and Tippet, and Jack, and Bobby,

and King, and Medgar, and Malcolm.

Marilyn's the stewardess.

She's wonderful, she's talking
to all the people but then...

suddenly the captain's voice comes
crackling through that loudspeaker...

and it's Eichmann, and he's screaming:

"Please, on the ports, pay attention!

That is the new high-rise...

"forty stories high, the Mee Lai Hotel.

Six Olympic swimming pools...

"Twelve massage parlors,
and an 18-hole golf course."

And then Ruby...

Ruby suddenly screams at him, he says,

"Wait a minute, you schmuck!

"What about that ditch?

What about that ditch?"

Then Marilyn gives Ruby a great, big kiss.

Come down.

What down? I am, I'm coming down.

I'm coming down the mountain.

Kid, I've got the tablets.

I've got the 11th commandment.

What does it say?

"No parking on this side of the street."

God.

No. Oh, no.

- Come on...

- Jesus, no, please.

- Yeah, come on.

- I can't.

- Come on, let's make it again.

- No, I can't.

Let's play a game.

- A game?

- A game, yeah.

The game, you name famous people, see?

Name famous people.

- Just anyone?

- Anyone famous. Just name them.

Dead people, too?

Why not? Some of my best friends
are dead people.

- Come on, go ahead.

- Okay, the Beatles.

- Moe Purtill.

- Moe Purtill?

- Purtill played drums for Glenn Miller.

- Glenn Miller?

Glen... Oh, my God.

You may not know all the people I say
but it doesn't matter...

just go ahead, play the game,
say somebody.

All right, I'll play.

- The Rolling Stones.
- Henry Wallace.
- The Grateful Dead.
- Herman Goering.
- Goering?
- Goering.
- Is he a singer?
- Yeah, soprano.
- Jesus, I don't believe...
- Jerry Garcia.
- Fred Allen.
- New Riders of the Purple Sage.
- New Riders of the what?
- You playing or not?
- Cookie Lavagetto.
- Bob Dylan.
- FDR.
- The Band.
- Jimmy Durante.
- Jimmy Durante?

Jimmy Durante, the Schnoz,
you don't remember Jimmy?

- The Schnoz?
- Yes.
- Barbara Streisand.
- Fiorello La Guardia.
- Aretha Franklin!
- Abe Reles.

Don Ameche.

Lucky Luciano is another one
you wouldn't know.

- Gracie Slick.
- Jack Teagarden.
- Jefferson Starship.
- Marcel Cerdan.
- Baba Ramdass.
- Gabriel Heatter.
- My God I haven't...
- Oscar Ichazo.

Pierre Laval.

- Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

- Carl Hubbell...
- Chairman Mao.
...Christ, he was beautiful.
Stalin, Mao, Stalin. That's good, that's good.
- Jimi Hendrix.
- Helen O'Connell. Come on.
- Janis!
- Beau Jack.
- Jim Morrison.
- Major Bowes.
Come on!
- Brian Jones.
- Eddie Arcaro.
Come on now, names,
come on, play the game.
- President Kennedy.
- Bunny Berigan. Come on.
- Daniel Berrigan.
- Martin God damn Bormann.
- Daniel Ellsberg.
- The Hindenburg.
- That wasn't a person, was it?
- Von Hindenburg was a person.
Come on, the names!
- Laurel and Hardy. Now, come on.
- I'm stuck.
You're stuck? How the hell
could you be stuck? Let me help you.
Sugar Ray Robinson
and Tony Zale, and Willie Pep...
Greenberg and Roos, and Jimmy Foxx,
Red Grange, Davis and Blanchard...
Art Tatum, Mel Powell, Father Hines,
Fats Waller.
Gershwin, Rogers and Hart,
and Berlin, and... Christ.
Christ! There's one, Jesus Christ!
God!
Lou Gehrig and Whirlaway...
Citation, Popeye and Lulu
and Daddy Warbucks.
W.C. Fields.
Chaplin, Joe Penner.
Joe Penner, "Wanna buy a duck?"

Are you okay? You want something?
Yes...
I want that girl in a Cole Porter song.
I wanna see Lena Horne
at the Cotton Club...
hear Billie Holiday sing Fine and Mellow.
Walk in that kind of rain,
that never washes the perfume away.
I want to be in love with something.
Anything. Just an idea.
A dog, a cat, anything.
Something.
Where's the air?
Where the hell are the Mosquitoes?
The Panzers are out!
God damn it, we need air!
Brace and Charlie
coming into the mines! German mines!
No, Sergeant! No chance! Beach red!
You going somewhere?
- Back to the zoo.
- Why don't you take the day off?
Now, listen, I want you to have this.
What we did has nothing to do with money.
I know that, I just...
I want you to buy something for yourself.
Please.
Okay.
- Take care.
- What's your name?
Cuban Pete.
Well, have a nice day, Cuban Pete.
I'll do my best.
Have a nice day.
You, too, Myra.
... see examples of what suppression of
sexual appetite can bring, deviation...
- You're late.
- Yeah, sorry, Charlie.
Here.
... now once again we...
- That's your retainer.
- I am aware of that.
- What's wrong?

- Don't look at me, watch the screen.
You're in violation of every fire ordinance in the book...
faulty sprinklers, no access to exit doors, dried up extinguishers.

- My God, I never saw the equal of it.

- What the hell does that mean, Charlie?
With all those violations, the insurance will never pay off.
I'll give you a list of regulations to conform to.

- Fix everything up and I'll burn it.

- How long will that take?
Watch the screen, Harry.
Six months minimum.
You can't light up new equipment, it bears the date of installation.
Well, that's that.
Not necessarily.
I could start the fire downstairs, in the shirt factory.
You mean Siegel's place?
Why not?
I can get in there without any trouble.
The access door's practically fallen off.
I'll funnel the fire up the back to your place.
Should work out fine.
Won't you have the same insurance problems?
No, with the source of the fire downstairs, they'll pay off.
You may get a reprimand, but they'll have to pay off.
And Siegel?
I mean he has nothing to say about it?
Don't worry about Siegel, he'll do fine.
Probably a blessing.
Actually, I'll do a force funnel job.
The shirt factory will sustain very little damage...
the fire will flash in your place.
Hell, should be over in three, four minutes.

- When would you do it?

- That's up to you.

I'll go get a Coca Cola.
... man and woman, Adam and Eve
were naked.
Unashamed. Enjoying the natural
state of pleasure...
a man and woman were meant to be in.
The entire history of man
from the cradle of civilization...
to the present is studded with the art
of man's pornographic impressions.
You can now see...
paintings through drawings on stone...
bear the pictorial record
of man's search for erotica.
Anything happens, you never heard of Phil...
- never heard of him, understood?
- Understood.
Sunday, Phil goes fishing.
Burn it Sunday, Charlie.
- Same suit, Harry?
- Yeah. Same suit.
Hey, mister, throw the ball!
What did you do that for?
I thought you ought to see it just once.
You can't play with us, mister.